

Substitute B 127

Chapter 127: Serena Sterling Said, "I'm Still Growing

At this moment, the frosted glass door inside slid open, and Hayden Crawford's handsome face appeared as he looked at her, "Mrs. Crawford, come here."

Serena Sterling felt her eyes had nowhere to settle. She lowered her head and walked over, reaching out her small hand to hand him the cigarette, "Here you go."

Hayden Crawford reached to take the cigarette.

Serena Sterling wanted to withdraw her hand, but she couldn't, because Hayden Crawford, along with the cigarette, had grabbed her small hand.

Serena Sterling looked up at him. His neatly cropped wet hair lay on his forehead, and the man adorned with water vapor appeared especially young and handsome. She blinked her lashes, stammering, "What... what are you doing? Let me go now..."

Hayden Crawford's gaze was locked on her palm-sized exquisite face. She looked great in light colors, which required pure and delicate fair skin to pull off, both of which she had, fresh enough to squeeze water out of.

"What do you think I want to do?" Hayden Crawford held onto her small hand and pulled her inside.

Serena Sterling's other small hand swiftly clutched the frosted glass door tightly, her slender body retreating, unwilling to go in. "No... I've already showered, you go wash by yourself..."

Hayden Crawford's eyes darkened, staring at her heatedly. He knew she was scared, so he coaxed with extreme patience, "Don't be afraid, come in, help me... scrub my back."

Serena Sterling was no fool. Earlier, he used the cigarette as an excuse to grab her; now he wanted her to scrub his back, meaning she wouldn't be able to get out.

Serena Sterling shook her head vigorously like a drum, fearfully hiding behind the glass door. "I don't want to... Mr. Crawford, let me go, I'm... I'm still growing!"

She was really anxious, to the point she even mentioned still growing.

Seeing her shy, dodging manner, Hayden Crawford felt a little flustered, each dodge tugging at his heart, making it itch.

Actually, just a bit more force on his part and he could pull her in, or simply carry her inside. She might cry and fuss, but it'd be fine after that. After all, she was his Mrs. Crawford, and this was a marital obligation.

Yet, Hayden Crawford softened, not wanting to be forceful with her. His prominent Adam's apple moved up and down twice before he hoarsely said, "Then... should I let you grow a bit more?"

"Mm!" Serena Sterling nodded vigorously, looking at him gratefully.

Hayden Crawford released her.

Serena Sterling turned and ran, vanishing from sight immediately, probably afraid he would change his mind and chase after her.

Hayden Crawford sighed helplessly but fondly, curling his lips. Well, this was his little girl; what else could he do but pamper her?

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Hayden Crawford came out after his shower, and Serena Sterling was already in bed, leaning against the headboard with a medical book in her hands.

Hayden Crawford walked over, lifted the quilt, and lay down beside her, then reached out and grabbed the medical book from her hands.

"Mr. Crawford, why are you taking my book? Give it back!" Serena Sterling reached for the book; she had just been getting to the exciting part.

Hayden Crawford held the book high, a teasing smirk playing on his lips, "You want it? If you do, why not come grab it? But with those short arms of yours, I'm not sure you can."

What, short arms? Serena Sterling, with her slender and delicate figure, had never been teased like this before. She quickly reached out to grab it, "Mr. Crawford, don't look down on me. Quickly, give me back my medical book!"

At 1.88 meters tall, Hayden Crawford easily held the book at a height Serena Sterling couldn't reach. Serena turned and scrambled onto him to grab it.

Hayden Crawford lounged lazily against the headboard, one hand supporting her soft waist, reminding after a moment, "Mrs. Crawford, stop squirming. If you keep this up, I really won't be able to hold back."

Serena Sterling hadn't grabbed the book, not even touched a corner. It was a great humiliation. Her fighting spirit was burning when she suddenly heard him speak, freezing her movements, prompting a quick glance at him.

Only then did she realize how ambiguous their position was. She didn't know when she had ended up on top of him, and while grabbing the book, she had been squirming all over him through the thin fabric.

Serena Sterling's long lashes fluttered, and belatedly she realized he was teasing her, deliberately taking her medical book to do so. She quickly made fists and punched him twice, "Mr. Crawford, why are you so naughty!"

Hayden Crawford casually tossed the medical book aside, landing it on the soft wool carpet.

"Ah, my book!" Serena Sterling wanted to get out of bed to retrieve it.

Hayden Crawford encircled her waist and pulled her back, "Mrs. Crawford, don't you have any sense of responsibility as a wife at all? Do you intend to spend tonight with a medical book, treating me like a piece of furniture?"

"Then... then what do you want? Didn't you just say you'd let me grow some more?"

"I said I'd let you grow, but I've already grown enough. You're always studying medical books, why not study your husband a bit? Your husband hasn't been feeling well recently."

Serena Sterling's heart skipped a beat. Was he having an episode again?

"Where are you uncomfortable? Let me see, is it your head?" Serena Sterling placed her hand on his forehead, but it wasn't hot.

Hayden Crawford took her small hand down, "There's a part of my body that's been uncomfortable lately. It's better when I don't see you, but seeing you makes it worse, even slowly... starts to hurt..."

Serena Sterling quickly furrowed her brow, her exquisite little face growing serious, "Mr. Crawford, don't panic, let me check your pulse."

Watching her serious demeanor, Hayden Crawford quickly grabbed her small hand, slowly placing it on his trim, muscular waist, "Mrs. Crawford, you should take a good look."

Serena Sterling's mind sparked with realization, swiftly understanding his meaning. The soft pad of her finger touched his firm, heated skin, giving her a jolt. Instantly, she wanted to pull back, "Mr. Crawford, I need to stay away from you. Your lustful appearance is truly terrifying."

Hayden Crawford wrapped her in his arms, his voice a low, husky whisper by her snowy earlobe, "Mrs. Crawford~ my lovely, darling wife~"

Serena Sterling blushed fiercely, closing her eyes quickly. Perhaps no one would know that this powerful, legendary business mogul Hayden Crawford had moments of playful courtship and indulgence, and she felt soft to her core.

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The Sterling family.

Yasmine Sterling returned home, and upon entering the living room, heard the sounds of Gregory Sterling and Lillian Sterling arguing.

Gregory Sterling, his face sullen, scolded, "Lillian Sterling, you're truly a bringer of bad luck! If you hadn't arranged for Serena to marry in her sister's place, and let Yasmine marry into Orchid Court, then Yasmine would be Mrs. Crawford now!"

Lillian Sterling, unable to stand it, retorted quickly, "Gregory Sterling, it was you who nodded in agreement with the marriage substitution back then. Who knew the master of Orchid Court was Hayden Crawford? Now you're shifting all the blame onto me, do you think you did nothing wrong?"