

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

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Chapter 53 I Have The Final Say

Before Annabel could say anything, Rupert hung up abruptly.

Hearing the beeping tone on the phone, Annabel shook her head helplessly.

Why did Rupert call her again? Lately, he seemed to always look for her whenever something happened. Confused, Annabel took the elevator to Rupert's office.

The door to his office was slightly ajar. Before entering, she knocked on the door.

"Come in," Rupert called out.

Annabel pushed the door open and found Rupert sitting at his desk.

He had taken off his suit jacket and put it on the sofa, leaving only a white shirt on. The topmost buttons on his chest were casually unbuttoned, exposing his well-defined chest muscles. This coupled with his handsome face, he looked extraordinarily handsome.

At this moment, Rupert was staring at his computer screen and typing on the keyboard with one hand.

For a moment, Annabel fell into a trance. It turned out that Rupert was an alcoholic. His right hand was injured, yet he still worked tirelessly.

"Like what you see?" Out of the corner of his eye, Rupert saw that Annabel was staring at him. He broke into a sly smile.

His deep voice brought Annabel back to her senses. Embarrassed, she coughed and changed the subject.

"Why did you call me?"

"You had a meeting with Brett this afternoon, right?" Rupert stopped what he was doing. He leaned back in his chair and crossed one leg over the other. This simple yet graceful move fully encapsulated just how elegant and noble he was.

"That's correct." Annabel nodded, confused by Rupert's concern for the project.

Did he plan to invest more in the jewelry? Or did he want to explore the jewelry market?

“I want details on the progress you’ve made.” As he spoke, Rupert narrowed his eyes at her.

Annabel nodded obediently. “Today’s meeting was mainly for both sides to discuss next steps. I’m sorting out the minutes of the meeting right now. I’ll send them to you once I’m done. If there’s nothing else, I’ll get back to work.”

Seeing that Annabel couldn’t wait to leave, Rupert frowned unhappily. “Wait.”

“Anything else?”

Rupert raised his injured hand. “Have you forgotten? The doctor said I should apply ointment to the wound twice a day.”

Annabel was confused. “Okay. So do it.”

Rupert said expressionlessly, “I don’t know how.”

What?

What the hell was wrong with this man? He didn’t know how to do something as simple as applying ointment? «

Annabel was about to retort when Rupert pursed his thin lips and said unhappily, “Is this how you treat the person who saved your life?” “Okay, fine. I’ll help you, okay?” Annabel rolled her eyes in exasperation.

“Where’s the ointment?” Rupert pointed at the drawer wordlessly. Annabel opened the drawer, took out the ointment, squatted down and carefully unwrapped Rupert’s bandage.

Then she opened the lid, picked up some ointment with her fingers, and applied it on the wound gently and evenly.

Her slender fingers gently stroked the back of his hand, and the coolness of the ointment made Rupert feel comfortable.

“Did you ever study medicine?” Rupert couldn’t help but ask.

Annabel paused what she was doing, too stunned to reply.

“You’re very good at this.” Rupert looked down at the woman squatting in front of him with a meaningful look in his eyes.

“I know a little about it,” Annabel replied with a smile

For some reason, what with Annabel rubbing his hand, Rupert felt a sense of tranquility.

“Annabel...” Rupert suddenly called her name in a low and hoarse voice.

“Yeah?” Annabel looked up at him and saw a spark of desire in his deep-set eyes.

“Do you really—” Rupert was about to ask, “Do you really dislike me?” But suddenly, Annabel’s phone rang and interrupted him.

“Sorry, I have to take this.” Annabel took out her phone from her pocket to check the caller ID. It was Marcel calling.

When Rupert saw the name “Marcel” flashing on the screen, his expression darkened immediately.

Did Annabel have that kind of relationship with Marcel?

With ointment slathered all over her hand, Annabel couldn’t answer the phone properly. So she put the phone on the table and put it on speaker.

“Annabel, are you busy?” Marcel asked. Annabel smiled. “No. Why? What’s wrong?”

“Does something bad have to happen before I can call you?” Marcel asked begrudgingly.

“Of course not. You can call me anytime,” Annabel said with a chuckle as she continued to apply ointment on Rupert’s hand.

“Are you free tonight?”

“Sure. What’s up?”

“You left my birthday party early because you weren’t feeling well. It just so happens I’m free tonight, so how about I treat you to dinner?” Marcel offered.

“Okay. See you later!”

Annabel agreed without hesitation. She was so focused on Rupert’s hand that she failed to notice the stormy rage in his eyes.

Clearly, he was very unhappy.

How could Annabel flirt with another man right in front of him?

Was it because of Marcel that Annabel didn’t like him romantically? @ How could she be unwilling to see him but willing to smile at Marcel? Was Marcel Annabel’s type?

“Okay, that’s settled then. I’ll pick you up at seven o’clock. See you later! I love you!”
Then, Marcel happily hung up.

Annabel stood up to put the phone away, but unexpectedly, her legs had gone numb after squatting for a long time. She lost her balance and abruptly fell on Rupert

By sheer coincidence, she hit Rupert’s wound.

Rupert immediately groaned in pain

“Oh, my God! I’m so sorry, Rupert. Are you okay?” Feeling embarrassed, Annabel hurriedly stood up to check on him. “You like Marcel?” Rupert’s face turned a ghastly pale. He returned her question with another.

Marcel?

Annabel was too stunned for words.

She just saw Marcel as a brother. Did Rupert misunderstand their relationship again?

Then again, Annabel didn’t feel the need to explain herself to him. “He’s alright,”
Annabel answered indifferently What was that supposed to mean?

So she did like him, was that it?

Rupert’s face darkened completely. “Have you forgotten about the Ice and Fire series?
Don’t leave this office until you perfect the plan.”

“But I have plans tonight,” Annabel protested. “Besides, the plan’s already perfect. Even
Brett agrees.”

All of a sudden, Rupert stood up and looked down at Annabel. “I’m your boss. I have the
final say!”

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Score 9.9