

## Chapter 88

Tears slipped down from the corner of Hazel's eyes as her fingers were shaking.

For the first time ever, she resisted Regan. Struggling, she tried to push away his palm that was put on her waist.

In an instant, Regan's eyes became stern and he turned around to face her directly. He didn't let go of her; instead, he hugged her even tighter.

She belonged to him!

So of course, he wouldn't allow the woman in his arms to resist. Even if she did, he would've roughly repressed her.

"What's wrong?"

However, when he saw her red eyes and overflowing tears, the upsetting mood dissipated in an instant. Unknown to himself, he was looking at her with a gentle gaze and his voice immediately softened.

"... Tell me, where do you feel uncomfortable? Is it your stomach again?"

"Or... did someone dares to bully you in here? Did they upset you? Don't be afraid... just tell me, I'll definitely make them pay." At that instance, something vicious flashed across Regan's eyes. In fact, he just wanted to spoil her and take great care of her as if she was his precious baby.

Therefore, he had to protect her well.

If it was in the past, Hazel, who had always been an airhead, would've missed his murderous glare naturally; however, when she was particularly sensitive, she had caught on his cruel gaze.

At this moment, Hazel was certain that he had the power to bring the Collins and Wilkinson families to their demise.

In an instant, she broke down in front of him as more tears flowed out from her eyes.

With exception of the first day, this was the first time that she questioned loudly, "You said that you'll make them pay... do they include my family... and the Collins?"

She couldn't understand why would Regan resort to such a cruel method to drive people to their death. She was already a stranger to them and planned to live for her own, but that didn't mean that she was

heartless to watch her parents die miserably.

Even if she hated them and wanted to take her revenge, she would do it personally. This was her own matter and she would never ask for others' help to do it. However, it seemed that such ideology wasn't able to constraint him— he didn't care about the norms, nor did he care about others' feelings.

He was like a domineering emperor; as long as he wanted to, he could get everything in the world and destroy anything unpleasant to his eyes.

When he heard her words, Regan's eyes turned colder with obvious anger. In an instant, the atmosphere changed horrifyingly as well.

"Where did you heard of this? D\*mn it! Who told you about this?" In fact, he had ordered that no one was allowed to mention anything about the Wilkinsons and the Collins in front of Hazel. In addition, she wasn't allowed to get a hold of any tools that could present the information to her.

Looking at the man in front of her with pain and despair, Hazel asked, "So... you've admitted that you've done those things? Why? Why do you have to be so cruel to them?" As she questioned, her tears continued to slip down from the corner of her eyes.

As a prideful man, Regan would never deny her claims, but his eyes were unusually cold and calm. "Am I  
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cruel?"

Since he was a child, he was taught that the world was merely a ruthless war between the weak and the strong. To survive, he could only keep climbing up through merciless means; there was no such thing as kindness, nor was there righteous morals!

As long as someone had made him angry or offended him, he would take his revenge—this was his own rule.

"You're my woman. If someone dares to let you suffer a little, I'll have them live a life that's worse than death." In fact, Regan still remembered how Hazel was wronged when he went to pick her up at her sister's wedding. "Besides, what are you angry of? Didn't they voluntarily cut off their ties with you? Have you forgotten your so-called family and other spectators were mocking you at the wedding? Hazel, I think you've made a mistake. What right do you have to question me? Looks like you've become quite bold! You belong to me, including your heart. You have to obey me and support me without I want to deal with them! I want to deal with them!"

To the domineering Regan, he naturally thought that the woman in front of him belonged to him. Right

now, he only wanted to hide her away and ensure that he was the only special one in her heart.

Staring at the man in horror, Hazel thought that he was a devil.

She felt ridiculous for worrying about her conflict feelings in the past few days and even suspected that she had Stockholm syndrome.

In fact, this man was not a normal person—he was a devil who took her as his possession.

If someone touched her, he would be angry and retaliate in an extreme way.

However, to Hazel, she had been living normally and didn't need to trample with other people's lives. Even if she resented someone, she should be the one taking action instead of the man, who casually drove people to their deaths.

Although his father's neglect left her hopeless, she never thought of pushing him to death—that was the basic bottom line of a person's morality.

As tears trickled down from her eyes, Hazel cried, "... So, does this mean that whoever angered you or offended you... including me, you will destroy him, or even drive him to death, am I right? Well, kill me right now if you can. Regan Morris!"

When she spat out each word, her blood seemed to be boiled with anger. How much longer did she need to endure a life like this? Until she finally found her despair? What was the point of living if she had to spend her life as a pet?

Why won't he let her go? Why did he want to destroy her everything?

At this point, Regan's eyes were filled with rage. Clenching his fists tightly, his voice became colder. "I dare you to say that again..."

No one had ever dared to talk to him like that!

However, Hazel had given up enduring. For the first time, she didn't avert her gaze and stared into the man's cold eyes. Unafraid, she stated coldly, "... Just kill me then!"

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At this moment, Abigail and Penelope, who had been staying outside the glass door the whole time, were so scared that they were trembling fiercely. At the same time, their eyes had turned red from

anxiousness.

Miss Wilkinson knew the truth...

And she actually argued with the president!

Everything was over.

Knowing the president, he would definitely be angry at Miss Wilkinson's foolish and courageous resistance! In fact, no one had dared to speak to him like this!

In particular, Abigail was so full of regrets that she wanted to beat herself. She didn't expect that her casual act of giving Hazel to listen to a song in her MP4 would lead to such a serious consequence.