

Substitute B 472

Chapter 472: Husband~

Serena Sterling froze, realizing that the doctor wasn't addressing her as "Mrs. Crawford" but rather Anabelle Rathborne.

Anabelle Rathborne was now Mrs. Crawford.

Serena hid herself in a corner.

Anabelle hurried over, asking the doctor, "Doctor, how is my husband? Why hasn't his fever gone down? Why is he still unconscious?"

The doctor replied, "Mrs. Crawford, Mr. Crawford's high fever and unconsciousness are due to an infection at his wound site, which has caused swelling and ulceration. We've done our best to treat him, and he should wake up soon."

"So you don't know when my husband will wake up either? You're an incompetent doctor. If anything happens to my husband, you won't be practicing in the City of Aethelgard anymore!"

As Mrs. Crawford, Anabelle's scolding made the doctor's forehead sweat as he meekly replied, "Yes, Mrs. Crawford."

Anabelle opened the door to the VIP ward and went inside.

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Serena leaned her graceful back against the cold wall. Only after everyone had left did she slowly come out.

She approached the door of the ward and looked inside through the small glass window. Inside, Hayden Crawford was quietly lying on the hospital bed in his blue and white striped hospital gown.

Though it had only been a day since she'd last seen him, he seemed to have grown much thinner.

His firm jaw was shadowed with stubble, and his long, curled lashes cast a deep shadow as they rested quietly, his lips pursed in slumber. The pale corners of his lips were so dry they had started to peel.

She was accustomed to seeing him elegant, imperious, dominating, but it was the first time she saw him so frail and weak.

So, he too could be brought down.

Serena's fair eyes slowly reddened. She gently raised her small hand, tracing her delicate fingers across the glass as if to touch his handsome face.

Hayden Crawford.

Her soft, white fingers grazed his tightly furrowed brows. Even in slumber, they were furrowed into a taut line.

What was he dreaming of?

At that moment, Anabelle suddenly appeared next to the bed. She had fetched a basin of hot water in the bathroom and was now using a warm towel to wipe Hayden Crawford's face.

Serena's clear eyes dimmed. There was no longer a place for her by his side.

She was probably just the despised mistress, kept in the shadows.

Hayden Crawford, get well soon.

Serena slowly withdrew her hand and then turned to leave.

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In the VIP ward, Hayden Crawford awoke, his eyes fixing on the ceiling for a few moments. He had just dreamt that Serena Sterling had come to him.

Then a melodious voice reached his ears, "Honey, you're awake?"

Honey~

Hayden Crawford was momentarily stunned. Back in Bayside, Serena had once called him "honey," her voice tinged with a tender shyness that made it sound particularly sweet.

Serena.

His eyes quickly cleared as he tilted his head, looking at the woman beside him.

But in the next moment, the curve of his lips froze because it wasn't Serena—it was Anabelle Rathborne.

Anabelle Rathborne had come.

It was Anabelle who called him "honey."

Anabelle was now looking at him with joy.

The light in Hayden Crawford's eyes gradually dimmed. It was just a dream. She hadn't come to see him.

He pressed his pale lips together and then sat up.

"Honey, let me help you." Anabelle quickly reached out to support Hayden Crawford.

Hayden shifted slightly, avoiding her touch, with an IV still attached to his hand. He immediately pulled out the needle and got out of bed.

"Honey, where are you going? You can't leave; your fever just subsided, and you need to stay for observation." Anabelle hurriedly grabbed his sleeve.

Hayden looked down at the hand on his sleeve and shot a cold glance at Anabelle, "Let go."

His voice was very hoarse.

The menacing aura he exuded was like the Lord of the Underworld, sending chills down one's spine. Anabelle reluctantly withdrew her hand.

Hayden strode forward, his long legs wrapped in the hospital gown were steadier and more forceful than usual, showing no sign of weakness. His distinct large hand gripped the door handle, and he pulled open the door.

"Honey, where on earth are you going?" Anabelle shouted after his departing figure.

Hayden suddenly stopped, his cold eyes fixed on Anabelle, asking, "Did Serena Sterling come by?"

Serena Sterling.

Again with Serena Sterling.

His fever had just gone down; he had been unconscious for 48 hours. The first thing he asked upon waking was whether Serena had come to see him.

Anabelle's face darkened, "No, Serena Sterling didn't come. I didn't see her."

Hayden's prominent Adam's apple bobbed, and then he walked away.

"Honey, are you going to Serena again? You can't go! You're now my husband; why are you still entangled with Serena? You..."

Just then, Hayden stopped again, turned his head, and glanced at Anabelle, "What did you call me?"

"Hu... Husband..."

"For the last time," Hayden moved his thin lips, uttering those four words.

Anabelle was taken aback, "What?"

Hayden's cold gaze fell on her wrist, which had been slashed before, "The word 'husband' isn't for you to say. I hope this is the last time, or I'll have to give you a lesson in blood."

Blood again.

Anabelle had thought she held Serena's life in her hands, feeling elated. But the horrifying incident when Hayden had someone cut her wrist, that terrifying scene, left a shadow in her heart. It was so painful and she was so scared. She didn't want to bleed again.

"No, I don't want..." Anabelle retreated in fear.

Hayden did not bother casting her another glance and left directly.

Anabelle stomped her foot in frustration; she was too unwilling. Although she had become Mrs. Crawford as she wished, Hayden's heart was still with Serena!

Just then, Anabelle recalled something. She quickly curled her lips, placing a hand on her still-flat belly.

She had long known she couldn't capture Hayden's heart on her own, so that first night of marriage, she drank the fertility broth her father had specially prepared. Her father assured her it was foolproof, that she would certainly conceive.

Recalling that passionate night with Hayden, she was confident she had conceived.

In a few days, she would take a pregnancy test. If she were pregnant, it would be the Crawford family's firstborn grandchild—Hayden's first child.

Then, Hayden's heart would naturally belong to them, mother and child. How could Serena compete with her then?