

Substitute B 478

Chapter 478: He Actually Drugged Himself

Corvus thought for a moment, "Young master, although Miss Serena is smart, the chances of her escaping this pincer attack are almost zero."

"Anyway, let Silas follow her, and be more cautious these days. I don't want to see any accidents happen," Hayden Crawford said, pursing his lips.

"Yes, young master." Corvus nodded while thinking to himself. The young master is so cautious of Miss Serena. Could she really become the ultimate big boss manipulating the Crawford and Rathborne families along with Titus Ashworth?

Wow, he couldn't help but start to look forward to it.

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Dinner time arrived, and the maids prepared a sumptuous feast, looking perfect in color, aroma, and taste.

Hayden Crawford sat down with Serena Sterling, with Anabelle Rathborne facing them.

Anabelle sat alone, feeling like she might be the most pitiful original wife in history. After all, she is Mrs. Crawford.

Just then, Mr. Jonson arrived with Pearl Nightingale. Mr. Jonson smiled, "Mr. Crawford, I have a treasured bottle of 1962 Lafite red wine from Gallia, which I've been reluctant to drink. Now that you're here, I've had the wine brought over so we can enjoy a glass today."

As soon as his words fell, a waiter came over with the 1962 Lafite red wine, expertly opened the bottle cap, and poured the wine into everyone's glasses.

Serena Sterling glanced at the waiter with her bright eyes and then withdrew her gaze indifferently.

Once the wine was poured, Mr. Jonson lifted his glass, "Alright, let's have a toast, everyone."

Hayden Crawford picked up his wine glass and elegantly took a sip.

Anabelle Rathborne and Pearl Nightingale watched Hayden Crawford drink the wine. The drug's effects were not immediate; perfectly timed for after dinner when Pearl Nightingale would get Serena Sterling out of the room, allowing Anabelle Rathborne to enter their room and cozy up with Hayden Crawford on the bed that originally belonged to Serena Sterling, infuriating her.

Anabelle was already fantasizing about the scene in her head, laughing a few times and almost applauding their perfect plan.

Hayden Crawford finished his glass of red wine, suddenly pulled up Serena Sterling's face, placing it against his handsome face, "Serena, I feel so hot."

Hot?

Serena Sterling looked at Hayden Crawford, then reached out to check his pulse, "Your energy is flowing backward, and the inner heat is gradually rising. Did you eat something unclean?"

"I didn't eat anything, just drank a bit of wine." Saying this, Hayden Crawford extended his hand, directly pointing at the wine glass in front of him, "There's something wrong with this wine!"

Anabelle Rathborne and Pearl Nightingale's faces suddenly changed drastically; according to the drug's properties, Hayden Crawford shouldn't react this quickly.

His quick reaction completely disrupted their rhythm, catching them off guard.

Mr. Jonson quickly stood up, "Mr. Crawford, are you saying you've... been drugged? Someone put drugs in your wine glass?"

"Does this question need me to answer? Nobody should eat!" Hayden Crawford kicked his long leg against the table, flipping over all the dishes on the table.

Because Anabelle Rathborne and Pearl Nightingale were sitting opposite, the food and drinks on the table were tipped over onto them.

Ah!

Both screamed in their elegant gowns stained with mess, embarrassed and awkward.

"Mr. Crawford, you!" Pearl Nightingale was quite angry, now with reasonable suspicion that Hayden Crawford did this intentionally to target them.

But the next moment, Pearl Nightingale met Hayden Crawford's narrowed, sharp eyes. His face suddenly changed, and he showed such anger that his cold aura spread wide, frightening Pearl Nightingale into silence.

"Mr. Jonson, the wine is problematic. In your resort, someone actually drugged me. Shouldn't you give me an explanation?" Hayden Crawford looked at Mr. Jonson in displeasure.

With the sudden turn of events, Mr. Jonson quickly looked at the waiter who poured the wine; the waiter, feeling guilty, glanced at Pearl Nightingale for help.

Pearl Nightingale quickly looked away, pretending nothing was her concern.

Serena Sterling, who had been silent, slowly curled her lips into a cold smile, "Mr. Jonson, the wine was handled by this waiter, but a waiter has no reason nor courage to drug the drinks unless someone was instructing. I believe just interrogating this waiter thoroughly will reveal who the mastermind is!"

Mr. Jonson quickly said, "Come, take this waiter down, lock him up, and interrogate him thoroughly."

Saying this, Mr. Jonson looked at Hayden Crawford again, "Mr. Crawford, rest assured, I will definitely give you an explanation for this matter."

"Alright." Hayden Crawford directly took Serena Sterling's hand and went upstairs.

Anabelle Rathborne's pupils shrank, Hayden Crawford was drugged, now he was taking Serena Sterling upstairs, did he want to sleep with her?

Impossible, she was the one who drugged him, the one who should be sleeping with him was her, how could it be Serena Sterling?

"Brother Hayden, wait for me!" Anabelle also followed upstairs.

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In the corridor, Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling arrived at the door of the presidential suite, but Serena Sterling suddenly stopped in her tracks, her bright eyes looking at Hayden Crawford.

The girl's clear and bright gaze flashed with sharp intellect, Hayden Crawford paused, "Serena, what's wrong?"

"Hayden Crawford, Anabelle Rathborne and Pearl Nightingale drugged you; you knew before but still drank it, didn't you?"

She wasn't asking; she was stating, already having guessed it.

Hayden Crawford knew he couldn't hide anything from her. He approached her, his narrow eyes burning with intense desire, "Serena, none of this is important, what's important is that I feel terrible now."

"..."

Serena Sterling already felt the scorching heat from him; his whole body seemed to be burning.

He actually drugged himself, simply crazy!

"Hayden Crawford, what do you want?"

"Serena, I want you." Hayden Crawford rasped, his voice hoarse.

Serena Sterling reached out to shake off his big hand, "Hayden Crawford, you're too despicable, you are scheming against me, using this method to pressure me."

Just then, Anabelle Rathborne's voice sounded, "Brother Hayden."

Anabelle had quickly taken a shower, changed into a sling gown, her fair skin exposed to the air, exuding temptation.

Now her eyes looked eagerly and prettily at Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford tightly clutched Serena's slender wrist, staring at her, "Serena, look, someone is eyeing me so eagerly, so hold on tight, don't let go of my hand."

Serena's face paled a bit more, then she slowly reached out to pry his big hand.

"Serena, don't." Hayden Crawford wasn't willing to let go.

Serena peeled off his fingers one by one, slowly but resolutely pushing him away.

With a "bang," the room door shut.