

## Chapter 50

At this moment, Hazel looked at herself in the mirror, and noticed that her face was rosy and no longer looked haggard.

This was all because she had been forced by Regan to drink all kinds of tonic soup. For the past few days, he had personally fed her in the name of "replenish energy".

She heaved a long sigh of relief. Finally, she no longer had to drink red bean soup.

Regan could now stop staring at her with his wolf-like ferocious eyes and feed her one mouthful after another.

As soon as she woke up this morning, he was not there.

While she was half asleep, Hazel seemed to vaguely remember that her ear was gently bitten as his voice resonated. "... Very well, your health has finally been restored by me. I'll see you again... tonight."

As expected, when she opened her eyes, the man was gone.

These days, Hazel felt that she had been held captive. In the past, Regan would not be around during the day. Now, it gave her the creeps that he would keep watch on her throughout the day. Even last night, he would personally check on her sanitary napkin to confirm that her period was really over.

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With a strange expression, Max looked nervously at the closed door.

Since the day they hurried to the wedding to pick up Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Morris had not disappeared during the daytime and had been at her side for the past few days. Because of her, he had indeed broken his rule.

But, Mr. Morris would not..

As soon as Miss Wilkinson's menstrual period had come to an end, only then was Mr. Morris willing to go back to his previous schedule by working in the study during the daytime until nightfall.

Max frowned. All this while, they had always kept this as a secret for Mr. Morris for more than a decade and they did not expect that it would change because of Miss Wilkinson.

He also did not expect that Mr. Morris would do this for Miss Wilkinson!

All of a sudden, a fearful thought crossed his mind

About Mr. Morris's abnormal behavior, could it be because he saw Miss Wilkinson as...

No, that was not possible at all!

Max thought that this idea was too ridiculous. How could it be possible? He knew Mr. Morris very well, so it was absolutely impossible!

At the same time.

Hazel had been bored in this villa for many days. Hence, she wanted to go out shopping to buy some daily necessities for the place she had temporarily rented, and also, to breathe some fresh air.

She figured she would be allowed to go out as usual. After all, she was allowed to freely do whatever she wanted during the day.

But who knew that when Frank heard that she wanted to go out, he nodded and respectfully told her to wait for a while.

In less than a few minutes, after Frank was done talking on the phone, he walked toward Hazel. With a clear expression on his face, he continued to say respectfully, "... It has been arranged. The driver will send you to your destination so you can enjoy shopping."

According to Mr. Morris, Miss Wilkinson was not in a good mood for the past few days, hence he must do what he could do to make her happy!

Frank felt helpless and bitter in his heart!

Yes, he heard that women would have some emotional changes during that special period, so it was normal for them to be upset.

But wasn't it over? Was it still necessary to pay special attention to it?

There was a helplessness in Frank's eyes, but this was what Mr. Morris had commanded. He had specially ordered them to provide special attention toward her little mood and make sure she was happy.

And there was a saying that shopping could make women go crazy and thrilled, right?

Confused, Hazel looked at Frank's solemn expression. All she wanted was just to do some shopping, although going there was just an excuse. Actually, she wanted to make a detour to her own apartment to have a look. Since it was just an ordinary request, why did it feel as though Frank treated it as a serious mission?

When Hazel was sent to a well-known shopping spot by the driver, she entered the supermarket and saw that it was empty inside. There were no customers except for the shop assistants. Only then she finally understood what Frank meant by "everything has been arranged".

It turned out that Frank had booked the entire shopping mall?

So she was the only customer in such a big shopping mall!

Hazel's head started to ache and she dared not look at those sales staff who were standing respectfully on the side, afraid to see the strange look in their eyes.

Just because this whole formation was just too exaggerated!

In the past, such an arrangement could only be seen in TV dramas.

Meanwhile, Abigail was following closely behind Hazel. Abigail had always been quite reserved when she was working in the villa, but since she was out now, she appeared much more relaxed. Maybe it was because she had always known that Hazel was a good-tempered person.

"Miss Wilkinson, what do you plan to buy? There are all sorts of things here..." said Abigail merrily while following closely behind Hazel.

In order to verify what she had in mind, Hazel could not help but ask Abigail, "There are no other guests here except us. Are we the reason for this?"

Abigail chuckled and said, "Of course... I've heard that this is just a... very small business under Mr. Morris's company. By the way, Miss Wilkinson, can I have a small request... Can... Can I buy a few things too? I... I haven't been out shopping for a long time because I have always been living in the villa. Mr. Parker told me that I can take whatever I want here, but I think I still need

your permission prior, because... I get to be here because of you, otherwise... how can I have such a treatment?"

Sure enough!

However, Hazel still smiled and nodded to Abigail. "Sure, don't mind me. Let's go shopping together."

She could not let Abigail down just because of her being embarrassed. After all, this girl had been very hyped up since she got in the car with her. It was as if she had been released to get some fresh air.

Hearing that, Abigail was more than a little excited and thought Miss Wilkinson was indeed a good-tempered person.

Abigail followed closely behind Hazel as they chatted along the way. Looking at the bright smile on Abigail's face, her gloominess had gradually faded away.

Pushing the shopping cart, Abigail picked some snacks and not long later, the shopping cart was piled up with all types of snacks. After all, which woman disliked shopping? Even so, Abigail knew her place well; she would never cross the line and take expensive things.

When she passed by a row of food carts that offered food for trial, her eyes beamed. Immediately, she leaned forward and tried a small piece of chocolate. "This is delicious! Miss Wilkinson, come and have a taste..." Exclaiming with excitement, she reached out for another piece and handed it to Hazel.

Meanwhile, the shop assistant introduced their products to the VIP guests that had booked the entire mall. "This is our latest

Meanwhile, the shop assistant introduced their products to the VIP guests that had booked the entire mall. "This is our latest chocolate edition. It consists of twenty-four flavors in a box and they are made with the finest ingredients. You can try some..."

As Hazel started to see Abigail as a little sister, seeing Abigail this happy also lifted her spirits too. Without a second thought, Hazel took a bite of the chocolate. "Thanks," she said with a smile.

After she ate the chocolate, she noticed that there was a slight taste of wine. Panicked, she asked the shop assistant, "Excuse me, this has wine in it?"

The shop assistant nodded and said, "Yes, the chocolate contains wine that has been aged for more than 30 years. Do you like it? You can take a box if you like..."

So it was red wine flavoured chocolate?

No one noticed that Hazel's expression had started to become nervous!

What should she do? Her physique had always been different from others. She could not eat anything with a little wine content, or otherwise... she would be drunk!