

Chapter 120 No. 1 Factory

It was getting late.

Annabel was busy packing in her room when she suddenly heard a cough by the door.

Raising her head, she found Rupert standing at the doorway. Leaning against the door frame, he was wearing a casual, white robe, which made him look less indifferent and alienating.

Seeing this, Annabel was stunned for a second.

Noticing that she was staring at him wordlessly, Rupert cracked a smile. "Am I that good-looking?"

"Rupert, how long have you been standing there?" Blushing slightly, Annabel came to her senses and ignored his question.

Rupert straightened up and walked in. "Are you done packing?"

"Almost." Annabel nodded, gesturing at her luggage.

Truth be told, there wasn't much that she needed to pack. She just needed to bring a few daily necessities.

"Remember to get up early tomorrow," Rupert said.

"Okay."

Just then, Rupert's phone rang.

Glancing at the caller ID, he found that it was Judson calling, the director of the branch factory in France.

Rupert answered the phone briskly. "Judson, what's up?"

"Mr. Benton, we've found out that the defective jewelry was produced in No. 1 factory," Judson's voice came from the other end of the line.

Rupert's expression darkened. "So, the problem is within No. 1 factory?"

"Yes. I've already sent someone to look into it. The results should be available by tomorrow."

"Okay," Rupert said in a dangerously low voice.

After he hung up, Annabel asked, "What was that about?"

"It was the French branch that called." Rupert narrowed his eyes and frowned. "There's something wrong with No. 1 factory."

"Well, now that we know which factory it was exactly, it should be easy to investigate," Annabel mused.

"I disagree." Rupert's expression darkened. "Whoever is behind this is by no means simple."

"That's true." Annabel nodded in agreement.

Indeed, what had happened recently was strange. It was as if there was an invisible hand controlling everything.

At present, they still didn't know who their enemies were. The situation was very disadvantageous to Benton Group.

"Anyway, let's talk about it when we arrive in France tomorrow."

Rupert's expression softened. Seeing that Annabel was still frowning, he patted her on the shoulder and said gently, "Get some rest."

"Okay. Good night!" Annabel finally cracked a small smile.

However, that night, she tossed and turned in bed restlessly.

The following morning, Annabel got up early and washed up quickly. As soon as she stepped out of her room, she heard the doorbell ringing.

Who would come here so early in the morning?

When Rupert opened the door, he found Erica and Cathy standing outside.

"Mom, what're you doing here?" Rupert frowned in confusion.

"What's wrong? You don't want to see me?" Erica asked coldly. She was wearing a vibrant orange dress, which made her look youthful.

Without waiting for Rupert's answer, Erica walked past him and walked straight to the living room. Cathy followed her.

"Rupert, don't you take me seriously?" Erica looked at Rupert with dissatisfaction. "Did you even read the joint letter from the board of directors?"

Joint letter?

As Annabel was making her way down the stairs, she overheard Erica's disgruntled words. Immediately, her curiosity was piqued.

"I'm dealing with it," Rupert answered flatly.

"Dealing with it? How? We asked you to fire Annabel. Why haven't you fired her?" Erica raised her voice. "Do you want Benton Group to go bankrupt?"


The corner of Annabel's mouth twitched. The board of directors wanted to fire her?

But why?

Rupert looked at his mother gloomily. Then, glancing at his watch, he said coldly, "This has nothing to do with Annabel. I'm going to France in a while. I don't have the time for this."

Once again, he was driving his own mother out. Erica's expression darkened. As soon as she saw Annabel coming downstairs with her luggage, she asked coldly, "Is she going with you?"

"Yes, I am." With her luggage in tow, Annabel walked up to Rupert and held his arm. "Why can't I go with Rupert?"

Seeing the unpleasant scene in front of her, Cathy bit her lip and said, "Rupert, let me go with you." 

"No!" Rupert refused without hesitation.

"Rupert, I'm not joking! I also want to help, you know?" Cathy said anxiously.

Erica agreed. "Cathy's right. She'll go with you."

Cathy wanted to help?

Annabel highly doubted that.

Thinking about what Cathy had done to Rupert that night he got drunk, Annabel smiled sarcastically. "I'm afraid she'll be more of an obstacle. What can she do to help?"

"What's that supposed to mean, Annabel?" Cathy asked sourly, though she secretly felt embarrassed. When she was about to say something more, she was silenced by Rupert's cold voice.

"Enough!" Impatient, Rupert pushed Cathy away. "You just need to focus on your studies. You don't need to worry about Benton Group."

Unconvinced, Cathy retorted, "How come Annabel gets to go with you but I can't?"

"It was Grandpa's idea. Ask him why you can't go." Rupert didn't want to argue with them anymore, so he mentioned Bruce.

Biting her lower lip, Cathy looked to Erica for help. "Aunt..."

Erica suddenly stood up and shot Rupert an angry look. "Fine. Since this is your grandfather's idea, I won't say anything more. But know this: if the company continues to suffer

losses because of Annabel, I won't let her go!"

"Mom, just take Cathy home." Rupert asked them to leave flatly.


Exasperated, Erica left with Cathy in a huff.

"Auntie, Rupert doesn't respect you at all. He wasn't like this before. It's all Annabel's fault!" Cathy grumbled, adding more fuel to the fire. "I don't know what Rupert sees in her. He's so obsessed with her that he doesn't care for his family anymore. If he marries her, what'll happen to us?"

Erica sneered unhappily. "Cathy, don't worry. I won't let Rupert marry that woman." 

While watching them leave, Annabel felt a little uneasy.

Over the past month, she had worked hard for the interests of Benton Group, but Erica and the rest of the board of directors wanted to fire her.

It was so disappointing! 

With a cold look in her eyes, Annabel glanced at Rupert and said calmly, "Don't worry. I'll be leaving in two months. Then your mom will stop making things so difficult for you." 