

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss? - Chapter 133B

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shower.

While at it, the bathroom was covered in mist. Her mind couldn't stop pondering on Rupert's words.

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Annabel's lips raised slightly. She reached out for her pajamas and put them on. Then she saw Rupert's suit.

She decided to return it.

The moment she opened the door of her room, she heard Heather's flirtatious voice. "I'm here to discuss the cooperation plan between Norman Group and Benton Group." ②

Heather had been doing everything possible to convince her brother to let her work in Benton Group. But he hadn't given her a response.

In her desperation, Heather stole Hooper's cooperation plan and came to Paris to look for Rupert, with the excuse of wanting to discuss the negotiation with him.

Annabel could see that Heather was wearing a slinky rose-colored skirt with suspenders, which revealed so much cleavage. Her hair was loose and draped on her shoulders, and she had very delicate make-up on.

"Is that so?" Rupert grinned faintly.

"Sure it is. I brought the plan along. We can discuss it if you have time on your hands." Heather cast a charming glance at him.

From where Rupert was standing, he could see the crack of the door to Annabel's room. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught

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a glimpse of her unhappy look.

This made him smile from ear to ear.

Unaware of what was going on, Heather mistook the reason behind the sudden change in his expression. She thought Rupert was smiling at her.

His breathtaking appearance almost made her knees give way. Her heart began to beat wildly.

She knew that Rupert would fall for her since she dressed so sexy tonight. ②

All she needed to do was put in more effort. He would become hers eventually. It was only a matter of time. ②

"Why don't we go to your room and have a word?" Heather stepped forward and leaned against Rupert. The joy in her heart made her somewhat confident.

Just then, Rupert moved aside and Heather lost her balance. In a wink of an eye, she was on the floor. ①

It was such a funny incident that Annabel burst into laughter.

She walked over with Rupert's suit in her hand. "Heather, who would have guessed that you like lying on the floor?"

"How dare you!" Heather raised her head as soon as she sensed the mockery in Annabel's question. It was such an embarrassing moment for her.

She got up without further delay. Anger was written all over her.

"Here is your suit. You left it in my room just now." Annabel turned to Rupert and spoke in a coquettish tone.

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Heather couldn't believe what she just heard. What did the both of them do? Did Annabel strip off his clothes?

The mere thought of this made Heather jealous. Why wasn't Rupert looking at her? His eyes were always on Annabel. ①

To worsen the situation, Rupert held Annabel's hand gently and they walked into his room.

"Rupert, how about the plan?"

Heather didn't want to give up, but he couldn't care less. He shut the door in her face!

With both of her fists tightly clenched, a sinister look flashed through Heather's eyes.

"Annabel! You are going to pay for this," she whispered. ③