

Chapter 138 Today Is Your Last Day

"Trust me. Annabel is a shameless slut. It's like a game to her, seeing how many men she can seduce. She doesn't deserve your affection," Heather said to Rupert. "She used to date Rory and Marcel. Here in France, she went to a bar in the middle of the night to pick up men. She cheated on you." ①

"Enough!" Rupert snapped. Heather was incredibly irritating. He tugged at his tie and checked his watch.

Annabel had been in the bathroom for a long time. What could be keeping her so long?

Had she left out of anger?

Rupert tried calling Annabel, but her phone was switched off.

Concerned, he headed for the ladies' room.

"Rupert, where are you going?" Heather called after him.

Rupert ignored her.

Heather stood up and followed him.

A fierce look flashed across her eyes.

She guessed that Annie must have succeeded.

"Annabel, you're doomed!" Heather murmured.

Standing in front of the sink, Annabel patted her face with cold

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water and looked up at herself in the mirror.

She hadn't had a good sleep last night, and it showed. The dark circles around her eyes were noticeable.

She couldn't deny that Rupert had moved her just now.

Despite his usual manner of restrained dignity, he'd confessed his love for her in front of everyone.

Anyone would be moved.

What confused her was the fact that he had called her Candy last night. With Candy still in his life, she didn't know if she could trust Rupert. ③

Annabel closed her eyes, massaged her temples, and took some deep, measured breaths in an attempt to quell the storm of emotions that raged in her heart.

Suddenly, she felt something hard and cold pressed against her neck.

It was a sharp knife!

Her eyes opened wide with shock.

In the mirror, Annabel saw that it was Annie who held the knife.

"Annie, what are you doing?" Annabel asked, forcing herself to speak calmly.

She had been so absorbed in her thoughts that she hadn't even noticed when Annie had come in.

It was all Rupert's fault. ②

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If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have been so distracted.

"Annabel, today is your last day!" Annie said as she pressed the knife against Annabel's neck. ①

Things were going more smoothly than she had hoped.

Annabel's suffering would be a thousand times greater than her own.

Annabel frowned at Annie's words. Hadn't she learned her lesson? After what had happened last time, why was she attempting another attack?

If Annie needed another lesson, it would be harsher this time.

"Annie, isn't Brett in the banquet hall? Aren't you worried what he might be up to when you're not there to watch him?" Annabel asked casually.

Annie's expression got even darker when she heard Annabel mention Brett. "You bitch! You're the reason Brett broke up with me!"

After Brett dumped her, she had to sleep with Joseph, whom everyone regarded as a freak, to get a role. "If you hadn't set me up and publicly embarrassed me that day, none of this would be happening."

"Oh, yes. That day." Even with a knife pressed against her throat, Annabel kept her calm. "Didn't you set me up first?"

Annie was infuriated now and pressed the blade deeper into Annabel's neck. "You're pretty, aren't you? What if I ruin your face? Do you think you'll still be able to seduce men?"

"Try it, then!" Annabel seized the opportunity to hit Annie,