

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss? - Chapter 131B

Chapter 131B

Chapter 131 Was This Feeling Love

Annabel replied, "Yes."

Anika teased, "You let love take priority over friendship."

Annabel's lips twitched and she was just about to shoot back a reply when Rupert leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Here we are."

Annabel looked out of the window. The Eiffel Tower was just a little distance away.

"Let's go," Rupert said as he opened her door for Annabel.

They strolled along the Seine River.

Green trees and gorgeous views were present on both banks of the river.

The park had several green spaces. From the distance, one could see dozens of iron bridges cross the river, adding to the exotic charm of the Seine River.

Annabel had visited Paris before, but she had never felt the view was as beautiful as it was today.

"Sir, please buy a rose for your girlfriend," a girl carrying a large basket of roses said to Rupert just then.

The word "girlfriend" made Rupert's heart soar.

"I'll take them all." With raised eyebrows, he removed a stack of notes from his wallet and handed it to the little girl. "Keep the change." ①

The little girl was ecstatic and looked at Annabel with admiration. "Your boyfriend is so nice to you. You're so lucky!"

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Annabel was nonplussed and explained, "He's not my boyfriend."

Rupert frowned at this and said, "Yes, I'm not her boyfriend but her fiance."

Annabel was rendered speechless.

"Seeing you have a fiance who treats you so well makes me so envious!" After saying that, the little girl pocketed the money and cheerfully went on her way.

Rupert held the roses in his hands and looked at Annabel with his intense gaze. "These are for you."

"No, I don't want them," Annabel said, shaking her head.

"You don't like them?" Rupert asked in a dejected voice. "Isn't it true that all girls like roses?"

That was what he had read in the book yesterday.

The first step in pursuing a woman was to present her with flowers.

However, this didn't seem to work on Annabel.

With a frown, Annabel explained, "It's not appropriate for you to give me roses."

She hadn't figured out her answer yet. She didn't want to accept roses from Rupert before she did.

Rupert gave a slight nod and brought his thin lips close to her ear. His deep voice was as captivating as a cello. "Annabel, didn't I tell you that I was wooing you?"

Annabel's heart was racing. She inhaled deeply and met

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Rupert's eyes. "Rupert, let's play a game."

Rupert was stunned and asked instinctively, "What game?"

"A game to test our fate," Annabel replied with pursed lips.

Rupert's interest was piqued. "How?"

"You walk that way and I walk in the opposite direction. If we end up bumping into each other, that means we are destined to be together," Annabel elaborated.

After considering it for a moment, Rupert nodded and said, "Okay."

"You go first." Worried that he might cheat, Annabel pointed him in the right direction.

Rupert gazed deeply at her and said, "I will prove that we're destined to be together."

Seeing Rupert's tall figure becoming smaller as he walked away, Annabel felt a little upset.

She couldn't figure out her feelings for him.

Was her mind rattled? That seemed to be the case.

Did she like him? A little bit.

But was this feeling love? Annabel couldn't tell for certain.

She only knew she had never had this feeling for anyone before meeting Rupert.

However, she also knew that another woman resided in his heart—Candy. ②

She was afraid.

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She was afraid that Rupert would only think of her as a stand-in for Candy. She was worried that he was also only pursuing her because of Candy.

Should she accept his pursuit?

After a few deep breaths, Annabel pushed away the baffling emotions and aimlessly wandered the streets of Paris.

At dusk, Annabel hadn't met Rupert yet. Did fate not want them to meet?

Her lips quirked up in a bitter smile. Just as she was about to hail a taxi to go back to the hotel, an amusement park a little distance away snagged her attention.

This amusement park... Why did this place seem so familiar?

She felt like she had been here before.

Some vague memory fragments flashed through her mind, making her think that perhaps her parents had brought her here.

Annabel kneaded her temples, willing herself to recall something, but came up empty-handed.

From the time she started forming memories, she had been living with her grandfather.

Her childhood memories were very obscure.

It seemed that something very important had been wiped out from her memory. ③

What was it?

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Annabel didn't know.