

Substitute B 29

Chapter 29: When Pretend Becomes Real

He caught her little tail.

Serena's face turned bright red, and she struggled quickly, "What are you doing, let go of me."

Hayden Crawford didn't let go; he even tugged at the little tail, "New kink?"

Serena was momentarily stunned, then realized something strange, with so many sexy nightgowns in the closet, why was this cute one chosen—it was... a kink.

Serena pushed him with her hand, "Mr. Crawford, you're so shameless!"

Hayden held onto her little tail without letting go, his handsome eyebrows raised, "How am I shameless?"

"These pajamas and all the nightgowns in the closet were prepared by you, isn't that shameless enough?"

Hayden glanced at the closet, "The clothes in there weren't prepared by me; they were prepared for you by Grandma."

Grandma?

"..."

Serena was dumbfounded, so Grandma... was so knowledgeable?

Indeed, the old ginger is hotter.

Hayden looked at Ronda, "Is it behaving well?"

Serena desperately tried to pull back her little tail, "Ronda is very well behaved."

"Then why aren't you?"

"..."

What does he mean by that, is he saying she's a little cat too?

Now her tail was still in his hand, and his playful, slow teasing attitude felt a bit bullying, as if she really was a little cat he was toying with in his palm.

Just then, there was a "knock knock" on the door, and Beryl's voice came from outside, "Young Master, the old lady asked me to bring you a bowl of soup, drink it while it's hot."

Someone's coming!

Serena quickly pushed Hayden away, afraid someone might see such a scene.

With that, Hayden let go, watching her shy and reserved demeanor, a faint smile on his lips.

Hayden walked over to open the room door, glanced at the soup in Beryl's hand. It was true that his grandmother liked to make all sorts of odd soups for him to drink when she was bored, and he would comply to appease the elder's wishes.

This time, Hayden didn't refuse either and drank the soup.

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Hayden went to the bathroom for a cold shower and then sat on the sofa to go through some documents.

At this point, he felt very hot, his body temperature rising bit by bit, and finally like a surging heatwave, making him uncomfortable.

Hayden looked up at Serena sitting on the bed, reading a medical book, appearing serene and graceful.

He withdrew his gaze, forcibly focusing on the documents in his hand, but he couldn't read a single word.

Hayden got up and came to the bed, snatched the medical book from Serena's hand, and tossed it aside.

"Mr. Crawford, what are you doing? I'm reading." Serena protested.

Hayden sat on the edge of the bed, took her soft little hand, and placed it on his forehead, "Check for me, am I sick?"

Feeling the heat, Serena was startled; his forehead was very hot.

Serena quickly checked his pulse and said a few seconds later, "Did you eat something... unclean?"

Hayden had already guessed, but in his own house, he was uncertain; Serena's words confirmed it, and he promptly got up to open the door.

"Oh no!" Grandma almost tumbled in.

"Grandma, what did you give me to eat?" Hayden's expression wasn't good, he was clearly angry.

Listening in had gotten her caught; Grandma was slightly embarrassed, and under Hayden's questioning, she wavered, pointing helplessly at Butler Felix beside her, "It wasn't me, he did it, he added a little tonic to your soup!"

Butler Felix was scared silly, looking at the equivocating Grandma with immense shock; who was it just now proclaiming to take full responsibility?

Grandma forced a smile, "This Butler Felix is really too bold, but considering it's his first offense, let's not hold it against him."

She spoke as if as aggrieved as possible, "But really, Hayden, why are you so upset? This is just a small separation better than a newlywed; it's no harm for young people to be passionate, at least let me hold a great-grandchild soon."

Hayden pursed his lips, "Grandma!"

"I know, I know... Hayden, do you know how embarrassed I feel in front of those old ladies? They mock me during mahjong games, each one showing off how cute their great-grandchildren are, they just bully me for not having a great-grandchild!"

"Hayden, just pity your grandma, alright? I'm already old, I don't know how many more years I have left. If I close my eyes without seeing my great-grandchild, I will die with regrets."

Hayden directly closed the door.

...

With peace restored, Hayden turned back inside, approaching the bed.

Serena already knew what was happening; she pulled the covers over herself, cautiously watching him, "You... what do you want to do? Don't come over!"

Hayden got on the bed, pressing her smooth shoulder down, pinning her beneath him, "Grandma's outside, play along."

Did she have to play along again?

Thinking of that time on the wedding night, Serena's snowy earlobes blushed, slowly stopping her struggle.

This was an important part of their agreement, she cooperated with him in acting.

Hayden looked at the girl's tightly closed eyes and tense body, his eyes darkened by a few shades, "Can't you call out again?"

Serena could handle all kinds of problems calmly and composedly, but in facing this, she revealed a few hints of innocence and helplessness.

How was she supposed to call out?

Hayden leaned down and kissed her face.

Serena's delicate butterfly-wing-like eyelashes fluttered with panic, and she compliantly let out a sound.

Soon, Grandma outside left contentedly.

Serena quickly pushed the man, "Grandma left, get up."

Hayden not only didn't get up but put all his weight on her, his handsome face buried in her silky hair.

Serena didn't dare to move, afraid of provoking him, her veiled face buried beneath his firm shoulder, her bright eyes glistening with watery light, she softly said, "Deceiving her like this isn't a solution, I can tell Grandma really wants to hold a great-grandchild, she's old, besides she treats me very well too, if one day she finds out we deceived her, then..."

Serena cherishes everyone who loves her; the kinder Grandma is to her, the more guilty she feels. She fears that one day when the truth comes out, Grandma won't be able to handle it.

Hayden propped up with his large hands, looking down at her, "We can also... turn fiction into reality."

Serena's pupils shrank, she hastily pushed him away.

Hayden lay on the bed, closed his eyes, cleared his throat, "I'll go take a cold shower, you should sleep first."

Hayden went into the bathroom, and soon the sound of rushing water was heard, Serena hugged the quilt, closed her eyes, but was unable to fall asleep.

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Serena didn't know how she fell asleep, and she woke up groggily again, glancing towards the sofa, Hayden was not there.

Where did he go?