

## **Substitute B 479**

Chapter 479: I Miss You So Much

She closed the door.

Leaving him alone here.

Hayden Crawford clenched his big hands tightly into fists, stiff outside the door for one second, two seconds, three... He slowly lifted his hand and knocked on the door.

The knocking sound was steady and rhythmic.

"Serena, if you refuse to open the door, it's okay. Tonight, I'll stand outside knocking until I open the door, alright?"

Inside the room, Serena Sterling heard the knocking again and again. She leaned her head on the bed, curling her knees, sitting on the carpet hugging them.

She would not compromise.

She would not compromise anymore.

The man outside was a master at manipulation, and his mischievousness was no less. He relentlessly pressed on, sword pointed at her.

"Serena, I feel so hot, the drug is kicking in, and it's getting harder to bear. I really miss you."

Hayden Crawford's body temperature was scorching, even his every breath was hot, and the medicine Pearl Nightingale acquired was naturally the best.

He moved his Adam's apple up and down, trying to suppress the heat on his body, but his mind began to swirl, filled with images of her.

This drug was like a mirror reflecting the heart, and the first image was the woman most desired in life, the deepest obsession.

"Are you okay, Young Lord?" Corvus asked worriedly outside the door.

Corvus also glanced at the tightly closed door in front of him, thinking their Young Lord had really gone too far this time.

At this point, Anabelle Rathborne couldn't wait any longer. She rushed forward quickly, hugging Hayden Crawford's strong waist from behind, "Hayden, Serena doesn't want you, but I do. My heart beats for you, if you don't believe it, touch my heart, it's bounding right now..."

Anabelle grasped Hayden Crawford's big hand, placing it on her beautiful, rhythmic chest.

...

Inside the room.

Serena Sterling heard the voices outside crystal clear; that Anabelle was itching to move, if there was a bed outside, she reckoned she would've already pounced on Hayden Crawford.

"Ah," at that moment, Anabelle uttered a delicate cry, "Hayden, you've squeezed me too hard."

Serena quickly raised her hand to cover her ears, refusing to listen.

No matter what he was doing with Anabelle outside, she knew he was doing it on purpose, deliberately provoking her, deliberately pressuring her.

"Ah," outside, Anabelle exclaimed again, both joyous and excited, "Hayden, where are you taking me? Let's go to my room. My room is next door."

Outside, Hayden Crawford took Anabelle away.

Soon, Serena's ears were quiet.

She slowly lowered her hand; outside, there was no sound.

He left.

Took Anabelle with him.

He had already been with Anabelle once, and now was he going for the second time?

Pain.

Heart twisted in pain.

Serena Sterling reached out her little hand to press against her chest, which was warm at that moment, and a drop, two drops, three drops of blood flowed down her nostrils.

Her nose bled.

Serena knew, her illness had flared up again.

She took paper to wipe away all the blood from her nostril and hand, then threw the paper into the trash.

She knew, the poison had completely spread; she needed Anabelle's blood.

For this reason, Hayden would entwine with Anabelle for a lifetime.

Serena's eyes warmed, large tears fell.

Suddenly, she was unable to cry.

The silent room echoed with her restrained sobs, so sorrowful.

Why crying?

Just felt like crying.

"Why cry?"

At that moment, a low, magnetic voice suddenly sounded at her ear.

Serena Sterling suddenly lifted her eyes, standing before her was a tall, upright figure, and in that instant, she crashed into his scorching, tender gaze.

Hayden Crawford had come.

He hadn't left with Anabelle, but snuck into the room; she remembered locking the door tightly, yet he still entered.

"How... did you come in?"

Hayden Crawford had a small piece of wire in his hand, "With this, Serena, since meeting you, I've almost become a master locksmith. Now, no door can stop me, so Serena, next time you lock me out, I'll just come in myself."

Hayden Crawford was a proud son of heaven, quick to learn anything, unexpectedly gifted with locksmith skills. Initially, he would patiently knock on the door; if he couldn't open it, he would unlock it himself to come in.

Serena's lips curled into a smile, bursting out laughing.

Surprisingly, while her eyes still glistened with tears, he managed to amuse her.

Hayden Crawford slowly squatted down, reached out his sharply defined hand, and pinched her little face, "Serena, now tell me, why were you crying just now?"

Serena touched her heart, "It hurt."

"Was it for me?"

"Yes."

Hayden Crawford hummed lightly, considering it a response; he didn't withdraw his hand, letting his rough fingertips gently stroke her delicate skin, again and again.

His gaze was intense, watching her openly, unabashedly.

The place where he stroked began to burn, tickling, like an electric current flowing through.

Serena awkwardly turned her face away.

Seeing her avoid him, Hayden Crawford lightly furrowed his handsome brow, concealing all emotion from his eyes. He stood, lifting her off her feet, placing her on the soft big bed.

"Don't worry, if you're unwilling, I won't force you," he said hoarsely.

"I thought... you left with Anabelle."

"No, she was too noisy; I was afraid you couldn't hear my voice, so I spent some time driving her away."

"Don't you desire women?"

His deep eyes were bloodshot, filled with red, eerie emotions making him a bit frightening.

The drug was becoming more potent on him.

Hayden Crawford lifted his eyes, looking at her, "The only woman I want is you. I didn't plan to touch Anabelle; later, I'll handle it myself in the bathroom, Serena, I won't pressure you anymore, just stay by my side."

Serena's heart faintly ached again, because of his words.

"You rest, I'll go take a cold shower," Hayden Crawford stood to leave.

But the next second, a small hand reached out, clutching his shirt sleeve.

Hayden Crawford's footsteps halted, casting his eyes down to her, "What's up? Serena, I'm uncomfortable right now, can't handle your teasing. You better not do anything that leads me to misunderstand."

Serena turned her face away, "I..."

Her vision went black, and Hayden turned, his defined hand cupping her nape, kissing her directly.

Didn't want to hear her speak.

Just wanted to kiss her.

Suddenly kissed, Serena froze; her soft lips were captured, lightly sucked and bitten, his heavy body pressed down, burying her into the soft big bed.

His masculine scent overwhelmed her senses, forced its way into all her consciousness.