

Substitute B 534

Chapter 534: What Are You Doing? Let Me Go!

Watching her departing silhouette, Hayden Crawford's eyes darkened. What was that attitude of hers!

Hayden somewhat regretted it; he should have just let her change his shoes for him.

Hayden bent his tall frame to look at the soles of the slippers. They were clean, and the tags hadn't even been cut yet; they were newly bought.

This was enough to show that ever since she returned to the City of Aethelgard, she hadn't had any men around her, always being alone.

The gloominess between Hayden's brows eased quite a bit. He changed his shoes himself and then entered the living room.

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In the living room.

Hayden sat on the sofa, lazily leaning his straight back against it, his long legs elegantly crossed. A few documents were placed by his side, and he was reviewing them with his head lowered.

Soft, gentle voices continually reached his ears. Hayden looked up and could see Serena and little Caden in the kitchen through the window.

Like a little helper, Caden followed Serena into the kitchen and was now washing vegetables. Serena wore a floral-patterned apron and was busy cooking. The mother and son were saying something that often brought laughter echoing out, filled with the liveliness of a family and the aroma of food.

Watching them, Hayden shifted his gaze away but soon looked back at the mother and son. In that moment, he felt as if something inside him was being filled.

An hour later, Serena brought the delicious dishes to the dining table. Seeing that Hayden was still there, it seemed he intended to stay for dinner.

Out of politeness, Serena spoke up, "Mr. Crawford, dinner is ready. Would you like to join us?"

"Mm," Hayden on the sofa coldly grunted with an air of aristocracy, then put down the files and walked over, naturally taking the seat at the head of the table.

This spot was usually reserved for the man of the house.

Seeing Serena staring at him, Hayden lightly lifted his handsome eyelids to glance at her, "What are you standing there for? Go serve me some rice."

"..." Serena was speechless.

Resigned, Serena served the rice for this grand master Hayden and then sat down beside little Caden, starting their dinner together.

Hayden and little Caden had perfect table manners, eating in silence, elegantly the same. Serena placed some tomato scrambled eggs on Caden's plate, but Hayden glanced over and said calmly, "He doesn't eat eggs. Anything related to eggs, he never touches it."

"Ah? Why not?" Serena asked little Caden beside her, "Caden, why don't you eat eggs? They're very nutritious. You're still growing, so you really should. Eggs are delicious."

Little Caden quickly stuffed the tomato scrambled eggs Serena gave him into his mouth, eating with relish. His big eyes, resembling black grapes, sparkled, "Fairy Teacher, I think eggs are really tasty now too!"

Hayden glanced at little Caden, "..."

Previously, he didn't know who would throw up just touching eggs.

Serena's cooking was excellent, as she had simply whipped up three small dishes tonight and even simmered chicken soup. Both the father and the son each had two bowls of rice. At the end, a little rice was left in the rice cooker. Serena looked at both of them, "There's a little rice left. Who wants it?"

Both Hayden and Caden simultaneously offered their bowls, both wanting it.

Serena looked at the little rice left in the cooker, feeling a bit troubled, "This little bit is only enough for one person."

Hayden silently pushed his bowl forward a little.

Little Caden wasn't happy at all, pouting, "Daddy, I'm still growing. The rice should be mine!"

Hayden sneered, "Your dad works hard every day to earn a living. Shouldn't he at least have a full meal?"

Serena quickly divided the little bit of rice, giving Hayden a touch more in his big bowl and Caden a bit less in his small bowl, "Lord Hayden, Young Master Caden, is this okay now?"

The father and son both nodded in agreement, eating the rice, leaving none of the dishes Serena prepared tonight uneaten.

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The dinner ended quite harmoniously. Serena went to wash the dishes in the kitchen. When she came out, she realized Hayden was gone.

"Caden, where's your dad?"

"Fairy Teacher, my dad just went out. He probably went to the company. How about... I stay here to sleep tonight?" Little Caden looked at Serena expectantly.

Serena was only too happy to agree; she had just picked up some new clothes for Caden at the mall a few days ago.

"Alright, Caden. You can sleep with Ms. Sterling tonight. Your dad can pick you up tomorrow morning." Serena led little Caden into the bedroom.

Night had fallen. Serena bathed little Caden and read him stories. Recently, Caden's routine had been stable, and with daily exercise, he quickly fell asleep.

Tucking Caden in, Serena stood up and went to the bathroom to shower.

After her shower, Serena put on pajamas and, feeling thirsty, left the bedroom to get some water from the kitchen.

But as soon as she reached the living room, she suddenly froze, because there was someone extra on the sofa—Hayden had returned.

Now Hayden was half-reclining on the sofa, already asleep. There were still many documents by his side. His expensive watch-clad right hand covered his handsome eyes, and he had fallen into a deep slumber.

She and Caden had spent quite some time in the bedroom, and she hadn't heard him come back. He must have been back for a while.

Sleep had stripped away Hayden's usual gloom and cold reserve. The soft lighting of the living room softened the lines of his handsome face, and Serena noticed the tiredness from travel that clung to him.

She tiptoed forward, gathering up the documents that lay on the coffee table and the carpet, and then returned to the bedroom, grabbing a blanket to gently cover him with.

Serena turned to leave.

But just then, a large hand suddenly reached out, grasping her slender wrist, and with a tug, Serena's delicate body fell unprepared into a warm, sturdy chest.

Startled, Serena quickly looked up, meeting Hayden's deep, narrow eyes. At some point, he had awoken and was looking at her with those bloodshot eyes, steady and profound, with something flickering within.

Serena quickly struggled, "What do you want, let go of me!"

Hayden held onto her, unwilling to let go. Now lying down, she was forced to lay against him, her long hair brushing against his handsome face, damp with the scent of her bath, stirring his heart in unbearable itchiness.

His Adam's apple moved up and down as he hoarsely spoke, "You've bathed?"