

## Chapter 31 Annabel Won

Heather looked in disbelief at the scene playing out in front of her.

Curt, the manager of the shop, just apologized to Annabel in person.

How could this be possible?

Bella couldn't help but ask Curt, "What is going on? Did you make a mistake? Why did you apologize to her? Heather likes this dress. You know her. She's Brock's favorite granddaughter. If you offend her, it's the same as offending the entire Norman family. Do you realize the consequences of such an action? Can you afford to bear it?"

But Curt didn't even pay any attention to Bella. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and said, "Miss Hewitt, as part of our apology, we will give this dress to you for free. I sincerely hope you're not angry."

Just now, he had received a call from Anika, who was in charge of Leo Studio. She told him that her friend had been treated unfairly in RD Boutique's store and asked him to solve the matter and make sure Annabel was satisfied.

If he didn't do it, Leo Studio would terminate the contract with RD Boutique.

It had not been easy for RD Boutique to gain the opportunity to partner with Leo Studio. If Leo Studio decided to terminate the partnership, the losses RD Boutique would suffer would be incalculable.

Therefore, no matter what the price was, Curt was willing to pay it, just to make sure that Annabel was satisfied with the customer service.

Free gift? Heather, on the other hand, rubbed her ears in shock. Did she hear him right? The dress was worth ten million! Why would Curt give it to Annabel for free?

"Wait! Are you sure you want to lose all that money?" Heather asked with a frown. "Look, I'll buy the dress. I'll pay three times the price."

"I'm sorry. This dress belongs to Miss Hewitt," Curt replied with a smile. "Why don't you look at other clothes? We have other high-end dresses that..."

"I only want that one!" Heather couldn't hold back her anger any longer. All her life, she had never failed to get what she wanted. 🕒

Seeing that Heather was being unreasonable, Annabel stood up and said to Curt in a domineering tone, "You don't have to give it to me for free. I'll send someone to deliver the check here tomorrow." 🕒

Then she turned around and made for the exit. She didn't want to argue anymore with those two.

After all, she had an appointment with Marcel in the evening. She didn't want to be late.

"Stop, Annabel!" Heather called after her. "Did you ask Rupert to stand up for you?"

Heather didn't know that Annabel had called Anika, not Rupert. In her mind, Annabel was just a country bumpkin who knew no one and had virtually no real connections other than Rupert.

Why did Rupert care so much about Annabel?

Why did he defend her even against the Norman family?

Seeing the angry look on Heather's face, Annabel felt very delighted. She raised her eyebrows and asked, "What do you think?"

"Annabel, you're so shameless. What else can you do apart from seducing men? Do you think Rupert loves you?"

Heather was furious and jealous.

"If he doesn't love me, do you think he loves you?"

Annabel retorted with a sneer.

"You bitch!" Heather cursed angrily. Annabel's words hit her so hard that her face was twisted in anger. She raised her hand with the intention of landing a slap on Annabel's face.

But Curt quickly jumped in between them. From the conversation between Heather and Annabel, he had come to understand that there was an unusual relationship between Annabel and Rupert.

He knew who Rupert was. He was a very powerful and influential man.

No one could afford to offend Rupert.

With this in mind, Curt immediately asked the security guard to stop Heather and Bella from getting close to Annabel. "Miss Hewitt, I'm sorry for all the trouble so far. Please accept my apologies," he said with a bow.

Annabel smiled and walked out.

She was content with leaving Heather in the dark and letting her think that it was Rupert standing up for her.

Heather was so angry that she was gritting her teeth in fury. Annabel had won the battle of words. ③

Before long, night fell. And at seven o'clock in the evening, Annabel arrived right on time to keep her appointment.

Charming Bar was the most luxurious bar in Douburgh. The customers here were either rich or influential.

"Annabel, here!" Marcel waved his hand. He and some of his friends in the entertainment industry had been drinking and playing finger-guessing games.



With a smile, Annabel walked up to him and said, "Marc, your new game is finished so soon? Congratulations!"

Marcel pulled out a chair for her and said, "Annabel, sit here. What would you like to drink? How about red wine? Let me pour you some wine."


Annabel smiled and shook her head. She didn't like drinking wine. "No, thanks. I'll just take some soft drinks."

"Come on, just a little. Today is my birthday." Marcel poured half a glass of wine for Annabel and another full glass for himself. "Annabel, let me propose a toast to you."

"I should be the one proposing a toast to you, Marc. Happy birthday!" Annabel emptied the glass in one gulp.

"Wow!" Marcel praised, clapping loudly.

Annabel chatted with Marcel for a while. All of a sudden, a beautiful song came from the center of the dance floor.

Following the direction of the sound, Annabel saw a young girl in a red dress singing in the center of the stage. She had curly shoulder-length hair. Her voice was also very melodious, making the song she was singing sound so sweet. 

Seeing that Annabel was staring at the girl, Marcel informed her, "That's the singer of the bar. Her name seems to be Angel."

"She sings well." Annabel nodded in approval.

Marcel grinned. "Yes, she's good, but not as good as you. Annabel, I haven't heard you sing for a long time. Why don't you sing a song for me as a birthday gift?"

"Yeah! Sing a song for Marc!" his friends urged.

"Come on, Annabel," Marcel urged, too. When he was seventeen, Annabel's wonderful singing left a deep impression on him.

"Okay." Annabel agreed.

After all, the bar was a place where customers could sing songs. Under the warm applause of the crowd, Annabel, wearing a white dress, slowly walked over to the center of the stage.

"This song is for my good friend Marcel. Happy birthday to him!"

It was a French song. It was very melodious and intoxicating.

In the VIP box on the second floor, the tall and straight figure of a man was hidden in the dim light. His eyes were fixed intently on the beautiful young woman singing on the stage.

Rupert had come here to talk business with a client, but he had not expected to see Annabel.

He remembered Annabel had an appointment with someone in the bar, and he pulled a long face.

It turned out that the person Annabel had an appointment with was Marcel.

Seeing the dark look on Rupert's face, the client said to him, "Mr. Benton, please have a taste of this beer. It's the latest special beer of Charming Bar. It tastes really good."

Turning to look at the beer, Rupert felt annoyed. He wondered if Annabel knew what she was doing.

Nominally, she was his fiancée, but she was seeing another man in a bar and singing for him.

Rupert's face went dark with anger. But his client was confused, wondering if he had said something wrong that irritated Rupert.

