

## Substitute B 155

Chapter 155: I Like You the Most~

The word "largest size" made Serena's cheeks turn red as if blood could drip from them. She wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

Her clear eyes glanced over at the man. Now, the frosted glass door was half-open, vaguely revealing his upright back. Hayden Crawford's physique was definitely the kind that could make someone's nose bleed, with broad shoulders and a narrow waist, his shoulder blades stretched wide on his back full of masculine strength.

Such a portrayal of a handsome man bathing.

Hayden had meant to tease her, but now seeing her face blushing as she looked at him, slightly shy yet somewhat bold, gave a feeling of enticing yet reluctant.

Hayden, with mist glued to his narrow eyes, looked over and dropped his gaze on her, "Mrs. Crawford, don't tempt anyone, hurry and get out."

Serena turned and walked out, but as she reached the door, her steps suddenly halted. She extended a hand and shut the door.

She returned and came to the frosted glass door.

Hayden quickly pulled a bath towel over his well-toned waist. He opened the glass door, his gaze locked tightly on her small face, his husky voice carrying a certain sharpness, "Mrs. Crawford, what are you planning, hmm? You'd better say something. If you dare to tease me and watch me make a fool of myself, then see how I deal with you!"

Serena's heart was racing; she wanted to give him a sense of security, to let him know that both her heart and... body belonged to him, so he didn't need to go crazy over other men.

Besides, she was already his Mrs. Crawford, everything she did was legal.

Serena softly said, her voice trembling slightly, "Mr. Crawford, would you want... me to... scrub your back?"

Just as the words were spoken, Hayden's large hand reached over, grabbing her slender arm and pulling her inside.

Warm water immediately poured down from above, Serena was pushed against the wall, Hayden dominantly confined her within his embrace.

The frosted glass door was pulled shut, isolating a world, this steaming heat made Serena, who felt cold, comfortably curl her fingers, her long black hair now wet hanging purely over her shoulders, charmingly inviting affection.

Hayden propped his bandaged right hand against the wall, cupping her small face with a large hand, bowing his head to kiss her twice, asking hoarsely, "Why are you so nice to me today?"

Apart from her, he hadn't been in contact with other women, not knowing if others were like her, sparkingly smart, yet soft and obedient, like water.

Whenever he hesitated because of his illness, she always stepped forward firmly, getting closer, even closer.

Serena was very nervous, her slender body stiffly against the wall, her small hand picking at the wall, not daring to move, nor look around. She stutteringly said, "Leah used to say... the most perfect way for a couple to end a fight is on the bed..."

Hayden curled his thin lips, genuinely smiling, "Your girlfriend taught you at least one right thing."

Serena slowly raised her small hand, letting it fall onto his well-toned waist, softly brushing her fingertips over his noble and fit six-pack, then gently hugged him.

Hayden kissed her cheek, "Does it meet your requirements for finding a man, are you satisfied?"

Serena knew he was teasing her, because back in Orchid Court, he accidentally overheard her talking with Leah, where she boldly claimed she wanted to find a man with six-pack abs and a broad waist.

"Satisfied~" Serena buried her flushed cheeks into his chest, too embarrassed to lift her head, yet she sweetly added, "I like you the most~"

Hayden's Adam's apple rolled up and down, like moving over hot coals, his thin lips found her mouth and kissed it, "Mrs. Crawford, why is your mouth so sweet?"

Serena was kissed into a daze, the blush on her face extending to her swan-like pink neck, her creamy skin covered in a soft red hue.

Soon, Hayden's tall and heavy body pressed over, pinning her against the wall, burying into her long hair to steady his breath, "Serena, I hurt, I really want you, but, I'll let you mature a bit more."

Serena felt his care and cherishing, her heart sweet as if brushed with honey, tightly hugging him with her small arms.

"Mr. Crawford, you seem particularly bothered by me being with your aunt and Zane Crawford, why is that, is there something you need to confess to me?"

For a moment, Serena felt the man's muscles rapidly tense up, she amended her words, "If you don't want to talk about it, then just leave it."

Hayden still maintained the previous posture, pressing her slender, exquisite body within his embrace, his large hand holding the nape of her neck, slowly closing his bright eyes, with a voice only audible between them, hoarsely said, "Actually, there's nothing much, I have little emotion towards them, it's just... after my mom jumped into the ocean from Jill's room, I've been emotionally unstable, that day was my mom's funeral, because the body was never found, so there was only a memorial tablet..."

"That day an accident happened, my mom's memorial was burned, when I saw it, there was nothing left but ashes, a wind blew, and it was gone..."

"I was very angry, couldn't control myself, injured a few people, the incident blew up, the hospital diagnosed me, issued a certificate of mental instability. Later, after that..."

Hayden closed his eyes, hiding the full redness in them, the past's bloody wounds being unveiled again, still hurting him into wanting to curl up.

Then a small pair of hands embraced, tightly hugged his neck, Serena stood on tiptoe, scattering kisses wildly over his handsome face, "Mr. Crawford, don't talk about it, it's all over, now you aren't alone, I will always accompany you."

Hayden's hand landed on her delicate waist, opening his eyes, a deep red and somber gaze fixed on her, "Serena, I confess, before I met you, I had a scarred past, it was my life's most miserable years, my aunt, Zane... all of them are witnesses of that time, people slowly grow up, when you've become strong enough to have armor, they can no longer hurt you. Nowadays, I don't care about anyone's opinion, but only you, I don't want you to know my past, so I'm extremely bothered when you get close to my aunt and Zane."

"Serena, I've confessed, in the future if any of them bring up my past with you, just ignore them and walk away, okay?"

Serena's pale eye sockets suddenly turned red, Mr. Crawford has an illness, the death of his mother had already triggered his emotions, yet an incident at the funeral shattered the already crumbling Mr. Crawford, deliberately angered him to injure others, and thus was declared mentally unstable by the hospital.

Who planned all of this, was it one person, or a group?