

Chapter 140 The Plane Went Out of Control

Annabel's emotions were a little out of control at this time.

She stared up at Rupert. Their eyes locked. Her heart was beating with an unexplainable emotion.

"Thank you, Rupert." Annabel stretched out and took the plush cat.

Rupert's blood had stained the plush cat. Part of its white fur had changed to dark red.

As soon as Annabel took the cat, Rupert chuckled.

"Are you no longer angry?" Rupert said lovingly, taking Annabel in his arms. "What I told you the day before was from the bottom of my heart. Put your faith in me, okay?"

Annabel smiled slightly and said nothing.

She gently pushed Rupert away. "Let go of me."

"You smiled. Does this imply that you are no longer angry with me?" Rupert asked in a low, husky voice.

"Does it matter if I'm angry or not?" Annabel patted the fluff cat in her hand tenderly.

"Yes, it is very important to me," Rupert responded in a serious tone while staring at Annabel.

Annabel pursed her lips and remained silent.

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Annabel pursed her lips and remained silent.

Rupert also remained silent for a moment before asking, "What occurred in the restroom just now?"

"Nothing. It's just that Annie hates me, so she hired two goons to abduct me," Annabel stated indifferently.

Rupert scowled as he recalled what happened. "So you beat those two men up?"

"Or what should I have done?" Annabel questioned, shrugging her shoulders.

Rupert narrowed his eyes and looked at Annabel curiously.

His fiancée surprisingly proved to be an excellent fighter.

Annabel, terrified by his intense stare, sprang to her feet. "Okay, let's get going. The auction isn't over yet, right?"

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Now that Rupert had already bought the plush cat, Annabel needed to find something else to buy.

As the owner of Leo Studio, she needed to buy something to promote her studio.

But Rupert grasped her arm before she could take a step forward.

He then drew her into his arms.

Annabel lost her balance and landed on his lap.

In this position, they seemed so intimate.

Annabel tried to get up, but Rupert's large hands gripped her shoulders tightly.

His deep, raspy voice rang in her ear. "Annabel, you've fallen in love with me. Why can't you admit it?"

"Stop talking nonsense." Annabel's heart skipped a beat.

Rupert asked, "Why don't you face your feelings?"

Annabel's body froze when she heard that. She frowned and shouted, "I don't..."

Rupert lowered his head and began kissing her passionately before she could finish her sentence.

Even though his lips were cold, the kiss was warm, and it set Annabel's heart racing.

The temperature in the lounge began to increase. The mood shifted to romantic.

"Annabel, please don't turn me down again, okay?" Rupert's deep eyes were filled with passion. He breathed quickly and pleaded with her.

Annabel didn't realize she hadn't pushed him away until now. She inhaled deeply to calm herself, then glared at Rupert.

"Rupert, don't go too far! Don't ever do that to me again before I give you my answer!"

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Looking at Annabel's pretty yet angry face, Rupert asked, "Don't do what?"

"Like what you did just now."

Rupert chuckled. "What did I do?"

The intimate scene lingered in Annabel's mind. Embarrassed and enraged, she punched Rupert in the chest and yelled, "How dare you ask me?"

Rupert took her hand in his and pressed it against his lips. "I'll wait for your answer, Annabel."

He spent a couple more days in France resting. He prepared to return home when the wound on his arm had almost healed.

The day was bright and warm. The sky was boundless.

Annabel stopped in front of Rupert's jet.

"What's the matter?" Rupert shifted his gaze to Annabel, who was standing next to him. His eyes were filled with concern.

"Nothing," Annabel answered, shaking her head.

But she was uneasy.

The sense of unease was so strong as if something terrible was imminent.

"Are you still afraid of heights? Don't be afraid. I'm right here with you," Rupert stated this while holding her hand.

His gentle voice eased her greatly. She followed him into the jet, smiling.

The plane took off and quickly soared into the sky.

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Annabel was lost in thought as she stared at the clouds through the window.

The benefit of this journey to France was finding who was responsible for the Ice and Fire incident, which helped Benton Group go back on track and even go higher.

"By the way, have Judson and Marilyn admitted to their crimes?" Annabel asked, looking at Rupert.

Rupert scowled. "Judson pleaded all guilty, while Marilyn insisted that she was innocent."

"I see," Annabel replied thoughtfully. "It appears that Judson genuinely loves Marilyn."

Unfortunately, Judson allowed himself to be deceived by the so-called true love and committed crimes.

Rupert grinned and made no comment.

"I'm not sure how much Love Jewelry is involved in this matter." Annabel massaged her forehead.

Even though Judson had pleaded guilty to all of the charges, Annabel still felt that things weren't that simple.

Rupert looked at her gaunt face and said softly, "Don't overthink the situation. You have been feeling exhausted during your time in France. Get some rest now."

"Alright." Annabel nodding. She was indeed exhausted, so she closed her eyes and rested.

Annabel finally nodded off after some time had passed.

The jet began to tremble slightly, and then was tossed up and

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down.

The trembling awakened Annabel. She grabbed Rupert's hand subconsciously. "Rupert, what is happening?"

"We might have run into a strong airflow." Rupert gently held Annabel in his arms. "Don't be scared. Just close your eyes. It will be over soon."

Annabel felt relieved by Rupert's warm embrace.

However, the plane continued to tremble more and more violently.

Rupert's expression changed a few seconds later. The continual shaking was not caused by normal airflow.

Something awful was about to happen.

Sure enough, a stewardess hurried over to him. "Bad news, Mr. Benton! The plane has lost control!"