

Read Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 6 The Bribe

Annabel looked at Rupert in confusion.

"In case you have forgotten, you are engaged to me now. Marcel is a celebrity. Many eyes are on him. Behave yourself. I won't sit back and watch you dent the reputation of the Benton family," Rupert warned in a serious tone.

Only then did Annabel realize that Rupert thought she loved Marcel.

How did his mind go that far?

"Also, I have to remind you that it'll be very difficult to marry into the Brooks family. After all, you are two years older than Marcel—"

"Enough!" Annabel snapped. "Our engagement is just one of convenience. You and I know that we won't end up together. That said, it's none of your business whom I date or want to marry. Don't tell me what to do!"

Rupert's face darkened. He wanted to retort, but he bit his tongue when he saw her glaring at him. The rest of the ride was silent.

Annabel hadn't denied having feelings for Marcel. Since she had behaved so defensively, Rupert assumed that she acquiesced to his suspicion. That annoyed him even more.

Rupert suffered from insomnia that night as usual.

Staying awake all night had been a thing for him since he was kidnapped and locked up in a dark room when he was thirteen years old.

He usually had panic attacks about that scary experience. But tonight, he was awake because he was thinking about Annabel.

Scenes of what happened last night flashed through his mind. He caught himself wishing for her to be in his arms again.

At the thought of this, he grew more unsettled.

"She has no taste in men. What does she see in Marcel who is merely a boy? Is she blind?"

With irritation, Rupert got out of bed and lit a cigarette.

The next few days were peaceful and uneventful for Annabel at work. However, she couldn't help missing the life she lived in the past. She had been a traveler. And whenever she wasn't catching flights, she was lying in her bed and living the best life at home.

The anniversary ceremony for Benton Group soon rolled by. That evening, Annabel was forced to get styled and dressed in a cocktail dress.

The banquet was grand. The guests were all popular businessmen from far and near.

As the CEO, Rupert was busy exchanging pleasantries with many guests. Annabel was tired of meeting a lot of people. She excused herself to the ladies' room.

After fixing her hair and makeup, she walked out, only to be stopped by a woman.

"Annabel Hewitt, right?"

From her appearance, Annabel calculated that this woman was about her age. She had on a customized dress and jewelry that looked expensive, so she must be from a rich family.

"Yes, how may I help you?"

"I'm Heather Norman," the woman said, walking closer.

This name was one that Annabel had heard times without number since she came to Douburgh.

Heather grew up with Rupert and was the only woman around him for many years.

The public had expected Heather and Rupert to end up together. They were the perfect match. But everything changed when Annabel show up.

"Like I said, how may I help you?" Annabel asked again, growing impatient.

Heather took out a bank card from her purse and said calmly, "There's ten million dollars in this card. I want you to call off the engagement between you and Rupert in front of everyone tonight."

Annabel scoffed and rolled her eyes.

Why were the residents of Douburgh so audacious? Was it something in the air? The nerve of them! Although this was an insult to Annabel, she had to admit that Heather was more generous than Erica who offered her the mere sum of five thousand dollars.

Heather's eyebrows crinkled with annoyance at Annabel's response. She intoned, "Ten million is enough to change your life. I'm sure you have never handled this amount before. You aren't good enough for Rupert. He will never marry you. The only reason he agreed for you to live with him is because of his grandfather's health. Once his grandfather recovers, you will be thrown out. It's better to leave rich than to be driven out poor."

"Huh?" Annabel sneered. "Ten million would change my life? What a joke! Just so you know, that's not enough for my monthly expenses. It's chicken feed!"

Annabel tut-tutted and left.

Heather watched her leave. She couldn't believe her ears. She felt that Annabel was out of her mind. How was ten million dollars chicken feed that was barely enough for her monthly expenses?

Heather's made-up face turned red. "Since you are stubborn, I'll deal with you with an iron fist. Just wait and see, you idiot!"

Meanwhile, Rupert had just finished his speech on stage and was talking to someone.

Once Annabel returned to the banquet hall, Erica walked to her and scolded, "Why are you walking around? Just sit there. Don't embarrass the Benton family."