

Substitute B 278

Chapter 278: Let Go of Me, What Are You Doing?

Serena Sterling's lips have such a beautiful shape, a rosy hue that seems to captivate any man's gaze.

Moreover, her mouth is so small, like a cherry, reminding Hayden Crawford of someone who once mentioned that this type of mouth is the kind men dream of kissing.

Her unveiled face revealed such an ethereal and captivating beauty.

Hayden recalled his fantasy from that night, where he had pressed her into a corner and kissed her wantonly...

How did she end up in his bed?

To seduce him?

Hayden's Adam's apple moved up and down; women who wanted to climb into his bed were countless, but he had never met one as bold as her.

Hayden reached out, his rough fingertips caressing her fair and tender face.

There wasn't a hint of makeup on her face, pure and clean, and she exuded a natural, youthful scent mixed with a hint of his regular shower gel — everything about her seemed to be to his liking.

Hayden applied pressure with his fingers, and the patch of skin where he pressed quickly lost its rosy color, turning pale.

He pressed a few more times back and forth, a sudden urge to ravage and destroy welled up inside him.

A dark and mocking curve touched his lips, and Hayden lowered his head to kiss her red lips directly.

Serena was sleeping sweetly, but suddenly she had a nightmare, feeling as if a heavy stone was pressing on her heart, stealing her breath, leaving her unable to breathe.

It was so uncomfortable.

Her long lashes trembled uneasily, and Serena quickly opened her eyes. The next second, Hayden's exquisite and handsome face filled and contracted within her pupils.

Now, he was pressing down on her, kissing her forcefully.

Serena's little head "boom" exploded; she had no time to think about how he was in her room or what he was doing.

Two small hands pushed against his strong chest, and Serena forcefully shoved him away, "Let go of me, what are you doing?"

"Awake?" Hayden didn't move, his large hand supporting her side, looking down at her from above, trapping her slender body in his arms, "I thought you would just keep pretending to sleep."

"Pretending to sleep?" Serena was directly taken aback.

Hayden's low voice was slightly hoarse, exceptionally magnetic and pleasing, "Otherwise? You entered my room, wore my clothes, lay down on my bed; did you just plan on sleeping here?"

Wait... wait a minute!

This is his room?

Serena quickly realized; it must be Grandma, this time... and Beryl!

They tricked her into coming here.

"Mr. Crawford, I think there's some misunderstanding between us. First, let me go, and I'll explain."

"Oh," Hayden looked at her swollen lips, "Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Today I... I'm here for an interview. Didn't you need someone specializing in nutrition? I'm here to take care of the old lady."

Hayden was wearing a dark blue silk pajama, the belt loosely tied around his robust waist, adding a touch of mature male allure, "I underestimated you. First time, you stood at the gates of T University, intentionally staring at my car to catch my attention. Second time, at the bar, you set your sights on my cat, deliberately holding it, crashing into my arms. This time, you even dared to use my grandma as a guise, applying for the cook position and climbing straight into my bed."

"When did you start keeping tabs on me, investigating everyone around me so thoroughly, step by step, really skilled in scheming."

His sharp, cold mocking words hit Serena hard, making her face pale — he really thought that way?

He was a naturally vigilant person, never short of temptation around him. All her coincidences and accidents must've appeared deliberate in his eyes.

He assumed she was intentionally seducing him and no different from those women outside — even more cunning, more adept at manipulation?

Indeed, he didn't love anymore.

Serena felt a prickling pain in her heart, as if stabbed by needles, "I did not, this is my final explanation. Regardless if you believe it or not, let go of me now, and I'll leave your room immediately."

Serena attempted to get up.

But Hayden's long fingers clasped her delicate wrist easily, rendering her immobile, "Want to play another game? You painstakingly sought to seduce me, and now that you're in my bed, you wish to leave? Trying the 'playing hard to get' tactic?"

Serena's clear eyes glared at him, strands of her hair entwined with her snowy neck, highlighting a vibrant allure, "You say I want to seduce you, then so be it, but right now I don't want to seduce you, can I?"

Hayden quickly furrowed his valiant brows, "What are you saying, playing me, hmm?"

"To seduce or not to seduce you, that's my decision, depending on my mood. Right now, I don't want to seduce you, why so angry about it?"

Saying so, Serena then felt the change in his body, through the thin fabric — his temperature scorching, muscles taut as stones.

She was no longer a young girl. They had spent a deeply passionate time in the countryside, so Serena certainly knew what he wanted now.

"Mr. Crawford, it seems you quite like the proactive women climbing into your bed. Are you always this enthusiastic towards any woman who does so? Then why not let me go, how do I know you maintain personal hygiene?"

Three months apart, she became just another woman who climbed into his bed, yet his body reacted so strongly, giving her justifiable doubt over what might have occurred during those three months.

Hayden's eyes darkened, his thin lips forming a line of cold displeasure — she even doubted his personal hygiene, indirectly calling him dirty.

She was talking nonsense; he had been undergoing treatment these three months. Before meeting her, he was practically impotent.

He didn't know why, despite knowing her ill intent to seduce him, he still fell for it so willingly.

"Or is it that although many women want to climb into your bed, you... only feel something for me?" Serena's eyes shone brightly as she looked at him.

Hayden suddenly released her wrist, "Don't think too highly of yourself. Finding a fragrant woman under the sheets, which man wouldn't react? Get out of my bed and then get out!"

Serena's hopeful eyes were extinguished; when they first met in Bayside, he liked her. But now, he only felt loathing for her.

"I won't crawl! I'm leaving now!"

Serena climbed down from the bed, opened the room door, and ran out.

She left.

Hayden lay back, forcing himself to sleep, but the pillow and blanket were filled with her sweet, youthful scent.

Hayden raised a hand, covering his bloodshot eyes, then got up to take a cold shower in the bathroom.