

# Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

## Chapter 44

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Who Exactly Is Annabel

Annabel followed Rupert back to his office.

“What’s the matter?” she asked.

Rupert sat on the sofa and crossed his legs.

Then he pointed to a spot beside him.

“Sit down,” he ordered.

Confused, Annabel sat next to him.

“Rupert, what’s the matter?”

Rupert opened his thin lips slightly and said in a calm voice, “You were the initiator, weren’t you?”

The initiator? Was he angry? Was he complaining about the fact that she had exposed Nina in public? Or was he unhappy that he had to fire Nina? Was he blaming her for it? Annabel looked warily at him and asked, “Rupert, what do you mean?”

The man turned his expressionless face and looked into her eyes. His eyes were like two whirlpools, deep and unfathomable. He nodded slightly and shifted close to her.

“You already knew that Nina would replace the drawings. And you arranged for Talia to expose her crime. Everything was arranged by you, right?”

Rupert already knew the answer, but he just wanted to hear it from Annabel herself.

Annabel must have known for long that Nina was going to frame her, so she went ahead and arranged to trap her.

Not only did Nina get exposed but also got fired from Benton Group.

At the same time, this would be a warning to Bernice, thereby killing two birds with one stone.

Everything that happened today was under Annabel's control. Her means was accurate, ruthless and decisive. He appreciated it so much. It was hard to imagine that a young girl from the countryside would be so smart and courageous.

Again, Rupert shifted even closer to Annabel.

The distance between the two was virtually non-existent, making Annabel's face turn red with embarrassment.

Why did he move so close to her? She quickly shifted away from him and said in a serious tone, "No. Of course, the initiator was Nina. I didn't try to set her up; I just defended myself. She wanted to frame me. How could I sit still and wait for her to destroy me? If she hadn't tried to frame me, these things wouldn't have happened. So, I just gave her a dose of her own medicine. I don't think I did anything wrong."

"Did I say that you did something wrong?"

Rupert asked with a ghost of a smile on his lips.

Annabel was shocked.

Didn't Rupert bring her here to blame her? "You're free to tell me if such a thing happens again," Rupert said and moved closer to Annabel again.

Leaning sideways, he put his hands on Annabel's sides. His lips were close to her ear as he said, "I won't sit and watch my fiancée being set up."

Wrapped in the aura of this strong man, Annabel's heart began to beat fast.

"I can handle such a small matter. You don't need to bother yourself."

His closeness made her quite uncomfortable.

What was wrong with the man? Why did he get so close to her? Wasn't he afraid that Candy would be jealous? "So, who the hell are you?" Rupert asked, his enchanting eyes dark with curiosity.

"Why do you know jewelry design? If I'm not mistaken, the drawing software you used today was designed by Ada. What's your relationship with her?" Annabel was stunned.

What was Rupert suspecting? Was her true identity exposed? Annabel quickly stood up and smiled at him.

"You know who I am. I'm your nominal fiancée. If there is nothing else, I'd like to go back to work."

With that, Annabel turned around and left.

Staring at her pretty figure as she walked away, Rupert was full of complex emotions.

After thinking for a while, he called Finley and ordered, "Do a background check on Annabel. I want every information about her!"

"Annabel?"

Finley was a little surprised.

Wasn't Annabel the CEO's fiancée? Why was the CEO investigating his fiancée? It was so strange! When he got no response from the surprised and confused Finley, Rupert shouted at him, "Hurry up!"

"Yes, sir," Finley responded with a start and jumped up to go carry out the errand.

An hour later, Finley came back with some anxiety.

"Mr. Benton, I've checked it."

"What's the result?"

There was a hint of eagerness in Rupert's voice.

Finley handed him the information, saying, "I only found this."

Rupert took the document from him and read the few words on it.

Annabel, 20 years old, lived in the suburb of Georgia.

Except for this little information, there was even no basic information about her parents or educational background.

"That's all?" Rupert asked, his eyes narrowed in displeasure.

"No other information?" Finley scratched his head in embarrassment and shifted from one foot to the other.

"I'm sorry, sir. I can't find anything else."

"Fine. You can leave now," Rupert said dismissively.

When Finley was gone, Rupert sat back and fell into deep thought.

If Finley of all people couldn't find any serious information about her, then it was clear that his fiancée was not an ordinary individual.

The only option he had left was to ask his grandfather about it.

Since Annabel was arranged for him Bruce, he would probably know her very well.

Rupert walked out to his car and drove all the way to Bruce's house.

When he got there, he saw Bruce watering the flowers in the garden.

"Rupert, aren't you supposed to be at the company by this time? How come you have time to visit me?"

Bruce asked, quite surprised to see his grandson all of a sudden.

"Grandpa, I'm here to visit you. How are you feeling?" Rupert asked, taking the kettle from the old man's hand and helping him water the flowers.

"I'm fine," Bruce said, looking at his grandson, who was absent-minded.

"Tell me, what do you want from me?" He knew his grandson very well.

Rupert was a workaholic.

If it wasn't something very important, he wouldn't have come during working hours.

"Grandpa, can you tell me who Annabel really is?" Rupert asked without preamble.

Bruce tilted his head and looked at Rupert. So, his grandson left his work only to ask about Annabel? It seemed the young man was interested in her.

"What? You finally found out how good she is?" Bruce asked with a smile.

"I'm just curious." Rupert shrugged.

"She's very different from what I thought."

"You have to find it out by yourself. I can only tell you that though I'm old, I'm still in full possession of all my faculties and I would never choose the wrong girl as my granddaughter-in-law," Bruce said, stroking his beard proudly.

"All right."

Seeing that his grandfather would not tell him what he wanted to know, Rupert didn't bother to ask anymore. He said goodbye and left.

As he walked out of the house, Rupert was upset.

If there was no Candy, he might accept Annabel.

After all, a beautiful, smart, confident, capable and bold girl like Annabel was very attractive to any sane man.

But his heart was filled with Candy.

He had promised to marry Candy; he would not marry anyone else.

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**Score 9.9**