

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 48

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Chapter 48 Feed Me

Gritting her teeth, Annabel did her best to support Rupert with one hand while the other reached into his pocket.

Annabel's hand rummaged through the pocket. Soon, her fingers brushed against something.

Rupert stiffened.

"What're you looking for? The key or something else?"

"Sorry!" When Annabel realized what she had touched just now, her face turned as red as a tomato. She apologized in a hurry and started searching for the key in the opposite direction.

What was going on today? Was the universe determined to give her a hard time? Even the key decided to hide from her!

She reached into the deepest part of the pocket, but she still couldn't find the damn key. Annabel fumbled in Rupert's pocket anxiously, but to no avail.

Through the cloth, Rupert could feel Annabel's hand brushing against his thigh. Her touch sent waves of electricity through him, which felt both excruciating and intoxicating.

"Rupert, where's your key? There's no key here!" After a while, Annabel was so tired that she broke into a sweat.

Still, Rupert was leaning on her. daotranslate.com He unhurriedly patted his pocket with his uninjured hand and frowned. It seemed that the key wasn't there. After a while, his expression darkened. "I just remembered, it's in the other pocket."

"What the—" Annabel cursed.

Rupert shrugged and just pointed to the pocket on his right.

Annabel was so exasperated. This scheming man must have done it on purpose! She just kicked him! How could he be so mean? Besides, she didn't mean to hurt him! He was the one who jumped in front of her to block the knife.

Annabel grumbled to herself as she fumbled to unlock the door. Finally, the door opened, and she used the last of her strength to drag Rupert to the couch. "Stay there first."

Just as she was about to stand up, her legs buckled from underneath her. "Ah!" With a scream, Annabel fell into Rupert's arms.

"Can't you wait before you start throwing yourself at me? We just got here." Rupert teased her.

Annabel's ears immediately turned red. She glared at him and spat, "It's all because you practically made me carry you all the way here!"

Rupert unhurriedly leaned back on the sofa and shrugged. "You kicked me Annabel was speechless. She never meant to kick him!"

"Time for your medicine." At a loss, Annabel decided to change the topic. She stood up and fetched the medicine the doctor had prescribed and put it in front of Rupert. "One pill a night..."

Before she could finish her sentence, her stomach began to growl. Rupert chuckled. "Hungry?"

Annabel was a little embarrassed. She had been busy all day and forgot to eat dinner. Indeed, she was famished.

"I'm hungry, too. Let's order some takeout." As Rupert spoke, he took out his phone. "What do you want to eat?"

"Is there anything in the fridge? I can cook. My cooking is not that bad." Truth be told, Annabel didn't like takeout. She always felt that it was too unhealthy.

"You can cook?" Rupert's eyebrows shot up in surprise. daotranslate.com Annabel smiled. "Of course. But I seldom cook. You're so lucky today. Consider it a reward for saving my life."

"One usually has to marry the other person for saving their life." Rupert suddenly sat up straight. His usually indifferent eyes flashed meaningfully as he stared at the woman in front of him.

Marry?

Annabel rolled her eyes at him, stood up, and went to the kitchen. Rupert hired a housekeeper for this apartment.

Sometimes, he would ask her to prepare dinner for him, so the housekeeper made it a habit to keep the fridge fully stocked in case of need.

Annabel opened the fridge and found that it had a lot of fruits, vegetables, and frozen goods. It was very late now, so she decided to cook something simple. Spaghetti sounded perfect.

She chose the ingredients one by one, washed them, and began to cook. After taking his medicine, Rupert craned his neck to look inside the kitchen.

From his angle, he could only see Annabel's back.

She had put on an apron and was busy in the kitchen, like a good wife who was preparing dinner for her husband. Rupert's expression softened.

He couldn't help but stand up and walk to the kitchen.

Bruce's words suddenly echoed in his mind. "Anna's a good girl. As long as you spend more time with her, you'll see that for yourself. Rupert, you won't want to miss her."

Maybe he should try to get to know Annabel more. Just as Annabel was about to put all the ingredients into the pot, Rupert's magnetic voice interrupted her. "Do you need help?"

When Annabel turned around, she saw Rupert leaning against the door frame with his hands in his trouser pockets. His handsome face looked unusually gentle at the moment, there was a faint smile tugging at the corner of his sexy lips, and his charming eyes were staring right at her. His eyes were like two whirlpools, drowning anyone who dared to look straight into them.

Being stared at by Rupert like this, Annabel suddenly felt a little shy. She quickly averted her gaze and looked at his leg.

Frowning, she asked, "I thought you couldn't walk?"

Rupert said, "You're right. I need you to help me to the dining room." "Go by yourself. Can't you see I'm busy?" Annabel pushed him out of the kitchen and slammed the door behind her.

Despite being kicked out, Rupert couldn't help but smile.

By the time Annabel was done cooking, Rupert was already waiting for her at the table.

“Here you go.” Annabel put a plate of spaghetti in front of Rupert. “It’s late, and I know you’re hungry, so I just cooked some spaghetti.”

Rupert looked down at the food in front of him. His eyes widened.

The spaghetti glistened invitingly. The food both looked good and smelled good.

He raised his head to look at the woman who prepared the food, but she was already busy wolfing down her spaghetti.

Seeing this, he chuckled to himself softly.

His fiancée was something else

Other women like Heather and Nina always pretended to have a small appetite in front of him. But he wasn’t interested in women like them at all.

Annabel, on the other hand, didn’t give a damn and ate her food as though she was the only person in the room.

After slurping the last of her spaghetti, Annabel raised her head, only to find Rupert staring straight at her.

More importantly, the spaghetti in front of him looked untouched.

“Why aren’t you eating?” Annabel asked with a frown. “Don’t you like it?” Without saying a word, Rupert lifted his injured hand meaningfully. “You can just use your other hand!” Annabel was shocked by his brazenness.

Rupert pursed his lips. “But it’s my left hand. I’m not used to eating with my left hand.”

“So you’re saying you don’t want to eat?”

“I’m not.” Rupert stopped Annabel from taking his spaghetti away. “Feed me.”