

## Chapter 22 Shocking Proof Of Innocence

The forensic expert got down to business. Shortly after, he returned to the crowd, cleared his throat, and declared, "The forensic test shows that Annabel Hewitt's fingerprints are on this ring."

Annabel's heart skipped a beat. Her fingerprints were on the ring! How was that possible? She had never touched it.

Since Rupert called the cops himself, there was no way the forensic expert was bribed by Heather. It stood to reason that she had gotten Annabel's fingerprints somehow. But how?

"Annabel, now that it has been proven that you stole the ring, what else do you have to say?" A complacent smile appeared on Heather's face.

"Officer, she stole my ring. Please arrest her so she can face the law!" Heather pointed to Annabel.

"Annabel, did you really steal it?" Rupert asked.

He could feel it in his guts that there was more to this than met the eye.

Although he had only known her for a few days, he

didn't think she was a thief.

"Of course not." Annabel was still calm.

"You heard the forensic expert. Your fingerprints are on the ring! Why are you still denying it?" Heather glared at Annabel.

"Rupert, why are you still giving her the benefit of the doubt? The Benton family despises thieves. You deserve someone better than her!" Cathy uttered, adding insult to injury

"Miss Hewitt, you have to come with us and cooperate with us during the investigation." The chief officer stepped forward.

All the evidence was against Annabel. She was the prime suspect, so the cops couldn't let her go scot-free.

They would interrogate her and do some investigation before deciding on her fate.

"No, thanks. I can prove that I have never touched this ring here and now," Annabel said, taking a step back from the officer.

Her voice wasn't loud, but it was decisive and penetrative.

"Prove it? What else is there to prove? You are the thief, Annabel. Own up to it!" Heather raised her voice and couldn't restrain the annoyance on her face.

Everyone, except Rupert, now believed beyond any doubt

that Annabel was guilty of the accusation. They gave her disgusted looks.

It seemed like there was no way out for her now.

Heather was confident that Annabel would end up in jail. She was already jubilating in her mind.

"Sorry to burst your bubble, but I have a way to prove it." A smirk appeared at the corners of Annabel's mouth.

She turned to the chief beside her and said, "Please give me the ring."

The chief took a look at Rupert. After getting approval, he handed the ziplock bag containing the ring to Annabel.

With the ziplock bag raised up high, Annabel scanned through the crowd and finally set her eyes on the waiter.

"Did you see me wearing this ring?"

"Yes, I saw it with my own eyes," the waiter replied.

Annabel said calmly, "Watch this, everyone."

She stretched out her hand for everyone to see. "Take note of how my hand looks now."

Her fingers were smooth and tender.

"What is she up to?" Confused murmurs came from the crowd as everyone fixed their eyes on her.

Rupert's face was expressionless, but he had questioning eyes as he stared at Annabel.

He was intrigued by how Annabel managed to stay calm

through the storm and even command the attention of everyone.

The confidence she exuded was something that no woman from the countryside usually had.

Rupert longed to see how she would prove her innocence despite the evidence against her.

Under the gaze of everyone present, Annabel unlocked the ziplock bag and held the ring in her hand. In a couple of minutes, her fingers began to swell. Red bumps also appeared on them.

"Oh, my God! What's happening to her hand? It looks so awful!" The onlookers were shocked by what they were witnessing.

After a while, Annabel put the ring back into the ziplock bag and returned it to the chief officer. She raised her hand and said, "I'm actually to platinum, and the band is made of platinum. You all saw how my fingers became swollen shortly after I touched the ring. The reaction usually lasts for a few hours. If I had stolen the ring, my hand should have been swollen red and covered with painful bumps before now. It only became swollen just now. In essence, this is the first time I ever held the ring, so I didn't steal it!"

As Annabel spoke, she raised her swollen hand for all to see.

"No, it's impossible!" Heather stared at Annabel's hand in disbelief.

How could this be? How could it be such a coincidence that Annabel was allergic to platinum?

"You must have done something!" Heather snatched the ring from the policeman and looked at it carefully, trying to find out something wrong.

To her disappointment, there was nothing wrong. It was exactly how she remembered it to be.

Heather's expression changed. She was dumbfounded.

She had meticulously set everything up. Why did her plan fail? No!

At the sight of the disappointment on Heather's face, Annabel smiled and snatched the ring with her normal hand.

"It's hard to convince you, huh? Not to worry, I'll show you again!"

The result was the same.

Her left hand became swollen in a few minutes just like the right.

"This is enough proof that I didn't steal the ring, right?" Annabel uttered slowly.

"Well, it's clear that Miss Hewitt is allergic to platinum. So, she couldn't possibly have stolen the ring." The police

chief aired his opinion after weighing all the terms.

"Thank you, officer." Annabel then turned to the waiter sharply and inquired, "You have some explaining to do, don't you?"

"I..." Beads of sweat appeared on the waiter's forehead. He fiddled with his fingers and looked at Heather for help.

Heather shot him a murderous glare, gritting her teeth.

The waiter shivered and sank to his knees before Annabel.

"I'm sorry. I stole the ring," he uttered with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, really?" Annabel's sarcastic tone indicated that she didn't believe him at all.

There was no way a mere waiter like him could have gotten access to Heather and stolen the ring without her noticing.

Besides, he didn't seem like someone who could come up with such a perfect scheme.

"I'm sorry. I stole the ring because I was blinded by greed. Please forgive me. Such a thing won't repeat itself."

Seeing that the waiter took the blame for everything, Heather breathed a sigh of relief.