

# Chapter 8

Hazel braced herself to sign the documents. She took the pen and was about to sign a name casually when the lawyer interrupted her,

"Miss Wilkinson, you signed your name wrongly... Don't worry, I have prepared extra ones. You can sign it again."

As soon as he finished speaking, the lawyer took out another copy of the document and handed it over to Hazel.

Hazel felt a chill down her spine. How did they know her real name?

Could it be that he had already investigated her background thoroughly? ■

Hazel became uneasy instantly, and she could only sign with her real name in fear.

She put down the pen immediately after signing and stood up in a hurry, eager to leave. "Can I leave now? I have to go to work..."

"Of course you can. Mr. Morris permits you to move freely during the day. We will also send someone to chauffeur you to and back from work. You should be home by six o'clock sharp. Otherwise, Mr. Morris will be angry, and you should bear all consequences yourself." Max said with a meaningful smile.

Hazel felt her scalp tingle with Max's words...

Despite sitting in the luxury car, all Hazel could feel was helplessness.

Her mind was in a mess as she stared blankly at the scenery outside of the car window.

She was still in a trance.

Even until now, she still found it hard to believe everything that had happened these days was true.

"Could it be just a dream?" she asked herself.

It didn't matter. What mattered the most now was that she didn't even know who that person was!

It was when she almost arrived at her office that she realized she must not let her colleagues see she went to work in a luxury car. Or else, it would cause misunderstandings.

Therefore, Hazel quickly said, "Sir, you may stop here. Thank you..."

"Yes, Miss." The driver, Ollie Lawson, replied respectfully.

At this moment, Max was a little frightened. He stood in front of a closed door and carefully handed the documents into the room through an interlayer.

He didn't even dare to make a sound, in fear of disturbing Mr. Morris who was inside.

To everyone who was familiar with Mr. Morris, they knew his temper during the day was even more terrible than other times of the day!

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At the office, Hazel plucked up the courage to ask her superior for a short break.

In the past year, she had not taken even a day off. So, the leave that she saved up for should be enough for her one month vacation.

Hazel had made up her mind to take advantage of this trip abroad to relax.

It didn't matter even if she was fleeing or taking refuge!

She would leave today. She would leave for the airport

now!

Fortunately, her superior agreed to this despite him pulling a long face.

After letting out a sigh of relief, Hazel called Alana to check up on her.

Instead of answering her, Alana questioned anxiously, "What happened last night? Why did those people break in without warning? Did they do anything to you?"

Hazel felt a twinge of pain in her heart.

Truth to be told, there were so many things that she wanted to tell Alana. However, all she could do was to swallow back the words she wanted to say.

How could she even speak of... something ridiculous like this!

Something that even she found it hard to believe!

She smiled bitterly and tried keeping her voice calm. "It's okay... They mistook me for someone else. You can rest assured that they didn't do anything to me."

"Well, it's good to hear that..."

Hazel told Alana her plan to go abroad. They chatted for a while, then Hazel hung up the phone.

Just as Hazel was about to leave the company, she ran into a handsome man in a black suit. Her heart stopped beating in that instant, and her whole body tensed up.

His face was handsome and elegant. Even his gaze was gentle. "Good morning, Hazel..."

"Good morning, Julian," Hazel's heart was in pain, but she still chose to mask it with her smile.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" Julian Collins handed one of the bags containing breakfast in his hand to Hazel.

However, Hazel only smiled and waved her hand. She

quickly declined, "I've eaten breakfast. Thank you, Julian.."

She knew very well that Julian was here to deliver breakfast for her sister.

Scarlett worked in the same company as her. However, her sister was well-known here, unlike her who was just a small assistant designer.

Every day, Julian would bring for Scarlett breakfast without fail as his office was nearby.

Julian, being the kind-hearted man he was, would bring an extra portion of breakfast for Hazel who happened to work here.

Julian frowned when he looked at Hazel's pale face. He felt a little unease seeing that she was too thin.

Therefore, Julian grabbed Hazel's hand and put the exquisite looking paper bag in her hand. His voice was filled with concern. "You are too thin. You should eat more..."

Hazel was touched by his words and action, but just as she was about to refuse bitterly, Scarlett's gentle voice could be heard from behind her.

"Julian, you're here..."

Hazel pulled her hand out from Julian's as if it had been electrocuted.

She didn't want Scarlett to arouse suspicion because the posture they were in seemed too intimate for two people who were just friends.

Scarlett's lips curved into a simple yet elegant smile as she walked up to Julian and held his arm. Her voice was gentle. "Julian, look at you... you bring me breakfast again. You shouldn't have brought me food if you are busy with your work. I don't want to hold you up."

Scarlett sounded very understanding.