

## Substitute B 243

### Chapter 243: Stay and Be My Bandit Husband

Hayden Crawford thought for a moment about Seth Sullivan; he didn't have a deep impression of Seth. The Sullivan family is the most understated of the four major families in Bayside, and Seth's presence is also very low-key. He only appeared when Serena first returned to Bayside, giving off a mysterious vibe akin to a dragon's head without its tail.

Hayden realized he had seriously overlooked this person, who had been there all along, playing a very important role in the whole event.

Hayden handed the jade bowl in his hand to Serena, "I heard you and Seth Sullivan grew up together, childhood sweethearts?"

"Yeah, my mom really liked Seth. Seth was my mom's closed-door disciple."

"Your mom?" Hayden's deep, narrow gaze flickered with something. He realized he'd never asked about her mom, nor had she ever brought it up.

Serena wanted to say something, but at that moment, Auntie Mccoy walked in, smiling, "Miss Serena, I heard you want to eat noodles today. I just ground some flour, so I'll make you some hand-pulled noodles."

"Auntie Mccoy," Serena quickly wrapped her arm around Auntie Mccoy's, blinking with embarrassment, "Don't go to so much trouble, I've already bought ready-to-eat noodles."

Auntie Mccoy lovingly chided, "Those noodles aren't good. I'll make you hand-pulled ones."

Saying this, Auntie Mccoy poured the freshly ground high-quality flour into a bowl, added milk, eggs, and a bit of water, and began making hand-pulled noodles.

Soon, Auntie Mccoy swiftly chopped the noodles, and a plate of handmade noodles landed neatly in the dish.

Hayden glanced at this Auntie Mccoy. If he wasn't mistaken, Auntie Mccoy wasn't just a star chef; she was likely a high-paid cook from noble families.

"Wow, Auntie Mccoy, it's been so long since I've seen you, your skills have only improved. Every time you cook for me, I hardly need to lift a finger."

Auntie Mccoy finished making the noodles, then quickly and adeptly mixed a bowl of noodle sauce. The sauce was so aromatic that it felt like you could drink several bowls of it alone.

"Miss Serena, I didn't do anything; you still have to cook these noodles yourself."

Serena looked at the task ahead of her, she simply needed to boil water and put the noodles in. Her soul was wrapped up by Auntie Mccoy — is she really cooking the noodles herself?

"Auntie Mccoy..." Serena felt really embarrassed.

Auntie Mccoy quickly put on a pitiful face, "Miss Serena, please don't be so formal with us. You've got such a large garden outside; we eat your food all year round. If you don't let us help with such small tasks, would that mean you think we're too mouthy and don't want to feed us anymore?"

Serena waved her hands, "No, no, that's not what I meant..."

"Great, Miss Serena, I'll be off then."

After finishing her work, Auntie Mccoy swiftly retreated; it's the basic etiquette of a cook.

But as Auntie Mccoy reached Hayden's side, she paused to ask, "Miss Serena, who is this gentleman?"

Serena's clear eyes looked at the man, her gaze lively, and in a sweet voice, she said, "Him? He's my husband~"

Him? He's my husband~

Hayden's narrow eyes softened with tender warmth.

"So, this is the son-in-law. Sir, Miss Serena, I'll take my leave now." Auntie Mccoy turned to leave.

Son-in-law?

Hayden stretched out his strong arm and held Serena's slender, waist that was a perfect handful. He raised an eyebrow, "Son-in-law? Miss Serena, why do I feel like I'm marrying into your family?"

Serena let the ladies call her name directly, as Serena, but she never understood why they added 'Miss' in front of it. The title 'son-in-law' indeed sounds a bit odd.

Serena's skin, flawless as creamy jade, blushed with a rose-red color. She turned around, her slender white fingers boldly hooked onto the man's handsome and firm chin, "Indeed, Mr. Crawford, I own a lot of land here. I'm practically a landlord lady. Mr. Crawford, why don't you stay and be my live-in husband? I'll take care of you~"

The term "kept man" wasn't in Hayden's vocabulary. He lowered his head, his clean and refreshing manly scent encircling her, "Want me to be a kept man? I see, you're after my good looks."

Serena stifled her youthful shyness and provocatively looked at him, "Nonsense, how could I be after your looks? I'm clearly...tempted by your body!"

Hayden's eyes darkened and he directly moved to kiss her rosy lips.

Serena let out a soft squeal, hastily grabbed a red strawberry and stuffed it into his mouth, slipping out of his embrace, and earnestly began to cook noodles, "Mr. Crawford, behave yourself. In my territory, you have to listen to me!"

Hayden chewed the strawberry, the sweet milky taste quickly spreading in his mouth. He reached out to pinch the girl's beautiful little face, "You really want to take care of me? That piece of land isn't enough, understand, Mrs. Crawford?"

"..."

Alright, she was blatantly looked down upon!

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The two of them ate the noodles together; Auntie McCoy's handmade noodles with her unique sauce were delicious no matter how you ate them. Serena stood up, "Mr. Crawford, you wash the dishes."

Hayden cleaned up the dishes and then looked at her, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to do your laundry." Serena ran into the room.

At this moment, Mrs. Webb walked in, holding several new outfits. She respectfully said to Hayden, "Son-in-law, I made some new clothes for you and Miss Serena. See if they fit."

Hayden looked at the high-quality fabric and the exquisite hand-stitched patterns — she must have been a weaver from The Riverlands.

"Just leave them there."

"Yes."

Mrs. Webb placed the clothes down.

Then Serena's exclamation came from inside, "Aunt Weaver, did you wash my clothes again?"

Aunt Weaver was wiping the glass, which was getting sparkly clean wherever she went. She looked at Serena quite aggrieved, "Miss Serena, I didn't wash them, I haven't touched your personal underwear."

"..."

Serena scratched her head; these ladies were always like this, leaving her to boil the noodles, washing the clothes but leaving the underwear to her, always leaving her something to do, all the chores she handled herself!

"Aunt Weaver!"

"Miss Serena, are you angry? Do you think the ladies are too old to clean properly?"

Serena, "..."

The ladies used this trick every time, and once again, she lost.

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Hayden finished washing the dishes and entered the room. Serena had already washed their underwear, the clothing exuding a gentle fragrance from the softener. She stood gracefully on the balcony, hanging up their underwear.

He had black striped boxers; next to them were hers, thin material, pink cartoon design, fluttering in the wind.