

Chapter 80

When the taxi stopped in front of the medical institution, Regan didn't delay any second and straightly headed inside.

Once the guard saw who was coming, they didn't dare to stop him.

After a while, the dean led a group of staff to welcome them respectfully. "Greetings, Mr. Morris..."

However, Regan rudely interrupted the dean's greeting and said, "I want the best female doctors to give her a thorough examination! And give me the results in the shortest time! I'll be here during the whole process."

Hearing this, the dean's eyes then fell onto the woman in Regan's arms and responded, "Understood, sir. We will arrange the best doctors for her, and all of our medical equipment is ready for the check-up."

When she heard the dean's words, Hazel quickly spoke, "There's no need. I'm really fine. He... Mr. Morris is worse; he's injured. His back was pierced by the steel bar during the accident! Please hurry and treat him." In fact, Regan should be the one to be treated first!

When he heard what she said, the dean became anxious and quickly looked over at Regan's back—sure enough, the suit was stained with a pool of blood. "Sir, you're injured as well! How about you just hand over the lady to us and let the doctors treat your wounds?"

However, Regan's patience was only limited to Hazel.

So, he said irritably, "Stop talking and give her a check-up hurriedly!"

At this point, Hazel was completely annoyed. She couldn't understand why this man was so stubborn.

She was completely fine; there was no need for a check-up!

Furthermore, it was obvious that he was the injured one so why did he insist on accompanying her for the check-up? What on earth was he worrying about?

During the whole examination, Regan's eyes was fixated on the woman who was lying on the medical recliner; he didn't even blink, and he looked extremely serious.

However, as time passed, Regan felt his patience slowly drifting away.

But he wouldn't admit that he was nervous.

During the check-up, whenever Hazel turned her head to search for Regan, she would always meet his

eyes.

He was staring at her the whole time.

However, she didn't know what to say about such complex feelings.

Perhaps, he was worried about her.

When she thought of this, she actually felt a sense of security as if she was being guarded.

Closing her eyes, Hazel bit her lip in annoyance. Just what was she thinking about?

After the examination, the attending physician came to Regan in person and informed him with a respectful yet fearful manner. "The test result has come out, sir. There's nothing wrong with Miss Wilkinson's health. She's perfectly fine."

Because of the soundproofed glass, Hazel could only see their faces but not their conversation.

On the other hand, Regan was relieved when he heard the doctor's words. It was good that she wasn't injured!

However, he didn't forget another important matter. "In addition to this, is there any other results?"

He didn't tell Hazel that the reason he insisted on accompanying her for the check-up was because he feared that she would be depressed if their child was really hurt. However, he was also unsure why would he care so much about her feelings.

"The other results?"

There was hesitation in the doctor's eyes.

Was he talking about the problem with Miss Wilkinson's stomach?

However, before she could answer him, Regan said impatiently, "Does she have a baby?"

In an instant, the doctor was stunned at the spot. What did he mean by that?

Did Mr. Morris think that Miss Wilkinson was pregnant?

Moreover, it seemed like Regan had reacted differently from before. Previously, if an unknown woman bore his child, he would only be disgusted and annoyed. On the contrary, the current Regan acted more like he was expecting a child! The doctor could even see the excitement in his eyes.

Although she was only a doctor, she somehow felt guilty; this was because she was certain that Regan

would definitely not be happy when he heard the following report.

Therefore, she said cautiously, "Sir, it's like this... From the results of the examination, we can say that Miss Wilkinson... was not pregnant."

Hearing this, Regan's gaze became sharp. "Are you sure? Did you check carefully? She was vomiting in the amusement park and she liked to eat sour food. Also, I remember her menstrual period clearly... She isn't on her period for two months." When he said this, Regan chided himself for not paying attention to Hazel's menstrual period. Although it was probably because of the doctor who stated that Hazel's body was special and it was normal for her to have an irregular menstrual period.

Regan glared at the doctor like a ferocious cheetah; it was as if he would tear her apart if she dared to lie or slack her work.

The doctor was terrified that she hurriedly explained in fear, "We are certain that Miss Wilkinson is indeed not pregnant. However... there is one more result that I must report to you. It's about Miss Wilkinson's retching behavior... she has serious gastrosis."

Gastrosis?

Upon hearing her words, there was surprise in Regan's eyes and the room temperature became lower. He became more anxious and shocked compared to the disappointment and annoyance when he knew that Hazel was not pregnant.

As his eyes turned colder, he said, "She undergoes general check-up twice, and I remember every data of her health. Two months ago, her stomach was diagnosed to be fine, and yet you tell me that she has gastrosis right now!?"

Due to his anger, Regan's menacing aura became colder and terrifying.

Suppressing the fear in her heart, the doctor continued to say, "This is where the problem lies. Miss Wilkinson's gastrosis must have taken place in these two months. We have judged that the patient must have suffered from a serious injury in the stomach after a lot of vomiting, which caused her esophagus to be damaged as well. In such a case, we hypothesized that she had been throwing up every day. By excluding internal illness that caused Miss Wilkinson's retching, we are inclined that..."

When it was nearly the end of her report, the doctor hesitated. After all, this would mean that...

"Say it!" Clenching his fists tightly, Regan felt angry and distressed when he heard that Hazel would almost throw up every day.

almost throw up every day.

Why didn't he know that her body was in such a condition?

Why didn't she tell him? Had she been hiding her discomfort for the past two months?

"There are three reasons for this illness. The first is that the patient has developed a sense of self-loathing due to long-term nervousness; such serious psychological illness will lead to long-term vomiting. The second is that the patient may be resisting some kind of food; so even if she ate it, she will throw up instinctively. The third is..." In fact, the doctor silently hoped that the third reason would be the most impossible one in her heart. Because if it was true, Regan would definitely blow up.

"...The third reason, is that the patient had used chopsticks or other tools to help her throw up. However, this possibility is very small since this method is very painful and not everyone can bear with it."

Upon hearing this, Regan's fingers were clenched into a tight fist and he went into the inspection room without a word.

Only after Regan had left, did the doctor heave a sigh of relieve. To be honest, Regan was truly terrifying iust now

No one was able to stand in front of such a horrifying person; they could only feel an immense pressure and fear.

Therefore, the doctor couldn't help worrying about the young lady who was still in the inspection room. Since Regan looked really angry now.

On the other hand, just when Hazel was about the get down from the medical recliner, the door of the treatment room was kicked open and a familiar voice boomed in the silent air. "Get out! All of you! Stop everything for the time being!"

Looking up, Hazel saw the rage in the man's eyes and her heart couldn't help shrinking.

He was staring at her.

At this moment, Hazel felt that her body seemed to be getting colder little by little.

She was too familiar with this side of the man.

However, Hazel couldn't understand—was the gentleness he showed in the amusement park and during the examination was merely her illusion and misunderstanding?

At this moment, all the doctors and nurses who were in the treatment room only realized that Regan's words were directed to them. So, everyone went out sensibly, leaving Regan and Hazel around.

Once the doctors and nurses had left, Regan came over and grabbed Hazel's chin forcefully. As he stared at her, he growled irritatingly, "Hazel, do you know that you have a serious gastrosis? You have been vomiting almost every day in the past two months. Why do you hide it from me? Your body was fine before, so tell me everything now! I'm warning you, if you dare to hide something from me again, I'll make you pay!"

Hearing this, Hazel was stunned. She had serious gastrosis?

Did this mean that Regan had learned of her secret?

She was aware that her stomach had been uncomfortable these days, and she understood well that it was due to her vomiting.

However, she firmly believed that her condition wasn't too bad after vomiting consequently for two months. Even when her illness was found out in the future, she could just lie that it was something normal, and the doctors might not notice it too.

But now, Regan had found out that she had been vomiting everyday and was asking for a reason.

What if he knew that she did it on purpose... that she didn't really want to improve her physical condition just to bear a child? What would the consequences be?

At the thought of this, panic and fear appeared in Hazel's eyes as she stammered in a trembling voice, "I... I..."