

Substitute B 277

Chapter 277: Serena Sterling Appears in His Bed

Serena Sterling and Beryl went to the bedroom next door, which was really spacious, just like the master bedroom, understated yet luxurious.

Moreover, the bedroom's design was mostly in cool tones, with black, gray, and blue predominating. These calm and restrained hues were very much Hayden Crawford's style.

"Beryl, did we go into the wrong room? I think this room looks like it's Mr. Crawford's." Serena questioned suspiciously.

Beryl paused for a moment, then quickly chuckled, "Miss Sterling, we didn't walk into the wrong room, this is the guest room. This Westerley Estate is the young master's private property, so the design of each room is similar; it's the kind of taste the young master likes."

"Oh." Serena dismissed her doubts and nodded in understanding.

Beryl secretly breathed a sigh of relief; she felt that after following the old lady, she had become quite adept at lying.

"By the way, Beryl, you shouldn't call me Miss Sterling anymore, just in case. Call me Serena instead."

"Sure, Serena, rest well, call me if you need anything."

"Alright, Beryl, you go rest too."

Beryl left, and Serena went into the bathroom to take a hot shower; she wanted to sleep early, wake up early, and prepare a nutritious breakfast for Grandma the next morning.

After bathing, Serena discovered a problem: she had no pajamas.

How embarrassing.

Serena was about to wrap herself with a bath towel, but at that moment, she saw a man's white shirt hanging on the hanger.

Judging by the shirt's size, it must be Hayden Crawford's.

He's the man of the house here, so these items naturally belonged to him.

She'd borrow it for one night; he wouldn't find out, right?

He definitely wouldn't know. This is her room, and by tomorrow morning, she'll take it off and quietly ask Beryl to handle it.

Serena reached out her slender white hand to grab his white shirt, then put it on herself, blew dry her damp hair, and climbed into bed.

For some reason, she felt that the silk quilt she covered herself with was full of his aura, the clean and fresh masculine scent on him, particularly pleasant.

In the bar, she had even stumbled into his arms before.

Serena buried her small face in the silk quilt, letting his aura envelop her, her eyes turned a dark, shiny amber, then she closed them to sleep.

Soon, she was in dreamland.

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Hayden Crawford dropped Anabelle Rathborne off, and as she unbuckled her seatbelt on the Rathborne family's villa lawn, she looked at the man beside her, "Brother Hayden, do you want to come in? My dad is still abroad, not back yet, and Grandma has gone to the mountain temple to pray. No one's home."

Hayden's handsome features were highlighted by the streetlight, charming in a low-key yet regal way. He turned his head, and his deep, narrow eyes glanced at Anabelle.

Anabelle's heart pounded wildly; under his mature gaze, her pretty little face turned red, and she stammered, "I... I didn't mean that..."

With no one home, inviting him in could easily imply something inappropriate.

"I'm not going in. You should head home." Hayden's deep voice opened up.

Anabelle's blushing face froze for a moment. He rejected her without hesitation, dismissing any potential romantic advancement.

Anabelle looked at him; he had already lowered his handsome eyes, pulling a cigarette from the pack and placing it between his thin lips. His right hand, adorned with an expensive watch, gripped the steering wheel, while his left hand used a lighter to ignite the cigarette, the scarlet flame flickering as he took a puff, his furrowed brows tense.

At this moment, he seemed somewhat somber and indifferent, his attitude relaxed, embodying the chilling, free-spirited demeanor of a business mogul to perfection.

Anabelle couldn't resist such a man; at this moment, Hayden especially tugged at her heartstrings.

But clearly, his focus wasn't on her but rather Grandma's health.

His affection for Grandma was deeper than the average bond between grandchild and grandparent. Initially, she also intended to win his favor through Grandma.

Alas, she failed.

"Brother Hayden, don't worry about Grandma Crawford. I'll think of a way, and I'll do my best to help her recover." Anabelle promised.

Hayden blew out a mouthful of smoke, humming softly, "Okay."

Then he said nothing more.

Anabelle felt a bit awkward; she could only say, "Brother Hayden, I'll head home then, bye-bye."

Anabelle got out of the car and left.

Hayden didn't leave immediately but quietly smoked, finishing a cigarette. His mood wasn't good, with Grandma's health weighing on him like a heavy stone.

He was scared, genuinely afraid, afraid that the Grandma who had accompanied him for so many years would leave him behind.

Yet, there was nothing he could do.

The doctors said it was a heartache. He tried many methods, but Grandma still couldn't eat; he dared not pressure Grandma and could only release his stress late at night.

As the cigarette burned out, Hayden pressed the accelerator and drove away.

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Hayden returned to the Westerley Estate, where he first checked on Grandma, who was already asleep.

With Grandma's light sleeping pattern, Hayden didn't dare disturb her. After tucking her in, he closed the bedroom door and returned to his own room.

He walked into the bathroom and took a cold shower before heading to bed.

But then his hand suddenly felt a soft warmth under the silk quilt; what a delicate skin texture, as smooth as silk.

Hayden's pupils constricted, he quickly sat up and pulled back the covers.

He saw Serena.

It was her!

Hayden looked at the girl who had suddenly appeared in his bed; she was already asleep, curled up peacefully, wearing his white shirt. The large shirt rose and fell with her graceful curves, and especially the slender waist dipped in like a vase's thin neck, tempting him to pinch.

The shirt hem could have covered down to her knees, but now it was riding up, resting at the tops of her thighs, the skin beneath her legs pale and slender, lying close together in a neat sleeping posture.

Hayden's throat felt dry, like hot coals; the girl's entire skin was milk-white, and the slick feeling from earlier still lingered under his grasp, making the corners of his eyes flash crimson.

Recently, his mood had been gloomy due to Grandma's health. As a mature man, there were many ways to relieve stress.

Women were one form of distraction and relief.

Outside the Rathborne family's home, Anabelle invited him inside, but he felt no interest, yet at this moment, seeing the girl in his bed, his eyes blazed with a sudden desire.

Hayden fixed his gaze on her small face, her veil now removed, and the delicate, stunning visage fully within his view.

Hayden had seen many beauties, but now he was slightly stunned; she wasn't just beautiful, she was excessively beautiful, with her little fan-like lashes peacefully lowered, casting a layer of lovely shadows over her eyes.

Her little nose was like jade, and beneath it were her rosy lips...