Chapter 123 In A Coma

"Rupert, you have to be okay..."

Annabel gritted her teeth and forced herself out of bed, enduring the searing pain in her back.

She needed to find Rupert. She needed to confirm that he was fine with her own eyes.

"Miss Hewitt?" Just then, Judson's voice sounded from outside the door.

"Judson, thank God you're here!" When Annabel saw Judson come in, she felt a small sense of relief. "Where's Rupert? Have you seen him?" ②

Judson averted his gaze and stammered, "Mr. Benton..."

"Yes? How is he?" Seeing that Judson seemed hesitant to answer her, Annabel pressed him anxiously.

"He's currently receiving emergency medical treatment." Judson sighed and decided to be honest. "He was seriously injured."

Emergency medical treatment... Seriously injured...

Annabel's mind went completely blank all of a sudden.

Rupert had gotten hurt because of her.

The memories of the warehouse suddenly exploding flooded her mind.

If Rupert hadn't saved her, he wouldn't have gotten badly hurt.

"Where is the emergency room?" Annabel suddenly asked.

Judson seemed to be startled. The next second, he came to his senses and answered, "The eighteenth floor." ⓘ

As soon as Judson said this, Annabel rushed out of the ward and went straight to the elevator, jabbing the button anxiously.

But the elevator stopped at the top floor. Annabel's ward was on the fifth floor.

Gritting her teeth, she turned around and headed for the stairs. Ignoring the pain, she climbed thirteen flights of steps and finally made it to the eighteenth floor.

"Where is Rupert Benton?" Annabel grabbed a doctor like a madwoman.

"Are you talking about the Mr. Benton of Benton Group?" Startled, the doctor looked at Annabel up and down. Finally, he pointed at a room at the end of the hall. "He's in the emergency room over there."

"How is he? Is he okay?" Annabel asked, wringing the doctor's coat anxiously.

The doctor shook his head with a sigh. "Sorry, I don't know."

Annabel let go of him and rushed to the door of the emergency room in a hurry, but a nurse at the door stopped her. "I'm sorry, miss. The doctor is in the middle of treating the patient. You can't go in."

"Is the patient okay?" Looking at the closed door of the emergency room, Annabel felt powerless.

The nurse smiled politely. "Please rest assured that the doctor will do his best."

Rest assured?

How could she rest assured?

If something bad happened to Rupert, she would never be able to live with herself.

Annabel's heart was hanging in the air.

She fell to her knees and clasped her hands in front her chest, praying desperately for Rupert's safety.

"Annabel?" A familiar voice came into Annabel's ears, pulling her back to reality.

Following the direction of the voice, Annabel found that Brett and several managers of Benton Group's branch in France were sitting next to the emergency room. Everyone looked worried sick.

Annabel walked over in a daze. "How is Rupert?"

Brett shook his head and sighed. "I just got here. I came as soon as I got the news. How did this happen?"

"I don't know. The warehouse exploded out of the blue," Annabel replied, rubbing her aching temples.

Only then did it occur to her how strange this matter truly was.

The warehouse didn't explode until she and Rupert got there...

How could that be a coincidence?

Just then, the door to the emergency room swung open, and

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the doctor wheeled Rupert out on a gurney.

"Oh, my God! Rupert, are you okay?" Annabel rushed over immediately and looked at Rupert with concern.

But Rupert didn't answer her.

He was unconscious, lying quietly on the gurney. His handsome face was extremely pale, and his eyes were tightly closed. His head and legs were wrapped in bandages, and there were faint blood stains on the white gauze.

A lump formed in Annabel's throat and she almost burst into tears on the spot.

She swallowed and forced herself to calm down. She couldn't break down at a moment as critical as this.

"Doctor, is he going to be okay?" Annabel asked in a trembling voice.

Despite asking this, she was afraid to hear the answer.

The doctor said gravely, "He was hit by a sheet of metal, and the injury on his head was serious. Although we've treated him as best as we could, his situation is still not optimistic."

Not optimistic? What was that supposed to mean?

The doctor's words were like a knife to Annabel's heart.

Why was Rupert so stupid? Why did he have to risk his life to save her?

"When will he wake up?" Annabel asked in a small voice, biting her lip hard to prevent herself from crying.

The doctor sighed. "It's hard to tell. It could be today, it could

be tomorrow, or..."

The doctor didn't go on, but his meaning was clear.

Worry, anxiety, regret... Mixed feelings plagued her heart. Annabel lowered her head to look at the pale, unconscious Rupert. "He'll be fine!" she said firmly, although her voice was a bit shaky.

Brett placed his hand on her shoulder and said, "Yes, he'll be fine. You're injured, too. Go back to your ward and get some rest. We'll make sure Rupert is taken care of."

"I'm fine. I need to stay with Rupert." Annabel shook her head stubbornly.

The doctor wheeled Rupert into the VIP ward. Sitting next to the bed, Annabel looked down at the familiar handsome face and said remorsefully, "I'm sorry, Rupert. This is all my fault. If I hadn't insisted on coming to France, this wouldn't have happened..." ②

After a pause, Annabel's voice broke. She held Rupert's hand and said, "Rupert, you have to wake up!"

Just then, there was a gentle knock on the door.

Annabel wiped away her tears and went to open the door. Judson was standing outside.

"Judson..." Annabel said softly.

Judson looked inside the ward and asked, "Mr. Benton... Is he okay?"

Annabel pursed her lips and shook her head. "He's still unconscious."

Judson sighed heavily. "Such a tragedy was so unexpected. But Mr. Benton is a lucky man. He'll be fine. I'm sure of it."

Raising her eyes to look at Judson, Annabel clicked her tongue. "As soon as we arrived, the warehouse exploded. What a coincidence! Judson, have you found anything yet?"

"It happened out of the blue." Judson's expression darkened. "At the scene, the firefighters found two dead bodies."

Annabel was shocked. "Two dead bodies? Who were they?"

"We suspect that they were the warehouse managers, but we'll need to test their DNA to confirm their identities." Judson shook his head. "There is something deeply wrong going on. Perhaps those two people were the ones who tampered with the raw materials."

Annabel nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, it's possible. This is really troubling, Judson. Please find out whether those two people had something to do with the defective raw materials and the explosion." ⑤