

Chapter 66

After Regan had locked up all these gifts in the safe, he suddenly figured that since he had received so many gifts from this woman, should he also give her a Christmas present?

This idea flashed through his mind!

He was sitting in front of his desk, planning to work as usual, but when he turned on the computer, he accidentally clicked on a news video.

A live broadcast was being played in the news video, showing many people playing in the busy and opulent streets at night, with many men and women going shopping hand in hand.

The streets were filled with Christmas decorations, trees with colored string lights, balloons, ribbons, and a lot of Santas and reindeers puppets...

"It's Christmas Eve. Women, especially, prefer to have a romantic time with their beloved ones."

Hearing the host's voice, Regan narrowed his eyes and lost in deep thought.

At dinner time after Hazel finished up her dinner, she put down the fork, not noticing that Regan, who had been waiting for her, had also put down the fork. Acting as casual as possible, Regan told her, "Go back to the room!"

Hazel couldn't help but feel nervous. It was not that she wanted to overthink but she could not help but think in that regard. This man was just too dangerous even at ordinary times, so she had to be wary of him at all times.

However, Hazel did not dare to refuse. She could only follow Regan silently out of the dining room, went upstairs, and finally to the bedroom.

Hazel's heart could not help but beat faster, and her body had already become stiff.

But at this moment, her wrist was aggressively grabbed by the man. Then she was pulled into the dressing room under her surprised gaze.

"Change the clothes you're wearing now..." With a fussy look, Regan looked at the flimsy clothes the woman was wearing.

In fact the air-conditioning in the villa was adjusted to a constant temperature all year round, so even if they wore thin clothes, they would not feel cold.

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But it was different now!

Hazel looked at Regan blankly. What the hell was going on?

"Why are you still standing there? Do you want me to change it for you?" Regan said bossily.

Hearing this, Hazel did not dare to hesitate. Because this man dared to act as he preached.

Therefore, even if Hazel's face was flushed red and she had to take off her clothes in front of this man, she still had to brave herself and took off her clothes bit by bit.

Now she could not figure out what this man was intending to do!

Why did he ask her to change her clothes?

So Hazel slowly took off her clothes while secretly looking at the man's action. Right now, he was standing in front of women's clothing that were arranged in an orderly manner, acting like a king who was overbearing and assertive as he picked out clothes for her.

Hazel knew that Regan's personality had always been overbearing and aggressive. Even the clothes she was wearing were personally picked by him.

No matter what he picked, she had to wear it.

When Hazel was done putting on the clothes that Regan had picked, her body became as pudgy as a bear.

Because these clothes were big and thick, and they were too bulky to wear.

Hazel wanted to speak, but faced with Regan's cold eyes, she had to forcibly keep these words bottled up.

In the end, she was too afraid to resist.

This man's momentum was really breathtaking.

Regan sized Hazel up and figured she should have put on more clothes. However, when he saw that her neck was still exposed, he could not help but turn back and pick a red scarf and handed it over to her.

Seeing that, Hazel sighed silently in her heart. There was more?

She really felt that she had worn enough clothes!

Why did she even have to put on a scarf?

After Hazel took the scarf, she just wore it casually.

In fact, she usually did not like wearing scarves, for she always felt that wearing a scarf would be strangling for her, making her skin itchy.

So she wrapped herself with the scarf casually, causing it to hang loosely. She might as well take it as an accessory.

However, Regan was a very meticulous and sensitive person. He could tell at a glance that the scarf on her neck was perfunctory, and that was a no-pass for him.

Before Hazel could react, he had already grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms easily.

In an instant, Hazel hit the man's chest, causing her forehead to be in pain.

Hazel was still a little angry in her heart. What the hell is going on with this man?

However, what the man did next stunned Hazel.

Because his fingers were touching the scarf around her neck and then he loosened it for her. In fact, what shocked her more was he was holding up her falling hair with one hand, while putting on the red scarf around her neck with the other.

At this time, Hazel could not help but become nervous and her body became even more stiff.

She was so close to him that they could feel each other's breath.

But somehow, Hazel felt that his fingers seemed to be... gentle at this moment.

Was this her illusion?

Because how could it be possible?!

But she did not know why she still did not dare to look directly into Regan's eyes.

Even Regan himself did not notice that his eyes had unconsciously become overflowed with gentleness, but his tone continued to sound rather viscous. He said, "Stupid woman... you can't even tie a scarf?!"

He even needed to personally put on the scarf for her.

Hazel bit her lip. Even if she was scolded, she could not talk back!

But what she didn't expect was that when her neck was tightly wrapped by this man, her forehead was unexpectedly flicked by his fingers.

"Stupid!"

Taking a deep breath, Hazel and silently said to herself again, "I still have to endure it!"

Seeing the man take a pair of gloves and a mask, Hazel was pulled out of the room by him. When they arrived at the gate, she was certain that they were heading out after she saw the driver waiting by the car.

No wonder she was taken to the dressing room by this man and had layers of thick clothes put on her.

In the car.

Hazel couldn't help but ask cautiously, "Where... Where are we going?"

Because Regan's face was covered by a mask, she could not see his expression. At this time, his eyes were closed, but his voice was cold and arrogant as usual. "You will know when you arrive."

In fact, Regan, who was closing his eyes and seemed to be resting, was feeling very annoyed.

He didn't know what had happened to him. Was he bewitched?

He was so hot-headed that he made a decision on the spur of the moment to take this woman out shopping and spend Christmas Eve together!