

## **Substitute B 480**

### Chapter 480: Serena Takes Action

She lost ground inch by inch, while he advanced in conquest.

Serena Sterling reached out to press against his firm chest, hoping to push him away slightly because she was running out of breath.

At this moment, Hayden Crawford wrapped her soft little hand in his palm, guiding her all the way down to the black leather belt at his waist...

Serena jerked her hand back as if electrocuted.

Hayden closed his eyes heavily and left her red lips, burying his head in her long hair, taking a deep breath, "Serena, you shouldn't hesitate. Your hesitation gives me a reason to push further."

Serena lay passively under his weight, staring up at the dazzling crystal chandelier, her mind in a haze.

Now Hayden opened his eyes, placed his large hand on the sheets, and quickly got up, his voice hoarse, "Sleep, I'll go take a shower."

Hayden headed towards the bathroom, unbuttoning his shirt with long fingers as he walked.

Two buttons came undone, revealing his exquisite collarbone, the prominent Adam's apple bobbing, making him feel terribly uncomfortable.

Not kissing her was okay, but once kissed, the desire inside him was like a flood beast unleashed from the gates.

Reaching the bathroom door, he suddenly heard a series of footsteps. Serena dashed over, hugging his strong waist from behind.

Hayden's steps came to an abrupt halt.

He reached out his large hand, touching the two small hands at his waist, rubbing back and forth, "Serena, are you testing my resolve as a man? Let go, or I won't be polite to you."

Serena shook her head, "I won't."

Hayden turned around, his eyes deep and burning, like two small whirlpools ready to pull her in. Slowly curling his thin lips, he said half-smiling, "Serena, you're going too far. Not giving it to me is one thing, but not letting me handle it myself either?"

Serena's long lashes fluttered slightly, "Hayden, have you resorted to just lip service? Where's the person who said he'd be rude to me just now?"

Hayden's breath deepened, and the next second, he leaned down, hoisting her over his shoulder with a few brisk steps, tossing her onto the soft bed.

Serena was startled, quickly reaching out to protect her small belly.

At this moment, Hayden's tall and upright body pressed down, "Serena Sterling, you asked for this. Who told you to tease me?"

He kissed her red lips hard, murmuring hoarsely, "I think you've been asking for it for a long time."

"..."

This man!

Serena pressed against his firm chest, soon curling her fingers, slowly climbing up to wrap around his neck.

She turned over, the two of them changing positions, her on top now.

She kissed him back, mimicking his moves, making his breathing more uneven.

Hayden held her soft waist, his large hand threading through her long hair, letting her rest in the crook of his arm. He sat up, his tall and strong body leaning over, hugging her in his arms to kiss again.

"Going all in?"

Serena looked at his handsome face, "I'm feeling a bit unwell, you... take it easy~"

This man was dominant and imposing, even in bed maintaining absolute control. She was afraid he might hurt the child in her stomach.

Hayden released her red lips, his nose brushing against her face, nuzzling affectionately. She did appear somewhat sickly but was softer and more demure, her dark hair spread across the white pillow, breathtakingly beautiful.

It all felt like a dream.

He leaned over, kissing her cheek, "Got it, I'll pace myself."

...

It was already deep into the night, and Serena Sterling lifted her bright eyes to look at the man now soundly sleeping beside her, Hayden Crawford was asleep.

She had given Beryl a sleeping injection before because he was a very alert person, so she had never dared to act against him.

Just now, while he was in a languid, indulgent state, she had given him a shot.

Serena stretched out her slender white fingers, gently tracing his delicate features, with reluctance and sadness, "Mr. Crawford, I'm sorry, I have to go. Once I'm gone, you can be free of Anabelle Rathborne, forget me."

Serena slipped out of his embrace, sat up, and began to put on the clothes scattered on the carpet, piece by piece, finally kissing his forehead.

She opened the door and walked out.

In the hallway, Corvus instantly became alert seeing Serena exit. During the time she was confined, Serena hadn't stirred at all, hadn't even struggled, now that she suddenly made a move, Corvus felt like the big boss was finally making a move.

Corvus was on high alert, knowing that if something happened to Serena, the young master would definitely have his head.

His life was hanging on his waistband while he worked.

"Miss Sterling, why are you out so late? Where's the young master?" Corvus asked with a forced smile.

Serena's expression was calm. She closed her coat a bit, "He's already asleep."

Corvus noticed a patch of hickeys on Serena's fair neck, it didn't take much to figure out they were left by the young master.

"Miss Sterling, since the young master is asleep, why aren't you sleeping too?" Corvus hinted that she should return to bed.

"I need to take care of some things." Serena stepped forward to leave.

Corvus quickly blocked her, "Miss Sterling, this isn't good. The young master instructed you not to run around..."

Serena's clear, sharp eyes glanced at Corvus, "Your young master only confined me. I'm not leaving this resort, just moving around inside. You can follow me the whole time. Besides, Silas shadows me 24/7, and the resort is full of your people. Do you think I can sprout wings and fly away?"

Corvus was at a loss for words. Serena was, after all, the young master's favorite, and he dared not offend her at all, so he nodded and said, "Alright, I'll follow you then, Miss Sterling. Miss Sterling is a smart person, knowing that this resort is under our control, like an impregnable fortress, so I believe Miss Sterling won't entertain any improper thoughts."

Serena showed no emotional fluctuation, stepping forward to leave.

Corvus quickly followed.

...

Tonight was destined to be a sleepless night. Mr. Jonson was also awake; since something happened on his turf, he had to give Hayden Crawford an explanation, so he interrogated the waiter through the night.

Pearl Nightingale was even more awake; she also followed along.

Mr. Jonson sat on the chair, the waiter kneeling in front of him, trembling, "Miss Knight, you must save me, you were the one who told me to drug her."

Aurora trembled all over, looking incredulously at this waiter. Mr. Jonson hadn't even started the interrogation, and she was already sold out so effortlessly?

Useless!

Then with a "bang," Mr. Jonson smashed a cup of tea onto the carpet, glaring angrily at Pearl Nightingale, "Aurora, what on earth is going on here?"