

## Chapter 110 Love Is Blind

The mention of Rupert ignited the irritation Annabel was trying so hard to drown.

She slammed the glass on the table and said, "Can you not talk about him?"

"Oh, it seems I guessed right." Anika chuckled. "No offense but, you are being too hard on him. Judging by the things I heard about him while I was abroad, he's a good man. And I'm more convinced of it after seeing him today."

"What did you hear about him?" Annabel sucked her teeth at the thought of what Rupert said to her in the elevator.

"He's tall, handsome, rich, and powerful. If you ask me, you guys are a perfect match," Anika teased, pouring her another glass.

Annabel drank it up in one gulp and spat, "Tacky!"

"I disagree!" Anika coughed. "That wasn't what I thought when I saw you two at the press conference. You looked like a match made in

heaven. Don't tell me you have no feelings for him after living with him for weeks."

"Stop talking nonsense!" Annabel leaned back and took a deep breath. "I don't feel a thing for him, and I don't think it would ever happen. My grandfather insisted I come here to stay with him for three months. We have already agreed that the engagement will be called off once the time elapses."

Anika shrugged and said, "In that case, let's make a bet."

"On what?" Annabel inquired indifferently.

A mischievous smirk sat on Anika's face. "Let's bet on whether you and Rupert will break off the engagement. If you lose, you have to give me your handmade necklace. What do you say?"

Anika always wanted the necklace. Annabel was excellent at fashion designing, computer hacking, and she could even make necklaces like a pro.

This condition of hers only emphasized that she was convinced Rupert was the man for Annabel.

"You won't be getting the necklace from me, then!" Annabel smiled confidently. "Enough about me.



Tell me about you. Where's Jared?"

At the mention of Jared, Anika's eyes dimmed. She stared at the wine glass in her hand and said slowly, "He's currently volunteering in a rural school."

Annabel was taken by surprise. "What? That's so thoughtful of him! But is he going to give up your relationship?"

Jared Ortega was Anika's senior in college. He was a tall, handsome, and bright student. He was quite popular back then. 1

The first time Anika met him was during a debate contest. They had a heated argument. Afterward, they hit it off and began dating.

However, Anika's parents were against the relationship because Jared, who had lost his father when he was a child, was poor. Anika's family was wealthy and scholarly, so they wanted Anika to marry someone of the same class.

This caused a huge quarrel between Anika and her family. She went abroad alone just to get away from them. One day, she bumped into some hooligans who wanted to take advantage of her.

It was at this time Annabel appeared out of the blue and rescued her. From then on, they became good friends.

Anika became the manager when Annabel set up Leo Studio, making them friends and business partners.

Work was good for Anika, but she couldn't say the same for her relationship. She and Jared had maintained a lukewarm relationship over the years.

Annabel frowned, showing dissatisfaction. "If he loves you, he should follow you abroad and work hard just to prove your parents wrong. Why did he go to the rural area instead? It seems like he's not even putting up a fight for your love. I don't know what you love about him."

Anika sighed. "Haven't you heard that love is blind? Once you love somebody, you only want to think about them. It's hard to fall out of love."

Annabel was about to say something when a surprised voice interrupted her. "Hey, Annabel!"

She turned around and saw Marcel walking toward her.

"Look who we have here! Marcel!" Annabel smiled



at him.

Marcel was a regular in this bar. He came here to hang out with a few friends. He was excited to see Annabel.

"This beautiful lady must be Anika." Rubbing his palms together, Marcel flashed Anika a playboy smile. "I have heard a lot about you."

Annabel did the introduction. "Anika, meet Marcel. He's a popular actor."

"I know him. I have seen him on TV a few times." Anika shook his extended hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Marcel sat down without being invited. Then he pointed to the dance floor and suggested, "Ladies, how about we hit the dance floor? I came with some friends."

"No, I'll pass. You two can go ahead." Annabel rubbed her temples, feeling more tired than she was before.

Marcel wasted no time taking Anika to the dance floor. They stepped to the beat while Annabel sat in the corner alone.

Once Annabel's eyes fell on them, she couldn't

help but remember how Rupert had danced with Heather.

What was on Rupert's mind?

One moment, he suggested that she should give their relationship a try. And then he got entangled with Heather and they danced like a couple. Was he trying to date Heather while also stringing her along?

Utterly disgusted at the thought, Annabel gulped more than half of the wine straight from the bottle. She suddenly felt a little uneasy, so she went to the ladies' room.

The moment she got back, a man in a red shirt came and sat close to her.

He whistled. "Hello, beautiful! Why are you drinking alone? How about we hit the dance floor?"

After casting a sidelong glance at him, Annabel ignored him and took a few more shots. She almost choked.

"Ahem..." She coughed, feeling intense pain in her throat.

The man, who had been ogling at her, tried to help her stand up. "Baby, you are drunk. Let me take



you home."

"Fuck off!" Annabel shook off his hand in disgust.

"Oh, you are fierce! I like fierce women..." The man whistled again, having no intention to leave.

All he had in mind was having sex with this extraordinary beauty.

He licked his lips as he stared at Annabel's cleavage. "Money isn't a problem for me, girl. Just name your price."

Annabel was on the verge of losing it. "If you love your life, you'll leave now."

"Huh? Oh, baby! I like it rough. Just come with me. You can do whatever you want to me." The lustful man pulled her.

Annabel stepped on his foot with her heel. He yelped and let go of her immediately.

"Fuck!" The man caught Annabel's arm just as she was about to walk away. He tried to hug her forcefully. "You slut, I must fuck you tonight!"

Bang!

Annabel smashed a wine bottle in the man's head as soon as she got her hand on it.

Blood seeped out immediately.

"Ah! Bitch, how dare you!" The man held his bleeding head, taken aback by what just happened. His eyes turned bloodthirsty when he saw the blood on his hand. "Do you know who I am?"

"You can be the president, but I won't give a damn. If you don't want to die, you had better leave now. Get lost!" Annabel shouted, brandishing the broken bottle in her hand.