

Chapter 95 Annabel And Candy

Rupert fell silent.

He opened the bedside table drawer, selected a cigar, and then lit it with a lighter.

As he sat and smoked, a cloud of smoke gathered around him. His expression was cold, and there was a touch of sadness in his frown.

He continued to smoke until the cigar was entirely spent. "Candy... She was with me when I was kidnapped as a child."

Kidnapped?

Annabel frowned.

If she remembered correctly, Rupert had mentioned kidnapping several times before.

"Annabel, have you ever been kidnapped?"

At the time, Annabel had thought the questions were strange and rude. But now, she wondered if he thought as Candy or a substitute for Candy.

Rupert's expression turned dark as he remembered

what had happened when he was young. "The kidnappers wanted me, and Candy was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. We were locked up in a cabin somewhere. We spent a few days in the dark together." 1

"How did you escape?" Annabel asked in a voice that was deep with emotion.

For some reason, she wanted to know what Rupert and Candy shared. 2

Rupert's handsome face crumpled as he answered, "Candy fell off a cliff to save me."

He didn't want to recall the past. It was too painful. He had been powerless to save Candy. All he could do was watch as she disappeared into the abyss.

Candy was never heard from again, but he hadn't given up hope that she had survived.

He had been looking for her ever since but found nothing.

Annabel fell silent.

Rupert's past with Candy was more tragic than she had imagined.

Candy had fallen off a cliff to save him. Maybe she

was dead.

No wonder Rupert couldn't forget her.

"Do I look like Candy?" Annabel suddenly asked.

Rupert was stunned.

Back then, Candy was just a little girl. Moreover, they were trapped in darkness. His memory of what she looked like as a child was vague.

What he remembered about Candy was the warm feeling she gave him. That was unforgettable.

When he and Annabel were alone, it seemed like Annabel was Candy, but not because there was a physical resemblance.

It was because Annabel had the same faint fragrance and gave him the same warm feeling.

"You are similar," Rupert admitted.

Annabel felt inexplicably uncomfortable.

She finally understood why Rupert had taken such drastic action to protect her in the past, like when he stepped in front of a knife for her, or when he did his best to help her when she was framed by Nina.

Just now, he asked, "Don't you think we should try to work on our relationship?"

It was all because she looked like Candy.

Annabel took some deep breaths and thought hard about her situation. She looked at the man beside her and said coldly, "Rupert, listen, I'm Annabel. I'm my own person. There is only one of me in the world. I'm not a replacement for Candy. My future husband must love me wholeheartedly. I won't marry someone who sees me as a substitute. So, it's impossible for us to be together."

Annabel grabbed the blanket off the bed as she got up and went straight to the sofa to lay down.

The firmness of her tone echoed in Rupert's ears. As he watched her march to the sofa without hesitation, he considered the complex emotions he had for her.

He didn't know whether or not it was because of Candy that he fell in love with Annabel.

But he did know for certain that at this moment, his heart belonged to Annabel.

It was late at night.

Annabel tossed and turned on the sofa, unable to stop thinking about the last month with Rupert.

He truly was an exceptional man, just as her grandfather had promised. He was talented,

handsome, capable and respectable. He was considered the most powerful man in the city.

However, his heart already belonged to his childhood love, Candy.

Annabel was always a perfectionist, especially when it came to love.

She would never be someone's substitute.

Rupert would always love Candy more; therefore, they couldn't be together.

Both Annabel and Rupert had a sleepless night.

Dawn broke, and Annabel rose from the sofa with dark circles around her eyes. Rupert's handsome face also showed signs of his sleepless night.

Bruce was in a good mood this morning and noticed that both looked tired when he opened the door for them.

"None of the dishes went to waste," Bruce murmured.

"You should control yourselves," Bruce said with an ambiguous smile.

Annabel was speechless.

What was on Bruce's mind?

When Annabel arrived at the company, she was

still thinking about the story about Rupert and Candy.

If Candy was the woman Rupert loved, Annabel would help him find her.

She sent a message to Anthony. "Help me investigate someone."

Anthony replied quickly, "Who?"

"A girl who was kidnapped with Rupert ten years ago. Her nickname is Candy."

"Ten years ago? Don't you have any other information? Anything else?"

Annabel replied, "That's all I know. Get back to me as soon as possible."

Anthony was helpless. "Okay."

Annabel was very satisfied with Anthony's ability. In the past, he had always been quick to complete any task she assigned him.

But this time, Anthony didn't reply for a long time.

Annabel waited until it was late at night before calling him. "How is it going with the thing I asked you to investigate?"

"I can't find anything."

Annabel was stunned.

Nothing could be found?

How could was that possible? 1

Anthony was one of the best. How could he not have found anything?

"I'm sorry, Ada. I tried my best, but... I really can't find anything." There were traces of guilt and self-doubt in his voice. "Maybe it's because I'm not skilled enough. Ada, maybe you should try..."

"Okay, I see."

Annabel hung up the phone and frowned.

What kind of girl was Candy?

What happened that day, and where was she now?

Most of all, why couldn't Anthony find any information about her?