

## Chapter 30 Lengthy Brawl

Heather's lips parted in awe when her eyes fell on a woman wearing the white Elsa dress.

The young woman looked like a fairy out of a children's storybook. Her attractive shoulders and collarbone were visible. The fishbone dress set off her beautiful curvaceous body.

She was noble, elegant, gorgeous, and somewhat nifty. Her appearance could turn heads no matter where she went.

When Heather looked up, she was stunned to see Annabel staring back at her.

She blinked and rubbed her eyes. It was hard to believe that this gorgeous woman was Annabel.

Jealousy and hatred flashed through Heather's eyes. She pointed at Annabel and said to the clerk, "I'll take that dress! Pack it for me!"

The clerk was in a dilemma. "But she already said she wanted to buy it."

"Has she paid for it?" Heather asked in an unfriendly tone.

After a moment's hesitation, the attendant replied, "Not

storybook. Her attractive shoulders and collarbone were visible. The fishbone dress set off her beautiful curvaceous body.

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After a moment's hesitation, the attendant replied, "Not yet."

"Only payment confirms a sale. Heather is a VIP customer here. You should do as she told you just now!" Bella did what she knew how to do best—fawn over Heather. She eyed the clerk and added, "Have you forgotten who Heather is? If you don't serve her well, you will be fired!"

A cold sweat broke out on the clerk's forehead. She began to tremble. Everyone in this city knew that the Norman family was powerful. Heather was Brock Norman's favorite granddaughter. The clerk couldn't afford to be in her bad books; she needed this job.

In contrast, she didn't know who Annabel was. She reasoned that it was better to offend her instead of Heather.

After plucking up courage, the clerk walked up to Annabel and said, "Miss, you have to take off the dress. It has been bought."

A sarcastic smile appeared on Annabel's face. She asked back, "Didn't I just tell you I wanted to buy it?"

"But..."

As the clerk was thinking of how to convince her to take off the dress, Bella strode over and yelled at Annabel, "Heather likes this dress. Take it off now!"

"Is this some kind of a joke?" Annabel threw her head back and laughed. "I took a fancy to this dress first, and I said I wanted to buy it first. Don't you know that shopping is first come, first served?"

"Can you even afford to buy this dress?" Bella lost it. "Do you know how much it's worth? You are poor, yet so arrogant!"

"It's none of your business whether I can afford it or not."

Ignoring Bella, Annabel picked up the black card and said to the clerk, "Please charge my card for it."

Heather's eyes widened when she saw the card.

She recalled that Rupert had a card like this one.

Such bank cards were like rare treasures. Even Heather didn't have one. How come Annabel had one?

Rupert must have given his to her!

At the thought of how good Rupert was to Annabel, Heather wanted to strangle her to death there and then.

Envy burned her heart again. She grabbed the clerk's hand when she was about to take the black card and said arrogantly, "I'll pay double for it!"

With her arms folded, Annabel frowned at Heather.

She wondered if Heather was stalking her.

Why did she bump into her in this store of all luxurious stores in Douburgh? What a small world!

Annabel raised her eyebrows and said, "Heather, have you ever heard of first come, first served? I declared my intention to buy this dress first, so it's mine. I won't hand it over to you even if you pay millions for it!"

"You, hillbilly? You don't deserve this dress!" Heather stared at Annabel fiercely.

In her opinion, dresses like this weren't for just anyone.

It was for wealthy and sophisticated women like her.

Heather already pictured herself in it. She felt that she would be more beautiful than Annabel in it.

Perhaps Rupert would fall in love with her if he saw her in this dress.

"I don't deserve this dress?" Annabel uttered with a chuckle. "It's funny coming from someone who can't even differentiate between real and fake."

"Annabel!" Heather's face turned red. She wanted to chew Annabel out for insulting her, but words failed her.

How dare Annabel mock her?

She wasn't just anybody; she was a Norman. What an insult!

Erica didn't even like Annabel, and Rupert was only with her because of his grandfather.

He was sure not going to marry this lowlife. Annabel would never be Mrs. Benton!

The thought of this brought great relief to Heather.

She was determined to get this dress today no matter what it took.

"Annabel, do yourself a favor by taking off the dress now!" Bella stepped in again. She held the hem of the dress and pulled it up.

"What are you doing?" Annabel slapped Bella's hand and pushed her away.



This bitch was about to strip her naked in public. The nerve of her!

Annabel became furious. She was not a pushover!

Bella almost tripped and fell.

"You poverty-stricken idiot! You have crossed the line!"

Bella was from the Astley family—a family whose wealth and prestige had declined over the years but was still rich.

She hung out with Heather, so she was naturally arrogant and troublesome.

She was furious now that Annabel almost pushed her to the floor.

"What are you waiting for? Call someone to take off that dress!" Bella shouted at the clerk all of a sudden.

"Excuse me for a minute, ladies. I'll go get the manager."

The matter was getting out of hand, so the clerk had no choice but to inform the manager about it. She didn't want to lose her job because of this.

"Come on, make it snappy!" Heather urged with a snort.

She was confident that the matter would be ruled in her favor. After all, she was a VIP customer here.

She couldn't help smiling at the thought of Annabel being stripped and kicked out of the boutique.

Seeing that Annabel was sitting on the sofa leisurely, Heather walked over angrily, looked down, and yelled

condescendingly, "You still have the opportunity to hand over the dress now. When the manager gets here, he won't hesitate to strip you naked and throw you out. Do you want to be humiliated in public?"

Annabel texted Anika, turning a deaf ear to the yapping woman.

This annoyed Heather even more. She balled her fists and gritted her teeth.

This bitch must be calling for help. Who was she texting? Rupert? Would he come over to fight for her?

Mixed feelings swirled in Heather's heart as she thought of Rupert.

Anyway, she made up her mind to deal with Annabel today.

Ten minutes passed before the manager came rushing into the boutique.

"You won't believe what happened here..." Heather was about to complain to the manager, Curt Ramsey, when he just rushed past her.

He went straight to Annabel, who was still sitting on the sofa, and said respectfully, "Good afternoon, Miss Hewitt."

Annabel raised her head and asked indifferently, "You are the manager right? Is this how you do business here?"

Curt broke out in a cold sweat and kept apologizing, "I'm

sorry. I take the blame for what happened. That clerk didn't know you and offended you just now. I apologize on her behalf." ③



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