

Substitute B 90

Chapter 90: Do You Not Like Me Anymore?

Serena Sterling took out a coin, then lifted her small chin, and handed the coin to Hayden Crawford with an extremely lavish and arrogant expression, "Here, Mr. Crawford, this is your tip for tonight~"

Giving a coin as a tip?

Hayden Crawford raised his bold eyebrows, "Go take a shower."

Go take a shower...

The drunken Serena bit her red lips, looking at him with sultry eyes, "Just now your mouth was dishonest, but now your body is quite honest, do you want to take a couple's bath with me?"

Hayden looked at her, "Go wash by yourself."

"..."

So he didn't want to take a couple's bath, but wanted her to wash herself.

Serena was unwilling, she stomped her foot angrily, "Why do I have to wash by myself, I want to bathe with you!"

Hayden felt he was almost unable to handle it, it was the first time he saw her drunk, and it turned out that drunken Serena was so enthusiastic and teasing, like a little fairy.

His big hand moved down to gently pat her butt, his husky voice commanding with no room for argument, "Behave, okay?"

Serena shivered, almost lost in his powerful mature male aura, she tiptoed to kiss him, "I want a kiss~"

Hayden turned his head to avoid, not letting her red lips land on his handsome face.

He released her, took a long stride to the floor-to-ceiling window, holding the phone with one hand to his ear while raising his slender fingers to loosen a shirt button.

It was already nighttime, standing by the Orchid Court's floor-to-ceiling window, you could see the neon night view of the entire city. The thousands of lights through the bright glass window became the background wall for the man, his dignified and mature appearance was like a magnet firmly attracting people's attention.

Serena stood in place, very angry.

At this moment, Hayden glanced sideways, his deep, narrow eyes looked at her, then pointed with his eyes towards the bathroom, meaning for her to hurry up and go in to wash.

Without anger, but powerful.

Even if Serena was angrier, she didn't dare to defy him, so she hummed and hawed, very unwillingly, entering the bathroom.

The phone in Hayden's hand connected, and Seth Hawthorne's voice quickly came through, "Hello, bro, how come you're calling me on this spring night of yours?"

Hayden frowned slightly, "Let me ask you, what's the antidote for a one-night stand?"

"Damn, bro, what are you dilly-dallying about, what antidote do you need? You are the antidote, original import!"

"Say another word, and believe me, I'll kick you."

"Alright, alright, bro, is it because Serena Sterling revealed her face and turned out too ugly for you to proceed? Then just hold her under cold water for a while..."

Before Seth Hawthorne finished, there was a sharp scream from the bathroom.

Hayden put his hands on his hips, swore low in his heart, she really was too much trouble!

He hung up the phone and threw it aside, then strode into the bathroom.

In the bathroom, Serena stood by the toilet, covering her flushed face, screaming.

"What's the matter, stop shouting," Hayden spoke up.

Serena had a very aggrieved expression, "I want to pee, but I poked around, and found my... little willy... is gone..."

Saying so, Serena even mimicked a boy's peeing action.

"..."

Hayden held his forehead, utterly speechless.

"Why is my thing gone, did someone... steal it, then how am I supposed to pee, who... stole it, was it you..."

Serena's pair of dark, shiny eyes suspiciously circling him, then lunged at him, extending her little hand directly, "It must be you who stole it, I want... to search you, hurry and let me check..."

Realizing what she was doing, Hayden swiftly captured her roaming little hand, pulling her into his embrace, "Serena Sterling, if you keep making trouble, I won't be polite to you!"

Serena crashed into his chest, the man's firm chest like iron-cast, extremely solid. Colliding into it felt like her bones might shatter, it hurt.

Her white eyes quickly turned red, her slender eyelashes fluttering, she looked at him pitifully, "What are you doing, you hurt me... Mr. Crawford, am I not pretty anymore?"

Hayden looked at her palm-sized face lifted up, her features delicate and pure, eyebrows like ink, each line drawn with care, stunningly beautiful.

"Pretty," he said hoarsely.

"Liar!" Serena didn't believe it, puffing her cheeks indicating her anger, "I must have become not pretty, Mr. Sexy doesn't like me anymore... so, nobody wants to kiss me..."

Hayden's eyes suddenly darkened, the little remaining rationality crumbling instantly, he hadn't intended to bully her while she was drunk; after all, she was still a girl.

But she kept teasing him, challenging his limits as a man.

"You've asked for it!"

Hayden lowered his head, fiercely sealing her red lips.

Serena suddenly felt her breath snatched away by him; it wasn't her first kiss, but this time he kissed ruthlessly, not permitting any resistance or retreat from her.

He had shown with his actions how beautiful she was, and how much he liked her.

Hayden clasped her slender waist, backing up, pushing her inside the frosted glass door, pressing her against the wall.

Serena's head was woozy, she suddenly remembered one more thing, her missing thing hadn't been found yet.

She reached out to push him slightly.

Hayden released her swollen lips, hoarsely asked, "What now?"

"I... my thing hasn't been found yet, you need to search me, I see... if it was indeed you who stole it..." she was very insistent on this issue.

Hayden briefly closed his eyes, hiding the redness at the corner, when her little hand landed on him, he reached up to turn on the shower.

Ice-cold water poured down from Serena's head, her body, which was burning like fire before, now experiencing the ice and fire extremes. She screamed in shock, deer-in-headlights panic stumbling directly into Hayden's embrace.

Hayden's large hand pressed on her scented shoulders, heartlessly pushing her back against the wall, making her endure this cold water.

Serena resembled a weak, soaked chick, drenched all over, wet hair disheveled and chaotically tangled around her gorgeous little face, reason was slowly returning.

"Hayden Crawford, what are you doing, have you gone mad? Let me go, it's so cold!" Serena furiously gazed at the man in front of her.

The girl's eyes no longer foggy and charming, regained her usual lucidity and vibrancy, now filled with anger towards him; Hayden slowly hooked his thin lips, "Sober now, do you still want to search me, are you still thinking about what's on me?"

"..."

Serena's mind went "clang," turning into a mush; everything that happened just now, every word she said, vividly replayed before her eyes.