

# Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

## Chapter 58

Posted by **admin**, 57 Views, Released on June 12, 2023

### Chapter 58 Are You Done Ogling Me

As Annabel stared at the breathtakingly handsome face approaching her, her heart began racing.

“Rupert!” A sudden and abrupt voice shattered the enigmatic atmosphere. Annabel shoved Rupert away and sat up straight. . She was secretly annoyed. Why did her face feel so hot?

Why hadn't she pushed Rupert away just now? Was she captivated by his gorgeous looks?

She raised her eyes to take a look at the unexpected guest. It was none other than Cathy.

With furrowed eyebrows, Annabel wondered what Cathy would do. Wearing high-heels, Cathy walked in. She glared at Annabel, then turned her attention to Rupert. Restraining the jealousy that overwhelmed her, she asked, “Rupert, did I disturb you?”

Rupert frowned slightly. The heat that had lit up his eyes a second ago was instantly replaced with coldness He looked at Cathy with narrowed eyes and asked, “Why are you here?”

“Rupert, how is your hand? I brought you an ointment. It's very effective.” As Cathy spoke, she extracted a tube of ointment from her bag and handed it to Rupert.

“No, thanks.” Rupert pushed Cathy's hand away. “I already have an ointment.”

Observing Cathy's disappointed expression, Annabel chimed in, “Rupert only uses the ointment I brought for him. Right, babe?”

Rupert softly agreed with a hum. Babe?

Cathy mentally cursed Annabel for being shameless. #

With a clenched jaw, Cathy told herself to calm down.

“Annabel, are you still angry with me?” Cathy dropped her gaze to the floor, pretending to look pitiful. “I think you’ve misunderstood me. Rupert’s mom insisted on coming to the company to meet you yesterday, and I couldn’t change her mind.. She was very concerned about Rupert. After all, he was injured while trying to save you. Her fury was understandable. Please don’t be angry, Annabel.”

Seeing how Cathy absolved herself of the whole thing, Annabel sneered, “Really? You told her about Rupert’s injury, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t...” Cathy bit her lower lip, wanting to say more, but Rupert cut her off.

“All right, Cathy. Go back to school. Don’t come here for trivial reasons in the future.” Rupert’s tone was a little icy and impolite. He rudely ordered her to leave.

Cathy’s spirits plunged. Unconvinced, she tried again, saying, “Rupert, I came here especially to give you this ointment.”

“Didn’t you already say that? You don’t need to worry about your cousin’s injury. He gave you advice for your own good.

He asked you to concentrate on your studies and not get distracted with other matters,” Annabel said with a smile.

Cathy resisted the urge to rip Annabel’s face apart in front of Rupert and said, “Rupert, I’m leaving now. You’d better keep this ointment. It might come in handy in the future.”

She placed the ointment on the table, turned on her heel, and left. Glancing at the ointment lying on the table, Annabel said, “Your cousin has specially brought this ointment for you. Shouldn’t you put it away?”

“No need,” Rupert replied indifferently.. To Annabel’s surprise, he tossed the ointment into the trash can.

“Why did you throw it away?” Annabel asked in a baffled voice.

Rupert gazed at Annabel intensely and said in a playful tone, “Didn’t you say that I would only use the ointment you bought?”

Annabel was speechless

Cathy heard a thud behind her.

She was stunned. A gamut of emotions invaded her heart.

Rupert threw away the ointment that she had specially given him.

It was all Annabel's fault! «

Jealousy raged in Cathy's heart.

She couldn't wait to drive Annabel away!

However, Annabel had Rupert's protection, and even his mother couldn't drive a wedge between them.

Cathy was suddenly struck with an idea.

She was not the only one who wanted Annabel gone

For example, Heather also wanted to get rid of Annabel.

Although Cathy hated Heather, right now, she hated Annabel more.

She knew that Heather only had unrequited love. Rupert didn't like her at all. Cathy's biggest rival in love was Annabel.

Perhaps, she could exploit Heather to win the game.

As soon as it was time to leave work, Rupert took Annabel back to Water Moon Community.

Danica had prepared a table full of dishes, all of which were Annabel's favorites

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now," Danica said with a smile Rupert nodded, picked up a piece of beef, and served it in Annabel's bowl. Giving her a cool look, he said, "See if tastes good."

"It's delicious." As Annabel bit into the beef, her tongue was assaulted with the crispy and smooth texture

"You can tell Danica what you want to eat in the future." Rupert ate dinner with great elegance.

His facial features seemed to have been carefully carved by God.. Even if he was just having a simple dinner, he looked dignified and perfect. Annabel seemed to be mesmerized. "Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me," Rupert said flatly.

Annabel smiled, raised her gaze, and her eyes suddenly clashed with Rupert's. His eyes were like the deep sea, unfathomable, as if they could absorb human souls.

She was increasingly struck with the realization that this man was absolutely stunning.  
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“Are you done ogling me?” Rupert suddenly asked.

His magnetic voice reached her ears, making her cheeks turn red. “I didn’t!”

“L saw it,” Rupert said with a chuckle

Annabel glared at him. “If you weren’t staring at me, how could you see that?”

Rupert watched Annabel with raised eyebrows, a faint smile playing on his lips. “I don’t deny that you’re beautiful.”

Annabel flushed. Why was Rupert so flirtatious? He should be distant! The atmosphere in the dining room became a little awkward.

Just then, Annabel’s phone rang inappropriately.

She took it out and saw that Rory was calling.

As her mind flashed back to what Rupert had said this morning, she refused to answer it.

“Why don’t you answer the phone?” Rupert asked in a low voice. Annabel coughed and replied, “It’s a spam call.”

The second she finished speaking, her phone rang again. Rory was calling her again.

He was persistent, as if he would keep calling if she didn’t pick up her phone.

With a scowl, Annabel got to her feet with the phone. “I’m sorry. I have to take this.”

Watching her receding figure, Rupert felt a little deflated.

Who was calling her? Why was she answering it behind his back?