

Chapter 30

Surprised, Hazel looked at Regan. What was he up to this time?

This was simply bewildering!

But when Hazel continued to look closely, she noticed this man's fingers were not only slender, but also very dexterous.

Although they were both peeling the roasted chestnuts at the same time, somehow this man did it so elegantly and with such speed.

Hazel never expected this man to do such a thing in front of her. Could it be that he was trying to prove to her what exactly was his standard?

From the corner of Regan's eyes, when he saw that Hazel was staring at him, he felt proud of himself.

At this moment, Max was holding some documents and was here to meet Mr. Morris to discuss some matters. But from a distance, he saw that Mr. Morris was... peeling chestnuts?

Mr. Morris he knew had never laid his hands on these tedious things because it was a waste of time. Moreover, he could not stand touching these sticky stuff because it would stain his fingers.

However, when Max looked at Mr. Morris, he was like... a leopard sitting on a chair proudly removing chestnut shells. This scene was so contradictory that even Max suspected whether it was really Mr. Morris that he saw.

After Regan finished peeling a whole plate of roasted chestnuts, he picked up the napkin next to him and carefully wiped every single finger, not missing any part.

Dumbfounded, Hazel still could not believe what was going on with this man's brain.

Meanwhile, Regan secretly looked at the woman from the corner of his eyes, deliberately so without her knowing. "I know you admire me very much now. Needless to say, I'll gladly accept your worship," he said proudly.

Hazel did not know whether to laugh or cry. She did not expect this man to be that competitive.

When Regan got up from his seat, Max followed him and respectfully greeted him, "Mr. Morris, we have received the information."

Regan had a fierce expression in his eyes. Max obviously noticed it and he breathed a sigh of relief in his heart. It seemed that Mr. Morris was still the same person he knew.

"Hazel, finish all of the food... There shall be no leftovers! Rebecca, watch her... After she's done, lead her to my office!" commanded Regan.

"Yes, Mr. Morris," replied the servant, Abigail Lawson, as she bowed respectfully and fearfully.

After Regan left, Hazel hesitated for a while and could not help but ask Abigail, "Why did he call you Rebecca? I remember Penelope was called Rebecca as well..."

Abigail lowered her head and explained respectfully, "Miss Wilkinson, that is because... Mr. Morris won't

remember everyone's name. All of the servants are referred to as Rebecca, all drivers are called Timothy, and all of the bodyguards are called by their number."

Hazel was stunned because she clearly did not expect this to be the reason.

But strangely, the man did call her by her name just now. She shook the thought away and considered his behaviour weird.

Just like this, under the watchful eyes of Abigail, Hazel had to finish the whole plate of roasted chestnuts. Although the chestnuts were delicious, she could not help but feel helpless. That man's temperament was really unpredictable.

It was he who asked her to remove the shell for him at the beginning. But in the end, he peeled all of these and he wanted her to finish them.

There was a helpless smile in Hazel's eyes. His temperament was so unpredictable to the point that she didn't know exactly when he would treat her badly and when he would do something as childish like this.

After Hazel finished the chestnuts, she felt uneasy. But still, she had to head to the study room as she was told.

However, just when they reached the study, Abigail quickly greeted her with a bow and left, as if she dared not delayed for another second.

Hazel stared at Abigail in a daze. She was acting as though she was running for her dear life, as if she dared not stay around Regan, even if they were separated by a door.

Hesitating, Hazel was wondering whether she should knock on the door right now. Knowing Regan's bad temper, if she knocked on the door, maybe he would turn hostile and accuse her of disturbing him?

Gosh!

But to Hazel's surprise, a man's snort came from the study room. "What are you doing outside? Hurry up and get in!"

Hazel was startled. How did he know she was here? She and Abigail walked quietly just now and they did not even talk. Nonetheless, she braced herself to enter the study.

In the study, Regan was sitting alone in front of his work desk dealing with work matters. It was quiet all around. At this time, Hazel was afraid of disturbing him.

Hazel made a quick glance around the interior of the study.

The study was filled with bookshelves that were full of books. Besides the necessity such as a coffee table, sofa and work desk, there was no extra furniture. However, it was different from Regan's usual overbearing style, and looked much more serious and rigid instead.

However, Hazel did not dare to look around too much, so she quickly lowered her head.

She was standing about three meters away from the desk. This distance was just right for her, so she did not have to be too close to this man!

But her little plan was soon disrupted.

With his eyes raised, Regan stared at her, like a wild leopard eyeing its prey. "Why are you standing so far away? Are you afraid of me? Come here..." he commanded.

Hazel quickly shook her head and slowly walked toward Regan. She dared not stop, until she was standing right in front of him. She felt uneasy as Regan was staring at her and she didn't know what this man was going to do!

But to Hazel's surprise, he hugged her by the waist in the next moment. And a second later, she was sitting on his leg like a child.

Hazel's face immediately turned red. She instinctively wanted to struggle and leave! But Regan held her tighter and did not let go!

"You..."

"If you dare to move again, I'll take you from my desk right now," threatened Regan.

Hazel dared not move again.

This man would dare to do anything!

"Since you're all healthy now, I shall settle the blind date issue with you right now!" Regan said coldly, but his other hand was still checking on the documents with a pen. "It seems that you haven't realized that you belong to me! Everything about you belongs to me. Do you think you have the right to meet other men, let alone going on a blind date!"