

SUBSTITUTE BRIDE: UTTERLY PAMPERED BY HER BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Pushing Her Down

Bella Sterling pointed at Vanessa and looked at Hayden Crawford, "She was the one who said it."

Vanessa and Zoe were stunned. So this man was really a kept boy by Serena Sterling?

Oh my gosh!

Vanessa felt as if she had been given a hard slap across her face.

At this moment, the store manager brought out a strawberry jam cake, and Hayden Crawford carried it in his hand, "Let's go, time to head back."

"Okay." Serena Sterling followed him, turning back to wave a little hand at Vanessa, "Bye-bye."

Vanessa was completely bewildered; she never expected Serena to actually keep such an elite boy toy.

Then Zoe said dreamily, "Vanessa, it looks like you really need to call Serena your grandaunt now."

Vanessa quickly shot Zoe a fierce glare.

Zoe immediately laughed awkwardly, "Vanessa, what I mean is, the boy toy Serena keeps is so handsome, how much does it cost to keep him?"

Hayden Crawford hadn't looked her way once the whole time, treating her as if she didn't exist, which made the self-confident Vanessa feel quite defeated and annoyed.

However, Zoe's words quickly reminded her, isn't he just a boy toy kept by Serena? She could easily spend several times that amount to take him for herself.

Thinking this way, Vanessa felt a rush of excitement.

"Manager, get me that cake I bought. We're leaving now." Vanessa went to take the cake.

The store manager didn't give it to her, "I'm sorry, ladies, your money has been refunded, we can even compensate you double, but this cake can't be given to you."

"Why?" Vanessa and Zoe froze.

The store manager smiled slightly, "Because this cake is for my dog."

What?

Vanessa slammed the table and stood up, "Manager, what do you mean by this? Are you insulting us?"

Store manager, "Isn't my insult obvious enough? You've offended someone important, this cake might as well be fed to a dog rather than you two!"

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The luxury car stopped at Orchid Court, and Hayden Crawford handed a gold-embossed black card to Serena Sterling, "This is for you."

Serena Sterling's lush eyelashes trembled; why was he giving her a card?

"I don't want it," she refused.

Hayden Crawford curled his thin lips, "You definitely couldn't afford to keep a boy toy like me, but I can certainly afford to take care of you, my dear Mrs. Crawford."

My dear Mrs. Crawford...

When he uttered these words in such an alluring, magnetic voice, Serena Sterling felt her heart skip a beat, the rhythm of her heartbeat completely disrupted.

Serena Sterling quickly opened the passenger door and got out of the car.

This man was truly bewitching.

Serena carefully placed his gold-embossed black card in her bag, and upon entering the living room, she was greeted by Mrs. Crawford with a cheerful smile, "Serena, you're back, did everything go smoothly at your mother's today?"

"Grandma, everything went well. Let's eat cake together."

Mrs. Crawford's eyes lit up as she briskly walked into the living room, rubbing her hands together, "Cake, yum, I love cake the most."

Hayden Crawford came in at this point; he didn't head to the living room but went straight upstairs. However, he paused on the stairs, his gaze falling on Mrs. Crawford, "Grandma, you have high blood pressure, just one bite of the cake is enough."

Mrs. Crawford stuffed what was probably her umpteenth bite of cake into her mouth and spoke earnestly, "I know what I'm doing, I'm just having a taste, it's really sweet."

Serena Sterling was amused by the old lady, glancing up at the man on the stairs, "Do you want some cake?"

Hayden Crawford didn't like sweet things, "No need."

"Oh."

"You've got something at the corner of your mouth..."

Hayden's gaze settled on her small face, and due to eating the cake, the veil on her face had lifted slightly, revealing her petite chin and half-covered red lips.

Her lips were beautiful, a cherry red.

Once, a magazine had voted hers as lips that just made men want to kiss them.

Right now there was a little cream stuck at the corner of her mouth.

Being reminded, Serena Sterling instinctively stuck out her tongue to lick the cream into her mouth.

When she glanced back up at him, Hayden Crawford, while scanning her red lips, pulled at his shirt collar's tie and swallowed hard as he went upstairs into the study.

Serena's white earlobes turned red; the way Hayden pulled at his tie was devastatingly attractive, as if he was undressing her with his eyes.

Serena quickly drew out some tissues and vigorously wiped her lips.

At this moment, the butler came upstairs with an elderly gentleman, and Serena asked, "Grandma, who is that person?"

"Oh, that's Mr. North, he comes here once a month."

A chill ran down Serena's spine; Mr. North was a world-renowned hypnotist, and she had heard of him through her medical studies.

Mr. North actually came here; he must be treating Hayden Crawford for his sleep disorder, which must be worse than she imagined.

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Feeling uneasy, Serena went to the study door, hearing unusual noises from inside. She was startled and quickly pushed the door open.

Inside the study, it was a mess, with documents swept off the desk onto the carpet, and the clock Mr. North held was broken.

Hayden Crawford stood at the desk, his large hands pressed against the surface, veins bulging, his well-built chest heaving like a beast.

Hearing the door open, Hayden looked up, and Serena met his deep, narrow eyes, now tinged with terrifying red veins and a sinister darkness.

He seemed like a changed man.

Serena was already familiar with this person; they had just met last night.

Their eyes locked, and Hayden tightened his thin lips into a cold, white line, speaking in a deep voice, "Get out!"

Serena didn't move.

The butler picked up the broken clock and led Mr. North out, closing the study door.

A single door divided two worlds.

Serena looked toward Mr. North, "Mr. North, how is he?"

Mr. North shook his head, "In the beginning, I could hypnotize Mr. Crawford, allowing him to rest for a day a month, but his mental condition deteriorated rapidly. Mr. Crawford is extremely alert, with a terrifyingly strong mental defense, and I can no longer hypnotize him."

Serena wasn't surprised; Hayden Crawford was a mature and reserved man whose emotions rarely leaked. Such a man was calm and self-controlled, to the point of being almost abnormal.

Serena softly lowered her thick lashes and then reached out to grasp the door handle, intending to go inside.

"Young Mistress, you can't, it's very dangerous for you to go in there right now. Don't you remember last night?" Butler Felix quickly stopped her.

Serena's bright, clear eyes gazed at Butler Felix, "Butler Felix, precisely because I haven't forgotten, that's why I need to go in. Once insomnia develops into a mental illness, he won't be able to control the dark, irritable,

pathological part of himself, and eventually, a second personality will replace him completely."

Butler Felix turned pale.

Serena pushed the door open and walked in.

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In the study, Hayden Crawford watched as Serena came back, a deeper shadow falling between his brows, "Get out, don't make me say it a third time!"

Serena moved forward, a smile lighting up her dark eyes, "Mr. Crawford, I just want to see what happens if you say it a third time."

Hayden Crawford felt uncomfortable all over, the veins on his forehead protruding, his body slowly losing control; he didn't want to hurt her.

Clasping Serena's slender arm, he spoke from his throat, "Leave!"

He gave her a push.

Serena didn't stand firm, and when she fell onto the carpet, her forehead hit the sharp edge of the coffee table, blood gushing immediately.

Ouch.

Serena groaned in pain, clutching her wound as vivid blood seeped through her fingers.