

Chapter 51

Hazel was thinking that perhaps she would not be affected by the alcohol this time. Afterall, it was just a little bit of wine. However, when Abigail noticed the colour on Hazel's ears, she pointed out, "Miss Wilkinson, why are your ears so red? And your face is also a little red. Are you hot?"

Panicked, Hazel started to feel her face turn warm; it seemed she was really affected by the wine-flavored chocolate.

Also, her eyesight was starting to blur but she was unsure whether it was because of psychological effect.

But now, it was clearly one of the signs of her getting drunk.

Hazel forced a smile and shook her head to indicate that she was fine, because she did not want Abigail to be anxious.

Without much doubt, Abigail looked at the pile of things in the cart and asked with a smile, "Miss Wilkinson, are you done shopping? Do you want to go home? Or do you want to go to a nearby cafe or a dessert shop?"

"Let's head back..." Hazel replied softly. She was thinking that if she could sleep for a little while longer, she might be able to dissipate the wine effects.

Then, the driver sent both of them home, along with all the bags.

When Hazel got home, she only felt her face getting warmer and her sight getting more blurry.

Quickly, she drank up a glass of fresh orange juice which could help dissipate the effects of wine and went straight to bed. Perhaps it was because of the effects of alcohol, for she fell asleep very soon.

What Hazel did not know was that she actually slept for hours until it was six o'clock in the evening.

Her face was also flushed, which made her look even more adorable.

When Regan entered the room, he saw Hazel lying on the bed, all curled up like a kitten and still fast asleep. Her fair arms and legs were exposed from the quilt and they appeared slightly pinkish in colour.

Regan walked toward the bed. When he was about to hold her in his arms, the woman instantly opened her eyes.

With her sleepy expression, Hazel looked as if she was still dreaming.

However, what surprised Regan was when he held the woman, she was smiling brightly at him. Her serene smile was so beautiful, that Regan was mesmerised and taken aback for a moment.

Obviously, Hazel had never smiled at him like this before. She was always extremely careful around him, like a mouse who saw a cat. It was as if she would dig a hole in the ground and buried herself, so that she could hide away from him. But now, she seemed different from usual, somewhat more relaxed and bold, a side he had never seen before.

What surprised Regan even more was Hazel's bold hands... Without warning, she reached out to caress his head, as if she was caressing a beast. In a way, she was sort of challenging his authority!

Did this woman even realize exactly who she was provoking now?

Perplexed, Regan actually felt... he didn't hate this feeling. So, he allowed her to caress him and she even flashed him her

"... Actually, I have... a small secret... I didn't tell you, and I didn't tell anyone too. Do you... Do you want to know it?" Hazel uttered.

The woman's voice was as sweet as before, but it did not have the obedient tone as before. On the contrary, it was somewhat bitter and dreamy.

Upon hearing her voice, Regan could vaguely guess that... she was drunk.

No wonder this woman was so bold toward him.

However, when Regan heard the woman's words, his curiosity was triggered so he tempted her to spill the beans. "What secret?" he asked.

"The secret is... I was so silly... so awful and you may not know this... I was really silly... I know... I don't deserve it. As a result... I've fallen in... in..."

Hazel looked at the man in front of her. She felt that this man was... him.

"I've fallen in love with you!"

Instantly, Regan felt that his mind went off like fireworks.

This woman loved him?

Love!

Regan suddenly felt lost, feeling as though he was floating on air.

"But, I know it's not possible! I can't fall in love with you... So I will hide my feelings. After all, I... can't! Don't worry, I have... dealt with my feelings.."

For more than 20 years, Hazel had been suppressing her feelings and emotions in her heart and could not share with anyone.

There was like a wall between her and her family. She was isolated from them and was confined in a small place to such an extent that she had to hide herself carefully and lived timidly.

Therefore, she would never tell anyone what she was worried about, nor would she take the initiative to voice out what she wanted. Because after some time, she knew that she would not get a response from others.

At this moment, Hazel, who was being irrational due to alcohol, was revealing all of her hidden secrets.

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But it was destined that everything was just her wishful thinking.

Julian was never hers, for he was Scarlett's happiness.

In the end, she gave them her blessings...

So as she smiled, she let her tears fall from the corner of her eyes.

For some reason, when Regan saw Hazel's hurt expression that looked like a wounded little animal, he felt his heart ache.

In seconds, Regan's eyes darkened. Without hesitation, he lifted the woman's chin with his fingers and said in a domineering and assertive manner, "Who allowed you to deal with your feelings? Who allowed you to hide your feelings for me? Since you love me, then... I will spare you mercy... You are allowed to love me! Did you hear me? Silly woman..." Even he himself did not notice that there was a curve at the corners of his mouth.

Regan continued fiercely, "Humph... Although you knew very well that you don't deserve me. But from now on... you have my permission. I... I allow you to love me, so... don't cry! Do you understand?"

But the woman in his arms was already drunk. She just blurted her secret in a daze and it was obvious that she could not hear what was said.

Gradually, Hazel just felt her eyelids getting heavier. She was so sleepy...

Very soon, she closed her eyes and fell back to sleep.

What Hazel didn't know was that Regan had become more cautious as he was gently holding her in his arms, his eyes staring blankly at the woman who was fast asleep. Pleased of himself, he said, "Like I said, who wouldn't like me in this world? And who wouldn't love me? Only you... the only lucky one who can become my woman!"

If it hadn't been for the fact that she was drunk, he wouldn't have found out her feelings for him.

Sure enough, all women were shy!

After placing her down on the bed, Regan covered her tightly with the quilt and did not allow her arms and legs to be exposed. Only then, he nodded with satisfaction.