

## Substitute B 246

Chapter 246: Sweet Moments (Part 2)

Serena stood in the corridor, craning her little head to look around, but she didn't spot him.

Just then, the blue sky suddenly started pouring with a spring rain, it actually began to rain.

Where did he go?

Serena stomped her foot in frustration.

At that moment, a figure appeared ahead. Serena looked up as Hayden Crawford came running through the rain. He was wearing a handmade black shirt and long pants crafted by the aunts. They didn't have the cold, elite fabric of a business professional; instead, the fabric was soft and hung loosely, giving him a touch of handsome youthful charm.

Serena stood delicately on the steps and watched him as he ran through the rain to her, "Mrs. Crawford, are you looking for me?"

Serena was still angry and didn't want to acknowledge him, but his soft bangs were already dampened by the spring rain, the man with the water droplets was exceptionally young and handsome, making her heart soften, "Where did you go?"

Then Serena noticed that he was hiding one hand behind his back, as if he was hiding something. She was curious, "What's in your hand? Is it for me?"

As she spoke, she opened her soft, white little palm, demanding playfully, "Quick, give it to me. Let me see what it is, and I'll decide whether to forgive you."

Hayden handed the item to her, "Mrs. Crawford, it's for you."

In his hand was a large bouquet of red roses.

The red roses had just bloomed, vibrant and dripping, with dewdrops from the spring rain hanging on the petals, exuding a fragrant aroma.

Serena's eyes lit up. She quickly took the roses and held them in her arms. She lowered her long, feathery lashes and counted them with her fingers, one, two, three... Eleven.

Exactly eleven.

Eleven red roses, representing a lifetime.

Serena quietly curled her lips. She bent down to sniff the fragrance of the red roses. The joy in her heart was about to overflow; it was the first time he had given her roses.

Hayden looked at the girl, "Do you like them?"

Serena nodded, "Mmm, I do like them. For the sake of the roses, I'll forgive you this time."

Hayden's thin lips curved into a soft and lingering smile as he leaned in to kiss her forehead.

But before he could kiss her, an aunt's heart-wrenching scream came from afar, "Ah, my roses! Which scoundrel stole my roses?"

Hayden's kiss paused, and Serena raised her beautiful little face to look at him, "Did you... steal them?"

"Seems... yes."

The aunt beat her chest and stomped her feet, ready to cry, "These are transplanted roses, the best among flowers, very expensive, they just bloomed today. Now they're all gone, all eleven of them were picked, not even one was left for me. This heartless scoundrel!"

Serena glanced at the eleven red roses in her hand then looked up at the man.

On Hayden's handsome face was a rare expression of embarrassment, "What should we do?"

What else could they do, run, if they didn't run, the aunt would catch up!

Serena grabbed his big hand and dragged him to run.

The spring rain had stopped, and the air in the village was particularly fresh and pleasant. Serena pulled him along as they ran all the way to the golden beach before stopping, catching their breath, "Mr. Crawford, thank you for the flowers, it was so thrilling, I played thief with you once."

It was also Hayden's first time doing something so embarrassing, being a thief. Apart from those dark memories, the rest of his life could be written as a textbook, born into a wealthy family and esteemed as a commerce prodigy, he had never been so awkward.

His firm chest heaving with breath, he turned to look at the girl beside him, she hugged the red roses and smiled at him with arched brows, she was as beautiful as the flowers.

Hayden felt this was the most carefree and exhilarating moment of his life. He reached out and plucked a red rose, placing it in her hair by her ear.

Serena obediently cooperated and took a clip to secure the red rose at her snow-white ear, "Mr. Crawford, do I look pretty?"

Hayden looked at her lovely face, wanting to etch this moment forever in his mind, "Mmm, very pretty."

"Then do you like it?"

"Yes, I like it."

Serena laughed silly, then put her little hand to her mouth, shouting towards the blue sea, "Hayden Crawford, I like you!"

Hayden's heart hit fiercely, he looked at the fine and beautiful girl beside him, feeling like he was melting under her burning love.

"Hayden Crawford, I really really like you!"

Serena shouted again.

Hayden reached out to grab her.

Serena squealed and slipped away from his hand like a little water snake, she ran a few steps away, still hugging the roses, her face full of bright laughter, "Hayden Crawford, wait for it, I'm definitely getting you, making you my man, Serena Sterling!"

Hayden's throat bobbed twice, he extended his legs to chase her.

Ah!

Serena was startled and quickly ran. The two of them played all the way along the beach, leaving behind a trail of laughter.

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Soon nightfall approached. Serena came out after a bath, drying her damp long hair with a towel. Hayden had taken a bath first, he took a hairdryer, "Come over, let me dry your hair."

Serena tiptoed over and directly sat on his sturdy lap, handing him her damp long hair, "Thank you, dear President."

Hayden kissed her and helped dry her hair, and when he put down the hairdryer, he carried her horizontally to the soft large bed.

Serena rolled to the inside, her clear black eyes looked at him, sending the meaning of "come here."

Hayden stood by the bed, tucking her in nicely, "Behave, don't tease me, you sleep; I'll sleep next door."

"Mr. Crawford!" Serena pulled him back, "Are you pretending to be pure again? Don't go, sleep with me!"

Serena patted the spot beside her.

Hayden saw her being clingy, knowing he definitely couldn't leave tonight. He lifted the duvet and lay down beside her.

His strong arms wrapped around her delicate body, holding her in his embrace, he closed his eyes.

"Mr. Crawford, can you sleep at night?"

"Probably can."

Hayden hadn't fallen asleep, but he didn't move, fearing to wake the delicate person in his arms. He didn't know how long had passed when the girl's breath became slow and long, Hayden turned to his side, habitually opened the drawer of the bedside cabinet.

Previously, his sleeping pills were always kept in the drawer of the bedside.

But, there was nothing in the drawer.

Hayden paused, and two small hands stretched over, hugging his strong waist. The soft cat-like girl opened her eyes, looking at him with watery eyes, "Mr. Crawford, can't sleep? If you can't sleep, let's have some fun then."