

## **Substitute B 95**

### Chapter 95: Call Him

Outside the Concordiat Research Institute, the Rolls Royce Phantom came to a slow stop. Hayden Crawford gazed through the polished glass of the car window toward the pharmacy inside; he knew she was there.

All he needed to do was go inside, and he could find her.

The medicinal cream he bought for her lay idly beside his hand; he longed to deliver it to her.

However, he wouldn't step inside; he merely wanted to come here and have a look, to be somewhere closer to her.

Hayden Crawford leaned his upright back against the seat; this was the safe distance between him and her. As long as she didn't approach him, he wouldn't harm her.

It was hard to let go.

Such a gentle, clever girl—he liked her so much, and now she was his only remedy.

Hayden Crawford pulled out his phone again and brought up her WeChat. Their last chat still lingered there, where she had accidentally sent a swimsuit photo to him while in Coralta.

He had saved that photo.

Memories of the previous night slowly flooded back to him; he could recall vividly her appearance then, her pale face flushed red, and even her kicking at him...

Hayden raised his hand to cover his eyes, concealing the crimson at the corners.

At that moment, a soothing mobile ringtone chimed—it was an incoming call from his private secretary, Ivan Yarrow.

Hayden pressed a button to answer, and Ivan's respectful voice quickly came through, "President, according to the schedule, you need to fly to Vestria for a business trip today. The private jet is ready. Should we cancel?"

"No need, I'll be there shortly."

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In the blink of an eye, three days had passed. During these days, Serena Sterling remained at the Concordiat Research Institute, immersing herself in work and delving into medical texts in the library.

By afternoon, Serena finally found the rare medicine she sought—the Mandrake flower.

Legend has it that the Mandrake only blooms between life and death, extremely precious and scarce. No one has ever truly seen this mythical flower, and Serena had no idea how to procure it.

"Shania, I've found the medicine I want—Mandrake flower. Have you heard of where to find it?" Serena asked Shania, handing her the medical book showing the Mandrake flower.

Shania glanced at it and almost jumped up, "Serena, why are you seeking Mandrake flower? It's toxic, can cause nerve dysfunction, and lead to death."

"Shania, that's just what I want. Don't worry, I've been immune to all toxins since childhood, so I want to personally test the Mandrake to refine medicine."

Shania looked at Serena with disbelief, "Serena, are you crazy? For whom are you curing a disease? The potency of Mandrake's toxin is incredibly strong; even if you are immune to all toxins, you might not withstand it. Why would you test the poison? Are you not valuing your life?"

Serena held onto Shania, "Dear Shania, I am not yet twenty, and I don't wish to die, so truly, don't worry about it. Think quickly about how to get Mandrake?"

Shania shook her head, "Even the Concordiat doesn't have Mandrake; it's globally rare and impossible to acquire."

Serena felt very disappointed.

Shania then said, "Give me some time, I'll fix this for you."

"..."

Serena looked at Shania in shock, "Shania, are you serious? You can fix it? How?"

"It's just one Mandrake flower; just wait patiently."

Serena reevaluated Shania, always feeling she had a certain effectiveness about her.

Serena returned the medical book and then took out her phone. Three days had passed, and Hayden Crawford hadn't reached out to her.

Was he very busy?

Serena let her slender lashes quietly hang down, feeling somewhat hurt and a little angry. What did he mean by this?

The white porcelain-like lotion was truly effective; she applied it morning and night, and on the third day, all the scars on her body mysteriously vanished, restoring her skin's prior creamy complexion.

She had sniffed out the lotion's formula, consisting of very expensive medicinal ingredients, specially concocted by that man who liked to sleep.

In this pharmacy, that man and Shania were both surprisingly talented.

For the past three days, she did not dare go back to Orchid Court, waiting for her scars to fade. Yet, three days had passed, and Hayden Crawford still hadn't contacted her.

Serena began to worry; could she sleep safely without him by her side?

If the illness relapsed, what should she do?

At this moment, her WeChat chimed with a "ding"—a voice message from Leah Thorne: "Serena, are you coming back to sleep tonight?"

Serena, "Um... Leah, I won't be coming back."

Leah said: "Accompanying Mr. Crawford? (mischievous smile)"

Serena genuinely dared not return to Leah's place now. Although she didn't have Mandrake flower, she had crafted a pill combined with her acupuncture to temporarily alleviate Hayden Crawford's sleep disorder.

Indeed, she needed to accompany him nightly, no longer daring to leave him alone.

Serena asked: "Leah, did you and Young Master Xavier encounter any story at the bar the other day?"

Leah: "No, I'm all good!"

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After work, Serena took a taxi back to Orchid Court, passing by The Crawford Group on the way.

This was her first view of the fabled Crawford Group—an awe-inspiring edifice rising cloud-high, located in the most bustling district of Bayside, where land is gold.

The driver in front chuckled: "Miss, are you mesmerized? This Crawford building is the most valuable building in Bayside. The Crawford President arrived in Bayside six or seven years ago. At just twenty years old, he was peerlessly talented—a real prodigy in the business world, capable of astonishing feats. People like him are unseen by ordinary folks."

Serena pressed against the window, admiring his creation in the business world, suddenly filled with pride. Yes, he truly was remarkable.

"Driver, please stop here."

"Miss, aren't you heading to Orchid Road anymore?"

Serena paid the fare, smiling: "Yes, suddenly, I admire Mr. Crawford so much; I'm going inside to find him."

The driver looked shocked at Serena. Were girls this passionate nowadays?

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Serena entered The Crawford Group building, quickly greeted by a receptionist: "Miss, whom are you looking for?"

"Hello, I'd like to see your President, Hayden Crawford."

Upon hearing she was looking for their President, the receptionist eyed Serena up and down. She had seen various beauties seeking their President, all fluttering in like butterflies to court.

The receptionist smiled politely: "Miss, do you have an appointment?"

Serena shook her head, "No."

"Sorry, Miss, you won't be able to see the President without an appointment."

"Then I'll wait here for him. Is that okay?"

"Of course, it's okay. Just a friendly reminder, though—the President flew to Vestria for a business trip three days ago. His return time is uncertain, so you'll wait in vain."

He flew to Vestria on a business trip?

No wonder he hadn't contacted her.

Serena sat on a chair in the hall, then pulled out her phone and dialed Hayden Crawford's number.