

Chapter 125 Will You Marry Me

"Let me go inside and meet Rupert," Annabel said eagerly.

"But Finley has instructed us that no one is allowed to enter the room without his permission," one of the bodyguards replied with an embarrassed expression.

The bodyguards knew that Annabel was Rupert's fiancée, but since Finley had given them an order, they could only do their duty and stop Annabel at the door.

After pondering for a while, Annabel took out her phone and called Finley.

Finley heard his phone ring and looked at the screen. He saw that Annabel was calling and pressed the speaker button.

"Miss Hewitt, what can I do for you?" he asked.

Annabel's anxious and concerned voice filtered out from the phone's speaker as she asked, "Is Rupert awake?"

"No," Finley said lightly as he looked at Rupert, who was leisurely lounging in the bed.

He hadn't woken up?

Annabel bit her lower lip in disappointment and said, "I'm very worried about him. Can I come inside and see him?"

Her voice clearly reached Rupert's ear and he didn't miss a

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word.

His sexy lips automatically curved up into an enigmatic smile.

She cared about him.

Finley looked at Rupert for direction.

Noting his slight nod, Finley said, "Please wait a moment."

Finley opened the room's door and spotted Annabel standing just outside.

"Come in, please." He smiled.

"Miss Hewitt can enter and leave the ward freely from now on," Finley told the bodyguards.

"Is Rupert okay?" Annabel's gaze instantly focused on the man lying in the bed, who looked gorgeous even when he was "unconscious."

Rupert's eyes remained closed as he heard Annabel's caring voice. The softest part of his heart seemed to be scratched by a feather.

"His condition is quite stable," Finley said, pursing his lips.

"I heard him talking just now." Annabel's attention remained fixed on Rupert. She seemed to have heard his voice just now.

"You heard me talking on the phone," Finley replied with a shake of his head.

"I see." Annabel looked disappointed.

Finley looked at Annabel, then at Rupert. "Since you're here with him, I'll leave now. If you require anything, you can ask

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the bodyguards at the door. They are all Mr. Benton's confidants."

Since Annabel was here, it was wiser for him to leave.

"Thank you." Annabel smiled at him.

Finley turned around, walked out of the room, and closed the door.

Was Rupert pretending to be unconscious just to flush out the manipulator? Finley didn't think so. He guessed Rupert wanted to see Annabel care about him.

Taking a seat at the head of the bed, Annabel silently studied the man lying in it, feeling melancholic.

She was tired and finally gave in to her exhaustion. She fell asleep at the head of the bed.

The room was very quiet, faint breathing the only audible sound.

The unconscious man slowly peeled his eyes open.

When his cool eyes fell on the sleeping woman, his face softened a little and he smiled faintly.

He stood up gently and used a thin blanket to cover Annabel.

In her sleep, she mumbled, "Rupert, you will be fine."

Warmth coursed through Rupert's veins, and his tender eyes fell on Annabel's face.

Her delicate face looked tired, and her thin lips had no color. These past few days must have exhausted her.