

Substitute B 184

Chapter 184: Made Bull Pizzle Soup for Mr. Crawford

Serena didn't know when she arrived; she's now in his lounge.

Hayden Crawford's pupils slightly contracted, and then his deep, narrow eyes coldly and unpleasantly swept over everyone, "What are you looking at? Go home and wash your eyes with pepper water!"

The crowd, "..."

What's going on? We really didn't see anything, why are we being abused again?

At this moment, Hayden Crawford stood up, walked steadily to the door of the lounge, his tall, handsome body quickly blocking the girl's slender figure within his embrace, his eyes lowered as he softly asked, "Why did you come?"

Serena had already showered, her pure black hair dried but still damp with wet mist, giving off an extra fragrance. She wore his black shirt, which was so large that it reached her knees, making her look like a child who secretly wore adult clothes, but highlighting her delicate and slender figure.

Serena tilted her stunning little face up to look at him, awkwardly blinking her lashes as she quietly explained, "When I arrived, you were in a meeting, the reception brought me in. Did I disturb your work? I think I heard your voice just now, so I opened the door. I didn't expect you to still be in a meeting so late... Um!"

Serena was startled, her voice stuck in her throat, because Hayden Crawford's large hand was on the doorknob, and he dipped his head down to kiss her rosy lips.

Their lips touched briefly before parting, Hayden Crawford gazed at her bright, clear eyes and smiled softly, "No disturbance, I've been thinking about you."

The man's lowered voice was uniquely magnetic and enchanting, it could almost make one's ears pregnant. Serena looked at his handsome face so close, the man had just come down from the conference table, his whole aura was that of a business elite, making her blush.

Serena quickly used her small hand to cover her kissed mouth, her face flushed as she ran inside.

Hayden Crawford looked at her charming silhouette, his long eyes slightly turning upwards, revealing the mature man's pleasure and charm.

The people at the conference table were stunned, well, now they've really seen it, inside was Mrs. Crawford, and it seemed the boss had lowered himself to kiss Mrs. Crawford; she ran away, even from such a distance they could smell the sweet, overloaded scent of love in the air, crudely speaking, it was the smell of dog food.

They didn't mean to look, only the boss can be blamed for not knowing restraint, kissing right in front of them, hm, that's what happened!

Ivan Yarrow showed a smile because he knew their boss was turning from shadow to shine, with Mrs. Crawford's arrival, their boss instantly changed from a frightening big monster into an obedient little wolfdog.

"Boss, this finance meeting... should it continue?" Ivan Yarrow coughed and had to ask.

Hayden Crawford turned around, one hand in his trouser pocket, "Meeting adjourned, everyone go home."

The people hurriedly gathered their documents and vanished from the office as quickly as possible; outside, they dared to breathe a sigh of relief, spinning in circles with joy—the sense of surviving a disaster is truly wonderful.

Everyone outside is saying our boss spoils Mrs. Crawford, if I hadn't just seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed that Mrs. Crawford really tamed the boss.

You didn't see the speed of the boss's face change when Mrs. Crawford arrived!

Didn't expect the boss, such an abstinent man, would also like kissing.

Thank you, Mrs. Crawford; if you hadn't come tonight, we wouldn't have escaped the boss' clutches. Everyone should be more clever from now on, cater more to Mrs. Crawford's happiness, if she's happy, the boss will naturally be happy too.

...

Inside the lounge, Serena stood in the kitchen peeling shrimp.

This lounge is quite luxurious, with a fully-equipped dining room and kitchen, only Hayden Crawford has never cooked here, at most he just sleeps and rests. The company has his private chef, so he doesn't need to cook himself; of course, he also can't cook, never been in the kitchen.

Hayden Crawford reached out from behind and held her slender waist, rubbing his handsome face against her long, fragrant hair, "What are you doing?"

"Peeling shrimp, ah. On my way back today I passed by the supermarket, bought some groceries. The shrimp's peeled, I'll make you some shrimp and scrambled eggs with rice, and I've steamed some rice."

At that, Hayden Crawford really felt hungry, the meal at Orchid Court tasted bland, he rubbed his thin lips against her warm and clean little face, feeling like a little boat gently swaying in his heart, soft and tender. So she went to the supermarket to buy groceries to cook for him.

"Mrs. Crawford, you can cook?"

"Of course, my cooking skills are very good, sure to satisfy your appetite," responding, Serena turned to look at him, "Mr. Crawford, are you lucky to have married a wife like me?"

Hayden Crawford pinched her soft waist, her inwardly curving waistline is like the fine neck of a porcelain vase, making it hard to let go, "If Mrs. Crawford can satisfy me in other areas, that would be even better."

"..."

Serena directly stuffed a shrimp into his mouth—eat it!

Hayden Crawford ate the shrimp and took off her gloves, "I'll peel the shrimp."

The mighty Crawford Group's CEO personally peeling shrimp, probably a first.

"Alright, Mr. Crawford, I'll leave the shrimp to you then."

Soon, a simple dinner was ready, Hayden Crawford took the chopsticks and spoons, Serena walked out of the kitchen, "Alright, let's eat."

Hayden Crawford looked, Serena had made a rice bowl, soft rice padded underneath, topped with tender shrimp and scrambled eggs, plus butter-seared broccoli, sprinkled with some shredded nori, molded into a heart shape, looking delicious and making one's mouth water.

Hayden Crawford saw she also prepared two bowls of soup, lifting the cover, hers was corn rib soup, his was...

"What kind of soup did you make for me?" Hayden Crawford asked.

Serena's gaze was somewhat evasive, "It's... a nourishing soup, taste it, it's really delicious."

With that, Serena dashed into the kitchen.

But Hayden Crawford reached out his long arm and pulled her back into his embrace, "Why are you running? Sneaky, what kind of soup did you brew for me?"

"Well..." Serena bit her red lips with her teeth, her voice soft and sticky, "It's really late, ah, and the supermarket was about to close, they had discounts, and there was still one left... ox whip, so I bought it."

So it's ox whip soup? And she bought it on discount?

Hayden Crawford's brows raised, "Mrs. Crawford, how did you feel comfortable buying ox whip in the supermarket, weren't you afraid of being laughed at?"

Serena's small face was as red as an apple, but boldly hummed, "I bought ox whip for my husband, so what, who dares laugh at me?"

Actually, she didn't tell Hayden Crawford that she was especially timid at the supermarket, grabbed the ox whip and ran off, wishing she could wear a mask over her face, afraid others would know she bought ox whip.