

Substitute B 443

Chapter 443: Hayden Crawford, The Resentful Husband in the Boudoir

Later, he pointed the gun at himself again, telling her not to leave, but she still turned her head and walked away without looking back.

He pulled the trigger, and with a bang...

Hayden Crawford suddenly opened his eyes.

He awoke from the dream, now drenched in cold sweat, his clothes soaked. His chiseled chest rose and fell as his unfocused pupils slowly regained clarity.

At this moment, Dr. Kane's gentle voice came to his ears, "Mr. Crawford, are you alright? Congratulations, you have regained all your memories. But, are these memories what you wanted?"

Hayden Crawford raised his hand to cover his bloodshot eyes, then slowly closed them.

...

Westerley Estate.

Serena Sterling spent an hour exercising with the old lady and Beryl, then she returned to her room for a shower. By the time she came out, it was already 9 o'clock.

However, Hayden Crawford still hadn't returned.

He said he would go back to the company, so why hadn't he returned so late?

Serena Sterling picked up her phone, wanting to call Hayden Crawford, but just then, a "ding" sounded. It was a message on WeChat from Leah Thorne.

Serena opened the message. Leah Thorne had sent a photo of Hayden Crawford; he was at a bar now, drinking.

The person who hadn't returned so late had actually gone to a bar to drink?

Leah Thorne's message came again, "Serena, did you and Mr. Crawford have a fight?"

Serena Sterling replied, "No."

Leah Thorne—"Oh, then why is Mr. Crawford drinking alone here? You should hurry and take him home. The women here are eyeing him fiercely, ready to pounce on your Mr. Crawford any minute."

Leah Thorne sent another photo; the scantily dressed beauties in the bar had focused their hungry eyes on Hayden Crawford.

Serena bit her rosy lips with her pearly teeth. She wondered what he was doing, going out to drink for no reason?

Serena was a bit confused and a bit angry. She replied, "I'm not going."

...

In the bar.

Hayden Crawford sat at the bar drinking, wearing a black shirt with the sleeves rolled up twice, revealing an expensive watch on his strong wrist. The bar's dazzling lights highlighted his flawless, handsome face, exuding a stunning allure.

Hayden Crawford was drinking, surrounded by many empty bottles. His deep, narrow eyes were showing traces of intoxication.

Corvus cautiously looked at Hayden Crawford, "Young Master, drink less. It's late, we should go home."

"What time is it?" Hayden asked.

"It's 9 o'clock."

It was indeed late; Hayden Crawford took out his phone, but it was empty. Serena Sterling hadn't texted or called him, not even once!

Hayden poured himself a drink, his thin lips curving into a faint, lonely smile as he murmured, "I won't go back. She doesn't care about me at all. She's busy treating patients and saving lives, and busy spending time with Grandma and Beryl. She doesn't think of spending time with me!"

Corvus was dumbfounded. His Young Master sounded so ... lovesick?

No, this was definitely not the wise and mighty Young Master he remembered!

The Young Master was just drunk!

It must be that!

Corvus said, "Young Master, shall I call Miss Sterling?"

Hayden halted his drinking motion, looking at Corvus with a bit of arrogance, "Why call her?"

"I'll call to ask Miss Sterling to pick you up and take you home."

Hayden straightened his elegant back, his tone nonchalant, "I didn't ask you to call, but if you want to, go ahead. Tell her I'm drunk and ask her to come get me."

Corvus quickly took out his phone and dialed Serena Sterling's number.

...

At Westerley Estate.

Serena Sterling's phone rang, it was a call.

Her slender finger pressed to answer, and Corvus's voice came through, "Miss Sterling, the Young Master is drunk at the bar. Please come and take him home."

Hearing Corvus's voice, Serena furrowed her brows slightly, saying three words with her red lips, "I'm not going."

"I'm not going..."

Because the phone had its speaker on, these three words clearly entered Hayden Crawford's ears.

Hayden's deep, narrow eyes suddenly turned sharp.

Corvus wanted to laugh but didn't dare to, holding it in. He thought his Young Master was so pitiful, Serena didn't want him, truly a "lovesick husband" case here.

Corvus quickly put on a serious face, "Miss Sterling, are you really not coming? The Young Master is truly drunk, and there's a beauty by his side. If you don't come, I can only let this beauty take the Young Master to a room to rest. What I'm worried about is that the Young Master is so charming that this beauty might climb onto him and take advantage of him, and the Young Master would lose his chastity, ruining his lifelong reputation."

After saying this, Corvus glanced at Hayden, as if to say, "Young Master, praise me."

Hayden raised an elegant eyebrow at Corvus, indicating his approval.

Just then, Serena's clear voice came through, "If your Young Master is really taken advantage of, I'm sorry, I can't save him because I'm not the police. Just a friendly reminder, call 110 for emergency services."

With two "beeps," Serena hung up the phone, leaving only a busy tone.

Corvus, ...

Hayden, ...

"Young Master, Miss Sterling is so sassy, she really ... doesn't care about you!"

Hayden shot a hawk-like cold gaze over, "You can shut up now! Nobody would mistake you for a mute if you didn't speak!"

...

Hayden Crawford was drunk. He entered a presidential suite and sat on the sofa.

He felt a headache, so he lazily leaned his well-built back into the sofa, raising his hand to pinch his brow. The dim lighting cast his tall and handsome physique in a half-light and half-shadow, exuding an aura of coldness, dignity, mystery, and strength.

At this moment, the door of the presidential suite clicked open, and a young beautiful woman, Bambi, walked in.

Bambi had been watching Hayden Crawford from the lobby, eagerly like the other girls. Her heart raced; this man was the epitome of power in Aethelgard, a symbol of beauty, wealth, power, and status. What made him even more attractive was his clean personal life and aloof and reserved demeanor. This kind of business magnate, social elite, was like a magnet deeply attracting these young, beautiful girls.

But she was smarter and bolder than the other girls. She knew Hayden Crawford was drunk and followed him all the way to the presidential suite. Men are most susceptible to impulsive actions after drinking, and this was the opportunity she wanted.

Bambi stared infatuatedly at Hayden Crawford now. His long legs weren't crossed but stretched out naturally and lazily in front. His handsome eyes were lowered, his dashing brow furrowed, emitting an inexplicable masculine charm.