

## Substitute B 126

Chapter 126: Divorce Serena Sterling and Marry Me!

Serena Sterling shivered and quickly said, "I... I didn't see anything!"

Hayden Crawford raised a slender eyebrow, exuding the charm of a mature man. He glanced at the box, "What's in the box, something to corrupt a child? Is it for you or for me?"

"..."

Serena took a few seconds to understand his meaning. The contents of the box were either intimate clothing for her to wear or something like condoms for him to use...

This... experienced driver!

Serena quickly hid the box under the bed, "It's my birthday gift, Mr. Crawford. You need to respect my privacy, no peeking. I'm... I'm going to take a shower now!"

Serena slipped into the bathroom.

...

Watching her retreating figure, Hayden's lips curled slightly. She was still young, turning 20 today, while he was already 27, an age where a man is quite mature.

Although he had never been with a woman before, he knew all he needed to know. Her shy and dodgy demeanor earlier must have been influenced by something improper.

Hayden took out his phone and turned it back on, revealing more than a dozen missed calls, all from Yasmine Sterling.

At this moment, the phone vibrated; Yasmine was calling again.

This time Hayden answered.

Yasmine hadn't expected to get through. She quickly said, "Mr. Crawford, why did you drop me? Why aren't you answering my calls? I'm very upset right now, I..."

Hayden interrupted her, one hand in his pocket, "Miss Sterling, you have three seconds to say what you want to say."

Yasmine paused, her weary voice choked with tears, "Mr. Crawford, I like you. I've liked you for so many years. Why would you marry Serena..."

"Two seconds have passed. You can say one more thing."

Hearing Hayden's cold and emotionless voice, Yasmine gripped her phone tightly, wiped the tears off her face, and took a deep breath, "Mr. Crawford, I saved you in the past, remember? You said you'd agree to three things for me. I've thought of the third thing: I want you to divorce Serena and marry me."

Yasmine resented Serena's arranged marriage and regretted that she delayed her third request, for her aim had always been to marry him.

Now she wanted Hayden to divorce Serena and marry her!

Hayden's expression remained unchanged, his deep, magnetic voice steady, "Divorcing and marrying you are two things, Miss Sterling. Have you decided which one you want me to agree to?"

"I..."

"Whichever it is, I won't agree to it."

Yasmine's pupils shrank. She had always thought she held a trump card, believing Hayden to be a man of his word. As long as she asked, he would agree.

But he refused.

"Mr. Crawford, you said that as long as I asked, you would fulfill my wishes. Are you breaking your promise now?"

Hayden curled his lips slightly, "Even if I were, so what? I have always been the one calling the shots in this game."

"Mr. Crawford, did you forget who saved you in the snowy wilderness six or seven years ago? Who spent the night in the cave with you to keep warm? Without me, you would have died long ago!"

Hayden's mind suddenly flashed back to that snowy night. The girl had given him CPR, her lips on his cold ones, fragrant and soft...

She lay obediently in his arms, with both their outer clothes taken off, skin to skin...

She repeatedly whispered in his ear, "Big brother, don't die, hang in there, I will definitely save you!"

Hayden closed his handsome eyes slightly, his voice softening a bit, "I haven't forgotten. Because I haven't forgotten, you're still able to stand there safely and talk to me on the phone."

In all these years, he hadn't had any women around because he wouldn't let them get close. Yasmine's behavior today, chasing his car and incessantly calling, had already angered him. The only reason she was still unharmed was... because she was that girl from back then.

"Mr. Crawford, admit it. You haven't forgotten. You've been thinking about me all these years; there's a place for me in your heart. You like me too!"

Hayden pressed his lips together, looking toward the bathroom, "I don't like clingy women. Yasmine Sterling, preserve some dignity, so when I look at you, I won't be distracted. You really aren't at all like the girl in my memory."

Yasmine's pupils suddenly contracted, her heart nearly stopping. Had he realized something?

She wasn't the girl in his memory. The girl from back then had always been by his side. She was... Serena Sterling!

Yasmine's lips trembled uncontrollably, afraid to speak further lest she expose herself.

Then Hayden spoke again, "Yasmine Sterling, if you're smart enough, use that life-saving favor to make a request I might accept. Also, I hope this is our last phone call. Don't call me again because my wife is very jealous. She doesn't like me mingling with other women. I'm married now, a husband with no plans of divorcing or cheating. Stop thinking of me and give up on this idea."

After saying this, Hayden ended the call.

...

Hayden threw the phone onto the bed and lifted his hand to undo two buttons of his shirt. Just then, a click sounded as the bathroom door opened, and Serena came out after her shower.

The place had a prepared nightgown; Serena was wearing a champagne-colored camisole nightgown. Her exquisite face, steamed pink by the heat inside, looked like a water lily.

She held a towel, drying her damp hair. Serena looked at him, "Mr. Crawford, I'm done. You can go shower now."

Hayden's gaze traveled up and down her body, a little unrestrained, "Then I'll go shower. I'll be quick. Mrs. Crawford, wait for me."

What did he mean by this?

Embarrassed and annoyed, Serena threw the towel in her hand forcefully at his handsome face.

Laughing, Hayden entered the bathroom.

Soon, the sound of running water could be heard inside. Serena sat before the dressing table, drying her hair. At this moment, the deep, magnetic voice of the man called out, "Mrs. Crawford, bring me a pack of cigarettes."

He's showering and wants a cigarette? Smoking in there?

Serena picked up a pack of cigarettes from the bedside table, pushed the door open, and walked into the bathroom. The frosted glass door obscured her view, but she could vaguely see his tall, upright figure.

He was bending over, washing his hair. Tiny drops of water splashed onto his firm, toned muscles and bounced off quickly, a perfect picture of a man's bathing scene.