

Substitute B 294

Chapter 294: Hayden Crawford's Agreement

Serena lowered her eyes, looking at the document on the desk, "What is this?"

Mr. Crawford lifted his thin lips, "A maintenance agreement."

Serena's bright pupils contracted as she stared blankly at him, "You want... to keep me?"

"Isn't this what you want? I admit your face is very alluring to me. You've been trying hard to get into my bed. Now I'm letting you have your wish."

"But you need to be clear, it's just a sex transaction between us. In the future, if I need you, I'll call. In return, you can get anything you want from me — wealth, power, status, fame. I can give it all to you, but you must follow the rules, have some professional boundaries. Besides me, you can't have any intimate relations with anyone else. I'm a bit of a clean freak; I don't like sharing a woman with others. Do you understand what I mean?"

His slender fingers were pinching her delicate chin, now looking down at her with a condescending gaze, as if she was already a commodity bought with his money.

Serena's long lashes quietly fell, casting shadows like small brushes over her beautiful eyelids. She slowly extended her small hand, picked up the contract, and started reading it.

He had many demands for her, all laid out in the contract. Serena read a few clauses, "First, no wearing skirts shorter than knee length. Second, must return home by 8 PM. Third, no physical contact with any men. Fourth, must willingly hand over your phone for review..."

Serena's slender eyebrows knitted together as she lifted her flawless little face to look at the handsome man, "You want to check your lover's phone? I think you're looking for a lover by wife's standards."

Hayden looked at her, her amber eyes were shining brightly, even boldly mocking him. He pressed down firmly, the rough texture of his fingertip rubbing heavily over her delicate jaw skin. He didn't know what she ate to grow up, her skin was milky white, so much it hurt his eyes.

"Just do what you're told." His voice was already slightly hoarse.

Serena continued to flip through the contract, she got to the back, which was still full of demands for her, "Clause 105: Can't publicly disclose our relationship. Clause 106: Must take morning-after pills on time, can't get pregnant. Clause 107: When the man tires of the relationship or has a new love, must leave promptly and not cling."

Serena looked below, that was it; this contract made 107 demands of her and said nothing about him, truly a maintenance agreement, fitting his typical domineering style.

Serena held the contract, looked up at him, and playfully blinked her lashes, "Why isn't there a time limit here, how long do you want to keep me? Three months, three years?"

Hayden thought she seemed charmingly sweet now, his big hand landed on her slender waist and easily lifted her, making her straddle his strong waist, "The duration... we'll see."

"See what?" Serena wrapped her small hands around his neck, "See what happens in bed? After all, we haven't actually slept together yet. Mr. Crawford is a businessman, wouldn't engage in a losing deal. If I serve you well, make you comfortable, you'd probably think three years isn't enough. If I don't serve well, you'd find three days too long, right?"

Hayden is a mature and normal man. Now that they've pierced this paper-thin window, some things are no longer necessary to pretend. His big hand squeezed her soft thin waist, his gaze deep and forthright as he looked at her, "Yes, and so what? Even if I keep you for three days, you won't be mistreated."

He has always been generous with women, this point Serena did believe.

Serena hooked her rosy lips, "But..."

"But what?" In Hayden's view, she was agreeing to this relationship.

Serena tilted her small head, "But sometimes school courses run late, I can't guarantee to be home by eight every day."

The two were so close now, Hayden smelled the sweet youthful scent on her. He had smelled this on her before, one whiff had made him obsessed.

Hayden leaned closer, resting his handsome face against her long hair. He closed his beautiful eyes, his mind could still picture Zane holding her outside the bar. He knew she wasn't a good girl, yet he still wanted her, even resorting to a contract to bind her.

As long as she broke it off with Zane and the others, he could let it go as if he'd never seen it.

Yet, how had he ended up like this?

Living so humbly, what kind of women didn't he have?

Hayden kissed her fragrant black hair with force, the prominent Adam's apple rolling, in this moment following his most primal desires, maybe after having a relationship with her, sleeping together a few times he'd grow tired. They say all women have a shelf life; he just wanted a taste.

"For certain cases, you can let me know in advance." His voice was hoarse.

"But," Serena paused, "there's a problem, I'm allergic to morning-after pills, I can't take them."

Hearing this, Hayden's narrow eyes suddenly turned red, "There can't be any children. I don't want kids, also really dislike them. If you're allergic to Western medicine, I'll have someone else adjust your health."

Hayden had a terrible childhood, he didn't like kids, never wanted them, thought child-free was just fine.

"But..." Serena wanted to speak again.

Hayden pushed her away a bit, his lust-filled scarlet eyes coldly glared at her, "Enough? You've said enough, don't keep challenging my limits, pushing the boundaries, okay?"

The smile in Serena's amber eyes gradually faded away, replaced by an icy look as she stared at him, "One last 'but', but did I agree to you?"

What?

Hayden's tall, elegant body suddenly went stiff, what was she saying?

Her attitude had been so ambiguous and evasive before, now she's telling him she hasn't agreed?

"You want to keep me, but you should also see if I give you a chance; since it's a transaction, you're willing to buy, but I'm not willing to sell."

"Serena Sterling, are you playing me?" Hayden's handsome face grew darker, forcing out an icy tone from his throat.

Serena reached out, directly threw the maintenance agreement into the trash, using her small hand to press against his firm chest and forcefully push him back, then she pressed forward, "Did Mr. Crawford not check my market? If I wanted to sell, there are plenty of men willing to keep me, why should it be you?"