

SUBSTITUTE BRIDE: UTTERLY PAMPERED BY HER BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND

Chapter 11: Chapter 11: Performing a Pole Dance Onstage

Hayden Crawford glanced at Seth Hawthorne, "Whichever hand you dare to touch her with, I'll chop it off. Now, sit back down."

Seth Hawthorne: What's going on?

Justin Xavier, behind his golden-rimmed glasses, revealed a faint smile in his cold, black eyes, "Seth, don't rush, sit down and watch the show."

Seth Hawthorne had no choice but to suppress his confusion and sit down. He knew this little tyrant feared nothing on earth, except Hayden Crawford since childhood.

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Serena Sterling came to fulfill an appointment, and Lillian Sterling also arrived. Last time Serena messed things up, and this time Lillian came to see what tricks Serena might play.

At this moment, Cox arrived fashionably late, and Lillian quickly smiled in apology, "Cox, last time it was my daughter Serena's fault. I brought her here to apologize to you."

Cox snorted coldly, "Last time she almost landed me in deep trouble. Do you think a simple apology can wipe the slate clean?"

That day, the big wolfhound licked him repeatedly, and its sharp teeth almost bit him useless. Cox was frightened out of his wits.

Whenever he thought of the embarrassing scene, Cox was determined to teach this Serena Sterling a lesson.

"Cox, what do you want?"

"This apology lacks sincerity. Let's have Serena Sterling drink these bottles of wine first."

Lillian was about to agree when Serena spoke, "I don't drink. Whoever agrees should drink."

"You!" Lillian held back her anger, smiled ingratiatingly, "Cox, why not choose a... more sincere method?"

Picking up Lillian's hint, Cox's leering gaze quickly roamed over Serena's slender and graceful figure, "Alright then, let Serena Sterling perform a pole dance on stage. Last time's issue will be forgotten."

Pole dance?

Lillian's eyes lit up; this was good. Pole dance was an alluring dance, performed by women of dubious virtue to tempt men. Her two daughters were Bayside's society elites and wouldn't touch such activities, but Serena was quite suitable.

"Serena, you've come to apologize, so show some sincerity. You don't have to drink, but you must perform a pole dance on stage," Lillian said with ill intent.

Serena knew Lillian's mind well, but she smiled back agreeably, "Alright, I'll dance."

Serena walked onto the stage.

The heavy metal music was still playing, and tonight Serena wore a white dress. Her delicate white hand gripped the pole, and she leaped up, her slender body spinning into radiant arcs in the air.

The noisy bar went silent, and all eyes "swished" their focus on Serena entwined around the pole. She spun, jumped, and danced elegantly, her supple body forming various graceful poses.

Her pole dance wasn't provocative but ethereal.

Soon, the pole dance ended, and Serena landed on the ground. The crowd, recovering their senses, burst into a tidal wave of applause.

The pole dance was executed superbly, unlike anything seen before.

Serena returned, and Cox was on the verge of drooling, "Serena Sterling, I didn't expect your dance to be so captivating. I won't hold last time against you, but you must come to my room so we can discuss The Sterling Group's medical investment."

Serena, who moved gracefully and became slightly sweaty, glanced at Cox in his passionate state, "Alright, show me the way, Cox, and I'll go with you."

Lillian's gaze turned venomous, surprised that Serena's dancing remained superb over the years.

She initially sought to humiliate Serena but inadvertently showcased her talent.

Lillian couldn't forget Serena, once the Sterling family's little princess, who was brilliant from a young age. When the dance teacher taught arm dancing, her daughter Yasmine practiced hard every night yet couldn't master it, whereas Serena danced gracefully with ease.

A nine-year-old girl, she already had the aura to dazzle Bayside.

In some years, who knows how she'd blossom?

Lillian thought Serena wasted her talents after years in the countryside, yet she was gravely disappointed.

Lillian never felt such a strong urge to destroy someone!

Tonight, she wouldn't let Serena escape.

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In the luxurious private room, Blake Hawthorne was shocked, "Second brother, your replacement bride dances so well! After her, there might never be pole dancing again at this 1949 bar."

Justin Xavier curved his lips in amusement, "This Sterling family is quite interesting. They sent Serena Sterling to marry in place, thinking Hayden is gravely ill, then turning around to make Serena share the bed. The ability to sell daughters like this, I'm almost questioning if Serena is their biological daughter."

"Second brother, Serena Sterling is heading to a room with that Cox, who has a green hat in hand. Do you want to wear it?"

Hayden Crawford slowly exhaled smoke, discarding the cigarette butt into the ashtray. He glanced at Seth Hawthorne, "If you can't speak properly, then don't speak."

Seth Hawthorne chuckled twice, "Second brother, just say the word, and I'll bust that Cox until he searches the ground for his teeth."

Hayden Crawford got up, "Let's wait and see."

With that, he left.

"Hey, second brother, aren't you going to watch? Where are you going? I've already set up surveillance in the room."

Hayden's imposing figure disappeared from sight.

"Justin, what's going on with second brother? He hasn't been interested in women these years. Is he opening his heart to Serena Sterling, preparing for romance?"

Justin Xavier lowered his wine glass, "Think bigger; your second brother might be ready to indulge."

Seth Hawthorne: Damn!

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Outside the luxurious room, Lillian warned, "Serena Sterling, let's see that you don't play tricks this time. Please servile Cox well for the investment. I'll wait outside; watch if you have wings to fly away."

Serena Sterling quietly smirked, the show was just starting; how could she leave?

Serena entered the room.

Cox could hardly wait and lunged over, "Pretty girl, let me kiss you quickly."

Serena perfectly evaded, "Cox, don't rush; I can't escape. I'll take a shower first."

"Let's shower together."

As Cox followed, Serena entered the bathroom and locked the door.

But in the next second, Serena's long lashes fluttered because there was someone in the bathroom!

With a silver needle in hand, Serena turned around to pierce the person.

Just then, a distinct, bony hand grasped her slender wrist, pressing her against the wall, "Mrs. Crawford, you're really passionate toward me."