

Substitute B 37

Chapter 37: Want to Sleep With Me?

Hayden Crawford came to the bathroom door and lifted his hand to knock softly.

Soon, the door opened.

Serena Sterling hid behind the door, her face not covered by a veil, but the door panel blocked her little face from view. Her bright, clean eyes showed, looking at him as she extended her small hand, "Mr. Crawford, you've worked hard, please give it to me."

The steam from the shower room escaped, carrying the fragrance of the shower gel. Hayden Crawford looked at her exposed delicate skin, milk-white, with glistening beads of water still clinging to it, reminiscent of a seductive ancient beauty who enticed a king.

Hayden Crawford handed her the sanitary pads and clean clothes.

Serena Sterling reached out to take them, but he didn't let go.

What was he doing?

Serena Sterling tugged once.

He still hadn't let go.

Serena Sterling looked up at him.

Hayden Crawford looked at her glistening eyes, almost angry. He slowly curled his thin lips and finally released his grip.

Serena Sterling took the clothes and quickly closed the door.

She felt her face turning red and hot; that man Hayden was too good at flirting!

...

Hayden Crawford stood by the floor-to-ceiling window smoking. At this moment, the bathroom door opened, and Serena Sterling walked out.

She wore a cherry-colored strap dress, with thin straps draped over her delicate shoulders, revealing her youthful figure.

She was well-suited to this dark red color, especially enhancing her skin tone. When he bought it, he thought it would definitely look good on her.

A snow-white-skinned girl, with an elegant, unblemished temperament, could pull off all high-end colors.

Serena Sterling's bright eyes fell on his handsome face, lightly furrowing her brows, "Why are you smoking again?"

Hayden Crawford put one hand into his pants pocket, without saying a word.

Serena Sterling walked over to check the injury on his left hand.

That night he punched the mirror, leaving several bloody gashes, which seemed to have been treated and were now scabbed.

"Why, feeling sorry? If you'd known you'd feel sorry now, why say those things to infuriate me back then?"

Serena Sterling released his hand and turned to leave.

Hayden Crawford grabbed her slender waist and pulled her into his embrace, pressing her against the floor-to-ceiling window. Avoiding her mouth and nose, he exhaled a mouthful of smoke onto her small face.

Serena Sterling hadn't expected him to do this and was directly choked by the smoke, coughing.

"Mr. Crawford, what are you doing? Are you finished?" Serena Sterling pushed him.

Hayden Crawford let out a low laugh, "I should be the one asking if you're finished. Why did you suddenly push me away? Even if you're sentencing me, you should give me a reason, right?"

Serena Sterling didn't want to say it, as revealing this would make both parties awkward, but since he was being so aggressive, she decided to speak openly.

"Who was the woman who answered your phone?"

Hayden Crawford paused, quickly furrowing his brows, "What?"

Serena Sterling reached out and snatched the cigarette from his fingers, then in his gaze, she took a drag herself. He was too tall for easy maneuvering, so Serena tugged at his necktie to lower his handsome, upright body.

Hayden Crawford supported himself on either side of her, and as he lowered, Serena mimicked him by exhaling the smoke from her mouth onto his handsome face.

Hayden Crawford's throat moved, his big hand pinched her soft waist and pressed her back against the wall, warning her in a low voice, "Speak clearly, don't seduce!"

Serena Sterling coldly smiled, "In terms of seduction skills, I really can't compare to Mr. Crawford. While flirting with me on one hand, you use business trips as an opportunity to take your lover to a hotel on the other. Such ease in maneuvering between two or even multiple women, Mr. Crawford, do you feel accomplished?"

Hayden Crawford didn't quite understand her, "Don't speak cryptically, clarify what you mean."

"Mr. Crawford, I think a subtle hint is enough, but if you truly have no shame, then I'll speak plainly. On the night of your business trip, I called you, and a woman answered your phone. She said you were in the shower!"

Hayden Crawford quickly pulled out his phone from his pocket, flipping through the contacts; she had indeed called him.

But that call had been picked up by someone.

Hayden Crawford recalled that night his personal secretary, Ivan Yarrow, had told him that PR Director Rhonda Wallace had been by.

So that call was answered by Rhonda.

Hayden Crawford's eyes flashed a chilly light. At this moment, the girl in his arms started to move around, and he restrained her, "Stay still for me!"

"Mr. Crawford, what's the meaning of this? Angry because the truth is exposed?" Serena Sterling provocatively looked at him.

Hayden Crawford took the cigarette from her fingers and threw it into the ashtray, "Mrs. Crawford, are you jealous?"

What...what?

Serena Sterling quickly denied it, "I am not."

"The vinegar jar is spilled, yet you still say no. Since I returned, who keeps telling me to find other women?"

"I was..."

Hayden Crawford pressed her delicate shoulders, forcing her to meet his gaze, "In your eyes, have I fallen to this extent? Would I, Hayden Crawford, even if with a few women, need to lie and cover up?"

"You...you..."

Serena Sterling was stunned. She had considered that exposing him might embarrass both parties, but now, what was his implication?

He might find her laughable, his sarcasm tinged with a bit of nonchalance, truly holding her in utmost disdain.

Serena Sterling, having seen scoundrels, had truly never encountered one so arrogant and brazen.

"Hayden Crawford, you shameless!"

Serena Sterling clenched her fists and punched him, even kicking him twice.

Hayden Crawford narrowed his eyes, watching the small hands and feet of the girl in his arms wave around. She always did this, tickling him.

Hayden Crawford curled his lips, the gloom of recent days swept away, feeling cheerful, "Mrs. Crawford, look at you in such a fiery state. My phone was answered by someone, and you turned into a fierce little cat. If I were actually slept by someone else, would you go crazy?"

"..."

Serena Sterling's movements froze, exploding in anger, "I am not jealous; I already said I'm not jealous!"

Hayden Crawford noticed her angry wish to hit him yet couldn't, her humiliated expression. He raised his hand to flick her delicate little nose, his voice deep and magnetic, "Mrs. Crawford, though your jealousy sometimes overwhelms me, I still quite enjoy you being jealous for me."

"Hayden Crawford!"

Hayden Crawford released her, "You'll sleep here tonight, don't go back."

With that, he turned to leave.

Serena Sterling quickly called out to him, "Where are you going?"

This was his room, it was so late; where was he going?

Hayden Crawford glanced at her, "How come, want to keep me here and sleep together?"

Serena Sterling's face flushed red, angrily grabbed the pillow on the bed and flung it forcefully at his handsome face, "Just go; we've already spoken clearly. Go find another woman!"

Hayden Crawford raised his handsome eyebrows, didn't coax her, and really left.