

## Substitute B 538

Chapter 538: He Was Bitten by a Mischievous Puppy

But she dared not refuse, fearing that he might get angry and take Caden away.

Serena Sterling knitted her delicate brows, enduring his kiss. This time he didn't roughly bite her, but the kiss was still not gentle, ravaging her mouth like a storm, tormenting her soft lips.

"Hayden Crawford, that's enough... Caden and Auntie Mccoy will be coming down soon..." Serena's small hand pushed against his firm chest, beginning to struggle lightly.

Hayden Crawford found her voice tender and teasingly hesitant. For the past three years, he had sought out women who reminded him of her, women with sweet voices, but they never sounded right. Their forced coyness disgusted him.

Only she had that innate softness, fragrant and delicate, making him feel vibrantly alive.

Hayden kissed her while holding her, his large hand resting on her slender waist, exploring up and down, then he frowned and asked in a hoarse voice, "Did you do this on purpose?"

"What?"

"What kind of clothes are these, can't even get my hand in..."

Serena's pupils constricted, not expecting him to act so freely in her own living room, especially when last time at The Emperor's Club he deemed her dirty and refused to kiss her?

So who was the man now kissing her?

At this moment, footsteps sounded from upstairs, along with Auntie Mccoy's voice, "Young Master, the thermometer is here, let's go downstairs."

Auntie Mccoy brought Caden down.

Serena's nerves were taut, and she immediately pushed him forcefully, "Hayden, our son is coming..."

Her use of "son" exuded a natural intimacy, Hayden's gaze darkened, his strong arm like an iron band confining her in his embrace, still kissing her.

"Young Master, do you really like Ms. Sterling? Ms. Sterling is staying to keep you company tonight, you must be so happy."

The footsteps from upstairs grew closer, Auntie Mccoy and Caden were turning the corner to come down.

In desperation, Serena opened her mouth and bit Hayden's lip.

Hayden felt the pain and quickly let go.

The next second, Auntie Mccoy appeared with Caden in sight, Caden hurriedly ran down, handing the thermometer to Serena.

Serena was sure her face had turned red, looking at Caden's innocent eyes, remembering Hayden's previous rudeness to her, she couldn't remain calm.

At this moment, Caden looked up, pointed his little finger at Hayden's lip, and puzzledly asked, "Daddy, what happened to your lip?"

Hayden had already stood up, his tall and handsome figure standing upright, one hand in his pants pocket. Although Serena hadn't broken the skin when she bit him, she left a mark.

Hayden caught sight of Serena's flushed face and casually replied, "I was bitten by a naughty little dog."

After that, he strode upstairs.

Auntie Mccoy was coming down the stairs; she had already caught the scent of something between the two. Although she hadn't seen them embracing, they seemed hurriedly separated, with Serena lowering her head, her face as red as a cooked shrimp, and Hayden's tie loosely knotted around his neck, his narrow eyes filled with the charm of a mature man, further accentuated by the ambiguous teeth marks on his lips, exuding a sense of unspeakable desire.

Even though Auntie Mccoy was experienced, seeing such a male host made her blush, unable to look.

Caden was the most naive of them all, he puzzledly looked around the living room, not seeing the little dog his daddy spoke of. He turned to Serena, "Fairy teacher, my daddy said he was bitten by a little dog, did you see that naughty dog?"

Serena, "..."

At this time, Auntie Mccoy ran over, covering Caden's small mouth, thinking that the gentleman was really something, behaving so wickedly in front of Ms. Sterling, even calling her the naughty little dog, not fearing that the Young Master would learn bad things.

"Young Master, the gentleman is talking nonsense; let's quickly take Ms. Sterling's temperature." Auntie Mccoy swiftly changed the subject.

At this moment, Serena wished she could find a hole to crawl into.

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Hayden went to the study, he was reviewing documents.

Seated in a black leather chair, his long fingers held a cigarette, the crimson flame flickering, the smoke swirled, vaguely outlining his furrowed brow in the shape of a "chuan". The 32-year-old Hayden had a strong masculine presence when smoking.

Hayden's mood was bad, it was written all over his face, because although he looked at the documents, he found he couldn't take in a single word.

His mind was full of Serena's mesmerizing small face.

With a "snap," he firmly closed the document, the cigarette perched on his thin lips, taking out his phone, composing a straightforward message: Have you showered?

The message was successfully sent.

But after waiting for a while, there was no response from the other side.

She actually ignored him!

Hayden extinguished the cigarette in the ashtray, then stood up, leaving the study heading directly for the guest room, but passing by Caden's room, he quickly heard Serena's sweet voice.

Hayden turned on his heel and entered Caden's room.

Serena was now bathing Caden, mother and son were very happy, Serena laughed, "Caden, don't be shy, you're so small, Ms. Sterling has no other thoughts about you."

Hayden's large hand was on the doorknob, gently pushing open the bathroom door to see Caden covered in bubbles, his little face red and shyly looking at Serena. Serena held the showerhead rinsing off the bubbles, even smearing them on his little face.

Caden giggled. He mischievously splashed hot water from his hands on Serena's dress.

Mother and son were playing particularly joyfully.

Hayden watched his son, clearly sensing how since Serena appeared in his son's life, his previously aloof son became cheerful and lively.

Hayden also gazed at Serena. No wonder she hadn't replied to his message, she was bathing his son and hadn't even brought her phone, entirely forgetting about him.

Seeing Serena's bent brows and sweet smile directed at his son, Hayden pressed his lips together, suddenly feeling as if he was less than a three-year-old child.

Caden had soaked her dress, especially wetting a patch at the front, and Hayden quickly frowned in displeasure.

He turned and left.

At that moment, he crossed paths with Auntie Mccoy in the hallway, Auntie Mccoy said, "Master."

Hayden glanced at Auntie Mccoy, his voice cold, "Tell Caden to hurry up with his bath and go to sleep!"

After speaking, Hayden entered his room.

Auntie Mccoy was stunned by the attitude she had been hit with, watching her master's distant back. As Ms. Sterling had said, men entering early menopause are unpredictable.