

Substitute B 374

Chapter 374: I Tried, but I Only Want Her

Hayden Crawford went upstairs; he didn't enter Anabelle Rathborne's room but instead took a hot shower in the guest room under Old Mrs. Rathborne's arrangement.

In the bathroom, the hot water filled the air with steam. Hayden stood under the showerhead, letting the warm water flow from the top of his head, splattering across his firm muscular body and bouncing away—a scene that could make anyone blush at the sight of a handsome man bathing.

Hayden's handsome eyelids lowered, his mind filled with the image of Zane Crawford carrying Serena Sterling away earlier; he curved his thin lips in self-mockery.

Turning off the shower, he reached for a towel and wrapped it around his strong waist before stepping out.

A maid had already placed a new shirt and slacks on the bedside cabinet; Hayden, tall and long-legged, walked over and picked up the clothes.

At this moment, the door was pushed open, Anabelle Rathborne walked in, "Hayden... Ah!"

Anabelle didn't expect to see this; Hayden only had a towel on, and she had never seen Hayden undressed. He looked slender in clothes, a natural clothes rack, exuding the dominant CEO vibe in his suit and slacks. Now undressed, he was exceptionally impressive.

His skin was a healthy bronze, a firm chest leading down to six well-defined abdominal muscles, culminating in a V-line disappearing into the towel at his waist, tempting one to keep admiring.

His physique wasn't exaggerated like those gym-types; instead, it emanated a noble air like himself. His solid muscles brimmed with a sense of security, sexy and powerful, causing Anabelle's heart to race as she covered her face, her gaze like a flustered deer.

"Hayden, why are you... not dressed?" Anabelle's pretty face was flushed red.

Hayden couldn't be bothered to deal with her; who else but someone with no manners would enter without knocking?

"Get out!" Hayden uttered two simple, cold words from his thin lips.

Anabelle heard the impatience in his tone. He wasn't like this with Serena Sterling; with her, he clung shamelessly and was even accused by Serena of sexual harassment.

Yet, towards her, he was utterly cold.

This disparity in treatment left Anabelle feeling completely unbalanced.

"Hayden, what exactly is your relationship with Serena Sterling? Wake up; I'm your fiancée. Who treats their fiancée like this?" Anabelle accused.

Hayden remained expressionless, turning sideways, not even glancing at Anabelle, his thin lips moved, and his voice was low and emotionless, "Let's call off the engagement."

What?

He actually said... call off the engagement?

She had merely been upset, said a couple of things to him, and instead of comforting her, he took the opportunity to propose calling off the engagement?

At this moment, Hayden's low voice echoed again in the room, as if he were mumbling to himself, "I've tried, but it's still not working; except for her, I don't want anyone else."

This "her", Anabelle didn't need to think to know it was Serena Sterling!

Hayden was already so obsessed with Serena?

None other than her.

Anabelle didn't want to give up on Hayden; she really, really liked Hayden. Men with angelic faces, devilish physiques, and a harvest of fame, power, and wealth were scarce. He was the only man able to match her; her greatest dream for so many years has been to marry him, to become the Crawford family's young madam.

Now, seeing herself just one step away from her dream, how could she bear to give up?

But, how could she win him back?

Anabelle remembered Yvonne Knight once saying that girls should be a little proactive; men love women who appear pure but are open in bed, especially men like Hayden, who are reserved and shy.

Anabelle had always wanted to find an opportunity to test whether Hayden's body really had a problem, if he was truly impotent.

"Hayden, I refuse to call off the engagement; I love you." With that, Anabelle boldly lifted her hand and took off her jacket, revealing a red camisole dress underneath, her youthful ample figure snow-white and looking utterly tempting.

Anabelle moved forward, hugging Hayden's firm waist from behind, "Hayden, take me; I want to be your woman!"

Hayden's deep, narrow eyes revealed nothing, as he turned to look at Anabelle's strikingly pretty face.

Although Anabelle wasn't as good as Serena, she was already outstanding among girls, just in her twenties, full of youthful vigor.

"Hayden, don't you like me being proactive? I've been so forward; take me—after all, I'm already your fiancée."

Regarding a girl's proactivity, Hayden's mind swiftly recalled the dreams he had had; in that dream, amidst a room full of shimmering lights, Serena bravely straddled his firm waist—who would have thought that Aethelgard's business tycoon Hayden would repeatedly wake up from dreams where he's in a woman's position.

He did like girls being proactive, inherently reserved and shy.

Hayden's prominent Adam's apple moved up and down twice, as he lifted his hand and gently raised Anabelle's delicate chin with his slender fingers.

Anabelle's heart almost leapt out of her chest; she nervously and expectantly watched Hayden, then coyly called out, "Hayden~"

Hayden reached out and pushed, causing Anabelle to fall back directly into the soft bed.

Anabelle felt the world spinning as her vision darkened; Hayden had already loomed over her, kneeling with one knee on the bed, his large hand supporting by her side, looking down at her.

Anabelle was completely captivated by his masculine charm, surrounded by the clean, crisp bathing scent lingering around him, so intoxicating.

At this moment, Hayden slowly leaned down, nearing her red lips.

Was he going to kiss her?

Was he really going to kiss her?

Wow, this is really exciting.

Anabelle's heart pounded like a drum; she quickly closed her eyes, waiting for Hayden's kiss to fall on her lips.

But as she waited and waited, the kiss didn't come.

Anabelle opened her eyes, only to see Hayden had stopped; he reached out and took away the shirt that was under her.

He didn't intend to kiss her.

He merely wanted to retrieve the shirt she was lying on!

This realization felt like a bucket of cold water pouring down from her head, extinguishing all her enthusiasm and anticipation. It turns out everything was her illusion, her unfounded affection!

Hayden took the shirt away, stood up straight, and then left the room.

He left.

He actually left just like that.

Anabelle bit her red lips gently with her teeth, tears already swirling in her eyes; she had never suffered such coldness and humiliation!