

Chapter 65

Once again, Hazel recalled that Mr. Simpson had once told her that it was better not to make Mr. Morris angry for the time being.

But now, of all times, she could see very clearly that this man's eyes were too dreadful.

If she were to admit that she didn't get a gift for him, then she would be certain that the consequences would be very serious.

Therefore, at this urgent and critical moment, Hazel had no choice. It was more like she was seizing the last glimmer of hope and completely went for it. She quickly said, "I... I have prepared a gift for you, but I... I haven't had time to wrap it up as a gift."

Hazel felt a little guilty, and she was afraid that Regan would not believe her, so she added, "Didn't they always say that the best parts are always at the end, like... like a grand finale, so I thought... gifts would be the same."

Regan's gaze on the woman eased up a little, but his voice still sounded arrogant. "What... what are you saying?!"

He did not want to admit that he actually had a slight note of expectation in his heart!

Upon hearing this, Hazel bit her lip subconsciously because of nervousness. "It's... it's..."

Her hand was already reaching into her pocket, then she took out a bunch of caramel candies that she casually took out from the snack tray in the morning, which was mixed with a few fruits-flavored candies.

Hazel was already in a state of despair. The candies in her pocket that she suddenly thought of were the only thing that she could pass off as a gift!

She just hoped that it could do the trick, but even her heart was nervous and uneasy.

Regan looked at the candies on the table, and his eyes squinted dangerously. "These... are the gifts you're going to give me? Just these candies? Hazel... are you just trying to get me off your back?"

Hazel did not dare to admit it. She quickly shook her head and forced herself to explain. "... Actually, I like... candies the most. It's sweet, and it can also bless you... your future life to be enjoyably sweet. Also, I... I used to think that I will be very happy even if someone just gave me candies during the holidays..."

So... I am... putting myself in your shoes. The candies might be small, but it could still be the best gift."

Hazel tried her best to tell herself in her heart, "Yes, that's how I am!"

In order to convince the man in front of her, she must convince herself and make herself believe it first!

Usually, Hazel would be timid and obedient towards the Wilkinson family. But in fact, a person's potential would erupt when he was cornered in an emergency.

Like how she was beginning to make up her story now.

After all, Hazel rarely lied. And because of that, her ears had blushed a little, and she was too scared to look at Regan. She was afraid that Regan would see the dead giveaway in her eyes.

Regan's eyes were still full of doubt, but the coldness in them had started to subside. He said grumpily, "When you made coffee last time, didn't you say Max told you that I don't drink milk? That means I don't eat any caramels either!"

Hazel blinked her eyes and went along with Regan. She said, "Then... I'll get another Christmas gift for you. I won't give you these candies." She let out a sigh of relief in her heart silently. After all, these lifesaver candies she took out were just to save herself in an emergency.

However, Regan said more coldly, "Who said I'm not taking it? I want all of these candies... but I want you to wrap them up, just like the gifts you give to those people. I want what they have, too!"

The boxes, the colored paper, the ribbons, he wanted all of them!

Hazel felt helpless, but in her heart, she felt that he was acting like a child, who liked to compare with others.

After Hazel had carefully wrapped up the dozen or so candies and decorated them with colored paper and ribbons, she was still feeling nervous in her heart.

Because the man had been staring at her the whole time, which only made her feel nervous and creeped out.

When Regan picked up his gift, he looked at the dozens of other gifts on the table. A sharp glint flashed across his eyes, but unfortunately, Hazel didn't notice it.

As if he did not care, Regan said, "I don't want my room to be filled with these... eyesores. Before I come back, toss them to those people immediately!" What he meant was he wanted Hazel to send these gifts

to others immediately.

Hazel, who did not think too much, nodded dully, "Okay, I'll send it right away..."

After seeing the man leave with the gift, Hazel finally relaxed her entire body which was incredibly tensed at all times.

She was truly terrified just now. As she was afraid that Regan would lose his temper.

When Regan took the gift to the study, and put it on the desk, his lips curled into a smile.

Although he knew very well what was in the gift box, he was still feeling rather giddy unwrapping it. For the first time, even though he did not like milk, when he peeled off the candy wrapper off the caramel and put it in his mouth, and the tip of his tongue was full of creamy flavor, he still wanted to continue eating it.

However, Regan was in no rush to enjoy his gift, because he had one more thing to do.

He took out his mobile phone and dialed a number.

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Since a "warning" was given before Regan left, Hazel did not dare to procrastinate. She quickly took the gifts and sent them to everyone in person, one by one.

She felt that she had a good time this Christmas. It was the first time for her to be so jolly for Christmas, for she felt like she was spending Christmas with a lot of people.

When Hazel handed the final gift to Max, all gifts had been handed out.

With smile in his eyes, Max said to Hazel respectfully, "Thank you, Miss Wilkinson... for sending me a gift, but I don't have any gift for you. I'm really sorry..."

Hazel waved her hand like she did not care, and her smile was still as radiant as a flower. "It doesn't matter... you don't have to be concerned about exchanging gifts with me. The gift I gave you represents my gesture and blessings."

There was sincere gratitude shown in Max's eyes, but there was also a strange look hidden in it that Hazel did not notice.

He did appreciate her gesture. However, he also knew that this woman was not trying to please him on purpose; she was just sending her blessings sincerely.

But maybe she did not know that they could not keep the gifts she sent.

Max could only sigh silently in his heart.

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Regan looked at the dozens of gifts that had been placed on his desk, and the corners of his lips curved into a proud smile.

"You belong to me, and so are your stuff, of course. Your gifts can only belong to me..." Regan said to himself rightfully.

Anyway, from now on, these gifts belonged to him!

After opening these gifts one by one, he saw the dozens of gifts that the woman had given him.

These gifts were very small, and usually he would look down upon them if he saw them. However, no one knew that these gifts eventually ended up in his secret safe, which was exclusively his. They were kept as if they were treasures, one by one.

What was his was his, and it would always belong to him. No one could lay a hand on it!