

# Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss? - Chapter 133A

## Chapter 133A

### Chapter 133 Promise

Rupert didn't say a word.

Without an expression on his face, he played with the umbrella in his hand.

Though he remained silent, Annabel knew what the answer was, her heart filled with bitterness.

The space between them was quite narrow. As a result, the situation was pretty awkward.

Just then, the Ferris wheel began to rotate and their car descended slowly.

Before it stopped, Rupert looked up all of a sudden.

He stared at Annabel and said seriously, "I used to like Candy. But that's in the past. Now, I want to spend the rest of my life with you." ④

There was something about his voice that made it so soothing.

Annabel couldn't help being charmed by what he just said. Her heart raced uncontrollably.

"Do you really mean that?" she asked, pursing her lips.

"Yes," Rupert replied, nodding faintly. "So, do you mind telling me the answer in advance?"

"I do," Annabel answered, raising the corners of her lips smugly. "You have to wait for two months, and that's final."

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She was still a little surprised by his answer a few seconds ago.

This was what she wanted to hear. But did he mean what he said? Did he really not like Candy anymore? She had been his obsession for many years. ④

Although Annabel felt a surge of excitement in her heart, she couldn't shake off her suspicion.

Perhaps, if they gave each other more time, she would understand him better. That way, she might find out whether or not he was still yearning for Candy.

"Very well then." Rupert grinned helplessly.

They soon got off the Ferris wheel and walked side by side in the amusement park.

It was a very peaceful night.

Street lamps shone on them, casting long shadows of the two.

What kind of relationship did they share? Annabel asked herself, tilting her head subconsciously.

They were more than friends, but neither of them saw the other as their lover.

"It's late," Annabel said in a hushed tone. She was exhausted from walking all day. "Let's go back."

They returned to the hotel. As soon as they entered the hall, a woman in a rose red dress suddenly walked to them. "Rupert, are you okay?"

On seeing who the person in question was, Annabel furrowed her brow.

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What was Heather doing here? ④

When did she come to Paris?

Rupert was just as shocked. "Why are you here?" he asked coldly.

"I've been very worried about you of late," Heather replied. "It's such a relief to know you are fine." ④

From the look in her eyes, it was obvious that she was drawn to Rupert. She couldn't even hide her admiration for him. But this didn't sit well with Annabel, who stepped forward and smiled sarcastically. "Why does it bother you if my fiance is fine or not?"

"I care about him." Heather fixed her gaze on Annabel. She was green with envy upon seeing how close Annabel and Rupert were.

"Let's go, Rupert." Annabel pulled Rupert's hand and both of them headed to the elevator.

Following them, Heather noticed that they entered different rooms.

Immediately, a thought rushed through her mind.

If Rupert loved Annabel, why then did they live in two different rooms? Could it be that he wasn't that into her?

Heather guessed that Annabel was pestering Rupert. ④

"What's so good about that country bumpkin? Why can't he see that she's just a woman who goes about seducing men?" Heather murmured to herself.

When Annabel returned to her room, she decided to take a hot