Chapter 33 Misunderstanding

At first, Rupert just wanted to punish Annabel. But her lips were so soft and sweet, and they seemed to have a magical effect on him, making him deeply addicted to them.

This feeling was so strong that he couldn't help but deepen the kiss.

The sudden kiss made Annabel feel shy and angry. Rupert was so bossy that he pried her lips and teeth open with his tongue. Then he slid it into her mouth and kept kissing her passionately.

Annabel could hardly breathe. Her heart was pounding. She wanted to push Rupert away, but he was pressing her hands to the door.

The temperature in the restroom continued to rise.

All of a sudden, Annabel bit down hard on his lip. The smell of blood hit her nostrils almost immediately.

Feeling the pain of the bite, Rupert quickly let go of her. Finally, she could breathe.

Annabel took a few deep breaths to calm herself down. She patted her burning face and gritted her teeth, glaring at the man in front of her. "Rupert, you're a bastard!"

Rupert's face darkened and he stared at Annabel intently.

Did this woman hate him so much? ⓘ

She even bit him!

Thinking of when Annabel sang to Marcel just minutes ago, Rupert couldn't help but imagine a scene where the two acted intimately. Instantly, his handsome face became hard and cold.

He wiped the blood off his lips and said with a growl, "Marcel is not suitable for you."

"What?" Annabel was irritated. She only saw Marcel like a brother, nothing else.

It seemed Rupert misunderstood the relationship between her and Marcel.

But so what? What was the relationship between her and Rupert anyway? He had no right to interfere.

"It's none of your business!" With one last fiery glare, Annabel opened the door and left.

It was enough!

She didn't want to be with such a dangerous man as Rupert for even one moment.

Looking at Annabel's retreating figure, Rupert frowned slightly.

He didn't know why he couldn't control his emotions in front of Annabel. ⓘ

It was certainly not a good feeling.

After being forcefully kissed by Rupert, Annabel was not in the mood to talk to Marcel and his friends anymore. She called him on the phone and said to him, "I'm leaving."

"Annabel, what happened? Are you okay?" Marcel asked in concern, surprised at the unusual tone of her voice.

"Nothing. I just feel a little uncomfortable," Annabel said, swiftly coming up with an excuse.

Marcel stood up in a hurry and asked, "Annabel, where are you? I'll take you back."

"No, thanks," Annabel refused.

But Marcel was determined to take her home. He took the elevator to the first floor and waited for her at the gate.

When Annabel reached the gate, she was surprised to see Marcel waiting for her.

"Annabel, are you okay?" Marcel asked, hurrying forward to meet her.

Annabel smiled. "I'm fine. Why are you here?"

"I want to take you home," Marcel insisted.

Seeing that she could not change his mind, Annabel nodded and said, "Okay."

"Wait a minute. Let me drive the car over," Marcel said in his gentlemanly manner.

"Okay."

Five minutes later, Marcel drove his Maserati to the gate and stopped in front of Annabel.

"Come on, get in," Marcel said, opening the door for her.

"Thanks," Annabel said with a smile as she settled down in the passenger seat.

Meanwhile, Rupert went back to his private box. His client was waiting patiently for him. "Mr. Benton, you're back."

Rupert's face remained dark as the scenes at the restroom kept flashing through his mind.

That kiss had him intoxicated.

But Annabel's rejection made him very unhappy.

Thinking of the scene where Annabel left angrily, Rupert became very worried about her.

It was so late. Would she be in danger again?

"I have to leave now," Rupert said suddenly and got up again. Without another word, he left the box, leaving his client in shock.

When Rupert arrived at the gate, he was just in time to see Annabel getting into Marcel's car.

He saw the two of them talking and laughing, and the smile on Annabel's face was different from the way she looked at him minutes ago at the restroom.

Marcel stepped on the gas and drove away.

Rupert's expression became even scarier.

"Mr. Benton, are you okay?" Rupert's client asked in concern when he came out and saw Rupert standing at the gate.

Rupert gave him a cold glance and said, "Let's go back and drink."

Marcel took Annabel back to the Benton family's house and dropped her off. "Thank you," she said gratefully.

"Don't mention it." Annabel was his idol. Marcel would do anything for her.

When she got to her room, Annabel quickly washed herself in the bathroom and lay down to rest.

The scenes at the bar's restroom suddenly began to replay in her mind.

The unexpected kiss from Rupert couldn't be expelled from her thoughts. ①

She tossed and turned in bed until midnight.

"Rupert, you bastard!" Annabel cursed for the umpteenth time.

She felt that it was all his fault that she couldn't fall asleep.

It was the first time that she had suffered from insomnia.

Pursing her dry lips, Annabel stood up and went to get

some water, but she found that there was no water in the room.

She would have to go downstairs to the kitchen to get some water.

But as she went down the stairs, she suddenly heard footsteps.

Annabel became alert immediately.

It was late at night. Could it be a thief moving around in the house?

Annabel tiptoed and hid behind the nearest door. If it was really a thief, she would have to find a way to remain hidden.

Just then, the front door was suddenly opened and a tall figure staggered in, reeking of alcohol.

It was none other than Rupert!

With a sigh of relief, Annabel came out of her hiding place and headed towards the kitchen, but all of a sudden, a strong hand grabbed her.

"Rupert, what are you doing?" Annabel screamed. She lost her balance and fell.

Coincidentally, Rupert fell before she did.

He groaned as Annabel fell right on top of him.

What was worse, her lips landed on his and she could perceive the strong smell of alcohol from him.

Annabel quickly stood up and frowned.

What happened to Rupert? Was he drunk? But why did he drink so much?

Annabel looked down at the figure lying on the floor and decided to ignore him.

"Candy..." he murmured.

When Annabel turned around and tried to walk away, Rupert grabbed her. "Don't leave me, Candy," he said in a low and hoarse voice with so much sadness in it.

Candy?

Who the hell was that?

Annabel was totally confused. Candy was certainly a female name.

Was that the name of the girl that Rupert loved?

Did he think she was that girl?

"Rupert, let go of me," Annabel scolded when he tried to pull her down on top of him again.