

Substitute B 526

Chapter 526: Hayden Crawford Asks Who Gave the Smiley Face

Wow.

The little kids' eyes lit up,

Oh my, is that Caden's daddy? His daddy is so tall, so handsome, way more than my daddy!

Oh no, oh no, Caden's daddy is taller and more handsome than my daddy, and the fairy teacher is prettier and gentler than my mommy. I wish I could switch daddies and mommies. Let Caden's daddy be my daddy and the fairy teacher be my mommy!

Mr. Collins quickly shushed them, saying, look, your daddies and mommies are all here. If they hear this, you won't escape a spanking when you get home!

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Hayden Crawford picked up Caden Crawford and brought him back into the Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car. Caden sat in the child safety seat at the back, while Hayden started the car, resting his large hands, adorned with an expensive wristwatch, on the steering wheel. "Caden Crawford, how was school today?"

No sound came from the back.

Hayden raised his head, his deep, narrow eyes glancing through the rearview mirror, only to see Caden leaning against the shiny car window, looking somewhat reluctantly at the noble kindergarten that was slowly fading into the distance, as if something there was attracting him.

Hayden knew his son well. Caden was indifferent to people and things outside, and this was the first time he showed interest in something other than programming.

Hayden couldn't help but also raise his head and look in the direction of the kindergarten, but there was no one there. "Caden Crawford, what are you looking at?"

At this moment, Caden slowly retracted his gaze, lowered his small head, and hung the big smiling face given by Serena Sterling on his backpack.

Caden's expression was serious and focused; it was apparent he liked the smiley face a lot, touching it many times with his little hand.

"..." Hayden felt he was being ignored. Caden treated him like air and didn't intend to pay attention to him at all.

The father and son returned to Maplewood Villa without exchanging words. When getting out of the car, Caden was clutching his backpack.

Hayden walked over and pulled on the smiley face hanging on the backpack. It looked like something cheap, yet Caden treated it like a precious treasure for some reason.

"Caden Crawford, who gave you this smiley face?"

Hayden had to ask. Caden had been under the protection of the Crawford family for the past three years, isolated from outsiders. Now that he had entered a private noble kindergarten, Hayden feared someone might deliberately approach him.

After all, many women harbored inappropriate thoughts about him, wanting to marry into the Crawford family and become Mrs. Crawford. Some hoped to make a move on Caden, the little Crown Prince of the Crawfords.

This smiley face seemed to be given by a woman.

The smiley face was held by Hayden, and Caden quickly wanted to take it back, meaning, daddy, let go!

Hayden looked down at the little guy beside his leg. "I'll let go if you tell me who gave you this smiley face."

Caden thought for a moment, then wrote four words on paper: Fairy Teacher.

Fairy Teacher?

Hayden slowly narrowed his deep, narrow eyes.

Just then, Caden snatched back his smiley face and ran straight into the villa.

Hayden, tall and long-legged, stood on the grass. Just then, a melodious phone ring rang out; a call was incoming.

Hayden pressed the button to answer, and Corvus's respectful report quickly came through, "Young Master, we just got the news that today the young master saw... Miss Summer at the kindergarten."

What?

Hayden's handsome brow furrowed deeply, his whole demeanor somewhat dark and unclear.

"Master, Miss Summer got a job as a kindergarten teacher at the school. I believe Miss Summer is... deliberately approaching the young master. The young master seems to like... Miss Summer a lot."

Hayden said nothing, directly hanging up the call.

Just then, with a "ding," Corvus sent a text message over.

Hayden clicked it open; it was a photo that Corvus had sent of Serena Sterling and Caden Crawford.

In the golden, dazzling sunlight, Serena crouched down, gently matching a smiley face on Caden's small face. Usually cold as an iceberg, little Caden seemed to shed his indifference. Holding that big smiley face in his little hands, he looked a bit shy yet somewhat fondly at Serena, with the sunlight enveloping them warmly.

Hayden looked at the mother and son in the photo, reviewing it several times. He knew his son so well, but he had never seen this side of Caden.

The Caden in his memory possessed a maturity and composure beyond his years, cold and noble, maintaining a distance from others. But the Caden in the photo was soft, his shyness and joy tinged with a hint of awkwardness about interacting with Serena, this Caden finally resembling a three-year-old child.

Hayden pressed his thin lips into a cold line. He hadn't expected Serena to be so bold, contacting Caden right under his nose.

Did she know Caden was her biological son?

What were her intentions?

Hayden curved a cold smile. Once again, she was playing the game of coming and going as she wished, disturbing the peace of their father-son life.

Hayden put away his phone and entered the villa.

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Inside the villa.

Hayden returned to the master bedroom, standing tall in the room. He raised his long fingers to undo the buttons of his white shirt. As he unbuttoned the shirt, exposing his well-toned male chest,

His thumb and index finger were propped against the black leather belt at his waist, ready to loosen it and head to the bathroom for a shower. But just then, Auntie Mccoy's startled voice came through the walls, "Young Master, open up, let Auntie Mccoy give you a bath! Young Master!"

Having undone half of his belt, "swish," he buckled it back in place. Hayden's handsome features were set in a stern expression, a low curse slipping through his thin lips, Damn brat, causing trouble again!

He felt a bit aggravated. Over the past three years, he had been both father and mother, raising him single-handedly. Now that Serena Sterling was back, and just for a cheap smiley face, it seemed his soul had been captured by her.

Damn ungrateful scoundrel.

Earlier in the car, treating him like a driver—let's see you act like that in front of your mom, Mister CEO!

Hayden strode with his long legs out of the room, making his way to Caden's bedroom door.

"Sir, the young master won't let me bathe him, and he's locked the bedroom door," Auntie Mccoy said anxiously.

Hayden placed his well-defined hand on the doorknob, attempting to open it but found it locked from inside.

Hand on his hip, he ran his tongue along his dry lips, his deep voice carrying an air of authority and sharpness, "Caden Crawford, open the door at once, or do I have to kick it down?"

No response came from inside.

Damn it!

Hayden lifted his powerful right leg and with a "boom," kicked the door.

The tremendous noise spread throughout the whole villa, exuding an intimidating aura of anger and authority that made one's heart tremble.

Some young maids in the living room secretly glanced upwards at the vintage carved railings, champagne gold crystal chandelier, everything in sight exuding a low-key and luxurious style that highlighted the owner's extraordinary status and position.