

## Substitute B 528

Chapter 528: Daddy, Is My Mommy Pretty?

The father and son were staring at each other. Hayden Crawford wasn't in a hurry, watching Caden patiently, giving him time to speak.

A few seconds later, Caden Crawford opened his mouth, but unfortunately, no sound came out; it was silent.

Hayden Crawford didn't show disappointment because he knew that Caden needed encouragement now, and this was the first time Caden had opened his mouth.

That Caden was willing to open his mouth was already a great start.

Hayden Crawford's strong hands firmly grasped Caden's small shoulders, transmitting the power of fatherly love to him, "It's okay, Daddy can read your lips. If you open your mouth a bit more when you speak, Daddy will be able to understand you. Now tell me, what do you want to ask?"

Caden felt his daddy's patience and love. He opened his mouth again and mouthed two silent words.

Hayden Crawford understood that Caden was saying "Mommy."

The first time Caden opened his mouth to speak, it was to say "Mommy."

Hayden's gaze was deep, so deep that it was hard to fathom what he was thinking inside. He released Caden's shoulders and stood up.

Caden looked up at his daddy with large, grape-like eyes and silently mouthed a sentence, "Is my mommy beautiful?"

What kind of question is this?

Little Caden actually wanted to ask this.

Hayden Crawford pressed his thin lips together and didn't answer.

Little Caden persisted with his question, silently pressing, "Daddy, is my mommy beautiful?"

An image of a stunningly beautiful face drifted into Hayden's mind, with her every frown and smile so charming. He nodded, "Yes."

Yes, beautiful.

That was considered a response.

Caden further pressed, "Then, isn't my mommy the most beautiful woman Daddy has ever seen?"

Caden was trying very hard to speak, still not accustomed to it; his mouth moved a bit stiffly, but he formed the shapes very clearly, afraid Daddy wouldn't understand.

Hayden looked down at the glistening eyes of the little child, bright as his mommy's radiant eyes, and he silently responded with a single word, "Yes."

He had never seen a woman more beautiful than her.

With that, Caden was satisfied. He got all the answers he needed.

"Alright, I've answered all your questions. Hurry up and take a bath, and go to bed early," Hayden Crawford announced the end of the conversation.

Caden recalled what Serena Sterling had said at kindergarten about going to bed before nine. He quickly nodded. Starting tonight, he would go to bed earlier.

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After bathing, Hayden Crawford carried little Caden Crawford out and placed him on the soft, large bed, "Dress yourself, I'm going to take a quick shower."

Just now, while bathing the little one, the pant legs of Hayden Crawford's suit trousers got wet, and his tanned chest was dotted with tiny water droplets, which trickled down his seductive lines into his tight waist—wildly attractive.

Caden vigorously nodded to his daddy, urging him to go quickly!

In the bathroom.

Hayden Crawford took off his trousers and stood under the shower, taking a cold shower.

He closed his eyes, and that stunning, dust-free face appeared before him. Now his mind was full of the image he saw at The Emperor's Club, where she wore a sleeveless black dress.

He had kissed her. Her mouth was still so sweet.

The man's Adam's apple moved up and down as he reached down with his fingers...

Ten minutes later, Hayden Crawford emerged in a black silk pajama. In these three years, his desires had dulled, but as a healthy 32-year-old man, he occasionally dealt with his needs on his own.

It wasn't a great experience earlier, wrapped up quickly.

Using a clean towel to dry his damp short hair, his deep, narrow eyes landed on the little bundle. The little bundle was already dressed and lying under the blanket, and he had fallen asleep.

Surprisingly, sleeping so early tonight.

Hayden Crawford walked over, tucking the blanket around the little bundle smoothly. Then he leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on the little one's forehead, grateful for Caden's company in the toughest and loneliest times over the past three years.

Hayden stood up, intending to leave the children's room.

But after just a couple of steps, he returned, feeling under the little one's pillow and extracting a piece of paper with a drawing.

With the drawing, he left the little one's room and entered his own master bedroom.

Hayden Crawford didn't sleep. He sat in a chair, took out a pen, and began modifying Serena Sterling's drawing.

Under Caden's brush, Serena Sterling was dressed in a white dress, and her waistline was unclear. Hayden directly took action to outline Serena Sterling's exquisite waistline.

He also edited Serena Sterling's slender arms and delicate hands with his quick hand movements, soon bringing Serena Sterling on paper to life vividly.

But it still wasn't enough. Seeing himself with hands in pockets playfully following the mother and son, he quickly took out a pair of small scissors.

He cut his own drawn image and pasted it in front.

Looking now, he was striding forward with hands in pockets, coldly indifferent, and Serena Sterling was holding the little one's right hand, both pursuing him.

Cool beyond words.

The little one had drawn him alone in the back, which to him was quite an eyesore. Now that he had adjusted it, it looked pleasing.

Hayden Crawford's cold, thin lips curled into a shy and gentle arc.

But soon, the arc at his lips stiffened, and his handsome features instantly sank. What was he doing?

Was he going mad again?

Had he forgotten the pain she inflicted on him three years ago now that she was back?

She left while pregnant three years ago. What about her and Seth Sullivan's child?

For the past three years, she lived blissfully in the ancient nation of Alani with Seth and that child, while he had to resort to surrogate to have Caden. For these three years, it had just been him and Caden struggling together, living poorly!

Hayden Crawford tore the drawing paper in his hand to pieces, shredding it to bits and tossing it into the trash.

No matter what intention she had in getting close to Caden, that was something he could use to his advantage, wasn't it?

He could use Caden to keep her firmly in his grasp. Didn't she refuse to serve him last time? This time, he would make her willingly, gladly!!

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The next morning.

Little Caden Crawford wore a light yellow T-shirt and was led downstairs by Auntie Mccoy.

Hayden Crawford sat across on a dining chair, holding a full English version of a financial newspaper, reading it, with the morning sunlight streaming over him through the floor-to-ceiling windows—elegant, noble, dazzling.

He lifted his deep, narrow eyes to glance at the little bundle, whose light yellow T-shirt made the little one look even more cherubic, but the T-shirt read 'I'm the most handsome in the kindergarten!'