

Substitute B 36

Chapter 36: Kick His Leg

He couldn't undo the buckle, so Serena Sterling got a bit anxious and tugged at him, "Come here a little, let me figure it out, it's not opening."

A low, husky voice sounded above, "Take it slow, why are you in such a hurry?"

Serena's fingers paused, and she quickly looked up at him, realizing just how suggestive their position was...

She was sitting on the bed, and he was kneeling, looking down at her, while her small hand was still tugging at his belt...

Serena immediately let go and then lay back on the bed, glancing around.

Hayden Crawford planted both his large hands beside her, enclosing her in his embrace, "What are you looking for, huh?"

"I'm checking if there are any traces of other women in your room, and this bed... is it clean?"

Hayden pressed his thin lips together, a bit displeased, "You insist on discussing this topic with me, a little tantrum is fine. The last time you told me to find another woman, just because I'm not bringing it up doesn't mean I'm not angry."

He didn't understand what was going on with her. Clearly, she was fine before he left for a business trip, but when he came back, she repeatedly told him to find another woman.

His presidential suite was very clean, not a trace of another woman. His coat was hung on the rack, evidence that he'd been staying here these past two days.

"You've been staying here these past two days?" Serena asked.

Hayden looked at her, "Yeah, I've been in a bad mood, so I've been playing cards here all night for two days."

Serena noticed the red blood veins in the corners of his long eyes, indicating he hadn't slept for two days. His sleep was better now, but he needed to hold her to sleep.

The day he stormed out and stayed here, the 1949 bar was a property of the Hawthorne family, and Seth Hawthorne quickly arranged a card game.

He was in a bad mood, alternating between dealing with paperwork and smoking and playing cards.

Serena's long lashes trembled, wanting to say something, but once the words reached her lips, she didn't know what to say.

It was then that Hayden raised a hand to remove her veil.

Serena quickly grabbed his large hand, "What are you doing, haven't you already seen it?"

"I looked too quickly earlier and didn't see clearly. Can't I take another look?"

Serena shook her head, "No, you can't see it."

Hayden didn't force her, now she lay on his bed, her pure black hair scattered across the snowy white pillowcase, stunning. He lowered his gaze and gently kissed her forehead.

Serena lifted her hand and tugged at his sleeve, not rejecting him.

Hayden had a testing attitude to begin with, seeing that she didn't resist his affection, he then kissed her down on her eyes, little nose...

It was then that Serena's small hand slid to the leather buckle on his firm waist, the same buckle she'd been struggling to undo earlier, her clear voice carrying a touch of sweetness, "This... doesn't open."

Hayden's throat rolled, "This is very easy to open."

With a "click," he undid the buckle himself, his actions not as calm as usual, seeming a bit impatient, pulling out the side of the black shirt as well.

Hayden leaned down again, and that's when Serena's laughter sounded by his ear.

She laughed, and laughed very happily, her body shaking with it.

It was then Hayden realized he'd been tricked; he had her undo the buckle, and now he just went ahead and did it himself.

Hayden reached out and pressed her smooth shoulder, preventing her from laughing further, "Messing with me, huh? Using even your beauty to trick me."

Serena stopped laughing, her delicate crescent eyebrows arching upwards, her bright eyes shimmering, then she took his large hand and placed it on her flat little belly.

Hayden's eyes darkened a few shades, he broke free from her small hand and was about to undo her buttons.

"Mr. Crawford, I'm sorry, my time of the month has come," Serena spoke up.

What?

Hayden stiffened, "What are you talking about?"

"My time of the month came, that's why I dirtied your pants earlier," Serena looked at him and repeated.

Hayden's handsome face darkened, his strong arms pulling her into his chest, "Serena Sterling, you dare to tease me when it's your time of the month? I think you're itching for a beating!"

Serena felt he was truly angry and didn't want to provoke him further, quickly placing his large hand back on her belly, "I'm really having my time of the month, if you don't make things difficult for me today, I won't tease you. Don't be angry, my stomach feels a bit uncomfortable."

Hearing her say her stomach was uncomfortable made Hayden suppress his temper. His large hand massaged over her flat little belly a few times, "Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt, just feels bloated and uncomfortable. Mr. Crawford, I need a favor from you."

"Speak."

"Can you buy me... a pack of pads?"

Pads?

Hayden quickly frowned, he had never bought such a thing before, so he refused, "I'm not going."

Serena wriggled out of his embrace, sat up, and kicked him with her small white foot, "Mr. Crawford, please, really, or else I'm going to stain your bed sheets very soon."

Hayden also sat up, her kick didn't hurt at all, like a little kitten pawing at his leg, he grabbed her delicate anklebone, "You're kicking me again?"

Serena quickly withdrew her small foot.

Worried she'd get cold, Hayden tucked her feet back into the blankets, then got up, changed out of his dirty clothes, and went out to buy pads.

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Justin Xavier had been away on a business trip, returned overnight, and just arrived at the 1949 bar.

Seth Hawthorne quickly came up and shared today's gossip in the private room with Justin Xavier, then curiously asked, "Justin, do you think this second sister-in-law who married in place is plain and ugly, or a celestial beauty?"

Justin hadn't had a chance to speak when Hayden walked in from outside, wearing a white shirt underneath and a hooded coat on top, looking particularly youthful and handsome.

Hayden was carrying a bag in his hand.

"Second brother, what did you go out to buy? Why didn't you ask someone to buy it for you?" Seth asked.

Hayden didn't respond.

Justin glanced at the bag, remarked quietly, "Those are women's pads, aren't they?"

Seth's mouth dropped open, "Wha... what, second brother, who did you buy pads for? Damn, second brother, how could you go buy such things?"

Justin's comment made Hayden a bit unhappy, so he gave Justin a look, "So familiar, have you bought them for a woman before?"

Now Justin was silent.

Hayden went upstairs.

"Justin, second brother only came to stay here after a fight, now what's going on? He fumed for two days and then got over it himself, even going out late at night to buy pads for second sister-in-law. It seems second brother is really head over heels for her."

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Hayden returned to the presidential suite, where Serena had already entered the bathroom to shower.