

Chapter 63

Upon hearing his words, Hazel was dumbfounded!

What...

She wondered whether she had misheard.

Or was that just all her illusion?

What was he even talking about?

He was talking about ...enchantment or something like that.

Moreover, when had she even seduced anyone?!

Hazel had always thought that this man was terrible, and now he was even more dangerous. Terrified of what might happen next, she wanted to escape his hold.

However, the hands around her waist were only getting tighter.

"You're dressed this way intentionally, right? Just to attract my attention... you even deliberately fell onto me... If these are all your little tricks to test my interest, then I shall grant you your wish!" Regan's eyes were burning, and his heart had already caught on fire, this one move caused his last strand of reasoning to burn into flames.

Seeing that he had lost all self-control, she quickly denied it as she shook her head, her voice full of terror. "No...I did not! When...did I seduce you...I was not...trying to seduce you...You...Let me go!" Hazel was sure that this man was a psycho! He was in need of serious help!

While she was struggling to get out of his embrace, only then did she notice that her blouse was wet from her dripping hair. Her face flushed scarlet right away.

She swore she did not notice it at all!

"Humph, don't act stubborn! I know you're just playing hard to get..." Regan said fiercely, as he tore Hazel's very thin clothing into pieces, effortlessly.

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Without any sign, Hazel soon drifted into sleep, and the last and only thing that she could remember was

He was downright a beast!

B*stard!

At this moment, Regan was looking at the woman who had her eyes closed and was deep in her sleep. Though she was sleeping, he could still hear her muttering 'B*stard.' Hearing that, his eyes were filled with complex emotions.

Regan wondered if he had been too indulgent with this woman all the time.

Since the start, he had allowed her to stay by him just because he was attracted to her special features. Only when he was touched by her, he would not feel disgusted.

Her only existence was merely like a pet and pillow to him.

But now, it felt like her importance to him had started to change.

This woman... did not know her place!

There could not be an ounce of weakness in his world.

At the thought of this, his eyes turned cold with determination.

Instinctively, his palm touched her neck as if this was the most rational and best solution to this complex situation that he found unbearable.

Through his palm, he could feel the pulse beating through the woman's fragile neck.

Just with a little force, he could easily take her life away, suffocating her little by little, completely erasing from his life, which also meant thoroughly eliminating this weakness that was in his life.

Right at the moment before he was about to exert his force onto her neck, she murmured, "B*stard", unaware of the situation she was currently in.

Immediately, Regan withdrew his hand from Hazel's neck as if his palm was burned.

God d*mn it!

He never wanted to do it!

He never had the intention to kill her. Instead, he wanted to hold her in his arms so badly, and all he desired was to hug her and merge their bodies into one as he just could not let her go!

With that, Regan decided to not worry about the unsolved problem from yesterday in the meantime.

He would just regard all this love nonsense as a joke.

After a moment of silence, Regan gave in and quietly carried her in his arms before carrying her into the bathroom.

After several rounds of actual practice, he had become more skilled in his techniques.

Regan closely examined the woman who was soundly asleep even though she was soaked in the bathtub. As he stared at her, he was not even aware that his lips had formed an unintentional curve.

This woman did not know how uniquely fortunate she was.

Up until now, she was the only person who had the honor to be served and taken care of by him, and even personally bathed by him.

Regan could not help but touch her small nose with his fingers.

This silly woman...

The next morning, the moment Hazel opened her eyes, she felt as though her body had been run over by a truck. Both her waist and back were in so much agonizing pain that she could not budge.

Hazel gnashed her teeth with much anger at the thought of what happened last night. She randomly took a pillow that was beside her and kneaded it as hard as she could.

She took the pillow as that annoying man and kneaded it hard.

She usually held back a belly full of anger, as she never dared to lash out her anger in front of Regan. So this was her only way to vent all this pent-up fire buried deep inside her.

Just as Hazel was about to pull her agonizing body out of bed with all her will, an important question popped to her mind!

Her fingers instinctively moved towards her abdomen, and her whole body could not refrain from trembling.

If a baby were growing in her belly, what would she do?

Just thinking about this made Hazel tremble in fear.

In her opinion, she felt that a child should grow in a healthy and happy family, showered with love from his parents, while living an ordinary yet fulfilling life.

Children were supposed to be graced upon, as a gift, to happily-wedded couples after their marriage.

As such, the child would be able to grow happily in a nurturing environment.

Hazel recalled the way she was treated, He had been harsh with her and was filled with disgust when he wanted to check if she was pregnant. He even went out to say that she was unworthy to carry his child.

As you could imagine, he might not want her to become pregnant.

So, she lived with him during this period, he must have taken some preventive measures. Who knew? Maybe he was using a condom in secret.

That was right!

That must be it!

Hazel let out an involuntary sigh of relief as she thought about it.

The idea that just had popped into her mind out of nowhere was not something she should be worried

about.

Still, just to be on the safe side, Hazel felt that she should find a way to get a hold of birth control pills, or she could just directly ask Regan for them.

After Hazel got out of bed, she came across Abigail and Penelope.

Abigail looked at Hazel with much excitement as she said, "Miss, how should we decorate this area?"

After all, we are going to have a celebration tomorrow! Mr. Simpson has just informed us that Mr. Morris has agreed to let us decorate the house to create a festive atmosphere."

Confused, Hazel asked. "What festival?"

Penelope laughed. "Miss, don't you know? It's gonna be Christmas tomorrow! We are celebrating Christmas eve tonight... Miss, you're probably unaware, but we never celebrated any type of holiday. The house had stayed the same throughout the years since Mr. Morris doesn't like to have any changes in the house. But since your arrival, things have started to change. This would be the first celebrated holiday in the house!"

Listening to Penelope's answer, Hazel finally came to her senses. It turned out that it would be Christmas tomorrow!

Hazel smiled, and she did not continue on the chatter with Abigail and Penelope. In fact, she had never spent any festive holidays with others; even on her birthday, she had always been by herself.

Chapter 63

100 Lifelong Free to Read

8/9

That was because she believed that festivals should be lively, and spent with a bunch of people, that it should be full of laughter and smiles, but she had never...

As time went on, Hazel could not recall the exact moment when she started to despise festivals, even going out the extra mile to pretend they didn't exist. She knew she was only deceiving herself so that she would not remember that she was all alone on that particular festive day.