

Chapter 7 Angelic Pianist

Erica's scolding made Annabel regret coming to this banquet in the first place. She was already bored and tired of sitting in one place.

She began to think of leaving just to escape this nagging woman and boring party.

Before she could come up with an escape plan, Heather approached her again. This time, she was flanked by a group of young women. She pretended as if she hadn't met Annabel before. With a bright smile, she kissed Erica's cheeks. "Mrs. Benton, so good to see you. You're stunning. This must be Rupert's fiancée, right?" She turned to Annabel and stretched out her hand. "Hi, I'm Heather Norman. Nice to meet you, Annabel."

Heather was acting all noble and friendly. It would be impolite of Annabel to ignore her.

Seeing that Annabel didn't accept the handshake, Erica glared at her and said to Heather with a smile, "Don't mind her, Heather. She's just a country bumpkin, so she doesn't know etiquette." ①

"It's alright. By the way, I heard Annabel is very talented. There's a piano on the stage. How about we have a competition just to liven the mood here?" ①

Annabel's eyes narrowed as she stared at her. People assumed she was a pauper from the slums. From where did Heather get the information that she was talented?

It was crystal clear that Heather wanted to humiliate her. Without waiting for Annabel's answer, Heather went straight to the piano.

As a member of a reputable family and Rupert's childhood sweetheart, she easily attracted everyone's attention.

Heather skillfully played the piece that she was very familiar with. A tumult of clapping and praises broke out when she was done.

After descending the stage majestically, Heather said to Annabel, "I didn't put in my best. Your turn, Annabel. Let's see if you are good enough."

Heather's friends began to jeer.

"You were amazing up there, girl. Totally amazing!"

"What are you waiting for, Annabel? Go up there and show us what you've got! Or don't you know how to play the piano? Oh, no! It would be a slap in the face for Rupert if his fiancée can't play a simple musical instrument."

The guests around watched as Heather's friends urged Annabel on. Some of them already wrote her off by

shaking their heads in disappointment.

Erica noticed everything. She was embarrassed, causing her disgust for Annabel to quadruple. ②

Finally, Annabel said with a smile, "I'm not hesitating because I don't know how to play. It's just playing the piano here makes me feel like a busker. Anyway, if you insist."

She set down her wineglass and gracefully went up the stage.

She intentionally chose the same piece her opponent played. Heather wanted to humiliate her, but what she didn't know was that Annabel became a pro at playing the piano when she was just ten years old.

No one could humiliate her!

Soft melodious music soon filled the quiet banquet hall. Shortly after, some of the guests paired up and began to dance to the rhythm. The scene was beautiful and heavenly.

Some of the guests had great knowledge of the piano. Even those who didn't have much knowledge knew that Annabel's rendition was far better than Heather's.

Rupert, who was busy exchanging pleasantries, was stunned. He turned around and looked at who was playing the piano.

He saw that she was in a light blue dress, and her curly hair hung casually on her back and side profile. At this moment, her eyes were closed as she pressed the keys with her slender fingers. Her looks and mannerisms made her look angelic. ②

The guests who weren't dancing were held spellbound by the rendition.

The whole scene burst Heather's bubble. She froze as if she was a pillar of salt. Her face was so red that one would think she just got slapped hard.

Annabel could play the piano so well, even better than her! How was this even possible?

Annabel ended the rendition with a bang. During the thunderous round of applause, she came down gracefully.

"You are indeed talented, Annabel. Your skills are much better than mine." Despite the embarrassment and anger that Heather was feeling, she had to admit defeat.

What an insult! A countrywoman just defeated her—a classy woman from a wealthy background.

"You also played well, Heather," Annabel said perfunctorily.

At this moment, a middle-aged man in a well-ironed black suit began to approach them.

Annabel's eyes widened. She knew this man far too well.

He was Jayden Potter, her family's butler. Why was he here? Was her identity going to be exposed? ④

Jayden walked straight to them. He took a look at Annabel but didn't say anything to her. Instead, he turned to Rupert and Erica, and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Jayden Potter, the butler of the Hewitt family. Mr. Hewitt isn't feeling well, so he sent me to represent him. He sends his apologies and kind wishes." Erica stepped forward, shook his hand, and uttered in a hurry, "Is Mr. Hewitt okay?" ⑤

