

Substitute B 183

Chapter 183: Striving to Become the Person She Likes

The photo was taken in the pharmacy, with Serena reaching out to tug on Zane's coat corner. The gentle light fell down, and the pairing of the gifted man and woman seemed to step out of a painting, with no sight of a scandal at all, only a perfect match made in heaven.

The reposts and hot comments on Weibo have reached a peak of traffic,

Serena Sterling is really incredible!

To think that Academician Zane Crawford from Aethelgard actually came to Bayside. Two years ago, that sensational street surgery was performed by Serena Sterling and Academician Crawford together, what a fate.

Even though Serena Sterling is already Mrs. Crawford, why do I feel... this talented man and woman are so charming together?

Let me ship them first!

Hayden Crawford put down his phone, with no visible emotional fluctuations on his handsome face. But everyone could feel that their boss was unhappy, because a few traces of eerie coldness seeped from between his brows, making one's scalp numb.

Everyone was so scared that they didn't dare breathe loudly, afraid to draw the boss's anger upon themselves.

The meeting finally ended, and everyone secretly breathed a sigh of relief. During the meeting, their boss had done nothing besides raising his well-defined fingers to undo one shirt button. The meeting went very smoothly, and it was time to finish work.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford stood up and, with a detached tone, said, "Take a break and come to my office in ten minutes for a finance meeting."

Finished speaking, Hayden walked away with steady steps.

Everyone, "..."

It's over, we're working overtime tonight!

Everyone moaned in a chorus. They knew it wouldn't be that smooth; the boss turns into a workaholic to torment them when he's in a bad mood!

"Secretary Yarrow, what's wrong with the boss today, he seems to be in a very bad mood."

"Secretary Yarrow, who has offended the boss? This person is really daring, pulling the tiger's whiskers."

Someone secretly pulled Hayden Crawford's private secretary Ivan Yarrow aside to quietly inquire.

Ivan Yarrow professionally shook his head and said, "That's the boss's private matter, I'm not sure. Get ready and work well, try to finish early tonight. If there's any mistake in work, plan for an all-night work session, there's no chance of going home."

Ivan Yarrow's implicit message was that the boss is quite angry now, everyone hoped for the best for themselves.

Everyone, "..."

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In the CEO's office, Ivan Yarrow walked in with a cup of coffee and respectfully said, "CEO, your coffee is here."

At this moment, Hayden Crawford, tall and leggy, stood by the shiny floor-to-ceiling windows. He had removed his black suit, now wearing a white shirt and black pants—a classic male god attire. He was born to be a clothes model, with the city's bright neon lights reflecting onto his handsome face, mature and devastatingly good-looking.

Hayden Crawford casually put one hand in his pocket while holding his phone in the other. His handsome eyelids lowered, focusing on the phone, as he parted his thin lips, "Just leave it here."

Ivan Yarrow placed the coffee on the desk, hesitantly speaking, "CEO, if you want to call your wife, then call. It's very late, your wife should be home."

Ivan Yarrow saw the boss open WeChat, pondering but never sending a single message. On the CEO's WeChat, there was only his wife.

During the meeting earlier, the boss was still browsing Weibo. Ivan had followed this man for six years now. Seeing him gradually engaging with things he never did before—using WeChat, browsing Weibo, tipping in live streams... he could sense the CEO changing for his wife.

Ivan Yarrow wasn't sure if he was right, because his CEO was invincible in the business world, overwhelmingly powerful, but he couldn't help noticing the CEO subtly showcasing caution since meeting his wife. When the wife needed freedom in her job, the CEO would stay quiet; when she said something was inappropriate, he would retract his coldness and sharpness to appear more obedient; the CEO always made efforts towards his wife, carrying bits of humble fawning, transforming into what she liked, getting closer to her.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford put the phone down, looked up at the neon lights outside, and spoke in a deep, magnetic voice, "She is very good. If she's coming back, she'll come back naturally. Calling would feel more like checking on her, I don't want to put too much pressure on her. I hear such men are quite annoying."

Ivan Yarrow handed the coffee over, "CEO, why would you think that? Checking between husband and wife is normal, being jealous is also normal, even having wild thoughts. About the photo exposed on Weibo today... I saw the wife tugging the second young master a bit. If the CEO wants to ask, you can ask."

Oh, really?

Hayden Crawford knew he really wanted to call her, wanting her back, ideally immediately. He wanted her to properly explain why she reached out to Zane, knowing well that he minded this.

Yet, he did not do that.

He sat quietly like someone with nothing better to do, just finished a meeting, even though his ears were echoing with Iris Crawford's words urging him to let go, to complete what should have been the talented couple met in Aethelgard two years ago. His chest was already ablaze with jealousy and suspicion, gloomy and irritable...

But he showed none of it, suppressing all the internal turmoil, striving to appear... like a normal person.

Hayden Crawford curved his thin lips into a faint arc, finally speaking lowly, "She always asks me to trust her, I'm trying, so I believe she has nothing wrong."

...

The finance meeting was held right in the CEO's office. Hayden Crawford finished two cigarettes then sat in the main seat, with the financial director handing over the report. Hayden, lowering his eyes, quickly scanned over it, then curled his fingers to knock twice on the table, with sharp force, "This is the stuff you made?"

The financial director looked aggrieved. The CEO had only given him ten minutes, and it wasn't easy to compile this.

Hayden Crawford raised his hand and directly tossed a report into the air, papers swirling, "Redo it until you can produce something that satisfies me!"

As his voice fell, the entire CEO's office plunged into oppressive awkwardness. Everyone bowed their heads, not daring to look at the stormy-faced man in the main seat.

Just then, with a "click," the door to the office's lounge suddenly opened, and a slender white hand stretched out, clinging to the wall. Then, a petite face peeked out stealthily, hidden behind the door frame, unseen, but those bright, black eyes were certainly scanning the meeting desk.

Everyone's gazes fell in unison. God, who was this, appearing in the CEO's private lounge?

Hayden Crawford turned his head upon hearing the commotion and instantly met Serena Sterling's spirited yet cautiously soft, shy watery eyes.