

## Chapter 9 Couple's Tiff

Annabel turned around and saw Rupert walking over with a frown. It was obvious he had been keeping an eye on her the whole evening.

"Why do I have to report my every move to you? We are not at work, so you are not my boss. I can do whatever I want!"

Annabel wondered why he was so concerned about her actions.

Suddenly, a car came to a halt in front of them. The driver got out and opened the door for them.

Annabel recognized that it was one of Rupert's cars. Looking away, Rupert said indifferently, "It's late now. It's unsafe to take a taxi alone. Let's go back together. If anything bad happens to you, people will accuse the Benton family of not taking care of you."

Annabel frowned and uttered, "Thanks, but no thanks. I can take care of myself."

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Just as Annabel moved away to hail a taxi that was speeding by, Rupert grabbed her wrist and ordered, "Get in the car!"

Staring at her dead in the eye, he added, "Since you will be staying with me for three months, I'm responsible for you. Don't get me angry now!"

In simple terms, he didn't give a hoot about her. He was just doing it for selfish interests.

The frown on Annabel's face deepened. She shook off his hand and got into the car.

Before even meeting Rupert, she shut her mind off to any possibility that she would fall for him within the three months. Now that she saw that he had a bad temper and wasn't mature enough to treat her right, she disliked him even more.

How could her grandpa be so blind that he chose this man as a grandson-in-law?

Heather had followed Rupert after he left the hall. Standing behind a pillar, she watched the two get into the same car and leave.

"I should be the one sitting with Rupert in that car! That bitch just came out of nowhere and took my spot. I'm the only one that deserves to be Mrs. Benton."

After thinking for a while, Heather took out her phone and dialed a number. "Hey, what's up? You want to be

and dialed a number. "Hey, what's up? You want to be friends with me, don't you? Are you ready to show your sincerity to me?"

The person on the other end of the line was Nina—the head of the secretarial department in Benton Group. She was lucky to meet Heather at a banquet. She wanted to get into the circle of the rich, but all her effort proved futile.

Now that she received a call from Heather out of the blue, she didn't hesitate to agree. "Of course! I'll do anything you ask of me. Just name it!"

"Well, it's simple. It's about Annabel. I hear that she's in your department. You should find it easy to make her life a living hell, right?"

After a pause, Heather continued, "After this, I'll get you any luxury handbag that you want. You know money is not a problem for me."

The request took Nina by surprise. But after hearing what was in it for her, she uttered excitedly, "You are so generous. Leave it to me. I'll make sure to teach Annabel a lesson."

"You sound confident, but how sure are you about this?"

"A hundred percent sure! Mr. Benton doesn't show any concern for Annabel at work. Even the other employees isolate her. Making her suffer will be a piece of cake for

me."

Heather's heart sang when she heard that Rupert didn't care about Annabel.

"It's settled then. You will get your reward once everything is done. Don't let me down."

Meanwhile, Annabel and Rupert sat in the back of his car. There was a huge gap between them.

Turning his head, Rupert noticed that Annabel had been looking out of the window since she got in the car. Her silence was killing him. ②

"Ahem! I had no idea that you were so good at playing the piano. When did you learn it?"

Annabel finally spared him a glance with her eyebrows raised slightly. She was taken aback by his sudden praise and question. "Was I that good? Anyway, I learned it just now."

Rupert couldn't believe his ears

Seeing that he was shocked by her response, Annabel was overjoyed. She added with a proud smile, "I learned it from Heather's performance. What did you think about my performance? Were you held spellbound? I'm smart, aren't I?"

Rupert looked away and commented with annoyance, "It's so difficult to communicate with you."

"Then don't! I didn't beg you to strike up a conversation with me. You started it!"

Annabel also turned her head away from him.



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