

Chapter 55

It wasn't until Vanessa had calmed down that she thought Scarlett's words made sense!

Yes, of course. All this was caused by Hazel, so Hazel should be giving it back to her.

Thus, Vanessa nodded hurriedly. Her eyes were sparkling as if she had caught a life-saving straw in despair. "Yes, yes, we must find that b*tch! This is the only way for the Wilkinson family to survive."

She had suffered too much humiliation in the past few days.

She could not accept that she had fallen from a well-respected and envied noble woman to a commoner with nothing.

Scarlett continued, "Mom, don't worry. Hazel should know nothing about it. I know her best! So once we find her, you must listen to me and do not treat her the way you used to... We must bear it!"

Scarlett also wanted to tear Hazel into pieces.

The culprit of all this was Hazel!

If it weren't for her, the Collins and Wilkinson families wouldn't have gotten into such a difficult situation.

All the disasters started from the wedding, so how could she not suspect Hazel? And the mysterious man who broke in, destroyed her dream wedding, and made a laughing stock of her?

So far, she still couldn't figure out who he was, but she couldn't figure out who the Wilkinson and Collins families had offended besides him.

Hazel was simply embarrassed in front of others, yet the mysterious man punished them like this.

If he knew that the scene was arranged by her, she would...

At the thought of this, Scarlett was nervous.

She could only find some comfort by convincing herself that the people, whom she hired to deal with the matter, did not know her. Even if he were to investigate, he wouldn't find out who she was.

Because of this, Scarlett had been angry, hateful and terrified these days.

Now, not only was the Wilkinson family completely destroyed, but the Collins family was also in chaos. Julian hadn't gone home for days because he was busy with the company's affairs. Even the servants in the family were muttering behind her back, saying that after she married into the Collins family, they had been struck by a great disaster. They even called her a jinx!

She was so angry that she couldn't sleep well at night and even her skin wrinkled.

At this moment, Scarlett's eyes sparked with hatred, but it soon faded away. She turned to Vanessa, who was still crying, and Blake, who was so defeated that he was seemingly deaf to all sound, and dragged them out of there.

She couldn't let her family be anymore embarrassed!

As long as she still wanted to enjoy prosperity and wealth, her family couldn't fall, neither could the Collins family.

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At this moment, Ralph was standing on the balcony, enjoying the show that was going on outside the gate!

He sneered. If these people dared to offend Mr. Morris, they should have been prepared to be punished.

The so-called punishment was not for these people to die, but to live a miserable life!

Forcing these people into a desperate situation, leaving them no way out, making them fall into despair, and letting them experience what was called hell on earth.

Now, it was just the beginning of the misfortune of the Wilkinson and Collins families.

While Ralph was watching the show, his subordinate came to him and said respectfully, "Mr. Wallace, what should we do with the furniture and decorations in the house?"

To that, Ralph said impatiently, "You had to ask me about this petty thing? Except for the structure of the house, whatever floorings, furniture, decorations and so on... remove all this garbage and make space for the new decoration! I'm telling you, this place needs a great renovation. We don't need that garbage here. There will be lots of good stuff here in the future."

The little subordinate quickly nodded, but he couldn't help asking, "But... this site isn't great. Since we are going to tear down the house, why did we buy it? The money to buy and renovate this house is worth several shabby houses like this..."

Ralph knocked his subordinate's head jokingly, "It's not your money. Why are you distressed? I'm telling you! These properties are just some toys to please another person. Don't ask any further... In my opinion, in your next life, just become a good-looking woman and pray that your ancestors bless you with good luck... Otherwise, you won't have such blessings. Now get out of here!"

Ralph was famous in the underworld, but no one knew who the boss behind him was!

He was very clear why the boss asked him to do this.

However, he couldn't reveal much, so he had to keep the gossip to himself.

In his opinion, that woman was extremely fortunate! She actually caught the eye of Mr. Morris.

Even though the little subordinate was mocked by Ralph, he wasn't angry. With a smile on his face, he nodded and said, "Okay, okay... I'll get out of here."

After Ralph was done with the mansion, he got into his car, getting ready to leave. He then took out a mobile phone from his pocket and dialed.

His tone changed from unruly to respectful, "Mr. Simpson, it's done. Those people have been kicked out of the house, and the ownership of the house has been transferred to the lady. Please rest assured!"

"Okay."

Although Mr. Simpson responded briefly with only a single word, Ralph finally felt at ease.

He didn't even dare to breathe loudly in front of his boss at all. Although he was just using his mobile phone to contact his boss and his expression couldn't be seen, he was still instinctively nervous.

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Max hung up the phone with a calm expression on his face.

But at this time, a soft voice behind him said, "Mr. Simpson..." As soon as he heard that, the coldness in his eyes faded instantly. When he turned around to face the woman, a gentle smile that she was familiar with crept across his face.

"Hello, Miss Wilkinson..."

Hazel smiled faintly. She didn't hate Max. On the contrary, she thought Max was a good person who had helped her several times.

"What are you..." Max looked at the coffee in her hands.

Hazel caught on and quickly explained, "It's for Mr. Morris. He asked me to make it. This is the sixth cup of coffee I've made..." Her voice was full of helplessness.

Regan simply regarded her as a servant, asking her to run errands the whole afternoon.

She couldn't understand why he liked coffee so much.

And from time to time, he would give orders to her!

He even asked her to get all kinds of books, help him massage his shoulders, and so on.

In short, he had all sorts of orders to make, and he didn't even let her rest, so she was busy following his orders all this afternoon!

With a faint smile, Max said keenly, "It seems that Mr. Morris... really values you... However, I'd suggest you... to not add milk."

Mr. Morris hated the smell of milk very much! Yet Max could smell the faint creaminess in the coffee.

Hazel's eyes widened instantly, "But... I added milk candy every time... and..." She didn't hear him complaining!

Hearing that, Max thought in his heart, "Mr. Morris is so tolerant of her that he can even drink coffee with milk, even though he's usually extremely picky and very difficult to serve!"