

Chapter 57

Regan secretly glanced at Hazel, whose face was pale as she kept silent with her head down. His strong grip which was driven by anger started to loosen and relax as he gently pressed her palm and continued to put it in the cold water to stop the burning. At this time, the servants heard the commotion and quickly rushed over. When they saw the situation in front of their eyes, they were surprised, but did not know what had happened.

When Regan saw that the back of the woman's hand was still red and swollen, he was even more upset. With that, he shouted at the servants who had gathered, "... What are you all doing there? Hurry up and bring the ointment for burns!"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Morris..."

Not waiting for another second longer, they quickly dispersed to fetch the ointment.

They certainly did not hesitate to leave as they were afraid to stay there.

They were afraid to look directly at Mr. Morris' face, because his current angry mode was too frightening.

At this moment, Hazel was scared, all because of the man's scary reaction just now. Her heart was beating violently in her chest and her voice was trembling as she said, "I... I'm sorry... Mr. Simpson and I... really have nothing going on... I was just serving coffee..."

She felt that this man was simply absurd. Mr. Simpson grabbed her hand and the man happened to see it, but why was he so mad? His temperament was completely unpredictable!

Devil...

Frowning, Regan questioned angrily, "Coffee... you took the initiative to serve him? Who allowed you to serve him coffee? Who allowed you to accidentally burn your hand?"

There was an unknown flame burning within Regan's heart. This woman... how could she possibly please other men like that?

It was clear that deep down inside, she loved him, but how could she casually serve other men coffee?!

This coffee, wasn't it meant for him only?

When Regan thought about it, he got even angrier.

Max, who was standing there, dared not speak and merely gave a silent sigh in his heart, "This is bad. Mr. Morris will not let me off easily."

A jealous man... sometimes could be terrifying.

Upon listening to the man's words, Hazel could not help but think that this man was just too overbearing!

It was just a cup of coffee for Mr. Simpson. Why would he be angry?

But Hazel also knew that she could not talk back at this moment. Otherwise, if he became angrier, it would only implicate Mr. Simpson who was innocent, and it would be entirely her fault!

As a result, Hazel's voice became softer, and she said lightly, "I... I'm sorry... I really wasn't trying to please Mr. Simpson. It was because he told me that... you don't like milk coffee, so I went to make another cup. I... After I made it... I happened to see him

in the living room, so I conveniently... just conveniently... made him an extra cup. After all, he was so kind to remind me."

She explained patiently and picked those two words "conveniently and extra" on purpose... After all, she felt that this could help ease the man's anger a little.

Sure enough, upon hearing her, the man snorted and scolded, "Fool! No more next time... You are not allowed to do these things for other men. You are only allowed to be around me and please me! Remember, you are my woman and your entire being belongs to me, so stay away from other men!"

Hazel choked in her heart. But she still held back and just nodded.

How could this man... be so petty?!

At this time, Regan looked at Max coldly again. "You must remember... stay at least a meter away from her. Do you hear me?"

Although Max knew the reason why Mr. Morris was so petty, he could only bury the bitterness deep in his heart and replied respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Morris..."

"You can leave now. Head to the Hall of Repentance yourself."

The expression on Max's face became tense as he lowered his head. There was panic in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure.

Some might not know what the Hall of Repentance was, but he couldn't be more clear about it.

That was a place for punishment!

As long as someone made a mistake and entered that place, he would definitely lie on the bed for a few days after being released.

"Yes, Mr. Morris..."

At this time, Abigail had already brought the ointment. She was facing Mr. Morris nervously and even her fingers were trembling. "Mr. Morris, here is the ointment..."

In fact, Abigail was shouting frantically in her heart. Whenever she faced Mr. Morris, she would be so scared that even her legs would go weak.

Regan didn't say anything. After taking the ointment from her, he carried Hazel in his arms and walked toward the sofa because he was in such a hurry to apply the ointment for her.

Abigail, who had just raised her head, happened to see Mr. Morris's eyes. For some reason, her heart skipped a beat.

She was wondering whether she had seen it wrongly, for she actually saw the gentleness in Mr. Morris's eyes when he looked at Miss Wilkinson!

As Regan placed Hazel on the couch, Abigail and Max dared not stay any longer, so the two were left alone in the living room.

Regan then squeezed the tube and a little green ointment came out. As he applied it onto Hazel's wounded hand, she instinctively hissed in pain. "It hurts..."

Regan's expression changed and he could not help but loosen his grip. He gently applied the ointment, but his tone was extremely cold. "Now you know it hurts! Next time... don't allow yourself to get hurt again..."

Hearing that, Hazel dared not refute but merely looked at him silently. In fact, she really wanted to tell him that she could apply the ointment on her own. After all, it was a small matter and she could still easily do it with her other hand.

The next second, much to her surprise, she felt a chill at the back of her hand.

Dumbfounded, Hazel saw Regan lowering his head. From her angle, she could not see his face but just his hair. However, she could clearly feel that the man was gently blowing on her wounds, as though, by doing this, her pain would be relieved a little.

After Regan was done, he did not look at Hazel because he felt awkward. Instead, he said angrily, "How stupid can you be... This ointment needs to be applied three times a day. Now I'll have to apply it for you every day. So troublesome!"

Hazel pursed her lips. She really wanted to say that she was able to... do it by herself.

However, Regan did not give her the right to refuse at all. After a snort, he turned to leave.

Hazel didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was really... so overbearing and childish that she could not figure out what he was thinking. His attitude toward her was simply strange!

What Hazel did not notice was that Regan's ears had turned red when he walked to the stairs.

He secretly thought to himself, "What's wrong with me? Why did I blow on her wound as if I was coaxing a child? Just so that she will not feel pain?"