

## Chapter 111 Under The Influence

Loud hip-hop music was blaring from the speakers in the bar. People were dropping it on the dance floor, so no one noticed what was happening in the corner where Annabel was.

The perverted man was named Elian. He was known for his notorious activities around here. He often came to the bar to prey on vulnerable beauties who were most times wasted or tipsy.

Elian couldn't take no for an answer. He would get any woman he wanted, by hook or by crook.

Tonight, the woman who caught his fancy was Annabel. He wanted to have her in his bed. To his greatest surprise, she was a fighter.

The throbbing pain he felt in his head made him even angrier. He called out to his minions, "Guys, come here!"

A group of sturdy and fierce-looking men matched over and surrounded Annabel.

"Capture her!" Elian yelled and held the wound on his head. "Bitch, you dared to hit me! I'll teach you a lesson tonight!"

Annabel scoffed without a hint of fear in her eyes. The hooligans were only four. She was confident she could take them on alone.

One of the men, who wanted to please Elian so badly, made a move to strike Annabel.

Before he could do so, she gave him a hard kick in the crotch.

"Ouch!" The man held his groin and collapsed to the floor. The pain paralyzed him instantly.

"Loser! You can't even deal with a woman!" Elian lost his cool. He waved at the others. "Let's strike at the same time!"

All the men got ready to pounce on her like fierce lions.

At this critical moment, a cold and fierce male voice suddenly came.

"Don't you dare!"

Like magic, all the men who were advancing toward Annabel halted in their tracks.



It took a while for Elian to get over the shock. When he finally regained his senses, he shouted angrily, "Who the fuck dares to meddle in my business? Show your face!"

The next second, a tall figure walked out from a dark corner.

Even before he stepped into the light, Annabel knew who this meddler was. 2

The disco light blinked on Rupert's black suit. His handsome face was frozen, and his deep-set eyes shot lasers that could burn through anyone. "How dare you lay your filthy hands on my woman? Listen, I'm Rupert Benton." 1

Rupert Benton?

Once Elian saw Rupert's face clearly, he knew he had fucked up.

"Mr. Benton, I had no idea that she's your woman. I'm sorry for offending her. Please forgive me." Elian sank to his knees. His minions did the same.

"Fuck off!" Rupert roared.

Elian and his men ran for their dear lives immediately.

After putting down the bottle in her hand, Annabel

turned to look at Rupert with a frown. "Why are you here?"

Rupert grabbed her arm and pushed her to the sofa. He leaned over and stared at her coldly. "Is this what you came to do?"

Instead of going home with him, she had come to a bar and gotten into a fight with lowlifes.

What would have happened to her if he hadn't arrived on time? Weren't they going to take advantage of her?

How dare she speak to him rudely after he just saved her life? Couldn't she be a little less stubborn? She was pissing him off.

Oblivious to all that was going on in Rupert's head, Annabel pursed her lips and asked, "Did you follow me here? I thought I told you not to. Why the hell are you being so possessive?"

"I..." The words Rupert wanted to say were, "I was worried about you." However, he spat out with a frown, "I was talking business with someone and I happened to pass by. Don't flatter yourself."

"Oh, so you are saying it's just a coincidence?" Annabel didn't buy it. She nudged him and said,

"Get off me. I need to go home."

An inexplicable feeling swept through her whole body.

No! This wasn't a good feeling.

Rupert stood up and pulled the panicking Annabel outside. After shoving her into the car, he got behind the wheel and drove straight to Water Moon Community.

Meanwhile, Anika and Marcel were shocked after they left the dance floor. The table was a mess and Annabel wasn't there.

"Where did Annabel go? I'll call her." Marcel took out his phone as he scanned the bar for Annabel. Before he called dial her phone number, Anika stopped him and pointed to the door just as Rupert was taking Annabel out. "There she is! It seems I will be getting her necklace, after all!"

"What necklace?" Marcel asked curiously.

Anika smiled. "It's a secret."

Sitting in the passenger seat, Annabel began to feel so uneasy.

Her body was burning up. She was sweating even



though the AC was on.

What was happening to her? It was as if she had taken an aphrodisiac or a stimulant.

But who could have drugged her?

Elian! It had to be that pervert!

Annabel put two and two together. She had gone to the ladies' room, and as soon as she got back, Elian appeared. He must have drugged her drink while she was away.

Feeling a pang of regret, Annabel rolled down the window and rubbed her temples, trying to calm herself down as soon as possible.

How could she be so careless?

The cold wind blew, but it didn't make any difference. Her body was on fire. She was thirsty, but she didn't want water. She craved a man's touch. Her pelvis was already aching badly

"Rupert..." Annabel lost all will to stay calm. She grabbed his arm and leaned on him.

"What are you doing? I'm driving!" Rupert nudged her.

"Turn the car around... I need to go to the hospital."

Annabel held on to him tighter, her chest heaving violently.

"What's wrong with you? Talk to me!" Rupert soon noticed that she didn't look fine at all.

Her palms were hot and she was sweating profusely.

Even her face was very red. Her eyes were misty like she was on the verge of shedding tears.

"Were you drugged?" Rupert asked, squinting with great concern.

"Yes." Annabel nodded on the verge of losing her senses. "I suspect it was that pervert just now."

Rupert pulled over, carried Annabel to the back seat, and laid her down. "Have a rest. I'll call the doctor."

"Ouch! My body is on fire! I feel so hot." Annabel tugged at the bust area of her dress, causing half of her bosom to be revealed.

Rupert held his breath at the sight of this. After snapping out of it, he reached out to stop her and said, "Don't move."

"Please help me, Rupert. I can't take it anymore..." Annabel was going crazy. She wanted this burning

sensation to stop.

The man in front of her was like spring water in hot summer. She clung to him for solace.

As her soft body pressed against Rupert, he was aroused. His groin ached with longing.

Her supple bosom was going something to him. Due to the sweat, the silk dress she had on clung to her thighs. She rubbed her legs, exposing how sexy her body was. She was biting her lower lip at this moment.

Rupert swallowed hard.

He was a man; a strong one at that.

This woman was arousing his sexual desire. How long could he put up with this? He would be lying if he said he didn't want her.