

Chapter 121 Traumatic Flight

At the mention of Annabel's leaving, Rupert's expression darkened.

Did she want to leave because of what his mother said just now? Or was it because...?

"Annabel, my mother's just like that. Please don't take her words seriously." As he spoke, Rupert took a step forward and placed his hand on Annabel's shoulder.

His eyes were bore unfathomable emotion. In a hoarse voice, he added, "Trust me. I'll deal with my mother, and I won't let her make things difficult for you."

When Annabel's eyes met Rupert's, her heart skipped a beat.

She took a step back, forced a smile, and changed the topic.

"Let's stop talking about this. We should get going."

Hearing this, Rupert returned to his usual cold and indifferent self. He nodded and said, "Let's go."

The two arrived at the airport. Annabel followed Rupert until they stopped in front of a jet.

"Is this yours?" Annabel surveyed the luxury jet in front of her.

Her grandfather wanted to buy a jet for her as a birthday gift

before, but she refused because she was afraid of heights.

"Mr. Benton, Miss Hewitt." The captain and the flight attendant stood at the door and respectfully welcomed Rupert and Annabel.

"Go on." Rupert held Annabel's hand and helped her up the stairs to the jet.

Soon, the jet took off and headed into the clouds.

In the blink of an eye, they were a hundred thousand feet high. Annabel sat beside Rupert, staring at the clouds from the window.

"What's on your mind?" Rupert's deep, magnetic voice suddenly sounded in Annabel's ears.

"Nothing." Annabel turned around and met Rupert's inquisitive gaze. She cleared her throat and said quickly, "I was just wondering who our enemy is."

"We will know when we arrive in France." Rupert smiled.

"Don't think too much. Help yourself to some drinks. What would you like?"

"Orange juice," Annabel said after thinking for a while.

Rupert called the stewardess over and said, "A glass of orange juice please."

"Okay, one moment." The stewardess smiled at them and then headed to the back.

Five minutes later, the stewardess returned with a glass of orange juice and handed it to Annabel. "Here you go, Miss Hewitt."

"Thank you." Annabel took the glass of orange juice and was about to drink it when the jet suddenly lurched and dropped rapidly.

"Ah! Ah!" Annabel screamed in fear.

The lights in the jet went out, shrouding them in darkness.

The feeling of weightlessness made Annabel's stomach churn, and the pitch darkness surrounding her made her deathly pale.

Traumatic memories flashed in her mind.

It was as though she had fallen into an abyss. It was dark all around, and she kept falling...

This feeling was so real that Annabel was convinced it was really happening. ②

Annabel tried to grab onto something, but there was nothing around her.

The overwhelming despair seemed to drown her.


"Help! Help me!" Annabel screamed in panic, her face pale and covered in sweat.

Rupert threw his arms around her tightly. "Annabel, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

Rupert's warm embrace gave Annabel some sense of relief. She hugged Rupert back and whimpered, "I'm so scared."

"Don't be afraid. It's just turbulence." Having Annabel's arms wrapped around him, Rupert couldn't help but smile.

Soon, the jet stabilized and the lights went back on.


Only then did Annabel realize that she was hugging Rupert for dear life. Blushing furiously, she let go of him hurriedly, mumbling, "I'm sorry. I wasn't myself just now." 

"Don't worry about it," Rupert said casually, but his eyes were still filled with concern.

"I was really scared..." Patting her chest, Annabel took a deep breath to gather her bearings. "I thought I was going to die."

"I didn't know you were such a scaredy-cat." Rupert smiled faintly.

Most of the time, Annabel was calm, independent, and level-headed. It was rare to see her so scared.

"I'm scared of the dark and I'm scared of heights. It was pitch black just now, and I could feel us plummeting to the ground. Of course I was scared out of my wits!" 

Rupert reached for Annabel's hand, his expression softening.

"Don't be afraid. I'm right here."

The warmth emanating from Rupert's fingertips seemed to spread all the way to Annabel's heart.

Truth be told, this man wasn't so bad.

If it weren't for the fact that he was in love with Candy, she might be willing to accept him.

But there was no if.

With a sigh, Annabel withdrew her hand and said indifferently, "Thank you."

The woman's obvious refusal made Rupert feel a little sad.

He couldn't help but ask in a low voice, "Annabel, are you unwilling to accept me?"

Annabel was stunned for a moment. "Rupert, now is not the time to discuss this. Have you forgotten why we're going to France? Benton Group is in trouble now. How could you still think about this?"

"In trouble?" Smiling confidently, Rupert waved his hand dismissively. "It's not a big deal."

He was right. Annabel also didn't think it was that big a deal, but it would still take time and effort to find out the evil mastermind behind this.

Fortunately, the rest of the flight was smooth.

When the jet landed, Annabel breathed a sigh of relief, as though a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Judson and Brett were already at the airport, waiting for them.

As soon as Annabel and Rupert deplaned, Brett walked up to

them and greeted them politely. "Hi, Rupert, Annabel."

"It's been a while." Smiling, Annabel hugged Brett.

"Mr. Benton, we've found out that in one of No. 1 factory's warehouses, there are traces of subpar raw materials containing radioactive elements." Judson went straight to the point.

"So there is something wrong with the raw materials," Rupert mused, narrowed his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I feel responsible for this." There was a trace of guilt in Brett's tone. After all, it happened in France, and the products produced by the branch factory were distributed by Lady Fashion.

"Brett, let's get to the bottom of this once and for all," Rupert said coldly.

"Mr. Benton, why don't you and Miss Hewitt go to the hotel and get some rest first? You two just came from a long flight..." Judson suggested, seeing the tired look on Annabel's face.

"No, thanks. Let's go to No. 1 factory now," Annabel said with a shake of her head. She couldn't wait to find out the truth.