

Chapter 62

At that moment, Regan lowered his sight unnaturally..

But, he quickly realized what was happening!

He, who had always been fearless, subconsciously lowered his head. Did this subtle action constitute a sign of him backing away?

Regan's eyes reflected annoyance and irritation just at the thought of it.

At the sight of her dripping, wet hair and her blouse that had become slightly translucent due to water droplets sliding down, he could not believe he would project this kind of reaction, and his heart was racing faster at every beat.

Regan silently cursed in his heart, "D*mn it!"

Needless to say, Hazel had not the faintest idea what Regan was thinking about. She just felt that her guard had been instinctively raised, as soon as she had opened the door.

She felt that the atmosphere surrounding the study had become eerily cold and suffocating than usual!

She could not help but mutter in her heart. She did not know what had happened to this man, nor did she know who had offended him, but it looked as if his aura had turned down a few degrees colder than usual.

While Hazel was hesitating, she heard the man snort coldly, "What are you doing just standing there? Are you waiting for me to personally carry you in?"

Upon hearing his words, Hazel immediately shut the door and walked towards Regan carefully with her head down.

"You can start... cleaning the study," Regan said without even looking up, his eyes still glued to the documents that were in his hands. It seemed that he did not care much about Hazel, as he would not take a look at her.

Hazel nodded obediently. "Sure..."

She really accepted her fate.

In her heart, she has already regarded this man as her master, who could do whatever he wanted to her.

She scanned across the room and noticed that many books were randomly piled on the desk, and the floor was even covered with used paper.

Hazel thought to herself, "He must have been working hard, seeing that he has spent the whole night in his study. Looks like the study room needs to be cleaned up."

Just as she was preparing to clear up the used paper on the desk, she heard a voice with a sense of urgency. "You're not allowed to look at the contents of the books, or else... you'll be dead! Are you clear?"

Hazel was stunned by his words but did not think much of it. She figured that it must be work-related and might involve private and confidential issues. The book probably contained some special notes, and that was why she was not allowed to read.

"Okay, I promise I won't peek." Hazel promised with sincerity.

Once she cleaned up the study, she should be able to leave. At the thought of this, Hazel became even more motivated.

Hazel was a person who would pour her heart and soul as long as she put her mind into something, and would not be easily distracted by the outside world.

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Therefore, she only focused on cleaning up the desk, not even noticing that although Regan seemed to be focusing on the documents, he could not help but peek at Hazel from time to time through the documents he had in front of him.

As she was gathering the books on the desk, he could see her pale fair fingers moving. The light happened to shine right on her face, giving the contour of her face a warm touch, which made her look even gentle. Her drooping eyes looked innocent and moist, like a pool of water.

Furthermore, as she tried to reach out for a book that was slightly far away, her body leaned forward. Unintentionally, the action exposed her collarbone.

Regan's throat instinctively gulped.

His mind recalled one of the books he had read last night. "With just a glance, or a smile, from her, he couldn't stop himself from looking at her, and could not hold back the desire to fall for her."

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D*mn it, he could not believe how accurate the book was even at this moment.

Nonetheless, Regan thought this woman would not have done it on purpose!

Could it be that he had fallen for her trap?

That was right!

It must be so!

Looking back to when she was drunk, she confessed her love to him and said that she had been secretly in love with her.

So the real question was, did she intentionally dress this way and pretend to act innocent? Just like the first time when she had taken advantage of him while he was drunk and made him think that he wanted her and tried every method to get closer to him.

The more Regan put his thought into it, the more he felt like it could be a huge possibility.

But, who was he?

He would not be easily enchanted by her charms. If so he would not be Regan.

Regan snorted and forced himself to look away, and continued reading the documents in his hand.

Despite the fact that he had been on the same document for the past hour.

Hazel was surprised as she suddenly heard a snort. She unconsciously looked at Regan, only to be faced with his expression that had become colder.

She could not help but let out an involuntary sigh. This man must have worked too hard, and the work that he had to deal with must be challenging as well. No wonder that his expression had become more serious and cold, and he was making the atmosphere suffocating.

At the thought of this, Hazel felt that she needed to be more conscious of her actions. She tried her very best to keep her movements quiet, just in case she might disturb Regan, who was putting all his efforts into his work.

But it seemed that fate liked to joke around. She had tried so hard to diminish her presence in the study, but of course, things had to go sideways.

Just as she reached out for the book, she accidentally knocked over a small vase that was placed on the desk.

When the vase was knocked down, it began to fall from the desk.

In desperation, Hazel did not care much. Her mind was only focused on catching the vase before it

crashed. However, her body leaned too forward, causing her to slip in Regan's direction.

Accompanied by the sound of ceramic crashing on the ground, Hazel happened to jump into Regan's embrace, who was sitting in his seat.

Her hair, which had been previously tied up, was let down as her clip loosen due to her big commotion and all this appeared to be alluring in Regan's eyes.

Hazel had no time to care about her hair. Her eyes flashed with panic as she quickly apologized, "I...I'm so sorry...I accidentally broke the vase..."

It's over! It's over! Regan must be angry!

How could she be so stupid? She had repeatedly reminded herself to be careful, but why did she make such a big fuss at this moment?

Hazel felt even more embarrassed as she wanted so badly to flee from his embrace, so she stood up.

She could feel Regan's intense stares at her. He must be furious!

However, Hazel did not notice that he was breathing heavily. Upon seeing the woman with her hair let down, carefully curled in his arms, Regan's heart started to pound even faster than before.

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As she was about to stand up, she was forcefully pressed on the desk by him.

A terrible gloomy gaze painted across Regan's eyes as he stared at her. "Hazel, can you not... damn it... stop with your enchantment... stop with your seducing act!"