

Chapter 134 I Don't Want to See You Again

As soon as Annabel entered the room, she shook off Rupert's hand and asked, "Why did Heather come to visit you at this late hour?"

"Didn't you see everything?" Rupert asked with a chuckle.

"She wanted to discuss the cooperation plan with you in the middle of the night?" Her voice dripped with jealousy for some reason.

Everyone knew that Heather adored Rupert.

Although Rupert hadn't paid any attention to Heather just now, Annabel still felt a little uneasy when she saw how Heather spared no effort to flirt with him.

"Annabel, are you jealous?" Rupert elegantly took a seat on the sofa and pierced her with his gaze, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Why should I be jealous?" Annabel angrily tossed the suit she was holding at him. "Here you go."

Then she began walking out without sparing a backward glance.

A large arm wrapped around her waist the next second.

Rupert applied a little force to his arm. Annabel was caught off guard and lost her balance, falling into his arms.

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Her head bounced off his chest and she scoffed, "Let go of me."

As Annabel's familiar subtle fragrance tickled Rupert's nose, he inhaled deeply. It was the greatest aphrodisiac for him.

He tightened his arms around her waist and pressed her body to his.

Surrounded by his pheromones, Annabel suddenly stiffened.

She took a deep breath, frowned, and muttered, "Rupert, what are you doing? Ah!"

His kiss swallowed her words before she could finish voicing her protest.

Rupert's eyes were ablaze with desire. He kissed Annabel without hesitation.

Annabel squirmed, but her movements seemed to further arouse his desire to conquer.

He kissed her passionately and affectionately. Gradually, his affection overwhelmed her and she stopped struggling.

The participation of the woman in his arms surprised him, making him want more.

A manic sensation gradually grew with the all-consuming kiss.

The temperature in the room rose steadily.

The woman in his arms was so soft and attractive and gradually morphed into the girl in his memory. In a gruff voice, Rupert gasped, "Candy..."

Candy?

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Annabel instantly came to her senses when she heard this name. She shoved him away and slapped him hard across the face.

The temperature in the room abruptly plunged.

Her cheerful mood from the day vanished. Her chest heaved violently, and her gorgeous face bore an icy expression. "Rupert, don't cross your limit!"

The pain radiating on Rupert's face made him scowl.

"Right from the start, you have only viewed me as a substitute for Candy." Annabel got to her feet, cold fury clear on her face. "Everything you said on the Ferris wheel today was fake. Candy is the person you love, and she is the woman you want to spend the rest of your life with. But you can't find her right now, so you've substituted her with me. Rupert, I don't want to be a replacement. You wanted my answer, right? Let me give it to you now. My answer is..."

Before she could say the word "no," Rupert hurriedly interrupted, "Annabel, it's not like that."

"Not like that? Then how is it?" Her lips quirked up into a sarcastic smile.

She was not a fool. Rupert blurted out Candy's name in the romantic moment just now, which proved everything.

Rupert's Adam's apple bobbed. He didn't know how to explain it.

Annabel reminded him so much of Candy that he felt Candy was the one present, which was why he said her name.

But Annabel's impression was that he thought of her as