

Substitute B 96

Chapter 96: Mr. Crawford, You're Really a Dummy

The melodious ringtone of a cell phone came from the other end. The ring hadn't even finished playing once before it was quickly picked up, making Serena almost suspect he had been waiting for her call the whole time.

However, even though the call was answered, Hayden didn't say anything.

Serena lowered her long, delicate lashes, "Hello, Mr. Crawford, why aren't you speaking?"

Only then did Hayden's deep, magnetic voice slowly come through, with a slight raspiness, "I thought you wouldn't call me anymore."

Serena bit her red lip lightly. He sure had some self-awareness. The events of that night made her too ashamed to speak, and in the end, she shifted her lips slightly, "Hmph!"

She let out a heavy huff.

The receptionist nearby kept watching Serena. She didn't know who Serena was calling, but it certainly wouldn't be their boss. Then she heard the girl lower her head and let out a coquettish, angry "Hmph."

The receptionist thought Serena was quite good at acting spoiled, and it seemed she had a boyfriend or perhaps a flirtatious male friend. Why was she still trying to cozy up to their boss?

The receptionist didn't like girls who played the field and kept backups. She planned to expose this girl once the boss returned.

At this moment, a stretch limousine slowly stopped outside The Crawford Group building. Ivan Yarrow, the secretary-general, got out of the car and respectfully opened the rear door, and a tall, handsome figure quickly came into view.

Hayden Crawford had returned.

"Oh my, the boss is back!" The receptionist's eyes lit up, quickly showing the joy of a little fangirl.

Serena was sitting in the lobby, and of course, she noticed the commotion. The lobby doors opened, and company executives, their IDs on blue lanyards, quickly ran out, as if welcoming some big shot.

Who else could the big shot here be? Serena quickly turned her head and saw Hayden Crawford through the gleaming floor-to-ceiling windows.

Hayden had just gotten off a plane, dressed in formal attire. He wore a white shirt with a tie, a dark blue business vest, and over it, a black lightweight wool coat, exuding the elegance and aristocratic aura of an extraordinary business elite.

"President..."

The executives had barely started to speak when Ivan quickly raised a hand to stop them. He gave them a glance, meaning couldn't they see the boss was on the phone?

The executives immediately fell silent, all very curious about who was on the phone with the boss.

Hayden had heard Serena's "Hmph," full of girlish resentment and blame, which paused his steps.

He stopped, and the executives behind him also halted.

Holding the phone, Hayden lightly closed his charming eyes, then spoke to her lowly, "Mrs. Crawford, that night, I'm very sorry..."

Serena could clearly take in his current appearance. She curved her red lips, "Mr. Crawford, do you always apologize for your mistakes over the phone? I can't feel any sincerity in your apologies."

Hayden swallowed, with all his reason telling him not to go to her. Three days had already passed, and he could hold on longer.

But the hand hanging by his side clenched into a fist, all reason collapsing under her clear and soft voice, "Should I come to you now?"

He cautiously tested her, which made Serena's heart ache, like a thin, long needle piercing her heart, spreading a dense, prickly pain.

She had already guessed all the reasons he hadn't come to find her in those three days.

Serena looked at him, "There's no need to come find me..."

There's no need to come find me...

Hayden's clenched fist instantly released, and he quickly curved his thin lips into a self-mocking and dim arc, "I understand, I won't disturb you... You don't need to worry about grandma; I'll explain to her. She really likes you. After I'm gone, you can visit her; she'll be very happy... Our marriage was originally just... in name only, a peace agreement. I'll have the lawyers handle the follow-up..."

Serena interrupted him, "Mr. Crawford, I'm very curious about how you define 'in name only.' Didn't you enjoy that night?"

Hayden quickly pressed his thin lips together and in a hoarse voice said, "If you don't want me to disturb you, don't discuss such topics with an adult man."

Serena, "..."

"Since you have been my Mrs. Crawford, I will give you the best material compensation."

"How do you plan to compensate me?"

"What do you like? Jewelry, diamonds, villas, yachts, planes... I can buy them for you. The Black Gold Card I gave you, I won't take it back. It's yours, you can use it for a lifetime."

The Black Gold Card engraved with the golden "Crawford" letter could access all his assets. He didn't plan to take it back.

Serena's bright eyes looked at him through a floor-to-ceiling window, "Mr. Crawford is truly generous. Breaking up but still planning to support me for life? You spent twelve billion for Yasmine Sterling, and now you want to continue supporting me after our break-up. If you support a few more women, won't Mr. Crawford go bankrupt?"

"Why worry so much? As long as I'm here, you'll have money to spend for the rest of your life."

Serena was rendered speechless by this sentence. He really was... as domineering and arrogant as ever.

"Mr. Crawford, no need to come find me because I'm already here. Look for me; where am I now?" Serena didn't plan to tease him any longer.

Hayden's tall, elegant figure suddenly stiffened. What did she say? She's already here?

Where is she?

Hayden turned around, holding the phone, his deep eyes scanning everywhere, looking for her slender, delicate figure.

The executives present were all bewildered. They didn't know who their boss was looking for. It was the first time they'd seen this man of high status, deep and decisive, showing such anxious and nervous expressions.

"Where are you? I don't see you."

Serena watched him, looking at him searching for her all over the place. She curved her red lips slightly, "Mr. Crawford, you're really silly. Look up, look ahead."

Hayden lifted his head, and suddenly he saw the slender, graceful figure standing beautifully in The Crawford Group lobby. Serena was there, in his company, standing beautifully, gazing at him with those bright, inky-black eyes.

Her pupils were filled with his silhouette.

Hayden hung up the phone and swiftly walked inside with steady steps. His tall figure came to a halt in front of the girl, "Why did you come?"

Serena looked up at him with her exquisite face, "Dummy, I might not be following behind you. Maybe I stopped in front, waiting for you."

The receptionist who had just run out instantly froze. What was going on? Had this girl been on the phone with the boss all along? Oh my!

Hayden's eyes turned red as he fiercely stared at Serena, "Why did you come? Have you considered the consequences?"