

Substitute B 383

Chapter 383: Hayden Crawford Is a Tsundere Little Princess

Hayden Crawford finished speaking and stormed off in anger.

Serena Sterling stood frozen in place, she hadn't expected him to react so intensely upon finding out she had been married, what did he mean by calling himself a "stepping stone", he was stepping into his own future, wasn't he?

However, she couldn't tell him.

Serena looked towards Hayden Crawford, who was already sitting by the bonfire, his mood visibly sour, his expression so dark it seemed like it could drip water.

She still felt very hot, with waves of heat crashing over her; looking at Hayden made Serena feel parched, and if this continued, she feared she wouldn't be able to hold back any longer.

Serena walked out.

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Serena exited the cave; the nighttime forest was extremely cold, with a chill wind that somewhat alleviated the heat on her body.

Where on earth was Mommy's second treasure box?

The forest appeared endless, vast, and mysterious; finding something in it was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Serena approached the edge of that towering cliff once more, it was here she had previously seen the vision, glimpsing Mommy's treasure box.

What secrets did this towering cliff hold?

Awooo.

At that moment, the howl of wolves resonated, making Serena's heart skip a beat; she was instantly alert, still feeling a faint pain in her chest from the wolf's sharp claws.

Looking back, she saw those two wolves emerging from the darkness, watching her, they had subdued their beastly nature and appeared particularly docile.

Quickly, Serena witnessed a shocking scene; the two wolves slowly knelt on one knee before her.

The wolves were kneeling to her!

Serena's bright eyes suddenly narrowed; staring at the two wolves kneeling before her, she could sense their sincerity and respect, as if they were performing some solemn rite.

What was happening?

Serena turned again to look at the towering cliff, and another astonishing event unfolded, a layer of misty cloud formed above the cliff, and beneath that mist, sparkling waves revealed a clear blue ocean.

Serena witnessed the most magnificent scene of her life; before her was a vast, flowing sea, so mysterious it appeared endless, as if its end led to some place, or some... kingdom.

At that moment, the forest was silent, the two wolf kings knelt reverently before her, with the evening breeze gently lifting Serena's long, black hair, she resembled an ethereal being.

Then a low, urgent voice came to her ears, "Serena Sterling! Serena Sterling!"

Serena quickly snapped out of it, it was Hayden Crawford's voice, he had come looking for her!

Serena glanced at the two wolves, but they had already stood up, wagging their tails as they departed, soon melding into the darkness, disappearing from sight.

Serena looked towards the ocean again, only to see it vanish, returning to a towering cliff, as if everything earlier was just an illusion, a figment of her imagination.

Serena was overwhelmingly shocked, today's sights defied all logic; she needed to return and delve into ancient texts to seek clues.

Serena Sterling!

Serena Sterling!

Hayden Crawford's voice grew closer.

Serena quickly turned around to find Hayden Crawford.

Soon, she saw Hayden Crawford, who had already emerged from the cave, calling her name continuously while searching for her.

Serena noticed the tightly furrowed brow on his forehead, forming a '川' character; he looked gloomy and stern, but his face betrayed his tension and concern for her.

Serena stood there with her bright gaze fixed on his tall figure, watching him frantically search for her in this vast world.

All memories seemed to return to that day a few months earlier, his last day before departure, carefully and humbly climbing a tree to gift her three bird eggs, wanting to hatch them with her.

Her fair eyes suddenly turned red with tears, shimmering with a glaze of water, Serena felt like crying and laughing, turning herself into a fool.

At that moment she understood the current Hayden Crawford; the current Hayden was like a prideful little princess, his heart always in contradiction and vexation, he clearly liked her, he liked her.

Serena suddenly felt that Mr. Crawford had never truly left, Hayden Crawford was Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Crawford was Hayden Crawford!

This realization filled her chest, and Serena ran over, embracing Hayden Crawford's firm waist from behind.

When the girl's soft body clung to his, Hayden Crawford's tall frame stiffened for a moment, simultaneously releasing the tension that had gripped him, his large hands by his sides clenching and unclenching; he turned around, glaring coldly and scoldingly at her, "Serena Sterling, who let you run off on your own, just because I spoke harshly, did you throw a tantrum and run off? It's dangerous out there, don't you know?"

Earlier, he had been upset; any man would struggle to accept the fact that the woman he liked had been married; he just wanted to cool off, but when he lifted his head, he noticed she was gone.

She always made others worry!

Serena looked up at him with her delicate, beautiful face, smiling dreamily, "You care about me?"

What?

That's when Hayden realized his reaction had been somewhat excessive, his thin lips tightened, his handsome face turning embarrassed, "No."

Serena rose onto her tiptoes, wrapping her small hands around his neck, bringing her dark, twinkling eyes close to his face with a blink, "Yes you do! You care about me!"

She wasn't questioning; it was a statement.

Hayden couldn't handle her provocatively seductive behavior; what was she trying to pull now?

He reached out to pull her slender arms away, "Serena Sterling, don't touch me!"

"Then can I... kiss you?"

Serena leaned in and pressed a kiss against his thin lips.

The sweet fragrance from the girl's body invaded, lingering beneath his nostrils, her lips tasted sweet, like she had eaten some kind of candy.

Hayden Crawford didn't like sweets, but he did like sweet girls.

His tall body was frozen in place.

Serena naturally sensed his reaction; though the cold wind had dispersed some of the heat, meeting him had reignited her flames with a 'whoosh'.

Serena cupped his handsome face, deepening the kiss.

She had married him before, done intimate things, but generally, he took the initiative, dominantly controlling the pace, and she simply followed along.

Now it was one of those rare times she took the initiative, mimicking his way of kissing him.

Hayden Crawford wanted to refuse; the large hands at his sides relaxed, tightened, relaxed, yet even if he mustered all his strength, he couldn't bear to push her away.

He remained there, stiffly allowing her to kiss him.

Then Serena released him, her stunningly beautiful face flushed; she looked vibrant and charming. Her voice was small and coquettish as she asked him, "Want to... kiss again?"