

Chapter 13 Where Is Annabel

"It's already eleven but Annabel hasn't come back yet. Where the hell is she? Hanging around with men?"

Rupert had just gone downstairs to get a glass of water when he heard Cathy's irritable words.

Erica huffed, "She must have lived a dissolute life in the countryside. Who knows if she's having fun at some bar? What an annoying girl!"

A strange feeling filled Rupert's heart when he heard these words. But when he recalled how Annabel had behaved last night, the feeling dissipated.

Her whereabouts was none of this business.

As soon as Erica saw Rupert, she said, "I know you don't care about Annabel. But you can't just allow her to do whatever she likes as long as she's under our roof. Any bad action from her would dent your image. After all, many people know that she's your fiancée. I advise that you call off the engagement and throw her out of this house. Who knows what trouble she will cause if she continues to stay here? We can't clean up after her or face the consequences of her actions. You should do the needful."

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Rupert shrugged and said nonchalantly, "Grandpa said the engagement will be called off in three months."

"She will stay here for three whole months?" Erica screamed. "Gosh! She has only been here for a few days, but I can't stand her anymore. You'd better discuss it with your grandpa and drive her away as soon as possible!"

"Why don't you tell him yourself?" Rupert glanced at his mother, raising one of his eyebrows.

This suggestion shut Erica up. She knew that Bruce would scold her harshly if she ever brought that up.

Rupert went back upstairs, unwilling to continue the conversation.

As soon as he walked into his study, he saw his phone on the desk lit up. A message just came in.

He clicked it and saw one word, "Help."

The message was from a strange number, so he reasoned that it was a prank. He dropped the phone aside and continued to work. But for some reason, he couldn't concentrate and was a little restless.

The clock had already chimed twelve. After having a shower, Rupert lay down on his bed, but he couldn't sleep a wink.

He kept tossing and turning on his bed as he wondered why Annabel wasn't back yet. Where could she have gone?

"That's none of your business, Rupert." Muttering those words, he closed his eyes and tried to shake off the thoughts of her.

However, it didn't work. He turned over as it occurred to him that Annabel was new here. She didn't know anyone else in Douburgh.

Rupert suddenly remembered the strange message he received. The phone number seemed familiar. He checked the record of his chats with his grandfather.

Bruce had sent him Annabel's number, but he hadn't bothered saving it.

The phone number was the same as the one the strange message came from.

Why did she ask for help? Was she in danger? 🕒

Suddenly, Rupert sat up and dialed the number, but it was switched off.

His forehead broke out in cold sweat. He began to wonder if something bad had happened to Annabel.

Without thinking twice, Rupert got out of bed and threw on some clothes. He couldn't think of anywhere else that Annabel would be, so he went to the company. He planned to interrogate the security guards and check the CCTV footage of her movement at work just to get some clues.

Rupert saw that everywhere in the company was pitch black. The security guard on duty told him, "There's a problem with the power circuit. I have already made arrangements for it to be repaired at the crack of dawn before the employees arrive."

When Rupert asked about Annabel, the security guard scratched the back of his head and replied, "I haven't seen her."

"What do you mean? Didn't she come to work?" Rupert inquired with a frown.

"I saw her come to work, but I didn't see her get off. I'm sure of it."

Annabel was quite famous in Benton Group. Almost everyone in the company knew who she was. A sea of eyes followed her everywhere she went, so the security guard always noticed her whenever she went past the security post.

Did that mean Annabel was still in the building? And why did she send him that strange message?

The security guard suddenly raised his hand and added, "That reminds me, I heard some employees discussing on their way out that Nina gave Annabel a hard task, causing her to stay back after closing hour. I think she might be in there. Perhaps she was too tired and fell asleep."

In a flash, Rupert barged into the company and went upstairs to have a look. The security guard ran after him with a torchlight in his hand.

"Annabel? Annabel!"

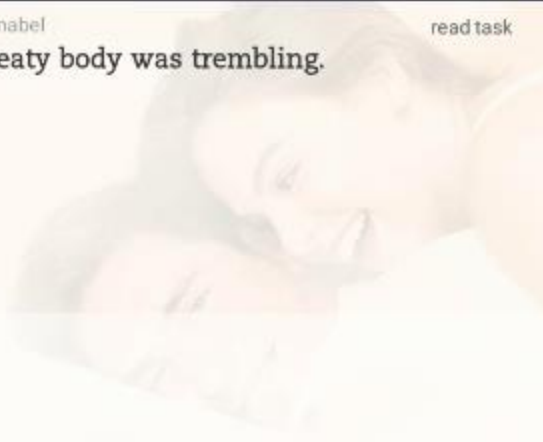
Rupert called out several times. However, the only response he got was his voice echoing in the hallway.


The first thing he saw when he got into the secretarial department was Annabel's bag on a desk. He looked down and saw her feet.

Rupert squatted in a hurry, and the security guard also pointed the flashlight underneath the desk.

Annabel was curled up like a fetus. Her face was deathly

pale and her sweaty body was trembling.



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