

## Chapter 11

It was rumored that the Morris Empire originated from a mysterious and noble family. They used ruthless ways to transform Morris Group into a corporation to be reckoned with.

It was said that if anyone dared to offend Regan Morris, they would definitely be punished.

They would either go into bankruptcy or suddenly disappear.

She once overheard that even the Collins family couldn't offend Regan Morris from Julian's conversation. On top of that, it was extremely difficult to meet him in person.

All the media, including newspapers and magazines, had never published any photos of him.

It was said that nobody dared to leak the information of Regan's appearance without his permission.

At this moment, Hazel's body kept trembling, and even her scalp went numb.

Max respectfully "asked" Hazel to get into the car.

On the way from the waiting room to the parking lot, Hazel saw the surrounding security guards and cops remain still as if they had turned a blind eye to the men dressed in black, which seemed odd at first glance.

After that, Max personally sent Hazel to the president's villa.

In the room.

Max bowed and said to Hazel, "Please wait in the room. Mr. Morris will come to see you at night. If you need anything, please press the button on the bedside to give

your order. Before Mr. Morris comes to see you, you can't leave this room."

Hazel looked at this familiar room and the bed, where she and that man did something shameful. She felt distressed and troubled.

"Is he really Regan Morris?" Hazel pondered a moment. She could not believe it with only Max's words as it could be a lie.

If it was true, then escaping again would be extremely difficult, or even impossible.

Max saw through her at a glance and said with a smile, "I don't think anyone has the guts to pretend to be Mr. Morris. If you have any doubts, then..."

After a short ten minutes, Hazel faced a laptop that had been turned on and connected to a communication channel. At that moment, she was still in a daze.

There was doubt in Hazel's eyes. W—what on earth was going on?

"This..."

Before Hazel could finish her sentence, an image appeared on the laptop.

Then, the first image Hazel saw was the Morris Group's huge sign. It soon transitioned to knocking on the door of the Morris Group. There were many staff members respectfully bowing and standing still at the door as they said in unison, "Nice to meet you, Miss Wilkinson. Nice to meet you, Mr. Simpson."

But the video did not end.

Hazel already understood that this video was made for her.

If the man was not the president of Morris Group,

Regan Morris, Max could not have live-broadcasted such a scene.

Hazel subconsciously covered her face with her palm.

She could not let anyone see her face.

Max let out a smile as he calmly turned off the live broadcast.

"Don't worry, Miss Wilkinson. You can see them, but they can't see you. According to the contract, you cannot reveal your relationship with Mr. Morris, so we can't let anyone see you. You can rest assured. Now, do you still have any doubts?"

Hazel only felt that her heart was going to explode.

That was real.

The person she provoked turned out to be Regan Morris.

"No... There's nothing else."

"Then I'll take my leave for the time being. Please wait patiently."

Max left respectfully after finishing his words.

However, Hazel felt that every second spent staying in this room was difficult.

The most difficult thing to do was waiting for the "execution".

Her body was extremely tired after yesterday's torture at night, and the hustle and terror she had just gone through during the day.

Therefore, Hazel fell asleep as she waited. She leaned on the sofa and fell into a deep sleep.

When the clock struck six sharply, the bedroom door was heard opening.

Hazel was awakened by a kiss because she was out of

breath.

The moment she opened her eyes, she saw Regan's eyes, which were so overbearing as if he would swallow her whole.

Hazel was struggling in Regan's chest.

She felt that she was like a caught rabbit, only to be at the mercy of others.

Now she was kissed by Regan until she couldn't breathe.

He didn't let go of her lips until he was satisfied.

His fingers grabbed Hazel's chin, who was trying to catch her breath, and asked, "Still want to run away? Do you think you can escape? This is the first time, so I am giving you a warning. If there is still a next time, I will break your leg. Then you can no longer walk and only lie in bed for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me, you are welcomed to try next time."

Hazel was frightened by the cruelty of his words and felt a shiver down her spine.

He... wasn't kidding, right?

However, Hazel did not know where she found the courage to speak her mind. Her heart beat faster and her voice trembled, as she said, "So... when can you let me go? I've told you, I really don't know... what happened that night."

"Haven't I shown you the contract? Before I get bored with you, you have to do what I want." Regan intimidated her while he began to undress her. "For example, now... I want you."

Hazel was shy and angry. She wanted to struggle, but Regan's next warning exploded in her ears.

"If you struggle again, it'll make me want you even more.

Don't do anything useless."

Hazel dared not move again.

However, Regan only unbuttoned a button on Hazel's clothes after struggling a while.

D\*mn it!

Why was it so hard to unbutton?

Hence, Regan impatiently tore her white dress; At once, it was torn into pieces.

"From now on, you are not allowed to wear clothes with more than two buttons. Do you hear me?"

Because it would be easier to take off.

And it would save him the d\*mn trouble.