

## **Substitute B 91**

Chapter 91: He's Having an Episode Again

What has she done?

Serena Sterling felt so embarrassed, she wanted to faint.

At this moment, her vision went dark as Hayden Crawford kissed her again.

"No!" Serena quickly used her small hands to cover his thin lips, preventing him from kissing her.

Hayden stopped, his deep eyes flickering with two smoldering red flames, so intense that they seemed to melt her. "First, you're unreasonable, then you're cold and unfeeling. You cling to me when you want, but want to kick me away when you don't. Mrs. Crawford, do you really take me for your kept man?"

"...I, I was drunk and not thinking clearly, you can't take advantage of me." Serena trembled and forced herself to explain.

Hayden curved his lips; if he had wanted to take advantage, she would have been his woman already.

"I'm giving this back to you."

Serena glanced down and saw a coin in his hand.

A... coin...

Her mind was filled with flashes of earlier, holding a coin as a tip while wanting a bath with him and demanding kisses...

Hayden placed the coin in her small hand, "This is too little. Save up more next time."

With that, he turned and left.

Serena covered her face, she really didn't know how she could do such embarrassing things.

But, she's a girl and he's a man! How is it that he's the one getting the benefit? What's with him now?

The coin in her hand felt like a hot potato. Serena didn't know where the courage came from, but she tossed the coin at his back and snorted, "You lousy man, benefiting while playing innocent!"

The coin bounced off Hayden's firm back and fell to the ground. He halted, turned around, and stared at her, "Should I take it as you're frustrated and angry due to unmet desires? Otherwise, should I satisfy you?"

Saying this, Hayden's thumb and forefinger pulled at his black leather belt, making a show of walking toward her.

"Ah! Don't come over!"

Serena shrank back in fright, curling up in the corner.

Heh.

Seeing her frightened expression, Hayden chuckled lowly from his throat, his eyes glancing at her slender waist under the wet clothes. He swiftly turned and walked out.

He couldn't tease her anymore because he was the one suffering.

Serena opened her fingers slightly to peek at him, watching his departing figure. He had been deliberately scaring her, not really intending to come over.

What a vile jerk!

She noticed his shirt and trousers were also damp, the black shirt clinging to his slim waist so attractively.

What was she thinking?

Serena splashed water on her face to shake off unhealthy thoughts.

...

Serena took a long shower until all the heat in her body dissipated before she stepped out.

In the room, Hayden had also taken a shower next door, his body dressed in a black silk pajama, short hair still misted with moisture, looking young, handsome, and noble.

He now sat on the sofa, his long legs elegantly crossed, looking down at a document in his hand, a cigarette between his slender fingers, frowning while smoking.

It was the first time Serena saw him working, the way he smoked while reviewing documents exuded a strong aura of authority.

At this moment, Hayden raised his eyes. Amid the swirling smoke, his gaze landed on her, "Hungry? Come over and eat something."

He pointed to the spot beside him.

Serena saw a bowl of millet congee and several exquisite snacks and fresh side dishes on the coffee table, all freshly prepared.

She had been working at The Concordiat Research Institute and only had a drink at the bar without having dinner, and now she was really hungry.

She didn't expect him to have thought of these things and prepared a delicious dinner for her.

Serena walked over and sat beside him, "Mr. Crawford, aren't you eating?"

Hayden tapped the ashtray with his cigarette, "I've already eaten."

"Oh."

Serena didn't disturb his work, starting to have dinner.

She quickly noticed another cigarette butt after another in the ashtray; the man beside her was chain-smoking and seemed addicted.

He used to smoke occasionally but not as excessively as tonight.

Hayden felt a bit uncomfortable, calculating the time, it had been a while since he last had an attack. These days she had been staying at Leah Thorne's Drunken Joy and working at The Concordiat Research Institute, and he barely saw her, let alone held her to sleep.

For how many days she was gone, he had as many sleepless nights.

The dangerous elements lurking in his body began to awaken, dark and gloomy as scarlet ash fell from his cigarette, exuding a sinister aura.

The next moment, the cigarette between his fingers was snatched away. A small hand reached over, putting something in his mouth.

Hayden chewed on it, finding it was a dry milk candy.

The candy was sweet and milky, spreading its flavor in his mouth.

Hayden turned to look at the girl beside him.

Serena also looked up at him with her stunning face, her ivory skin freshly bathed, radiant like mutton fat jade, "Mr. Crawford, don't smoke anymore, smoking is bad for your health. Isn't candy better?"

Hayden's Adam's apple bobbed, and his big hand cupped the back of her head, lowering his head to kiss her lips.

The sweet and fresh scent on her body was always his favorite, his obsession. His sleep disorder showed no sign of improving, only she could calm him to sleep.

He still didn't understand what magic she had, but when she left Drunken Joy, he counted the days to see how long he could go without her.

Sadly, in less than seven days, he was having another attack.

Hayden kissed her, her lips soft and fragrant, and he bit down.

Hiss.

Serena winced in pain, her small hands clutching his sleep shirt but didn't push him away.

If she guessed correctly, he was having another attack.

It had been a long time since the last one, so long that she almost neglected his condition.

When it acted up, his violent, aggressive nature would emerge, making him especially tormented.

Serena dared not push him away; if this made him feel better, she would cooperate.

She lifted her small hand, taking the initiative to wrap it around his neck.

Hayden noticed the compliance of the girl in his arms, the metallic taste spreading in his mouth, causing his eyes to redden as he fiercely sucked on the wound he had bitten.

Drinking her blood.