

Chapter 25 Overstepping Boundaries

"There's a new task for you, Annabel. Our company is cooperating with Lady Fashion for next season. You will be responsible for the project." Jealousy flickered in Nina's eyes as she spoke.

She handed a few documents to Annabel and continued, "These documents contain all the needed information about the project. Take a look at them quickly."

"Okay," said Annabel as she took over the documents.

She then turned around and returned to her desk.

Nina scowled with jealousy as she stared at Annabel's back.

She had been in charge of the project.

However, Rupert called her to his office this morning and ordered her to give Annabel the project.

She couldn't understand why.

What was so good about that hillbilly? Was it because she was Rupert's fiancée?

Just as Nina was fuming, a text message came through.

"How far with the task I gave you the last time?"

The message was from Heather.

Nina thought for a while and soon replied, "Don't worry.

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The message was from Heather.

Nina thought for a while and soon replied, "Don't worry. I'm on it. That bumpkin will be ousted this time." ①

Heather replied simply, "Do it ASAP!"

She was running out of patience.

Her ploy to frame Annabel as a thief had failed.

Annabel had not only proved her innocence but also made Heather seem like a fool.

Heather wouldn't want to lose to Annabel again.

Clenching the phone in her hand, Heather said with an evil expression, "Just wait and see, Annabel. You'll weep buckets by the time I'm done with you."

Annabel spent the entire day studying the documents Nina handed to her.

The project was about the launch of a new series of jewelry for the next season by Benton Group in collaboration with Lady Fashion. It was already at the design stage. All Annabel needed to do was check out the progress and point out any discrepancies. It was a piece of cake.

When Annabel got back from work, she saw that her belongings were no longer in Rupert's room; they had been moved to a guest room on the first floor.

"Who moved my things here?" Annabel inquired, looking confused.

Cathy showed up out of nowhere. She then said with a smug smile, "I did. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Do you have any idea that touching someone else's things counts as infringement of privacy and attempted theft?" Annabel folded her arms and leaned against the door frame with an indifferent expression.

"They are just shabby suitcases!" Cathy scoffed. "The Benton family took you in and fed you good food these

past few days. I'm sure the guest room is far better than the master bedroom in the shack where your family lives. You are very ungrateful. If you don't want this room, you should go back to your dilapidated home!"

Shabby suitcases?

Annabel stared at Cathy as if she was looking at a fool. These leather suitcases were specially made for her by a top foreign designer. They were more luxurious than those of most popular brands. Everything, from the design to the workmanship and materials used, was the best of the best. How dare Cathy run them down? It appeared she didn't know anything about fashion and quality.

"What's going on here?" Rupert arrived home to meet a heated quarrel ongoing on the first floor.

"Rupert!" Cathy grabbed his arm and spoke in an aggrieved tone. "I was kind to help Annabel to move her things. Instead of thanking me, she accused me of stealing and infringing her privacy. Even beggars would not want her suitcases. How can I steal anything from her?"

Annabel snapped her fingers and uttered, "Rupert, you heard her, right? She moved my things without my permission!"

With a frown, Rupert pulled his arm away and asked

firmly, "Cathy, why did you move Annabel's things?"

The searing glare Cathy received from him made her step back in fear. "Your mom gave the order."

Hearing this, Rupert nodded his head thoughtfully. He knew his mother disliked Annabel. However, he didn't like that she was being treated unfairly. If his grandfather found out about this, he would throw a fit.

"Take Annabel's things back to my room," Rupert ordered a servant.

"There will be no need for that." Annabel refused once she remembered what transpired between them last night.

Rupert was a little annoyed by her refusal.

She would rather stay in a guest room than stay with him?

Displeased, Rupert said, "Suit yourself."

"Yes, I will do just that. This room isn't bad, after all." Annabel shrugged. She didn't mind staying here. She could stay anywhere else as long as it wasn't Rupert's bedroom. She didn't want to face the embarrassment she faced last night again. ↻

The guest room was beautifully decorated and livable, so Annabel liked it. After arranging her things in the room, she sat on the sofa to rest. Her phone suddenly rang.

She looked at the screen, only to see that it was Marcel.

"Hello, Annabel speaking," she uttered, pressing the phone to her ear.

"Hey! It's me, Annabel. Are you free this Sunday night?"

Marcel's voice came from the other end of the line.

Annabel didn't have a lot on her plate, so she figured that she would be free on Sunday. She replied with a smile, "Yes, I'm free. What's up?"

"I just finished shooting a new drama. I'd appreciate it if you can celebrate with me." Marcel invited her with expectation.

"Congratulations on the success of the shoot!" Annabel was happy to hear the good news. "Seven o'clock on Sunday night at Charming Bar? All right, I'll see you then."

"Who was that on the phone?" A sharp voice suddenly came from behind as soon as Annabel got off the phone. She almost jumped out of her skin. She turned around and saw Rupert's handsome face.

"You know that's none of your business, right?" Annabel stood up and queried with a frown. "Besides, why did you come into my room without permission? Don't you know to knock?"

Rupert's face darkened when she wasn't going to tell him the truth.

Judging by the way Annabel smiled so brightly as she

spoke on the phone, he reasoned that the caller was a man. But now, she was aggressive.

"This is my home. I can enter any room I want," Rupert said coldly. "Anyway, I came here to inform you that we will go to visit my grandpa this weekend."

"Okay, no problem." Annabel agreed without hesitation. Bruce was good friends with her grandfather. Since she was in Douburgh, she felt obligated to pay the old man a visit.

Rupert was stunned by her agreement. He had expected her to say no.

Thinking of the call just now, he said coldly, "Remember you are my fiancée. Don't bring shame to me and my family by going to the bar with some man."

What did he mean by that? Was he prohibiting her from going out on Sunday night? What nonsense! He had no right to do that. Could it be that he saw himself as her real fiancée?

"I'm a grown woman, Rupert. I'm free to go wherever I want, with whomever I want. My actions have nothing to do with you or your family. This engagement will be called off in three months. Don't you think you have gone too far?" Annabel yelled at him.

Without waiting for Rupert to reply, she pointed at the door and added, "I want to go to bed now. Please use the

door!"

Rupert's handsome face twitched. Was she driving him out?



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