

## Chapter 60

Max responded respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Morris." Even though he understood why Mr. Morris would want so.

Regan looked irritated. No matter what, he couldn't let that woman see the cover of the book. Otherwise, if she had noticed it... she might have nonsense thoughts!

Although he was the only one left in the treatment room, Regan still felt annoyed!

In his mind, he thought of the woman adorably gobbling up her food like a hamster; the way she looked with her head cast down; and how she laid on the bed...

But everytime he thought of her, memories of her would be broadcasted in his mind, and everything related to this woman was presented to him scene after scene as if it was a movie.

Sh\*t!

He quickly kept his hand over his heart!

Although the woman was not physically in front of him, the mere thought of her would send his heart racing.

Regan felt that the woman was like opium and he was addicted.

After getting along with her for a short while, it was as if she had put a charm on him. A charm that made him fall deeper and deeper in love, to the point that he could not even control his heartbeat.

Regan had always been used to having everything under his control. Every movement must be foreseen and predicted, as he stood above all!

The woman was meek as a bunny and did not pose any danger to him. Even when she belonged to him, she was capable of making his body and heart lose control at first instance.

Thinking of this, Regan felt so irritated as if the blood in his vessels were burning up. He was really annoyed!

He then threw all the decorations and items on the table to the ground.

With ease, he kicked the wooden table, knocking it down.

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After taking a shower, Haze was ready to go to bed, but much to her surprise, the man did not return.

Maybe he was busy dealing with official affairs in the study. As she thought of this, she heaved a sigh of relief.

No way could she deny that she was afraid of the man who always held her like a pillow at night.

Knowing that he would come in late, she would fall asleep by then, and naturally would not feel afraid since she would have already dozed off.

Surprisingly, however, when Hazel woke up the next morning, she realized that the other half of the bed did not show any signs of being slept on.

"Didn't he come in last night? Was he up all night dealing with official affairs?" Hazel said to herself, but she didn't think much about it. After all, she should not care nor inquire about his affairs; she only needed to do her part in behaving.

Hazel had planned to go to work as she got up early in the morning.

Too much had occurred during this period of time, which affected her daily work.

However, at the thought of seeing Scarlett in the company, Hazel's eyes darkened

Not only was she humiliated, but her sister's wedding too was ruined by the scandal.

These days, Hazel admitted that she was evading the issue and her mobile phone had always been turned off.

And now, Hazel had mentally prepared herself.

She would apologize to her innocent sister and explain that the photos were fake.

Perhaps then, Scarlett would forgive her.

But she had no faith.

However, just as Hazel was about to go to work after breakfast, she was stopped by Abigail and Penelope.

A look of embarrassment crept up Penelope's face, as she hesitatingly said, "Miss, you... it's better for you to continue resting at home today. You haven't recovered yet..."

Hazel did not notice how Penelope and Abigail were not being their usual selves. At a loss of whether to cry or laugh, she said, "Mr. Morris isn't aware of the physical condition of us women. Did you not know this? Although menstruation can be uncomfortable, they do not pose any health issues. Besides, I have rested enough. My menstruation is over and my body has already recovered, so I no longer need to rest. I shall resume my work! Abigail, Penelope, you guys need not worry about me."

Hearing this, Abigail and Penelope exchanged glances and knew that they could no longer hide it.

This time, it was Abigail's turn to say, "Miss Wilkinson, actually... Mr. Simpson had asked us to tell you something in a few days. You no longer have to go to work, because you... you have resigned."

Hazel's smile had faded. In disbelief, she asked, "I resigned?"

No, that didn't make sense!

To be precise, all this was arranged, while she was hidden in the dark.

It seemed that anyone could intervene with her life!

She was like a pet, whose every need was arranged by her master. She no longer had a family, and she was losing her job now too?

Smiling bitterly, Hazel tried her best to endure this pain. "So... I am not allowed to do anything now? I can only stay in a cage like a canary all day long, waiting to be raised... until death? I can't work like a normal person, and now I no longer have my own time?"

Looking at Hazel's sad face, Abigail and Penelope showed nervousness and concern in their eyes. As they both bowed respectfully to Hazel, they said, "Miss Wilkinson, please don't be sad."

"Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Morris made this arrangement in order for you to recuperate. You were having a bad time, so Mr. Morris doesn't want you to go out again. In fact, he really cares about you..."

"Miss Wilkinson, don't think too much. Perhaps it is only for the time being. Mr. Morris might change his mind someday."

Despite Abigail and Penelope's console, Hazel still had to clench her fists so hard that the pain would stop her from tearing up.

"Thank you, Abigail, Penelope... I know this is none of your doing. Can I talk to Mr. Simpson?" Hazel felt that she had to fight for her last chance of freedom, and now, she could only think of Mr. Simpson.

When Max received a call, and heard Hazel's wish to meet him, he already knew why.

It must be related to her work.

At this time, Max seemed to be somewhat restrained, but Hazel had a firm look in her eyes. At once, he subconsciously thought of Mr. Morris's request.

As a result, his body reflexed immediately, stepping back and distancing himself a meter away from Hazel.