

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Posted by **admin**, ? Views, Released on June 15, 2023

Chapter 65 Not As Good As Rory

When Rupert heard what Annabel had to say about him, he was furious. She said he was stingy, short-tempered, irritable, and annoying.

Was this Annabel's evaluation of him?

Other people saw him as a winner, an invincible person of privilege with an unattainable lifestyle.

Why did Annabel believe he was bad?

How could she think Rory was better?

"Rupert, why are you here?" Surprised, Annabel stood up and studied the sullen man.

She wondered whether he heard her conversation with her grandfather. If Rupert heard what she said, he would be furious.

"Let's go home," Rupert said flatly.

Go home?

What did Rupert mean?

Did he want her to go home with him?

Thinking of the embarrassing situation that day, Annabel shook her head. "You can leave, but I have to work overtime. I won't be going home tonight."

“Have you forgotten that you’re hypoglycemic? What if you faint again? I don’t want to be calling a doctor for you in the middle of the night,” Rupert said, squinting.

Did she feel she had to work all night just to avoid him? Even at the cost of her health?

Did she dislike him that much? Annabel felt embarrassed when Rupert reminded her. “I won’t faint again. It was an accident. Can you stop talking about it, please?”

“Let’s go.” Rupert checked his watch. It was already midnight. “As your boss, I order you to finish work and go home now.”

His tone was so domineering that she could not argue.

Well, it was true that Annabel worked all night to avoid Rupert. But it seemed that he wouldn’t leave unless she left with him.

Rain was pouring from the sky.

Sitting in Rupert’s car, Annabel watched the raindrops snake down the windshield as her thoughts drifted.

She had been in Douburgh for almost a month. She had promised her grandfather that she would spend time with Rupert for three months. She thought she could leave after that. After all, she and Rupert disliked each other. But things seemed to go out of control.

What Rupert had done to her was beyond her expectations. At times, he was overbearing and unreasonable, but sometimes, he seemed to care about her deeply.

When Nina stabbed her with a knife, Rupert protected her.

And today, Rupert forced her to go home because he was afraid that she would get tired and ill from working all night.

Although he was overbearing, he also cared about her.

Why did he care?

Was it only because she was his nominal fiancée?

It was totally unnecessary.

Annabel was a good judge of character, but she couldn't understand the man beside her.

What was he thinking? Would Rupert let her break off the engagement after three months? Could she leave him unscathed?

Annabel stole a glance at Rupert. His expression was neutral as he gripped the steering wheel with his hands and focused on driving. Neither of them spoke. The small space inside the car was so quiet it felt suffocating. Annabel closed her eyes. She did feel a little tired after working so hard. She was resting when Rupert's magnetic voice startled her. "Annabel, am I really that bad?"

"What?" Annabel opened her eyes, confused.

Turning his head to face her, Rupert asked, "Am I stingy? Do I have a bad temper?"

Annabel was speechless.

Rupert had heard what she said to her grandfather.

That was embarrassing.

"Rupert, do you often eavesdrop on other people's phone calls?" Annabel asked.

Rupert frowned. "Are you in the habit of gossiping behind people's backs?"

"Gossiping?" Annabel glared at Rupert. "I was not gossiping. I was telling the truth."

Rupert's expression was frosty. "So, I cannot compete with Rory on any points?"

Annabel swallowed hard. What had caused that leap of the imagination? What did any of it have to do with Rory?

"If you believe that, I can't help you," Annabel replied angrily.

It felt like an admission to Rupert. In Annabel's eyes, he was nothing compared to Rory. Was that why she ask Rory to be the spokesman? Did she forget that he was her fiance?

"Shit!" Recalling how Annabel and Rory had made out in the cafe, Rupert hit the steering wheel. His face was dark when he said, "Annabel, you should remember your place!"

Before he could say any more, Rupert lost control of the car. It swerved sharply. He stepped on the brakes, but the car hit the guardrail.

Creak..

The sound of the tires rubbing the ground came through. Annabel was propelled forward and her head almost hit the windshield

"What happened?" Annabel rubbed her head in a state of shock.

His face livid, Rupert opened the door and got out to check.

Through her window, Annabel saw Rupert bending over to inspect the damage. The rain pounded him, and he was wet all over.

Annabel grabbed an umbrella, got out of the car, and held it over Rupert. "Why did you get out?" Rupert asked.

"Is it okay?" Annabel centered her umbrella over Rupert's head, exposing half of her body. Raindrops hit her, and soon, she was soaked through. Rupert took the umbrella from Annabel's hand.

One umbrella wasn't wide enough for them both, so Annabel moved closer to Rupert.

Water dripped from her hair onto her cheeks. Her white dress clung to her body, outlining her beautiful figure.

Rupert's desire rose. He reached out and held Annabel's waist, encouraging her to lean against him.

Bowing his head, Rupert stared at the girl in his arms. His eyes burned like flames. The unexpected intimacy made Annabel blush. She took a deep breath, struggled with how she should express what she felt, then spoke in a soft but firm voice. "Rupert, don't be like this."

The night was quiet.

The only sound was the pitter-patter of rain falling on the black umbrella. Sheltered beneath the umbrella, Rupert's handsome face appeared cold and unhappy. Annabel felt uneasy.

After a moment's silence, Rupert asked coldly, "Because of Rory? Am I really inferior to him in every respect?"

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Score 9.9