

Chapter 77 Go To Hell

Annabel was shocked when she heard a woman's voice on the other end of the line.

Moreover, her voice sounded familiar. It sounded much like Heather's voice.

But how could it be Heather? Rupert disliked her.

Perhaps, it was Candy.

"I'm looking for Rupert," Annabel answered indifferently, suppressing her doubts.

"Annabel, is that you? I'm Heather. Rupert is taking a shower," Heather stated provocatively, raising her lips.

It really was Heather.

Annabel's expression instantly darkened.

Rupert didn't return home and was with Heather. He was even taking a shower.

"Annabel, why are you looking for Rupert? Sadly, Rupert won't return your call because he promised to have a romantic and memorable night with me tonight. He said I was the woman he adored the most..." 1

Annabel ended the call before Heather could finish.

Heather smiled smugly as she heard the beeping

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Annabel ended the call before Heather could finish. Heather smiled smugly as she heard the beeping voice on the other end of the phone.

"Annabel, you're going to die tomorrow."

Heather took immense pleasure in disgusting her before the latter was killed.

Annabel hung up the phone, and a wave of depression washed over her.

She couldn't figure out why Rupert was with

Heather.

To her, Rupert was usually cold toward Heather.

However, Rupert was also distant and cold to her in public, yet he was intimate with her and even forcibly kissed her when they were alone.

She was convinced that Rupert wouldn't turn down Heather if they were alone.

Annabel rubbed her hair and lay on the bed. Her mind was filled with Rupert's attractive face, which she couldn't shake off.

Even though she thought she didn't care about Rupert, she was surprised to find herself disturbed by the image of him kissing Heather.

Annabel couldn't sleep all night. She arrived at Benton Group on the second day with two dark circles around her eyes.

There was still no sign of Rupert.

Rupert, a well-known workaholic, would never be late for work without a valid reason.

Today, however, he was late.

Finley was perplexed as well. Rupert had explicitly told him that he would watch the Ice and Fire commercial shoot in person today at Lover Lake.

But now everyone was here, Rupert was still nowhere to be seen. His phone was turned off.

It was unusual.

"We are not waiting for him anymore. Let's get going." Annabel scowled and spoke icily. ¹

Rupert must be having fun with Heather right now.

He was pursuing enjoyment while leaving so many people to wait for him.

It was very frustrating.

"But Mr. Benton said he would come with us today."

Finley was obedient to Rupert's every instruction.

When given a task by Rupert, he promptly completed it.

"He'll come by himself if he wants to. We don't have to wait for him with so many people."

Annabel was adamant.

She was always on time. She'd never let so many people waste their time. Furthermore, no one knew when Rupert would return.

"Annabel has a point. I have an interview this afternoon," Rory remarked.

"Well... Alright." Finley hesitated for a while before agreeing after hearing what Rory had said and realizing he couldn't reach Rupert.

Rory got inside the car and took a seat next to Annabel.

He looked at Annabel and asked quietly, "Are you

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okay?"

Annabel nodded.

Even though she seemed calm, Rory knew she was in a bad mood today.

The two black circles around her eyes, in particular, betrayed her.

"Is there anything you can't tell me, Annabel? Why are you treating me like a stranger?" Rory's eyes were filled with disappointment.

Annabel grinned slightly. "I'm okay. Are you free tonight? Let's go out for dinner."

"Okay," Rory replied, thrilled that Annabel had taken the initiative to ask him out.

Finley, seated in the front row, overheard their conversation and was puzzled.

He was well aware that Annabel was Rupert's fiancée. Yet, she appeared to have a close relationship with Rory.

They even had a date tonight.

Finley wondered if he should inform Rupert.

However, he couldn't reach Rupert at this moment.

Lover Lake was located in the suburb of Douburgh, in a valley surrounded by mountains. The birds were singing, the flowers were fragrant, and the setting was lovely. It got its name since many

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lovers would gather here to take wedding photos.

Annabel found a secluded grove near the lake and stated, "The scenery is lovely here. Let's start shooting."

Rory and Margo changed into custom-made outfits, applied makeup, and began shooting.

Margo and Rory cooperated well after a full day of shooting the day before.

"That's excellent." The photographer kept shooting.

Annabel, on the other hand, wasn't satisfied with the shoot.

"You may proceed. I'll go and see if there's a better place," Annabel stated, pursing her lips.

She was a perfectionist. Since she was in charge of this project, she would try her best.

When Rory heard this, he paused and said, "I'll go with you."

Annabel refused, shaking her head. "No, thank you. You keep going. Don't slow the progress."

Annabel then walked to the other end of Lover Lake by herself.

Rory's eyes darkened as he watched her fade out of sight.

He didn't understand why Annabel was in such a bad mood. Was it because of Rupert?

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The two of them were very affectionate yesterday, but today Rupert was nowhere to be found.

The mountain road was a little muddy due to last night's heavy rain. Annabel walked slowly in her high heels.

Rupert came to her mind again.

He promised to show up today to supervise the shooting, Now it was already ten o'clock, and he wasn't here yet.

Annabel couldn't help but wonder whether Rupert spent the night with Heather.

What had they done?

Wouldn't he feel sorry for Candy by doing this?

Annabel wandered to the other side of Lover Lake. This was a spot not far from the thick of the forest. The lake and the mountain were incredibly stunning.

The effect would be better if they shot here.

Annabel lowered her head and was about to phone the photographer and ask them to go and shoot there. A figure appeared out of nowhere, and a strong wind blew behind her.

As Annabel spun around, she noticed Nina staring angrily at her. With all her might, Nina tried to shove Annabel into the water.

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Nina's face contorted, her hatred for Annabel obvious. She then yelled, "Annabel, you bitch!" Go to hell!" 1