

# Sign It, and You're Mine

## Chapter 1

Hazel Wilkinson only felt like her body was on fire. In daze, she did not know what was going on.

She reached out her hand, but her hand landed on a body that felt strong and as cold as ice.

But the heat inside her body impelled her to get closer and hug him tightly.

At this time, Hazel did not know that her long black hair was scattered on the big white bed, seductive yet innocent-looking.

There were still a few pieces of female clothes scattered around the bed. All the decorations in the room were black except for the white sheet. Even the black curtains pulled up around the bed were inlaid with golden dark lines.

On the big bed, the dull light shown down on the soft and firm bodies that were entangled together.

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The next day, Hazel opened her sore eyes.

She seemed to vaguely remember that she had a wet dream when she went to bed .

Hazel's face instantly turned red.

What was wrong with her? Why did she suddenly have that kind of dream!

However, she felt as if that dream was too real!

Hazel could not help but put on a bitter look. How could she...

After all, there was only one person in her heart.

Hazel intended to stop thinking about it, so she got up from the bed to prepare for her rehearsal. However, as though all energy had been sucked out from her body, she collapsed on the bed.

Like all her strength had been drained from her body.

She frowned and looked aside. Unexpectedly, she saw a handsome man's face beside her.

She quickly covered her mouth, trying hard to stop her scream.

Her eyes widened as her heart beat wildly. Her mind even went blank.

A wet dream, plus what she saw now...

This meant that it was not a dream, but a reality.

Hazel was shocked and scared. "What is going on?" she thought.

She could barely remember the memory from last night. When she tried to recall them, she only remembered that it was her elder sister and... his engagement banquet yesterday.

She sat alone in the corner and drank a glass of wine.

Then... what happened?

She couldn't even remember clearly.

At this moment, Hazel felt that her head was about to explode. She struggled to stand up and panickedly got up from the bed; All she could think of was to run away, and she couldn't even be bothered to deal with the man on the bed.

Hazel was so ashamed that her hands were shaking while she was putting on her clothes.

Then, she left the room in a panic.

She wished that none of this had happened.

It was not until she stumbled to the road and looked back in a trance that she realized that she had just come out from an international hotel.

Hazel couldn't help but cover her face. She actually had sex with a man that she didn't know at all...

Passersby were staring at her. Noticing their gazes, she touched her face, and found that it was wet from tears.

Not only that, there was painting on her face, and therefore nobody couldn't see her real face.

Her whole body was shaking, as she was baffled and confused.

What happened last night?

How did it end up like this?

Just as she took another step, she accidentally fell, causing her phone to fall out.

Hazel looked at the black screen on her mobile phone. As she tried to pick it up, she found out that it was turned off.

When she turned on the phone, she saw dozens of missed calls from her sister.

Without warning, her phone rang again. It was a call from her sister, Scarlett Wilkinson.

Immediately, tears rolled down from the corner of her eyes. After much hesitation, she picked up the phone.

"Hazel, where have you been all night?"

"Why didn't you tell me when you left the banquet? I couldn't find you. Your phone was turned off as well." Her elder sister's gentle voice resonated from the phone. After hearing her voice, Hazel's tears flowed even more, but she could only hold it in.

It seemed that Scarlett had not found out about her situation yet. But she couldn't let her sister know about it. Otherwise, Scarlett would be upset.

Besides, Scarlett was only engaged yesterday. It was such a happy day for her. She didn't want to ruin her sister's happiness...again.

As a result, Hazel had to force herself to lie. She didn't want to let Scarlett hear that she was crying. "Sis, I... I just happened to see my old classmates. I haven't seen them for a long time, so I went out for a chat with them and went back after. I'm sorry for making you worried..."

Scarlett seemed to be relieved, as her tone became softer. "It's all right, but last night you left my engagement party without letting me know. You can't do this next time. After all, you will be my bridesmaid at my wedding. I'll be marrying next month, so hey...my bridesmaid, you can't disappear from my wedding..."

After hearing that, a bitter look could be seen in Hazel's eyes. She could only lower her head and whispered, "Okay, sis."

She tried her best to stop herself from crying. What was happening to her now was rather ludicrous, and this means a definite closure for her and that man.

So she had to let go of him, and could only give them her blessing.

When Scarlett hung up the phone, an annoyed glance flashed across her eyes.

She didn't know why such a mistake had happened last night. She had planned everything well!

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At this moment, in the bedroom, the man slowly opened his eyes.

His personal bodyguard, Frank Parker, stood in front of him, trembling with fear. He did not dare to speak.

When he came over early in the morning, he found that the president was lying on the bed.

With just one look, he could tell what had happened on this bed!

Frank only felt that his hair was about to stand on end.

He didn't expect the president could ever have a one-night stand when he was drunk!

This was the first time he saw a woman bold enough to take the initiative to seduce the president, and she succeeded!

After all, he was clearly aware that the president was a clean freak and he usually wouldn't touch a woman.

There had to be one reason for it. The president must have found them dirty.

If it weren't for the fact that he had served the president for so many years, he would have suspected that the reason the president wasn't interested in any woman was due to his sexual orientation.

But he didn't expect the president to lose his virginity in such a way!

Meanwhile, Regan Morris was emanating anger and annoyance. He stared at the bloodstain on the bed beside him, and the strands of black hair that she accidentally dropped.

His eyes were as cold as ice. After sleeping with him, she actually left like this?

"Find her at all costs."