

## **Substitute B 381**

Chapter 381: Serena Sterling, I've Put Up with You Long Enough

Very soon, Hayden Crawford returned and handed a purple medicinal herb to Serena Sterling, "Here you go."

Serena reached out to take it, "Thank you."

Hayden didn't leave.

Serena raised her dark eyes to look at him, "Mr. Crawford, it's inappropriate; please turn around."

"Do you need help?" Hayden glanced at her wound.

Serena's exquisite face flushed red and white; how could he help? She thought he just wanted to take advantage!

"No need." Serena declined.

Seeing her firm attitude, Hayden turned around. From behind, he heard the girl's soft voice, "Mr. Crawford, you won't peek, will you?"

With one hand in his trouser pocket, Hayden answered roguishly but frankly, "Not sure."

"..."

Serena also turned her back to him, took off her clothes, then chewed the herb before applying it to her wound.

It was so quiet there that Hayden could hear the rustling sound of clothes being taken off, causing his Adam's apple to bob up and down twice.

Soon he heard her yelp, probably because applying the herb hurt, her teeth biting her red lips, eyes watery; the soft cry of the young girl stirred something in him, making the corner of his eyes turn red.

Feeling he couldn't stay any longer, Hayden left. Serena finished treating her wound and put her clothes back on, but soon she felt something was wrong with her body; she was so hot, her face felt burning, and her temperature kept rising. She wanted to take off her clothes.

She reached out her slender white hand and pulled open her collar, revealing her snow-white shoulder.

At this moment, a low and magnetic voice came to her ears, "What are you doing?"

Serena looked up and saw Hayden was back.

Hayden had gone out to gather some branches, wearing a black shirt, its sleeves rolled up, revealing his strong forearms. Now his tall and charming figure stood there, his eyes carrying a hint of aggression as he examined her.

For some indescribable reason, Serena felt even hotter.

Then Hayden took a long stride forward, knelt on one knee, and grabbed her slender white hand to stop her from messing with her clothes. His long fingers brushed over her flushed and feverish small face.

The man's large hand touched her, carrying a strong masculine aura as if it could relieve her heat. Serena's brows and eyes were sweetly alluring in their innocence, staring at him, "Mr. Crawford, am I really hot?"

Hayden looked at her, "Not hot, you're... running a fever."

He said she had a fever.

Serena's bright eyes became wet and dazed, not knowing if his "fever" meant something else.

"What kind of herb did you pick for me just now?"

"It's the purple one you mentioned." Hayden pointed with his eyes.

Serena looked and realized he picked the wrong herb.

There were two kinds of purple herbs there; the one he picked not only stopped bleeding and reduced inflammation but also had an aphrodisiac effect.

No wonder she felt so hot!

"Hayden Crawford, you picked the wrong herb, are you a pig?" Serena cursed in anger.

Being called a pig, Hayden wasn't angry; he had already guessed what happened.

Hayden reached out and pressed his rough thumb over her red lips, watching her delicate lips lose color under his thumb. He spoke in a hoarse voice, "Cursing me now is useless. Just tell me, do you want me or not, hm?"

"..."

Serena's eyes were filled with his handsome silhouette, her lips aching, his thumb rough with the unique rugged feel of a man, making her want to escape.

She even had the illusion he was toying with her lips with his fingers.

Serena's beautiful face quickly flushed with a seductive red, but she still had her sanity, not being seduced by him. This man had made a mistake yet didn't apologize, but instead took advantage of the situation. Serena was really being taken by him.

Snap!

Serena reached out and slapped away his large hand, glaring at him displeased, "No!"

"Oh, then fine."

Hayden didn't force her. He stood up and went to light the branches, bringing a sense of warmth to the room.

It was nighttime, and Hayden's tall and elegant body stood in the half-light and half-dark, the fire's spark gracing his handsome face with a touch of magnificence. Serena looked at him, feeling dry-mouthed.

She was a normal person and was completely seduced by this superior masculinity of his.

Every minute and second was torture.

Then Serena got up and angrily walked to his side, kicking out the lit branches with her small foot, "You're doing this on purpose, right? I'm already hot, and you're still lighting a fire for warmth."

Seeing her adorable and feisty manner, Hayden suddenly said, "I'm injured."

What?

Serena suddenly remembered that a wolf had bitten his right arm; his right arm seemed to be injured.

"Then let me take a look and help you treat the wound."

"Alright."

Hayden stood there with his long legs, then used his thumb and forefinger to undo the buckle on his belt. With a "snap," the belt came undone.

Hayden pulled his shirt out of his trousers, the shirt lazily draping down, the elegant shoulder lines and muscular chest beneath the thin shirt exuding a charming curve.

Serena stared wide-eyed at this series of actions. What was he doing?

Was he doing this on purpose, to seduce?

Men and women are essentially animals; men like beautiful women, and similarly, women also want to pounce on handsome and charming men.

Serena fluttered her eyelashes, "You... what are you doing, taking off your clothes all of a sudden?"

Hayden cast her a glance, "Serena, you have a dirty mind, so everything you see is dirty. Be a bit more pure, would you? If I don't take off my clothes, how would you see my arm wound?"

He dared say she was impure?

He was so self-righteous!

Serena saw he was clearly going into battle himself, using his superior manliness to tempt her.

Serena bit her tongue, trying to keep her rationality, but her body was really hot. She ran over and hugged the man's strong waist, her slender body plunging into his arms.

Hayden paused for a second, then quickly reached out, forcefully pushing Serena against the wall.

Her slender back hit the cold wall, both cool and painful. She had not stood firm when the man's tall and powerful body enveloped her with a dominant stance, "Serena, I've tolerated you for long enough!"

His clearly defined hand weaving into the girl's long hair, cupping the back of her head, Hayden forcefully sealed her red lips.