

Chapter 76 I Am Candy

Heather was nonplussed for a while. Then she pasted a charming smile on her face and said coyly, "Yes, I'm Candy. Rupert, I'm your Candy."

Rupert massaged his temples, his head spinning.

Was she Candy? He was confused.

"You are drunk. Let me take you home." Heather bent down and helped Rupert to his feet.

"Candy, is that you? Is it really you?" Rupert stumbled and leaned against Heather, his voice dripping with disbelief and astonishment.

He had been searching for Candy for so many years. Had she finally returned?

"Yes, it's me." Heather gazed at the man next to her with admiration.

She was in such close quarters with Rupert for the first time. He was tall and handsome. Even if he was inebriated, he was still captivating.

Heather extended her hand and gently stroked Rupert's gorgeous face with shaky fingers. ³

This was the man she had been in love with for so many years. He had always been indifferent to her before, and now she finally got the chance to be

intimate with him.

However, this was only happening when he was drunk and mistook her for another woman.

"Candy, why have you changed?" Although the woman standing in front of him claimed to be Candy, Rupert felt like she was a stranger, not Candy.

She didn't invoke the electrifying sensation he got in her presence.

"I haven't changed. You're having this misperception because you're drunk." Heather's heart quivered and she quickly pulled her hand back.

She was afraid Rupert would discover that she wasn't Candy. ¹

With great difficulty, Heather finally helped Rupert to the foot of the mountain.

"Come and help me," Heather yelled at Bella and the driver.

They both hastily got out of the car and helped Heather seat Rupert inside.

"Let's go now," Heather instructed the driver.

The driver glanced hesitantly at her and asked in a cautious voice, "Should I drive Mr. Benton home?"

"We will go back to my home, of course." Heather

shot a glare at the driver.

It had been so difficult for her to get close to Rupert today. How could she waste this golden opportunity?

The driver quickly turned the car around and set off in the direction of Heather's house.

Rupert leaned back into the seat, his face slightly flushed from all the alcohol he had consumed. He was not as cold and distant as he usually was. He looked much more approachable at this moment.

Heather stared at him, her heart racing.

Rupert constantly mumbled, "Candy, Candy..."

"I'm here." Heather returned to her senses and grasped his hand.

"Candy, don't leave me." Rupert instinctively curled his fingers around Heather's hand.

His large hand was so warm that it seemed to light up her entire body.

"Heather, who is Candy?" Bella asked curiously.

Heather scowled and glared at her as she said, "I don't know. Don't you have to go home?"

Bella wisely got out of the car. ①

The car traveled fast. An hour later, they arrived at the destiny.

Heather carefully helped Rupert get out of the car.

"Here we are, Rupert."

It was already ten o'clock at night by the time Annabel finished her work for the day.

It was rare for Rupert to not call and tell her to go home. Annabel took a taxi back to Water Moon Community.

The apartment was empty.

Annabel switched on the light and swept her eyes over the house. Rupert was not there.

She wondered where he could have gone as he wasn't at the office or at home.

She hadn't heard him mention any social engagements tonight.

Was this miserly man angry again just because she had asked him not to interfere in her affairs in the afternoon?

She raised her eyebrows. Who did he think he was?

Annabel went to her room and asked Anika about the progress of Leo Studio.

Anika quickly texted her back. "Everything is fine."

Annabel switched on the computer and opened the hidden folder. She clicked on the picture of the dress she had designed and added some revisions to it.

Once she was done with this, Annabel looked at

her watch. It was already one in the morning.

But Rupert hadn't returned yet.

This had never happened before.

Even if he had some business, he would call or text her and give her a heads-up.

Had something bad befallen him?

Worried, Annabel took out her phone and dialed his number.

After exerting great effort, Heather managed to get Rupert in bed. She leaned forward and helped him take his coat off.

Rupert was only wearing a white shirt as he lay on the bed. The top two buttons were open, exposing his strong chest muscles. "Don't leave me, Candy..."

"I will never leave you, never." Heather's gaze was fixated on Rupert.

So what if he thought of her as another woman? Once they made love, she believed that he would finally fall in love with her. ⁵

Wrapping her arm around his powerful waist, she rested her head against his chest and said affectionately, "Rupert, do you know how much I love you?"

In an alcohol-fueled haze, Rupert felt a woman in his arms, kissing him and saying she loved him,

but this feeling was not familiar.

It was not Candy!

Candy had a subtle scent, but the woman in his arms was shrouded in a vulgar perfume smell. ¹

Heather was unbuttoning his shirt when Rupert shoved her away and exclaimed, "You're not Candy!"

Heather's reflexes didn't kick in, so she fell heavily to the floor. She looked up with an aggrieved expression, stared at the familiar but indifferent man in front of her, and said with bloodshot eyes, "Rupert, you're drunk. I'm Candy. I am Candy!"

Candy... No, it was not Candy.

Rupert felt a throbbing pain in his head. He struggled to get to his feet, but was so drunk that he staggered and fell back on the bed. ²

Under the alcohol's effect, he closed his eyes and gradually drifted off.

Heather was filled with resistance as she observed the man who was sleeping soundly in front of her.

Why?

Why did Rupert refuse to touch her even when he was drunk?

Just then, his phone rang.

Heather took it out from his coat pocket.

Annabel's name popped up on the screen.

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Heather answered the phone with a sneer and asked in a provocative voice, "Hello, who is this?"

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