

Chapter 19

The occasion arranged by Vanessa was absolutely not a blind date. Instead, it was a social occasion to turn her into a toy and be played by others.

She now understood why the waiters and women who passed by looked at her that way.

Because this kind of occasion was originally meant for entertainment, the kind that related to women.

Hazel stood stiffly as she heard Mr. Brown's triumphant laughter. "Hazel... come here."

At this moment, Hazel made up her mind to risk everything.

If it was a blind date, regardless of whether it ended successfully or not, she would take part in it as a respect for both families, although she knew Vanessa would definitely be angry if she failed.

But this obviously was not a blind date! And the other party seemed to treat her as a bargirl, so she refused to agree to it.

Hazel wanted to turn around and leave, but Rosie who stood behind her sought the opportunity to push her forward.

With her flattering voice, Rosie said, "Mr. Brown, Madam hoped you would take good care of Miss Hazel."

Hazel felt her heart ache. As if there was a knife cutting deep into her, but no one could see her heart bleeding.

"Why of course... Such a beauty. I will certainly... take good care of her."

After that, Rosie left the room but she stayed near the door together with two bodyguards. Thus she was not afraid that Hazel would make a run for it.

Hazel plucked up the courage and said stubbornly, "Mr. Brown, I'm not suitable to take part in such an occasion. I still have something to do and I'll leave now. I hope you have a good time."

Just when she was about to turn her head and leave, she didn't expect to hear the breaking sound of a red wine glass being thrown to the floor.

"Want to leave? Miss Wilkinson, you're so disrespectful. Since you've come, you should stay and let me have a good time!"

Hazel was shocked. This person was obviously trying to stir up trouble.

"Why are you still standing there?" Wilfred welcomed him with a sneer.

Once Wilfred had spoken, the women who had been sitting beside him stood up and surrounded Hazel with a smile. They forcefully dragged her over.

Hazel was weak and defenseless. She alone could not go against the forces of all these women. Especially when she was pinned down on the sofa, her wrist was clutched with such force. It left a bloodstain.

"What are you doing? Let me go..." Hazel struggled, but the next second, her waist was hugged by Wilfred. She smelled the stench of alcohol and sweat, mixed with perfume. Hazel felt sick and was about to vomit.

"...Come on... Let's have fun... Don't pretend to be reserved! Since you're dressed like this, I know you just

want to seduce me... little beauty..." Wilfred guffawed. As he spoke, he leaned over and wanted to kiss her.

Hazel struggled hard. "Let me go... Let me go... Don't touch me! Help... Help..."

But even if she kept shouting for help, there was only the sinister laughter of the women around her.

"Shout louder. I'd like to see... who can save you!" Wilfred had already reached for the button on Hazel's clothes and tried to tear it off.

Hazel felt despaired as her tears kept falling!

This feeling of being humiliated and forcibly played by the crowd made her heart ache like a knife had pierced into it.

"Mr. Brown, this little girl is really hot... Let's see if you're still young enough to take her down..." Someone took the opportunity to fan the flames.

Wilfred said giddily, "Okay, I'll... show you..."

Just when Hazel was in despair, her cell phone rang, but then it was thrown out of her pocket because of her struggling.

Hazel clearly saw the displayed phone number. She remembered Max had handed her a business card, and the phone number ended with 123!

So, it was Max who called!

At this time, Hazel then thought of the devil.

In her complete desperation, she shouted instantly, "Let go of me... I'm Regan Morris's woman..."

As soon as she spoke, Wilfred's unbridled hands turned stiff.

Regan Morris?

When they heard the name, no one could blame Wilfred's for his instinctive reaction.

Actually, everyone in this city knew about Regan Morris!

He was the kind of person who could shake every corner of the city with just a stomp of his feet.

So, Regan Morris was a big shot that everyone wanted to curry favor with. But because of his usual ruthless means, people were even more afraid of him.

Frankly speaking, the upper class was also divided into different classes. That person was at the top of the upper class. As for himself, he was born out of upstarts, so he did not even have a chance to squeeze himself into the upper class.

Wilfred only laughed for a moment but soon after, he laughed hysterically, and said sarcastically, "Little girl... you are lying without thinking! You said that you are Regan Morris's woman... What a joke! Who do you think he is? Can any commoner have a relationship with him? Besides... even if Regan Morris stands in front of me, do you think... I will not dare to r*pe you." Wilfred also wanted to save his face when he hesitated just now, but in the end, he bragged.

As Wilfred spoke, the women played along and laughed to scorn.

Who did she think she was to have a relationship with Regan Morris? What nonsense!