

Chapter 84 You Are Jealous

Rupert stepped forward and placed his hands on the wall on either side of Annabel's head, trapping her between them. He pursed his lips slightly and said icily, "Annabel, you're my fiancée. How dare you date another man in front of me?"

Rupert's glacial expression chilled the atmosphere in the restaurant.

Gazing into the angry eyes of the man in front of her, Annabel fearlessly shot back, "Well, you can spend a romantic night with Heather. Why can't I have dinner with Rory?"

As Annabel's mind flashed back to the phone call last night and Heather's smug voice, she felt uncomfortable.

When Rupert heard this, he was nonplussed for a moment.

Spend a romantic night with Heather?

What was she talking about?

"How do you know I was with Heather last night?"

Rupert asked with intense eyes.

Annabel glared at him and said, "If you don't want people to know about it, you shouldn't do it in the first place. It's none of your business how I found out!"

Rupert looked down at her. She was watching him with a pair of gorgeous eyes. Her stunning face was filled with jealousy, like a wife who was furious and jealous after catching her husband cheating on her with another woman.

Rupert's lips quirked up into a small smile and he deliberately paused for several seconds before saying, "Annabel, you're jealous, aren't you?"


Although he asked a question, his tone was certain.

Jealous?

That was hilarious!

Why would she be jealous?

Rupert wasn't someone close to her.

"No." Annabel glowered at him. "Rupert, who are you to me? Why should I be jealous? Your being with Heather is not my concern. You can have as many women as you want." 

Seeing Annabel pissed off put Rupert in a good mood.

His gaze zeroed in on her chattering lips. Suddenly, he leaned forward and kissed her, stopping her from saying anything else.

"Mm..." Annabel felt Rupert's warm lips, which made her heart race.

It felt as if a strong current hit her at this moment. Her face flushed and she couldn't even gulp in a breath of air.

Annabel instinctively struggled to push him away, but Rupert pinned her to the wall, effectively trapping her.

"Don't move," Rupert mumbled in a hoarse voice. A strong passion lit his bottomless eyes.

He parted her lips and teeth with his tongue, sweeping it into her mouth.

Her heart was pounding and her brain stopped working. For some reason, she stopped struggling.

Rupert's and Annabel's breaths were intertwined. His kiss was like a violent storm—domineering, passionate, and affectionate.

The temperature in the restaurant continued to

climb, and a romantic vibe was in the air.

After a long time, when Annabel thought she would pass out from a lack of oxygen, Rupert finally ended the overbearing and lingering kiss.

"Rupert! You jerk!" Annabel returned to the present and glared at him, feeling shy and furious at the same time.

What was she doing just now? Why didn't she push him away?

Rupert smiled brightly, leaned closer to her ear, and said, "I didn't do anything with Heather. Yesterday was my father's death anniversary. I went to the cemetery to pray to him and accidentally got drunk. Heather took me to her place. That's all. Nothing happened between us."

Annabel was a little taken aback.

Was Rupert giving her an explanation?

When Annabel came back to her senses, she scoffed and said, "I'm not interested in knowing if you did anything with Heather."

Noting how Annabel resembled a jealous woman, Rupert raised his eyebrows, grabbed her hand, and sat back at the table. "Let's eat," he said lightly.

To Annabel's surprise, he called the waiter. "Please get me a steak."

"Didn't you comment that the food here is not good?" Annabel asked crossly.

Holding a knife and fork in his slender hands, Rupert elegantly took a bite of his steak. "Have you ever heard that people are cheerful at happy events? When I'm in a good mood, I feel that everything else is also good."

Annabel asked, "Happy event?"

Was kissing her forcefully a happy event?

Annabel glared at him, and her stomach rumbled loudly.

With a knowing smile, Rupert said, "Just eat. Don't starve yourself."

Annabel swallowed, brought her plate of steak closer to her, and began wolfing it down.

There was no need for her to stay hungry.

"By the way, what was wrong with Nina today? Why did she create trouble for you again?" Rupert stared at Annabel.

Nina wanted to push Annabel into the lake, but

she herself ended up drowning and was still unconscious.

However, thanks to Cathy's and Anakin's testimony, Annabel would still face trouble.

The topmost priority right now was to find evidence of Nina's plot. Once they got that, this matter would be easily resolved.

Annabel sneered, "It's all because of you. Don't you know that Nina loves you?"

Rupert chuckled. She was jealous again. ³

"What are you laughing at?" Annabel paused and scowled.

The man was up to no good.

"Nothing." With a small smile playing on his lips, Rupert glanced at Annabel. She looked so adorable when she was jealous.

Noticing that Annabel finished her steak quickly, Rupert extended his hand and transferred the steak he had just cut from his plate to Annabel's. "Try mine."

The restaurant felt quite warm for some reason.

Just then, Rupert's phone rang. Finley was calling.

"What's the matter?" Rupert answered the call.

"Mr. Benton, our men located Kabir," Finley reported respectfully.

Rupert nodded and asked, "Have you discovered who ordered him?"

"No. He passed away in a car crash the day after we found him." Finley's voice held a twinge of regret. They had been so close to discovering who was behind the accident in the studio.

Unfortunately, all their efforts were wasted.

"Dead?" Rupert's eyes narrowed. "Keep investigating."

"Yes."

When Rupert disconnected the call, Annabel asked, "What's wrong?"


Rupert replied, "Finley's men tracked down Kabir, but the latter died in a car accident."

"What? Dead?" Annabel was quite bewildered.

How could such a coincidence happen that Kabir died just one day after Finley located him?

Someone seemed to be pulling the strings from behind the scene.

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Who was it?

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