

Chapter 14

Regan said directly, "Take these dishes to the dining hall." When he walked down the stairs, he heard the sound in the kitchen, and then he went to the door.

He didn't expect that she, who had escaped from him earlier, was actually in the kitchen.

Hazel was stunned. Was he going to let me eat? Wasn't he going to get angry?

If this was the case, then that would be good.

Hazel could only bring the dishes out of the kitchen one by one until they were all laid out on the magnificent dining table in the restaurant.

But when she was about to bring the last dish to the table, she found that Regan had already sat in front of the table and begun to pick up the plate of fish she cooked with a fork.

"You... you... I cooked this for myself."

Unexpectedly, Regan's eyes looked up in an instant. He looked at Hazel fiercely and said overbearingly, "You are mine. Naturally... the food you cook belongs to me as well. Why...? Are you not willing to share?"

Hazel was speechless in an instant, but she kept telling herself that she must endure it, and treated it as though the man in front of her was a psycho.

After all, it was everyone's duty to take care of a psycho person!

"No, I... I am willing to... Take your time to... eat."

However, Hazel still couldn't help but think that this man was really too overbearing.

In fact, a long time ago, she had silently fantasized that if she had a lover in the future and they formed a happy family together, she would cook for her lover and... children for the rest of her life.

However, she didn't expect that the first person whom she cooked for was this... sick man!

Hazel could only sigh silently in her heart. She really couldn't tell whether this was fate or not.

Regan seemed to be eating broccoli casually, while his other hand picked up a spoonful of soup. Even so, his expression did not change.

On the other hand, Hazel cautiously picked up the nearest dish to her. She only dared to pick up a little food.

Even though these dishes were made by her, it seemed that she had no other choice but to act like a thief, eating them secretly.

Hazel watched the food in all the dishes disappearing little by little. Although she had already known that the man sitting opposite her was a devil, she had to admit that his actions were full of impeccable elegance and nobleness. Even though he was only using a fork now, he was rather attractive and charming.

At this moment, Max would have been shocked beyond words.

Because only he was most clear about how picky the president was. Mr. Morris always gave full play to this picky character, whether in dressing, or selecting food, or even in the possessiveness of all things.

Mr. Morris usually wouldn't eat the food made by the others apart from the exclusive chef, because it wouldn't conform to his appetite. As long as there was a slight deviation to his taste, Mr. Morris would be extremely dissatisfied, and the consequences would be very serious.

At best, he would be reprimanded, and at worst, he would be fired directly and never be employed again. Therefore, Mr. Morris had never eaten food made by others when he was outside.

But now, Regan only felt that he had a good appetite. This woman's cooking skills unexpectedly suit his appetite rather well.

However, at this moment, Regan suddenly felt itchy.

He couldn't help scratching it with his hand, but suddenly stopped.

Wait!

His gaze landed on the back of his hand, and he saw that his skin was already beginning to turn red.

In an instant, he threw the spoon in his other hand to the ground.

"Crack!" The porcelain fell on the ground, and broke; the sound of it scared Hazel.

When she looked up at Regan, she saw that Regan was staring at her like a wolf, as if he wanted to eat her.

"You put seafood..."

Hazel was stunned. What was wrong with him?

He was fine just now, but how did he suddenly turn into a terrible and irritable beast?

"I... I made shrimp soup. It's... in the bowl in front of you."

When Hazel finished her words, a horrifying cold look gleamed in Regan's eyes.

He stood up. Before Hazel could escape, he had already grabbed her neck.

D*mn it!

"Idiot! Don't you know that I'm allergic to seafood? The contract clearly mentioned that I... can't eat seafood," Regan said angrily.

Hazel couldn't breathe, and her eyes were full of fear.

She had indeed memorized the contract. Moreover, she had been forced to memorize it one by one in a shameful way.

However, there were a hundred and nine rules in total!

Even though she had memorized it, she made the shrimp soup she liked because it was meant for her own consumption only.

Besides, she didn't know that he would suddenly appear and ate her food.

"I... I... I'm sorry..." However, Hazel was still worried. After all, Regan became like this after eating her food. Anyhow, she was the cause of this situation now.

"Idiot..." Regan gnashed his teeth and said, "Why are you still in a daze? Hurry up and call for help. Do you want me to die so badly?"