

## Chapter 53

Regan's gaze became cold in an instant. Before Hazel could react, he picked her up effortlessly, lifting her off the ground.

Taken aback by his sudden movement, Hazel exclaimed, "Mr. Morris, you... you are..."

Ignoring her, Regan walked to the side of the bed and threw her on it. Overbearingly, he said, "Do you want to get sick again? Remember, your body belongs to me, and you must take good care of it. Your well-being is your responsibility, get it? Don't you walk around barefoot again."

It only occurred to Hazel that Regan carried her because she was not wearing any shoes.

However, Hazel did not dare to look down. Instead, she was blushing harder, almost closing her eyes.

He... hadn't even put on his clothes yet!

And it just so happened that she was the culprit.

Nodding obediently, she reminded him "kindly", "Mr. Morris... your... your clothes..."

Suddenly, a wicked smile crept across Regan's face. It made Hazel's heart race violently, dazzling her instinctively.

Hazel exclaimed in her heart, "What a devil!" He was the most gorgeous man she had ever met, but he was a perverted devil who was extremely dangerous. She should have stayed away from such a dangerous man, but now she was held in his arms and she couldn't escape. "What should I do?" Hazel thought to herself.

"I thought... You are pleased to see me like this! Pervert!" Regan poked her forehead with his finger, glancing at her coldly and arrogantly.

Hazel was stunned. Was she a pervert instead now?

What was wrong with him?

He seemed to be certain that she was throwing herself at him and pulling his clothes on purpose.

"I didn't..."

However, Regan did not listen to her explanation at all. Before Hazel could finish, he got up, went to the cloakroom, took a sterilized bath towel, and wrapped himself up.

Seeing that, Hazel was speechless, thinking that he was simply a narcissist who wouldn't listen to her explanation at all.

Forget it. He could think whatever he wanted.

However, even after he put on his bathrobe, Hazel was still tensed.

Under his gaze, Hazel felt as if she was a bunny being stripped off and skinned by him. As long as he wanted to, he could do whatever he desired to her.

However, to her surprise, when Regan approached her, he put the slippers that he took from the cloakroom beside the bed, placing them in the direction of Hazel.

Upon seeing that, Hazel was shocked, but when she looked at Regan, he quickly looked away unnaturally and sat on the couch on the side. With his back facing her, he said in a harsh and cold tone, "Silly woman, put on the slippers and come blow-dry my

hair.."

He hated his hair wet, but he was a clean freak who needed to wash his hair a few times a day. Most importantly, he didn't like blow-drying his hair himself, nor did he like other people touching him, including his hair.

But if it was her, things would be different!

Not only she belonged to him, but she was also secretly in love with him. So, with "great compassion", he gave her a chance to get closer to him and please him.

After all, Hazel was the first woman who could touch and blow-dry his hair.

Perhaps she was feeling happy deep down.

She could please him as much as she liked now.

Hazel suddenly choked. At first, she thought Regan had a little bit of tenderness, but now her bubble was all destroyed.

He was still as overbearing and bad-tempered as ever, and he behaved as if he was rewarding her.

However, Hazel could only suppress the helplessness and bitterness in her heart, for she had no choice but to obey him under his heel!

He was simply treating her as a maid.

After putting on her slippers in a hurry, Hazel went to Regan and took out the hairdryer in the drawer.

Then, she started to blow-dry his hair.

It was the first time she blow-dried his hair. He was closing his eyes, revealing an evil smile on his cheeks. Just looking at his face made her heart beat faster instinctively.

The only thing Hazel could do was to keep reminding herself in her heart that she should not be dirty-minded...

It was just an appearance!

"Don't be tempted," she warned herself in her heart.

However, it was the first time Hazel blow-dried someone else's hair. Plus, she knew that Regan was temperamental. If she did not do it well, he would certainly lose his temper. Therefore, Hazel was cautious all the way.

Fortunately, Regan had been closing his eyes and did not speak, looking as if he had fallen asleep.

It seemed that he was satisfied with her service.

Finally, Hazel finished blow-drying his hair with great fear. Without opening his eyes, Regan said to her, "I'm thirsty... I want to drink some coffee... Make a cup of coffee for me. I want you to make it yourself."

Hazel bit her lip, for she was really puzzled. She felt that after she woke up from her drunkenness, his attitude toward her became stranger. Not only did he keep bossing her around, but his tone and gaze also seemed to be different from before.

"Okay, I... I'll make it."

After Hazel left the room, Regan finally opened his eyes and no longer suppressed himself. Instead, he let out a faint hissing sound. Was this how the stupid woman pleased him?

He let her blow-dry his hair, but sometimes, she aimed the hot wind at the same spot on his head for a long time, burning his scalp. Then again, he didn't know why he didn't reprimand her at all.

Perhaps it was because... he could feel her nervousness and her fingers trembling even with his eyes closed.

But he was not in a bad mood!

"Humph, what an idiot. Apart from loving me, she's so stupid..." But as he said so, the corners of his mouth rose.

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At the same time.

Blake had not been sleeping well for the past few nights, and now he looked as if he had turned several years older.

There was only one reason, that was, the Wilkinson family went bankrupt!

Most importantly, the Wilkinson family owed a lot of debts.

However, the Collins family, which his daughter had just married into, had also suffered a great calamity.

The Collins family's company was also being taken over. They could barely take care of themselves, so how could they save the Wilkinson family?

At this moment, Blake was sitting on the couch. His whole body was shaking, and his face was full of sweat.

Meanwhile, Vanessa was so anxious that she twisted the handkerchief in her hand into a rag and yanked Blake from time to time, "What's going on? Is there really no one willing to lend us money?"

Blake did not say a word, and Vanessa's heart dropped upon seeing that.

In the past few days, it was such a torture to her that she felt as though she had fallen from heaven to hell.

Just a few days ago, she was still the mother-in-law of the heir to the Collins family that everyone was envious of. The Wilkinson family was going to be prosperous, but who knew after that d\*mned wedding, things with the Wilkinson and Collins families had suddenly changed. All their assets and wealth were being taken over!

In just one night, the Wilkinson family fell into debts.

Vanessa seemed to have become a lost soul and said in a daze, "No... It's impossible... It's impossible!"