

Substitute B 186

Chapter 186: Mrs. Crawford, How Do You Have the Nerve?

Hayden Crawford was taking a cold shower when the frosted glass door was knocked on, knock knock knock.

Hayden paused for a moment, then reached out to slide open the glass door, revealing a graceful young woman's silhouette outside—Serena had arrived.

"Why are you up? Can't sleep?" Hayden's narrow eyes were a bit red, his gaze intensely fixated on her as he asked in a husky, straightforward, and fervent voice.

Serena didn't know where to look, her pretty face steaming with heat. She hummed twice, "You woke me up, how could I possibly sleep?"

Hayden reached out and grabbed her slender wrist, pulling her in with one swift movement. He affectionately pinched her little nose, "A scoundrel who blames others first. Who kept me up at night?"

The black shirt Serena was wearing quickly got wet, her delicate back pressed against the wall. She looked up at his handsome face close to hers, then clenched her fist and tapped his chest lightly.

Hayden's eyes darkened, his large hand cupped the back of her head, and he kissed her already swollen lips.

Serena's fingertips slowly landed on his firm waist, the man's muscles were solid and powerful, starkly different from a woman's soft touch.

She reached out and gently hugged him.

Hayden released her lips. Due to their height difference, her lips easily landed on his protruding Adam's apple. At this moment, Serena heard his undeniable husky voice in her ear, "Serena, kiss me."

...

The next morning.

When Serena opened her eyes, it was already eight o'clock. She had woken up late. The morning light had already filtered through the layers of curtains, gilding the room in warm gold.

Serena reached out to touch the warm embrace that was no longer there—Hayden had gotten up.

When did he get up?

They both fell asleep only at midnight. She was so tired that she could barely open her eyes, yet he had gotten up to work as usual. The physical stamina difference between men and women is too vast.

Serena got out of bed, she stood by the window, taking in a breath of fresh morning air. At this moment, she saw the employees downstairs gradually arriving at the company.

Serena suddenly remembered this was at the Crawford Group, in his CEO office. Just thinking about how they had been so wild last night, Serena felt a little unable to face herself— it was all the fault of that bowl of bullwhip soup, she had invited trouble for herself.

Mr. Crawford is really not to be trifled with!

Serena quickly freshened up, and then heard noises from outside, it seemed like someone had entered the resting room.

Is Mr. Crawford back?

Serena opened the bathroom door, hopped outside, "Mr. Cr..."

Her words halted abruptly, because it wasn't Mr. Crawford who came in, but a woman.

The woman was quite young, seemingly in her thirties, wearing a red dress, her figure was voluptuous and arresting, her skin snowy white, pretty and alluring, a completely different charm from Serena's 20-year-old youth.

The woman was also momentarily stunned upon seeing Serena but quickly said, "Madam, I am here to tidy up and clean the CEO's room, to send the CEO's clothes for dry cleaning and ironing."

Serena had never seen this woman before, but it was normal; Hayden's resting room surely had a dedicated cleaning staff. She just didn't expect that the cleaning lady would be so beautiful.

"Oh, then you can tidy up," Serena stepped aside.

"Yes, Madam."

The woman entered and started cleaning, replacing the bag in the trash bin.

Seeing the pile of crumpled white paper in the trash, Serena's pretty face quickly flushed red. She immediately stepped forward, "Leave it, I'll do it myself in a while."

The woman withdrew her hand, "Alright, then I'll clean the bathroom."

As the bathroom door was pushed open, the woman went in and began to collect the clothes changed last night. When Serena looked up, she saw the woman bending over, her wide neckline revealing a glimpse of skin, she had taken Hayden's...underwear!

Serena quickly rushed forward, grabbed the underwear, "No need to clean here today, you can leave."

The woman looked at Serena, feeling a bit reluctant to leave, but considering Serena's status as Mrs. Crawford, she left.

...

Hayden returned soon after, wearing a tailor-made white shirt and black trousers, pressed without a crease, elegant and distinguished. Today, he visibly seemed to be in a great mood, looking handsome and extraordinary, like a magnet drawing everyone's eyes.

As he walked in, he glanced at the bed, which was already empty— she had gotten up. Hayden looked around but didn't see her.

"Mrs. Crawford," he called out.

No response came from her.

However, the sound of water running came from the bathroom— someone was inside.

Hayden walked in, and sure enough, saw that delicate figure, Serena was standing by the washbasin, doing laundry.

He didn't know what she was washing, but her little hands were working and soaking in suds.

Hayden came up behind her, slipping his hand into his pocket as he gently nudged her from behind, "Mrs. Crawford, why are you ignoring me?"

"Hmph!" Serena moved a bit, signaling— don't touch me!

Hayden found it strange, he chuckled in a low, rich voice, "Mrs. Crawford, you're overreacting. Last night you were snuggling into my arms, but now you're pretending not to know me since you got out of bed. Surely, I haven't offended you? Why do you seem so mad at me?"

Serena bit her lip, "How could I dare to be angry at Mr. Crawford? You're the CEO of Crawford Group. Your status is just unmatched, even the cleaning lady is miles ahead."

Her sarcastic words were dripping with jealousy, this little vinegar jar had toppled over again.

Hayden was baffled, "Mrs. Crawford, which cleaning lady are you talking about?"

"The one with the fair skin and pretty face, who has assets that can rival Erica's. Mr. Crawford, are you really not aware? She's got her eyes on you, reaching out for your underwear!"

Hayden had no clue who she meant by the cleaning lady. In fact, his rest room did have someone assigned to clean it, but it was all arranged by his personal assistant.

Hayden wrapped his arms around her soft waist, "Did you really let her take my underwear?"

"No, luckily my quick reflexes snatched it away!" With that, Serena lifted his underwear, "Didn't you see I'm washing them now?"

Hayden hadn't realized she was washing his underwear there, nor did he expect her to be doing his laundry.

"Mrs. Crawford, last night you went to the supermarket to buy bullwhip soup for me, and today you're fighting with a cleaning lady over my underwear. How can you bring yourself to do this?"