

## Substitute B 286

Chapter 286: Behave Yourself, Okay?

The company executives stood respectfully on the side, watching Mr. Crawford leave. Suddenly, Serena dashed out and ran towards the luxury car. They quickly stopped her, "Miss, please wait!"

Girls these days are really outrageous, openly throwing themselves at the company's president.

But they couldn't stop her; Serena had already run over.

Serena ran to the car, her bright eyes falling on the car window of the luxury vehicle. The window hadn't rolled down, and the expensive black tint prevented her from seeing inside. She reached out and tapped on the window, "Mr. Crawford, could you spare a few minutes? There's something I want to talk to you about."

Behind the wheel, Corvus glanced at his young master through the rearview mirror; the young master's gaze had already turned when the girl appeared.

The slightly excited Corvus really wanted to summon Silas for some gossip. Silas, quick, look, there's a story here.

Hayden Crawford thinned his lips as he looked at the girl who suddenly appeared to block his car.

Why is she blocking his car?

Isn't she supposed to be with that basketball team captain, Conner Wright?

"Miss, please leave immediately. Our president is not someone you can see whenever you want. Please make an appointment first and wait for notification," one of the executives said, reaching out to grab Serena's slender arm.

But just as his hand extended, the executive felt a sharp, hawk-like gaze staring at his hand, as if trying to burn a hole through it.

The executive's hand froze, and then the rear window slowly slid down, bringing Hayden Crawford's exquisite and handsome face into view.

Hayden Crawford's deep, narrow eyes glanced at the executive's frozen hand, then said in a low and magnetic voice, "Get out."

The executive broke into a sweat and quickly withdrew.

Only then did Hayden Crawford's gaze fall on Serena's exquisite face, cool and aristocratic, "Aren't you watching the basketball game inside? Why are you looking for me?"

"Mr. Crawford, I need your help with something," Serena said.

Seeking his help?

Hayden Crawford elegantly crossed his long legs, a curve forming on his thin lips, seeming to be in a good mood, "Tell me."

"During halftime, our A University's captain, Conner Wright, was beaten. I need to access the surveillance footage to find out who was behind it. Mr. Crawford, could you give me that footage?"

Hayden Crawford's good mood vanished instantly, his deep eyes squinting coldly and severely, "You came to me for this, for that guy Conner Wright?"

"Mr. Crawford, Captain Conner Wright was really attacked, his right arm is fractured, and he can't participate in the second half of the basketball game. I need..."

Hayden Crawford didn't want to hear her speak. He thought she stopped his car to ask for help for something meaningful, but it turns out it was for that guy!

"Drive!" he ordered, the words spilling from his thin lips.

Corvus was watching the drama but suddenly received the command; he had no choice but to press the gas pedal and start the car.

Why did he leave?

"Mr. Crawford! Hayden!"

Serena chased the luxury car for a few steps, but she twisted her foot and fell to the ground.

This was the second time she'd chased his car and fell; Serena's feathers trembled slightly, her pale eyes turning red.

At this moment, the piercing sound of brakes suddenly rang in her ears, and Serena looked up only to see the Rolls-Royce luxury vehicle had already stopped in front.

She thought he had left.

But he stopped!

Serena's bright eyes quickly overflowed with joyful smiles; she struggled to her feet and walked towards his luxury car.

Hayden Crawford saw the girl fall while chasing his car through the rearview mirror, his heart tightened, and he quickly instructed Corvus at the front to stop.

Corvus pressed the brake urgently and soon heard his young master's displeased voice, reprimanding him in a low voice, "Why are you driving so fast, trying to fly like a rocket?"

"..."

Corvus felt wronged; the driving instructions were issued by the young master himself, and his speed had been quite slow.

Corvus felt that he needed to let Silas know today that the young master cared for the girl who fell and inexplicably took it out on him!

Serena approached, and Hayden Crawford reached out to open the rear car door, his distinct fingers reached out to grip her slender wrist and pulled her directly inside.

"Ah!"

Serena let out a soft cry, her delicate body unexpectedly falling inside, and at that moment, the man's muscular arm encircled her, clasping her narrow waist and directly pulling her onto his sturdy lap.

This series of actions were smooth and flowing, dominant and assertive, truly in line with his typical domineering style.

Serena was still shaken when Hayden Crawford grabbed her hand, prying open her slender fingers to look at her small palm.

Both her soft, fair palms were not scuffed, having fallen without injury, just now her little palm had some dirt, a bit dusty.

Hayden Crawford furrowed his heroic brows and threw a folded handkerchief from his suit pocket to her, an expression of disdain, "Wipe your hand clean, filthy, don't get it on me."

Serena quickly accepted the handkerchief; her palm was indeed a bit dirty, knowing full well this man had a cleanliness obsession.

"Mr. Crawford," Serena looked at him, slightly uneasy as she moved, "Sitting like this isn't convenient. I'll get down first."

She was still perched on his lap, wearing a pleated short skirt today. Sitting astride him with thin fabric between them felt a bit intimate.

Hayden Crawford felt her moving in his embrace; she sat uneasily, her knees resting beside him, somewhat clamping his strong waist.

His large hand clutched her soft waist with a firm pinch, Hayden Crawford lowered his voice to warn her, "Behave yourself, eh?"

Serena felt some pain from his pinch, "Then let me go first..."

"Can you stop twisting?" his deep voice was slightly husky.

Serena had some experience; she didn't understand what he meant, but her fair skin glowed with a slight blush as she softly retorted, "I'm not twisting..."

"How can you say you weren't twisting? Wasn't it you twisting your hips for me on the court?"

"..."

Serena wasn't doing it for him alone; the dance moves just included that, it just happened to be twisting her hips.

Where can his mind go?

Those three words from his mouth spoken in a mature yet teasing tone were indescribably... raunchy.

Serena's small hand tugged at his expensive suit lapel, quickly crumpling that small part, "There are people in front, can't you speak... properly?"

Suddenly being addressed, Corvus thought it's fine, I know nothing, the one who said twisting hips wasn't my abstinent young master, definitely wasn't!

Hayden Crawford reached out, raising the divider, separating the front from their world.

Serena resumed the main topic, "Mr. Crawford, did you stop the car because you're willing to help me this time?"