

## Chapter 29

After being in bed for days, Hazel was finally allowed to get out of bed. With that, she let out a sigh of relief.

Because lying in bed every day was like a mental torture to her.

She really did not understand how such a domineering man existed in this world. He forbade her from getting out of bed just so she would recover soon. If this continued, he would certainly cause her so much distress.

She wanted to raise her voice against it because she was not that frail. But who would listen to her in this villa?

When it was almost six o'clock, Hazel was "escorted" to the kitchen.

The servant carefully repeated Regan's orders word by word. "Since you've recovered, you should perform your duty as usual and cook for me. If it doesn't taste good, you'll have to bear the consequences!"

Hazel gnashed her teeth in anger. What a b\*stard! Every day, he would say to her, "Bear the consequences."

Once again, Hazel had to convince herself to put up with this.

After the ingredients were prepared, she began to cook.

She had always taken her own matters seriously, especially when it came to food.

Hazel was boiling soup when it was about six o'clock. Because she was so focused, she did not notice that someone was standing at the door of the kitchen watching her every move.

Seeing that the soup was almost done, Hazel thought she could probably get dinner ready in a few minutes.

Intending to cook another dish of stir-fried cucumber, she casually took a knife. As soon as she lowered her head to cut the cucumber into pieces, she heard the man's voice behind her.

"Did I say you can use a knife?"

Hazel was startled when she heard the man's voice. Subconsciously, she was repulsed by his voice.

"Wh... what?" Completely dumbfounded, Hazel was still holding a knife in her hand while staring blankly at the man.

Why was he always so quiet with his movements?

Could this be one of the attributes of a pervert?

Regan frowned and looked at her coldly. "Put down the knife," he commanded.

Confused, Hazel wondered what was the big fuss about holding a knife. Which of his nerves went wrong again? But still, she did as she was told.

Regan beamed with satisfaction when he saw the woman follow obediently.

This stupid woman was not afraid of getting herself injured with a knife?

"What are you waiting for? Go on..." Regan said coldly. He was still waiting for dinner.

While he was walking toward the kitchen, the aroma of food had made him feel hungry already.

Before he met this woman, he had never had this kind of desire for food, all because he was quite fussy about food!

At this moment, Hazel pursed her lips and tried to control her expression by taking a deep breath.

She must put up with this!

It would help to just picture the man in front of her as a... proud peacock.

Once Hazel had finished preparing four dishes and a soup, the servants then served the dishes on the table.

Regan was sitting on the chair, while Hazel stood respectfully on the side. Later, she made a little bow and greeted him respectfully as she planned to make a move.

She certainly did not want to have a meal together with this man. Looking at him, she was afraid that she would lose her appetite or be infuriated by him.

However, Regan frowned and looked at Hazel. "Where do you think you are going?" he asked abruptly.

"I... I'll go to the kitchen to have dinner. I won't bother you anymore," she quickly replied.

Hearing that, Regan's eyes suddenly turned cold. "Who allowed you to leave? Sit down! Without my special permission, you must stay with me at all times. Obey my every order and readily serve me. This is your duty!"

Didn't she know that food would only taste better when she sat in front of him?

In short, when he looked at her face, he inexplicably felt that... the food tasted better and his appetite had become better too.

Hazel, on the other hand, was terribly infuriated, feeling as though her vein was going to burst in frustration.

This b\*stard!

She held back her anger and said with a chuckle, "Yes, Mr. Morris... What else can I do for you now?"

Hesitated, Regan paused for a short while. Then suddenly, something crossed his mind, as though a light lit in his mind.

"Of course..." Regan turned to the servant behind him and said, "Bring me the roasted chestnuts."

Puzzled, Hazel wondered why he would call for roasted chestnuts.

What was he up to? Out of the blue, he wanted to eat roasted chestnuts?

When the servants served the two plates of roasted chestnuts, Regan still had a calm expression on his face. Without even raising his head, he said, "You can start now."

"Start what?" She had no clue what he meant. In other words, she always felt that her brain waves were not on the same frequency as his.

"Fool... I'm asking you to start peeling these now!" yelled Regan.

Hazel just stared at the roasted chestnuts on the table in disbelief. How could this man torment people in such a way? Peeling roasted chestnuts all of a sudden?

However, Hazel could not refuse but sat down silently and began to peel the roasted chestnuts.

As soon as she lowered her head, Regan who was eating elegantly, secretly glanced at the woman. A

slight smile appeared on the corners of his mouth.

It was finally her turn to serve him!

Hazel held in her anger. This man was never easy to please and he would only torment people around.

After she had done peeling more than a dozen nuts on the clean white plate, her hands became so sore.

Hazel was originally a gentle and patient person. After she met this man, regardless of how much patience she had, it was worn down little by little.

B\*stard!

Once Regan was done with his meal, Hazel then served the ceramic plate that was filled with more than a dozen chestnuts. "I have peeled a few. You can eat first..."

Unexpectedly, she heard the man complain. "So few? I knew you are slow in the mind but didn't expect your hands to be equally slow! It's been so long and you've only peeled a few."

Trembling with anger, Hazel listened to the man's mocking words. "I'm fast alright? Mr. Morris, I didn't even slack."

"That's fast enough?" Regan continued to ridicule her. "What makes you think you're fast?"

Hazel could not stand it any longer and blurted out, "Then, what kind of measures do you apply to judge me?"

"Don't you know? Just because I am your master, the standard which I've set is also your standard. And I am your rule! Everything that you do must meet my needs!" concluded Regan.

Hazel was so angry that her face turned red. What kind of person was he? Such a pervert! Scoundrel!

"What now? I can see from your eyes that you're unwilling!" Regan said coldly.

"N-Nothing," Hazel denied.

Regan sneered while he took over the plate of roasted chestnut in front of Hazel and began to peel the shell.