

Chapter 113 A Cold

Last night?

What on earth happened last night?

Annabel looked at Rupert with vigilance. Rubbing her temples, she gradually recalled the events of the previous night.

Last night, she met up with Anika for drinks at the bar. Later, Elian drugged her.

Fortunately, Rupert showed up out of the blue and whisked her away. At the time, she was burning hot and soon passed out.

Albeit vaguely, she recalled being intimate with Rupert.

As soon as she recalled this, Annabel stiffened and checked herself nervously.

But she didn't find anything unusual.

Still, Annabel asked with some uneasiness, "Last night... Did you do anything to me?"

Seeing the adorably nervous look on her face, Rupert raised his eyebrows and asked, "Were you hoping that I did something?"

"Of course not!" Annabel snapped, glaring at Rupert unhappily.

But all the same, she breathed a sigh of relief. It was lucky that Rupert had saved her last night. 2

She shuddered at the thought of what would've happened otherwise.

All of a sudden, Rupert started to cough violently.

"What's the matter with you? Are you sick?" Annabel asked in confusion.

Rupert cleared his throat and steadied his breath.

"I caught a cold." 1

"Huh? How?" Annabel asked with concern.

As far as she knew, Rupert was very healthy. And he was fine yesterday. How did he suddenly catch a cold?

Rupert gave Annabel a meaningful look and answered, "Thanks to you."

If this silly woman didn't hold him so tightly last night, he wouldn't have needed to take a cold shower. Consequently, he caught a cold. 1

"What on earth are you talking about?" Annabel asked, utterly confused.

She was a smart girl, but no matter how hard she

tried, she couldn't figure out what how she had anything to do with Rupert's cold. ²

Over breakfast, Annabel was focused on her phone, browsing through the latest news. Suddenly, a headline caught her attention.

"Last night, law enforcement arrested a group of thugs who endangered the safety of the public."

There were also some pictures attached. It showed the group of people Elian led and pestered Annabel last night.

Annabel put down her phone and looked at the man sitting opposite her, who was eating breakfast elegantly. "You had Elian arrested?"

"So what if I did?" Rupert stopped eating and smiled at her meaningfully.

"Good! A scumbag like him should've been put behind bars a long time ago!" Annabel nodded approvingly.

Rupert shrugged and said nonchalantly, "Anyone who dares to hurt my woman will suffer the consequences." ³

His woman?

Annabel was speechless. She didn't belong to anyone! ¹

After breakfast, the two went straight to Benton Group.

Along the way, Rupert coughed from time to time, which made Annabel feel sorry.

Although she still didn't understand why Rupert's cold was related to her, she still went to the pharmacy during her break to buy him some cold medicine.

After all, Rupert had saved her last night.

Finley knocked on the door to Rupert's office lightly.

"Come in," Rupert called in a cold voice.

Finley pushed the door open, walked up to Rupert's desk, and reported his latest findings respectfully. "Mr. Benton, we've found the person who remitted money to Kabir."

"Who was it?" Rupert put down the documents in his hands and looked up with intrigue.

Finley handed the printed report to Rupert. "The money came from an abandoned bank account. We followed up on the account and found that it was from an Australian company called Dacian, which has since closed down."

"Who was the legal representative?" Rupert asked,

furrowing his brows tightly.

Finley coughed lightly. "An Australian farmer. He doesn't know anything."

"Keep investigating," Rupert said coldly, his expression darkening.

It seemed that things were getting more and more complicated.

Who made Kabir do that?

Was his death really just an accident?

Just then, Annabel knocked on the door, cold medicine in her hand.

"Yes?" When Rupert saw the beautiful figure at the door, his usual cold demeanor softened instantly.

Seeing that Annabel was approaching, Finley wisely excused himself. "Mr. Benton, I'll go out now."

Rupert nodded and waved his hand to dismiss him.

Finley turned around, walked out of the CEO's office, and closed the door behind him.

"Annabel, have you ever heard of Dacian?" Rupert suddenly asked.

"Dacian? What's that? A person? Or a place?" Annabel was confused. Obviously, the word "Dacian" didn't ring a bell to her.

Rupert then relayed to Annabel what Finley had reported just now. "I told him to keep on investigating."

Annabel nodded. The situation was indeed strange. Who was behind all this? And what was their purpose?

"Anyway, what brings you here?" Rupert's magnetic voice interrupted Annabel's thoughts.

Annabel came to her senses and held up the cold medicine in front of Rupert. "This is good for your cough. Try it."

"Is that so?" Rupert reached for the medicine bottle in Annabel's hand.

As his fingertips brushed against Annabel's warm palm, Rupert felt a spark.

Immediately, the seductive look on Annabel's face from last night inexplicably popped up in his mind again.

Closing his eyes, Rupert took a deep breath to gather his bearings. "The medicine is too bitter. I won't take it unless..."

"Unless what?" Annabel frowned. How could he refuse to take medicine when he was sick?

Cracking a faint smile, Rupert looked at the woman in front of him and said simply, "Unless you feed it to me."

"Rupert, what the hell is wrong with you?" Annabel glared at him unhappily.

It was already nice of her to have bought him medicine, but now, he even wanted her to feed him.

Rupert pretended to be aggrieved. "Is this how you treat the person who saved you? If it weren't for me, you would've been taken away by Elian."

Hearing that, Annabel was speechless. How could this cold and arrogant man act like such a spoiled child in front of her?

He was right, though.

He did save her last night.

So Annabel obliged him. She took a pill from the bottle and put it in Rupert's mouth. "Just this once, okay?"


As she was feeding him the pill, Rupert bit Annabel's finger gently.

This action was so sudden that Annabel was caught completely off-guard.

"Ouch!" Blushing furiously, she withdrew her finger.

"Rupert, are you a dog or something? Why did you bite me?"

Instead of answering her question, Rupert said in a hoarse voice, "Annabel, we still have two months left."

Annabel was stunned. "Two months?" 

"If I can make you fall in love with me in two months, will you stay?" Rupert's eyes were full of mixed emotions. 