

Substitute B 185

Chapter 185: What I Want Isn't the Needle, It's You

Hayden Crawford looked at her rosy little face, then at the soup, "Mrs. Crawford, if I drink this soup tonight, how am I supposed to sleep? You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

"What did I do on purpose? Don't say nonsense. If you don't want to drink it, I'll just throw it away!" Serena Sterling pretended to reach out with her little hand.

Hayden lowered his eyes and kissed her forehead fiercely, his voice low and threatening, "If I can't sleep after drinking it, Mrs. Crawford, you won't be sleeping tonight either!"

"..."

Serena suddenly regretted making him the soup.

...

The dinner ended happily, Hayden took a cold shower, and the two of them stood in front of the washbasin brushing their teeth.

Hayden handed her a toothbrush with toothpaste already on it, Serena took a sip of water and started brushing her teeth, "Mr. Crawford, did you go back to Orchid Court today?"

"I did, Aunt was there too."

Serena turned her gaze to Hayden, with an inquiring look.

Hayden reached out and rubbed her little head, "Don't worry, no arguments."

That's good.

"Mr. Crawford, did you know that the Old Mrs. Rathborne I saved last time at the institute is Grandma's best friend? She was visiting Bayside to see Grandma and suddenly fell ill. Grandma doesn't know about this, right?"

Upon hearing about the Rathborne family, Hayden's handsome eyelids fluttered slightly, "Grandma probably doesn't know. Otherwise, she would have rushed to the institute long ago. Grandmother and Old Mrs. Rathborne have been best friends for decades; their bond is very strong."

"Old Mrs. Rathborne will have surgery in the next couple of days. Let's wait until the surgery is successful to tell Grandma, so she won't worry."

"Alright."

Serena suddenly remembered something. She blinked her long lashes and looked at Hayden, "Mr. Crawford, it seems that the Crawford and Rathborne families are old friends, right? Is there a daughter in the Rathborne family?"

Hayden glanced at Serena, "There is one, why do you ask?"

"Isn't it said that old friends among wealthy families often arrange marriages? Is the Rathborne family's daughter a beauty? Is there a story between you two?" Saying this, Serena stood on her tiptoes, bringing her sparkling eyes up to his eyelids playfully, "Come clean, you can't lie to me!"

Hayden pursed his thin lips; indeed, nothing much happened, they just grew up together, and his father always wanted him to marry the Rathborne family's daughter.

Hayden reached out and embraced her soft and pliable figure, "I'm not familiar with the Rathborne family's daughter, but why don't we talk about you and Zane Crawford? Are you two very familiar?"

This man is quite adept at shifting the focus, instantly turning the topic onto her. Serena paused for a moment, "We are not familiar at all. Two years ago, I once helped save an elderly man with someone on the streets of Aethelgard. I didn't pay much attention at that time, and it was only recently that I found out that person was Zane Crawford."

Saying this, Serena reached out and hugged his firm waist, looking up at him with her exquisite little face, "Mr. Crawford, in two days I'll have to collaborate with Zane Crawford on Old Mrs. Rathborne's surgery. You... don't mind, right?"

Hayden was well aware that the two talented individuals teaming up again indicates another crossover between Western and Chinese medicine, attracting public attention.

It wasn't that he didn't mind; he minded very much!

She hadn't thought much of Zane Crawford from two years ago, but Zane instantly fell for her, even following her to Bayside.

This battle of pursuit has long begun; his aunt and brother are relentless in their ambition for her. And now, he has to watch her and Zane Crawford stand together, entangled in their dazzling glory while he just stands aside, doing nothing—that's not who Hayden Crawford is.

Hayden Crawford, having been in the business world for so many years, navigating it since he was a teenager, never shows mercy to his enemies, excelling in offense. He has never been one to wait for the enemy to provoke him while he stands defenseless.

In her bright and cheerful gaze, Hayden pulled her close to his chest and softly said, "Hmm, I don't mind, you go ahead."

He thought, ultimately he couldn't bring himself to do anything to her, like clipping her wings and holding her by his side.

He could stand aside, doing nothing for her, and he could endure the provocations from his enemies for her.

"Mr. Crawford, thank you." Serena said sweetly in gratitude.

Hayden's thin lips curled into an alluring arc, "Mrs. Crawford, you're not truly grateful. If you were, you wouldn't just say it."

"..." Serena quickly pushed him away, even smearing some bubbles onto his handsome cheek before turning to run.

Hayden grabbed her slender waist and pulled her back, bending down to kiss her red lips, "Mrs. Crawford, it's been a while since I've dealt with you, hasn't it? You've got some unfinished business."

Serena giggled like a bell in his arms, dodging his kisses, "No, I haven't washed my hands yet, there are still bubbles..."

"We'll wash later, it's all going to be washed anyway."

Serena was kissed on her red lips, and the two of them kissed all the way from the bathroom to the bedroom. With her head spinning, he pushed her onto the soft bed...

...

The two of them played around for quite a while, and Serena quickly fell asleep. In a daze, she felt someone kissing her again, her long lashes fluttered, and her sleepy eyes slowly opened.

It was already very late, she didn't know what time it was, the bedroom lit with a warm, soft light, and she felt heavy, being pressed down...

Serena raised her hand to shield her eyes, then her soft white fingers threaded into the man's short hair, gently pulling him up, "Why aren't you asleep yet?"

Hayden gazed at the girl's freshly awakened appearance, her eyes cluelessly pure and clear, a stark contrast to the few shades of youthful allure rendered by him, making it hard for him to look away.

He murmured hoarsely, "Did I wake you up? That soup you gave me is keeping me awake."

Serena finally noticed the heat radiating from his body, realizing she hadn't... washed her hands long ago...

"How about I give you an injection?"

Hayden was amused and annoyed, propping his hands on either side of her body, looking down at her, "Serena, I am your husband, apart from studying medicine, haven't you learned about marital relations? I want you, not an injection."

After saying that, Hayden lifted the covers and got out of bed to take a cold shower in the bathroom.

Serena lay back on the bed, closing her eyes for a moment, her sleepiness thoroughly disrupted by him. She sat up, the black shirt slipping off her shoulder, revealing skin covered in hickeys.

Serena covered her neckline, and touched her flushed face, wondering what had possessed her to buy the soup, now it was past one in the morning, and they seem to be endlessly restless, and she is the one who ends up paying for it!