

Chapter 109 Trade Blames

The series of questions from the reporters brought Annie back to her senses. She stared daggers at Annabel.

It was all because of Annabel!

Annabel had forced her to drink the drugged glass of wine, making her lose herself and get caught in the act by all these people. 9

"Annabel, you are at fault! You caused this!" Annie roared and charged at her target, attempting to slap her. 1

However, a big hand grabbed her arm and smacked her down to the hard floor in a split second.

"Ouch!" Annie cried and looked up, only to see Brett.

Brett's blue eyes gleamed with utter disgust. "I'm highly disappointed in you, Annie. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You are supposed to be remorseful!"

Those words pierced Annie's heart like a thousand knives.

Even Brett saw her having sex with another man.

"My love, please listen to me. It's not what you think. I don't know this man at all," Annie said, trying to hold Brett's leg.

"Honey, how can you say you don't know me?" The man looked so unhappy. Covering his crotch, he got up from the sofa. "Didn't you say that you loved me more than anything in this world? You even wanted to marry me. Why are you denying me now? It's not fair!"

In his mind, he had to act well so he would be paid in full. He insisted that he and this woman were in love.

He didn't know Annabel, so he felt Annie was the person he was supposed to frame.

This was what he was hired for. He held Annie in his arms. "Don't be shy, honey. We are both adults. It's not a crime for us to make love. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Get your filthy hands off me. I don't know you!" Annie pushed him away.

"Annabel! Annabel is behind this! She framed me! I don't know how I got into this room. It's all a setup!" With her hair ruffled like that of a mad woman, Annie stood up and pointed at Annabel. "She drugged me! I have no idea who this man is."

She was drugged?

The reporters grew even more curious when they heard this.

It seemed there was more to this than met the eye.

However, none of them had the guts to ask questions in front of Brett and Rupert now.

Only at this moment did Heather finally understand what was going on.

It appeared that Annabel had played a fast one on Annie when the latter was about to drug her. Annie drank the drugged wine and ended up in this situation. She practically fell into the trap they set up for Annabel. ²

Annie was so useless! How did she mess everything up at the last minute?

"Annabel, you are a bitch! This is all your fault. I won't let you get away with this!" Annie turned crazy. She raised her hand, preparing to attack

Annabel again.

Brett stood in front of Annabel and shouted, "Why would Annabel do this? Didn't you come here to apologize to her?"

Annie looked away in guilty. "Yes, I apologized to Annabel out of the goodness of my heart, but she set me up instead of forgiving me."

"Enough!" Annabel sneered. "You shot yourself in the foot, you fool!" ¹

Since she had already turned the tables, she didn't intend to make Annie suffer more.

But she was having a rethink now that Annie was trying to put the blame on her. She wasn't going to allow that to happen.

With her eyes blazing, Annabel continued, "You came to me under the guise of apologizing. However, you drugged the wine that you offered me. You ended up drinking it and falling into the ditch you dug up for me!"

"You're lying! I didn't!" Annie yelled like a lunatic.

She wasn't going to admit that her plan had backfired.

"Look at this! It's the record of you buying

aphrodisiac online!" Annabel threw the evidence to Annie.

After forcing Annie into drinking the wine, Annabel asked Anthony to check Annie's purchase records on Amazon, and he found something. ²

The reporters were shocked to see the records. In no time, they turned against Annie.

"Annie is at fault here. And I was beginning to think she was the victim. This is unbelievable!"

"She's so despicable! Thank goodness Annabel didn't fall into her trap."

In the face of these criticisms, Annie's face turned pale. She wanted to defend herself, but words failed her. She just stood there looking dejected. ¹

"You had it coming, Annie. Don't mess with me ever again. Take care!" With that, Annabel turned around and left. ²

She didn't want to stay here any longer.

Rupert went after her. In the corridor, he asked, "Where are you going?"

"Home," Annabel answered indifferently.

She was tired after everything she went through

tonight.

"Okay, I'll go with you," Rupert said in a low voice.

"And why would you do that?" A look of sarcasm appeared on Annabel's face. "Aren't going to dance with Heather anymore?"

Dance with Heather?

With a chuckle, Rupert asked, "Don't tell me you are jealous."

"Me? Jealous? Why should I be?" Annabel rolled her eyes at him.

Just then, the doors of the empty elevator opened.

Rupert pulled her in.

"What are you doing?" Annabel shook off his hand and stepped back warily.

Rupert took a stride to her. With his eyebrows raised, he said, "I know you are jealous, Annabel."

"Ha-ha! How do you know that? Stop being so narcissistic!" Annabel flipped her hair and looked away.

"I can see it in your eyes, Annabel. Why are you fighting your feelings for me?" Rupert placed his hands on the wall of the elevator, confining her.

Their bodies were so close that Annabel could perceive his masculine fragrance.

The temperature in the elevator changed.

The two of them stared at each other until the elevator finally arrived on the first floor.

With a ring, the elevator doors swooshed open. Annabel finally came to her senses and pushed him away. "I don't know what you are talking about."

She walked out and spun on her heels. She then said, "You can go home alone. I have something else to do."

"It's already late. What else do you have to do?" Rupert narrowed his eyes.

"It's none of your business. Don't follow me," Annabel warned coldly.

She then walked out of the hotel and hailed a taxi.

Lost in thought, Rupert stared at the taxi as it went down the road.

Where was Annabel off to at this time of the night? Why did she tell him not to follow her? Was she going to see another man?


In the back seat of the taxi, Annabel was

grumbling. She took several deep breaths before she was able to text Anika.

"Hey! Meet me at the bar for a drink."

In Charming Bar, Anika was already seated by the time Annabel arrived.

"Here!" Anika waved at Annabel from her seat.

Annabel sat next to her and requested, "A glass of cocktail, please!" 

Anika handed the glass to her and looked at her with a smile. "Girl, what's wrong with you? You look like someone annoyed you. What happened?"

"It's nothing." Annabel gulped her drink in one shot.

The dim light shone on her. Her beautiful features weren't entirely visible for all to see. She looked soft, mysterious, and troubled at the same time.

Studying her closely, Anika poured her another drink. "Someone clearly made you angry. Let me guess. It was Rupert, right?"