

Substitute B 531

Chapter 531: He Doesn't Even Care If He Sets a Bad Example for Kids

Serena knew that Hayden Crawford was about to have a video chat with little Caden Crawford, so she stepped aside in advance and did not appear in the camera.

The video chat connected, and little Caden Crawford silently mouthed "Daddy" as he watched his father.

On the other end, Hayden Crawford had finished his VIP business meeting and returned to his study. The camera showed a backdrop of understated luxury, with golden tasseled curtains behind him. Hayden sat in a black leather executive chair, exuding a powerful and noble aura from his high position.

Hayden looked at little Caden Crawford. He was flushed, having just gone for a run, looking particularly healthy and more vibrant than usual.

Hayden glanced around but did not see that slender figure.

He pressed his lips together. "Caden Crawford, did you miss Daddy?"

Little Caden's large, grape-like eyes blinked. "Daddy, do you want the truth? I didn't miss you."

"You little brat!" Hayden's handsome brow furrowed, and he cursed, "All my love for nothing."

Serena listened to the father and son's conversation, hearing their way of interacting for the first time. No matter what kind of tabloid news had surrounded Hayden in the past three years, he was very fond of Caden, raising him personally and very well.

If only he could temper his temper a bit.

Just then, a sweet voice suddenly came from the other end, "Mr. Crawford, have some tea to cool down."

Serena's long lashes suddenly trembled. This time, Hayden was on a business trip, but there was a woman beside him.

He really maintained his habit of not sleeping with the same woman twice. Eva was already history, and judging by the voice, the woman this time seemed to be mixed-race.

Serena knew she shouldn't meddle in his private matters anymore. His resentment, dislike, and humiliation towards her had been expressed vividly at The Emperor's Club.

But hearing that mixed-race woman's voice from the other end at this moment was still too much. She couldn't help herself; she wanted to see what kind of woman was with him now.

Serena quietly took two steps forward, her bright eyes peering over. She quickly saw Hayden Crawford on the other end of the video. A strikingly seductive mixed-race woman approached him, wearing a low-cut red dress and looking both pretty and appealing.

"Mr. Crawford, you seem quite hot-tempered. Hurry and have some tea to calm down." The mixed-race woman didn't care that Hayden was having a video chat with his son, warmly clinging to him and intentionally brushing against his arm.

Serena quickly furrowed her eyebrows. Caden was still watching; didn't he worry about setting a bad example for the child while fooling around with such women?

Serena stepped forward and hung up the video chat with her slender, pale fingers.

Over the past three years, Hayden had faced many temptations. Besides the ones actively throwing themselves at him, there were also women like this mixed-race one, thrust into his arms by business partners.

A 32-year-old single diamond bachelor inevitably had women around him.

Hayden did not look at the woman beside him because he had already seen that familiar slender figure on the video. Serena had walked over.

However, just as her exquisite little face came into view, there were two busy tones, and she hung up the video chat with a flick of her hand.

This woman!

Hayden's handsome face quickly darkened. She had some nerve, daring to rile him up now!

"Mr. Crawford," the mixed-race woman still clung to him.

Hayden pushed the clingy woman away with one hand, his voice low and chilling, "If you crave men so much, shall I find a few to satisfy you thoroughly?"

The mixed-race woman froze, her face turning pale as she looked at Hayden. Everyone knew this first financial magnate's methods were ruthless and cold-blooded. Since he said it, he wasn't joking.

But hadn't it been said that this magnate had been indulging in romantic escapades over the past three years? How come in her case, it turned into a high-cold forbid. man-god scenario?

The mixed-race woman was panicking, unsure where it had gone wrong.

Hayden spat out a word impatiently, "Scram!"

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Hayden's business trip lasted quite a while this time, stretching two whole weeks.

Clearly, that video chat left a sour taste for everyone involved, and Hayden did not have another video call with little Caden in the following days.

Of course, little Caden didn't seek out his daddy either since he was with Serena, already putting his father out of his mind.

After school that day, Serena continued their running routine with little Caden. After two weeks, Serena, with her exquisite beauty, and the perfectly sculpted little Caden turned heads at a two-hundred-percent rate on the streets. Having run the same path for two weeks already, they attracted a lot of attention, including from some rich playboys who enjoyed womanizing.

A red Ferrari followed Serena and little Caden down the road. Inside, a playboy's leering eyes were fixed on Serena. "Hey, beauty, isn't running exhausting? Hop in, and I'll take you for a spin."

Serena ignored the playboy, looking down tenderly at little Caden. "Caden, are you tired?"

Little Caden shook his head. "Not tired."

The playboy noticed Serena's aloofness and disregard, and instantly got upset. He laughed wickedly, "Beauty, is this little guy your son? I would've never guessed. You already have a son. Are you even 20? You look so fresh, like you could drip water, but turns out you've already been played by a man."

"And that man, is he a pauper? Letting his wife and son run home on the streets, not afraid of being cuckolded with such a beautiful wife parading around, haha."

The playboy laughed smugly, but then he felt a icy gaze fall on him, involuntarily making him shiver.

The playboy quickly looked up to see little Caden's dark, narrow eyes fixed on him. The three-year-old child looked somber, contrary, and full of power.

The playboy felt a bit scared, but on second thought, he was embarrassed to have been intimidated by a toddler, feeling a bit humiliated and angry. He was about to open the car door and cursed, "You little bastard, what are you looking at? Do you believe your daddy would kneel before me..."

Before the playboy could finish his sentence, with a bang, a car rear-ended him from behind.