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"Okay." Staring at Hazel deeply, Regan finally agreed; but then, he added, "I'll go after you had your medicine."

Once the nurse brought in the pain-relieving medicine, Hazel swallowed the pill under Regan's intense gaze, only then did Regan stood up from her side.

At this moment, Hazel unknowingly gathered her courage and thanked, "... Thank you, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't..."

However, Regan only cut off her words. "Stupid woman, have you forgotten what I said? Your body is much more precious than you imagined! Since you belong to me, do you think that there's a difference when I'm injured for your sake?"

When she heard his overbearing and unusually reasonable words, Hazel didn't feel annoyed for the first time.

Despite how Regan thought of her, she was still extremely grateful and guilty towards him.

When he turned around to leave the inspection room, she could clearly see that the back of his suit was full of blood. In an instant, Hazel's eyes were suffused with guilt and uneasiness.

Her mind was currently in a mess. When she thought about Regan shielding her from the splash during the uphill water coaster and when he protected her from possible injuries in the car as well as his speech just now, her heart became completely confused!

As of today, her frame of mind had changed so much in such a short period of time.

In the past, she used to hate and was scared of Regan as he was like a devil.

But now, these feelings were wavered.

At this moment, Hazel wanted to slap herself. Just what was she thinking? It was clear that the man was absolutely dangerous, and he was treating her as his own possession!

Could she be suffering from Stockholm syndrome?

To be honest, she was imprisoned for a long time by the fierce, overbearing and demonic man. However, he had also been giving her a sense of warmth and security, which might have distorted her hatred into a

different feeling when she was in an extreme state of isolation and pain.

She had seen such information in the news before. In fact, such a distorted mentality couldn't be discussed openly, and it would be ridiculous for the public to pity the victims.

When he was obviously the murderer and demon, her feelings changed due to the immense fear and would rather think of him as her protector. She believed... that he might not be that bad; since he had protected her, she developed her trust and feelings for him.

Annoyed, Hazel grabbed her hair in frustration and felt like a trapped beast that was struggling hopelessly.

Otherwise, how could the change of her attitude towards Regan be explained? Furthermore, it seemed like she shouldn't have developed a different kind of mentality.

At this moment, the door was opened again.

Looking up, Hazel found that it was Regan.

Stunned at the spot, she stared at the man who had returned after leaving the inspection room a few

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minutes ago.

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As she was still pondering why did he suddenly came back, the man had strode towards her and stood in front of her.

Then, his fingers grabbed her chin again.

As she was sitting on the bed, Hazel was actually looking up at Regan and the moment their gazes met, he leaned down and pecked on her lips.

Then, he leaned into her ear and whispered, "I forgot to give you a farewell kiss. I'll make it up to you now."

After that, he turned around and walked out of the room, disappearing from her sight once more. Hazel was left alone again, but her body was completely rooted to the spot.

Covering her face, she couldn't help but feel her cheeks were burning.

She didn't expect Regan to turn back just for such a thing.

Now, she was more flustered and her mind was in a deep mess.

Sighing, she fell onto the bed and let out a frustrating cry, "Useless girl!"

After Regan had just left the inspection room, Max, who was waiting at the door, said nervously, "We'd better leave as soon as possible, sir. Otherwise, it'll be too late..."

When Regan heard what Max had said just now, he wordlessly turned back to see Hazel; this truly surprised Max.

"Does Mr. Morris wanted to say goodbye to Miss Wilkinson or to tell her something?" He thought.

Unexpectedly, Regan came out again in just a few minutes. His expression remained calm as if nothing had eventful happened.

However, Max could clearly see the corners of his mouth were curled up.

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Once Hazel left the examination room, she was surprised to see Abigail and Penelope were waiting at the door.

Why were they here?

"Miss Wilkinson, we're here to take you back," Abigail said lively.

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"I'll go back with him after his wounds have been treated..." In fact, she wanted to confirm whether he had a serious injury.

However, there was a look of embarrassment in Penelope's eyes. "Miss, in fact... Mr. Morris has already left, so Mr. Simpson asked us to pick you up."

"He's not here? Is he still injured? Did he leave after treating his wounds? Or is he transferred to a different hospital for the treatment?" Hazel rapidly asked in surprise.

Shaking her head, Penelope continued to say apologetically, "We are not sure... We only know that Mr. Simpson has asked us to pick you up and accompany you back. He's worried that you might be scared after the accident..."

In the end, Hazel suppressed her doubts and nodded in response, but her fingers were entangled nervously.

Was his injury very serious? Was that why he had to be transferred to another hospital in a hurry?