

## Chapter 8 Heather's Lie

Erica and Jayden chatted with each other. It was common knowledge that Leonard and Bruce were very good friends. Back in the day, the Benton family and the Hewitt family dominated the business industry.

However, Leonard suddenly sold his company and retired from the business industry many years ago. He hadn't been in the news ever since. The only thing people heard was that he was traveling the world with his granddaughter.

Despite being off the radar, the Hewitt family was still one of the most reputable families in the country.

Jayden brought the gifts Leonard sent for the Bentons—a world-famous painting, and the deed to a land worth hundreds of millions in the southern part of the city... The list went on and on.

Leonard was generous. His gifts were often over the top. Annabel, who didn't like the Bentons, was unhappy that they got all these gifts from her family.

However, she was grateful that Jayden didn't come here to expose her real identity. She wanted to leave in three months. If the greedy Erica found out who she truly was,

she would refuse to let her go.

Perhaps Rupert would even fall in love with her after knowing she was rich.

Just as Annabel was lost in thought, Heather's friend asked, "The Hewitt family is so generous. That reminds me, Heather. You once met Leonard's granddaughter at a fashion show, didn't you?"

One of the greatest mysteries currently was the identity of Leonard's beloved granddaughter. There had been speculations about her. No outsider knew her name, let alone her looks.

"Oh, yeah! She's very beautiful and kind," Heather replied.

"I remember that she gave you her number. She also said that she will visit you when she comes to Douburgh," Heather's another friend commented.

"Wow! Heather, you are awesome!"

Annabel raised her eyebrows and stared at Heather with a look of disbelief.

Once she noticed her gaze, Heather frowned deeply.

"Why are you looking at me like that, Annabel?"

"Did you really meet Leonard's granddaughter?" asked Annabel.

"Uh-huh!" Heather nodded, folding her arms defensively.

"What? Are you envious of Heather? You might also be

surnamed Hewitt, but you are just some country bumpkin!" one of Heather's friends uttered condescendingly.

These words made Annabel smile but she said nothing. When Heather saw her smile, she became confused. Why was Annabel smiling? Did she know that her meeting the young heiress was just one big lie? But how would she know that? Perhaps she was just overthinking things.

As Heather tried to wade off her nerving thoughts, Annabel shook her head and walked away with a smirk.

Something didn't feel right. Heather was certain that there was no way Annabel saw through her lie, but she couldn't help feeling flustered for some reason. She became even more annoyed.

"She's too arrogant for a pauper," she muttered, glaring at Annabel's back.

In that moment of annoyance, an idea came to Heather's mind. Her lips curved up in a vicious smile.

Meanwhile, Annabel walked to a quiet corner with her wineglass and sat down.

She was massaging her forehead when she felt someone's gaze on her. She raised her head, only to meet Rupert's gaze.

Rupert hadn't been able to take his eyes off her since

Annabel played the piano.

He was thinking of why Annabel, a girl from the countryside, knew how to play the piano like a pro and also had the temperament of someone from a noble family. Something just didn't add up. He was lost in thought when he saw her staring back at him. He jolted back to reality and his heart skipped a beat. ①

The next second, he felt a pang of pain in his heart. Annabel just looked away as if he wasn't important. ②

His pain soon turned to anger. He frowned deeply. ③

As Annabel took a sip of the wine in a glass, she mumbled, "Why the hell is he staring at me?"

The only reason she could think of was that Rupert found it hard to believe that she was skilled at playing the piano. This wasn't so surprising to her. After all, he was so arrogant and narrow-minded. He must have been looking forward to seeing her fail, but she dashed his hopes. ④

So much for being a Benton! Annabel rolled her eyes indifferently.

She didn't give a damn about such a self-centered man. She said to herself, "Chill, Annabel. You will be outta here in three months."

Annabel sat alone for a long time. The night was far

spent. A few guests were already leaving one by one. She decided to leave, too. ①

She walked out and tried hailing a taxi. Suddenly, Rupert's annoyed voice came from behind. "Why are you leaving without telling me?" ②



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