

## Chapter 32

Hazel finally finished all the food and looked up at the clock on the wall. It was already 10 o'clock in the evening.

It turned out that she had been sitting on his lap for more than four hours before she noticed the passage of time.

While she was eating and drinking, he had been dealing with official business. Wasn't he tired? Besides, her whole weight resided on his lap, and that made her wonder if his legs could even bear it!

However, Hazel was absolutely... absolutely unwilling to admit that she was slightly worried about him!

He was so mean to her anyway.

However, as she twisted her fingers, she lowered her head and said softly, "I've finished eating. Why don't... I go back to the room first, and wait for you..."

To her surprise, he didn't appreciate it. "Wait for me here. It won't take long. I just need two hours to finish this."

However, her eyelids gradually became heavier and heavier, and she slowly closed her eyes, not even knowing when she fell asleep!

What she didn't know was that he was looking at her sleeping face, especially when her head was slowly tilting towards the desk. If it was just a little closer, she would have hit the cold hard desk. But in the next second, he had caught her head with his palm, before keeping her body straight. Then, he found a good angle and placed her close to his chest for her to continue sleeping.

Only after he had finished settling her that he continued to deal with his official business.

During these two hours, everytime Hazel—who was deep in her sleep—tilted her head to the side, Regan would keep her head straight to let her sleep in the best position.

Two hours later, all the documents had been dealt with.

Only then, he carried the woman in his arms and left the study for the bedroom!

Looking at her sleeping face, Regan couldn't help but frown. If it was possible, he would pack her up in a bag and bring her abroad with him.

Because he needed to go there to handle some emergency business.

That was why he wanted to spend more time with her. Even when he was dealing with official business, he wanted to hold her in his arms like a pillow.

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The next morning, Hazel opened her eyes and saw that the man who had held her as a pillow during the whole night was gone.

Seeing that, Hazel couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief.

In the past few days, she also noticed that he was hugging her tighter in the evening. Sometimes she couldn't even breathe and had to wake up several times. However, when she wanted to move, he would quickly open his eyes and stare at her fiercely, not stopping until she had closed her eyes!

But when Hazel went to the bathroom to take a shower and was about to take off her clothes, she suddenly noticed that...

Wait...

This pyjama!

She remembered that she was still in casual clothes before she fell asleep.

But now, she could smell the scent of shower gel on her body.

Could it be that the man had personally bathed her when she was asleep?

And he even changed her clothes?

Unexpectedly, Hazel's face turned red.

When she took off her clothes and saw that her skin was completely covered with red marks, her face turned even redder.

Now, she knew he must have taken advantage of her when she was sleeping, by doing all sorts of things to her.

Pervert!

After Hazel finished her breakfast, Max went to look for her.

As always, there was a polite smile on his face. "Miss Wilkinson, good morning."

Hazel nodded politely. "Good morning, Mr. Simpson. Did you... come to see me?" Otherwise, she would not have been able to meet him.

Hearing that, Max looked at the woman and said calmly, "Mr. Morris has left the city. He has some business to attend to and it will take a while before he comes back."

Hearing this, Hazel was delighted, and even her eyes lit up. Although she quickly covered it up, her reaction could not escape Max's eyes. However, he didn't expose her and merely widened her smile. "But Miss Wilkinson, according to the rules, you still have to come back here at six o'clock in the evening."

Hazel's joy subsided a little, but she still nodded. "Okay, I got it."

"In addition, Mr. Morris asked me to tell you that you must follow his rules even when he's not at home, and you must wait for him to come back."

Upon hearing this, Hazel couldn't help but blush. The way this overbearing and ambiguous sentence was uttered by Max—a third party—made Hazel feel ashamed and angry.

"Okay, I got it." Despite being shy, Hazel couldn't help but ask, "Then, can I go back now?" Although she

only took two days off, the next two days were holiday, so she didn't have to go to work.

"Of course. However, if you have any need, you can inform me at any time," Max said respectfully.

Hazel nodded. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. It's my duty."

When Hazel was about to be sent to the entrance of her house by the driver, she asked him to stop the car before he reached her house.

Then, she walked to the door of the house with a dazed look, and her hand couldn't help but clench out of nervousness.

The corner of her mouth showed a bitter smile. She said that she was going home, but now she felt nothing but despaired and sad.

The reason why she came back today was that she wanted to have a discussion with her parents and tell them she wanted to move out.

Although she didn't have much savings, renting a cheap room was still bearable for her.

Hazel knew that everyone thought she didn't have to worry about her living expenses now that she was kept by Regan.

However, she was a person who lacked a sense of security. Now that she was being kept by Regan, she had no choice but to submit to him. However, she hoped one day Regan would get tired of her and leave her alone.

And she only wanted to support herself, and more importantly, she wanted to have a home of her own.

She knew at this point, her self-esteem was laughable, but she just wanted a home in her heart. No matter how simple it was, even if it was just a small place to stay, it was her home. She would guard that home of hers because she had always wanted a warm home, just like everybody else.

At this moment, Hazel couldn't help but think of everything that had happened in the lounge that day, and could only feel bitterness in her heart.

At this time, the sky, which was foggy and gloomy, began to rain!

As she lowered her head, she walked to her apartment.

Just as she entered the living room, she heard Vanessa's sharp voice. "How dare you come back?!"