

Chapter 18

Hazel was physically and mentally exhausted. In her mother's eyes, she was nothing but a raised pet. Once she had reached full-grown, she would be "sold off" for money?

Other than profit, was it possible that there was not even a tinge of affection in her mother's heart for her?

Hazel clenched her fists tightly. "Mom, if you think I must use myself to repay, then how much is the equivalent value for marrying Mr. Brown? How much do you want just so I don't need to marry him?"

Vanessa sneered, "Why? Do you wish to repay me with money? Haha! Can you possibly afford it? If you marry Mr. Brown, he will give your father a one million deal..."

One million? She was sold at the price of one million in this marriage!

Hazel tried hard to stop herself from crying. "Mom, can you give me some time? I... I will try my best to make money and hand it all over to you... I just don't want to marry someone I don't like."

"You w*rnch, how could you earn a million all by yourself? I have raised you for more than 20 years, but I can no longer afford to raise you and can't wait for you anymore. Besides the money I've used to raise you all these years is at least five million! You think you can return the money by working? Do you think I'm that gullible..." Vanessa stared at Hazel with a contemptuous look and didn't want to talk further with this b*tch anymore. She commanded Rosie, "If she doesn't change her clothes, get someone to press her down and change it for her..."

Vanessa left once she had done speaking. She didn't want to stay with this girl any longer.

Rosie put on a sarcastic smile while looking at the unfavored Miss Hazel before her. "Miss Hazel, you still refuse to change your clothes? Why don't I..." There had been a big gap in family status between Miss Hazel and Miss Scarlett.

Miss Scarlett was precious, held dearly by Mr & Mrs. Wilkinson in the very palm of their hands as they doted on her. Even her fiancé pampered her very much.

As Miss Hazel was an illegitimate child, she was not favored and could only be trampled by others.

Instead of phoenix, she was more like a mere pheasant. How was she fit to be a young lady?

Hazel shook her head and took the clothes apathetically. "No, I'll change..." she said and conveniently closed the door straight after. But until the door was completely shut, the tears which she had tried so hard to hold in began to fall from the corners of her eyes, as tears dribbled down one after another.

She could only secretly squat at the corner and cry in silence, like a wounded and wronged little beast, licking the wounds that were buried deep in her heart.

Fifteen minutes later, Hazel got dressed and opened the door.

Rosie looked at Hazel disdainfully. This was the exact pure and innocent face that attracted a lot of men to pounce on her. Not to mention that she was dressed in such a revealing and coquettish outfit, which exposed so much of her originally white and smooth silky skin. This had undoubtedly made her much more seductive.

However, Hazel's expression was unusually calm and there was not a trace of smile on her face.

Rosie could not help but snort, the so-called Miss Hazel was just a wh*re, nothing special!

"...Madam asked me to make up for you." Rosie did not even bother to call her "Miss Hazel".

As if she had not heard, Hazel walked past her and did not stop for a bit.

How could she not have noticed Rosie's sarcasm and contempt? She just didn't want to say anything more.

In this home, sometimes, Hazel could not help but smile bitterly. She was just a nobody.

As Hazel turned away, Rosie spat behind her back. She still had to go with Hazel to keep an eye on her and readily report the blind date situation to Madam.

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Hazel took a taxi to the club.

She gazed at the building of the club, which was deliberately colored with an eye-catching gold lining, what's with the red carpet at the doorstep, and the two big golden lion statues. All of it showed off the aura of local tyrants in this place.

Hazel had never been to this place before. She could not help but feel nervous and bitterness within her.

She had a plan. She turned up for this blind date, but she would try her best to perform so badly that the other party would not be interested in her!

Even if she would be scolded by Vanessa later... it would not be the worst scenario.

Although she did not know what kind of person Mr. Brown was!

She glanced at the time. She should also speed things up to end this blind date before six o'clock. Otherwise, she was afraid that she would be caught by that man's subordinate.

At the thought of the vicious eyes of that pervert Master Regan, Hazel only felt chills creeping up her bones.

Hazel was led in by the waiter. She had no time to care about the luxurious furnishings and her surroundings. Instead, she could only smell the scent of women's perfume and alcohol around her. Her intuition told her that it would not be good.

In particular, the waiter's eyes looked as if he could see through everything. The women wearing revealing clothes who walked by, and even those who were hanging off the arms of some men, would always look

at her with a strange gaze in their eyes - as though they were not surprised by her appearance - and an uncanny smirk on their face.

Why did a blind date take place in such a place?

Hazel felt an ominous premonition in her heart.

When she came to the door of the private room, her palms were sweating. As the waiter pushed the door open, she saw everything clearly. She froze on the spot at once and looked at everything before her in disbelief.

A few women dressed up seductively were sitting on the sofa, joking with a man in his sixties who had a big belly. The air was filled with such strong perfume to the point that it made her feel sick.

When the drunk Wilfred saw Hazel with his turbid eyes, he burst out laughing. "Come... My beauty, come here... Now let me have a good look at you... See what kind of woman does the Wilkinson family want me to marry? I heard that you are still a virgin. I shall inspect it tonight myself... If you serve me better than these women tonight, then I will agree to marry you!"

At this moment, Hazel only felt that her body was showered in ice water from head to toe.

Was he the man Vanessa asked her to have a blind date with?