

## Substitute B 34

### Chapter 34: Removing the Veil

When Serena Sterling hadn't moved yet, Hayden Crawford tossed all the cards in his hand onto the table.

He did this absentmindedly, but as the cards hit the table with a slap, the greasy CEO flinched, and his lecherous hand stopped as well.

Even though Hayden Crawford maintained a cool demeanor throughout and didn't say much, everyone cautiously observed his expression, treating him with reverence.

Now, as he discarded the cards, the previously bustling and luxurious private room fell silent instantly.

The greasy CEO looked at Hayden Crawford obsequiously, "Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden Crawford extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray, then glanced indifferently at the beauty beside him, "Go play elsewhere."

Although the two beauties were reluctant to leave, they dared not offend Hayden Crawford, so they quickly walked away.

Hayden Crawford then slowly lifted his eyelids to look at the greasy CEO, remaining silent, but his gaze was icy, chilling to the core.

The greasy CEO broke into a cold sweat, but being a seasoned player, he accurately grasped that Hayden Crawford was interested in the woman, so he quickly spoke up, "Little beauty, you lost at cards just now, so now you should keep us company. Besides, you're in debt three million, and if you can't pay it off, don't think about leaving through this door. The richest man here is Mr. Crawford, so why don't you offer him a drink and see if he can pay off that three million for you?"

Serena curled her fingers slightly, then stood up. She picked up a glass of wine and looked at Hayden Crawford, "Mr. Crawford, I offer you a toast."

Hayden looked at her, "Just because you offer me a toast, I should drink?"

He didn't drink.

Making it difficult for her.

Serena's hand holding the wine glass froze in mid-air.

Little beauty, many women want to toast Mr. Crawford and never have the opportunity, so you need to show a bit of sincerity.

Exactly, little beauty, without sincerity, Mr. Crawford won't drink.

Not just the greasy CEO, everyone understood Hayden Crawford's intentions. Although beauties surrounded him earlier, he only smoked and played cards with a brooding look, making him unapproachable, and no one dared speak to him.

But now that Serena was here, Hayden Crawford was clearly very interested in her.

No one dared to snatch a woman that Hayden Crawford fancied.

Serena furrowed her brows and decided to lay it out, "Mr. Crawford, what do you want? State your demands, and if I can meet them, I will try."

Hayden Crawford extended his hand, grasping her slender wrist, and yanked her over.

Serena directly fell onto his broad thighs. Fortunately, the glass didn't spill out much wine, otherwise, it might have spilled everywhere.

Through the thin fabric, Serena could distinctly feel the firm, muscular thighs of the man beneath her, starkly contrasting her softly boneless body, full of compact strength.

Serena's snow-white earlobe turned red, and she attempted to stand up, "Mr. Crawford..."

"Feed me," he suddenly interrupted her.

Feed him the red wine.

Serena's pupils contracted, looking at him blankly. How could he make such an...ambiguous demand?

Hayden looked at her with those bright, clear eyes; right now, she seemed a bit silly, quite different from her previous stubborn look that drew his ire. Her muddled state made her appear rather cute.

"What, didn't understand me, or you're unwilling? If you're unwilling, get off my lap."

"..."

Every time it was him who pulled her onto his lap, and it's also him who unceremoniously asked her to leave.

Serena was silent for a few seconds, "I'm not getting off, I'll feed you."

She held the glass to his lips.

Hayden supported her slender waist with one hand and slowly drank the red wine she fed him.

While drinking, he kept his gaze on her, making Serena's pretty face even redder, as if they'd done something unspeakable together.

At this moment, Seth Hawthorne applauded, "Good, my second brother drank the wine, but what about the three million?"

Seth led the crowd in jeering, and everyone chimed in,

Indeed, little beauty, three million isn't a small amount. Otherwise, let Mr. Crawford pay it for you?

Though Mr. Crawford can throw around more than three million just for fun, he wouldn't spend that money for nothing, so little beauty, you need to offer something in exchange with Mr. Crawford.

Seth laughed, "All our hostesses at 1949 have a rate card, each price corresponding to each service. Come on, get the rate card out and take a look."

Swiftly, someone handed the rate card to Serena, and three million was already enough to buy the most popular hostess at 1949 for one night.

Serena quickly closed the rate card, feeling like she'd boarded a pirate ship. These people were intentional.

She intended to stand up.

But Hayden Crawford held her soft slim waist and didn't allow her to move around, dominantly imprisoning her in his arms, "Serena Sterling, have I spoiled you too much, letting you come and go in my arms as you please?"

Serena looked up at him, "Or what, do you want me to perform here live or follow you back to the hotel tonight?"

Hayden's thin lips curved into a devilish smile, "You choose, either is fine with me."

"You!"

Hayden's gaze dropped from her bright eyes to the veil covering her face, "None of the above is fine too, just take off your veil."

He wanted her to remove the veil.

Previously, he had wanted to remove her veil a few times, but she refused, so he didn't force her. This time was different; he insisted she must remove it.

Serena saw the irrefutable force in his eyes; she couldn't help but smile casually, coldly, "Are you sure, Mr. Crawford, that one look at my face is worth three million? What if I'm genuinely ugly, wouldn't you have suffered a big loss?"

Hayden raised an eyebrow, adding a hint of amusement, "I don't regret spending my money, so why are you feeling sorry? Aren't you the one who doesn't want to be my Mrs. Crawford anymore?"

Serena fell speechless, then said, "If you want to see, I'll let you see."

She agreed to remove the veil.

Hayden glanced at Seth, who promptly began to clear the room, "Everyone out, go on, don't be here cluttering up the space."

Everyone was chased away, though Seth stayed; he, too, was curious about what Serena really looked like under that veil she had worn all these years.

Is she truly unattractive, or is she a celestial beauty?

But soon enough, Hayden shot him a killing glance, and Seth scurried away, "I'm going, I'm going, second brother, you must tell me afterward, I'll stand guard outside."

Everyone left.

With the room silent, Serena lifted her delicate, fair hand, slowly removing her veil.

For the first time, Hayden saw her pretty face.

Two arched willow-leaf eyebrows, bright and captivating eyes, a dainty little nose like a jade pipe, below which were exceptionally beautiful bow-shaped lips.

These finely chiselled and elegant features assembled together, exuding an indescribable pure and exquisite beauty.