

## Chapter 126 I'm Pursuing You

Rupert's eyes were fixed on Annabel's face.

His magnetic voice echoed in her ears, startling her.

Annabel's heart skipped a beat. She looked up and met his deep-set eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Rupert's thin lips. "I heard every single word you said just now."

"And what exactly did I say? I don't remember." Embarrassed and annoyed, Annabel glared at him helplessly.

How dare he pretend to be in a coma in front of her!

If she had known sooner, she wouldn't have been so worried about him.

Rupert took her hand in his, rubbing it gently.

"You said that as long as I wake up, you'd be willing to do anything for me. Well, now I'm awake. Will you marry me?"

Once again, Annabel's heart skipped a beat.

"Is that supposed to be a proposal?" She rolled her eyes, although her heart was racing in her chest.

"I'm pursuing you," Rupert answered simply. His eyes were full of affection as he looked at her.

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Pursue her?

Annabel's heart beat faster.

They were in a ward. It was inappropriate to talk about this matter here.

Annabel withdrew her hand, muttering, "What I said just now doesn't count. You were just pretending to be unconscious."

"Hey, no take-backs." Rupert pursed his lips unhappily.

Annabel didn't say anything more.

A hush fell over the ward, and the atmosphere grew a little awkward.

After a few seconds, Rupert cleared his throat and broke the silence. "I'll give you two months. Can you give me the answer I want by then?"

Annabel mulled over it for a while and then nodded seriously. "I'll give you an answer then. I don't know if it'll be the answer you want."

Rupert nodded and leaned back in bed, complacency written all over his face. He was confident he would get the answer he wanted.

"Aren't you supposed to be unconscious? Close your eyes. What if someone comes in and sees you're awake?" Annabel changed the topic.

"Don't worry. My bodyguards are stationed outside," Rupert replied calmly.

As soon as he finished speaking, Annabel's phone rang.

Glancing at the caller ID, she saw that it was her grandfather calling.

"Grandpa," Annabel greeted in a sweet voice.

"Anna! Are you okay?" Leonard's concerned voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

"Of course I'm okay," Annabel said with a smile.

"Well? Is the news true?"

"Half true. Don't worry, Grandpa. Just do whatever you usually do—go fishing or water the flowers or something. I'll take care of things from here."

"Don't worry? I'm not worried, my dear." Leonard chuckled heartily. "Rupert isn't really in a coma, am I right?"

"Grandpa, how did you know?" Pursing her lips, Annabel had to admit that her grandfather was really impressive.

"I wasn't sure at first, but when I heard your voice, I knew I was right. After all, if your fiance was in a coma, you wouldn't sound this calm," Leonard explained with a knowing smile, smoothing his beard idly.

"Grandpa, what're you talking about? He's not my fiance—not for long, anyway. I'm going to break off the engagement to him as soon as the three-month agreement is over," Annabel said shyly, rolling her eyes at her grandfather's silliness.

"Well, alright then. I'm going to water the flowers." After exchanging goodbyes, he hung up the phone.

Putting her phone away, Annabel turned around and met Rupert's icy cold face.