

## Substitute B 280

### Chapter 280: She Called Him Mr. Crawford in Her Dream

Hayden Crawford originally intended to give her a small warning, to keep her in line here. How could he have known that she would talk back to him?

Her little mouth is really... sharp-tongued.

Hayden's gaze quickly swept over her rosy lips, then he furrowed his strong brows and said in a deep voice, "Are you looking for trouble?"

"Others might fear you, but I don't!" Serena Sterling provocatively glared at him with her delicate brows arched. "If you dare to bully me again, I'll go tell your grandma and have her teach you a lesson!"

"You!"

"What about you? Do you dare to bully me? Go ahead." Serena's slender body leaned in close to him, standing on tiptoe as her rosy-cheeked face inched towards him, exuding an aura of boldness.

Hayden's tall figure stiffened immediately. The two were so close, her breath almost caressed him, and his mind was filled with memories of kissing her while she slept last night.

Hayden's throat bobbed, his voice already hoarse, "Stay away from me!"

After speaking, he turned and walked away.

Serena watched his strong back, feeling like he wanted to get as far away from her as possible. To him, she seemed like a fearsome beast; did he really dislike her that much?

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The old lady started eating; she had half a bowl of millet porridge in the morning. Serena didn't let her eat too much, maintaining a gradual increase in her intake with acupuncture. This made caring for the old lady's health twice as effective with half the effort.

After settling the old lady, Serena picked up her bag. "Grandma, Beryl, I'm off now. I'll come back early tonight."

"Okay, okay. Hayden, aren't you going to the office too? Why don't you give Serena a ride?" the old lady suggested.

With Grandma eating again, everything seemed better. Hayden's morning gloom vanished, and he was in a good mood. He could give her a lift...

However, Serena turned it down. "No need, Grandma. If Mr. Crawford gives me a ride to school, it'll attract too much attention. If any rumors spread, I wouldn't be able to explain it with ten mouths. I'll go by myself, bye-bye."

Serena left the villa and went on her way.

Hayden's handsome face darkened. He wanted her to behave, not think about enticing him again. Yet, seeing her refuse his offer to take her to school, worrying about rumors spreading, actively distancing herself, he felt uneasy, a heaviness in his chest.

"Grandma, I'll be off too." Hayden grabbed his car keys and headed out the door.

A Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car sped out and reached the bustling street. From the driver's seat, Hayden, through the gleaming car window, instinctively searched for that slender figure.

Soon, he found her. Serena was just ahead.

But she wasn't alone. A flashy red sports car parked beside her, and James Sawyer handed her a large bouquet of roses.

Hayden suddenly squinted his narrow eyes, pressing down on the accelerator. The Rolls-Royce Phantom sped past the two of them.

Serena was headed to school when James suddenly appeared out of nowhere, inexplicably handing her a large bouquet of red roses.

"Young Master Sawyer, I've made it clear, our engagement is off. I don't like you, so please don't waste your time on me," Serena refused.

James gazed infatuatedly at Serena's exquisite face, undeterred. "Serena, I've told you before, from now on, I will pursue you. I believe that one day you will see my sincerity and you will..."

Before James could finish his sentence, Hayden's Rolls-Royce Phantom suddenly sped by, leaving a trail of dust in his face.

Cough.

Cough, cough.

James was choked, bending over, coughing fiercely, utterly embarrassed. "Who, who drives so arrogantly? I... cough, cough."

Serena watched the back of the Rolls-Royce Phantom, immediately recognizing it was Hayden's car.

Why did he drive so quickly, leaving only a view of his flashy car's rear end?

Still, seeing James at a loss, Serena found it quite amusing.

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Tomorrow is the basketball game. Today, Serena and Tiana Ford had their last day of dance practice. Leah Thorne let them go home early to rest, so they could be full of energy for tomorrow's competition.

Serena returned to Westerley Estate early. Soon it was evening, yet Hayden hadn't come back.

As night descended, the car headlights illuminated two beams onto the lawn outside. The driver's door opened, and Hayden was back.

Beryl quickly opened the villa door. "Young Master, you're back?"

Hayden lifted a hand to remove his black overcoat and handed it to Beryl, asking softly, "Where's Grandma?"

"The old lady has fallen asleep."

Hayden went upstairs and opened the bedroom door. The room was dimly lit by a warm lamp. The old lady was asleep, and beside her lay a slender figure—Serena.

Hayden hadn't expected her to be there. The girl had fallen asleep, exhausted from dance practice, sleeping sweetly. Her slender arms were folded beneath her head, her sleeping posture both well-behaved and soft. Her exquisite face was pure and gentle, with a few strands of hair draped over her face and neck, giving a sense of endearing softness.

"Young Master, Serena gave the old lady two acupuncture sessions tonight. She was worried, so she stayed here to watch over her. She fell asleep while doing so. Don't wake Serena, she seems quite tired lately. Young Master, could you help carry Serena to her room?" Beryl whispered.

Hayden looked at the girl's sweet sleeping face, then bent down, extending two strong arms to lift her horizontally.

She was very light, virtually weightless in his arms.

Her body was so soft, as if she had no bones. Hayden recalled the phrase "soft as if boneless."

He opened the guest room door and gently placed the girl on the bed.

The moment she touched the bed, she quickly buried her face in the pillow, curling up like a small kitten, finding a comfortable position to continue sleeping.

Hayden thought she really resembled his little cat, Ronda.

Why had he bought Ronda back then?

At that moment, he heard a soft mutter from the girl, "Mr. Crawford..."

She called him in her sleep.

Called him Mr. Crawford.

Hayden's tall frame stiffened; for some reason, that "Mr. Crawford" felt familiar, hitting his heart so it skipped a beat.

Hayden reached out, letting his thumb gently glide over her soft cheek, a slight smile forming on his thin lips, filled with a touch of pleasure. "Why are you calling me? Dreaming of me, aren't you? Didn't you say you didn't want to tempt me anymore?"

His gaze fell on her rosy lips, as his thumb moved teasingly toward them...