

Substitute B 27

Chapter 27: I Dare You to Bite Me

Startled by his shout, Serena shrank into the corner, her wide, dark eyes shimmering as she looked at him.

Hayden Crawford took a deep breath, struggling to control the rise and fall of his muscular chest. "Don't look at me with those eyes, like you know you did something wrong but it's my fault for being harsh. I won't pity you."

Serena's slender white hands clung to the wall. "I'm sorry, Mr. Crawford. I admit I purposely didn't answer your calls and didn't reply to your messages. Please, from now on... don't be nice to me. I'm afraid I can't repay you. I don't want to owe you."

Hayden's lips curled coldly. "Do you really draw such a clear line between us?"

Serena nodded. "I'm me, and you're you. In the future, you take your sunny road, and I'll walk my single-log bridge."

Hayden had never felt like this before. His much-prized self-discipline crumbled time and again in front of her.

A mistaken click sent him a provocative picture that blurred day and night, making him rush back, only to be met with her sudden coldness and distance, which made his chest feel stifled, irritated, nearly losing control.

Since when had she started affecting his mind?

Hayden let out a low, hoarse laugh from his throat, mockingly insulting her, "You little turtle hiding in its shell."

Serena clutched the wall tighter. Yes, she was a little turtle hiding in its shell, afraid to give her true heart to him.

Hayden switched his tone, raising his striking brows. "Alright, since you've made such a clear distinction, I saved you today. Shouldn't you show your thanks?"

Serena blinked her long eyelashes. "Didn't I already thank you?"

"Are you pretending to be confused again? Do you really not know how a woman shows her gratitude to a man? You have nothing of value, the only thing I could acknowledge is..."

Serena quickly reached out to cover his mouth, forbidding him to speak nonsense.

Their eyes met, and they saw their own reflections in each other's eyes.

They were filled with each other.

Hayden kissed her soft palm.

Serena felt as if her kissed palm was on fire, and she quickly withdrew her small hand.

At this moment, her vision went dark as Hayden lowered his head and kissed her.

A sky-covering kiss, slipping from her veil to beneath it.

Serena felt a bit dizzy, with the clean, crisp masculine scent on him particularly intoxicating, making one unable to help but immerse themselves.

She had always worn a veil, but having tasted sweetness last time, he just kissed so roguishly, slipping inside to kiss.

Serena quickly pushed against his strong chest trying to push him away, but he remained immovable as a wall.

Her slender white fingers curled, gripping at the black suit he wore, the high-quality fabric exuding the alluring charm of a successful businessman.

Soon, she had crumpled the fabric into creases.

Hayden released her, pressing his handsome face into her pure, long hair, deeply inhaling the fragrance emanating from her hair.

Serena's legs grew weak, her milk-white skin tinged with a cherry blossom pink.

Hayden closed his striking eyes, hiding the crimson at the corner of his eyes. "That Seth Sullivan, was he your former fiancé?"

The room was dimly lit, and he cornered her against the wall. Serena tried to cling to the wall to avoid leaning on him, "Mm."

"You need to recognize your identity. No matter what, you're now my Mrs. Crawford. Keep a safe distance from all men. If you dare flirt with anyone, I'll deal with him first and then you, understood?" Hayden's words carried a threatening undertone.

Serena nodded. "That's natural."

Hayden's gaze fell on her small face, then he raised his hand, intending to remove the veil from her face.

Serena turned her head, avoiding him.

Hayden's fingers paused momentarily, but he didn't force her. "Did Seth Sullivan see your face?"

"No." Serena shook her head. She had never been without this veil since she was a child.

Only then was Hayden reluctantly satisfied. She had a pair of captivating eyes, made even more ethereal and mysterious by the veil, making people want to tear it off her.

He lowered his head to kiss her again.

Serena didn't expect him to want to continue. She had originally wanted to draw a line with him, but now they were kissing, completely beyond her control.

"Mr. Crawford, I've already thanked you. If you keep taking advantage of me, I'll bite you."

Hayden's eyes flickered with two mischievous, fiery sparks, giving him an air of roguish charm and sexiness. "Mrs. Crawford, don't blame me for not warning you — dare to bite me, just try it."

He kissed her again.

At that moment, the door to the ward suddenly swung open, and Seth Hawthorne stood at the door, "Second brother, did you and sister-in-law have a fight... damn!"

Almost instantly, Hayden pulled Serena into his arms, shielding her from everyone's view. Annoyed at the interruption, he shot a glance at the doorway at Seth Hawthorne.

Seth Hawthorne covered his eyes. "I didn't see anything. I won't tell anyone that my second brother was actually kissing. Carry on!"

Fearing a beating, Seth Hawthorne dashed off.

With a flushed face, Serena quickly pushed Hayden away, breaking the romantic ambiance of the room.

Hayden frowned, tucking one hand in his pocket. "Eat something and rest early."

He went out.

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Hayden stood at the smoking area at the stairwell, lighting a cigarette. The man, handsome and tall, his long legs wrapped in suit pants comparable to those of international runway models, was captivating even from just a side profile.

The window was open, a cold wind brushing against his face. Hayden smoked several cigarettes in a row before calming the heat in his heart.

He turned back inside.

Serena had already fallen asleep. The VIP ward had a companion bed, and her slender body curled in the covers formed a small bundle.

Perhaps she was exhausted today, as she had already drifted off.

Hayden saw a note pinned on the table, written in her neat handwriting: Little millet porridge is already hot, covering it inside. Mr. Crawford, would you like some?

This little turtle hiding in its shell still had some conscience, remembering his stomach.

Hayden's frown eased, and he curved his lips into a smile.

After a simple wash-up, Hayden didn't go back but instead lay down beside Serena.

The companion bed wasn't large, and with a man standing at six feet one inch tall, it was a bit cramped. In her sleep, Serena was well-behaved, wrapping herself in the covers and occupying just a small space.

Hayden lay down, stretching his strong arm to hug her into his embrace.

During the business trip, he had thought about holding her to sleep.

Serena, in her sleep, twisted her delicate brows, perhaps sensing the man beside her was Hayden. She quickly reached out her small hand to hug the man's strong waist, her small face nestled against his broad chest, rubbing like a little kitten.

Her dependence on him was evident.

Hayden held her tighter, lightly kissing her forehead, then closed his eyes.