Substitute B 251

Chapter 251: Erase All His Memories of Me

Serena Sterling stood frozen in place, her bright eyes falling from the dark barrel of the gun to the man's handsome face, which now appeared frightening. His narrow eyes seemed like spreading ink, dangerous like an abyss, and the blood-red threads added a sinister and ferocious touch.

He was holding a gun, and the veins in his hands were throbbing violently.

"Do you... do you know what you're doing? Put the gun down now!"

Hayden Crawford stared at her gloomily, his thin lips moved, and a hoarse sound filled with decisive cruelty escaped his throat, "Serena, I'm sorry, I can't let you go."

Earlier, Serena Sterling only thought that long pain was worse than short pain, and said some heartless and ruthless words. But she forgot that he couldn't take such stimulation; any signs of improvement were illusions; his condition continued to deteriorate.

Iris Crawford had warned her before that when Hayden Crawford had an episode, he was ruthless to himself and to others. Staying by his side was dangerous.

She had also seen the video of him in the psychiatric hospital; he's so gloomy and bloodthirsty, completely uncontrollable.

So, now he's pointing a gun at her.

Because he couldn't let her go.

"Hayden Crawford, your behavior is very dangerous now. Have you thought about the consequences if you really hurt me? Your life will be stained."

"Serena, none of this has to happen. Don't go, don't leave me, okay? I really... can't bear to lose you, I'm begging you, okay?"

Serena Sterling's nose tingled, her heart ached and hurt. He was holding a gun, using the fiercest posture to say the softest words to her; he was already begging her.

Begging her not to leave.

The word "beg" never existed in his life dictionary, but ever since she appeared, it did.

Serena's eyes felt hot, and she could no longer hold back the searing tears, which started to fall uncontrollably. She nodded through her tears, "Fine, then go ahead and shoot."

She turned to walk away.

She left?

She really left!

At this moment, Hayden Crawford felt as if his eyes were about to burst, his heart was torn cruelly into two halves, and he was in unbearable pain, unable to keep her; no matter what he tried, he couldn't hold onto her, and she was still leaving him.

He stared at the girl's slender figure moving farther away, his long fingers slightly curling, then slowly lowered the hand holding the gun.

He never intended to hurt her.

How could he bear to hurt her?

He just wanted to scare her a bit, hoping she'd stay.

Hayden Crawford felt his life losing all color, as if nothing was worth holding on to anymore, knowing that without her, he couldn't live even a second.

"Serena."

Serena Sterling had taken several steps when she suddenly heard the man's hoarse and almost indistinct voice; she slowly stopped and turned around, "Do you still want to say something? Enough, stop bothering me."

Hayden Crawford stood still and looked at her, his lips forming a shallow, self-mocking curve, "If I'm still alive, there's no way I won't bother you. I think I would definitely stop at nothing, clip your wings, and imprison you by my side. You said you'd give me two babies; I've always remembered that. Maybe you were joking again, but I took it seriously."

Serena Sterling suddenly felt a sense of panic in her heart; he was very abnormal now, as if the next moment he would do something to himself.

Serena looked at him, only to see his bloodshot eyes fall on her face, locking onto her with a particularly obsessive and pathological gaze.

Soon, he lowered his handsome eyes, and Serena saw something crystalline drop quickly from inside; he laughed at her, softly saying, "Serena, I'll let you go, and I won't bother you anymore. You must be happy."

After speaking, he raised his hand and pressed the black barrel against his own head, decisively pulling the trigger.

Serena Sterling gasped, forgetting to breathe; she screamed sharply, "Ah, no!"

She rushed toward him.

Time seemed to freeze at that moment, and a "bang" quickly echoed by her ear, the gun fired.

Serena felt as if she had fallen into an abyss, suddenly collapsing to the ground.

Her whole body trembled, her teeth chattered.

Her small hands clawed at the floor, quickly leaving bloody marks as she looked up, tears streaming down her face, seeing Hayden Crawford's tall and athletic figure crash heavily to the floor.

However, the bullet did not go to his head; it veered off course because, in that critical moment, Auntie Mccoy arrived.

Auntie Mccoy grabbed Hayden's hand, causing the bullet to miss, and then with a swift slash, she struck Hayden's neck, catching him off guard with a heavy strike that knocked him unconscious.

Serena crawled over, using hands and feet, and held the unconscious Hayden Crawford tightly in her arms, embracing him fiercely, tears overflowing uncontrollably as she cried aloud.

Terrified.

She was really terrified just now.

By just a little bit.

The joy of regaining what was lost filled her chest completely, and she held him tightly in her arms, fearing he'd disappear. She was angry and hit him with her fists, "Mr. Crawford, you lunatic, you're really a lunatic!"

"Miss Serena, please get up, let me see if you are hurt." Auntie Mccoy went to help Serena Sterling.

Serena didn't know how Auntie Mccoy had managed such quick moves, able to take Hayden by surprise. She wanted to ask but her throat felt sweet, and she immediately vomited a mouthful of blood.

"Miss Serena, what's wrong?" Auntie Mccoy was shocked.

Serena knew her time had come, and now was the perfect opportunity for Hayden to gain new life, "Auntie Mccoy, please help me get Mr. Crawford to the bed."

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Hayden Crawford lay on the bed, Serena Sterling reached to undo her coat, revealing the tank underneath. She plunged the Golden Needle into her heart, soon, the heart blood transformed into drop after drop, rolling into Hayden Crawford's mouth.

Gradually, Hayden Crawford's pale face regained color, even his chaotic pulse settled into calmness, his breathing became smooth, and he fell asleep.

Serena removed the Golden Needle, she succeeded; she finally healed him!

From now on, he would no longer have nightmares, no longer be tormented by the illness, no one could bully him, no one could call him crazy, he was healed.

He was already healed!

She had said she would save him!

"Miss Serena, although I don't know what you're doing, rest for a while; you don't look well," Auntie Mccoy came forward.

Serena's pale face was ghastly, and her slender body swayed like it was about to fall. "Auntie Mccoy, I'll rest later; there's still something I need to do."

"What is it?"

Serena took out a pocket watch, gazing at the man's handsome face, even though his body was frail, but his bright eyes sparkled like stars, dazzlingly bright, "I need to use hypnosis, to remove all his memories of me from his mind."