

## **Substitute B 101**

Chapter 101: His Little Bride

Hearing this story, Serena's long eyelashes fluttered twice, then she withdrew her small hand, refusing to give him acupuncture anymore.

Hayden opened his eyes, "What's wrong?"

Serena pouted her exquisite face, "Oh, nothing. I was just thinking that Mr. Crawford's little bride was taken away by his own brother to become his sister-in-law. Mr. Crawford must feel quite bitter, right..."

Hayden quickly curled his thin lips, raised his hand, and pinched her lively cheek, "Little jealous pot, are you jealous again? Just a baby in the cradle, what are you imagining?"

Serena looked at him, "So many years have passed, the baby has long grown up. The little girl Mr. Crawford's mother liked and who lingered on Mr. Crawford's mind these years might have grown into a Celestial Beauty by now."

"Since that farewell day, the close friend of my mother disappeared from this world with her daughter, so I really haven't seen what she looks like grown up."

"And all these years, Mr. Crawford hasn't tried to find them?"

With this question, Hayden frowned slightly, his heroic eyebrows arching.

In his two seconds of silence, Serena had already received his answer accurately, he had looked for them!

Serena lifted her foot and kicked him hard.

Hayden, unguarded and enchanted by her beauty, didn't expect her to kick, so he fell off the bed and rolled onto the soft wool carpet.

She actually kicked him off the bed.

What kind of man was Hayden? Countless women wanted to climb onto his dragon bed, but a woman who dared to kick him off was truly a first.

Hayden's handsome face darkened with a displeased line at his thin lips, exuding an intense and powerful aura.

Serena raised her willow-like eyebrows at him, eyes radiating a clear, sparkling light, "Hayden, I'll tell you, I can't tolerate sand in my eyes. Yasmine hasn't been dealt with, and here comes a little bride popping up, blooming like a peach flower. You go find them, but don't come to my bed again!"

"Little rascal, is your butt itching?"

Hayden cursed softly, quickly getting up and pressing her down on the bed, reaching to grab her.

Serena was angry but not irrational. Seeing him coming at her aggressively, she quickly dodged.

However, Hayden caught her slender ankle and dragged her under him, flipping her over and giving her a smack on her behind.

Slap, a sound echoed.

Serena's palm-sized exquisite face turned red instantly, not from pain but from shame. She grabbed his big hand, "Hayden, don't be a pervert!"

Hayden pressed his handsome face into her long hair, his voice hoarse with explanation, "My mother didn't have many friends and was indifferent by nature, liking few things. That girl was one my mother extremely liked. I admit I've searched over the years, and if I found her, I'd treat her like a sister, as my mother wished."

Serena felt crushed under his weight, this tall and imposing man nearly suffocating her. She was still unhappy, snorted, "What sister, did your mother give you a sister? I think you plan to decide based on looks. If not good-looking, she's a sister; if good-looking, she's a lover!"

Hayden's thin lips brushed against her snowy earlobe, an air of indulgence and fondness. He hadn't expected her jealousy to be so fiery, but he liked it.

"What kind of man do you think I, Hayden Crawford, am? I pride myself on having a discerning eye, not any woman would catch my interest, unless she has the same exquisite face as you, with your wisdom, resilience, and courage... But you're the only one like this in the world; no one else will ever move me like you do."

Serena thought he was quite smooth with sweet-talk, pushing him away, "Get off, don't crush me, you're heavy."

Hayden glanced at her and released her.

Serena crawled back into her blanket, lifting her dainty chin to look at him, "So you've only met your little bride once, did she like you?"

Hayden thought for a moment, "She grabbed my finger back then."

"How did she grab it..." Serena reached out her small hand and slowly wrapped his long index finger in her palm, "like this..."

Hayden's deep pupils slightly constricted, his mind swiftly recalling the scene from years ago, when he was only seven, glancing at the little girl by the cradle.

A tiny baby, just newly born, already had beautiful features unlike other wrinkly children, with chiseled, jade-like complexion.

She lay in a goose-yellow blanket, eyes open wide and dark, gazing at him, waving her little hands in the air, clutching his slender index finger, and smiling up at him.

Soft, fragrant, sweet, able to melt one's heart.

At the time, his mother teased, "See, Hayden's little bride is very fond of Hayden."

Looking at Serena's expressive eyes, Hayden suddenly overlapped her image with that of the little girl from back then.

Hayden lowered his gaze and went to kiss her red lips.

But Serena avoided it, quickly releasing his index finger, wrapping herself in the silk quilt, and scolding him, "Mr. Crawford, your desire-stirred appearance is truly scary!"

"..."

Hayden's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, steadying his breath, then he reached out to embrace Serena into his arms, "Sleep!"

In his strong chest, Serena raised her small face, having teased him yet satisfied with the night's revelations; he had opened up about his family.

"Mr. Crawford, how did your mother... pass away?"

Serena could sense that he loved his mother very much.

Hayden closed his eyes, his handsome face remaining calm, simply parted his thin lips to speak lightly, "My mother got pregnant again later, my father wouldn't let her give birth, gave her drugs to induce abortion. She was seven months pregnant, cut her own belly and took the child out, thinking a seven-month child could survive, but it was bruised all over when born, already dead. It was a girl, and not long after, my mother committed suicide, jumped into the river in a red dress from Jill's room's high platform, and her body was never found."

Serena stiffened, shocked by this story, unable to recover for a long time.

She couldn't fathom what immense courage a woman must have or the desperate situation she was driven to, to take a knife and cut open her own belly.

At that moment, Hayden turned over, pulling her slender and warm body into his arms, murmuring, "Serena, you came to me this time of your own accord, and I'll never let go of your hand again, never let you leave."