

Chapter 61

Naturally, Hazel had no idea what was going on.

She summoned up her courage and sincerely asked Max, "Mr. Simpson, I know that my request is rude, and I am sorry to disturb you, but I... I don't know what I should do. I don't want to stay home all day, and I want to work at least during the day. I want to earn money by myself, because this is the life I want to live. Could you please let me work?"

There was a hint of emotion in Max's eyes, but he quickly repressed it. He coughed and respectfully replied, "Miss Wilkinson, I understand how you feel, but... I'm sorry, I can't help you. This is an order from Mr. Morris. It is beyond my authority to do so."

In fact, the main reason for Hazel's resignation was that the Wilkinson family and the Collins family were in a chaotic situation because of the young lady.

There were things that Hazel didn't need to know so it was better for her to stay at home for now. In this way, she would not uncover whatever that needed not to be known.

Her eyes were filled with sadness. Despite her hopes, she had expected this. She held a glimmer of hope yet in the end, she did not expect it to turn out like this.

"... I... I understand. It's my fault for putting you in this difficult position. I'm sorry."

Max's heart softened when he saw the disappointment in Hazel's eyes. But his face remained impassive as he hinted, "Unless Mr. Morris' mind is changed! Miss Wilkinson, you need not worry. Be patient. When Mr. Morris is in a good mood, he might agree to it."

After all, he didn't know how much of an influence this woman had over their stubborn president. Maybe her influence would be greater, and anyhow there might be some changes in the future..

Upon seeing Max's kind and gentle gaze, Hazel nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Simpson..."

Max continued to say meaningfully, "You shouldn't anger Mr. Morris anymore. After all, he would never do anything to hurt you. Anyway, I shall not disturb you furthermore. I'll take my leave first."

Hazel looked at Max in confusion. But since Max had already said so, it meant that he could not disclose any more details. Thereafter, he left respectfully.

After Max left, Hazel sat on the sofa to calm herself down while pondering about it for a long time.

Although she was about to lose her temper and wished to resume work as usual, she was in no position to go against that man.

It was when Abigail and Penelope took her for a walk in the garden to relax herself that she finally felt better. When she saw all kinds of rare flowers, her eyes lit up right away, and her mood got better.

As always, she was fond of growing flowers.

Hazel felt that she needed to do something in order to ease herself and divert her attention.

Therefore, she spent the entire day attentively watching the flowers.

Once alone, she would talk to the flowers in silence and share her thoughts as she would always do.

In the past, she had always been an introvert. Whenever she came across hardships, she would not whine over her grievances to others, but instead talk to the flowers.

She always felt that although flowers were unable to communicate, they were spiritual.

As long as she stayed with them quietly, no matter how unhappy, annoyed and aggrieved she was, she would feel better afterwards.

Over time, she came to like all kinds of flowers.

When the night was about to fall, Abigail rushed over, and spotted Hazel squatting on the ground from far away. Surrounded by the flowers, Hazel was smiling happily. Her smile was so full of innocence and breathtakingly beautiful, that Abigail did not have the heart to disturb this tranquil moment.

But at this point, Abigail could not care more. She hurried over to Hazel and respectfully said, "Miss Wilkinson, you ought to quickly return. It's about time. Mr. Morris will be returning soon. He will get mad, if he does not see you..."

Hazel sighed silently in her heart. What would be would be, although she would always feel nervous whenever she saw him.

After Hazel left the garden, she realized her clothes were all muddy, and she was drenched in sweat.

The man was obsessed with cleanliness. Prior to meeting him, she was required to take a bath according to the agreement that she had signed, so that her body would be clean and odorless.

With that, Hazel had no choice but to shower.

With that, Hazel had no choice but to shower.

After she finished showering and had yet to dry her hair, she heard Abigail anxiously call out from outside the door. "Mr. Morris has summoned you to his study. He wants to see you immediately. Miss Wilkinson, please come out quickly..."

Hazel felt that her temper was good. Despite the constant ordering around by that man, she was able to endure it again and again.

Hazel knew that he didn't like to be kept waiting. If he lost his temper, Abigail and Penelope would be the ones to suffer.

Additionally, Hazel had remembered Max's advice earlier, that she must not anger him at this time, and maybe... just maybe, he might let her work again.

Therefore, without drying her hair, she casually picked a shirt-like dress from the wardrobe and put them

on. Before she could even take a look in the mirror, she hurried out of the room.

In the study.

Regan was still annoyed. He had been reading books about love all night and had not returned to the room.

Yet the more he read, the more irritated he became!

This was sheer nonsense!

The book mentioned that when one fell in love, they would unconsciously pay attention to everything about that person. They would look at them involuntarily, eager to know what they were talking about.

They would take into heart a smile, a glance or even one simple word.

The heart would always begin to race by the thought and sight of the other!

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He was experiencing every symptom that was described in those books!

But he just couldn't admit it. His condition meant that he had wholly fallen in love with this woman.

At this moment, Regan realized that he had not seen her for the whole day. His heart was aching for her, wanting to see her and hold her in his arms.

Just then, there was a gentle knock from the door.

Upon hearing that, Regan immediately switched to a stern and serious expression as usual. "Come in..."

Whatever stated in those books were simply fake and unreliable!

He could not believe any of it!

As the door of the study was pushed open, he saw Hazel standing outside. Immediately, his eyes tensed, and his heart began to rapidly race.

D*mn it!

This woman... her hair was slightly wet. Although her hair was tied up, a few strands were loose, making it very seductive!

And what kind of clothes was she wearing!

The fabric was so thin. If the water on her hair dripped onto her clothes, he would be able to see the skin underneath.

At that moment, the guards within Regan that had been hard built up were easily shaken in a matter of seconds.