

Substitute B 469

Chapter 469: Hayden, I Need the Morning-After Pill!

Because she held the knife, she clearly heard the sound of the blade piercing flesh.

The sudden pain in his heart made Hayden Crawford's face turn ashen. He curled his thin lips and leaned down to kiss the tears on her cheeks, "Serena, I underestimated you. You actually dared to stab me, but what can I do? I feel like I can't die. You're not dead yet; how could I bear to die before you?"

"..."

Psycho!

This madman, psycho!

Serena Sterling let go of the knife, withdrew her small hand, and then collapsed onto the soft bed.

Her long eyelashes, like dense combs, hung wetly as she closed her eyes and wept bitterly.

Hayden Crawford pulled the knife out of his chest and then discarded it on the carpet. Her stab wasn't deep, but crimson blood was oozing from his white shirt.

Standing up straight, he tore open all the shirt buttons, revealing his finely-honed chest. Using the shirt to press against the wound to stop the bleeding, a drop of bright red blood fell onto Serena's small face, and miraculously, all the fine lines on her face disappeared, restoring her delicate skin.

Hayden paused, realizing Anabelle Rathborne's blood was indeed effective; just now, he had fed her the pill, and now she was fine.

The scarlet blood fell on the woman's delicate skin, enchanting to the extreme.

Hayden leaned down and kissed her, "Serena, you can't escape. You are mine, and no one can take you away, including yourself."

...

Serena Sterling didn't know how much time had passed. At some point, she couldn't hold out and passed out because of him.

Groggily opening her eyes, feeling weak all over and aching everywhere, she felt as if she had been run over by wheels, ready to fall apart.

At this moment, a warm towel covered her, wiping her cheeks. She raised her eyes to see Hayden Crawford bending over, holding a towel gently wiping her, his movements very gentle.

He was shirtless, with his expensive metal belt thrown on the carpet. Because he was bent over, his tousled bangs fell over his narrow eyes. His waistline was taut, his body well-built, enveloped in the dim yellow light, exuding a lazy and wild posture that was enticing.

Serena's gaze fell on his chest again, where the heart was, a glaring bloodstain.

He hadn't treated his wound at all.

Serena turned her small face away coldheartedly, hardening her heart not to ask about his wound. If he didn't care for his own body, why should she?

She only regretted that she hadn't stabbed deeper. Otherwise, how could he still have the chance and strength to torment her like this?

"It hurts... hurts..."

Serena hugged herself, curling up into a ball.

Hayden threw the towel into the nearby water basin, quickly stepping forward to cup her small face with his rough big palms, asking anxiously, "Where does it hurt? Be good, tell me."

Everywhere hurts.

There's no place that doesn't hurt.

The pain made her eyes fill with tears, burying her small face in the pillow without speaking.

Hayden extended his long tongue to lick his dry thin lips; his voice was already hoarse but resonated in the night, seductively charming, "Be good, don't cry, let me clean you up first. I accidentally hurt you earlier; later, I'll have a female doctor treat you..."

As he spoke, Hayden gently kissed her eyes, "Sorry, I lost control earlier, you're a bit torn, may need a few stitches."

Serena curled up, not speaking, ignoring him.

Hayden squeezed the towel from the water basin. A man of noble birth, he had never done such a task, nor served anyone, so tiny water droplets splashed on his bronzed skin, adding an allure.

He continued to wipe her.

Serena suddenly remembered something very important. This time, he hadn't used any protection.

Lately, she was in her dangerous period, very likely to get pregnant.

Last time, she had reached an agreement with him not to get pregnant, and he had handled the matter with rationality and maturity, leaving her completely worry-free. But today, for some reason, he hadn't taken precautions during her vulnerable days.

"Hayden Crawford, I need to take medicine!" she said weakly.

Hayden stood straight, the towel still in his hand, staring at her intensely with his dark, fiery eyes, "Alright, I'll buy it later, you rest first."

"You should buy it now."

"Serena, if you still have the strength, we can go another round."

Serena Sterling's eyelashes trembled as she grabbed the pillow beside her and hit him on his handsome face with force, her emotions surging, finally cursing through gritted teeth, "Brute!"

Hayden didn't dodge, the pillow hitting his handsome face and then falling onto the carpet; his hoarse voice overflowed with a tone of coaxing, "Then, if you're not complaining about taking the medicine, I'll let you go."

"..."

Hayden pulled up the quilt, covering her exposed skin. She didn't ask about his wound, and he admitted he felt a huge sense of disparity in his heart, very disappointed.

But recalling that he had just marked her entirely, the satisfaction still made his scalp tingle; forget it, why fuss with her?

He stood tall at the bedside, his narrow dark eyes falling on her slender neck, where it was empty; she had thrown the only-love and the ring away.

"Serena, sleep first. I'm going down to find the ring."

He's going to find the ring?

The ring had already been thrown into the pond by her.

Serena's feathery eyelashes trembled, and her small hands clenched into fists with force, "Hayden Crawford, don't go looking for it. Even if you find it, I'll throw it away again. Other men will give me new diamond jewelry, and I have money to buy my own. No one cares for yours."

Hayden pressed his thin lips together; standing there in the half-light, his figure appeared ominous, extending a long leg to kick the basin on the chair, then strode out of the room.

"Bang," he slammed the door shut forcefully to vent his dissatisfaction.

The room quieted down. Serena opened her eyes, looking at the crystal chandelier above, her gaze bewildered. She knew her words had stung him; the ring was his mother's legacy.

However, just leave.

It's better if he leaves.

She no longer wanted to see him.

But why does her heart still hurt so much?

...

Outside in the deep night, it started to rain, no one was on the streets, almost not a single car in sight, Hayden Crawford arrived at the pond.

He stepped his long legs into the pond, bending his tall figure to search for the ring.

She had thrown the ring away; he must find it.

The torrential rain instantly drenched him. He had worn only a white shirt out; now the shirt stuck wetly to his well-built chest, and on the left side, blood gradually seeped through.