

Chapter 25

In the end, Hazel's voice was hoarse from scolding too much hence she stopped her ranting.

However, she seemed to feel extremely wronged. After losing her temper, she sobbed, as though she wanted to seek consolation. "I want to eat... pistachio. I want to eat roasted chestnuts too..."

What Regan did not know, the reason why Hazel acted like this was because of the innermost memory hidden within her subconscious.

When she was still at home in the past, her sister, Scarlett, would always cry, feeling as though she had been wronged every time she fell ill. Scarlett would even ask for delicious food. Regardless of whatever she requested, her mother would fulfill everything and sit close by her bed.

Hazel secretly saw it a few times, and she felt very envious and empty in her heart.

Perhaps that was what they called love.

When a person was sick, he would be the one with the most authority, because he was the most vulnerable at that time. So it seemed natural that the patient deserved to be doted on. vulnerable at that time. So it seemed natural that the patient deserved to be doted on.

Hazel had also been ill before, but she would always be alone in the room, lying on the bed. The only person who came to see her was the doctor. He would check on her and she would merely be given an injection, pills and asked to rest in bed. Later, the doctor pretty much left without giving any other advice.

Her mother and father, meanwhile, would never enter her room.

There were times when she had a fever in the middle of the night and wanted a drink but could not get up. Sometimes she would even fall down from the bed and had to get back up on her own. She would try hard to open the door and walk towards the living room to get a drink.

From then on, she hoped that she would not fall sick again.

Because if she was sick, not only would her body feel terrible, her heart would feel even more terrible!

At this moment, Hazel, who was already sick and confused, requested for what she longed for the most in her unconscious state.

Regan frowned and saw Hazel's tears falling from the corners of her eyes. For some reason, he did not want her to cry.

He scolded, "Don't cry..."

Hazel could neither hear it, nor did she want to hear it. More tears just kept falling.

Before Regan himself could even notice it, his voice softened and said, "You want to eat pistachio and roasted chestnuts? I'll get them for you! Don't cry... If you cry again... I won't let you eat it."

Idiot! She was even a foodie...

With that, Regan asked the servant to serve roasted chestnuts.

He himself had never eaten snacks, so he did not know what roasted chestnuts looked like before this woman mentioned it.

When the servant placed the freshly made roasted chestnuts on an exquisite plate before him, he frowned and thought, "Is this what Hazel likes to eat?"

Regan noticed Hazel's nose twitch. It seemed like she had already smelled the fragrance. Sure enough, her cry was soon softened and lowered.

For some reason, Regan felt that his mood had improved as well. He picked up a fresh hot chestnut and frowned...

"I need to remove the shell... right?" he thought.

Hesitating, Regan glanced at the woman's face which was covered with tears. He then snorted and said fiercely, "We'll talk about this when you are awake!" The situation now was that she was ill. Hence he would let it go and indulge her this once, but when she woke up...

It was Regan's first time peeling roasted chestnuts. Since he was not used to peeling chestnuts, the surface of chestnuts appeared uneven and looked as if they had potholes on them. Even his nails had yellow flesh stuck in it. This was what he hated the most in the past because he had an obsession with cleanliness.

Although Regan was frowning, he still attempted to feed Hazel who was still half-asleep. With a contented expression, she would chew and eat the chestnuts. The woman looked like a cute little mouse when she inadvertently nibbled his fingers while eating. Whenever she did that, Regan felt ticklish on his fingers and even in his heart.

"This is my gift for you!" Regan said abruptly and there was a bright look in his eyes, as if he was in a good mood.

If Hazel had not been sick, she would have become speechless and secretly cursed this man for being a pervert and narcissist.

But now, Hazel could not hear it, and Regan could only "amuse himself".

As Regan began to peel more chestnuts, he got more excited, seemingly obsessed with the feeling of feeding. When he saw her eating like a hamster, he only felt exceptionally satisfied.

As they said, practice made perfect. After Regan had finished peeling several plates of chestnuts, the woman refused to take in any more chestnuts that were fed by him. When she looked as though she was full from eating all the chestnuts, Regan seemed to have perfected his skills in removing the shells.

There was even regret in his eyes!

But when he looked at the trash bin beside him, which was filled with chestnut shells, he could not believe that he had just done all this!

Throughout the whole night, he became a servant to this fool!

This was completely against his original intention when he wanted her to become his plaything! He wanted this woman to serve him, and he was her master.

With this in mind, Regan pinched the face of the woman who was still in a daze and said arrogantly,

"When you wake up, I'll make you pay for what I did for you today."

Hazel slept throughout the day. When she woke up, her eyes felt swollen.

Her head was throbbing in pain too.

It was only when she looked around and saw the familiar places that she regained her clarity and her heart was immediately filled with bitterness.

It turned out that she was still in that perverted man's bedroom.

When she looked at the alarm clock on the table, it was already ten o'clock in the morning.

The man was not here!

She was supposed to meet him from six o'clock onwards. At the thought of this, Hazel temporarily breathed a sigh of relief.

However, Hazel frowned and tried to recall what had happened yesterday, but she seemed to have only a blurred memory.

She only remembered that she was freezing in the bathtub as if she was going to die. She even felt liberated until a blurry figure carried her up.

After that, she didn't remember anything. All she could remember was that her body was hot and cold all the time, which made her extremely uncomfortable!

"Did I cry?" she asked herself.

The more Hazel thought about it, the more her head hurt. In the end, she simply decided not to think about it for the time being.

But all of a sudden, she tasted something sweet in her mouth, as if there was a lingering taste that had not completely disappeared.

Wait!

Was this the taste of roasted chestnuts?

Did she eat roasted chestnuts last night?