

Substitute B 109

Chapter 109: Isn't Stalking and Forcing a Kiss Just Quarreling?

What?

Reward him with a lemon tree?

Butler Felix turned his head, staring blankly at the towering lemon tree in the backyard, laden with bright yellow lemons...

Butler Felix, being an old man, couldn't stand sourness. Even one lemon could make him almost faint, let alone an entire tree's worth.

Butler Felix: Young Master, how about I put on a kneeling performance for you?

Butler Felix glanced towards the old madam again, silently pleading for help.

Mrs. Crawford glanced at him briefly, indicating—stay calm, don't panic!

Then Mrs. Crawford kindly looked at Hayden Crawford, "Hayden, Butler Felix is old. Eating all the lemons from an entire tree might be too much for him. How about eating half a tree?"

Butler Felix, "..."

Hayden Crawford looked at Mrs. Crawford, "I almost forgot Grandma loves lemons as well. How about Butler Felix eats half a tree and Grandma eats the other half?"

Mrs. Crawford slammed the table lightly, "Butler Felix, you're wrong here. We should bravely assume responsibility for our wrong actions, all the lemons are yours."

Butler Felix, "..."

Then Serena Sterling curved her red lips, reached out with her small hand, and tugged Hayden Crawford's sleeve, "Grandma, Butler Felix, Hayden's just joking with you...right, Mr. Crawford?"

Hayden Crawford looked at Serena Sterling's dark, bright eyes as she gazed at him, pleading.

Hayden Crawford's handsome brow furrowed slightly.

Serena Sterling quickly raised her face and planted a kiss on the man's handsome cheek.

Hayden Crawford's brow relaxed; he agreed, "Since Young Madame spoke, let's just forget about it this time."

Mrs. Crawford quickly glanced at Butler Felix, indicating she couldn't have made things alright.

With weak knees, Butler Felix secretly thought he'd better stick with Young Madame in the future.

Serena Sterling stood up, "Grandma, I'll go upstairs first."

Mrs. Crawford waved her hand, "Go on, Serena."

Serena Sterling went upstairs, and Hayden Crawford promptly followed suit, "Grandma, I'm heading upstairs as well."

Mrs. Crawford chuckled, "Off you go."

...

Hayden Crawford entered the bedroom to find Serena Sterling standing by the bed, packing a few medical books to take with her.

"Mrs. Crawford, are you going out?"

"Mr. Crawford, I need to discuss something with you," Serena Sterling looked brightly at him with her clear eyes.

"Go ahead."

"I'm going to sleep at the research institute tonight. From now on, we're in a fight, a cold war. Mr. Crawford, Yasmine Sterling will probably come looking for you soon. Don't reject her immediately; give her some hope."

Hayden Crawford raised his hand to unbutton his white shirt, paused at her words, strode over, hooked his firm arm around her slender waist, and pulled her directly into his embrace, "Mrs. Crawford, shouldn't we settle the score properly?"

Serena Sterling's heart skipped a beat, knowing he wanted to settle the score afterward.

She blinked her long eyelashes, feigning an innocent and calm look at him, "Wha...what's this about?"

Hayden Crawford's clear yet dangerous aura pressed in on her, "Am I a pretty boy...a silly sweetheart...a third party?"

Hayden Crawford hadn't done anything, but knew everything. Today, at the president's office, his private secretary Ivan Yarrow looked at him with shifty eyes. Their boss had turned into a pretty boy, silly sweetheart, and third party...the feeling was indescribable.

Serena Sterling quickly straightened her slender and beautiful back, "Who said that? Who has the audacity to say that? My Mr. Crawford exudes heroic vigor, almost surpassing Pan An in looks, astonishingly unique, who knows how many young ladies he's captivated!"

Hayden Crawford looked at her, her mouth seeming honeyed, like a little liar's trick, and said in a deep voice, "Be serious, don't try to fool me!"

"Okay!"

"On top of all this, you still want me to use my charm on Yasmine Sterling?"

Charming strategy?

Serena Sterling thought...he hit the nail on the head!

"Mr. Crawford, I need your cooperation—just help me this once—after all, Yasmine Sterling really likes you." Serena Sterling reached out her small hand, hugging his refined waist, rubbed her pretty face against him like a little fussy kitten.

Hayden Crawford's Adam's apple moved up and down, with her nuzzling, his whole body flared up, and he pushed her away indignantly, saying with pursed lips, "I can help, but I have one condition."

"What condition?"

Hayden Crawford gazed intensely at her with dark eyes, "Mrs. Crawford, I dislike your name being associated with anyone, even Butler Felix is off-limits. Let's make it public; it's time you give me an official status!"

Serena Sterling's heartbeat suddenly faltered—he's asking for status again?

Initially, their relationship was just a peaceful agreement, naturally the state of being secretly married; now that they have grown fond of each other, it's about time to go public...

Serena Sterling's white earlobes blushed, and she nodded forcefully, "Mmm!"

Hayden Crawford curved his lips and leaned in for a kiss.

But Serena Sterling pushed him away and quickly ran off.

...

Serena Sterling exited the gates of Orchid Court, the evening breeze cooling the blush on her face, yet her heart felt sweet as she prepared to return to the research institute.

Just then, a group of high-class ladies appeared, the same ones who had been with Yasmine Sterling at the 1949 bar in Bayside. Fate brought them face-to-face.

Oh, isn't this the internet celebrity Serena Sterling?

Serena Sterling, how are you doing? Aren't you supposed to be serving that old man at night?

Oh, where's Mr. Crawford? Serena Sterling, did Mr. Crawford kick you out?

These Bayside noble daughters were deeply jealous of Serena Sterling; now, with the terrifying husband from Orchid Court exposed, they certainly intended to ridicule Serena Sterling.

Serena Sterling understood the public expected her to be discarded by Hayden Crawford, especially Yasmine Sterling—how could she disappoint everyone?

Serena Sterling quickly displayed a dim and sorrowful expression, preparing to leave.

These noble daughters wanted to ridicule her further, but soon a tall and handsome figure entered their view—Hayden Crawford had arrived.

"Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden Crawford's deep eyes glanced coldly at these young ladies with an authoritative and chilling aura.

The noble daughters felt a tingling at their scalp and quickly retreated in fear.

Serena Sterling froze slightly; she had just managed to appease him, and needed to portray an arguing couple in front of others—why had he followed her out?

Serena Sterling didn't turn around and hastened her steps forward.

But she found, as she walked along, Hayden Crawford followed her throughout.

Serena Sterling turned and glared at him, implying not to follow her, to just go home!

Hayden Crawford stepped forward, his defined fingers grasping her slender wrist, "Get in the car; I'll take you to the research institute."

Serena Sterling shot him a look, indicating those Bayside noble daughters were still watching, and she quickly shook off Hayden Crawford's big hand.

In the next instant, her smooth shoulder got clamped under a big hand, Hayden Crawford pressed her against the lamppost.

"Mr. Crawford, what are you doing? We're supposed to be arguing..." Serena Sterling nervously reminded.

Hayden Crawford watched her clear eyes shifting under the starlight, voice husky and charming, murmuring, "Chasing...forced kiss...isn't that arguing?"

Saying so, he lowered his head, kissing her forcefully.