

Substitute B 247

Chapter 247: Sweet Moments (Part 3)

Serena directly pounced on him, her small hands tickling him, her fair and radiant face burying into his neck.

Hayden Crawford supported her slender waist with his large hand, letting her sit upright, making her look at him. His deep, narrow eyes revealed nothing, leaving his thoughts unclear. After a while, he spoke in a hoarse voice, "Serena, stop messing around. My illness isn't improving. Even if I don't say it, you should know. I don't dare to want you, so don't be too good to me. There's no future for you with me."

Serena's bright eyes fell on his handsome face, "Yes, I know, Mr. Crawford, I will save you."

"You can't save me."

Serena shook her head, curling her red lips as she smiled softly at him, "I can save you, but it'll take a few days. For now, just bear with it. I want to be with you."

This was her greatest selfishness. She knew he wasn't well right now, but she couldn't save him immediately because she wanted to be with him.

"Serena..."

Serena quickly interrupted him, "Mr. Crawford, why are you so unenthusiastic towards me now? You weren't like this before. Is it because the freshness between us has faded, and you no longer find me charming enough to tease me?"

Hayden sat up quickly, leaning his firm back against the headboard, holding her in his arms, his thin lips kissing her face, "Mrs. Crawford, I'm totally bewitched by you. Don't you have any self-awareness?"

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Hayden thought he'd be unable to sleep tonight, but after he and Serena played around for a long time, he held her in his arms deep into the night, and without realizing it, sleep overcame him.

Hayden had another dream, and it was an erotic one.

He dreamt that the girl in his arms opened her eyes and climbed onto him again.

The sensation was too real and intense, suddenly waking Hayden from his sleep. He had slept for five or six hours, feeling full of energy. It was now morning, the golden sunlight filtering through the curtains, filling the room with warmth and charm.

The girl on top of him boldly intruded his vision. It wasn't a dream; Serena had indeed woken up and was on him.

Her pure black hair fell like silk around her, with one side tucked behind her ear, revealing her snowy white ear lobe. She was wearing a spaghetti strap nightgown, seemingly in a nude pink color, accentuating her skin like snow.

Hayden's consciousness all returned to his brain, his pupils suddenly contracting. He raised his hand to cover his reddened eyes; who would have thought that Bayside's influential figure would wake up in his wife's... embrace?

"Serena." He rolled his throat, feeling as if fire coals were passing through it, rendering his voice completely hoarse.

Serena's clear eyes were misty, her beautiful face adorned with a few tear drops. Seeing him awake, she immediately complained, "Mr. Crawford, I'm in pain..."

Hayden reached out, pulling her close with one swift motion, his voice hoarse and ruthless, "Do you even know what you're doing?"

"Of course, I slept with you!"

Hayden closed his eyes, his self-restraint instantly faltering, biting his handsome cheek, staring at her with a dark and fiery gaze, "You asked for this!"

He flipped her over, pinning her down...

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The two fell into another round of sleep, waking up only in the afternoon. Hayden felt a tickling sensation at the tip of his nose; without opening his eyes, he grabbed the small hand, pressing his firm jaw against her soft face, "Awake? Let's sleep a bit more."

The stubble on his jaw grazed her painfully, making Serena laugh while trying to evade him, "Mr. Crawford, it's time to wake up, it's afternoon already, the sun is about to set."

Hayden then opened his eyes; it was indeed afternoon. In his twenty-odd years of life, he had never slept late into the afternoon or even slept in.

Serena lay compliantly in his arms, "Mr. Crawford, are you... too exhausted?"

Hayden tightened his strong arm, almost wanting to break her slender waist with his grasp, "Mrs. Crawford, have I not fed you enough? Should I prove my stamina to you?"

Serena quickly raised her hands in surrender, "Mr. Crawford, I apologize. Spare me, my body feels like it's falling apart, I need some rest."

She had experienced his stamina, even though she instigated it, his physical prowess was almost freakish.

Hayden saw her palm-sized beautiful face all scrunched up, dark circles under her eyes, looking pitifully as she pleaded for mercy. He curved his lips, "Now you know how to ask for mercy? Weren't you quite bold before?"

Serena playfully blinked her long lashes, proudly raising her delicate chin, "Mr. Crawford, remember, your purity was taken by me!"

Hayden's handsome brow furrowed slightly, "Mrs. Crawford, why do you always steal my lines? That should be my line."

"I don't care, Mr. Crawford, they say a man always remembers his first woman, you must remember me forever. You aren't allowed to forget me."

Hayden pinched her cheek lightly, "Your words sound strange, Mrs. Crawford, are you hiding something from me?"

He seemed to have sensed something, half squinting his narrow eyes as he scrutinized her.

Serena felt a bit sad, lowering her long lashes, "In a few days we'll be apart. Life is so long, there will be other girls who will enter your life gradually, replacing my spot, making you admire and like them. Just the thought of handing over Mr. Crawford, whom I've nurtured so well, to someone else makes me unhappy."

He still had a fiancée in the City of Aethelgard. When he returned, he not only could inherit wealth but also have a beautiful companion. In such a leisurely life, he would likely forget her quickly, right?

Hayden lowered his beautiful eyes; he realized she was talking about parting. This honeymoon trip was only five days long, and two days had already passed. Her tender affection often threw him into the clouds, making him forget everything else outside.

"Serena, there's no one else but you."

There will be others!

Serena didn't voice the words. His sweet talk was quite comforting to her, turning her lovely, beautiful face from gloomy to cheerful, "Mr. Crawford, let's get up. We can sleep again later tonight."

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The two got up to wash, and when Hayden changed and came out, he saw Serena cleaning up the messy sheets, marked by a bloodstain like a blooming plum blossom.

Serena's face was thin-skinned, so naturally, these sheets couldn't be left for others to wash, she had to wash them herself.

Hayden walked over, hugging her from behind, placing his large hand on her flat stomach, "Serena, should you... take some contraceptive pills?"