

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss? - Chapter 124A

Chapter 124A

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"Okay." Judson agreed without hesitation.

The moment Annabel saw him leave, she returned to the ward. Sadness filled her heart as she stared at the unconscious Rupert in the bed.

Tucking him in, she sat by his bedside, held his hand, and prayed for his recovery.

The clock was ticking. Every tick was like a knock on Annabel's heart. It ached more and more.

Every second was like a century for her.

Annabel sat there with her eyes glued to his handsome face. It was getting late, but she didn't move an inch or sleep a wink.

Never had she been this worried in her entire life.

At midnight, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Annabel thought it was the attending doctor. But when she opened the door, she saw Finley standing on the other side.

He came with several fierce bodyguards to guard the ward.

"Finley, why are you here at this time?" Annabel was taken aback by his sudden appearance.

Shouldn't he be at home at this time?

Finley walked in, looked at his still boss, and said, "I flew here as soon as I got the news. How is Mr. Benton?"

Sadness crept to Annabel's face. "As you can see, he's still in a coma."

"Don't worry. He will come around soon," Finley assured her comfortingly.

"I hope so." Annabel nodded. Suddenly, something occurred to her. "By the way, how is the company?"

Finley was supposed to be holding the reins in Douburgh, and the company was yet to return to its former glory.

It had skipped her mind to check on how things were going over there.

Finley said in a somewhat cold tone, "The press conference kind of won some support for the company. The stock price began rising again. But the explosion changed the tide for the worse. There have been countless negative comments online, and the stock price is plummeting again."

No surprise there!

"Is the current situation that bad?" Annabel asked.

"Yes, it is," Finley said seriously, his shoulders slouching.

After thinking for a while, Annabel said, "The first thing we need to do now is to find out the truth. We must capture the culprit and expose everything to the public before things get any worse."

"I will try my best," Finley said firmly. "You must be tired. How about you back to rest? I can stay here with him through the night."

"No, I want to be by his side." Annabel shook her head. She

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wanted to be here when he regained consciousness. Her mind wouldn't be at rest if she left him in the care of someone else.

Finley smiled. "I understand, but you are injured too. You need to rest. Do you want to collapse before Mr. Benton wakes up? You can rest assured. I and the bodyguards will protect him. He's in safe hands."

Apart from the tiredness on Annabel's face, her entire body was aching badly. She also had something important to attend to.

She looked at Finley and the bodyguards at the door before nodding reluctantly. "Fine, I'll go to rest and come back tomorrow morning."

Finley walked her to her ward and returned.

With his hands in his pockets, he instructed the bodyguards, "Be alert. Let no one in, okay?"

"Yes, sir!" the bodyguards responded, standing at attention.

Finley closed the door and walked to the bed. He moved close to Rupert and whispered respectfully, "Sir, I have sent Annabel back to her ward. We are alone now."

The next second, Rupert's eyes peeled open.

He sat up and leaned against the headboard. He then asked, "Does anyone doubt my state?"

Finley shook his head with a smile. "No. Even Annabel believes that you are unconscious."

"That's good."

"Sir, if you don't mind me asking, why don't you tell her? You