

Substitute B 434

Chapter 434: He Called Her Mrs. Crawford

Serena Sterling raised her eyes, looking at the man in front of her. Hayden Crawford had just taken a shower, wearing a dark blue silk pajama, the belt tied loosely, revealing half of his chiseled chest. His short hair was still damp, not yet towel-dried, and droplets of water were still dripping down.

The man, covered in a refreshing mist, had shed his usual elite aloofness and appeared even more disarmingly youthful and handsome.

Serena Sterling, originally filled with anger, now found herself pressed here by his handsome and harmless demeanor. Her voice unconsciously softened, "Hayden Crawford, what are you doing? Why did you have Beryl call me? Now Grandma and Beryl both know. You often not being home isn't an issue, but how will I face anyone in the future?"

Hayden Crawford stared at her exquisite little face, "Why are you being so fierce? I called you up, and why didn't you come? Besides, Grandma and Beryl are experienced, it's perfectly normal for us to do something in the room."

"..."

This shameless man!

Serena Sterling clenched her small fist and punched his shoulder.

Ouch.

Seeing she was genuinely angry, Hayden Crawford, knowing she was shy, pretended to wince and held onto his injured right arm.

Sure enough, Serena immediately fell for it. She forgot her anger and quickly looked at his right arm with concern, "What's wrong? Are you okay? I just hit you lightly..."

"For you." Hayden Crawford took something and handed it to her.

Serena lowered her eyes to see it was a big red apple in his hand. She looked at him in surprise, "You called me up just to give me an apple?"

"Isn't eating apples on Christmas Eve a tradition? This is for you."

Serena reached out her small hand to take the apple. "Thank you."

"Take a bite, see if it's sweet." He said softly.

Now he had her pinned between his firm chest and the door panel. He was so tall that he blocked out all the light. Their bodies pressed together, and he stared intently at her, wanting her to take a bite of the apple.

Serena lowered her head and took a bite of the apple.

"Is it sweet?"

Serena nodded, "Yes, it's sweet. Here, take a bite."

Serena brought the apple to his lips.

Hayden didn't eat it. His slender fingers tangled into her hair by her cheek, then he kissed her red lips.

Her lips were fragrant and sweet, carrying the taste of the apple's juice.

Serena hadn't expected him to kiss her. In her daze, he wrapped his other arm around her slender waist and lifted her up.

The apple slipped from Serena's grip, with a thud, falling to the ground.

"My apple!"

At this moment, Hayden tightened his grip around her delicate python-like waist and whispered hoarsely into her ear, "Forget the apple, wrap your legs around my waist, can you?"

Serena shivered, "Hayden, the reason you called me up wasn't to give me an apple, I knew you couldn't be that considerate..."

Hayden groaned again, interrupting her, "Hurry, my arm hurts a bit."

Unable to get past this hurdle with his arm, Serena quickly reached out with her small hands to wrap around his neck, winding her slender legs around his firm waist. Yet, this position... was so intimate.

Serena looked up with her clear eyes, glancing at him, only to see Hayden's deep, narrow eyes hidden in the dim light, half-bright, half-dark, flickering with a burning emotion like lava, almost melting her.

Tonight, he was different, as if stimulated by something, unusually excited.

"Hayden, what's wrong with you?" Serena asked.

Hayden slowly raised his right hand and extended his long index finger in front of her.

A silent gesture, waiting for her reaction.

Serena looked at his long index finger, then lifted her soft little hand, gently tugging it into her palm.

In Hayden's eyes, two faint red flames flickered, his whole body taut with suppressed emotions. He parted his thin lips and hoarsely spoke, "Mrs. Crawford."

Mrs. Crawford.

After so long, Serena heard that familiar call, Mrs. Crawford.

He actually called her Mrs. Crawford!

Serena's pupils contracted and enlarged, "Hayden, you..."

Hayden didn't want to scare her, his memory was not yet complete, and he didn't want to tell her. He smiled, "Isn't that right? Serena Sterling, you are my little bride!"

Twenty years ago, the newborn baby who clung to his index finger and smiled sweetly at him was her.

Twenty years later, the one who came in as a replacement bride, becoming his Mrs. Crawford, was also her.

In his mind, the cherubic baby face overlapped with the exquisite face before him.

Just now, Serena thought he had regained his memory. Now, she knew he was talking about childhood memories, which she couldn't remember clearly. But he had kept them in his thoughts for so many years.

"Serena," Hayden gently kissed her aromatic forehead, pressing his firm and throbbing body against her, desperately trying to share the turmoil in his heart with her. In the end, he could only repeatedly say, "You are mine, you were born to be mine. Here, you fill my heart, do you know?"

Hayden took her small hand and placed it over his heart. Through the thin fabric, she could distinctly feel his heart's pounding, strong and vibrant, vibrating her palm.

Serena also felt that, beneath her soft palm, his whole body was tense like iron.

He said she filled his heart.

At this moment, his heart was beating fiercely because of her.

Serena's whole body softened. In front of her stood the man she liked and loved. Being so close and hearing him speak such sweet words, how could any girl refuse?

Serena bit her red lip with her teeth, wrapped her small arms tightly around his neck, and then gently and shyly pecked his thin lips.

Hayden pressed his large hand against her smooth shoulder, suddenly pushing her hard against the door panel.

Serena looked at him in confusion, "What's wrong with you?"

Hayden took out something and covered her small face with it.

Serena's heart skipped – it was a piece of... light gauze.

He...

Hayden didn't give her a chance to think. In the next second, he kissed her forcefully, through the gauze, capturing her rosy lips in a fierce kiss.

Serena couldn't understand why he was so excited. His kiss was like a storm, stealing her breath away. She felt like a small boat drifting on the ocean. She had to cling to him tightly to avoid being lost.