

## Substitute B 446

Chapter 446: Can I Sleep With You Tonight?

Hayden Crawford looked at her, his pupils full of her image. He parted his thin lips, releasing a hoarse voice, "Serena."

He had so much he wanted to say to her, but in the end, he could only softly call her name.

Serena Sterling looked at him, her small face pale, "Did you...recover your memory?"

Hayden Crawford nodded, "Yes, I underwent hypnosis to retrieve my memory."

"Do you know, forcibly retrieving your memory could likely result in the resurgence of a second personality? Did you consider the consequences?"

"But I wanted to regain our past, I wanted to become the Mr. Crawford you loved the most."

Serena's pale eyes suddenly turned red, quickly filling with a crystalline mist. She stood up abruptly, leaving without looking back.

Hayden Crawford quickly stood up and chased after her.

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Serena left the Crawford family, walking down the street, when Hayden caught up, grabbing her delicate wrist, "Serena, what's wrong, are you angry?"

Serena was forced to stop. She turned around, her eyes red as she looked at him, "I imagined countless bad possibilities on my way here. My hands are still trembling. You don't care about your body at all; you made the decision on your own. Hayden Crawford, you need to cherish the hard-won health you have now. Do you even know how scared I am of something happening to you again?"

Hayden Crawford nodded, "I know, I know everything, but what about you, Serena? You have been waiting for me alone for so long. If I hadn't turned back, would you have stood there forever?"

For such a long time, Serena never felt wronged, but at this moment, when all of Hayden's memories returned, the feeling of injustice overwhelmed her.

She remembered standing in that small village half a year ago, watching him being taken away by Jude Crawford. The jeep left tracks on the road, and later she walked the path he took over and over again.

Then she came to the City of Aethelgard, and he had a blooming beauty by his side. Clearly, she was the one who took away all his memories, but when she looked at his unfamiliar eyes, her heart ached so much, it felt like she was dying.

Serena quickly raised her head, trying to force the tears back into her eyes but to no avail. The scorching tears poured out like a string of broken pearls, instantly wetting her face with tears.

Yes, she had really waited for so long, so long.

Hayden Crawford held her small face with both hands, his thin lips moving closer. He began to kiss the tears on her face, "Serena, how could you bear to smash the bird egg I gave you, and how could you bear not to look back at me even once? At that time, I really thought you didn't want me any longer. Right before I stepped into the Crawford family, I still couldn't understand why, why did my Mrs. Crawford suddenly not want me anymore? No matter how I begged her not to leave, she still left me."

Serena looked at him through tear-filled eyes, "So you drank and went crazy, and even went to your dad's place to cause a scene?"

Hayden held her small face, looking at her bright eyes made even more luminous by the tears. He laughed softly, "Yeah, you didn't see the look on my dad's face when I walked into the study and lay down. Even such a shrewd old fox couldn't escape my shenanigans!"

Hayden couldn't figure out the situation without finding the answer.

He knew he was deceived. Everyone around him knew what was going on, but he was kept in the dark, so he zeroed in on his grandma, knowing she was the weak spot.

Early in the morning, he went to the Crawford family and staged a scene right in front of Jude Crawford.

Serena let out a chuckle, amused by him. She knew she'd probably looked foolish, crying and laughing at the same time.

Hayden kissed her eyes, lingering and tender with each kiss, "Serena, I'm sorry, I came too late. I lost my Mrs. Crawford for too long."

Serena lowered her long lashes, then slowly stretched out her small hands, wrapping them around his strong waist. She buried her small face in his chest, "Mr. Crawford, you found me."

"Serena, no one will ever separate us again. This life, the next, and the one after that, you are mine."

He really is domineering!

At this moment, amidst the bustling street, Serena leaned against his chest, listening to the strong, rhythmic beat of his heart. Her whole world quieted down.

Truly, it was wonderful. Her Mr. Crawford was back.

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Serena returned to Westerley Estate. After showering, she stood in front of the washstand, drying her damp hair with a towel when she discovered a handful of hair had fallen out.

She was only 20, there's no way she should be losing hair. Looks like time's relentless passing had aged her prematurely.

Serena's gaze turned vacant as she stared off into space for a while. Then she heard the sound of a car outside—it must be Hayden returning.

Serena walked into her room and stood on the balcony. A gust of cold wind blew in, she stretched out her slender white hand, and cold raindrops fell onto her hand.

It was raining outside.

Serena lowered her long lashes like a fan, gazing downstairs at the tall and handsome figure standing on the lawn. Hayden Crawford had arrived.

It was raining outside. Corvus held a black umbrella over the man's head, tiny water droplets splashed off the umbrella, dampening the man's trousers.

At this moment, the man suddenly lifted his eyes and looked upstairs.

Serena immediately fell into the depths of the man's narrow, deep eyes. His eyes were bright and serene, conveying a powerful, peaceful strength.

Serena's heart raced. She knew that the real, complete Hayden Crawford had returned.

He invaded her world so boldly and unapologetically.

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Serena stayed in the room for a while, soon hearing Beryl's voice from downstairs, "Young Master, you're back. Do you want some food heated up?"

"No need."

As soon as these words fell, she heard footsteps outside her door, and then her room door was knocked on.

Serena went to open the door, and there stood Hayden Crawford.

Hayden had come straight to her room upon returning.

Hayden gazed at her in the room. Fresh from a bath, her lustrous dark hair cascaded down, highlighting her creamy white skin, her delicate and enticing features a picture of radiant beauty.

Hayden's gaze darkened. He fixated on her rosy lips.

He looked at her with heated intensity, saying nothing, causing Serena's creamy white skin to flush pink, as if he were undressing her with his gaze.

The old Hayden Crawford had been lustful; now he seemed more sensually alluring.

Serena turned her small face away.

At that moment, her vision darkened, Hayden lowered his head, his supple lips landing on her rosy lip corner,  
"Serena, can I sleep with you tonight?"