

Chapter 97 Your Dinner

"What do you mean by that?" Bernice demanded, becoming even angrier.

How could Annabel mock her in front of their colleagues?

"Exactly what I said," Annabel responded with casual indifference.

"Stop denying it. It's a fact that you plagiarized." Bernice raised her voice, wishing the whole world could hear and know that Annabel was a fraud.

In the beginning, only a few people were privy to the design for Ice and Fire.

Now, everyone in the secretary department heard Bernice.

They began looking doubtfully at Annabel.

Marilyn was famous for her designs, and Annabel was just an unknown secretary who came from the countryside. How could she know jewelry design? She must have taken the risk to get herself promoted.

Annabel faced the doubtful eyes of her colleagues

with a relaxed expression. "Is that all, Bernice? If there's nothing else, you should go back to work. This madness isn't welcome."

"What? I'm not crazy! I can't believe you dare to even suggest it." Bernice was furious.

Annabel was still calm. "Did I say that? You're the one who said crazy."

"You bitch!" Bernice was so angry that her facial muscles were twitching.

She took a few deep breaths and told herself to calm down. After all, her goal was to publicly expose Annabel's plagiarism.

With her mind refocused, Bernice snorted and asked, "What's with your attitude? Do you feel it's reasonable to plagiarize?"

If my memory serves me right, Ice and Fire will be launched in two days on a press conference. Are you planning to create a scandal?"

"Don't worry, Bernice. The design department isn't expected to get involved with the press conference. If you have time to spare, see about improving your department," Annabel said sarcastically.

Bernice's expression became even more twisted

with rage. "I have never known someone so shameless. Everyone can see that you're guilty of plagiarism, and you don't even have the decency to admit it. I'm going to inform Mr. Benton of the situation and ask him to cancel the press conference."

"Rupert gave me full authority over the press conference," Annabel said with restrained delight.

"Impossible." Bernice sneered.

She didn't believe that Rupert could have missed the news about Love Jewelry. ¹

As long as he saw it, he would know that Annabel was a plagiarist.

There was no way he would let the press conference continue, let alone give Annabel authority over it.

"Believe it or don't, but it's the truth." Annabel was growing exhausted with Bernice and her petty rivalry. There was a lot of work to be done in preparation for the press conference, and she wanted to get started.

Bernice was simply wasting her time.

There was obvious hostility in Bernice's tone as she said, "You think too highly of yourself,

Annabel. Why would Mr. Benton give authority to a proven thief?"

Annabel frowned and was about to respond when a familiar male voice said, "I left the press conference to Annabel. Do you have a problem with my decision?"

Annabel turned and saw Rupert approaching.

"Shouldn't you people be working?" Rupert said coldly to the crowd that had gathered around Bernice and Annabel.

The startled employees quickly ceased their chatter and returned to their desks.

"Mr. Benton," Bernice said, stepping closer to Rupert. "Haven't you seen the news about Love Jewelry's new collection? Their design is identical to Annabel's."

"So what?" Rupert asked with a frown.

So what?

Bernice was stunned by his response.

Annabel was clearly a plagiarist. Why hadn't she been fired?

"But Annabel plagiarized the design for Ice and Fire. It was morally wrong, and she has created a

scandal for this company," Bernice said, assuming that Rupert didn't thoroughly understand the situation.

She found the design drawings of Love Jewelry's new collection online to better display their similarity to the Ice and Fire collection.

"Here, here, and here. These pieces are almost identical to Ice and Fire pieces. The fact that they also change color is solid proof that Annabel stole Marilyn's ideas."

Rupert held Bernice in a cold stare and asked, "Isn't it possible that Marilyn stole Annabel's ideas? What makes you so certain that Annabel is the plagiarist?"

Marilyn stole Annabel's ideas? That was impossible.

Bernice bit her lip and said, "Marilyn is one of the top designers in the industry. She's won awards for her designs. Why would she steal an outsider's ideas?"

"Well, it has nothing to do with you." Rupert pulled his tie impatiently.

Bernice couldn't believe what she was hearing, but she held her tongue.

Why did Rupert support Annabel when the facts against her were clear? 3

If the press conference wasn't cancelled, she was afraid that Benton Group would become a joke within the industry.

Determined not to give up, Bernice left the secretary department and headed for the sanctuary of the design department.

On the way, she bumped into someone by accident.

It was Cody, the vice president of the company.


"Sorry about that," Bernice hurriedly apologized.

"What's wrong?" Cody asked with a slight frown.

"What happened?"

Bernice retold the story of Annabel's plagiarism and the press conference that had not yet been cancelled. "I don't understand what there is between Annabel and Mr. Benton. Why does he have so much faith in her? He saw the news, but he still wants to go through with the press conference for Ice and Fire. It's obvious that they want to embarrass the company, right?" 3

Bernice paused for a moment before continuing, "Sir, you are the founding member of the company.

You have to be fair." 

Cody sighed. "Nowadays, Rupert controls the company. I'm an old fart."

After Bernice left, Annabel returned the staggering amount of work she had left to do. The press conference had to go well.

Benton Group's reputation was at stake.

Without Annabel knowing, it was time to get off work.

"Let's go back," Rupert said, calling from his office.


She glanced at her watch and said, "I'll work overtime. You can leave."

"Okay." Rupert hung up the phone.

It was getting late, and Annabel was still working.

Suddenly, she heard familiar footsteps.

She didn't need to look to know that it was Rupert.

"Didn't you go back?" Annabel asked in surprise. 


Rupert was holding a lunch box.

He put it on her desk before leaning close to say, "I brought you dinner."

Dinner?


It occurred to Annabel that she hadn't eaten yet

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that evening.

But how did Rupert know that she hadn't had dinner yet? And he even brought her dinner in person!

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