

Chapter 69

Just as Scarlett was about to scream again, a touch of iciness came from her neck. It was a dagger, placed right to her throat.

Just then, a man's voice sounded in her ear. "The knife most certainly does not have eyes if you shout again!"

At this moment, Scarlett was so scared that her knees went weak!

What the hell was going on?

Suddenly, Scarlett remembered the man who looked like an ordinary university student with glasses beside her moments ago.

How did the situation suddenly turn out like this!

The next second, the man hugged Scarlett, as if he was hugging a lover. Without warning, he turned her around, letting her back face Hazel.

"If you don't want to die, then follow me obediently..."

Scarlett was so scared that she didn't dare to speak anymore, and her body turned even colder.

She could tell that this man was not joking. If she wasn't obedient, she would really... die.

Her life was now in someone else's hands.

Though Scarlett was taken farther away from Hazel, she was really not reconciled!

At the same time, Hazel seemed to have heard someone calling her again. It sounded like... Scarlett's voice.

So Hazel immediately looked toward the source of the sound, but what she saw was just a sea of people with all kinds of faces, but none of them had her sister's...

And that voice was never heard again.

Hazel wondered if she just hallucinated it!

But right at this moment, Regan pulled her forcefully and asked, "What's wrong? Are you looking for something?"

Hazel looked at Regan with some uncertainty, and couldn't help but ask, "Did you... hear someone call my name just now?"

The corner of Regan's mouth showed a sneer. "What do you think?"

Hazel looked at the man's expression and automatically took his reaction as a no!

In that case, she was sure that the moment just now was her hallucination!

"Let's go..."

"Okay." Hazel nodded and continued moving forward in the crowd with Regan protecting her.

However, she did not notice the coldness in Regan's eyes!

His hearing ability was dozens of times better than that of ordinary people, so he could clearly hear the woman shouting Hazel's name not far away.

When Scarlett was dragged into the car, her body was still trembling. "Will this man really... hurt me?" she thought to herself.

Ignoring Scarlett, Eric immediately picked up the microphone to contact Frank. "Frank, there are minor changes in the middle. Someone wanted to butt in on Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Morris... But fortunately, I

have settled it in time. Now I have brought the person to the car too..."

Eric's voice was full of contempt.

If there were insufficient security guards when Mr. Morris was walking on such a lively street, how could they be at ease?

So, what ordinary people didn't know was that, among the crowds of people on the street, there were a lot of people who seemed to be ordinary people who came to play, but in fact, they were all security guards.

Therefore, when Eric found out that something was off, he caught this woman in time.

"But, how should we deal with this woman? She's Miss Wilkinson's sister... We can't kill her either!"

"Do I have to spell out the instructions for such petty issues to you too? Just frighten her a little... Mr. Morris hasn't played enough with them. As long as Miss Wilkinson doesn't know, it'll be fine."

"Okay, I understand."

While chewing the gum in his mouth, Eric turned around with a sneer, saying, "Let's go..."

"Where... where are you taking me?" Scarlett said with fear.

"You'll know when you get there..."

In fact, Eric had to sigh in his heart. If it wasn't for the fact that they were Miss Wilkinson's blood relatives, these people would have been played to death long ago. They were rather lucky to be able to live until now.

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When Hazel and Regan had finished walking through the entire commercial street, it was still snowing.

If it hadn't been for the fact that it was too late, she wouldn't have wanted to go back anymore, for she really wanted to stay here forever.

When the car stopped at the entrance of the villa, Hazel was still very excited. Even though it was late at night, she was not sleepy yet.

However, when they returned to the room, Hazel instinctively felt nervous.

After all, it was now no longer a busy commercial street, and she was now left alone with him..

Therefore, Hazel had to watch herself and become as cautious as before.

However, when she just entered the bathroom, she heard a "swoosh" sound and, without warning, the door was opened with force.

Hearing that, Hazel instantly became nervous. Someone came in!

Immediately, she shamefully picked up the bath towel to cover her body. Sure enough, at this moment, her eyes happened to meet the man's beast-like gaze.

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When Hazel was carried out of the bathroom by the man, she was already in a daze, and when she was placed on the bed, she seemed to hear the man's voice ringing in her ear like a dream. "... Do you want a Christmas present?"

At this moment, Hazel's consciousness was already blurred, so how could she know it was a trap? Instead, she just instinctively mumbled, "I wish that... when I open... when I open my eyes tomorrow... I'll receive a gift... from Santa... who climbs in... through the chimney..."

Of course, she was talking of the storyline we often read in fairy tales.

That the gifts were given and presented by Santa Claus.

But the corner of Regan's mouth curved. "There's no need for Santa Claus... I'll give you your biggest Christmas gift tonight! I'll give you a baby..."

However, Hazel had already fallen asleep completely, so it was unsure whether she heard it or not.

In the end, Regan finally said, "Merry Christmas..."

The next morning, Hazel opened her eyes. First, all she saw was complete whiteness, for she hadn't come to her senses for a while, then her memory slowly returned to her.

First, it was a busy commercial street, snowflakes dancing, and fireworks all over the sky, so beautiful that it made her feel like it was a dream. Then they went home, and she went into the bathroom...

Upon thinking of this, Hazel's face immediately turned red, and she couldn't help but scold, "B**tard."

But it didn't seem right. She seemed to have heard the man say...

He wanted to give her a baby!

When this sentence appeared in Hazel's mind, her whole body felt as though it was electrocuted and she immediately bounced up from the bed!

Baby?

There was a horrified look in Hazel's eyes. No way!

She must have misheard him.

Impossible!

This was too... unbelievable! This was too... unbelievable!

Hazel felt that she must have heard it wrong!

She silently told herself that she should stop thinking about it. Otherwise, she would only scare herself.

After Hazel washed up and opened the door of the room, she saw the bright smiles of Abigail and Penelope.

With eyes filled with excitement, Abigail quickly said to Hazel, "Miss, you'd better go to the living room and "Yes, Miss, you'll definitely be happy! There are a lot of surprises waiting for you..." Penelope followed after.

Confused, Hazel couldn't help but ask, "What... what surprise?"

However, Abigail and Penelope kept it a secret and kept asking Hazel to go to the living room downstairs to have a look.

When Hazel looked at the two excited people early in the morning, her spirit was lifted, and her originally depressed mood was also reduced.

When Hazel came to the living room, she was indeed shocked.

The decorations yesterday were still in the living room, so the three Christmas trees were still there in a row.

But what attracted her more was the piles of various gifts with different colored packaging, tied with ribbons under the Christmas tree, waiting to be opened.

Due to the large number of gifts, it was particularly spectacular to see these gift boxes placed under the Christmas tree.

"Yes! We could tell that they must be for you! It must have been prepared for you by Mr. Morris."

"Miss... It seems that Mr. Morris really dotes on you."

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Despite the laughter ringing in her ears, Hazel felt that everything was too surreal.

Doted on her?

As though he was rearing a pet?

Only Hazel knew the bitterness in her heart, but she could not tell them out loud.

But at this time, she thought of last night. Under the light, the seemingly domineering man, whose face was as perfect as the god, seemed to be more humane, as he no longer looked cold and unapproachable.

And that night, his hand, which had been holding her hand, was warm...

Wait!

The more she thought of it, the more her thoughts ran astray. How could she miss that man?

Meanwhile, Penelope mistook her dazed look as happiness, so she took her hand and walked to the front of the Christmas tree. "Miss, please hurry up and open the gifts... Let's see what Mr. Morris has given you!"

"Yes, that's right!"

Abigail thought that Hazel was shy, so she quickly said to the other servants who came up to join in the fun, "Let's go and do our own work. We'd better not disturb Miss Wilkinson, and let her open these gifts by herself."

If everyone dispersed now, there would only be Hazel in front of the Christmas tree.

Hazel hesitated, but still squatted and began to open the gifts.

After all, these gifts were given to her out of sincerity. Therefore, she should cherish them and treat them well, instead of dismissing them.

Treating these gifts the right way was the most basic respect for the giver.

However, even if she merely swept a glance over these gifts, she felt that there were still too many gifts, and the way they were piled up was rather exaggerated too.