

## Substitute B 425

Chapter 425: From Now On, I Am Your Whole World!

Serena Sterling quickly withdrew her small hand; his suit made her wary of touching him. This formal attire, suitable for various business meetings, exuded the aura of a business elite—cold yet charming—making her hesitant to interact carelessly.

After a while, the man on her remained unmoved, his handsome face still buried in her long hair. Serena spoke up, "Are you... ready yet?"

She added a playful "yet" at the end of her sentence, a coquettish tone that Hayden Crawford, being a straightforward man, actually liked, but Hayden didn't respond.

Serena reached out and forcefully pushed him away.

This time, Hayden didn't resist. His tall and handsome body rolled off her with her force, lying flat on the soft bed.

His narrow eyes carried a frightening red tint, and he raised his hand, using his wrist to cover his face full of desire. Now, he exuded the sexiness and decadence of indulgence.

Serena dared not look at him; she quickly got up and ran into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

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Inside the bathroom.

Serena stood at the washbasin, looking at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen, resembling a rose that had been nourished—a sight so tender she couldn't even bear to look at herself.

Serena quickly turned on the tap, splashing her little face with cold water.

At this moment, a drop of blood fell, dropping right onto her hand.

Serena looked up; she had a nosebleed.

Bright red blood flowed down from her nostrils, looking particularly striking.

Serena quickly took out a silver needle and pricked herself with it, slowly stopping the nosebleed.

However, she knew that the poison causing aging anxiety had completely entered her body, and now this poison was consuming her precious blood. Once the defense layer is breached and the poison invades her blood vessels, her life will quickly deteriorate into old age.

Clearly, the poison was more fierce and intense than she had imagined.

Serena looked at her utterly beautiful reflection in the mirror. She was just an ordinary girl who loved beauty and feared aging. She couldn't even imagine herself rapidly aging; she would be the first to be unable to accept it, perhaps the first to collapse.

Serena thought of Hayden Crawford outside; she was afraid of aging and even more afraid of him seeing her aging.

Now, how much time did she have left?

Serena felt quite unlucky; in Bayside, she almost died for Hayden Crawford, and now to save Zane Crawford, she was going to die again.

Why was her life so difficult?

However, she had no regrets.

At this moment, a "knock knock knock" sounded, and outside the door came Hayden Crawford's deep, magnetic voice, with a hint of laughter, "What are you doing hiding inside? Open the door."

Serena quickly gathered her thoughts, "I... I'm taking a shower."

"I want to shower too; let's do it together," Hayden said naturally.

"..." Serena was speechless. Who wanted to shower with him?

Hayden heard no sound from inside, his large hand touched the door handle to open the bathroom door, but he found it was locked.

Hayden's thin lips curved into an amused and indulgent smile, "Serena, why did you lock the door? Are you undressed? Hurry up and open the door; let me take a look!"

Serena bit her red lips with her pearly teeth, grabbing something and directly throwing it at the door.

The object hit the door with a "thump," accompanied by Serena's angry and embarrassed shout, "Go away!"

Hayden released the door handle, lazily leaning his tall back against the wall next to the door, then raised his hand to loosen his necktie.

Now his tie hung loosely around his neck, one hand casually tucked into his trouser pocket, perfectly embodying the term "cultured scoundrel."

Ha.

A low laugh rolled from his throat.

Inside the bathroom, Serena was still standing by the washbasin. She naturally heard his laughter, and involuntarily, the corners of her lips lifted, her bright eyes showing a sparkling ripple.

At this moment, the man's deep voice transmitted gently to her ear, "Stay here during this period. Don't think too much; it's peaceful here, you won't hear any storms."

Serena's heart shook, "Hayden Crawford..."

"Yes?"

"One day, I'll grow old... don't deny it; I know you're shallow and only like young and pretty girls. You're also quite lustful given your age, which is normal. Imagine if one day I grew old and ugly, would you still like me?"

Serena didn't give Hayden a chance to speak; now separated by a door, she couldn't see his handsome face, but she could say all her thoughts aloud.

"You say you want to date me, but I'm afraid that one day, when I've aged, I'll gradually see indifference, coldness, and impatience on your face. People change easily, and I'm afraid you'll find someone younger and prettier than me. That girl would replace me, lying in your arms, sleeping in your bed."

Listening to her words, Hayden's firm heart suddenly turned to mush. His warrior, opening territories and setting boundaries, capable of anything, yet she's scared, scared because of him.

He never denied his preference for young and pretty girls. He liked her youthful charm, her exquisite small face, her purity, her playful cuteness, and the occasional flirtatious demeanor she showed. He liked everything about her.

A man of his status, power, and wealth views women as possessions he can choose freely.

But because it's her, she's the one he truly likes.

"Serena, many women have wanted to lie in my arms and climb onto my bed before you, and there won't be fewer after you. While I don't want you to be too proud, I must tell you that to date, you're the only one who's succeeded. I'm difficult to obtain, and my bed isn't one anyone can simply climb. The only young and pretty girl I like is you, Serena Sterling."

"Dating me won't be a disadvantage; you really need to consider. Everything I own is for you to use freely, and I'm also an excellent bedmate with handsome looks and extraordinary stamina, all for you to enjoy freely."

"Serena, as I said earlier, you don't have to think about anything concerning the future. Your future is me; I am your world."

Hayden says he likes this girl named Serena.

Hayden also says that he will be her world in the future.

Serena's slender white fingers clutch the washbasin tightly, her fair eyes suddenly turning red, swiftly covered with a shimmering layer of tears.