

Substitute B 100

Chapter 100: Mrs. Crawford Is So Sweet

Gregory Sterling never thought of going to Orchid Court to sit and meet this so-called son-in-law of his again.

Orchid Court is located in the hills, not in the bustling city center; he always felt it was a haunted place, ominous.

Gregory quickly refused, "Yasmine, I won't go. What's so good about meeting that son-in-law? They all say he's already terminally ill. He might not even be here in a couple of days. I don't want to go."

This is exactly what Yasmine Sterling wanted. She must expose that ghost husband at Orchid Court so that the snowball of public opinion would grow larger, pushing Serena Sterling to the forefront.

"Dad, I don't know how Serena met Mr. Crawford or how she tricked him. With a man like Mr. Crawford, even if Serena gets divorced, you don't really think he'll marry her, do you?"

"Of course not. What conditions does Serena have that Mr. Crawford would fancy her? At most, he's just trying something new. Yasmine, Mr. Crawford will definitely marry you in the end," Gregory declared passionately to show his loyalty.

Moreover, he spoke the truth; he never believed Hayden Crawford was truly attracted to Serena Sterling.

"Dad, rest assured. I still have trump cards in my hand. I'm determined to take Mrs. Crawford's place, so now I need your help. In the next few days, go to Orchid Court to meet your son-in-law and tell him about Serena and Mr. Crawford. Even though he has no power or influence, it would be great if he could make a scene. If not, if he dies from anger, that's even better."

Gregory nodded, pinning all his hopes on Yasmine Sterling for the latter half of his life, "Yasmine, okay, Daddy will listen to you as long as you can marry into the Crawford family as a young mistress!"

Yasmine Sterling coldly laughed in her heart. Serena, if you hadn't married into Orchid Court, perhaps you could still compete with me for Hayden. But now that you're married, what can you use to compete with me?

...

Outside, the wind and clouds surged; inside the CEO's office, it was dimly lit and serene.

Serena Sterling entered the resting room, which was large and luxuriously understated, fully equipped. One could easily guess that Hayden Crawford often rested here.

Hayden Crawford came out after a cold shower and immediately saw the slender figure lying on his bed. Serena had bathed first; now she was nestled in the silk quilt, with only a small head exposed. Her bright, clear eyes stared at him like a curious kitten.

Seeing him come out, she obediently moved further inside the bed, making room for him.

Hayden flipped open the quilt and got into bed, tugging the silk quilt down from her as he smirked, "Why so shy? You're giving me the illusion that you're not wearing anything under the quilt."

"..."

Serena raised a hand, wanting to swipe at his handsome face.

The silk quilt slid down, revealing that she was wearing his black shirt. Her veil was off, strands of her pure, silky hair draped on her fair neck. The girl's lips were red, teeth white, her gaze captivating; she was truly a sight of vibrant beauty.

Hayden looked down, "Can I kiss you?"

Serena sensed his subtle testing. Normally, he'd be more of a doer, kissing her directly.

Serena picked up the quilt, covering her red lips, and shook her head at him.

No.

Hayden stared hard at her red lips, "Oh, then forget it."

He sat up.

At this moment, Serena suddenly dropped the quilt, leaned up, and kissed him.

Hayden was momentarily stunned as Serena fell back into the covers, giggling.

"You little rascal, huh?" Hayden couldn't help but reach out and scoop her from the silk quilt, settling her on his strong thigh.

Serena's slender white fingers held a pill, bringing it to his thin lips as if coaxing a child, "Ah, open wide."

"What is this?" Hayden furrowed his handsome brows.

"A charm pill. Once you take it, your soul will be bound to me, and no other woman will be able to lure you away!"

Hayden opened his mouth, swallowing the pill, "Seeing as I'm so obedient, do I get any reward?"

"Mr. Crawford, what reward do you want?"

"Something... sweet."

Hayden curled his arm around her slender waist and pulled her into his embrace, then dominantly kissed her.

He didn't close his eyes, watching her palm-sized beautiful little face. After the past few evenings, he feared she might resist, reject his intimacy. Yet now, her body was soft and boneless in his arms, and even her delicate face was tinged with a blush. In his kiss, she couldn't help but yield.

Hayden held her tighter, and his kiss turned gentle and lingering, overflowing with affection for her.

When they parted, Serena lay softly against his chest, her small hand still clutching the front of his silk robe.

Hayden smiled, "Mrs. Crawford is really sweet~"

Serena rolled over, patting her slender leg and beckoning him with one hand, "Mr. Crawford, come on, into my arms."

Hayden glanced at her fragile-looking leg, then obediently laid his head down on it, closing his eyes.

Serena took out a slender silver needle, her delicate white fingers deftly pierced it into the acupoint on his head, gently twirling it. The pill combined with acupuncture could gradually improve his sleep, but these addressed the symptoms rather than the cause. She needed to find the root of his insomnia, his inner illness.

Unfortunately, he's highly guarded, locking away things deep in his heart, unreachable to anyone. Even Master North's hypnosis had failed before.

In the quiet and cozy resting room, Serena's voice was charming and light, like a chat, "Mr. Crawford, you came from Aethelgard to Bayside six or seven years ago, right? You've been living with your grandma all these years. Do you miss your father?"

Last time, he had mentioned his stepmother and brother. Serena needed to know about his relationship with his father, or perhaps even further back, about his biological mother...

But Serena wasn't sure if he would tell her.

Hayden kept his eyes closed. Her technique was gentle and skillful, very comforting. His handsome face bore a touch of languid appeal, "My father didn't like me from a young age, even somewhat resented me. Anything my mother or I liked would be taken away mercilessly and given to my brother."

"I remember once when one of my mother's close friends came to visit her. That friend had just given birth to a daughter, such a tiny thing, still swaddled, yet already exquisite. My mother liked that little girl so much, they exchanged engagement tokens, planning for her to be my little bride when she grew up."

"Later my father found out and immediately reclaimed the engagement token, giving it to my stepmother, so that little girl became my brother's."