

Chapter 32 First Kiss

When Annabel finished singing the song, thunderous applause resounded through the bar. Someone even started chanting, "One more song! One more song!"

With a polite smile, Annabel stepped down and went back to Marcel's table.

"Annabel, you sing so well. It's the sound of nature. You sing far better than Angel!" Marcel praised.

"You flatter me too much," Annabel said with a grin.

"Please excuse me. I want to go to the bathroom."

Perhaps it was because she had taken her wine a little hastily that she felt discomfort in her stomach.

As she approached the door of the bathroom, a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes stopped her. "Are you a new singer here?" he asked.

Annabel looked up at him and saw that he was a middle-aged man with a beer belly. Wearing such an expensive designer suit didn't seem appropriate for someone like him. At first glance, he looked just like an upstart.

With an expressionless face, Annabel shook her head and said, "I'm not."

The man grabbed her arm and put a stack of money into

her hand. He looked her up and down with his lust-filled eyes and licked his lips. "Come on, beauty, just stay with me for one night. All this money will be yours."

When he saw her singing on the stage earlier, he was fascinated and wanted to kiss her.

He didn't expect to meet her at the bathroom. He swallowed and stared straight at her chest, with dirty thoughts running through his mind.

With a frown, Annabel took a few steps back and threw the stack of money at him. "Get out of my way!" she said angrily.

Seeing that Annabel rejected his offer, the man pulled a long face. "Aren't you just a singer at the bar? Don't you mean to seduce men? You're fortunate that I chose you!"

Annabel could hardly believe her ears. How could such a disgusting man feel so good about himself?

She took a few more steps back and warned, "If you don't leave now, I'll teach you a lesson!"

But the man had no intention of leaving. He grabbed her shoulders with both hands, and pressed her into his arms. "Don't be shy. As long as you serve me well, I promise you will have a good life in the future."

Annabel felt sick at the sight of the man up close and she was just about to kick him when a familiar voice came from behind her. "Let her go!"

The next second, the man screamed and fell heavily to the floor.

At the same time, Rupert's tall and strong figure appeared in front of Annabel. He had his foot on the man's chest, his face cold and emotionless.

Annabel was stunned.

Rupert? Why was he here?

"Who the fuck are you?" The middle-aged man was fuming mad, even though he was at Rupert's mercy. "Do you know who I am? How dare you attack me? Believe it or not, I'll make you suffer for..."

It was at this point that he suddenly realized that the man standing over him was none other than Rupert Benton. The man shivered in fear and began to beg for mercy. "Mr. Benton... I didn't know it's you. Do you also have a crush on this woman? I'll leave her to you. Please forgive me."

Rupert looked down at him with his cold eyes, and the temperature in the place seemed to have dropped to zero all of a sudden.

"Get out of here!" he barked angrily.

"Okay, okay. I'll leave." The man rolled on the floor and struggled to his feet before fleeing the place as fast as his legs could carry him.



Annabel looked at Rupert until she finally recovered from her surprise. "Thank you."

Regardless of what she felt, Rupert just helped her, though she didn't really need his help.

Rupert's expression was still as cold as ice.

Suddenly, a strong sense of oppression overwhelmed her. Annabel took a step back and said, "I have an appointment with my friend. I'm leaving now."

But when she turned around to leave, Rupert's arm was wrapped around her thin waist, and he pulled her into the men's restroom.

"Rupert, what are you doing?" Annabel gasped in shock. Luckily, there was no one inside the restroom.

Rupert locked the door and pressed Annabel against it, holding her in place to prevent her from moving.

"Annabel, do you forget what you are?" Rupert demanded, his cold eyes narrowed.

"What's wrong with you? Let go of me! My friend is waiting for me!" Annabel struggled hard to get out of his iron grip, but it was all to no avail.

"Marcel?" Rupert scoffed, his face becoming colder. It was clear that he was very angry. "Annabel, listen carefully. You are my fiancée!"

Previously, when he saw her singing a song to Marcel, he

was very angry. But just now, when he saw her with that disgusting man outside the bathroom, he became even angrier.

"So what?" Annabel wondered why he was being so angry. She didn't do anything to offend him, did she?

"My fiancée should behave herself, not seducing men." Rupert pressed her shoulders with both hands and glared at her pretty face as he emphasized each word.

What?

When did she seduce men?

Was there a mistake or what?

Annabel was shocked to hear this and asked him, "Did you see me seducing any man?"

"I did!" With knitted brows, Rupert tightened his grip on her shoulders.

Just now, when he pulled her into the restroom, he saw she was wearing Leo's dress.


Leo's dresses were very expensive. It had to be a gift from Marcel.

If Marcel and Annabel had nothing to do with each other, how could he give her such an expensive dress?

"Rupert, that's enough!"

Being accused for seducing men, Annabel became furious.

The man was unreasonable!

The fact that he was staring at her like this made Annabel even angrier. "Don't forget that we will call off the engagement in three months. So, what if I seduce men, huh? What does it have to do with you?" 

"Are you so cheap?" Rupert was irritated and disgusted. He stared at her cherry-like mouth with cold eyes and suddenly kissed her.

The scalding temperature from his lips made Annabel's body tremble, and her brain went down for a few seconds. It took a while before she realized what exactly was going on.

Rupert was such a bastard!

How dare he kiss her?

This was her first kiss!

