

## Substitute B 468

Chapter 468: The Knife Tip Pierces His Heart

Hayden Crawford was at a loss, unsure of how to comfort this girl.

Over the years, he had attended countless international conferences, delivering speeches at pinnacle forums. His life had been calm and orderly, with everything under his control.

But now he panicked; this girl was simply his little nemesis, and his heart ached terribly.

"Come on, Serena, don't cry."

Hayden Crawford kissed her tears off her cheeks, swallowing them into his own mouth, and then kissed her on her red lips.

This time he kissed her gently, preciously.

Serena slowly stopped sobbing. She looked up at him with her tear-blurred face, "Hayden Crawford, can you just leave now? I don't want to see you."

"I don't even know what's wrong with me now. Seeing you makes me feel so sad, so sad. I don't want you to be trapped by Annette because of me. I don't want you to marry Annette. I don't want Annette to touch you. I know everything you're doing is for me, I shouldn't blame you, but I just can't accept it."

"Hayden Crawford, you know, I'd rather die alone than have you tangled up with Annette! When you do these things, you don't consider me at all, you don't even know what I want!"

"Hayden Crawford, I'm sorry, let me go. Maybe one day I'll heal the scars in my heart, but being around you, I'll never heal. I'm so jealous now. Just thinking about Annette being your Mrs. Crawford makes me insanely jealous."

After speaking, Serena forcefully pushed him away and walked off.

But Hayden Crawford caught up with her, wrapping his strong arms around her slender waist, holding her tightly from behind. He kissed her hair messily, "Serena, I know, I know everything. Don't be jealous of anyone. You'll always be my one and only Mrs. Crawford."

The one and only Mrs. Crawford?

Ha.

Now the term "Mrs. Crawford" sounded so harsh to Serena's ears. What used to be so sweet now felt so piercing.

Serena turned around and pushed him hard, "Hayden Crawford, thank you for reminding me again. You're a married man now, please leave immediately, don't entangle with me anymore. What do you want to do, keep me outside and make me your mistress? Hayden Crawford, I'm telling you, don't even think about it!"

"I went to your grand wedding party and gave it my all, yet I couldn't take you back, so don't come back anymore. I don't want your medicine, nor do I want you. That wish for a happy marriage with Annette was genuine."

Hayden Crawford quickly reached out his well-defined fingers, gripping her small face tightly, a flash of red in his eyes as he curved his thin lips sinisterly, "Serena, take back what you just said about not wanting me, okay? I'm telling you, I'm really angry right now, the kind that can't be appeased!"

"I don't want you, Hayden Crawford, I don't want you anymore, I... mm!"

Hayden Crawford bent down and sealed her red lips, knowing he had made a mistake by letting her speak.

Serena struggled hard, but Hayden Crawford held her willow-like waist, pushing her backward, causing them to stumble and fall into the room, knees hitting the bed's edge, both falling onto the soft bed.

Serena's heart quickly became alert, "Hayden Crawford, what are you doing? You're married now, don't touch me with your filthy hands, get out!"

Hayden Crawford grasped her slender wrists with a few fingers, pulling them into his palm, then pressed them onto the bed. He used one hand to undo his shirt buttons, revealing a small portion of his firm chest, "Serena, I want you now. I want to leave my mark on you, so you know whose woman you really are in this lifetime!"

"Hayden Crawford, you must have gotten the wrong woman. Go find your Mrs. Crawford, Annette, don't touch me!"

Hayden Crawford held her hands, his long leg forcefully parting her tightly closed legs with domineering power, wedging his strong waist in between.

"Serena, be good, be obedient, otherwise I might hurt you," Hayden Crawford whispered, kissing her small face.

Serena's slender body was pinned down tightly. She could only turn her face aside, avoiding his unruly kisses, "Hayden Crawford, are you thinking of forcing yourself on me? If you do, I'll never forgive you!"

Hayden Crawford reached out with a large hand, lifting her small face from the soft pillow, placing the pill in his mouth and feeding it to her, his hoarse voice murmured, "Do all women like to say one thing and mean another? You say no, no, but your body becomes so soft under me. Let's see if you really want it or not?"

His large hand slid down her body, lifting up her white dress...

Unprepared, Serena swallowed the pill he fed her. She clenched her lower lip tightly with her pearly white teeth until her lip lost its color, all reason collapsing in an instant.

Anabelle Rathborne was already his Mrs. Crawford, yet he was here entwining with her.

Serena was a perfectionist in love and couldn't accept such a thing.

In her mind flashed the passionate video Annette had sent earlier, where men's and women's breathy moans intertwined in a dark room.

"Get out, Hayden Crawford, I'll never forgive you, I hate you!"

Her little strength barely affected the man. She heard a "click" as he loosened his belt at his waist.

Crystalline, burning tears fell one by one. Serena felt pushed to the brink, reaching out her small hand until she found a knife.

She gripped the small knife tightly in her palm, her clear eyes staring at him with sharpness, "Hayden Crawford, get out! If you don't, I'll kill you!"

Her eyes reddened as she glared at him fiercely as if facing an enemy.

The sharp glint of the knife reflected in Hayden Crawford's deep, cold eyes, yet he did not stop, instead curving his thin lips into a fond smile, his voice hoarse, "Serena, if you can bear it, then stab me."

He used his well-defined large hand to guide her cold small hand, positioning the knife tip toward his heart, "Stab here, okay? Don't hold back, stab all the way, kill me, or as long as I'm alive, you'll never leave me!"

Serena's delicate body began to tremble, and suddenly physical pain seemed insignificant. She felt as if her heart had been torn in two.

He was so brazen and arrogant, relying solely on her love.

He was forcing her.

Why was he forcing her?

Serena gritted her teeth, applying force with her hand, directly plunging the sharp knife into the man's heart.