

## Chapter 85

In the early morning, as the sunlight penetrated through the bedroom's window, it also shone on Hazel, warming the woman who was lying on the bed.

After opening her eyes, she dazedly looked around the familiar bedroom, and suddenly recalled the blue fluorescent sea as well as the scene where she was playing in the water with Regan. Was it all a dream?

Perhaps she had slept in tiredness and didn't actually go anywhere; she had just dreamt a surreal scene.

However, when she saw a crystal ball on the table beside the bed, her heart beat faster.

In fact, the crystal ball was molded after the sea, but the water was immersed with fluorescent spots as if a blue starry sky.

The beautiful crystal ball resembled the sea that she recalled in her memories of yesterday's night.

At this moment, Hazel was certain that everything happened last night was not a dream.

Instinctively, her eyes wandered around the bedroom.

However, Regan was no-where to be found.

But he had left the crystal ball for her.

Staring at the crystal ball in her hand, Hazel had mixed feelings about the event last night.

As she was too happy playing in the sea, all of her feelings went out of control in the next second and were no longer bound to her rationality.

The dangerous and subtle feeling of being tempted lingered in her heart for a long time. Only after the man had hugged her to sleep, she stopped thinking about it.

She didn't expect that as soon as she opened her eyes, she had returned to the bedroom, but the man had completely disappeared.

At this moment, Hazel unconsciously grasped onto her left chest. Although he wasn't here, her heart was burning hot whenever she recalled the event last night.

Walking towards the balcony, she took in some fresh air and silently stared at the blooming flowers in the garden for a long time.

She wondered if she was still the same person she used to be.

She thought that as long as she was firm to her conscience, she could endure Regan's cruelty and harsh treatment until she could find a chance to escape from the demonic man.

However, her Stockholm syndrome seemed to be getting worse and she could clearly feel that her wariness and rejection for him were gradually disappearing.

When a person was imprisoned, as long as he still had his heart, then he would never be trapped and be possessed by his captor.

However, what if the person fell in love with the captor? Well, it would be like a moth seeking its own doom in the flames. The man was fierily dangerous, if she was a tad careless, her body and heart would be burned into ashes.

If there was a day that she could escape, or when this man was uninterested in her and finally decided to let her go, could her heart leave in a full piece as well?

She wasn't really sure now.

Although Hazel's mind was in a mess. she forced herself to do her daily tasks.

She started to think that this kind of dangerous feeling might have surged in a sudden whim. If she could take a little more time, such feeling might disappear.

During the whole morning, Hazel was reading books in the garden. In the afternoon, she personally planted some flowers in the garden despite Abigail's and Penelope's persuasion. She had always loved flowers and was currently in need to do something to divert her attention. When she was finally exhausted from the gardening, she went to the glasshouse to rest for a while, but her mood was certainly much better.

At this moment, Abigail came in with a glass of water.

Seeing the earphones in Abigail's pocket, Hazel's eyes turned sharp.

She joked, "Are you listening to a song?"

Currently, Abigail was no longer afraid of Hazel as the latter was too kind and gentle. Oftentimes, Hazel had refused to let Abigail serve her.

In short, although Abigail was a lively person, she clearly understood that Hazel regarded every servant as the same, including herself and Penelope. Therefore, Hazel didn't put up any arrogant act at all.

At Hazel's inquiry, Abigail nodded excitedly. Like a child eager to share her treasure with a friend, she quickly took out the MP4 in her pocket and handed it to Hazel; she also helped to put on the earphones for Hazel.

As she did so, Abigail chattered, "Please listen to this, Miss. This is a song sung by a singer who I like recently. It's really a beautiful song. But Penelope didn't think so—when I share the song with her, she said that it wasn't good! How tasteless she is! Miss, you must listen to the song carefully and prove that I'm right. It's really a nice song..."

Hearing her words, Hazel nodded with a smile with eyes full of affection. "Alright, I understand. I'll listen carefully."

"Please enjoy the song, Miss. I'll be going to help Penelope now. She's preparing to make tonight's desserts with the jam made from the fruits of her hometown."

Feeling rather amused, Hazel smiled and said, "Well, I'm more inclined to think that you're trying to steal some in advance! Fine, go ahead..."

After naughtily sticking out her tongue, Abigail then ran away. She was sure that Hazel wouldn't blame her since they were close friends.

At the same moment, Hazel was listening to the music that drifted into her ears. Gradually calming down, she thought that the music was really good since she had temporarily forgotten about the things that had been bothering her for a moment.

No wonder there was someone who said that music was the most effective way to cure people's hearts. After the song was finished, she wanted to listen again and picked up the MP4 on the table that was left by Abigail.

However, she didn't expect that when she pressed the wrong button, a search bar appeared on the screen. It seemed to be connected with the internet and there was some news arranged under the bar. It turned out that the gadget not only functioned as a music player, but also a pocket-sized laptop.

Just as Hazel was about to quit the search page, she suddenly saw one of the news headlines read, "The Collins and Wilkinsons declared bankruptcy. What was the cause of the fall after the marriage of the two families?"

In an instant, Hazel's body suddenly stiffened. Staring at the headline in disbelief.

The Wilkinson family and the Collins family?

The Wilkinson family and the Collins family?

Were they the same families that she knew?

Impossible!

How could they fall into bankruptcy?

However, the word "marriage" clearly gave her an ominous premonition.

Hazel's fingers couldn't help trembling. She clicked on the news's headline and entered the page.