



Chapter 118 Feed Me

Rupert didn't show respect to Cody at all, and the latter couldn't help but feel a little annoyed. 

But he couldn't let Rupert know that he was annoyed, so he forced a smile and said, "Rupert, please understand that your mother and I are doing this for Benton Group. We hope you won't regret this."

Robert snorted and said nothing more on the matter. 

Cody stood there awkwardly for a bit before finally excusing himself. After he left, Rupert pursed his lips and fell into deep thought.

He had always respected Cody, but now, he was getting more and more confused about this man.

As soon as Annabel returned to her desk, she urged the person in charge of the jewelry factory in Douburgh to send the test results to her as soon as possible.

Half an hour later, the results were emailed to her.

As expected, there was no problem with the Ice and Fire jewelry produced by their factory in Douburgh.

Annabel breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that the problem

lay solely in the French factory.

She sorted out the documents as quickly as she could and then printed them out for Rupert.

The press conference this afternoon was critical, and these documents were paramount.

Just as she reached the door to the CEO's office, Annabel ran into Cody again.

He was walking out of the CEO's office with an angry look. When he saw Annabel, his expression darkened further.

"Mr. Wagner," Annabel greeted Cody with a polite smile.

Cody forced a smile in return and then left quickly.

Shrugging it off, Annabel knocked on the door. "May I come in?"

Rupert looked up and smiled. "Of course."

Annabel stepped inside the CEO's office, only to find Rupert holding the bottle of cold medicine she had given him. His clear eyes were staring at the medicine bottle in his hand, and there was a faint smile that tugged at the corners of his thin lips.

Rupert looked at Annabel and put the medicine down.

"Annabel, perfect timing. I was just looking for you."

Annabel briskly handed the documents over to Rupert, saying, "The test results prove that the Ice and Fire jewelry produced

here are fine. It seems that the problem lies in the factory in France."

Rupert took the documents, but instead of reading them, he tossed them on the desk.

Annabel was surprised. At a moment as critical as this, this afternoon's press conference was of utmost importance. They were going to clarify the matter of the Ice and Fire incident. These materials were key to the press conference, but Rupert didn't even glance at them.

Frowning, Annabel asked anxiously, "Don't you need to read those? They will help with the press conference this afternoon."

"I know that." Rupert chuckled mischievously. "But we must take care of something else first."

"What?" Annabel blurted, unable to contain her mounting anxiety.

Rupert pointed at the medicine on the table and answered, "Feed me the medicine."

Annabel was dumbfounded.

How could he still think about that at a time like this?

Smiling cheekily, Rupert continued, "You wouldn't want me to go to the press conference with a cold, would you?"

Annabel rolled her eyes and snapped, "Fine! Just don't bite me again!"



Albeit huffily, she picked up the bottle of medicine from the table, unscrewed the lid, and poured two pills out. Then, holding her breath, she carefully placed them into Rupert's mouth.

Perhaps it was because the medicine was bitter, but Rupert suddenly frowned and said, "I want some water."

"Your glass is right there." Annabel pursed her lips vigilantly. What did this man want this time?

"Help me out, will you?" Rupert spoke as if his request was obvious.

Annabel was once again rendered speechless.

But now wasn't the time to squabble. Annabel briskly picked up Rupert's glass and poured water into it. Then, she brought the glass to his lips and snapped, "Here!"

Rupert leaned back to avoid her advance, looking at her with his mischievous eyes.

"Check the water's temperature to see if it's just right."

Despite the man's unreasonable request, Annabel kept her cool and took a sip of water. ①

Indeed, it was just right.

But this was Rupert's glass. She had just drunk from it. Was this an indirect kiss? ②

Her cheeks turned red at the thought. Annabel took a deep

breath to dismiss this ridiculous idea.

"It's okay. Here, drink it." Annabel handed the glass to Rupert, trying to keep her voice calm.

But Rupert didn't take it. He was staring intently at the woman's blushing face.

"What're you looking at?" Annabel frowned, feeling unnerved under his gaze.

All of a sudden, Rupert burst into laughter. "Annabel, why are you blushing?"

Was her blush so obvious? Did he see right through her?

Feeling embarrassed, Annabel bit her lip and denied it. "I'm not blushing!"

Raising his eyebrows, Rupert continued to tease her. "Really? Look at yourself in the mirror."

At this point, Annabel was a little annoyed. She pressed the glass against Rupert's lips and said, "Rupert, do you want water or not?"

Seeing that Annabel was pissed off, Rupert's expression softened. He was about to accept the glass of water when a woman's voice suddenly interrupted them.

"Annabel, what do you think you're doing?" ③

The sudden, sharp voice startled Annabel. She nearly lost her grip on the glass, splashing a bit of water on Rupert.

She turned around slowly, only to find Heather glaring at her viciously.

The scene of Rupert and Heather dancing resurfaced in her mind. Annabel's expression darkened, and she immediately slammed the glass on the table. "I'm leaving now."

"Don't leave," Rupert said.

Annabel turned a deaf ear to him. However, before she could take a single step, a big hand suddenly held her waist. The sudden pull made her slip and fall down on Rupert.

Annabel's face fell between his legs. This position looked extremely ambiguous from Heather's point of view.

Heather stared at the scene in front of her, utterly dumbfounded. A few seconds later, she came to her senses.

What a shameless slut! How dare Annabel seduce Rupert right in front of her? 🤔

High heels clicking against the floor, Heather strode up to her, yanked her away from Rupert, and scolded, "What are you doing, Annabel? How dare you do such a thing in broad daylight?"

Sensing Heather's jealousy, Annabel deliberately sat on Rupert's lap and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Don't you know how to knock? It's so rude to barge in on me and my fiance."

"Why, you—!" Heather didn't know what to say. Her eyes were full of hostility, as if she wanted to pounce on Annabel on the spot.

With Annabel's soft and warm body leaning against him, Rupert felt a spark of desire. He wrapped his arm around her waist tightly and glared at Heather. "What are you doing here?"