


## Chapter 155 The Proposal

The overbearing kiss made Annabel blush.

Rupert's hot breath intertwined with hers. His warm lips sucked on hers. The more he kissed her, the more out of breath she was.

Gradually, the temperature in the living room rose.

Her vision grew blurred.


In a trance, she heard Rupert's deep, hoarse voice saying, "Annabel, marry me." 


Marry?

Annabel sobered up at once. "What're you talking about?"

Their eyes met. His were full of affection, while hers were full of confusion. "I said, marry me!"

Annabel fell silent.

It was true that she had agreed to spend the rest of her life with Rupert, but she had never thought of getting married so soon. 

After all, they had only known each other for a month. Although they had gone through near-death experiences together, it felt like things were moving too fast. 

Besides, she still had so many things she wanted to do. How could she get married so early?

"Rupert, you're drunk. Don't talk nonsense," Annabel muttered, covering his mouth with her hand to stop him from continuing.

Rupert chuckled, but he didn't say anything more.

The following day, Annabel woke up to a hearty breakfast. It turned out

that Rupert had gotten up early to prepare it for her.

"Well, what do you think?" Rupert pulled out a chair for her.

Looking at the spread of delicious-looking food in front of her, Annabel felt warm in her heart. "Did you cook all of these?"

"Yes," Rupert answered lightly, but his eyes were beaming with pride. "If you like, I'll cook for you every day."

Annabel's heart skipped a beat.

It turned out that even a proud man like Rupert could humble himself in front of the woman he loved.

Maybe marrying him wouldn't be so bad.

"What're you thinking about?" Rupert waved his hand in front of the absent-minded Annabel.

Startled, Annabel came back to her senses and shook her head dismissively. "Oh, nothing. There's so much food. I was just thinking about which one I should eat first."

"Try the omelet—your favorite." Rupert put the plate of omelet before her. "Have you considered my proposal?"

Annabel's hand paused mid-air. "Was that a proposal?"

Rupert raised his eyebrows and shrugged. "You can say that."

"How could you propose like that? It wasn't romantic at all!" Annabel complained. "Besides, we just met! It's too early to talk about marriage."

Not romantic?


Out of everything she said just now, Rupert only paid attention to these two words.

Indeed, his proposal was a bit informal, but it was because he had no experience in romance.

Rupert decided to drop the subject for now. Sighing in relief, Annabel focused on enjoying the delicious breakfast.

These two words plagued Rupert all day. He was even absent-minded during his meeting with the company's senior executives.

When the meeting ended, Finley followed him to the CEO's office. "Mr. Benton, is something wrong?"

Rupert sat at his desk and crossed his legs. All of a sudden, he asked abruptly, "Do all women like romance?" 

Finley was stunned. This whole time, he thought that his boss was preoccupied because he was worried about Bruce's health. He wasn't expecting Rupert to ask such a question.

"I suppose so." Finley just nodded in the end.


Pursing his lips, Rupert glanced at Finley and asked, "How does one make a proposal romantic?"

Proposal?


For the second time today, Finley was stunned. Then, it dawned on him.

Rupert was going to propose to Annabel.

But what did Finley know about romantic proposals?

He couldn't help but complain, "Mr. Benton, I'm single. Don't come to me for that kind of thing!" 

"Then leave me alone." Rupert loosened his tie impatiently.

It seemed that he had to come up with a solution by himself. 

Two days later, after a busy day at work, Annabel was packing her things and preparing to leave the office. Just then, her phone rang. It was Rupert calling.

"Are you done with work? Let's go home together." Rupert's voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"Okay," Annabel answered without thinking too much.

As soon as she went to the basement parking, she found Rupert waiting

there, leaning against his car with his hands in his trouser pockets. Under the dim light, he looked handsome and elegant.

"Annabel." Seeing her approach, Rupert straightened up and walked to her.

"Let's go," Annabel said with a smile.

The two headed to the car and took off. However, as she watched the passing scenery, Annabel soon realized that Rupert wasn't passing by their usual route to Water Moon Community.

Confused, she asked, "Aren't we going home?"

Rupert smiled. "I'm taking you somewhere first."

"Where?" Annabel was curious.

"You'll see," Rupert answered cryptically, glancing at her affectionately.

He was so mysterious. Well, if he refused to tell her, there was nothing she could do about it.

Annabel didn't ask any more questions. She knew she just had to wait.

About half an hour later, the car pulled to a stop. "We're here."

Annabel looked at their surroundings and found that Rupert had taken her to the seaside.

The crystal blue sea was calm at the moment. The cold sea breeze blew past her face, rippling through her beautiful hair, making her feel inexplicably relaxed.

But why'd he bring her here?

"Rupert, why'd you take me here?" Annabel asked in confusion.

"This is my yacht." Wearing a faint smile, Rupert pointed at a yacht that was docked nearby. 🚢

Annabel was speechless. It was getting late. Did he want to take her out to the sea at this hour?

To be honest, Annabel had grown wary of the sea ever since the jet crash incident.

But before she could protest, Rupert took her hand and boarded the yacht, dragging her along.

"Come with me. I've prepared a candlelit dinner." Rupert led her towards the dining room.

As soon as they stepped foot inside the dining room, she found that the wall was covered in colorful paper cranes.

"What's with the paper cranes?" Annabel pointed at the wall in confusion.

Without answering, Rupert led her to the dining table at the center of the room. It was exquisitely decorated, with vintage cutlery and fresh flowers.

At the center of the table was a pair of lifelike paper cranes.

Rupert handed the red one to Annabel and said softly, "This one's for you. Do you like it?"

"Don't tell me you made these." Still confused, Annabel took the paper crane and took a closer look.

On the wings of the crane, there were three words written in gold. "Annabel, marry me!"

The handwriting was vigorous and powerful. Annabel could recognize it at a glance. It was Rupert's.

What on earth did this man want to do?