

## Chapter 24

Upon seeing that, Regan immediately rushed to her and took her out of the cold bathtub.

As soon as he touched her, he could feel the chill on her skin.

"Hazel, wake up... wake up. I... I command you to open your eyes!" Regan roared madly. He did not notice that there was a tinge of anxiety in his voice... he had never been so anxious before.

How could she? How dare she soak herself in the water for the whole night?!

Regan immediately reached for the bath towel at the side and wrapped it around her frozen stiff body.

It was at this moment that Hazel opened her eyes weakly.

In fact, she had been in the bathtub ever since Regan left.

He said to bathe as long as possible and that was why she did what he said, if it would help calm his anger.

As time passed, she only felt as though the ice water had turned into ice spikes, deeply plunged into her. It was so freezingly cold!

But then, as time passed, she lost count of the time and her consciousness was slowly slipping away until she heard the man's voice in a daze.

She looked at his blurry face, as she smiled faintly. As if her consciousness was slowly slipping away, she said, "You're here... Look... Am I clean now?"

Regan felt something stuck in his throat and he could not bring himself to say a word.

The next second, Hazel closed her eyes again.

"Hazel..." This time, no matter how he called her, she did not wake up.

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The doctors had always been frightened whenever they entered Mr. Morris' bedroom and today was no exception. And this was because Mr. Morris usually did not like anyone to go near him.

The only difference this time was that Mr. Morris was healthy. On the contrary, the woman lying on the bed was sick as her face was pale.

Mr. Morris was holding her in his arms and she was covered with several layers of blankets. The heating of the air conditioner was turned on and even several heating lamps were placed around the bed.

The doctor looked puzzled and while he was hesitating, his eyes met Regan's cold stares and heard him scold, "What are you doing? Hurry up and treat her! I want her well!"

"Yes, Mr. Morris!"

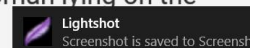
When the doctor touched the woman's skin, he could clearly feel Regan's eyes grew colder without even looking up. At once, the doctor became even more frightened.

After a simple diagnosis, the doctor concluded that it was a cold fever. Hazel only needed a jab, some medicine, and more rest, then all would be fine.

The doctor then pricked Hazel's wrist with an IV needle and left respectfully.

However, looking at the woman's still pale face, Regan's frowning eyebrows were still not smoothed.

This woman seemed like a timid rabbit. How could she be so stubborn this time?!



Could it be that she didn't want to live? How could she soak herself in the cold water throughout the night? Didn't she know that it would be life-threatening if her body temperature gradually dropped like that?

As the medicine fluid gradually flowed into Hazel's body, she began to regain her consciousness little by little. "It's cold!" she cried, as her body trembled.

Seeing that, Regan wanted to pinch her face so badly and scolded, "Fool! You deserve it!"

Irritated, Regan asked the servants to bring over a few more layers of blankets as Hazel was still trembling. The next moment, her head had unconsciously rubbed against his palm gently, as if she was a fragile little animal.

Regan felt that his heart was deeply touched. The anger that he had suppressed for a whole night that could not be vented even after damaging countless sandbags seemed to disappear at that instant. This was a situation that he had never experienced before.

Regan hesitated, then took off his clothes and hugged her.

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This way, he could use his own body warmth to keep her warm.

Hazel had stopped complaining. Instead, she held Regan tightly, as if he was an oven.

"Idiot, you should feel honored... You are the first person who asked me for warmth," said Regan arrogantly, as he raised his eyebrows while looking at the woman's sleeping face.

Looking at her face, he could not help but touch her with his fingers.

However, the moment his fingers touched her lips, she unexpectedly bit him. Since her body had gradually warmed up, she had regained the "energy" to bite him unconsciously while being half asleep.

Regan's eyes darkened in an instant. Instead of feeling pain, he felt that this woman had gone overboard, even though she was sick.

However, when he was about to pull his hand out of her mouth, she started to groan discontentedly.

Regan was dumbstruck and glared at the ignorant woman. But even he himself did not know why he did not move away his fingers and just let her bite him.

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Midnight, Hazel's body temperature began to increase and her mind was in a daze. She began to weep uncomfortably like a child.

Even after Regan initiated and placed his finger to her lips, allowing her to bite him, she just could not stop sobbing.

"B\*stard! Pervert... Devil! You will only bully me... Pervert! Don't touch me!" Hazel muttered unconsciously.

Regan's eyes grew cold and his face turned black in an instant. Obviously, he knew that this idiot was scolding him!

D\*mn it!

How dare she scold him like that!

"Fine... He'll settle the score when she's awake!" Regan thought, feeling that he had been way too patient and accommodating toward this woman.

As he thought about it, he could not help but pinch her nose.