

## Substitute B 465

Chapter 465: I Like Turning Off the Lights!

He agreed?

He agreed to let her be his woman?

Great!

Hayden Crawford gestured to the room beside him with his eyes, "Go in."

Anabelle Rathborne was completely subdued by his domineering and powerful aura. She immediately entered the room shyly yet filled with anticipation.

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Inside the room.

The maid brought two sets of pajamas, "Young mistress, the pajamas are here."

Anabelle raised her eyes to look at Hayden Crawford, who was standing on the balcony. His suit jacket was off, and he wore a black hand-crafted shirt underneath. He had one hand in his pocket and held a cigarette between his long fingers, exhaling smoke. His tall and handsome body seemed to merge with the cold dew outside.

Anabelle took the pajamas, waved the maid away, then she spoke, "Brother Hayden."

Hayden turned around slowly, looking at her expressionlessly. He then lightly parted his thin lips, "Go take a shower."

Anabelle's face flushed red, and she hurried into the bathroom with her nightdress.

In the bathroom.

Ten minutes later, Anabelle stood naked in front of the vanity. She looked at her delicate face and beautiful young body in the mirror, tiny droplets of water sliding down her fair skin in a way that was alluring.

She gently dried the droplets with a towel, her face blushing with the thought of Hayden Crawford's cold and powerful aura and his handsome male physique outside.

Tonight, she was going to become his woman.

She was going to fulfill her dream.

Anabelle felt very smug; she thought Serena Sterling was nothing but a defeated foe, and that she would ultimately be the one to win over Hayden Crawford.

Soon, she would record a little video on her phone to send to Serena Sterling. That would surely be interesting.

She was the biggest winner.

Anabelle had a lot of confidence; she thought Hayden Crawford's infatuation with Serena Sterling was just temporary. Serena Sterling might have some tricks in bed that had seduced Hayden Crawford, but a man staring at the same woman night after night would eventually tire of her. She believed Hayden Crawford would soon abandon Serena Sterling and see her for her worth.

Anabelle put down the towel and slipped into her silk nightdress, the red V-neck dress subtly outlining her curves.

Anabelle spun around in front of the mirror, making sure she looked perfect before stepping out on her slender legs.

Hayden Crawford, who should have been on the balcony, was already sitting on the sofa, still smoking. His strong back leaned lazily against the sofa, his long legs wrapped in black suit pants elegantly and rebelliously crossed over, the pants slightly short, revealing his black socks and delicate ankles.

Anabelle walked up to the man, feeling entirely captivated.

"Brother Hayden, I'm done with my shower.

Hayden Crawford raised his eyes to glance at her, his cold eyes flickering in the swirling smoke, his thin lips moving, "Take off your clothes, let me see."

Take off your clothes.

This sentence made Anabelle's face even redder. As the Rathborne family's daughter, she had suitors lining up at the Huangpu River, but so far, the only one she had eyes for was Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford was 28 years old, a man's golden age. Power, status, wealth had reached a peak, his sexual maturity was perfect; he understood women in bed and knew how to enjoy.

Anabelle raised her small hand and slid the thin straps from her shoulders, letting the red silk nightdress fall to her feet.

She looked at the man seemingly shy yet cautious, seeing his narrow eyes linger for a moment on her body, then he exhaled smoke.

"Brother Hayden..." Anabelle called out sweetly.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford got up, legs stretching as he closed in on Anabelle, "In such a hurry, huh?"

Anabelle retreated step by step until she reached the wall. The man was close, but not touching her, yet she could already smell that rich masculine scent from him.

"Brother Hayden, I like you, I've liked you for so many years. Actually, you liked me too, right? But then you were bewitched by Serena Sterling. But our twenty years of feelings can't be replaced by a day or two; now that we're married, I believe you'll love me."

Saying that, Anabelle reached up to wrap her arms around Hayden Crawford's neck.

But she couldn't hold on, as Hayden forcefully tossed her onto the soft bed.

"Ah," Anabelle exclaimed softly.

She looked up, Hayden put out half of his cigarette in the ashtray, then stepped over to her, undoing a few buttons on his shirt with his distinct fingers, his tall body pressing down on her.

Anabelle shyly and nervously closed her eyes, she felt like her whole being was melting.

She offered her red lips.

But the kiss didn't fall, instead, "Clack," the room's light was turned off.

It turned out his intention was not to kiss, but to turn off the lights.

Anabelle opened her eyes, her sight filled with darkness, "Brother Hayden, why not leave the lights on, I can't see you."

Hayden Crawford chuckled, his voice tinged with a hint of cold allure, "I like to...do it with the lights off."

Anabelle quickly shut her eyes again, she felt she might die, the man above her was so charming.

She moved toward the man, "Brother Hayden, take me."

Hayden Crawford stepped back, avoiding her touch, "Wait, I need to take a shower first."

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Anabelle had been waiting in the room, five minutes passed and the man still hadn't come out.

She couldn't help but walk to the bathroom door, "Knock, knock," she knocked on the door, "Brother Hayden, are you finished?"

"Clack," the bathroom door opened.

In the dark, Anabelle couldn't see the man's face, but his physique remained tall and strong. She threw herself into the man's arms.

On tiptoes, she kissed the man's lips.

The man's breath was hot, kissing her back in the darkness.

Anabelle's eyes lit up with joy, "Brother Hayden, I love you so much!"

The man forcefully pushed her onto the bed...

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An hour later.

Anabelle crawled up from the bed, enduring the aching in her body, she put on a long dress and opened the door. Right after they had finished, Brother Hayden had immediately gone out.

Outside the door, Hayden Crawford in a white shirt stood by the carved railing. Seeing her come out flushed, he smiled meaningfully, his voice deep and enigmatic, "What, was it good?"

Anabelle was full of bashfulness, she wanted nothing more than to throw herself at the man again, "Brother Hayden..."

Hayden Crawford didn't move despite having a hand in his pocket, but at this moment two black-clad bodyguards stepped forward, directly grabbing Anabelle, then took out a sharp knife.