

## Chapter 13

When Regan woke up and went to take a bath, feeling refreshed, Hazel had already lost consciousness and fell into a deep sleep.

However, Hazel was awoken by hunger in the middle of the night.

She gradually opened her eyes, keeping the upset look in her eyes under control.

Hazel wanted to find a hole to bury herself when her mind was flooded with memories from a few hours ago.

Regan made her remember every single clause.

If she remembered them wrongly, he would punish her.

Hazel could only be ashamed of herself. Although she had a poor memory, she was forced to recite every clause repeatedly.

Otherwise, he would never stop, nor let her go.

Hazel was worried that this study session might burn into her mind forever.

How could there be such a shameless man!

At this moment, her eyes fell on Regan's face, who was asleep.

She couldn't believe that the man in front of her, with a gentle face of an angel, was actually a devil who constantly tortured her.

Hazel's body couldn't help shivering.

And her stomach growled with hunger.

Even though she was trying her best to endure it, she was very tired as she didn't eat anything except breakfast.

After thinking for a while, Hazel summoned up her courage and slowly got up from the bed. She then Hazel felt a little timid when she met the servants who were still politely waiting for orders late at night, but she asked them where the kitchen was.

Since the chef was off duty, she had to do it herself.

The servants dared not disobey Hazel's orders because Max had privately instructed them. They could not allow Miss Wilkinson to have any accidents and leave the villa at night. Moreover, they must obey all orders given by Miss Wilkinson.

Hence, a servant named Emelia Ball, respectfully brought Hazel to the kitchen.

"Miss Wilkinson, is there anything else I can do for you?"

Hazel hurriedly waved her hand in panic and whispered, "It's okay, it's okay... You don't have to worry about me. You can continue with your work or rest. I can handle it by myself."

Emelia hesitated for a while, nodded obediently, and said, "Yes..." She did have housework to do.

After a moment, she left the kitchen.

Hazel began to cook as she was alone in the large, luxurious kitchen.

She had to admit that there were many types of ingredients in the refrigerator, which were very fresh.

After seeing these ingredients, Hazel was in a better mood.

One of her hobbies was to cook as she especially liked to cook for herself.

All this while, nobody had ever eaten her food except herself.

It might be... because nobody was willing to eat the food she made.

At home, her mom and Scarlett didn't have to eat her cooking as there was a nanny cooking for them.

Hazel neatly peeled the shrimp one by one while humming a song.

She liked shrimp the most, and her best dish was sour shrimp soup.

An hour later, Hazel finished cooking four dishes and one soup.

She let out a bright smile and long sigh of relief.

She really liked cooking. Cooking could ease her mind, allowing all her troubles to be gone momentarily.

However, her smile didn't last long as a man's deep and overbearing voice suddenly came from behind her.

"What are you doing?"

Hazel was like a frightened deer. She quickly turned around and saw that Regan, who was only wearing a bath towel, was standing at the kitchen door, looking domineering and sexy.

He leaned against the wall, observing her with a nitpicky look.

As though she had been caught doing something bad on the spot, Hazel became guilty and afraid. After all, this was his territory.

He must be angry since she had used his kitchen without his permission.

"I... I'm hungry, so... I came to make some food."

Regan's eyes fell on the dishes in her hand and his eyebrows raised slightly.

For whatever reason, his repressed anger had temporarily dissipated.

Hazel was not aware that if he did not sleep while hugging her at night, he could not sleep well and would wake up from a nightmare.

As soon as he woke up and opened his eyes, he saw that his "pillow" was not fulfilling her duty to lie in his arms so that he could sleep peacefully.

Was this woman running away again?

With this possibility in mind, Regan squinted his menacing eyes.

He already warned this woman.

If she dared to escape again, he would definitely break her legs.

He was not joking.