

## Chapter 56

Max knew that some words could only be said up till this point.

Therefore, he just smiled and did not reply.

Hazel did not delve into the meaning of it, but was just thinking about coffee. "I guess... I'd better make another cup of coffee."

Hearing that, Max smiled and did not think much about it. He merely said respectfully, "Then I'll make a move now. I won't bother you."

Hazel also nodded.

When Hazel was in the pantry, she saw Max sitting on the sofa in the living room through the glass window. He had a gentle but serious expression while sorting out the documents.

However, Hazel noticed Max unintentionally rub the bridge of his nose with his finger. His eyes looked tired but still, he held the document in his hand.

Hence, Hazel had a sudden thought. After preparing a cup of coffee without milk for Regan, she didn't rush to bring the coffee out, but made another cup of black coffee.

Coffee could help to relieve fatigue.

And she felt that a busy man like Mr. Simpson himself would need a cup of coffee at this time to keep himself awake.

After Hazel made two cups of coffee, she put them in a tray and brought it to Max.

With that, Max looked to her with surprise. "Miss Wilkinson... you..."

"I thought of making you another cup of coffee when I was brewing just now, so this is for you."

Upon hearing that, Max stood up respectfully and said, "It's fine, Miss Wilkinson..."

However, there was a slight curve at the corner of Hazel's mouth. "Actually, this is a small gesture of gratitude to thank you for all your help throughout this period... You know, I have nothing much... and I don't know how to repay you, so this is just a small cup of coffee made for you. Or... do you not like coffee? How about milk tea? Or juice?"

Max could tell that this woman did not like to owe others favors. From another perspective, although she appeared gentle, she was actually stubborn to the bones.

So he nodded and expressed his gratitude to Hazel in a 90-degree bow. "Coffee is fine. Thank you very much, Miss Wilkinson."

Max did not hate this woman. Instead, he instinctively thought highly of her because she had a good heart and was not greedy by nature.

If other women were to do this to him, then Max would believe that they were deliberately trying to please him.

However, if it was from this naive and beautiful Miss Wilkinson, he could be sure that she genuinely cared about him in a way.

Delighted, Hazel placed the tray on the table. But when she picked up the ceramic coffee cup, her fingers were burned so she instinctively put the cup down immediately. However, because she placed the cup down too fast, the hot coffee splashed out and scalded the back of her hand. Not only that, the coffee also splashed on the documents that were originally placed on the

table.

Seeing that, Hazel was shocked and kept apologizing, "Sorry... Ah... I'm sorry..."

Panicked, she quickly picked up the documents and was so worried that it would be ruined because of her.

At first glance, Max could see that Hazel's hand was scalded. Without giving it much care, he quickly grabbed her by the hand. There was concern and anxiousness in his voice when he spoke. "It doesn't matter... don't worry about those documents. Miss Wilkinson, the back of your hand has been scalded by coffee just now. You need to wash it with cold water now... Let me take you there..."

But at this moment, a man's angry voice came from the stairs. "What are you two doing... Let go of her hand!"

Max and Hazel looked to the stairs at the same time. It was... Mr. Morris!

With a frown, Max immediately knew that the situation now would not turn out good. Quickly, he let go of Hazel's wrist and respectfully greeted Regan. "Good day, Mr. Morris... please don't misunderstand..."

However, before Max could finish his words, he was interrupted by Regan. "Misunderstand?!"

With quick steps, Regan walked toward them and grabbed Hazel's wrist. He then pulled Hazel behind him as a declaration of his ownership.

"Max, did you hold her hand? You two... have something going on behind my back?" Regan was enraged. If this was the truth, he would never spare them.

Regan wanted nothing more than to hide Hazel away. He even wanted to wipe out all the remaining traces of warmth from the place where she had been touched.

Since afternoon, he had permitted this stupid woman to please him in various ways like serving tea, massaging his shoulders and so on. Regan was indirectly hinting that she could love him as much as she wanted.

After all, not everyone had the chance to please him from such a close distance!

Although her coffee was bad, he still put up with it!

Because he was thinking, if he reprimanded her and she got scared, wouldn't she be more afraid to love him?

So he gave her the opportunity to love him, but much to his anger, this woman actually dared to flirt around with another man behind his back and worse, held hands.

Furious, Regan was about to lose his mind. At this time, what he didn't know was that his current mood could be accurately described with only one word, which was... jealousy!

Jealousy could burn one's rationality and turn them into ashes. It could swallow one's heart and cause them to feel annoyed and unbearable!

Hazel could feel the man's strong grip on her wrist, as if he wanted to break her wrist bone. It was so painful, but she endured it and did not make a sound.

Upon hearing that, Max figured that the president had clearly misunderstood!

With that, he quickly lowered his head even more to clarify the situation. "I'm sorry, Mr. Regan... There's nothing going on between Miss Wilkinson and me. When she was serving coffee, she accidentally spilled the coffee and scalded her own hand,

but she was only worried about the documents which got wet. Therefore, I didn't think much and just wanted to bring her to the faucet to wash with cold water..."

Only then did Regan look at the woman's hand that was held by him. The back of her hand was indeed red. Without delay, Regan immediately picked her up, rushed to the pantry room and turned on the faucet.

Washing her hands with cold running water, he could not help but say irritably, "Idiot... How careless are you? How could you hurt yourself so easily? So clumsy..."

Scared by Regan's harsh tone, Hazel dared not reply.

However, Max, who was standing at the side, could tell that the president's reaction was actually out of... concern!

Looking at the red mark on the back of her hand, Regan thought it was very unpleasant. At this time, he even saw the red marks on her wrist that he had previously grabbed on too hard. Right away, an unnatural expression crept upon his eyes.