

Chapter 34

Hazel's mind went blank as she walked one step at a time.

Along the way, she stumbled and fell to the ground several times, but she always struggled to get back up again.

She had nowhere to go. Could there be a place for her in this world?

Hazel felt freezing cold and was chilled to her bones.

She did not know where to go. Now, she had lost all purpose in life!

It was at this moment, a car stopped in front of her. Several men in formal attires got out of the car and quickly surrounded her. They then held an umbrella over her head to shelter her from the rain.

"Miss Wilkinson, don't be alarmed. We are under Mr. Morris's order. Please get in the car with us, and we'll send you home."

A bitter curve appeared at the corner of Hazel's mouth instead. Home?

Where's her home?

She had nothing.

After a while, Hazel's vision was blurred and she could not hold on anymore.

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When Hazel woke up, her eyes were full of confusion. It was only when she saw the surrounding environment clearly that she became widely awake.

This was... Mr. Morris's room, the exact same bed she was lying on in the morning!

Which meant that she had come back again!

Her memory went blank during the heavy rain, or perhaps she had lost consciousness when she was under the black umbrella.

And now, all she felt was a heart-wrenching pain!

At this moment, someone knocked on the door. Hazel hurriedly wiped the tears off the corner of her eyes with her hand, so that no one could see that she had cried!

"Come in, please!"

It was Penelope who entered the room with a bowl of soup and some desserts. She said respectfully, "Miss Wilkinson, you are awake? Do you feel any discomfort? I'll call the doctor over to take a look at you."

Shaking her head, Hazel replied with a smile, "Thank you."

"Well... Please do let me know if you have any discomfort. By the way, this is cola boiled with ginger. Mr. Simpson had asked me to prepare this. You can drink it while it's hot. It helps to warm your body and can prevent you from catching a cold."

As if she was afraid that Hazel would turn her down, Penelope pleaded, "I hope you don't get sick... because... if Mr. Morris knew he would be furious! When you were ill last time and had a fever throughout

the night, he was in such a bad mood! Miss Wilkinson... I think... he really cares about you very much. He doesn't want you to be sick, so... you must not fall sick! Otherwise, Mr. Simpson will definitely report to Mr. Morris about this."

Hearing this, Hazel was stunned. Did he care about her?

That man who was overbearing, perverted and inhuman?

He just had a possessive desire for her, especially when it was related to her body, which explained why he would show his so-called "concern" if she was ill or had a fever. It was as if he was afraid that his belongings would be damaged.

Hazel felt that it was difficult to explain the so-called concern to Penelope clearly in just a few words so she might as well leave it this way.

"Very well, I will take good care of myself and won't catch a cold. But... I want to ask, who sent me back?" Hazel asked.

Penelope answered truthfully, "Mr. Simpson's bodyguards who have been watching over you around your house. They know you don't like them getting too close, hence they only dare to secretly keep watch of you meters away, so you won't notice them. Miss Wilkinson, please don't be angry. They saw you drenched under the rain, so they brought you home."

It was only then, Hazel understood what had happened!

"Thank you, Penelope... Please extend my gratitude to them."

"Yes, Miss Wilkinson."

Right after Penelope left, someone knocked on the door again. This time, it was Max!

Hazel thought it must be Penelope who told Mr. Simpson that she had woken up, which explained why he came to her room so coincidentally.

Max bowed respectfully to Hazel and asked, "How are you feeling now? Any discomfort?"

To that, Hazel nodded politely and replied, "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Simpson. I'm fine... I really am."

However, Hazel felt something unusual about Max as he normally put on a serious expression. But now, as he was staring at her, he seemed more like a cunning fox.

Therefore, Hazel became nervous and was instantly on the alert.

Sure enough...

"Nonetheless, Miss Wilkinson, hope you do not mind me asking. What exactly happened to you in the Wilkinson family? Because... When you were sent back, the bodyguards said your face... was a little wounded and your clothes were rather messy. All these tell us that you look like you've been wronged. If you have been bullied, you can tell me, I believe... I will be able to settle the matter for you."

Panicked, Hazel thought it would be impossible to hide it from Mr. Simpson!

She still recalled how much the man resented her family before this incident. If she so happened to complain, it might bring trouble to the Wilkinson family.

Feeling bitterness in her heart, Hazel felt she owed the Wilkinson family nothing. And she certainly did not want to get them into trouble because of her. After all, this would cause her to be stuck in an embarrassing situation again wherein she would still be in debt.

It would be better to let things settle this way. She could still work hard to earn money and send them to her family as an act of filial piety.

A smile appeared at the corner of Hazel's mouth and she shook her head as if nothing had happened. "It's okay... I just fell down on the road... The road was too slippery and my clothes were torn. Even my face was injured."

"Oh, is that true?"

Hazel nodded firmly and she smiled wider. "In fact... thank you very much, really... I understand you have nothing against me. On the contrary, you care about me very much. It's just that for some things, I just... I don't want to mention it..."

Max understood the hidden meaning in Hazel's words, but made a silent sigh. Unlike other women who were ambitious, Hazel... was indeed very kind-hearted. He believed that if other women had a slight taste of power, they would instantly become prideful. But Hazel was different!

However, Max was hesitant. If such a woman stayed with Mr. Morris, it was uncertain whether it would turn out good or bad for her.

"If that's the case, I won't ask further. Please rest more and don't go out today. If you want to go out tomorrow, I'll ask the driver to give you a lift. I'll take my leave now and won't disturb you," Max said gracefully.

When he turned around, Hazel suddenly stopped him again. "Mr. Simpson, please wait a minute..."