

Substitute B 474

Chapter 474: How to Pursue Serena Sterling?

Serena forcefully pushed Hayden Crawford away, ran into the bedroom's bathroom, bent over, and started to vomit.

She hadn't eaten anything, so she couldn't even vomit any sour liquid. She could only dry heave a few times, but that made her feel worse.

"Serena, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" Hayden quickly followed, reaching out his large hand to pat her back.

Seeing how uncomfortable she was, he furrowed his brows along with her.

Actually, Hayden's first thought wasn't that she was pregnant, but rather he was worried that her condition wasn't acting up again.

Serena stood up, her white eyes were red, and a few strands of hair clung to her exquisite, stunning little face, looking pitiful, "What's that smell on you?"

Hayden had just come from the hospital, fearing that he had the pungent smell of disinfectant on him, so he took a shower and changed clothes before coming over. There shouldn't be any smell on him, "What smell?"

Serena looked at him with a face full of disdain, "A woman's scent. You smell like another woman. It's terrible."

"..."

Hayden considered himself to have a very clean private life, never giving other women a chance to get close. Anabelle Rathborne did visit him at the hospital, but he didn't let her touch him. He kept himself clean, so how could he have a woman's scent on him?

"Serena, are you deliberately finding fault? If you don't want me to kiss you, just say so. Why pour dirty water on me? I don't smell like a woman, and I, Hayden Crawford, have not sunk to the level of not daring to admit being with a woman."

"Hayden Crawford, you do smell like a woman. Don't touch me again, because whenever you touch me, I want to vomit."

The truth is, even the smartest women can be unreasonable at times, and Serena was no exception.

Hayden's eyes darkened, genuinely angry, "Are you saying that kissing you made you want to throw up?"

"Yes."

Hayden put one hand on his waist, and a surge of heat rushed to his head. Did he really... make her want to throw up from kissing?

So now she was so averse to him, not wanting him to hold her in bed, escaping from his embrace, not even allowing a kiss, saying it made her sick.

"Serena Sterling, have I spoiled you too much, so that now you're out of control? I can't hold you, can't kiss you, can't scold or hit you, and it seems you're riding over my head."

"Then don't come over, go to your Mrs. Crawford Anabelle Rathborne. She will please you and cater to you, serve you well. Are you coming to me because you have masochistic tendencies?"

"You!" Hayden was so furious he was dumbfounded, he now wished he could throw her on the bed and give her a good lesson, to make her submissive, admit her mistakes, and beg for mercy.

But looking at her red eyes, and her stubborn, little-animal-like demeanor, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Serena Sterling, you win this time!" Hayden kicked over a trash can, then left with great anger.

He was gone.

He finally left.

Serena sank onto the soft bed, slowly lifted her hand to her flat belly, "Baby, I'm sorry, Mommy drove your Daddy away."

...

After Christmas, as the year came to a close, the Lunar New Year, a major day of family reunion, was approaching, and the atmosphere of the holiday pervaded everywhere.

Since that argument, Hayden hadn't been back to Maplewood Villa. He went on a business trip, held the annual high-level meeting, and approved all the recent urgent documents, so busy that he didn't have time to take a sip of water.

He had to keep himself busy because whenever he was idle, he would start to miss Serena, her stunning little face would fill his mind.

He feared he wouldn't be able to resist going back to her.

But this time, he didn't want to be the first to lower his head.

She's been too cold to him lately, telling him to leave, saying she didn't want him anymore. He wanted to ignore her for a while, let her know how important he was, so that she would value him again and place him back in her heart.

Simply put, he wanted to cause a scene to regain some sense of presence with her.

In the CEO's office, Hayden sat in the office chair, opened his phone, it was filled with messages and calls, indeed she still loved him after all.

Hayden's lips curled into a pleased smile, but when he opened those messages and calls, he quickly froze.

They weren't from Serena, but from Anabelle Rathborne!

Unwilling to give up, Hayden scrolled down, hoping to find a message from Serena so he wouldn't have to admit defeat.

But he was disappointed.

Not a single one.

Serena hadn't contacted him at all these days.

Hayden tossed the phone aside, feeling unwell, a shadow covered his handsome brow.

Corvus, shivering slightly at the side, felt like he was about to become a punching bag again. He cautiously said, "Young Master, Secretary Ivan Yarrow has cleared your upcoming schedule, with this New Year, you could spend some time with Miss Serena. Girls are easy to coax, as long as you coax her, Miss Serena will surely have a change of heart."

Hayden immediately looked up at Corvus with a gaze as sharp as a knife, "Did I ask you to speak?"

"..." Corvus quickly shut his mouth.

Hayden withdrew his gaze; Corvus didn't even have a girlfriend, did he need a single guy to teach him?

Hayden picked up his phone again, opened an account he had registered when Serena was doing radio, which had been directly dug up later, and everyone knew this account was his.

Hayden logged in, then posted a question offering a reward: how to pursue Serena Sterling?

After this question was sent, the entire City of Aethelgard became lively. All the magazine editors notified their staff for urgent overtime, Hayden, with this account, appearing again after his public wedding with Anabelle Rathborne, posted a question on how to pursue Serena Sterling.

With a bang, it caused a huge stir.

Hayden Crawford, indeed still the same, cocky, and cool as ever.

"Beep, beep, beep," Hayden received countless messages from the bystanders in the next second,

Netizen A: Mr. Crawford, give roses to her, girls all like roses, flowers for the beauty.

Netizen B: Mr. Crawford, take the beauty to watch a movie, the sad, literary kind, and hold her in your arms when she cries.

Netizen C: Mr. Crawford, to be honest, there's no need to be that complicated, just conquer her in bed!

Hayden looked at the hot comments in the front rows, and this time he didn't respond directly, but with a flick of his finger, gave the reward money to Netizen C.

Everybody erupted again, wow, Hayden Crawford took Netizen C's advice.

Netizen C was already tightly holding the large reward sum, drowning in the envy of countless netizens' applause and jealous rotten eggs.