

Chapter 106 Fake Olive Branch

"I know you have feelings for me, Rupert." Heather lost her cool and leaned on Rupert, rubbing her bosom on him.

Rupert ignored her, and the corner of his eye was fixed on Annabel.

The sight of Rupert and Heather embracing each other on the dance floor made Annabel sick to her stomach. ³

Rolling her eyes, she stood up and walked to the door.

"Annabel, where are you off to?" Rory followed her in a hurry.

Annabel halted in her tracks and reluctantly turned to look at him. "I'm not feeling well. I want to be alone."

With that, she walked out of the hall.

Rory's heart sank as he stared at her receding figure.

Was her sudden ill health because of Rupert?

Rory saw the way Annabel's face changed when Rupert and Heather went to the dance floor together.

Although Annabel never admitted it, Rory had a hunch that she had feelings for Rupert. ¹

Annabel always said she disliked Rupert and couldn't wait to break off the engagement, but why was she upset upon seeing him dancing with Heather?

The realization made Rory sad.

As he stood there, feeling dejected, Bella walked up to him and greeted him with feigned surprise. "What a coincidence!"

Bella had been staring at him for ages. She couldn't take her eyes off him all evening.

She had been calculating how to strike up a conversation with him, so she took the chance as soon as she saw him standing alone.

Rory glanced at her coldly. "Oh, it's you!"

"Yes, it's me. Do you remember me?" Bella reached out her hand. "May I have this dance?"

"No, you can't." Those cold and straightforward words shattered Bella's hopes.

Ignoring Bella, Rory went back to the table he earlier shared with Annabel and held a glass of red wine tightly.

He looked at the glass until he saw his handsome reflection in it.

Bella's face turned blue and pale. She clenched her fists.

It was all because of Annabel!

Rory loved Annabel too!

What was so good about Annabel that so many men wanted her?

Resentment and malice flashed through Bella's eyes.

She couldn't wait to see both Rupert and Rory so disappointed in Annabel later tonight.

Bella impatiently scanned the hall for Annie.

When she saw Annie standing before the buffet, Bella strode to her and pretended to serve herself some food too.

"Have you seen Annabel?" Annie hadn't seen the

target anywhere around. Knowing that Bella was a friend of Heather's, she couldn't help asking about it.

"Annabel?" Bella pointed at the door. "I just saw her go out."

"She went out?" Annie frowned deeply, wondering if Annabel would return soon.

She was a little anxious. What if Annabel didn't return? Wouldn't her chance waste?

It had taken her great effort to convince Brett to bring her to the party. She had prepared everything ahead of time. She just couldn't let all her efforts go down the drain.

"Do you have something important to tell Annabel? She just left, so you should be able to catch up with her if you leave now," Bella suggested.

"Okay, thank you." Hearing this, Annie ditched her plate of food and headed for the door.

It was quiet and cool outside.

Standing on the balcony of the second floor, Annabel leaned against the railing and looked at the stars in the dark night sky. Her mind was somewhere else.

"Snap out of it, Annabel! It's none of your business that Rupert and Heather are dancing. Why are you affected by that?" Annabel talked some senses into her head as she patted her cheeks. 2

A cold wind suddenly blew, making her shiver. She turned and was about to walk back to the banquet hall when she heard a female voice. "There you are!"

A blue-eyed blonde appeared; it was Annie.

Thinking of the unpleasant encounters she had with Annie in the past, Annabel put on her guard.

"Were you looking for me?" she asked with a frown.

"Yes." Annie walked over, carrying a tray that had two glasses of red wine.

"I came to apologize to you," she uttered, holding out one of the glasses to Annabel.

"You came to apologize?" Annabel knitted her eyebrows in suspicion.

Annie, of all people, came to apologize? Impossible! There must be something fishy going on.

Annie nodded and said sincerely, "I know we didn't get along, but I want to make peace. Everything that happened is my fault. Brett has opened my

eyes to this. Please forgive me for everything. If you accept my apology, let's toast to forgiveness and new beginnings, okay?"

"I accept your apology, but we don't have to drink." Annabel looked down at the glass in Annie's hand. The Annie she knew would never extend the olive branch!

She suspected that the wine was probably drugged or even poisoned. 4

Annie grew impatient after Annabel turned down the drink. "I sincerely apologized to you. If you don't drink the wine, it means you refuse to forgive me."

"And why should I do that?" Annabel uttered sarcastically, folding her arms.

"You..." Annie was on the verge of losing her temper. But when she thought about the plan, she suppressed her anger and pouted again. "It seems you haven't forgiven me. Brett will be so mad at me if he finds out. I love him with my life. I don't want to lose him."

Annabel wasn't fooled by her fake tears. "What does that get to do with me?"

Annie bit her lip and explained, "Brett asked me to apologize to you tonight. I promised him that I would get your forgiveness. Please have mercy on me. Drink this wine to show that you have forgiven me."

Since Annie gave it her all just to make her drink the wine, Annabel grew curious.

What exactly did Annie have up her sleeves?

Annabel wanted to find out, so she decided to play along.

"All right..." After giving it a thought for a while, Annabel took over the glass of wine as if she believed Annie's words. "Since you apologized so sincerely, I have no choice but to accept it."

Annie hit a high note with her inner soprano voice, seeing that her plan was working. She took the other glass and clinked it with Annabel's. "Cheers!"

"Cheers!" Annabel raised the glass to her mouth. Instead of sipping the wine, she took a whiff of it secretly.

The wine was drugged, just as she had suspected.