

Substitute B 342

Chapter 342: Cornering Her in the Restroom

Serena Sterling used a fork to pick up a small piece of steak. Just as she was about to put it in her mouth, her foot under the table was suddenly kicked hard.

The steak on the fork fell back onto the plate.

"Serena, what's wrong?" Zane Crawford asked with concern.

Serena's long eyelashes fluttered as she looked at Hayden Crawford, who was sitting across from her. Ever since she entered the room, he hadn't spoken a word, but just now, he kicked her.

What does he mean by that?

Hayden cut his steak with elegant movements, as if he hadn't been the one to kick her just now, as though it had nothing to do with him.

What an actor!

Serena cursed him inwardly and then smiled at Zane, "Zane, I'm fine."

The dinner ended with this strange atmosphere hanging over the five of them.

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After dinner, Serena went to the restroom.

As soon as she walked in, a large hand reached out, grabbing her delicate wrist and pulling her in at once.

Serena was caught off guard and slammed into a robust chest, which felt as hard as a wall. It hurt so much she thought her bones might shatter, and her fair eyes reddened in pain.

She looked up, and Hayden's handsome, well-crafted face zoomed in and out in her vision.

"Hayden Crawford, what are you doing? Let me go!" Serena struggled vigorously.

She really didn't know what he wanted. He kicked her at the dinner table, and now he cornered her in the restroom. Was he crazy? This was the Crawford family home; wasn't he afraid others might see?

He was already engaged to Anabelle Rathborne, and she was now Zane Crawford's fiancée. She didn't want to get entangled with him anymore.

Hayden's large hand clasped her slender waist tightly, controlling her within his embrace, "No, I won't let go!"

"Hayden Crawford, you'd better release me right now, or I'll scream for help! I am your brother's fiancée, your sister-in-law, and if you, as a big brother, put your hands on your sister-in-law, everyone will rush in, and it'll be you who'll be humiliated!"

Hayden's narrow eyes were as deep as a cold pool, and soon a hint of a cold smile appeared. Was she so eager to marry Zane Crawford?

"Scream, I'm not afraid. If everyone rushes in, I'll just say you were seducing me! As Zane Crawford's fiancée, you were trying to seduce your brother-in-law. In the end, it will be you who's embarrassed; you can try and see who they'll believe!" Hayden sneered coldly.

What did he say?

Serena truly witnessed his shamelessness. She raised her hand and slapped his handsome face.

Smack.

The crisp sound of a slap echoed, and Hayden's face turned slightly aside.

Serena hit so hard that her palm tingled, but she had no regrets.

From the moment he got engaged to Anabelle, she had nothing to do with him.

She had agreed to give Zane three months. During these three months, she was Zane's fiancée and would not engage ambiguously with other men, especially this one!

Serena gave him a cold glance and turned to leave.

Hayden had never been slapped in his life; Serena was definitely the first.

He turned his face back and a cold, arrogant curve formed on his lips. He reached out with his long arm, pulling her back, then easily lifted her to sit on the sink counter.

As this man clung to her again, Serena frowned and hit him with her small fists, "Let me go! Don't touch me, let go right now!"

Hayden lifted her up and then dominantly separated her slender legs, forcing his strong waist between them. His voice was low and hoarse, carrying a few threats, "I warn you, you better not move. Otherwise, when someone comes in, they won't see you seducing me, but a live scene instead!"

Serena's pupils constricted. Fine, she accepted the threat!

But their current position was too ambiguous. She was sitting on the sink counter, with her slender white legs wrapped around his strong waist. Anyone who saw this would be filled with wild thoughts.

"Then stay away from me, don't get so close!" Serena pushed him hard, trying to create some distance.

Hayden looked down coldly at her struggling in his arms, the corners of his long eyes tilted up with the charming allure of a mature man, "This is considered close? Don't you know the closest distance between a man and a woman is a negative distance. Want me to teach you what that means?"

"..."

Serena's long lashes trembled as she stared at him in shock. Was his remark about "negative distance" a dirty joke?

Tonight, he was dressed in a white shirt and black trousers, a classic male god outfit. His shirt sleeves were rolled halfway up, revealing muscular forearms. Such an elegant gentleman was seriously making a dirty joke?

Hayden looked at her shocked expression, her little palm-sized face tilted up, her clear, bright eyes looking at him with innocence like a clean slate. As if she didn't know what a negative distance was. She was a little white rabbit while he was the big bad wolf.

Hayden's lips pressed into a thin line, his handsome face a bit unnatural. He was too impulsive just now, and he spoke out of turn.

To his memory, he had never spoken to any woman like this before; he was always high-cold and abstinent.

He had seen many greasy bosses make dirty jokes with young pretty girls at social events. At the time, he found those bosses especially sleazy, disdaining to deal with such people.

He never thought he would become such a sleazy person, becoming someone he disliked. He nearly didn't recognize himself.

Now she was looking at him in pure shock, making him uncomfortable. Hayden reached out and pinched her delicate chin, "What are you looking at? Acting pure in front of me? I don't believe you don't know what a negative distance means between a man and a woman. Surely someone has taught you already, right?"

"..."

Serena's snow-white earlobes instantly flushed with shame and anger. She reached out her tiny hand and slapped his big hand away with a "smack," blurting out, "Someone did teach me, do you know who that person is? It's you!"

What was she saying?

She said the person who taught her was him?

Hayden's handsome eyelids twitched, loosening her delicate chin and directly pinching her small face, making her little mouth pout, "Serena Sterling, you can eat rice indiscriminately, but you can't speak indiscriminately. Just try slandering me again, see when I ever taught you, when I ever slept with you?"