

Substitute B 62

Chapter 62: Swiping His Card

"Where exactly did he kiss you?"

Looking at Leah's suggestive eyes, Serena Sterling retorted with embarrassment, "Just above the neck!"

Leah was a bit surprised, "Serena, I just mentioned that Mr. Crawford is the mature, abstinent type. A man's maturity isn't just about his remarkable demeanor and conversation, but also the accumulation of wealth, power, and status. Most importantly, his maturity in terms of sex as well."

Serena's perfectly beautiful face turned a deep red, like a boiled shrimp, "Leah!"

"I think Mr. Crawford understands quite a lot. You, this naive little bunny who knows nothing, fell into his wolf den, and he managed to restrain himself from touching you. I guess... he truly sees you as a young girl, letting you grow more."

Serena didn't want to talk anymore; whenever Leah went off on one of her wild tangents, Serena felt left in the dust.

Indeed, she and Hayden Crawford were just at the kissing stage. That night, he held her on his lap and seemed... quite fond of kissing...

Watching the dazzling spring-like glow flicker in Serena's clear eyes, Leah knew she had truly fallen for Hayden Crawford. But Leah wasn't surprised; Serena wasn't even 20 yet, and encountering someone like Hayden at that age, it was hard not to be moved.

She looked at Hayden Crawford, whose gaze was steadily focused on Serena. It was the way a man looks at his own girl.

As someone from the mother's side of the family, Leah accepted this, but there was a big issue—the matter of Yasmine.

Leah got back to the main point, "Serena, what's the deal with Mr. Crawford and Yasmine? Have you asked him?"

"I asked, and he said Yasmine once saved his life."

What?

Leah's face was full of question marks, "Yasmine actually had a kind enough heart to save someone? And she really knows how to save, doesn't she? She saved none other than Hayden Crawford, the CEO of The Crawford Group. Unless she orchestrated it? Had someone chase Mr. Crawford, and then came to play the heroine saving the hero?"

In this matter, Serena admired Leah. As an ardent gossip enthusiast, Leah could mentally turn the tiniest clue into a full-blown soap opera.

Just then, Leah had a sudden realization, "Serena, what about that man you saved before? Why didn't you save Hayden Crawford?"

"..."

Serena: Should I go ask my seven-year-younger self?

Leah frowned, "Serena, I keep feeling like Yasmine is hiding a secret. After you returned to the countryside ten years ago, why did Yasmine's medical skills improve by leaps and bounds, suddenly becoming a genius

girl? What method did she use to rescue Hayden Crawford and hitch a ride on The Crawford Group's spaceship?"

As for the first question, Serena felt that Yasmine's rapid improvement in medicine was linked to her mother's death and her grandfather's coma, which was a mystery.

As for the second question, she didn't know how Yasmine managed to save Hayden Crawford. Earlier in the car, Hayden didn't say either. But from a woman's most sensitive intuition, she felt Hayden was protecting the life-saving favor, unwilling to mention a word of it. This showed the events back then were significant to him and still lingered in his memory even after all these years.

This was also what Serena cared about the most.

No woman can tolerate sand in her eyes, sharing her love with another woman, and Serena was no exception.

The agent, Goldie, hired an aunt who quickly prepared a delicious three dishes and a soup.

After dinner, Serena took a bath and was drying her damp long hair with a towel. When she looked downstairs, she suddenly noticed Hayden Crawford's Rolls-Royce Phantom was still there.

He was still there.

Serena lowered her long lashes and then drew the curtains.

Just then, Leah came out of the bathroom, "Serena, Mr. Crawford gave Yasmine a billion dollars, so how much did he give you?"

Serena paused, "What?"

"My silly Serena, from a man's perspective, the amount of money he gives a woman represents how much he loves her. Mr. Crawford didn't give you nothing, right?"

Serena recalled Hayden Crawford had once given her a Black Gold Card. Though she never used it, it was still in her bag.

"He gave me a card." Serena handed Leah the Black Gold Card to see.

Leah gasped immediately, looking at the gold-lettered "Crawford" on the Black Gold Card, "Not surprising from Mr. Crawford. This gold-embossed black card is custom-made and can mobilize all Hayden Crawford's assets worldwide. Serena, although Mr. Crawford gave Yasmine a billion, he handed you the gold vault of the vast empire that is The Crawford Group. You're rich now!"

Serena didn't even know the Black Gold Card was so powerful. He gave Yasmine a billion, but handed her a treasure chest.

Serena felt a bit delighted inside.

"Serena, let's go shopping tomorrow. With Mr. Crawford's card, the world is your oyster."

Use Hayden Crawford's card?

Serena wanted to refuse.

Leah firmly stopped her, "Serena, Mr. Crawford has tons of money, no need to feel guilty. Besides, Yasmine already spent a billion of his money, and as Mrs. Crawford, you haven't even used Mr. Crawford's card? How is this okay? Trust me, you can't go wrong."

Serena, "..."

...

Hayden Crawford never left; his luxury car stayed parked downstairs at the apartment.

But he felt his right eyelid twitching continuously, as if someone was not only badmouthing him behind his back but also eyeing his wealth.

Hayden glanced upstairs through the car's gleaming window, then took out his phone, composing a text message, "Asleep?"

Serena was already in bed, resting on the soft pillow, when her phone lit up. She opened it to see the text from Hayden.

Serena's slender white fingers tapped the keys, "Asleep."

Hayden: If you're asleep, why reply?

Serena didn't reply further.

Hayden looked at the small set of teeth marks on his firm forearm and couldn't help but curl his lips with a helpless yet indulgent expression, "Goodnight, Mrs. Crawford."

The phone returned to quiet.

After a while, Hayden picked up his phone again and dialed a number.

The melodious ringtone played once before being answered, and Justin Xavier's deep and pleasant voice came through, "Why are you calling so late?"

Hayden grabbed a cigarette from the pack, lit it between his thin lips, and took a deep drag, knitting his handsome brows thoughtfully, "Did I interrupt you doing something good?"

"Are you sure we two guys should talk about this topic at night?"

Justin Xavier, as the young master of the Xavier family, had an elegant and striking appearance, with a refined and handsome demeanor. However, his overly calm nature lent him an unfathomable depth, along with a somber, cool temperament.

Hayden slowly exhaled a mouthful of smoke, "Do you still reminisce about that dark, windy night two years ago when you got locked up and overpowered?"