

## **Substitute B 457**

Chapter 457: Hayden Crawford Says, "Serena, I Love You

Her little wolfdog is really well-behaved.

Serena Sterling hugged his neck and gave him a fierce kiss on his handsome face as a reward.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford reached out and took something, hanging it around Serena Sterling's neck.

Serena Sterling glanced down and saw it was the only-love diamond necklace he had given her back when they were in Bayside, with the lone ring he gave her still attached.

That day she wiped away all his memories and took off the necklace and ring from her neck, returning them to him. She never expected that after all the twists and turns, this item would find its way back to her.

After putting on the necklace, Hayden Crawford's supple, thin lips landed on the beauty mark on her forehead, kissing her tenderly and affectionately, "Serena, this is something my mother left me. No matter what happens in the future, you are not allowed to take it off."

Serena Sterling's heart softened. She knew Hayden loved his mother deeply and only in front of her would he let down all his armor, revealing the softest part of his heart.

This necklace and ring were the most precious and wonderful gifts she had ever received.

"Hmm, I promise you, no matter what happens in the future, I'll always wear them."

Hayden kissed her clear, bright eyes and then took out a piece of paper and a pen, "Serena, what kind of decoration and design do you like?"

The two of them lay on the soft, large bed, with Serena underneath and Hayden's strong half-body pressing down on her, encircling her in his embrace as he doodled with the pen, "This will be our bedroom, besides your closet room, I'll also prepare a small study for you inside the bedroom, okay?"

Serena asked in confusion, "Mr. Crawford, won't we be living here in the future?"

"Well, Grandma and Beryl are here; it's a bit inconvenient. We'll move out, but we can visit Grandma often. I'll bring out a villa for us to design and decorate, building our love nest together."

Serena's heart was enveloped in a layer of sweetness, sweeter than honey. Although she thought living with Grandma and Beryl was nice, this was her and Mr. Crawford's home. It was their private world, together without intrusion or disturbance from others.

"Then why is my study supposed to be in the bedroom? Your study is next door." Serena pouted, asking.

Hayden ruffled her little head, "Because I want to see you as soon as I get home. I hope everywhere I look, I see you."

Serena quickly smiled, her little wolfdog was rather clingy, "Then... alright."

"Should the baby room be in our bedroom or next door? I think it should be next door, so it doesn't affect our married life."

Baby room?

He was really thinking far ahead.

Serena dropped her long lashes, "Mr. Crawford, I can't get pregnant right now."

Hayden knew about her physical condition; she indeed couldn't conceive right now. It was too risky for her bodily. Even if she wanted to get pregnant, he wouldn't allow it.

"I'm talking about the future. When you get better, we'll have children eventually." Hayden kissed her snow-white little earlobe.

Serena didn't know if she even had a future, but she did love babies, and giving Mr. Crawford two babies was in her life plan.

She picked up the pen and started sketching a small baby room on paper, "No way, the baby room has to be in our bedroom, with a little cradle and bells hanging above it..."

Serena started to seriously plan the baby room.

Now, the room was lit by a dim, warm light. His most beloved woman was speaking with him about their future, nestled in his arms, and suddenly, Hayden felt a sense of fulfillment, wanting time to move slower and slower, hoping tomorrow wouldn't come.

At this moment, Hayden was unaware that this was already his last tender moment with Serena. In the years that followed, all was changed.

Hayden watched her earnest gaze. She had just taken a bath, and her delicate skin was as soft and smooth as blown glass, with a fine layer of fuzz becoming translucent on it.

How could he bear to watch her age?

Hayden's kiss fell onto her fair neck, and his large hand slid inside her shirt from the hem.

Serena noticed something was amiss as she was drawing, and she stopped, looking down to see his wrist with a luxury steel watch exposed, while his hand was already inside her clothes...

"Mr. Crawford, what are you doing?" Serena immediately tried to push his big hand out.

Hayden, however, caught her soft little hand and placed it on the belt of his strong waist, his voice hoarse, "Serena, help me undo this."

"No way... you haven't taken a shower yet..."

"I already did at the office."

"... Well, no, you go buy that, buy condoms." Serena pressed her little hands firmly against his chest, decisively refusing.

Hayden looked down at her from above, his narrow, dark eyes burning like molten lava, poised to melt her, "Put your hand in my pants pocket."

What?

Serena obediently slipped her little hand inside, soon feeling something—it was a condom.

No, wait, there seemed to be more, two, three... seven, eight...

Serena pulled everything out of his pants pocket, scattering them on the bed. Just how many did he buy?

How does he manage to keep such a straight face, going in and out of various high-class business settings, with condoms in his suit pants pocket!

Serena's exquisitely beautiful face turned red like a cooked shrimp, and she balled her hands into fists to pound him twice.

Hayden didn't avoid her, just letting her hit him there. After all, her strength was barely enough to tickle him. He lowered his head and captured her red lips, "Serena, have I ever told you?"

"What?"

"I love you."

"..."

"Serena, I love you!"

...

Late at night, Serena was buried under a warm silk quilt, already asleep. Dark circles were evident under her eyes, clearly worn out by his torments over the past two nights.

Hayden carefully tucked her in and then got up to shower. Soon, he emerged wearing a black silk pajama suit, standing on the balcony.

The cold, clear wind outside billowed the hem of his pajama, and a hint of frost stained his handsome brow.

Quickly, he took out his phone and dialed Annette Rathborne's number.

After two rings, the call connected, and Annette's voice came through, "Hello, Hayden brother."

"Annette, I'll marry you. Let's get married."

He didn't wait for Annette to celebrate or cheer, hanging up the call immediately after.

At this moment, a knocking sound echoed, and the room door was pushed open. The Old Mrs. Crawford walked in with a coat draped over her shoulders, "Hayden, are you sure about this?"

Hayden nodded, "Yes."