

Substitute B 317

Chapter 317: She Fills My Dreams

Beryl couldn't believe it. Her young master was such a good kid, the type who used his words instead of his fists. Who was the heartless person that beat her young master up like this?

"Young Master, please sit down. I'll fetch the first aid kit to treat you." Beryl hurried to find the first aid kit.

Hayden Crawford sat on the sofa, and Jude Crawford looked at his son, "When did you learn to fight? Was it for a woman?"

Hayden lowered his handsome eyelids and lazily slumped his straight back against the cushion. He answered languidly, "Oh."

He admitted it. He fought for a woman.

He'd wanted to punch Shaun Spencer for a long time and had held back until now.

Recalling the hand Shaun had placed on Serena Sterling's fragrant shoulder at the bar, he wished he could break it.

Jude crossed his long legs elegantly. The matriarch had already gone to bed, and he was waiting for Hayden. He had an English business paper by his hand and wore a gray crew-neck sweater at home, looking deep yet elegant. "Did you win the fight? Get the beauty in your arms?"

Hayden pressed his thin lips into a grim white line, "I didn't win. I got dumped. She toyed with my feelings. I had a breakup, alright?"

At Emperor's Bar, he should have admitted Shaun was right; he'd been dumped by Serena Sterling. His first time dealing with love, and he was played like this.

He was unwilling, angry, hateful, and jealous. These emotions almost drove him crazy.

Admit it, his fight with Shaun Spencer was because Shaun took his woman. He'd suffered a breakup.

Now, she treated him coldly and disdainfully, not even bothering to seduce him anymore.

Jude observed Hayden with deep eyes, "Then quickly sort out this failed relationship and let it become the past. You'll find better in the future."

"Ha," Hayden let out a low, mocking laugh from his throat and then raised his gaze to Jude across from him, "Save that talk for yourself. Have you moved on after all these years? Have you found anyone better?"

Jude stiffened, and their brief conversation hit a dead end, unable to continue. After a long pause, Jude got up and left.

Before leaving, he said one last sentence, "We're different; you're more fortunate than me."

His son was much luckier than him because Hayden encountered Serena Sterling in his life, a girl who loved him dearly.

Whereas he met Isabelle Willow, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't win even a tiny bit of her affection.

He spent his life in unrequited love.

This might be why Jude showed mercy to Serena Sterling. When Serena, as the daughter of the Sterling family, came to Aethelgard, his personal assistant, Riley Sutton, handed him the information. He could have eradicated Serena in the bud.

But he didn't act.

He had dealings with Serena, and from the first glance, he knew this girl was a dazzling star that would capture attention everywhere.

Jude Crawford knew everything that happened at Emperor's Bar today. He had mentioned in Bayside before that he didn't wish for Serena Sterling to reappear in Hayden's life because she could easily destroy him.

Sure enough, Hayden met Serena Sterling again and fell for her, twice.

Hayden fell in love with Serena Sterling twice.

Jude Crawford had lived his life calm, wise, and decisive, like a high and mighty emperor. But with Hayden and Serena, he hesitated and wavered repeatedly.

He didn't know what happened to him; maybe he felt... envy.

Jude Crawford left. Beryl returned with the first aid kit and carefully treated Hayden's wounds. Hayden cooperated since he didn't want to scare his grandmother.

Back in his room, Hayden didn't shower but stood tall at the window, holding a burning cigarette between two long fingers, puffing away clouds. He wanted to numb himself, to shake away the palm-sized captivating face in his mind.

A pack of cigarettes was soon finished. Hayden went to the bathroom for a cold shower and then went to bed.

He fell asleep quickly. Since returning to Aethelgard, his sleep had been good.

But he dreamed.

About a long dream.

In the dream, it was a paradise on earth. He lay on a bed, opened his eyes, and golden light filtered through layers of curtains, filling the room with warmth. Slowly, he saw someone sitting on him.

It was a girl, slender and graceful, wearing a camisole nightdress that seemed a naked pink color, her milk-white skin making it appear even snowier.

Sleek black hair cascaded like silky threads on her smooth shoulders, tucked behind one ear, revealing a small snowy earlobe. Hayden saw her face, scarcely palm-sized, with pure and exquisite features. Her bright black eyes looked at him and spun around.

That image was almost vividly enticing.

In the dream, his eye corners were crimson, his throat felt burned by hot coal. His large hand grasped the S-curve softness of her waist, his voice hoarse beyond measure, "Serena, what are you doing?"

The girl extended her small hand and pushed him back, biting her red lips with her pearl-like teeth, saying word by word, "What do you think I'm doing..."

Hayden suddenly opened his eyes, awake.

Darkness filled his vision; it was now dawn. He had woken up from his spring dream.

Casually rolling his Adam's apple, Hayden closed his tired eyes and raised his hand to cover his lust-filled crimson eye corners. He reached his other hand below; his pants were all wet.

Damn it!

Even with his good upbringing, he couldn't help but curse. What was wrong with him? Was he possessed? Wasn't reality enough of being played by her; did he have to be... played in dreams too, with the woman on top?

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Hayden didn't sleep well. He left Westerley Estate for work without breakfast.

"Madam, what's wrong with the young master lately, being so moody?" Beryl couldn't help whispering to the matriarch.

The matriarch knew well, "I think he's a little frustrated lately."

Frustrated?

Beryl planned to adjust the recent meals to be lighter. Thinking of this, she went upstairs into Hayden's master bedroom to clean.

Inside, the bed was a complete mess, soft carpet littered with crumpled paper balls, alongside Hayden's discarded dirty clothes.

Beryl, the seasoned woman, immediately blushed, "Madam, you're right; the young master is really frustrated lately!"

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Hayden went to the company, everyone at The Crawford Group knew their president wasn't in a good mood today. Everyone took care, too scared to breathe heavily.