

Chapter 6

A loud smack could be heard when Hazel's palm hit Regan's face.

Hazel was frightened by her own action. When she looked at him, she saw that he looked like a provoked beast.

Before she could react, the man grabbed her by her neck.

Hazel struggled, but the more she struggled, the tighter the man's grip on her neck became.

At that moment, she could feel the fear of dying.

Hazel was choking and it was getting hard for her to breathe. She felt like her chest was about to explode at any moment.

Was she really going to die?

Her heart was filled with bitterness and despair.

She really did not expect these things to happen in her life!

And she wondered if this was how her life would end.

A desperate look appeared in Hazel's clear eyes. She stopped struggling, because she was too weak to resist him.

Tears slipped down from the corner of her eyes and fell on the back of the man's hand.

It was then that Regan froze.

The skin on the back of his hand where her tears hit felt hot, and his heart softened.

It made him loosen his grip.

Hazel coughed violently with vigilant and fearful eyes.

This man was too terrifying.

"Take a shower now... Clean your body a little by little. I don't want traces of other men to be left on your body. If you don't want to take a bath on your own, then... I'll do it for you."

Hazel wanted to escape, but she was paralysed by fear.

"Why aren't you moving? Do you need my help?..."

Hazel shook her head in a hurry and uttered, "No..."

As soon as she finished speaking, she started splashing her body with water and bathed in humiliation.

While she was taking a bath with trembling hands and fear, the man stood in front of her, watching her every move.

Hazel felt ashamed. Not only was she wearing nothing, but there was... a perverted man watching her as she bathed.

"Could you please turn around..."

"No, I can't..." Regan said without hesitation, "It's not like I haven't seen your body before."

Hazel could only secretly bite her teeth in her heart. Was he really a pervert?

It was as if he had never seen a woman bathing.

The truth was, Hazel was right.

Even if he had slept with her that night, he was too drunk to even remember what her body looked like.

He knew that she was... so far, the only woman whose touch he didn't loathe.

Her body was soft and emanated fragrance. He would hold her tighter as if he was holding a ball of cotton.

Thus, Regan fixated his gaze on her as if she belonged to

him. He even thought that there was nothing wrong with his action.

Her skin was pale...

She seemed skinny and should start eating well from now on.

Hazel, who knew nothing, felt a chill down her spine by the man's gaze when she subconsciously wanted to hide in the water...

She wanted to deal with it casually by putting on her clothes quickly after showering. Little did she know, as soon as she was done, the man spoke up,

"Continue..."

What a pervert!

Hazel could only curse in her heart, and braced herself to continue.

What she didn't notice was that the man's eyes on her were burning with passion, as if he wanted to devour her.

It was not until she had almost rubbed off a layer of her skin that he deemed it was enough. "I guess you're clean enough..."

As soon as he finished his words, Hazel's body was taken out of the water by the man's strong arms.

Hazel struggled with fear and exclaimed, "What are you doing... let me go! Let me go... you b*st*rd!"

This time, she was carried in his arms until she was thrown onto the large bed.

Regan looked at the woman who trembled in fear on his bed, looking like a frightened rabbit, then said, "From today onwards... I will be your only man, just as you wish. You don't have to play hard-to-get anymore. I... will take you as my woman. But if you dare to seduce other men, I

promise you that you will live every day wishing you were dead." With his words, Hazel had now become his woman.

Hazel's eyes widened in surprise. What did he mean by the only man?

"I... I don't want this! Please let me go... It was an accident. Believe me when I said I want to have nothing to do with you!"

Regan's eyes screamed danger as he looked at her. In a domineeringly and coldly manner, he warned, "Do you think I will let the woman I want go and let others touch her? I will repeat myself again. You were the one who climbed into my bed. I should have killed you. But, I let you stay and become my woman. You should be grateful. So, you know what to do!"

"I should be grateful? The hell with that!" Hazel thought.

Hazel looked at this arrogant and domineering man. Despite feeling indignant, she tried her best to explain, "I... I didn't make the first move... I also don't know what happened! Let me go! I really don't want to have anything to do with you..."

However, Hazel was caught off guard when her neck was brutally strangled at the very next second.

Right now, Hazel finally felt the difference between the way the man choked her just to take off her clothes in the bathroom and the way he strangled her now.

In the bathroom, the man strangled her neck as if she was an animal, just to subdue her and take off her clothes.

But now, his hold tightened and he was going to...

Regan said overbearingly, "If you don't want to be my woman, then you'll die... Choose one!" ■

She bit her lips tightly, and her fingers trembled violently.

Hazel reasoned that all she needed was to endure all this before she could find an opportunity to escape!

So she closed her eyes in agony and could only nod her head in humiliation.

There was a possessive look in Regan's eyes. He knew she would agree to it.

He pulled Hazel's bathrobe off easily, like a hungry beast that had been hungry for too long...

The night was long...

Hazel was tired from the long sleepless night. Finally, she muttered with a vague mind, "Who are you?"

The man's lips were close to the woman's small, delicate ears as he whispered, "Regan Morris. Remember my name. I will always be your master!" ■

Regan Morris?

Then, Hazel completely fell into a deep sleep.

Regan held the sleeping woman in his arms. She was soft like cotton and smelt sweet...

Regan's eyes were domineering and deep. He didn't know why...why he didn't feel disgusted when he touched this woman.

He could finally sleep in peace with her in his arms. It also ceased all his frustration of not being unable to sleep.

That was the reason he kept her here.