

## Substitute B 59

Chapter 59: Give Me a Kiss

When Serena Sterling was young, she experienced betrayal and lost everyone who loved her and everyone she loved. So now she cherishes everyone around her, like Leah Thorne, Mrs. Crawford...

Serena joyfully brought over that big pile of snacks and then held the elderly hand of the grandmother, "Alright Grandma, let's watch TV and eat snacks together!"

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Today, Hayden Crawford came back very early. The maid opened the villa door, and Hayden changed his shoes at the entrance before walking into the living room. He immediately saw Serena sitting on the soft wool carpet.

The girl wore a light purple strap dress with an off-white fluffy cardigan on top. The hem of the dress modestly covered her knees. Her two slender white legs were folded to one side, and she looked pure and innocent in her loungewear.

Now, she held an opened snack bag in her small hand, biting into a crispy piece of sweet potato as she watched TV.

Mrs. Crawford sat on the sofa, "Hayden, you're back so early today, it's not even six o'clock yet."

"Grandma, is it not good that I came back early to accompany you?" Hayden raised his hand to undo the button of his suit jacket.

Mrs. Crawford popped a chip into her mouth, "Stop teasing Grandma, you're back to accompany Serena, right?"

Hayden looked at Serena, and under the light, Serena turned her bright black eyes towards him as well.

Meeting each other's gaze, Serena softly said, "You're back?"

Hayden nodded, "Yeah."

"Oh." Serena seemed to have nothing more to say. She turned her eyes back away, but instead of watching TV again, she lowered her long lashes and took a bite of the sweet potato.

Hayden walked over with his long legs and crouched down in front of her. He thought the girl who was quietly munching on the sweet potato was too cute, making his heart melt with softness.

"What are you eating?" he asked.

Serena looked up at him again, "Sweet potato, Grandma bought it for me. Do you want some?"

Hayden knew it was sweet potato when he approached and smelled the sweet aroma. He typically had no interest in girls' snacks, but the one in her hand seemed pretty good.

Hayden raised an eyebrow, "Let me taste it."

His gaze fell on the half-piece of sweet potato in her hand.

The meaning was clear; he wanted to try the piece she was eating, but he didn't intend to do it himself—he needed her to feed him.

Serena naturally understood what he meant. She stuffed the half-piece of sweet potato into her mouth and pushed the bag of snacks into his lap, "All for you."

Hayden's eyes darkened slightly.

At this moment, Mrs. Crawford placed the snacks on the coffee table, got up, and walked into the dining room, "Beryl, is dinner ready? Time to eat, Serena, come and eat."

Serena wanted to get up, but Hayden put the snack bag on the carpet and, with his expensive watch-adorned hand, cupped her head and pulled her into his arms. He curled his lips into a smile, "What's wrong, you wouldn't even feed me snacks?"

Serena stretched her small hand against his firm chest, twisting her head to struggle, "What are you doing, let go, people are watching, Grandma called me to eat."

Indeed, a maid in the living room witnessed the scene. The mature, handsome businessman pulled the pure and delicate girl into his arms, creating a tug-of-war of indescribable intimacy.

The maid blushed and quickly retreated into the dining room.

Hayden did not let go, lowered his head, and moved closer to her face, "Then give me a kiss first."

"No!" Serena pushed him away forcefully, scrambling to her feet and running off.

Once the softness in his arms was gone, Hayden ran his hand through his throat, then raised his hand to undo the first button of his shirt.

All he wanted now was to do what he did yesterday, pull her back to the room, tear down the bed canopy, sit her on his lap, and kiss her fiercely.

Then Serena's clear voice could be heard, "Grandma, I won't be eating at home tonight. A good friend of mine came back today; I need to go to the airport to pick her up."

Mrs. Crawford quickly replied, "Alright, Serena, I'll let the driver take you. If your friend is willing, she can stay here for two days to keep you company."

"Okay, Grandma, I'll let her know your kind offer."

At this point, Hayden walked over and picked up the car keys, "I'll take you to the airport."

"No need..." Serena wanted to refuse.

Hayden gave her a look.

Serena didn't want to show anything in front of Grandma or have a fight. His strong personality meant if he said he'd take her, he would. She didn't see the point in insisting otherwise.

"Oh, okay, thank you."

They left, and Butler Felix muttered, "Mrs. Crawford, I think there's something strange between the young master and young mistress today."

Mrs. Crawford picked up her chopsticks, giving Felix a sidelong glance, "Your young master brought this upon himself. Just wait and see, Serena won't be back tonight, and you can watch your young master chase after his wife slowly."

Butler Felix looked at Mrs. Crawford, who was enjoying the situation: Are you really his biological grandma?

...

Serena got into the Rolls-Royce Phantom and sat in the front passenger seat.

The luxurious car smoothly merged into the bustling traffic, and Serena turned her head to look out through the polished glass window. Bayside at night was truly beautiful.

Then Hayden spoke, "Are you mad at me over the twelve billion issue?"

"No, the money was earned by you. I didn't help or contribute, so I have no right to interfere with your use of it."

"If I told you that nothing happened between Yasmine and me, that I'm not familiar with her at all, and have only met her a few times, would you believe it?"

Serena turned her head to look at Hayden, who was driving, "Mr. Crawford, are you indirectly telling me that Yasmine is very attractive or should I laugh at you for being foolish and overly wealthy, giving away twelve billion and not even getting to bed her?"

Hayden's deep eyes turned cold and stern, and his voice was low and admonishing, "Mrs. Crawford, you can be upset and act a little willful with me, but don't speak nonsense. You know perfectly well whose bed I want to share."

Serena turned her head back, no longer looking at him.

The luxurious, silent cab fell into quietness.

Hayden continued, "Yasmine once saved my life, and I promised her three things. The first was to admit her into The St. Lyra Academy in Ferelden. The second was to invest twelve billion into The Sterling Group's healthcare."

Serena brushed a strand of hair from her cheek behind her ear and sarcastically curved her lips, "So, you won't refuse any request Yasmine makes—life-saving grace, I understand. But if I'm not mistaken, Yasmine's third request would be for you to marry her. Would you marry her?"

Hayden glanced sideways at her elegant and charming profile, "I already have Mrs. Crawford; how could I marry her? Or are you thinking of pushing me to another woman and don't want me anymore, hmm?"