

Substitute B 92

Chapter 92: Pain

Serena's delicate eyebrows furrowed in pain, and the color drained from her rosy lips in an instant.

Quickly, Hayden Crawford regained some clarity, the insane and hideous bloodthirsty impulse making him feel cold all over, as if he'd fallen into an abyss.

He swiftly reached out and pushed her away.

Serena opened her eyes, looking at him with trembling lashes, "Mr. Crawford, are you having an episode again? Let me see..."

"Don't touch me!" Hayden got up quickly and walked towards the bathroom, "You go to sleep first."

He locked the bathroom door behind him.

Every time he had an episode, he would do this, making her leave. Serena understood that a man like him had an inviolable pride and dignity; he didn't want to show his miserable side in front of her.

But, he couldn't save himself.

Locking himself in like this would only make things worse.

Serena reached out and knocked on the door, "Hayden, hurry and open the door. I'm a doctor, I can help you... I know you're in a lot of pain right now; open the door and let me take a look!"

Inside the bathroom.

Hayden stood tall and handsome by the washbasin, the faucet turned on as cold water flowed out with a splash. His handsome face was covered in water, his long fingers tapping rhythmically on the edge of the basin, his knuckles already turning white.

The taste of her still lingered in his mouth, sweet and metallic, making him terribly excited, blood boiling.

His muscular chest began to rise and fall rapidly, he looked up, looking at himself in the mirror, his narrow eyes now layered with a bloody ferocity, dark and fearsome.

Suddenly, various voices echoed in his ears, all repeating the same sentence—he is a madman, he is such a madman!

Hayden gently closed his eyes, all the noisy sounds gradually faded away, leaving only the urgent and anxious cries of the girl outside—Hayden! Hayden!

In his entire world, it was all her voice.

Hayden turned off the faucet and went to open the door.

Serena, who was about to knock again, saw the door open suddenly, "Hayden, how are you, you..."

Serena met his blood-red eyes; he was staring at her gloomily and fiercely.

The gaze was like that of a wild beast out of control, eyeing its prey, chilling to the bone.

"Hayden..."

Hayden looked at her and rasped in a hoarse voice, "This is your last chance, leave."

Serena slowly shook her head, "I'm not leaving."

Hayden grabbed her slender wrist, with a few strong strides, he threw her onto the soft bed.

Serena felt a bit dizzy, as a part of the bed next to her sank, Hayden had already climbed up, bringing a black belt and tying her delicate wrists to the headboard.

Serena struggled a bit, "Hayden, what are you doing, don't do this, let me go!"

Hayden brought his mouth to her tender neck and bit down on her slender vein.

Serena broke out in a cold sweat from the pain.

Soon his large hand landed on her pajama buttons, with a yank, he began to nibble, obsessed with the metallic sweet taste.

At first, Serena struggled, but she found her struggle only heightened his possessiveness, stimulated him more, so she bit her tongue in pain, refusing to make a sound.

At this moment, she felt his hand sliding down from her slender waist, her pupils contracted slightly, and she quickly spoke, "Hayden, please don't..."

Hayden heard her weak voice, lifting his head to look at her. Now the girl's long black hair spread out over his snow-white pillow, her exquisite small face drained of all blood, appearing exceedingly pale.

She was covered in cold sweat, and her pure long hair was messily tangled around her little face, her whole being exuded a devastating beauty after being ravaged.

Hayden lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

Serena did not evade, obediently and shyly responded twice, then cautiously probed, "Hayden, I won't leave, I'll be very obedient. Could you untie me first? My hands hurt..."

Under the girl's soothing and coaxing, the ferocity in Hayden diminished somewhat, he reached out and untied the black belt.

Serena moved her little hands then placed them under the pillow.

There was her needle.

But Hayden was quicker, he grabbed her small hand, his voice sharp and hoarse, "What are you trying to do, huh?"

He was extremely vigilant, any slight movement would alert him. Serena opened her hand, threading her slender fingers through his long fingers, interlocking them, innocently saying, "I didn't do anything..."

"This little mouth of yours is quite good at lying, little liar!" Hayden pressed his rough thumb against her lips...

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Hayden rolled down to sleep, Serena pulled out the silver needle she had just inserted into his head, then sat up.

The pajama buttons had already fallen off, leaving her fair skin covered in shocking wounds. Serena got up from the bed and entered the bathroom.

She stood in front of the washstand to look at herself, her face was as pale as a sheet of paper, the pain and excessive blood loss making her vision somewhat blurry.

She reached up to touch the spot on her neck where he had bitten, his bite was on a blood vessel, leaving deep tooth marks.

If anyone saw her like this, they would surely call the police.

Serena picked up a toothbrush and began to brush her teeth, she brushed over a dozen times, her gums bleeding before she stopped.

Leaving the bathroom, Serena got back on the bed, lying next to Hayden; she didn't dare leave, fearing he might have another episode during the night.

His condition was worse than she imagined, the worst part was his sensitive sense of smell, making it difficult to administer acupuncture, it was only because he had reached...such a critical state, that she managed to do it.

Serena's mind was in chaos, lying still in fear of waking him, fearing waking his grandmother, and every movement sent a searing pain through her wounds.

At this moment, Hayden moved beside her, Serena held her breath, only to see him extend a strong arm to habitually pull her into his embrace, before going back to sleep.

Serena's pale little face pressed against his chest, he had shed the earlier darkness and brutality, once again appearing dignified as usual.

Listening to the strong "thump thump" of his heartbeat, the exhausted Serena also fell into a dream.

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Serena opened her eyes at five in the morning, Hayden was still asleep beside her, she got out of bed, wrapping herself tightly in a coat, before leaving Orchid Court.

Soon the servants of Orchid Court would wake, she had to leave before then, or she couldn't hide all these injuries.

She didn't go to Leah's because she couldn't let Leah see her like this. Her friendship with Leah was as long as the sun and moon, but she couldn't tell her about Hayden's condition.

So, Serena headed to The Concordiat Research Institute and went to the pharmacy.