

Chapter 112 You Are The Best Antidote

"Annabel, don't move!" Rupert said in a warning tone after taking a few breaths to calm himself down.

He used one hand to grasp Annabel's hand, which was roaming around his body, and removed his phone with his other hand to call Tristan. "Tristan, get here immediately."

"Come on. It's very late now. I'm asleep." Tristan had been fast asleep. The ringing phone had woken him up and he answered it groggily.

"Cut the crap. Get here quickly!" Rupert demanded in an impatient voice.

"Okay, okay. Where are you right now? Send me the address," Tristan said obediently as he began putting his clothes on.

After disconnecting the call, Rupert sent his location to Tristan.

"Annabel, hang on. The doctor will be here soon." Rupert took off his jacket and wrapped it around

her.

Annabel mumbled again, "It's so hot..."

She reached out to remove Rupert's jacket, but he gripped her hands so tightly that she couldn't move.

"Rupert, let me go... I feel horrible... It's so hot..." Annabel licked her dry lips, squirmed around, and kept murmuring.

As Rupert watched her captivating face, he couldn't stop himself from lowering his head and kissing her rosy lips.

"Mm..." Annabel was an enthusiastic participant in his kiss for the first time because his lips felt cool and comfortable for her.

Rupert's desire was like burning flames. He embraced her tightly and deepened the kiss.

The temperature in the car steadily climbed up. Kissing sounds echoed in the car.

While the two of them were locked in a passionate kiss, Tristan arrived, out of breath.

"Well... Did I interrupt you?" Tristan was stunned when he caught sight of the couple kissing passionately in the back seat of the car.

Did Rupert wake him up in the middle of the night and coerce him to come here just to watch this?

Hearing Tristan's voice, Rupert finally ended the kiss.

Rupert sat up straight and tidied up his ruffled clothes. His breathing was still a little erratic.

"Check on her."

"What's wrong with her?" Tristan suspiciously eyed the woman lying in Rupert's arms.

She looked familiar.

A few moments later, he recalled that she was Rupert's fiancée, Annabel.

Rupert had summoned him twice now because of this woman.

It seemed that she held a special place in his heart.

When Tristan looked closer, he noticed that Annabel's face was flushed and her body was pressed against Rupert's.

As a highly skilled doctor, one glance was enough to tell Tristan that someone had drugged her.

"Did you do it?" Tristan asked half-jokingly.

Rupert shot him an icy glare. "Of course not. She

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was drugged. Help cure it."

Tristan eyed Rupert, who was still a little breathless, and burst into laughter. "You didn't need to call me here in the middle of the night."

Rupert was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

Tristan gave him a vague smile and said, "Aren't you the best antidote?"

"Be serious!" Rupert said grimly and shot Tristan a frosty look before he could even finish speaking.

Tristan immediately shut his mouth and removed a syringe and needle from his medicine box. "Fortunately, I carry all kinds of medicines in this treasure chest."

After he prepared the antidote and loaded it into the syringe, he stabbed the needle into Annabel's arm.

The tip of the needle pierced Annabel's delicate skin. Her eyebrows furrowed and she groaned, "It hurts..."

A trace of distress flashed in Rupert's eyes. He shot Tristan a forbidding glare and said, "Be gentle."

"An injection will hurt a little bit." Tristan curled his lips disapprovingly. "You look pretty miserable. Are you serious about your nominal fiancée?"

"Of course," Rupert replied without hesitation.

Tristan asked, "What about Candy?"

Candy...

Rupert frowned and shot back, "It's none of your business."

"Okay..." Tristan continued to inject the medicine into Annabel's arm.

"It hurts..." Annabel bit her lower lip and looked aggrieved.

Rupert held her hand and his eyes softened. "Hang in there, Annabel. You will be fine soon."

After giving the injection, Tristan packed his medical kit and said, "Okay, she will be fine in some time."

His antidote was highly effective. Annabel began to feel much better, and the abnormal flush on her face receded gradually. She leaned weakly against Rupert.

"Your work here is done. You can leave now," Rupert said, glancing indifferently at Tristan. 5

Tristan shrugged his shoulders. Rupert thought he was in the way now.

He pressed his lips into a thin line and muttered to

himself, "You burn the bridge after crossing it."

"The hospital you took a fancy to the last time will be purchased and the papers will be sent to you tomorrow," Rupert said calmly.

With a wide smile, Tristan said, "Thank you."

Tristan left satisfied. Seeing that Annabel had fallen asleep in his arms, Rupert leaned forward, kissed her forehead, laid her flat on the back seat, and gently covered her with his jacket.

After driving back to Water Moon Community, Rupert carefully carried the sleeping Annabel out of the car and walked home.

In a daze, Annabel felt comfortable and cozy in his snug embrace.

She nuzzled into his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck, murmuring, "Teddy."

Her movement reignited Rupert's extinguished desire.

"Shit!" Rupert cursed under his breath, inhaled deeply, and walked in the direction of the elevator with Annabel in his arms.

After placing her on his bed, he awkwardly made his way to the bathroom.

His mind was filled with images of the passionate kiss he had just shared with Annabel in the car.

Her tempting red lips were so delicious, and her body was so soft and graceful. He was perturbed.

The cold water lashed his body. Half an hour later, he finally had his lust under control.

The next morning, Annabel woke up to find Rupert leaning against the edge of the bed, staring at her with his unfathomable eyes.

"Rupert, what are you doing in my bed?" Annabel blurted out as she suddenly came to her senses and stared at him vigilantly.

Raising his eyebrows, Rupert chuckled and said, "Look around, this is my bed."

Annabel took stock of her surroundings. "Why am I in your bed? What is your intention?"

Rupert watched her with a smile and said, "Don't you remember what happened last night?"