

Substitute B 435

Chapter 435: Serena, I Miss You

At this moment, the position was quite difficult. Serena Sterling's feet couldn't touch the ground, her legs were hooked around his sturdy waist. He kissed her fiercely, as if he wanted to devour her. Serena could only instinctively tighten her legs, clinging onto him tightly.

Hayden Crawford felt his waist being gradually constricted. He pulled away from her red lips and buried his handsome face in her long hair, letting out a muffled groan, his voice low and hoarse, "Why are you holding on so tight?"

"..."

Serena quickly placed her little hands on his broad shoulders, trying to push him away, "Then put me down. Doesn't your arm hurt anymore?"

As she spoke, Serena pinched his right arm. The muscles on his arm were incredibly firm, filled with a sense of masculine strength, not looking like they were in bad shape at all.

"Hayden Crawford, you wouldn't be lying to me, right? Have you been secretly doing rehab training all this time? Your right arm seems to have recovered well!"

Hayden knew his lie had been exposed. He had been doing rehab for a long time. A man losing the use of his right arm and not being able to hold her would have been quite embarrassing. So he worked hard, and the rehab had gone well, bringing his arm back to a normal level.

"Whether my arm is better or not, why don't you try it out?" With that, Hayden directly extended his right arm, lifted her up, and carried her out.

Serena was startled. He was now carrying her with one arm, as if holding a child. At least she weighed 90 pounds, but he effortlessly held her in the crook of his arm, striding briskly to the room. It was boyfriend power to the maximum.

Serena clenched her fists and thumped him, "What are you doing? Put me down first."

Hayden reached out and threw her lightly. Her slender body fell directly into the soft bed. Serena's pupils shrank; joking around was fine, but the two of them ending up on the bed was quite dangerous.

Serena grabbed the blanket with both hands, her body trying to scurry up, intending to escape.

But Hayden was a step ahead of her. He grabbed her slender ankle and pulled her back, pulling her under him again.

"Hayden Crawford, what exactly are you trying to do?" Serena struggled a couple of times, even kicking off her pink slippers.

Hayden climbed onto the bed, dominantly pinning her beneath him. He propped himself up on the side of her head with his rehabilitated right arm, and with the other hand tucked behind him, "Let's do some one-arm push-ups together."

One-arm push-ups?

Serena's cheeks turned red, "No way, if you want to exercise, do it yourself. I'm leaving."

"You can't leave. They say one-arm push-ups are best done by a man and a woman together. I thought of you then and always wanted to find the chance to do it with you."

"I don't know how..."

"Just don't move and watch me."

With that, Hayden started doing one-arm push-ups.

Serena felt this man was truly something. His belt was already loosely tied, and now while doing push-ups, most of his chest was exposed. As he did push-ups, his muscles were hard and bulging, piece by piece. Below his sculpted chest was a wall of defined six-pack abs and perfect Apollo's belt.

The Apollo's belt led straight into his briefs. Serena wasn't intentionally peeking, but she saw his black boxer briefs.

The usually handsome and noble man was now wild and sexy, but also... implicitly lewd, which was simply lethal.

Serena's long eyelashes fluttered nervously. Just then, her red lips felt soft; he had kissed her.

As he did push-ups, he moved up and down, leaving her red lips on the way up, kissing them again on the way down.

Serena's little head exploded with a "boom". She finally understood why he said one-arm push-ups should be done by a man and a woman together; it was for this reason.

In Serena's delicate, ink-like brows and eyes rippled a smiling glint. Being kissed by him twice, she giggled and lifted her little hand to block her red lips, stopping him from kissing her.

Hayden stopped the one-arm push-ups, his large hands cradling her exquisite little face, and with a hoarse laugh, he said, "What's the matter? When you're not around, I can do hundreds at a time. I always wanted to practice with you, but when you're really here, I fall down after just a dozen, right on top of you."

Serena felt as if her ears were getting pregnant. If this continued, she feared she'd pounce on him uncontrollably, but she hadn't yet decided to be with him.

Serena, wake up quickly, don't get mesmerized by this man's supreme allure!

"Can you let go of me now? You've done the one-arm push-ups, I need to go downstairs now."

Hayden's neatly cropped hair had almost dried naturally, now with soft bangs covering his bright black eyes. He seemed even more boyish now, like a puppy clinging to his little girlfriend, refusing to let go... a little wolf dog.

Little wolf dog.

If Serena had to describe Hayden with an animal, it would be a little wolf dog!

"Serena, I don't want to do one-arm push-ups anymore. Let's practice a different exercise." Hayden hooked a thin smile, his voice hoarse with laughter.

Serena blinked with her long lashes, "What exercise?"

"To train... the waist!"

What?

Serena didn't understand for a moment. She rarely exercised, tending more towards things like yoga, not really grasping these strength exercises men did.

Hayden looked at her naive appearance, so pure and utterly incomparable. He kissed her small hand forcefully, made a move, "Like this, train the waist."

"..."

Serena's pretty face flushed red with a "whoosh". Just now, had he... thrust his hip?

Even as naive as Serena was, she understood what he meant by "training the waist". He wanted to use that method to train his waist!

"Hayden Crawford, don't be lewd, any more of this and I won't talk to you!" Serena quickly rejected, resolutely pushing him away with her small hand.

Hayden's tall, noble frame remained unmoving, his thin lips hovering by her ear, murmuring hoarsely, "Really won't practice with me? I've been training my waist recently, wanting to see if you'd like to check it out!"

Who wants to check?

Perverted!

Serena started struggling fiercely, like a little bird flapping its wings wildly, "Hayden Crawford, hurry up and let go of me. Grandma and Beryl know I'm up here. If I don't go down soon, they'll start imagining things. Then I'll be really humiliated."

Hayden furrowed his sword-like brows slightly. Only now did he realize the downside of living with Grandma and Beryl, as it was quite inconvenient when things heated up.

Back in Bayside, he would occasionally take her to his private villa or his office rest area, where it was just the two of them.

Hayden reached out and tugged at her skirt, patiently coaxing in a hoarse voice, "Don't mind them, Serena. I miss you."