

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 74 A Perfect Opportunity

To everyone's surprise, Annabel picked up the dress and removed all the buttons on the back with scissors.

What was Annabel planning to do?

Why did she remove all the buttons? Wouldn't the dress be ruined? Working quickly, Annabel rearranged the row of buttons into a pattern that used one less.

Her skillfulness stunned everyone present

Rupert's gaze never left Annabel.

His fiancée, who came from the countryside, surprised him again.

If she wasn't confident in her skills, how could she so boldly make changes to such an expensive piece of clothing? After all, the dress was a product of Leo Studio,

Annabel was done in five minutes. The nine buttons had been rearranged, and there was no trace of the alternations. It was as if the dress as it appeared now was the original design.

"Done." Expecting no complaints or contradictions, Annabel put away the needle and thread.

Suddenly, Rupert approached her.

He lowered his head and spoke in a voice that only the two of them could hear. "You even know how to do this?"

Annabel looked at him and smiled. "Have you forgotten that I came from the countryside? How can I make a living if I stop learning new skills and improving old ones?" «

Ignoring Rupert, Annabel picked up the dress and handed it to Margo. "Try it on."

Margo took the dress to the fitting room. When she came out again, she was more stunning in the dress than Annie had been.

Annabel was very satisfied, and Rupert's appreciation of her increased a little.

Margo was indeed more suitable than Annie.

When everything was ready, Annabel told the photographer to start the shoot.

Margo had never shot such an important advertisement before. She was nervous, and her movements were a bit awkward.

Annabel stopped the shoot several times to give Margo a personal demonstration.

"Don't be nervous. Relax. Pretend that this is just another day at work," Annabel instructed Margo with patience.

From where he stood, Rupert couldn't help smiling as he watched Annabel work. She took her job seriously.

His fiancée was amazing. There seemed to be nothing she couldn't do well.

His grandpa had been right. Annabel's advantages warranted thorough investigation.

If it wasn't for Candy, it might be possible for him to develop a relationship with Annabel.

But.

When Rupert thought of Candy, his eyes darkened.

He had been looking for her for years, but thus far, he hadn't received any news.

Where was his Candy now? Margo was a modest and conscientious student, and after several attempts, she achieved the state of comfort that Annabel required. "Great, keep it up." Annabel smiled with satisfaction.

Two hours later, the shoot wrapped up.

Margo breathed a long sigh of relief and turned to express her gratitude. "Thank you, Annabel, for teaching me so much."

"It's my pleasure." Annabel gave a smile.

"Be here tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Don't be late. We'll be shooting the outdoor scenes," Annabel told Margo and Rory.

"Annabel, will you have dinner with me tonight? I can give you the information I mentioned last time," Rory said expectantly.

He had made a plan to shift the focus of Star Entertainment to the domestic market and was itching to show Annabel.

Annabel was about to respond when Rupert circled her waist with his arm and declared, "She doesn't have time tonight."

Rupert's public display of affection made Annabel blush.

Was he trying to remind them that she was his fiancée? But it was just nominal! He didn't have the right to decide for her.

Besides, Rory had something important to talk about with her over dinner.

The intimacy between Annabel and Rupert upset Rory. He tightened his thin lips, turned around and left without saying a word.

"Rory..." Annabel called after him, wanting to explain, but Rupert held her tightly back.

Annabel glared at Rupert angrily. "Let me go," she demanded.

"What? You can't wait to be with Rory?" Rupert's face darkened.

"It doesn't have anything to do with you." Annabel broke from Rupert grasp.

"Leave me alone." She left, not caring that Rupert's cold gaze followed her the entire time. Lately, Heather had been feeling a little annoyed. She had planned to use Annie to deal with Annabel, but she hadn't expected that Annie would prove to be incompetent.

Also, she couldn't figure Annabel's unnatural luck. She seemed to turn bad to good every time.

Heather was about to ask Bella out shopping, but the butler said, "Miss, there is a Miss Jones waiting for you outside."

Miss Jones?

Heather waved her hand dismissively. "I don't want to see her!" "Understood." The butler bowed and left.

After the butler was gone, Heather called Bella, and the two set a date to go shopping.

Heather was leaving when a figure rushed in front of her car.

Heather was forced to brake so suddenly that she was almost thrown into the windshield.

"Psycho!" Cursing whoever it was, Heather got out of her car and slammed the door to vent her anger. It was Nina who almost caused an accident.

"What are you doing?" Heather frowned. "Are you crazy? Why did you jump in front of my car?"

"Miss Norman, please help me," Nina pleaded, looking slightly embarrassed. Since she had been expelled from the Benton Group, she found it impossible to find a job, and now she was running out of money.

In desperation, she remembered that Heather had once tried to win her over. "Help you? Things between us haven't been settled," Heather said angrily. "Who let you stab Rupert?"

"It was an accident! I was aiming for Annabel." Just the sound of Annabel's name was enough to send Nina into a teeth-gnashing rage. "But I never expected Rupert to sacrifice himself for her. It's all Annabel's fault. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have been fired. No one will hire me now!"

"You said it yourself," said Heather. "It was Annabel who put you in this position, so why don't you go get even with her instead of bothering me?" "I wanted to!" Nina clenched her fists.

“But I can’t get close to her, let alone get even. Annabel is either in the company or at Rupert’s home.”

“I see.” Heather thought for a moment.

“I heard that Annabel is shooting an ad at Lover Lake tomorrow. So many people drown in that lake every year. If Annabel also happens to drown tomorrow...”

“Yes, an accident!” The idea appealed to Nina, and her expression turned murderous.

Tomorrow did indeed present the perfect opportunity.