

## Chapter 141 I'll Tell You My Answer Now

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What?

The jet was out of control?

How could this be?

How could the pilot suddenly lose control of the jet?

Annabel was scared out of her wits. After all, she was deathly afraid of heights.

Rupert patted her on the shoulder and stood up. His handsome face was unusually cold. "I'll go and have a look."

Then he started to walk to the cockpit.

"I'll go with you," Annabel said feebly, her face a ghastly pale.

She was terribly afraid of heights, and as the jet shuddered violently, she felt like she was about to die.

"Okay," Rupert answered lightly. He stretched out his right hand to hold Annabel, pulling her into his arms. "I'm here. Don't be afraid."

The jet continued to shake violently. It was extremely difficult for Annabel to balance, let alone walk.

Panic seized her heart, rendering her unable to think straight.

Luckily, Rupert held onto her tightly, which made her feel inexplicably safe.

Together, the two headed to the cockpit.

"What's going on?" Rupert asked the captain with a frown.

Sweat trickled down the captain's forehead. He was busy controlling the steering wheel with both hands, but all the color had drained from

his face. "I can't control it. We're going to crash!"

Crash?

Annabel gasped in shock. How could this be?

If the jet crashed, then all the people on the jet—including her—would die.


She told herself that she had to calm down at the moment, but fear consumed every fiber of her being.

Hyperventilating, she looked at the man beside her and asked in bewilderment, "Rupert, what're we going to do?"

"Don't be afraid." Rupert smoothed her hair gently. "We'll be fine."

Then, he turned to the captain and said decisively, "Calm down first. Do your best to keep the aircraft steady. As soon as we reach a suitable height, we'll parachute out of the jet immediately."

Nodding shakily, the captain stuttered, "I-I'll do my best."

Fortunately, Rupert's jet was specially equipped with parachutes. 

They could jump if worse came to worst.

Rupert then ordered the other two men to ready the parachutes and prepare to jump at any time.

"Rupert, are we really going to do this?" Leaning against him weakly, Annabel looked pale and helpless.

She was still afraid.

She had always been afraid of heights, ever since she was a child.

If the jet crashed...

She didn't dare to entertain the thought.

"Annabel, listen to me. The jet is out of control. Jumping is our only chance at survival," Rupert explained seriously.

"But I'm too scared... I can't do it..." Annabel protested feebly.

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"Annabel, listen to me. The jet is out of control. Jumping is our only chance at survival," Rupert explained seriously.

"But I'm too scared... I can't do it..." Annabel protested feebly.

"Don't be afraid. I'll protect you." Rupert squeezed her hand reassuringly, his deep-set eyes full of determination.

The situation was very critical now. Everyone tensely waited as Rupert calmly ordered the captain to lower the aircraft. ②

"That's high enough." Rupert took a look at the figures on the dashboard. The jet was flying at the perfect height and speed, suitable for parachuting.

And by now, the shaking of the jet became even more violent.

Time was running out. The jet could explode any second now!

"Now!" The crew opened the cabin's door. Looking out grimly, Rupert calmly directed the crew to jump with their parachutes one by one.

Soon, there were only the captain, Rupert, and Annabel left. ⓪

"Mr. Benton, Miss Hewitt, jump already!" The captain wiped the cold sweat on his forehead and set the jet to autopilot.

With knitted brows, Rupert grabbed the captain's arm and said firmly, "You go first. Hurry up!"

The captain looked at Rupert, his eyes shining with gratitude. "Take care!"

As soon as he said this, the captain leaped out of the jet and disappeared from Annabel's sight.

"Annabel, get ready." Rupert tied the parachute to himself and Annabel. Then, he wrapped his arms around her tightly, poised to jump. ⓪

"Rupert, I'm scared!" Annabel cried hysterically.

Seeing how the ground was tens of thousands of miles away, her face turned ghastly pale.

The fear paralyzed her.

"Close your eyes. I'll count to three. We'll jump together," Rupert whispered in her ear.

Annabel looked into his deep eyes and felt an inexplicable sense of security. Finally, she squeezed her eyes shut, wrapped her arms around Rupert's neck, and jumped into the air with him. ⓪

"Ah!" The feeling of free-falling made Annabel's mind go completely blank. She couldn't help but scream at the top of her lungs.

"Annabel, just hang on. I'll activate the parachute soon."

Seconds later, the parachute was opened.

Soon, the rope went taught and the sense of weightlessness finally disappeared. Annabel breathed a sigh of relief. ①

"It's okay. We're going to be safe." Rupert's deep, reassuring voice was like music to her ears.

When she opened her eyes, Annabel found herself immersed in a sea of clouds. Still, she didn't feel at ease.

"Rupert, are we about to die?"

"No," he said firmly. Then he tightened his grip around her, as though he was holding the most precious thing in the world.

"Are you sure?" With her arms wrapped around his neck, Annabel buried her face in his arms. Gradually, she calmed down.

Rupert looked down at her and said firmly, "Trust me! We're going to survive this."

"Okay. I trust you." Annabel nodded firmly.

"Are you still scared?" Rupert's voice softened.

Looking into his affectionate eyes, she smiled. "You're here with me, so I'm not afraid anymore."

The two slowly descended from the sky.

Leaning against his chest, Annabel could hear his heartbeat clearly.

Memories of her past resurfaced in her mind, still clear as day.

Rupert had saved her life again and again.

He had said, "Annabel, don't be afraid. I will protect you."

He also said, "Annabel, I want to pursue you. You're the woman I want

to spend the rest of my life with."

Slowly, she looked up at the man who was hugging her tightly.

His handsome face, flawless skin, deep-set eyes, perfect nose, sexy lips—he was perfect. Even amidst such a dangerous situation, he was still calm and collected. He exuded an innate dignity, as if he was born to be a king.

At this moment, an indescribable feeling surged in her heart.

Annabel closed her beautiful eyes for a while. When she opened them again, there was a strange light in them.

"Rupert, I'll tell you my answer now," she said softly. 