

Chapter 17

Hazel's heart was getting more and more painful.

Even though she knew that her mother was indifferent and paid no attention to her, she kept telling herself that Vanessa had her reasons, so she couldn't blame her.

She found various reasons to convince herself so she wouldn't be hurt by Vanessa's actions. She always convinced herself that Vanessa loved her, but the way she expressed it was different.

But now, her belief was shaken for the first time.

Had she never been loved by her mom?

Hazel forcibly suppressed her tears to prevent them from falling down from her eyes. She said with difficulty, "Does dad know about it?" She didn't want her marriage to be traded like goods.

Vanessa sneered in her heart. "Sure enough, this little b*tch really isn't going to give in easily. She even wants to count on her father!"

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Anyway, she only wanted her daughter to get married as soon as possible so that she could rest assured.

The reason why she chose to put on a show was that this girl's marriage caught her fancy, and that was to marry to the Collins family! Why should such a good thing happen to this girl instead of her blood-related daughter?

Vanessa got a little impatient, and said to Hazel, "Your father has agreed. Now you can go back to your room and don't bother me anymore. Remember to go to Room 876 of Pinnacle Club before five o'clock. That is where you and your future husband will meet. You must please him and let him agree to marry you. Otherwise... you will suffer the consequences."

After Vanessa finished her words, she didn't bother to look at this girl anymore. She just continued to focus on the TV shows.

Hazel's body was shaking, but all the grievances and heartache could only be hidden deep in her heart. She could not even speak of them.

Then, she bowed down to Vanessa and left.

However, her body seemed to have run out of energy. Every step she took, she felt as if she would fall

down at any time.

And as soon as she turned around, the tears that she had been trying hard to hold back fell from the corners of her eyes.

Why would her mom treat her like this?

Did she do something wrong? Or was she not behaving well enough all this while?

She had always been well-behaved, but could never gain her mother's tenderness and compassion.

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At four o'clock in the afternoon.

Vanessa stood in front of Hazel's door and knocked on her door impatiently. She said, "Are you dressed up? Hurry up... You can't be late for this blind date!"

Hazel sat on the bed in a daze. It was then that she finally woke up from her daze and confusion.

However, she couldn't help but clench her hands tightly.

At this time, she thought of a very serious problem.

They would come to pick her up at six o'clock in the evening.

So what should she do now?

Whenever Hazel was nervous, she would unconsciously bite her lips.

Her intuition was telling her that something was wrong.

She heard Vanessa knocking on the door more and more loudly, and she became more anxious. "You d*mn girl... don't dawdle anymore. Come out quickly... Otherwise, I'll ask someone to open your door with the key."

Hazel knew that she could no longer drag it out, so she forced herself to open the door.

Vanessa looked at Hazel's pale face, and saw that she still had no makeup on. Besides, what was she wearing?

Would Mr. Brown fancy her if she wore this?

Immediately, Vanessa frowned and pointed angrily at the plain white dress on Hazel's body. "What kind of clothes are you wearing? Take it off and change it! Forget it. I know you are useless. You don't even know how to dress up. I have already prepared the clothes for you, and I will let Rosie take them for you.

Change them immediately! As for your face, I will let Rosie put on some makeup for you later. Let me tell you, Hazel, don't fool me! If Mr. Brown doesn't like you, then you should face the consequences!"

Hazel held her dress tightly with her hand, and a bitter smile appeared on the corner of her mouth.

Not long after, the servant, Rosie, brought a set of clothes and handed it to Hazel.

But when Hazel saw the clothes, her face immediately turned red, and there was an anxious and embarrassed look in her eyes. "Mom, I... I don't want to wear these clothes. They are too... too..."

The clothes were too revealing. There was very little cloth, and it was so thin that it was easy to see through.

Most importantly, there was only very limited cloth on her chest and behind her back.

How could she wear these clothes? To the so-called blind date on top of that.

To her horror, she looked like a nightclub lady, dressed to serve men.

However, as soon as Hazel finished her words, Vanessa showed a fierce look and slapped Hazel's face.

"Hazel, why are you still so picky? Why can't you wear it? Don't give me any excuses. Let me tell you, change it and attend the blind date immediately. The Wilkinson family has raised you for more than

twenty years. What now? In the end, this is how you pay us in return? I tell you, since I raised you up, then you have to repay me by marrying Mr. Brown. Otherwise, how are you going to repay me? With your meager salary?"

Hazel covered her face and looked at Vanessa in disbelief.

Her face was red and painful, but her heart hurt more! Her heart was basically bleeding.

Her belief was being broken down little by little. Was the woman in front of her really her mother?