

Chapter 24 You Are Not My Type

Annabel had been so engrossed in applying the ointment that she didn't notice his presence. Here he was standing in a white bathrobe with part of his broad chest visible. The collision made his chin hurt, so his face was a little knitted. Droplets of water fell from the tip of his hair. His eyebrows and eyelashes were also wet.

Annabel took in his appearance for an indeterminate amount of time. She had to admit that he was very good-looking.

"Have you feasted your eyes enough?" Rupert asked with a smug smile, jarring her from her world of fantasy.

"When did you get here? You scared the shit out of me. Stop tiptoeing like a thief. And get dressed immediately!" Annabel rubbed her head and looked away shyly.

Rupert chuckled and buttoned up the bathrobe. Rubbing his chin, he uttered teasingly, "My chin hurts because you bumped into me. What are you going to do about this?"

She bumped into him, but she complained instead of apologizing.

"I...I'm going to take a shower." Annabel was a little

flustered under his intense gaze. She grabbed clean clothes and rushed into the bathroom.

She muttered to herself, "Why did he come out dressed like that? Oh, God. Why am I sweating all of a sudden?"

Staring at Annabel as she ran away from him, Rupert couldn't help but wonder if he was scary.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Annabel was still showering when she suddenly heard a series of knocks on the bathroom door.

"Who is there?" Her heart skipped a bit as she rinsed the lather off her face.

Who could be knocking? Was it Rupert? He was the only one in the room.

What did he want?

Sure enough, Rupert's attractive voice came from the other side. "It's me."

Annabel put up her guard immediately. "What do you want? Can't you tell I'm still taking a shower? Go away!"

"You dropped something," Rupert said in a low and hoarse voice.

"What's that?" Annabel turned off the shower and wrapped herself in a short bath towel.

She thought Rupert was lying.

She didn't think she had dropped something. Even if she



had, couldn't he wait until she finished having her shower?

This man was up to something!

He always behaved decently. But could it be that he was actually a peeping Tom?

At the thought of this, Annabel made up her mind to fight Rupert off with all her strength if he dared to make any sexual advances at her.

"You should have a look at it yourself." A smile tugged at the corners of Rupert's mouth as he took a look at the item in his hand.

Annabel was confused. She checked the pile of clothes she had brought into the bathroom.

To her dismay, her clean underwear was missing.

It must have fallen outside when she was in a hurry.

Was that what Rupert was holding?

This was so embarrassing.

Annabel pulled her hair as she grew anxious. Her face turned red. After much hesitation, she tiptoed to the door, opened it a little, and stuck her head out to say, "I dropped it by accident. Hand it over."

The orange light shone on her face. Her smooth and tender skin was glittering with droplets of water. It was slightly red.



Rupert couldn't help gawking at her. His lips curled up in a big smile. He held out the underwear and said softly, "Be careful. Don't drop it again."

"Thank you!" Annabel snatched it, and her hand brushed his briefly.

The electrifying heat from his hand made her cheeks burn. Seeing that he smiled more brightly, she shut the door in his face.

She could hear her heart beating fast.

Gosh! What was wrong with her? This was so embarrassing!

For the first time, Annabel regretted agreeing to come to this household just to please her grandfather. It dawned on her that she was asking for trouble.

Annabel took a few deep breaths to dispel the inexplicable tension in her heart.

After taking a shower, she walked out of the bathroom to find Rupert sitting on the sofa.

He had his legs crossed leisurely with a financial magazine in his hands. His handsome eyes were narrowed and fixed on the magazine.

"I'm going to bed." Annabel walked to him. The moment she finished speaking, she regretted it. Her words were ambiguous.

"Oh? Is that an invitation?" Rupert raised his head and asked in a charming voice.

What?

How was that an invitation?

Annabel only said that because she was so tired and wanted to sleep immediately.

How could he twist her words to mean something else?

His mind was so corrupt!

"Rupert Benton!" Annabel put on a serious face. "Stop being narcissistic. We are only together because of our grandfathers. All these will be over in three months. Behave yourself!"

He being was narcissistic?

Never had any woman said such to Rupert before.

A cold glint suddenly took the place of the warmness in his eyes. He eyed her from head to toe and uttered, "Don't flatter yourself. You don't even have a good figure. If I want to sleep with someone, it won't be you. You are not my type. I like my women curvy, sophisticated, and nice!"

Did he just say that she had a bad figure?

Annabel couldn't believe her ears. She had a good curvaceous figure that turned heads!

"You also don't have a good figure! None one in your

family has a good figure. You are all ugly, too!" Annabel fired back, rolling her eyes at him. ②

She could be likened to a rabbit whose carrot was just stolen. Rupert looked away and said, "I don't have time for this. I'm going to the study."

He sprang to his feet and left without a backward glance.

However, he couldn't get Annabel out of his mind. ③

She was beautiful, smart, confident, and neither humble nor pushy. She was his spec!

But unfortunately, she was not the one he was looking for.

The incident that happened to him when he was thirteen years old replayed in his head.

"Rupert, your hand is injured. Let me bind it up for you."

A girl in a ponytail, who was a few years younger than him, held out a handkerchief. She carefully bound up his wound and made a beautiful bowknot.

"Does it hurt?" The girl raised her head, revealing her beautiful big eyes. ④

Rupert wrapped his arms around her and said firmly, "No, it doesn't. Don't be afraid, Candy. Help will come soon. I'm sure of that." ⑤

As soon as Rupert jolted back to reality, he opened the drawer and took out a faded handkerchief. He stared at it

for a long time.

Where was Candy now? Was she living a good life?

The following morning, Annabel woke up to find that she was all alone in the room. The other side of the bed was cold. ③

Did Rupert stay in the study all night?

Annabel rubbed her temples and wondered if she had misjudged him.

A powerful and handsome man like him had many admirers. Annabel was known to be a country girl. How would he take a fancy to her when he had better options?

Annabel was delighted to know that he didn't want her. She didn't want anything to complicate matters.

The lack of love was the perfect excuse she could give her grandfather. ②

At the thought of this, Annabel hummed a song happily as she left for work. ①

She had barely sat at her desk for a few minutes when Nina sent for her.

"What can I do for you?" Annabel looked at Nina indifferently. She'd had it up to here with this woman's constant troubles.

She wondered what Nina had up her sleeves this time around. ③