

Substitute B 28

Chapter 28: A Kitten for Her

The next morning.

Serena Sterling opened her sleepy eyes. She had a good night's sleep last night, and she couldn't help but snuggle deeper into the warm quilt, rubbing her small face against the side.

But, there was no one beside her anymore.

Hayden Crawford had gotten up.

Serena's long lashes trembled. She didn't wake up last night, but she vaguely sensed that someone was sleeping next to her.

Who else could it be other than Hayden Crawford?

Was it just her imagination?

Serena buried her face into the pillow, quickly inhaling the clean, refreshing masculine scent lingering from him, even the quilt was tainted with his residual body warmth.

Last night, he really slept with her, the two of them embraced each other as they slept.

Serena gently closed her eyes. Clearly, they had promised to draw a clear line between each other, but here they were kissing and sleeping together. What on earth was going on?

Serena got up. Aunt Jacqueline was still in a coma. She gave Aunt Jacqueline an acupuncture session, then went to the attending physician to discuss the condition, and then returned to Orchid Court.

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Orchid Court.

Mrs. Crawford held Serena's little hand, "Serena, is Aunt Jacqueline better? I see you've been running to the hospital tirelessly, and now you almost have dark circles under your eyes. How about bringing Aunt Jacqueline to Orchid Court and hiring professional healthcare workers to take care of her? It would be killing two birds with one stone."

Serena felt really warm and touched in her heart. The old lady was extremely kind and affectionate to her, but she didn't want to cause any more trouble, so she gently declined, "Grandma, the doctor said Aunt Jacqueline needs to be observed in the hospital for a few days before determining her condition. She can't be transferred right now. Thank you, Grandma."

Mrs. Crawford patted Serena's small head, reprimanding gently, "Serena, why are you being so polite with Grandma? We are family."

"I know, Grandma." Serena replied with a sweet smile.

Meow~

Meow~

Just then, a few meows echoed in her ear. Serena felt something rubbing against her feet. When she looked down, there was a fluffy little kitten.

The little kitten was pure white all over, obviously a high-class breed, just newly born, with bright jet-black eyes, so adorable that it melted one's heart at first glance.

Serena's bright eyes sparkled instantly. She immediately bent down to pick up the little kitten, exclaiming in surprise, "Grandma, where did this cat come from?"

"Serena, do you like this cat? It's a gift from Hayden who brought it back from his business trip," the old lady smiled.

A gift from Hayden Crawford?

He even brought her a gift on his business trip?

Serena stroked the soft fur of the little kitten, a smile curving her lips.

At this moment, Mrs. Crawford held a delicate doll in her arms, boasting, "Serena, this is a gift from Hayden for me. What do you think, isn't it lovely?"

Mrs. Crawford particularly loved dolls. Her room was filled with various dolls on the bed, making it amusingly ironic for an old lady to love little girls' dolls.

Mrs. Crawford confidently proclaimed, "Don't find it strange that I love dolls, Serena. You're a little girl, and Grandma's an old girl. We're all women, isn't every woman a princess?"

Serena really laughed. She had forgotten much about her childhood, as memories of a nine-year-old girl are quite limited. Her impression was that her mommy was very gentle and loved her very much, with a fragrant scent. However, her mommy was reserved and seldom seen, with very few people knowing her.

In her memories, her father loved her mommy very much, always smiling and with sparkling eyes when talking to her, treating each other with great respect.

But she always felt something was missing in that household; everything seemed superficial.

Now that Serena had married into Orchid Court, she saw what she lacked in Hayden Crawford and Mrs. Crawford, which was the genuine warmth of a home.

"Grandma, the doll in your hands is very beautiful," Serena praised sweetly.

Mrs. Crawford was particularly delighted, "Serena, hurry up and wash up. The cat food has already been prepared for you."

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Serena went upstairs and into her room. Mrs. Crawford looked at Butler Felix, "You said the young master and young mistress quarreled last night?"

Butler Felix cautiously replied, "I'm afraid so."

Mrs. Crawford slapped the sofa, frustrated, "I knew it! My grandson is good at everything but can't handle relationships."

"Madam..."

Mrs. Crawford's eyes twinkled, "The young master will be back later. Tell Beryl to make some soup for him. The young master's been working so hard, let's add some tonic to help him nourish himself. You understand my meaning, right?"

Butler Felix wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Adding things into the young master's soup, this old lady really had no restraints when it came to setting up her own grandson.

"Madam, if the young master finds out, the consequences..."

Mrs. Crawford glared fiercely at Butler Felix, "Spineless! With me here, what are you afraid of? I'll take responsibility for whatever consequences there are."

Butler Felix could only nod reluctantly, "Yes."

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Serena returned to her room to take a bath, but she didn't have any pajamas, so she went to the closet to find some.

There were many silk nightdresses in the wardrobe, but Serena didn't choose one. If she wore these out, that cunning Hayden would definitely accuse her of trying to seduce him.

Serena flipped further back and suddenly found a pink fluffy pajama, a one-piece, in a cute style.

This is it.

Serena took a shower and put on the one-piece pajama. She realized how adorably cute the pajama was, with cat ears and a little pink tail behind.

Meow meow meow~

The little kitten in the room meowed, it was hungry.

Serena quickly ran out, poured out the cat food, and fed it to the little kitten.

"Ronda, eat slowly. From now on, your name will be Ronda, okay?"

Meow meow meow~

Ronda was so satisfied with the cat food and looked at her owner adorably pleased, as if saying, "As long as you're happy, I'm happy~"

Hayden Crawford returned. Entering the room, he immediately saw the pink figure by the floor-to-ceiling window. Serena had just taken a shower, her pure, long black hair was still damp and hung on her shoulders. Her skin was pure and delicate, untouched by any makeup, clean and bright.

She was talking to Ronda in a soft voice.

For the first time, a 27-year-old man's room suddenly had such a strong sensation of having a girl in it. Hayden tugged off his tie and threw it onto the sofa.

Serena turned around and saw him, "Mr. Crawford, you're back?"

Hayden came to her side, glancing at her pink pajama, "What are you wearing?"

Serena looked down at herself; there was nothing wrong, nothing exposed, "Pajamas."

Hayden rolled up his sleeves, revealing his strong forearms and an exquisite watch on his wrist. He reached out and tugged at the little tail behind her, raising an eyebrow, "Mrs. Crawford, I was asking about this."