

Substitute B 621

Chapter 621: Serena, Don't Leave

However, in that moment of falling, Hayden Crawford had already done his best to slow down the impact.

Serena Sterling's mind was filled with his calm and powerful narrow eyes, his smile, inhale, exhale, and his forceful swimming.

She struggled to move her arms and legs, breaking through the water with a splash.

Serena Sterling swam to the surface.

The moment she breathed in fresh air, the word "surviving a disaster" filled Serena's mind.

She wasn't dead.

She actually wasn't dead.

But...

Serena looked around, it was so dark, so cold, and the person she was looking for wasn't there.

Where is Hayden Crawford?

Where is he?

Is he dead?

He was so heavily injured, plunging into the sea, it's hard to swim up.

Serena quickly dove back into the depths of the sea, struggling to swim, searching for that tall and handsome figure.

She looked for a long, long time, diving up and down, but couldn't find him.

She was out of strength.

Her arms and legs were already numb from the cold, she didn't have the strength to search anymore.

Couldn't find him.

Couldn't find him, what to do?

Serena swam up and looked around, it was a black mass everywhere. Her eyes brimmed with tears that fell heavily, and she called out his name helplessly, choking with sobs, "Hayden Crawford, Hayden Crawford, where are you? Hayden Crawford..."

She said it, he was really so annoying.

When she fell off the cliff, he jumped down with her.

When she survived, he disappeared.

She was so scared.

Serena had always lived a pristine, wise, transparent, and composed life, rarely feeling fear, but now she was truly scared, so scared.

"Hayden Crawford, where are you... Hayden Crawford... boo hoo..." She covered her face with her icy hands and cried softly.

At this moment, a deep, magnetic voice sounded in her ear, "Why are you crying, I'm not dead yet."

Serena froze completely, then quickly turned around. Hayden Crawford was right there in front of her, safe and sound.

He wasn't dead!

Thank goodness, he wasn't dead!

Serena cried and laughed at the same time. She swam over quickly and pounded her fists on his strong shoulder, "Hayden Crawford, you scared me to death... you scared me to death..."

She kept muttering these words, already terrified beyond coherence.

Hayden Crawford didn't dodge, allowing her to hit him, watching her with soft eyes, his gaze filled with gentle affection.

Suddenly, he bent down, resting his head on her smooth, fragrant shoulder, gasping lowly, "Serena..."

Serena...

He murmured her name, Serena, softly.

Serena stiffened.

Hayden Crawford's voice gradually weakened, but Serena could still hear clearly. He said, "Serena, why... did you abandon me, what exactly... did I do wrong... why did you fall in love with someone else..."

Serena felt as if a sharp sword had pierced through her heart, that sword stabbing into her heart, stirring it wantonly, causing her pain and agony.

Hayden Crawford reached out and held her slender waist. In the icy cold sea, the girl's warm body temperature faintly transmitted over as he kissed her hair.

Serena wanted to push him away.

Pain.

A low, muffled groan came from his ears, and Hayden Crawford's handsome brows had already knitted tightly into a frown.

"What's wrong?"

Serena reached out to touch his back and felt a large warm and sticky patch. The surrounding sea water had all turned red.

He was seriously injured.

...

The two of them swam to the shore with difficulty. It was after five in the morning, and the sky was starting to lighten.

There was a shabby wooden house ahead. Serena pushed open the door and went in.

Inside, there was a lamp, a stove, and a bed with a quilt on it, barely habitable.

Hayden Crawford lay on the bed as Serena tore open his clothes. His back had collided and ripped open, exposing white bones amid the bright red flesh.

The air was filled with a pungent smell of blood. Serena watched, her whole body trembling. She tore open her clothes and tightly wrapped his wound, "I have to go out to find hemostatic herbs, otherwise you won't make it until rescue arrives."

She turned and headed out.

At that moment, a large hand reached out and grabbed her small hand.

Serena stopped in her tracks, looking down.

Hayden Crawford gazed at her, his pale lips moving, "Will you... take this opportunity to escape?"

This was a perfect opportunity. He didn't have the strength to catch her anymore. She could leave him behind and escape on her own.

Serena shook her head, "I won't."

...

She left.

Hayden Crawford watched the direction she disappeared into, gently closing his beautiful eyes.

His body ached with a dull pain to the point of numbness, consciousness slipping away, feeling very cold, very cold.

He fell into unconsciousness.

He dreamt, a nightmare.

Seth Sullivan took Serena away, and Serena turned her exquisite little face to say goodbye to him, "Mr. Crawford, I have to go."

"Don't go..."

He reached out to grab her.

But he couldn't reach her. Serena's pretty figure gradually disappeared from his sight.

Don't go...

Don't go...

He murmured painfully.

He didn't know how long it had been, but he felt a small hand gently touching his handsome face, and he reflexively grabbed that small hand.

He opened his eyes.

It was Serena.

Outside it was already bright, the morning had arrived, and Serena had changed into farmhouse clothes. Her long, beautiful hair was tied into a low ponytail, her pristine little face glowing like jade.

Serena held a towel in her hand, helping him wipe his sweat, "I found some herbs to stop the bleeding, but your wound needs stitching. My needle is missing, and your wound is already infected and you're running a fever, so I have to go to the tribe to find a doctor for you. Rest well, I'll be back soon."

Serena gave a brief explanation, then put down the towel and turned to leave.

She was going.

Leaving now.

With a rumble, it started to rain outside.

Bean-sized raindrops pounded down, adding a chill to the already cold weather, truly adding insult to injury.

Anxious to find a doctor, Serena ran straight into the rain.

Bean-sized raindrops fell from above, drenching her completely.

She ran as fast as she could, taking a few steps, but someone caught up from behind. Two strong arms wrapped tightly around her soft waist.

It was Hayden Crawford.

Hayden had followed her out.

Serena's pupils shrank, and she quickly pried at his fingers, "Hayden Crawford, are you crazy? Why did you run out?"

Hayden held her from behind, tightly, burying his face in her silky neck, kissing her delicate skin, "Serena, don't go."

He indeed had a fever, his head felt heavy and uncomfortable.

Hayden Crawford was not prone to illness, but once sick, it hit hard. Now, he only wanted to hold Serena, not letting her leave.

Serena was worried about his condition, "Hayden Crawford, let go first!"

But she underestimated his strength. Even though he was severely injured, she couldn't pry him off.

Hayden held her tightly, his pale lips lingering on her face as the heavy rain poured down, soaking them both to the skin. Sick, he was especially clingy, "Serena, be good, don't go, huh?"

Chapter 622: Warming Him in Her Arms

"Hayden Crawford, your wound is infected, and now you've been caught in the rain. If you go on like this, are you just giving up on your own body?"

Hayden clasped her delicate shoulder and turned her around, holding her petite face in his large hand, obsessively repeating, "Serena, I just don't want you to leave."

He lowered his head and directly kissed her red lips.

Serena Sterling's pupils contracted; at this moment, how could he still be thinking about kissing, "Hayden Crawford, let go!"

She forcefully pushed him away.

Her movement tore at the wound on his back, causing Hayden's tall physique to sway twice, then with a "boom," he knelt on one knee in the rain.

One of his large hands supported him on the ground, tiny raindrops rolling over his excessively exquisite facial features, while a layer of coldness colored his elegant brows and eyes.

Hayden slightly closed his handsome eyes, his throat bobbing up and down, and after a few seconds, he tugged at the corner of his mouth, a trace of crimson already in the depths of his profound eyes.

He slowly said, "Serena, if you dare leave, one day I will wash Alani in blood to make you pay a terrible price."

Alani was Serena Sterling's home.

Serena suddenly froze, staring in shock and fear at the man kneeling in the rain.

Her whole body trembled, this... devil!

The damp bangs covered his sharp eyes, and he looked at her, his expression persistent and ominous as he stretched out a large hand, "Come here."

Serena Sterling mechanically moved her legs and walked over.

"I told you, you can't escape, Serena."

Hayden Crawford closed his eyes and fell.

...

Night fell, and the rain worsened. The dilapidated wooden hut swayed in the storm.

Serena Sterling found a needle, heated it with fire, and barely stitched up Hayden Crawford's wound. He wouldn't let her leave, and she couldn't find a husband.

Serena sat by the bed, watching Hayden on it. Earlier, he had a severe fever of 42 degrees, and now his entire body was cold again.

He was still unconscious, his handsome face pale to the point of darkness, and his dashing features appeared exceptionally stern and frigid, with an ominous obsession.

Serena suddenly realized a problem. Three years later, Hayden Crawford's obsessive-compulsive disorder had worsened, and his possessiveness and control over her were almost pathological.

Earlier, when he knelt in the rain saying he would one day wash Alani in blood, Serena had already seen the powerful aura of a sovereign in him.

No matter how she hid his heritage, the blood of Westria's true warriors coursed through his veins, and inevitably one day, he would ascend to the throne.

Then for her, as the queen of Alani, how would their destinies unfold?

Would he one day ascend to reign over the world, and if she left, he would lead mighty forces to conquer her homeland, attack her cities, and paint the lands red with blood?

The mere thought of it chilled Serena to her core. She took out a piece of white paper and pen, wrote something down, and finally imprinted it with his fingerprint.

Folding the paper carefully, she put it away securely.

Having done all this, her heart unexpectedly felt lighter and more at ease.

She reached out a small hand to touch his forehead.

The next second, her slender wrist was grasped by his large hand, and he coveted the warmth in her skin, "Cold... cold..."

There weren't any extra blankets here.

Serena Sterling bit her moist lower lip with her delicate white teeth, then lifted the blanket, her dainty body slipping into his arms.

Serena wrapped her slender arms around his strong waist, pressing her warm body against his icy skin.

After a while, he seemed even colder.

Perhaps he wouldn't survive the night.

Serena looked at his pale, handsome face and tightly pressed thin lips. Injured as he was, he exuded a certain frail elegance, much like a dignified noble son.

She hesitated for a moment, then reached to undo her clothes, slipping her small hand into his shirt, feeling his firm and narrow waist...

Warm meets cold.

Soft embraces hard.

Pressing against his icy skin, Serena shrank in his arms, trembling with her delicate shoulders.

Yet her body temperature rose until it was searing.

No matter how cold it gets, a man's and a woman's embrace is always the best way to keep warm.

His body temperature showed signs of warming up, but it wasn't obvious.

Having decided to save him and decided on the path ahead, Serena was no longer tentative. She dropped her long eyelashes and let her small hand slide down his narrow waist...

Hayden Crawford had a dream.

He was walking in a desert, the blazing sun above him, his throat parched, and his body temperature climbing intensely.

Suddenly, he opened those deep eyes and saw who was on top of him.

Serena Sterling was astride him, her long black hair spilling luxuriously over her shoulders, her skin like jade, glowing with a translucent luster.

Hayden's deep pupils contracted suddenly. A scion of heaven like him had never imagined waking up beneath her.

He swallowed, the burning pain in his back and the provocation of this woman quickly had him narrowing his handsome brows. He reached out a large hand to tweak her slender waist, "What are you doing?"

What could she be doing, of course warming him up.

In this endless rainy night, it was the hardest to endure. He had a fever of 42 degrees, his whole body cold as an ice cellar, and holding him was useless; she had to get on top of him, using the friction of skin to create warmth.

This was the most primitive way of warming up.

But also, the most ambiguous.

Rubbing against each other was bound to spark flames.

Serena's delicate face blushed in patches, her dark watery eyes intermingling purity with allure, making her look vibrant and alive.

She looked up at the man, his back wounded, a high cushion placed beneath him, lying in a reclined position.

His handsome face, as pale as jade, beads of cold sweat on his forehead, long eyelashes quietly drooping over his deep eyelids, right now quite elegant, indeed a feast for the eyes.

She couldn't help but feel a desire to tease him.

The world's top financial tycoon, imperious and domineering as he was, ended up in her hands this day.

Serena raised her pretty face, then reached out her small hand to grasp his firm jaw, "What am I doing? Of course... doing you!"

"..."

Hayden's eyes darkened; feeling his lips dry, he extended his tongue to lick his thin lips, "Say it again, huh?"

Serena blinked her playful lashes, "If you want me to say it again, I'll say it again, what about my dignity?"

"Heh." Hayden gazed at her intently, letting out a low chuckle from his hoarse throat.

Serena's scalp tingled; although he was unwell, having honed his skills in the business world, his intimidating presence was inescapable, even in illness.

"I was just joking with you, West Duke, your body is warm now, so I can get off." She was about to climb down.

But Hayden's palm detained her, directly pulling her back into his embrace with her graceful waist.

Chapter 623: He's Not My Husband!

Her delicate body collided with his muscular chest, and just as she tried to break free, a muffled groan came from above.

He had pulled at the wound on his back.

Serena quickly froze, "This isn't my fault, don't take it out on me!"

Hayden Crawford held her in his arms. She was only wearing a small camisole, and he buried his head in her hair, inhaling the fragrance from her body. Once the pain in his back had subsided, he chuckled hoarsely, "Then what about you harassing me? What's the deal with that?"

Harassing what?

"Hayden Crawford, I was saving you. If you stayed cold any longer, you'd surely die!"

Hayden lowered his eyes, his parched lips brushing against her soft cheek, "To warm me up, where exactly were you rubbing against me just now?"

"..."

"So now it's gender inequality, a woman harassing a man isn't wrong?"

Serena's face flushed red, but she retaliated defiantly, "Mr. Crawford really is beastly by nature; it doesn't matter how you cover up and warm him, just rubbing will heat him up!"

Hayden raised an eyebrow without refuting, pulling the blanket over the two of them.

Serena wanted to move, but now she was lying on top of him, a pose far too intimate and suggestive.

"Don't move!" he commanded.

Serena stiffened.

Hayden held her, a hint of sickness and exhaustion leaking from his deep eyes. With her soft and fragrant form in his arms, he furrowed his handsome eyebrows slightly, "Don't move, let me hold you."

Serena suddenly felt a warmth in her heart. Outside, the rain was pouring heavily, and inside, the dim light flickered. She lay in his embrace, listening to the powerful heartbeat coming from his chest beside her, suddenly feeling a touch of fatigue and reliance.

Forget it, let this night be spent sleeping in his arms.

Serena softened her body, lying obediently on his chest like a little kitten.

Their breaths intertwined, in such a cold night, quiet enough to hear each other's heartbeats.

At this moment, Hayden lowered his gaze and kissed her red lips.

This kiss was different from before; he kissed gently yet firmly, his hot lips and tongue lingering on her lips, teasing her to indulge with him.

Serena's long lashes trembled fiercely. Hesitantly, she began to respond to him, like a ripe fruit, inexperienced but sweetly alluring, making one want to devour it whole.

Hayden clasped her slender waist, his rough palm seemingly teasingly brushing around.

They had already done those intimate things before, his slight probing making her suddenly awake.

"Don't..."

She reached out her small hand to hold back his large palm.

A layer of crimson fell into Hayden's deep eye sockets, "What's wrong?"

"Lust can be deadly,' with such a serious wound on your back, you still want this, be careful not to die in bed!" she glared at him, her face red.

Hayden smirked, his voice husky, "To die under a peony flower, one becomes a ghost with style."

"..." Serena's slender body quickly stiffened.

Hayden noticed the change in her body, his gaze rapidly darkening and sharpening as he looked at her. Both of them thought about the medicine she took, the atmosphere becoming a bit subtle.

"Let me go, I'm tired, I want to sleep." Serena wanted to get away.

But Hayden pulled her into his arms, kissing her forehead...

His flexible lips lingered on her forehead, and Serena stiffened.

It's said that when a man kisses a woman's forehead, it's the highest form of care and affection.

Serena suddenly became quiet. Hayden's handsome eyelids moved slightly, "Go to sleep, good night."

Serena's stiff body slowly softened, and she closed her eyes.

...

The next morning.

After last night's torrential rain, it had already cleared today, the sunlight dazzling, bright.

Serena found a doctor from the tribe, who exclaimed, "Sir, you suffered such severe injuries, the wound became infected, and you had a high fever, yet you managed to survive the night. It's truly a miracle."

The wound on his back had already been treated anew. Hayden got up, his long fingers picking a clean black shirt to put on.

He was now bare-chested, his wheat-colored solid muscles giving off healthy ripples, his waistline narrow, his abs lean and tough, paired with long black pants, it highlighted his two long legs for no reason.

Hayden's figure was perfect, lean in clothes, solid enough without being exaggerated, yet attractively strong enough to make one's face flush.

He put on the clean black shirt, then took out a jade pendant he carried with him and handed it to the doctor, "Sorry for troubling you last night."

The doctor was not a greedy person but recognized at a glance that this jade pendant was no ordinary item. Looking at Hayden's distinguished manner, mature and composed, he guessed the man to be wealthy or noble, hence served him more carefully.

"Sir, you are too kind. Last night the road ahead was washed away, so your rescue might be delayed by a day or two. Perhaps you and your wife can stay here, and I'll prepare some fresh food and vegetables for you."

This "wife" was referring to Serena.

Hayden didn't refute nor show much emotion fluctuation, just nodded, "Then thank you, doctor."

The doctor left.

Hayden walked out of the small wooden house and moved forward.

Last night, he and Serena fell off a cliff, landing in this small tribe.

In front was a river, its water flowing gently, crystal-clear. By the river, several women were doing laundry.

Hayden stopped, his deep eyes falling upon a slender figure.

Serena was there too.

She was among those women, her small hands washing clothes, which seemed to be her personal garments. She washed them somewhat sheepishly, her delicate face hanging down, tinted with a couple of shy blushes.

His clothes were already washed and placed in a clean basin.

"Miss Sterling, the man inside that house must be your husband, right? Your husband is very handsome, we've never seen such a good-looking man."

A few nosy women cheerfully inquired.

Serena's long lashes trembled slightly, "He is not my husband!"

"Oh Miss Sterling, you're kidding us, aren't you? There's only one bed in the house; didn't you sleep with him last night?"

Serena's face turned crimson. She could hardly withstand the attack from the older women. After finishing the laundry, she picked up the basin and emphasized, "He's not my husband, he's my brother!"

Saying this, she bowed her head and ran away.

A few older women chuckled behind, "This young lady looks like a fairy and is still so shy."

Serena stopped after running a few steps because she saw that tall, handsome figure.

Hayden stood there, watching her.

She didn't realize when he had started standing there watching her. He must have heard those women's words.

"Brother," at this moment, the few women behind teased warmly, "Are you the young lady's brother or her husband?"

"..."

Chapter 624: Please Behave Yourself!

So awkward!

Ma'am, can we not talk?

Serena Sterling lowered her head, pretending to be nonchalant as she tried to brush past him.

But, she twisted her ankle.

"Ah!"

Serena let out a small cry, her entire body leaning to the side.

"Watch out!"

At this moment, a strong arm wrapped around her delicate waist, and Hayden Crawford pulled her into his arms.

Their faces suddenly got close, and his handsome face magnified in her view.

They were pressed together, breaths intertwined; he was tall and imposing, exuding an extraordinary presence, while she was light and graceful, delicate and lovely, making a beautiful sand painting.

Serena looked at him, her long lashes fluttering in panic, not knowing what to say for a moment.

"Hahaha," at this moment, they heard the laughter of a lady behind them, "Miss, we've caught you, haven't you? Isn't this your husband?"

"..."

Amidst the laughter of the ladies, Serena wished she could find a hole to hide in.

She quickly stepped back two steps, then handed the basin to him, "I'll wash the clothes, you hang them."

After saying this, she walked back to the wooden house and began washing the vegetables.

Last night's heavy rain meant they would have to stay here for a day or two; they needed to survive and eat, right?

Hayden put the basin down, picked up a pair of her panties with his slender fingers, they were pink, cartoon, and very cute, a young girl's style.

He lowered his eyes to look at her, "How do you hang this up?"

Serena looked up and saw her panties dangling from his slender fingers.

He really didn't know how to hang clothes, never having done this before.

If he told anyone, no one would believe he was hanging a girl's panties here.

Serena's face flushed red with embarrassment, she quickly got up and snatched the panties from his hand, "I'll do it myself."

Hayden furrowed his dashing brows, "Are you sure you want to hang them here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hang them here, and everyone will know what color your panties are."

"..."

The clothesline was in front of the wooden house, visible to everyone passing by. The local ladies were accustomed to this, but Serena couldn't bring herself to do it!

She hadn't thought of it, but he did.

Serena quickly turned around and went into the wooden house, hanging her underwear in the back.

Then she heard the sound of steady footsteps approaching, a pressing aura encroaching from behind, she knew without looking back it was Hayden.

He had followed her.

"Am I your husband, or your brother?"

A low, magnetic voice spoke from above, exceptionally alluring.

Serena froze; why was he asking this?

Hayden moved closer, pressing against her from behind, their fabrics rubbing together, sparks flying.

Just now, by the door, he watched her tiptoe to hang clothes, her blouse riding up and revealing her slender waist.

His palm twitched slightly, only thinking of the memory of holding her waist last night.

"Can you also sleep with your brother? Can you ride on him?" he lowered himself, whispering by her ear, his voice indecent.

Serena quickly turned around and glared at him, "Hayden, enough, please have some decency!"

Hayden reached out and cupped her delicate chin, "Decency? When you kept grinding on me last night, you didn't mention decency?"

Serena's bright eyes shrank suddenly, quickly covering his thin lips.

He really dared to say anything.

Hayden's deep, narrow eyes were exceptionally shining, his mature charms alluringly captivating, more so than any stunning beauty.

They say women overthrow kingdoms, but when a man is handsome, women stand no chance.

Then Hayden gently pecked her tender palm.

Serena retracted her hand like she was electrocuted, turning to leave.

But Hayden backed away slightly, his broad shoulder blocked the way, not letting her pass.

"What are you doing? Move aside!"

She never thought he'd be so shameless.

Hayden chuckled lowly, looking at her blushing face, rosy like a rose, he reached out to touch her face.

What a rogue.

"Don't touch me..."

She slapped his hand away.

The two were stuck in a cramped space, the outside light couldn't penetrate, his roguish act trying to tease her, while she dodged like a fawn.

Serena's long lashes fluttered, unable to endure Hayden, this older man's flirtation, she pushed him away and ran off.

Seeing her flee, Hayden put his hands in his pockets, lightly knocking his head against the wall, looking somewhat leisurely and slightly pleased.

...

Serena kept thinking about the mysterious Array she saw in the royal shrine's inner room and how she had fallen.

This unit was a bit primitive, located downstream, the residents here were simple and enthusiastic, no danger.

Her people and Hayden's should find them soon, but the rain washed out the road, it might take days to repair it.

This time in the shrine, she didn't even see the Sky Sword, but Serena was prepared, knowing it wouldn't be simple. Seems she must find another chance to enter the shrine.

At this time, an old lady's voice came from outside, "Miss Sterling, are you there?"

Someone came.

Serena went out; Mrs. Sloan and her daughter Buena Sloan had come, bringing some meat.

"Miss Sterling, this is for you. Make some meat soup for your brother to recover, so his injuries heal faster."
Mrs. Sloan handed over a basket.

Serena looked at the meat in the basket, "Mrs. Sloan, you're too kind, it's okay, really."

"Sister Sterling, please accept it." Buena peeked shyly into the wooden house, "Sister Sterling, where's your brother?"

Serena immediately understood why Mrs. Sloan was so enthusiastic, likely because her daughter had taken a liking to Hayden.

Serena looked at Buena, who was beautifully shaped, with a pretty face. When speaking of Hayden, her eyes showed deep admiration and affection.

Suddenly, Serena felt Buena seemed familiar.

It felt like... she knew Buena.

But Buena's face was unfamiliar.

This feeling was strange.

Serena pondered, her clear eyes flashing with a sharpness.

"Serena, why haven't you cooked yet?" A deep, magnetic voice sounded, Hayden came out.

Hayden walked out, his deep, narrow eyes glanced briefly at Mrs. Sloan and Buena without stopping, soon focusing on Serena, "Why are you standing there?"

Mrs. Sloan grinned, looking at Hayden, "Young man from the Sterling family, where is your family from, how old are you, and are you married?"

Chapter 625: Wickedly Whistling at Him

Serena Sterling was stunned; this Mrs. Sloan was indeed both impatient and straightforward. She went straight to ask if Hayden Crawford was married.

There was no wave of emotion on Hayden Crawford's handsome face. He looked back and glanced at Mrs. Sloan indifferently, then moved his thin lips, "What does my marital status have to do with you?"

"..." Serena was surprised at Hayden Crawford; it's really a case of asking boldly and daringly responding.

Mrs. Sloan gave an embarrassed smile, "Young master of the Sterling family, it's like this. My daughter Buena finds you extraordinarily handsome and has fallen in love with you at first sight. If you aren't married, then my daughter..."

Before Mrs. Sloan could finish, Hayden's deep, narrow eyes landed on the blushing Buena. He said coldly, "I'm not interested in you. I have someone in mind already."

Buena's shy expression quickly halted. After all, she's a young girl, and to be rejected so bluntly and ruthlessly by Hayden Crawford, her pretty face turned pale immediately, and tears of humiliation were swirling in her eyes.

"Serena, let's go back." Hayden turned around and walked into the wooden cabin without looking back.

"Oh." Having watched the scene, Serena quickly followed him inside.

...

Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling had the integrity to refuse Mrs. Sloan's meat, and soon, the two of them were staring at two bowls of plain white rice in a daze.

Hayden Crawford had been a favored child since young, born with a silver spoon, with household cooks at a five-star level, living in a significantly higher standard. Looking at the white rice in front of him, he furrowed his brows, "Serena, is this the meal you made, where are the dishes?"

"Mr. Crawford, haven't you heard that even the most skilled housewife cannot cook without rice? Without dishes, how can I pull them out of nowhere?" Serena wasn't going to endure this man's spoiled temperament. He's the spoiled heir, and who isn't a little princess here?

This time, Hayden Crawford furrowed his thick brows directly into a "川" shape.

Serena picked up the chopsticks and ate a small bite of rice delicately, "Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Sloan had both meat and vegetables. Why don't you go back and charm them after rejecting them earlier?"

Hayden's sharp, eagle-like gaze immediately scanned her face, "Are you suggesting... that I sacrifice my looks, use a seduction tactic?"

"Yes." Serena nodded, "Anyway, Mr. Crawford has been living in romance over the past three years, should be quite adept at mingling among these women now."

"Serena, why are you speaking so sarcastically?"

"I'm not."

"If I said these women from the past three years were all fake, would you believe me?"

What?

Serena's small hand holding the chopsticks instantly froze; she looked up in shock and confusion at him, "You... what did you just say?"

Hayden curved his thin lips into a shallow arc, "Serena, you really know how to pretend; if you have a problem with your ears, you should get them checked first."

After saying this, Hayden got up and walked out.

He left.

Serena watched his tall and imposing figure disappear from her sight, with his words "If I said these women from the past three years were all fake, would you believe me?" still echoing in her ears.

Him?

Serena's heartbeat suddenly went chaotic; the calm lake of her heart seemed to have been disturbed by the pebble he tossed, causing ripples.

No.

She doesn't believe it.

She would never forget that time when he locked her in the closet to hear the moans with other women, those were all real.

He must be lying to her.

He definitely is!

...

Serena didn't wait for Hayden Crawford. After Hayden went out, he never came back.

Where did he go?

Serena went to find Hayden Crawford.

Soon, she saw Hayden Crawford by the river. Hayden stood in the water, holding a fork carved from wood, fishing.

The clear river stretched far, with unmarried young men and women of the tribe splashing water in it, with the most handsome boy and the most beautiful girl getting splashed the most.

Hayden stood in the water, dressed in black clothes rather discreetly, yet an air of clean aloofness surrounded him, as girls in the river sneaked looks at him quickly blushing.

One bold girl splashed water on him, and then more and more girls followed suit, splashing him.

His black pants clung to him, revealing his well-defined chest, a perfect tight waist.

The black belt at his waist cinched in, looking lower wasn't advisable, exuding a repressive allure.

Hayden Crawford's physique wasn't exaggerated like a fitness trainer's but gracefully boasted a noble and perfect S curve.

He actually ran here... flaunting!

Serena simply sat on a big rock, her two white small feet dipping into the cool water, feeling incredibly comfortable.

She turned her gaze to Hayden, surrounded by a group of girls; she saw the side lines of his physique, tut-tut, a prominent shoulder blade, a dip at the waist, a butt more protruding than a woman's, standing tall at the riverbank, causing girls to chatter, blush and have racing hearts.

Serena mischievously blinked her playful eyes, then wickedly let out a whistle.

Upon hearing the whistle, Hayden quickly turned to look at her, his deep gaze lingering on her snowy feet.

She wore a tribal black skirt, her long shiny hair casually tied in a flower bun, and her dust-free face akin to porcelain jade, elaborate and mesmerizing.

Now her two small feet were tapping the water playfully, splashing a series of crystal water droplets, she boldly looked at him with captivating eyes, imitating an indecent whistle at him, mischievous and naughty, making him itch.

Hayden's prominent Adam's apple rolled up and down, the thought of last night rekindled the fire, and his pants showed marks.

"Ah..."

Some sensible girl was startled, shyly backing away but still sneaking peeks at Hayden Crawford, truly torn between saying something and holding back.

Serena, indifferent, sat on the rock, glanced at Hayden's pants; his pants were entirely soaked, clinging to his thighs, among so many girls, he was indeed... extravagant.

Look at how those girls have been enchanted by him.

Hayden didn't glance at those girls' faces even once; when suddenly, his hand moved, the wooden fork swiftly and precisely pierced into the water.

He caught a fish.

Soon, he caught a second one.

Hayden Crawford stretched his long legs and walked towards Serena.

He came and took away all the glory from the tribe's boys; some boys glared at him in dissatisfaction.

But as Hayden approached, they automatically made way for him.

Hayden had a presence steeped in high standing for years, something these young boys couldn't contend with.

He walked forward and arrived in front of Serena.

Water was on his hair, face, his bangs wetly adhering to his forehead, seemingly like that refined noble man, exceptionally youthful and handsome.

His deep narrow eyes gazed at her flower-like face, he chuckled lowly, "What are you whistling for?"

Chapter 626: Holding Her Little Feet

As soon as he arrived, all eyes were drawn to him.

Serena felt like she was hit by countless darts, shot by those envious girls.

Serena chuckled, her rosy lips puffed out, and she whistled at him.

Mr. Crawford lifted the corners of his thin lips, even his handsome eyes showing a hint of playful amusement, "When a woman whistles at a man, it means she wants to reel him in. Are you trying to reel me in?"

Reel him in?

Serena raised her delicate curved brows, "A woman would whistle when she sees a perfect young master too."

Perfect young master?

Mr. Crawford glanced at her, "What does that even mean?"

As expected, he didn't understand. Serena patiently spat out a word, "Gigolo."

"..."

Mr. Crawford extended his slender fingers, picked up her little foot from the water, and held it in his palm, "If I'm a gigolo, then you'll never be able to afford me."

"..." Indeed, she was disdainful!

He turned the tables on her, quickly seizing home ground advantage.

He really was a master at flirting with women. Serena couldn't figure out if there was anything he couldn't do.

Her snow-white small foot was held in his palm, his fingertips caressing it, giving her a tingling sensation.

Serena squirmed, "What are you doing, let me go!"

Mr. Crawford gently pinched her little foot and used his shirt to wipe the water droplets off it, "The water is cold, no playing in cold water, up you go."

He wiped her foot with his shirt, his expression focused.

Serena's long eyelashes fluttered.

He was always good to women—gentle, gentlemanly, considerate, caring, and generous—a perfect lover.

Serena forcefully pulled her little foot back, "Why should I listen to you, let go... mmph!"

Mr. Crawford placed his large, well-defined hands on the stone beside her, encircling her slender figure in his arms, then lifted his head and kissed her on the lips.

Serena froze.

He pressed down on her fragrant soft lips, gently prying them open.

His kiss was gentle yet firm, not a stormy plunder but an extreme tenderness.

He really enjoyed kissing her.

Not just from his increasingly frequent requests for kisses, when he kissed her it was like savoring a delicious pudding, indulging himself in her sweetness, while making her feel comfortable.

He truly was a man women could easily fall for.

Serena quickly pushed him away.

Mr. Crawford didn't force her, releasing her lips and burying his head in her pink neck, breathing heavily, "Come on, up you go. Don't make a scene, the more you do, the more uncomfortable I get."

His body was indeed uncomfortable.

Serena vaguely guessed what he meant, and glanced around to find countless eyes fixed on them, especially those pretty little girls, utterly charmed by his series of domineering, high-profile moves, wishing they could trade places with her.

At this moment, Serena felt a jealous, venomous gaze land on her. She looked up to find Buena staring daggers at her.

Buena was here too, her eyes blazing with jealousy, fixed on Serena.

From Buena's angle, she could see both their profiles, Mr. Crawford half-pressing on Serena's slender figure, the two locked in a long kiss, utterly ignoring others' gazes, passionately kissing.

Buena's gaze roamed over Mr. Crawford, his wet long clothing perfectly outlining his tall, lean physique. His body could put any 'perfect young master' to shame, a body that makes women weak at the knees.

Buena wished she could become Serena. Why hadn't she met such a man?

No woman could resist a man like that.

Serena's snow-white earlobes turned a little red; she was modest, so she pushed him and said, "Then let go of me, let me up."

Mr. Crawford hugged her soft slim waist, his voice hoarse, "Let me hold you a bit longer, I can't go out like this."

He added, "You wouldn't want another Buena, right?"

"..."

Serena kicked him, "I'd rather you be surrounded by beauties, and end up expending yourself with excitement in The Hall of Elysian Bliss one day!"

Mr. Crawford pinched her slim waist, "Believe in yourself, you alone are more than enough."

"...Get lost!"

Serena began to struggle within his iron-bound arms, writhing like a water snake.

Mr. Crawford furrowed his sword-like brows, lifted her by her slim arm, and pushed her away. In his deep, narrow eyes, a few frustrated embers danced as he huskily commanded, "Go up! The longer I hold you, the more uncomfortable it gets!"

"..."

Serena scrambled to her feet and ran off.

...

Watching her charming figure disappear from view, Mr. Crawford turned and got ashore.

Buena, being nearby, immediately went up to Mr. Crawford, speaking sweetly, "Mr. Sterling, I..."

Mr. Crawford didn't even glance at her, brushing past her directly.

Buena was so furious she almost spat blood.

She clenched her fists, driving her nails into her palms.

...

When Serena got back, she prepared the two fish, then stewed a pot of delicious fish soup, garnishing it with some green onion—it looked, smelled, and tasted wonderful.

After dinner, Serena's little belly was round and full.

"Mr. Crawford, I cooked the meal, you do the dishes." Serena boldly ordered Hayden Crawford to wash the dishes.

Mr. Crawford gave her a look, a bit displeased, but he still obediently took the bowls to wash them.

Serena was rather smug. At this moment, she noticed a sneaky figure outside—it was Buena.

Buena had come.

If at first Serena just found Buena somewhat familiar, then just now by the river, when Buena's jealous and malicious gaze fixed on her, Serena was sure Buena was someone she knew.

The question was, who exactly was Buena?

Serena got up, walked out, hands behind her back in a casual stroll, her bright eyes fixed on Buena, "Sister Buena, what are you sneakily looking at over here, could it be... my brother?"

Buena snorted, saying nothing.

Serena moved forward, whispering in Buena's ear, "What do you like about my brother? He has no money, no status, can't give you a good life. Of course, he's handsome, with a great body, probably a great companion in bed, offering a wonderful nightlife. Is that what you're after, Sister Buena?"

These words were very suggestive, full of implications, making Buena's pretty face turn red instantly.

"Sister Buena, why are you blushing? What's in your head?" Serena asked with a smile.

Buena wanted to say something, but at this moment, she caught sight of a tall, handsome figure in the corner of her eye—Hayden Crawford had arrived. Buena immediately put on a soft, shy expression, "Sister Sterling, what are you talking about? I don't understand any of it."

Chapter 627: Don't Go, I'm So Scared~

Buena suddenly started speaking in a way full of double entendre, Serena curled her red lips, she could already guess the true nature of this Buena.

At this moment, Serena lifted her eyes and saw Hayden, he had come out.

He... probably didn't hear what she had just said, right?

Serena felt a little guilty.

"Brother Sterling," Buena said with a charming smile, "you're just in time. Sister Serena was saying some really strange things just now, things I couldn't understand. Sister Serena said you have no money or power, can't give me a good life, but you're handsome with a great body, so you can give me a good nightlife. Brother Sterling, what does Sister Serena mean by that?"

Buena blinked her playful big eyes at Hayden, looking innocent and naive. Serena felt like she was being compared to a worldly woman who knew everything.

Serena, "..."

Hayden pressed his thin lips together, then his deep, narrow eyes fell on Serena's stunning little face, "Did you say this to her?"

Serena glanced at Buena: tattletale!

"Yeah, I said it. So what, was I wrong, hmm?" Serena decided to break the jar, looking at Hayden challengingly with her delicate eyebrows raised.

Hayden looked at her as well, seeing the cleverness, playfulness, and a bit of teasing mischief flickering in the lively waterlike eyes of the girl, captivating and bewitching.

There are countless girls in the world, but an interesting soul is one in a million.

She even dared to use "hmm" with him, Hayden pushed his tongue against his handsome right cheek and let out a low laugh.

Serena felt that his laugh was malicious, "You guys chat slowly, I'm leaving now."

Serena fled in a hurry.

Hayden did not retract his gaze; he watched Serena's slender and soft figure disappear from his line of sight.

This scene was all caught in Buena's eyes. She noticed Hayden's gaze lingering on Serena, the way a man looks at a woman, extremely intimate.

Buena tightly clenched her fist in jealousy, "Brother Sterling, I..."

History repeated itself; Hayden wasn't interested in hearing what she had to say, he turned and left.

Buena watched Hayden's tall and elegant figure, even though he wore ordinary black clothes and black pants, they exuded the charm of custom tailoring and the visual enjoyment of an international model.

A man's temperament is more important than a handsome appearance because temperament is the accumulation of power, money, and status.

Buena felt that he had a powerful aura that couldn't be hidden without being ostentatious, making him alluring.

However, he left her there again, turning her once more into a self-love joke.

Buena clenched her fist, let out a cold snort, and walked away too.

As she walked into the darkness, a person appeared in front of her, it was Mrs. Sloan.

"Mother," Buena quickly stepped forward, and reached out to peel off that beautiful and charming human skin mask, revealing her true identity.

Buena was actually... Melody Ashworth!

Mrs. Sloan was actually... Consort Willow!

Consort Willow was imprisoned in the cold palace of the royal family, but with her means, it was easy for her to leave the cold palace. Now she brought Melody Ashworth to Hayden and Serena's side, planning to act strategically.

Consort Willow's face was somewhat gloomy; the continual failures made her very anxious, "So, Melody, did Hayden let you close to him?"

Melody Ashworth shook her head, "No, mother, whenever Serena appears at a place, Hayden's gaze follows her. It seems like he can't see any other woman."

"We can't wait any longer, their rescue team is already on their way. An opportunity lost is lost forever."
Consort Willow said gravely.

Melody Ashworth also showed determination to win, "Hayden carries the purest royal blood of The State of Westria for a hundred years, and with the utmost purity of his lineage, he is destined to rule the world. I must stand by his side and become his queen!"

Consort Willow nodded, "By then, The Merfolk Clan will be as prosperous and flourishing as Westria, and Alani must be completely destroyed!"

The influence of The Merfolk Clan has always infiltrated the back palace of Westria, past kings' favorite concubines had members from The Merfolk Clan, so they all knew that Hayden was the true bearer of the royal blood.

Since Hayden appeared in the State of Westria, Consort Willow and Melody Ashworth set their sights on him and they were determined to win him over.

...

Melody Ashworth returned to her room, and she said to a maid beside her, "Have the water prepared for me, I want a bath."

"Yes, Miss."

"Wait a moment, go find Brother Sterling now and tell him I have something important to discuss, ask him to come to my room for a midnight chat."

"Yes." The maid walked out.

Melody Ashworth walked behind the screen, reached out and took off the dress, revealing a strapless short dress underneath, her bare skin fair and tender.

Her figure was very graceful, she even intentionally pulled the strapless dress down a little more.

With this look, no man would not be moved, right?

His gaze is always on Serena, but she'll be sure she can snatch him away!

Soon, a series of footsteps could be heard, the maid called out from outside, "Miss, Brother Sterling has arrived."

Melody Ashworth quickly turned around, and through the screen, she saw Hayden's tall and elegant figure, he had really come, "You may leave now."

The maid quickly withdrew.

Melody Ashworth looked at the man, "Brother Sterling, why are you standing there, come in, I have something to tell you personally."

Hayden raised his head, his deep, narrow eyes looking at the alluring figure vaguely behind the screen, his thin lips curved into a faint smile, exceptionally indifferent and uninterested, "Miss Sloan, it seems you have nothing to say, so I'll be leaving first."

He turned around and left.

He left?

Melody Ashworth never expected that after sending someone to invite him, he didn't give her even a chance, not even bothering to be perfunctory.

She couldn't let him leave like this.

"Ah, fire!"

Melody Ashworth screamed and quickly ran out, grabbing onto Hayden from behind with one swift motion.

Hayden stopped in his tracks.

Holding onto this tall and handsome man's body, Melody Ashworth pressed her pretty little face against his firm back; in truth, she genuinely liked him.

It wasn't just because he was the descendant of royal blood, but the masculine allure he carried deeply attracted her, making her surrender and fall for him.

"Brother Sterling, don't go, I'm so scared..."

Before she could finish her words, a clear feminine voice rang out, "Fire? Where's the fire? Don't be afraid, I'm here!"

With a "splash" sound, a bucket of cold water was thrown directly onto Melody Ashworth, drenching her completely.

Melody Ashworth was just blossoming with romance, but this bucket of cold water instantly soaked her to the bone.

Chapter 628: Face Swap!

"Ah!"

Melody Ashworth screamed, shocked, incredulous, and angry, looking at the instigator. She hadn't expected Serena Sterling to arrive so quickly and douse her with a bucket of cold water.

Serena was indeed there, standing by the door, holding a wooden bucket.

The bucket fell, and Serena covered her red lips with both small hands, "Oh, my-god!"

She then covered her eyes in a panic, "Sister Shen, I didn't see anything, absolutely didn't see you taking off all your clothes and hugging a man, sorry, please continue!"

Serena turned and ran out.

Melody was so angry that she almost spat out a mouthful of blood, Serena Sterling!

"Someone, someone!" Melody wanted to call her maids to teach Serena a lesson.

But Serena had already rushed outside. The commotion attracted many people, who asked concernedly, "Miss Sterling, what happened?"

Serena looked panicked, almost in tears, "There's a fire, Sister Shen's room is on fire!"

What?

On fire?

Everyone picked up buckets and rushed to Melody's room, throwing cold water in without a word.

Melody had wanted to teach Serena a lesson, but she couldn't dodge in time, and buckets of cold water came pouring in from all sides.

"..."

Melody felt like she was going crazy!

...

Serena stood outside watching the scene, and when she'd seen enough, she left.

Soon there was the sound of steady footsteps behind her, and then her slender, fair wrist was held by a firm hand.

Hayden Crawford had arrived.

He pressed against her, pushing her into a dim corner, a faint smile playing on his lips, and in a low voice tinged with affection, he asked, "Had enough fun?"

Serena looked at him. Even though he had deftly avoided the water she threw, some splashed onto him. His black clothes clung wetly to his tall frame, with drops of water falling from his forehead, making him look elegantly handsome and heart-stopping.

Truly a charmer.

Serena smiled, her teeth and lips bright, her clear eyes sparkling, "Mr. Crawford, you really impress me. Without power and status, you can still have women set things ablaze for you with your wealth and physique."

Hayden leaned one large hand against the wall beside her head, closing the space between his body and the wall, blocking her in, raising a sleek eyebrow, he chuckled softly, "She caught fire, not me. Why was I doused too?"

In the dim light, Serena blinked her lively eyes, looking at him, "I like it, is that not allowed?"

"Heh." From his well-toned chest, Hayden let out a low, seductive laugh, "Serena, admit it, you're jealous!"

"..."

So conceited and arrogant!

Serena lifted her small head to look at him, "Hayden, what you told me last time, was it true or false?"

Hayden leaned down, brushing against her red lips, his low voice laced with a smile, "Which words, hmm?"

He was feigning ignorance.

Serena placed her small hands against his well-built chest, "I mean... last time you said... said... those women from the past three years are all fake... were you lying to me?"

"Do you want to know?"

Serena nodded, "Yes."

Hayden pretended to think for a moment, "Why should I tell you? I can, but you need to show some sincerity."

"What sincerity?"

"Tonight, if we sleep together, I'll give you the answer."

"...No."

Hayden reached out to pinch her delicate chin with his long fingers, "Serena, aren't you really interested in my past three years? I haven't given you the right to refuse; think it over and come to me."

With that, Hayden withdrew his hand and turned to leave.

He actually just left like that.

Serena gazed mournfully at his upright back. Yes, she was really curious and interested in his past three years. Originally, she thought he had indeed been a playboy with many women, leaving her heartbroken, thinking there was no way they could ever go back.

But then, he suddenly claimed all those women were fake, and that statement was like a ray of hope shining through, making her heart dance with joy.

Now, she truly wanted to know the answer.

So, tonight...

...

Serena hesitated and lingered for a long time outside, and finally, she decided, she would go in and find him.

She wanted to know the answer, and she also needed to tell him about Caden, Pip, and Stella's backgrounds. He was the father of the three children and had the right to know these things.

Pip and Stella were growing up, especially Stella, who was a gentle little bundle yearning for her dad. A father's love is an irreplaceable strength in a child's life, and she wished for her children's father's company.

Serena had many things she wanted to tell Hayden Crawford, about three years ago, about her past three years, she wanted to tell him all.

Serena took a deep breath and then walked towards the cabin.

Just then, a familiar voice came from behind her, "Your Highness."

Serena's footsteps paused, and she quickly turned back, seeing her lady-in-waiting Cherie!

Cherie had found her way here.

However, standing beside Cherie was Mrs. Sloan!

Mrs. Sloan had taken Cherie hostage.

Serena's clear eyes instantly turned cold as she stepped forward, a sharp and mocking smile appearing on her red lips, "Mrs. Sloan, oh no, I should call you Consort Willow!"

Consort Willow looked at Serena, surprise flashing briefly in her eyes. She hadn't expected Serena to have already guessed her identity.

"Haha, what a Princess of Alani, truly never disappointing." Consort Willow reached up and tore off the fake skin mask on her face.

At this moment, Cherie spoke anxiously, "Your Highness, our people have already arrived, but I was unfortunately captured by Consort Willow. You mustn't worry about me, don't fall for Consort Willow's threats... Ah!"

Before Cherie could finish, she let out a painful scream.

Serena saw that Cherie's delicate face was already surrounded by a black toxic mist, clearly, Cherie had been poisoned.

"Consort Willow, what did you do to Cherie?"

Consort Willow smiled eerily, "Didn't do much, just poisoned her. This poison won't kill her immediately, but she must be fed a bit of the antidote every day, otherwise her face, her skin, her flesh and blood, will be corroded, rot, and eventually turn into a pool of blood."

This was an extremely vicious poison!

Serena's exquisite face turned cold, she looked sharply at Consort Willow, "Spill it, Consort Willow, what do you want?"

"Simple, a face swap."

Face swap!

Consort Willow uttered two words.

Serena furrowed her elegant brows, she did not speak, instead quietly waiting for Consort Willow's explanation.

Chapter 629: The Real and Fake Serena

Consort Willow couldn't help but admire Serena Sterling's composure; no matter what unexpected situation she encountered, she always maintained her current calmness and poise, not a hint of panic.

Since Serena Sterling didn't speak up, Consort Willow had to continue herself, "Face changing, it's exactly as it sounds, letting Melody change into your face, from now on becoming you, then Serena Sterling is Melody Ashworth, and Melody Ashworth is Serena Sterling!"

Serena Sterling couldn't help but sneer. Melody Ashworth went to great lengths to try to get closer to Hayden Crawford. She had even put herself in a vulnerable position earlier, but Hayden didn't spare her a glance, so they came up with this more insidious and direct approach.

"Prin...Princess, don't mind me...don't listen to her...Princess still has the great plan to revive Alani, make sure to prioritize... the overall situation...my death counts for nothing!" Cherie said weakly at this time.

Serena looked at Cherie, "Cherie, I have always considered you as a sister, so I will definitely save you. If I can't save my own sisters and family, how can I save our country in the future?"

A watery mist quickly filled Cherie's eyes, "Princess..."

"Consort Willow," Serena's clear eyes fell on Consort Willow's face again, "Fine, I can agree with you. If you're smart, you should know Cherie is your biggest bargaining chip, so you have to ensure her safety, not a single hair can be touched."

"Of course!"

"But..." Serena's tone shifted, "Consort Willow, you want Melody Ashworth to become me, aren't you afraid Hayden Crawford might notice? Hayden Crawford isn't an ordinary man; the real Serena Sterling is real, the fake can never become real."

Consort Willow took out something, "No need for Princess of Alani to worry about this, look at what this is?"

Consort Willow held a magical bell in her hand.

The bell gave a gentle shake, and immediately emitted a crisp and pleasant ringing sound.

This ringing sound carried a charming allure, making those who heard it feel weakened and soft.

"Princess of Alani, you must have heard of the story of our ancestors. Back then, my Merfolk Clan ancestors cast a spell on The State of Westria, the rulers of Westria could never escape from our clan's Bewitching Technique. You see, over the years I have become the favorite of the palace, so as long as Melody uses this magical bell to employ Bewitching Technique on Hayden Crawford, do you think Hayden will notice? He might already be lost in Melody's tender charms. In the future, Melody will completely replace you, have everything of yours, and you will be forgotten."

Serena's long lashes trembled slightly, her mother had already told her about this matter some time ago, at that time her mother had asked her if she were afraid?

Afraid whether Hayden Crawford could escape the Merfolk Clan's Bewitching Technique?

At that time, she had no answer.

Serena was silent for a few seconds, then raised her head, "Consort Willow, do you dare to bet with me, bet Hayden Crawford can see through Melody Ashworth's true nature, bet that Hayden can break your Merfolk Clan's spell?"

Consort Willow stiffened.

Serena's clear eyes sparkled with twinkling stars, dazzling and radiant, "Cherie is my sister, I must save her. But Melody Ashworth wants to replace me, sleep with my man, become my princess, that is a complete daydream. Now, I have put all my bets on Hayden Crawford. Consort Willow, do you dare to come with me on a world-shattering gamble?"

Consort Willow looked at Serena's demeanor at this moment, surprisingly feeling somewhat guilty and timid inside, clearly she was certain to win this round, but Serena proposed a grand wager concerning Hayden Crawford.

She chose to trust Hayden Crawford.

If she were destined to lose everything, she also believed Hayden Crawford would quickly win the whole world for her.

Hayden Crawford would never let her lose!

Consort Willow felt she was quite ridiculous; she was a whole circle older than Serena Sterling, she had eaten more grains than Serena had eaten salt, yet she had lost to Serena's aura in several confrontations, it was truly incredible.

Consort Willow was stirred with a desire to compete, she didn't believe, she absolutely didn't believe, "Princess of Alani, you really want to bet with me, I'm afraid you'll lose too miserably."

"I won't lose; the one destined to lose miserably is you!" Serena said with utmost certainty.

At this moment, Melody Ashworth stepped out; she looked at Serena Sterling venomously, "Fine, Serena Sterling, we'll bet with you. Not only will I bet with you, but I will also make you watch how I gradually replace you. I will make a Cherie's skin mask, you will wear the mask, become Cherie, and follow me. I want you to see how I am affectionate and passionate with Hayden Crawford."

Melody Ashworth will become Serena Sterling, Serena Sterling will become the maid Cherie at her side, following her constantly. Melody was too familiar with the taste of jealousy and envy.

That taste felt like thousands of ants crawling in her heart, gnawing at her endlessly, tormenting her; she had had enough of that feeling, now she wanted Serena Sterling to taste it too!

The psychological torment she had once suffered, now to be returned double to Serena Sterling!

Consort Willow thought this plan was excellent, the dignified Princess of Alani suddenly became a maid, ordered around by her own daughter, this was too interesting.

"Serena Sterling, so it's decided then, Cherie is in our hands, you better not play any tricks, otherwise Cherie will suffer." Consort Willow threatened.

Serena Sterling curved her red lips slightly, "Alright, everything at your behest."

Then Consort Willow looked at Melody Ashworth, "Melody, from this moment on you are Serena Sterling. Hayden Crawford is inside waiting for you, go in."

Consort Willow's eyes were slightly ambiguous, full of hints.

Melody Ashworth quickly put on the skin mask, transforming into that exquisite face of Serena Sterling, she had been emulating Serena Sterling for years, her manners and charm were very similar.

"Serena Sterling, I'm heading in now. You had splashed cold water on me earlier and teased me, you just wanted to stop me from being with Hayden Crawford, but unfortunately, he's destined to be my man!" After saying this, Melody Ashworth twisted her slender waist and went forward, pushed open the wooden cabin door, and entered.

Serena Sterling stood where she was, remembering the promise she had made with Hayden Crawford tonight, but now an unexpected situation had arisen, a true and false Serena Sterling.

"Serena Sterling, put on this skin mask, also take this medicine, it will keep you from speaking."

Serena's voice was sweet and clear, easily recognizable, now Consort Willow was using medicine to make Serena lose her voice, becoming mute.

Serena had no objections, she also had no choice, she pinched the medicine and placed it in her mouth.

...

In the wooden cabin.

Hayden Crawford had just taken off his shirt when the door creaked open, he raised his eyes, and Serena Sterling walked in.

She had arrived.

As scheduled.

Chapter 630: Serena Sterling Is Going Crazy with Jealousy

Hayden Crawford curled his thin lips, "You're here?"

Melody Ashworth looked at Hayden Crawford's impeccable and handsome face. At this moment, his deep and narrow eyes fell on her little face, and within his gentle smile was a hint of mature male charm. Melody's heart began to race, and her face flushed red.

She had known Hayden Crawford for so long, and he had never looked at her this way before. Yes, she confirmed it with her eyes, this was the exclusive gaze Hayden reserved for Serena Sterling.

Now, this gaze fell upon her.

Melody Ashworth quickly reached out to cover her small face and turned away shyly, "Hayden Crawford, what are you doing? Being a rogue, hurry up and get dressed!"

Melody Ashworth had been imitating Serena Sterling for years, now effortlessly capturing Serena's every move and expression.

Hayden Crawford stretched his long legs and walked over. His broad and well-toned chest pressed against her from behind, and his low voice covered her head, "What, feeling shy? Is there any part of me you haven't seen before?"

Being so close, Melody could smell the clean, crisp scent of Hayden's manly fragrance, which was especially pleasant.

Melody Ashworth's entire body went soft, and she pouted with her red lips and softly hummed, "Hmm, you're annoying, I'm ignoring you!"

She deliberately wanted to leave.

Hayden quickly extended his strong arm, wrapping it around her slender waist, pulling her into his embrace, "Where are you going? I have an injury on my back, help me bathe."

Helping him bathe?

This felt a bit ambiguous. Melody immediately wanted to agree, but then she remembered she was currently Serena Sterling, and hesitated, not daring to agree too hastily.

"Well, I need to think about it."

"Think about what?" Hayden, holding her, buried his handsome face in her long silky hair and took a whiff. He quickly tensed.

Melody's scent was off.

Hayden and Serena had known each other deeply and loved each other, and were intimately familiar with each other's presence. He was especially enamored with Serena's fresh and sweet youthful scent, which was like a poppy, intoxicating him.

However, Melody's scent was different from Serena's.

Hayden's deep, narrow eyes flashed quickly with something.

Melody was also very alert. She immediately noticed Hayden's change, and she turned to look at him, "What's wrong?"

Hayden's eyes were like ink spreading, dense and endless. He looked at Melody quietly, "Why do I feel... you're acting strange."

Strange?

Melody was shocked; she didn't expect that after interacting with Hayden for just two minutes, he would get suspicious.

But Melody wasn't afraid. She curled her red lips into an enchanting smile, and the bell hanging at her waist quickly emitted a clear and melodious sound, "Strange? I don't understand what you're saying."

The sound from the bell carried a captivating bewitching allure, quickly piercing Hayden's eardrums. His tall and handsome frame paused, and the dense inks and sharpness in his narrow eyes gradually faded away. He had fallen for Melody's bewitching technique.

Melody was very satisfied with his reaction, "Hayden Crawford, I think you're the one acting strange tonight. I'm ignoring you now, I'm leaving."

Melody lifted her foot to walk away.

Hayden quickly reached out to grab her.

Ah!

Melody's silvery laughter echoed, and she gleefully dodged Hayden.

Hayden reached out with his large hand, grabbing her and placing her seated onto the wooden table. Flames danced within his narrow eyes as he stared intensely at the absolutely beautiful face resembling Serena's, and in a husky voice, he laughed, "Serena, setting the fire and wanting to run away, who taught you to be so irresponsible?"

Melody pouted her red lips, "Hayden Crawford, what do you want to do, then?"

Hayden's large hand slid down, landing on the hem of her skirt, and then pushed upwards...

Just then, there was a "bang", and the wooden hut door was suddenly pushed open.

Corvus arrived with his men!

"Young Master!"

Melody was startled, not expecting that their private moment would be interrupted. She quickly wrapped her two small hands around Hayden's neck, her alluring body completely nestled in his embrace, "Ah!"

Hayden held Melody protectively in his arms with his strong arms, shielding her securely. His deep, narrow eyes glared displeasably like sharp blades towards the door.

Corvus was struck by this look and immediately gave an embarrassed laugh, "Youn... Young Master, Princess of Alani, I didn't know you were here. I didn't see anything."

Corvus quickly turned around.

Everyone had arrived, and naturally, Hayden had lost the mood to continue. He lowered his handsome, enigmatic eyes to look at the woman in his arms, his magnetic voice coaxing softly, "It's okay, don't be afraid."

Being held protectively by Hayden in such a way, completely overwhelmed in his embrace, shielded from any harm, Melody felt an overflow of happiness.

So this is what it's like to be Serena, hehe!

Melody lifted her flushed little face, gazing at Hayden with love and admiration. Outside, the lights were bright, and his subordinates had all arrived, but none dared to come in and disturb them.

Melody stood on her tiptoes, approaching Hayden's handsome cheek to plant a quick kiss.

Hayden's eyes softened, and he even reached out with his large hand to ruffle Melody's long hair lovingly.

At this moment, the real Serena was standing by the door, but her face had transformed to that of Cherie's. She stood at the door, and had taken in everything that had happened inside.

When the door opened just now, she saw Hayden holding Melody seated on the wooden table, the two behaving intimately and ambiguously...

She also saw Melody nestled in his embrace, and him protecting her so powerfully...

Of course, she didn't miss Melody's initiated kiss, or Hayden's ruffling of her long hair...

Everything he had once given her, he now gave to Melody.

Serena knew she shouldn't be jealous or envious, nor should she blame him. He had been enchanted by the bewitching bell, mistaking Melody for her.

But Serena felt a sourness in her heart, extremely uncomfortable. She knew at this moment she was indeed feeling jealous and envious.

Jealous to the point of madness.

At this moment, Melody glanced up and saw Serena by the door, naturally also noting Serena's now lonely, dim, and jealous expression. Her heart felt incredibly triumphant.

Suddenly, a warmth appeared on her shoulder as Hayden had finished putting on his shirt and draped a black coat over her shoulders.

Melody looked up, Hayden's tall and handsome frame stood before her, his slender fingers nimbly fastening the buttons for her himself.

Melody felt she might faint from happiness, but she repeatedly reminded herself to hold on, because this was just the beginning.