

Substitute B 35

Chapter 35: He Chased Her in a Sports Car

Hayden Crawford was a man, and men are visual creatures who like to look at beautiful women. Throughout his life, he had been surrounded by beauty and had developed an immunity to it.

But when he saw the exquisite and delicate face of Serena, his deep-set pupils contracted slightly. He had imagined her looks, confident that someone as wise and lively as her would be attractive, but even he hadn't expected her to be this stunning.

Hayden Crawford raised his hand, wanting to touch her face.

But Serena had quickly put her veil back on. "Mr. Crawford, you've seen enough, so I'll be leaving now."

Serena pushed him away forcefully and ran out.

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Serena entered the restroom and splashed some cold water on her face, then wiped the droplets away.

She had worn a veil since childhood, and although it wasn't a big deal for others to see her face, it would bring her a lot of unnecessary trouble.

Eventually, it became a habit for her. After returning from the countryside, no one had seen her face.

He was the first.

Serena opened the restroom door and walked out, and the next moment she saw a tall, well-built figure in the corridor.

Hayden Crawford had arrived, his broad back lazily leaning against the wall, one hand in his pocket and a cigarette between the fingers of the other.

The dim lights in the corridor cast a glamorous hue on his handsome and refined profile. Dressed in all black, he exuded an irresistible charm and sophistication. Him waiting at the women's restroom entrance was eye-catching, drawing frequent curious glances from passing girls.

Serena admitted that Hayden Crawford was incredibly attractive. He was like a magnet, and the innate elegance and nonchalance he exuded inexorably drew people's attention.

He had been smoking excessively these past two days.

Serena approached, wanting to leave directly.

But he stretched out one long leg, blocking her path.

Serena looked up at him, "What do you mean by this, Mr. Crawford? Have you fallen for my looks?"

Hayden Crawford straightened up, his tall figure blocking her way. His gaze lingered on her exquisite face hidden beneath the veil, then, extending his fingers that held the cigarette, he attempted to remove her veil.

Serena pushed him away and ran.

Watching her departing figure, Hayden Crawford smirked slightly.

At this moment, Seth Hawthorne walked over with a gossipy look, "So, second brother, how is it? Is our sister-in-law ugly or is she a Celestial Beauty?"

Hayden Crawford shot Seth a glance, "Keep your curiosity to yourself."

Seth shrunk his neck in mock grievance, but then he suddenly said, "Second brother, what's that on your pants? It looks like something is on them."

Hayden Crawford looked down and saw a darkened spot on his black suit pants, as if something was spilled there.

The only one who had been on his lap just now was Serena.

"Second brother... hey, where are you going?"

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Serena exited the 1949 bar, intending to return to Orchid Court.

Just then, a gentle ringtone sounded; it was an incoming call.

The call was from Hayden Crawford.

What was he calling for?

Serena didn't want to pick up, so she put the phone in her bag.

At that moment, a bus pulled up, and Serena got on.

The bus was full, with no available seats, so Serena stood by the window, watching the bustling scenery fly by outside.

You guys, look! There's a sports car following our bus!

Isn't that an Aston Martin? It's limited to three units worldwide, costing 6 million dollars. Wow, that's so cool!

The guy in the sports car is so handsome, oh my gosh, I'm swooning.

He's looking at me!

Dream on; he's looking at me!

A commotion arose around her, especially among the young girls who were nearly shrieking. Serena turned her head and followed their gaze.

What she saw made her tense up. Hayden Crawford was driving the luxury sports car in pursuit.

The evening breeze made Hayden's black shirt billow. His hand, wearing an expensive watch, rested on the steering wheel. His smooth driving actions, combined with his power and wealth, exuded an irresistible allure that night.

Serena felt the girls around her were ready to swoon.

What was he doing?

At that moment, the bus came to a stop, as did the Aston Martin. The car door opened, and Hayden Crawford, with steady strides, boarded the bus.

The bus was crowded, with hardly any passage, but his presence caused the crowd to naturally part, making way for him.

Look, look, he's coming!

He's here for me!

Keep dreaming; he's here for me!

In the eyes of all present, Hayden Crawford moved like an elegant and agile jaguar, stopping right in front of Serena. "Why didn't you answer your phone?"

"I..."

Hayden Crawford didn't give her the chance to speak. He immediately reached out and lifted her up in his arms. "Watch how I deal with you!"

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Serena felt dizzy. She didn't know how he carried her off the bus and tossed her into the sports car, nor how he dragged her back to the 1949 bar. By the time she came to her senses, he had already brought her to a presidential suite.

"Hayden Crawford, what are you doing?"

With his thin lips pressed together, Hayden Crawford pushed Serena onto the soft bed.

Serena quickly sat up, guarding and staring at him.

Hayden got on the bed, pressed one knee onto it, and, pulling her pale little hand, placed it on his sculpted waist's belt, commanding from above, "Unbuckle it!"

Serena's mind exploded. "Hayden Crawford, are you crazy? I told you if you want women, go find someone else. I think this 1949 place has plenty of beauties; there's bound to be one that suits you!"

Hayden furrowed his handsome brows and gestured with his gaze, "What are you thinking? You dirtied my pants."

What?

Serena quickly noticed the dark spot on his suit pants. Several seconds later, she realized she had started her period.

Earlier, when she sat on his lap in the private room, she stained his pants.

This was... so embarrassing.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up and undo my belt; I need to change my pants." Hayden, who had a severe cleanliness bias, urged impatiently.

Was it possible he brought her back from the bus just to have her change his pants?

Blinking her long lashes, Serena stammered awkwardly, "I admit it's my fault for staining your pants, and I apologize for that, but... don't you have hands yourself? I don't want to change your pants; you change them yourself!"

Serena tried to withdraw her small hand.

But Hayden pinned it down imposingly, "Whether you change them or not, if you don't, I'll kiss you, and perhaps you're secretly longing for my kiss."

As soon as he finished speaking, Serena immediately reached out to unbuckle his belt.

This obedient demeanor reduced some of Hayden's inner tension.

Serena wanted to unbuckle his belt as quickly as possible, but since she had never done it before, she fumbled for a while without success.