

## Chapter 148 Benton Group Is In Trouble

"Grandpa..." Blushing furiously, Annabel suddenly became a little shy. "Don't say that..."

"You're the perfect age to get married. Why are you so shy?" Leonard teased her with a playful look.

"Grandpa, stop!" Annabel covered her burning cheeks in embarrassment. Rupert, on the other hand, remained level-headed. "Grandpa, I swear I'll take care of Annabel and protect her," he said seriously.

"I know. That's why I chose you." Leonard nodded in approval. He was very satisfied with Rupert.

This was the first time that Rupert had met Leonard. It turned out that the old man was hale and hearty, and he had a strong aura around him. He didn't look like an old man from the countryside at all.

Just then, it suddenly occurred to Rupert that his grandfather had an old friend whose surname was also Hewitt. At the time, the two of them both stood at the top of the business circle, but later on, his friend suddenly retired.

Could Leonard be him? ②

While Rupert was thinking about this, Annabel's voice suddenly brought him back to reality. "Grandpa, how did you know that we were here? Did you receive my distress signal?"

Leonard nodded gravely. "Yes."

He was fishing at the lake that day when his devices suddenly started to beep.

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He was fishing at the lake that day when his devices suddenly started to beep.

Leonard's heart sank. His granddaughter was in danger!

He knew his granddaughter well. She would never activate the distress signal on her necklace if it wasn't urgent.

Unfortunately, the signal was weak. It took a great deal of time and effort to pinpoint Annabel's exact location in the middle of the sea.

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Without a moment to lose, he immediately set off with his men to search for her.

The necklace's signal got weaker and weaker as it sank to the bottom of the sea. Just as Leonard was getting desperate, he found Annabel on the island.

The sea breeze blew against Annabel's face, whipping through her long hair.

After Annabel calmed down from the excitement, she asked, "Grandpa, how's the situation back home?"

The CEO of Benton Group got into a plane crash and was lost at sea. The public didn't know whether he was dead or alive. Surely, this had caused a sensation back home.

As expected, Leonard's expression darkened slightly. "Rupert, Benton Group is in trouble."

Rupert frowned. "I'm not surprised."

"Why? What happened, Grandpa?" Annabel asked anxiously.

Stroking his beard, Leonard explained, "When I received your distress signal, I immediately tried to contact Rupert's grandfather, but..."

"How is my grandfather?" Rupert asked in hurry, brows furrowed tightly.

Leonard looked at Rupert and sighed. "The servant said he was sick. I couldn't get through to him. I found it strange, since something like this has never happened before. But time was of the essence. I had no time to think about it. I had to look for you first."

Rupert's frown deepened.

Even if his grandfather was sick, he wouldn't be out of touch.

Something horribly wrong must have happened.

"Rupert, I'm sure your grandfather will be fine." Sensing Rupert's agitation, Annabel held his hand to comfort him. "Let's hurry back. No matter what challenges Benton Group is facing, we can deal with it together."

"You're right." Rupert turned his head to look at Annabel.

His eyes were filled with affection.

"Grandpa, could you ask the captain to move faster?" Annabel knew that although Rupert looked calm on the surface, he must've been very worried and anxious on the inside.

She, too, was eager to return.

Bruce had always been nice to her. If something bad happened to him, she would be devastated.

"Worrying about it now is useless. Come in and get some rest first. Even if we move at full speed, the journey will take at least three days." Leonard was also worried about his best friend, but he was able to remain calm and level-headed.

He believed that no matter what happened, Bruce would be able to handle it.

Moreover, he had found Rupert. Rupert would be able to fix anything, no matter what trouble Benton Group encountered.

After a few more days at sea, the ship finally docked in a port in Douburgh.

Leonard escorted Annabel and Rupert ashore before saying goodbye. "I'll go back to Georgia first. Be careful. If you need any help, just call me."



"Okay, Grandpa. Take care! Although Annabel didn't want to part with her grandfather, she had something more important to do.

Soon, Leonard's cruise ship sailed into the distance, disappearing from Annabel's sight. Her eyes were slightly moist.

"Annabel, we'll visit your grandpa after the matter at the company is settled."

Rupert's clear voice echoed in Annabel's ears, bringing her back to her senses. Frowning, she asked, "Shouldn't we visit your grandfather first?"

"No, we can't alert the enemy," Rupert replied flatly.

Enemy? What enemy?

The next second, realization dawned on Annabel.

The last time she met Bruce, she had secretly taken his pulse. At the time, his pulse was stable and normal. How could he suddenly fall terribly ill?

Someone must be behind Bruce's illness.

And this person was very likely the one behind the tampering of Rupert's jet.

"Let's look for Finley first," Rupert suggested.

Annabel nodded and handed Rupert a phone.

Their phones had sunk to the bottom of the sea, but fortunately, Leonard had given her a new one.

Rupert took the phone and quickly dialed Finley's number.

"Hello, who's this?" Finley's voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

"It's me," Rupert said coldly.

"Mr. Benton?" Finley sounded extremely excited. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Rupert replied flatly.

"I'm so glad!" Finley's tone sounded both excited and relieved. "We were all so worried about you and Miss Hewitt. So much has happened since you disappeared—"

"Let's talk about it when we meet," Rupert cut him off abruptly. "I'm at the port."

"Okay, I'll pick you up right away," Finley said respectfully.

"And don't tell anyone I called you," Rupert warned in a low voice.

"Understood."

Half an hour later, Finley arrived at the port.

"Mr. Benton, Miss Hewitt, you're alive!" Finley was so excited that he practically bounded out of the car to open the door for them.

"Let's get in the car first." Rupert helped Annabel into the back seat and then sat down next to her.

Finley started the car and pulled out of the port. "Where are we going?"

"To my suburban villa," Rupert answered.

This villa was gifted to him by his grandfather a long time ago. It was very secluded and nobody knew about it.

Right now, he didn't want anyone to know that he had returned to Douburgh.

When they arrived at the secluded villa, Rupert strode into the living room, followed by Annabel and Finley.

He sat down on the sofa and crossed his legs. He looked inexplicably calm, as though nothing could faze him. "Tell me. What happened to Benton Group? What's going on with my grandfather?"

