

## Substitute B 187

Chapter 187: Ignore Him!

Serena Sterling's snow-white earlobe quickly spread with a blush. At a time like this, he still dared to tease her!

Though she was really embarrassed, earlier she was too angry and anxious, so she snatched the underwear. Now, being laughed at by him made Serena wish she could crawl into a hole.

Serena stomped hard on his foot, venting her frustration.

Hayden Crawford hugged her slim waist tightly, wishing he could bend her waist into his arms. "It hurts... Mrs. Crawford, spare me, I won't dare next time!"

This man, though she stomped him hard, how strong could she be? It was basically just tickling him, yet he leaned to her ear and cried out in pain.

Serena wriggled a couple of times, wanting to break free from his embrace. "If you do this again, I really won't talk to you!"

Hayden held her tightly in his embrace, preventing her from moving and rubbing against him. His thin lips pressed firmly on her pure long hair, kissing it twice, "Mrs. Crawford, I had no idea about this matter at all. I am innocent. I swear to you, Hayden Crawford never tried to use a pair of underwear to entice women."

His firm vow, delivered with pleasure and patience, coaxed her by her ear. Serena's mood quickly improved, but thinking about that woman who could enter his room freely still made her upset. Like the ancient seductress Daji charming the emperor, she whispered playfully in his ear, "I don't care. I just don't like that cleaning auntie. You should let her go, and not only her, the next one too; you shouldn't hire young and beautiful women!"

How could these young and beautiful women possibly work as cleaners? They all come for Hayden Crawford.

Hayden rubbed her smooth cheek, "I'll listen to you. I failed to consider this, and I'll instruct the people below to handle it well, letting this one go and finding an honest, older one. The maids at Orchid Court are all vetted by grandma, and in our bedroom only Beryl is allowed to enter to tidy up. It was my mistake, don't be angry, Mrs. Crawford."

Serena's mood finally calmed down, pacified by him. Grandmother, having emerged from elite aristocratic circles, naturally understood such private matters. Many young and pretty girls desire to climb into the master's bed, especially for a charming man like Hayden Crawford. The paper in the trash can, the messy sheets, even the shower that was a hubbub last night... how could those young girls clean up?

Serena just doesn't like it.

"Since you're obedient, I'll forgive you this once."

Hayden Crawford's large hand rested on her flat little abdomen, and then quietly slipped inside from the edge of her clothes, his voice husky and low, "Mrs. Crawford, don't be afraid, be confident. Besides you, no woman can entice me."

His somewhat rough fingertip landed on her skin as smooth as curdled cream, scaring Serena into shrinking back into his embrace. On his right wrist, he wore an expensive steel watch, lying on the outside of her clothes.

Serena's face turned crimson as she quickly pushed his large hand away, "What are you doing? It's daytime, we're still in the company, you're not allowed to misbehave!"

Hayden refused to let her go, instead holding her even tighter, "This is my company, you're my woman. Who can stop me from misbehaving or not, Mrs. Crawford? You saw it too, there are many vixens out there, so you'll need to keep a tight hold on me."

"..."

At this time, a sound suddenly came from behind. Someone opened the bathroom door and came in.

Someone unexpectedly intruded, yet Serena was in a state of disarray, causing her to let out a slight cry, and she hurriedly hid in Hayden Crawford's embrace.

Hayden, almost instantly, hugged her with one arm, protecting her, while quickly withdrawing his other hand. He turned to look toward the door.

At the door was the woman whom Serena had just chased away.

This woman, upon hearing of Hayden Crawford's return, hurried over without delay. She didn't expect to witness this scene at the door—a man in a shirt and slacks, the expensive fabric without a wrinkle, held a slender girl in his embrace, with the black shirt on the girl almost about to fall off. The whole bathroom was suggestive and ambiguous.

The woman froze, raising her head, only to meet Hayden Crawford's cold, narrow gaze like a frigid pond, causing her to shiver to the bone, rendering her speechless, "P-Pres-President..."

Hayden reached out, grabbed something, and directly smashed it at the door. "Bang," the inkstone worth several tens of thousands on the sink was shattered by him, accompanied by his cold, angry voice, "Get out!"

The shards of the inkstone flew towards the woman's face, carrying a huge and sharp hostility. The woman felt a pain on her face, already marked with a bloody scratch.

Unable to bear the man's thunderous wrath, the woman covered her bleeding face and ran out.

Hayden Crawford was very angry. Temptations were never scarce around him, but it was rare to see ones so vile. He raised his hand to touch the long hair of the girl in his arms, his thin lips landing on her forehead. "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, I've chased her away. I'll make sure she leaves Bayside."

Serena buried her flushed face in his embrace, refusing to lift her head, and punched him twice with clenched fists. "It's all your fault. How can I face anyone after this? I'm not talking to you anymore!"

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Hayden Crawford stayed inside coaxing for a long time, but Mrs. Crawford still refused to acknowledge him. Hayden could only first go out to deal with that woman. The assistant quickly found an honest, older auntie to enter and clean the entire restroom properly.

Serena remained in the restroom, having changed into her clothes. Inside was a small lace white camisole, outside a purple collar cardigan in Chanel style. Below were high-waisted jeans. Without a veil, her skin was like snow, lips red, teeth white, her youthful purity and prettiness like a graceful water lily.

Hayden Crawford brought a hearty breakfast and various desserts she liked to apologize, but Serena still ignored him.

At this moment, an elegant ringtone rang out, a call came, it was from Director Vincent Terry.

The director must be calling regarding the surgical plan for Old Mrs. Rathborne, as her surgery was just two days away, and time was quite pressing.

Serena quickly pressed the button to answer, "Hello, Director."

"Serena," Director Vincent Terry's gentle and kind voice came through, "Do you have time to come to the hotel now? I've booked a business suite at the hotel, Zane is already here, just missing you, we need to refine Old Mrs. Rathborne's surgery plan."

Serena hadn't spoken yet when steady footsteps came from behind; Hayden Crawford arrived.

Hayden obviously had overheard the phone content, the expression on his handsome face showed no emotional fluctuation, as he quietly watched her, curling his thin lips slightly, "Does the institute always discuss surgical plans at hotels?"