

Substitute B 215

Chapter 215: Divorce Agreement

Serena Sterling looked at him, and there was a hint of hurt in her bright eyes. Mr. Crawford used to be different; now he was full of impatience with her.

Serena's white eyelids turned red, and she slowly picked up her pajamas, "I'm going to take a shower first."

She entered the bathroom.

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Hayden Crawford stood by the floor-to-ceiling window smoking. Lately, he had been addicted to smoking, relying on the taste of nicotine to suppress and numb himself whenever he felt gloomy and irritable.

Soon, the ashtray was filled with cigarette butts. Just then, with a "click," the bathroom door opened, releasing a fragrant shower scent from inside.

She was done with her bath.

Hayden took another puff of his cigarette, then lazily exhaled the smoke with a decadent look in his eyes, "You go to sleep first; I'll be sleeping in the study."

He turned around.

But the next second, he paused, his eyes landing on the girl, and his pupils contracted.

Serena had just finished her shower and had removed her veil, revealing a stunning and delicate face. She wore a champagne-colored silk nightgown, a strap style. The pinkish color complemented her jade-like skin, and the girl looked like a dew-covered rose, at the age of blossoming, making one want to pluck her violently.

Hayden stiffened. She had always been conservative and reserved; her pajama styles never showed her arms or legs. She knew his nature and was afraid he might get out of hand.

This was the first time he saw her dressed like this. If he remembered correctly, this was his preferred taste.

Seeing the man's gaze fall on her, the fair-skinned Serena instantly blushed a snow-nurtured blush. She approached him, tiptoed, and gave him a peck.

Hayden's gaze darkened, and he asked hoarsely, "Why are you dressed like this?"

Serena kissed him again, then kissed several more times on his handsome face, blinking her long lashes with a shy boldness, "Mr. Crawford, you said before, let's argue at the head of the bed and make up at the end of it."

The half cigarette in Hayden's fingers quickly fell to the ground. At that moment, Serena stretched her slender white fingers and yanked the tie hanging around his neck, pulling hard, "Come here."

Hayden was pulled over by her; her bold tug on his tie was somewhat reminiscent of a wild girlfriend.

Their knees bumped into the bed, and the two fell into the soft bed together.

Serena released his tie, wrapped her small hands around his neck, and took the initiative to kiss his thin lips.

Hayden braced himself on the bed, appearing very passive. He didn't expect that despite his coldness and indifference to her, she would softly cling to him, coaxing him.

He didn't know what way he could completely push her away; he only knew that his self-control was collapsing, utterly defeated.

Hayden's narrow eyes were bloodshot, painful yet blissful. This was their marital bedroom, carrying too many happy memories.

He clenched and then released the sheets, lowering his handsome gaze, his large hand already entwined in her long hair, turning passive into active by giving her a deep kiss.

Now, his mind, his whole body, and every blood cell were clamoring with how much he wanted her, truly wanted her so much.

"Mr. Crawford, I wasn't being unreasonable just now, I was angry. In the future, don't let Yasmine get close to you!"

As she spoke, her small hands slid down, landing on his waist where his expensive black belt was.

Hayden raised his hand to shield the bloodshot in his eyes, then reached out, forcefully holding down her small hands.

Serena paused for a moment.

Then the world seemed to spin, and she was pressed down again. The man took control, he was hovering above, staring at her intently, but did nothing.

Serena looked at him in confusion, "Mr. Crawford, what's wrong, tonight... let's be real husband and wife, I'm ready, or... don't you want me anymore?"

In his heart, Hayden answered, yes!

Yes, yes, yes!

He wanted her!

She was his Mrs. Crawford, his wife. Even if this marriage were ending, he should be the one to take her first time.

Besides, since she was offering herself now, he shouldn't refuse.

But still...

It's better to leave it for her.

After the divorce, she would be a second wife, and she would meet someone better than him. He didn't want that man to hold any grudges for this; she was still a complete person. He hoped her future man would cherish her like a treasure, and he didn't want any of his traces left on her.

So, it's better to leave it for her.

Hayden lowered his head, burying his handsome face in her long hair, greedily inhaling her scent, "Are you so passionate to throw yourself at me because you're afraid it'll be unfavorable for the divorce? After all, we are not really husband and wife, at most a cooperation, are you afraid I won't give you the money?"

Serena's blush instantly faded, turning pale, and even her body quickly stiffened.

What was he saying?

Serena wanted to cover her ears, not wanting to listen to his cruel words, but he forcibly pinned her down, his hoarse, cold voice whispering every word by her ear.

"Don't worry, although you haven't earned a penny for me, nor made any efforts, I have always been generous with women, and I will share the money with you according to marital property. Marriage, bluntly speaking, is just a sexual transaction. For every time you come to my bed, I'll pay you. Although we haven't reached the final step, we've done almost everything else, I won't take advantage of you for nothing."

After finishing, Hayden withdrew and got off the bed. He placed a document on the bedside table, "The divorce agreement is already written, take a look, if there's no problem, then sign it."

"By the way, before the divorce, I hope you can keep it a secret from my grandma. She is genuinely kind to you, don't try to use her. Serena Sterling, if I find out you dare to scheme against my grandma, I won't let you go!"

Hayden opened the bedroom door and went out directly.

Serena was frozen on the bed, all her enthusiasm for the night doused by a bucket of water. She sat up, reaching for the document on the bedside table.

The words "Divorce Agreement" abruptly invaded her eyes, and she finally accepted reality. He wasn't joking; he really wanted to divorce her.

Serena felt that her entire eyes were burned by those five words, and it hurt so much. She quickly lifted her face, not wanting the hot things in her eyes to fall, but the tears still flowed like beads on a string, quickly drenching her face.