

Read Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 1 The Benton Family

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A woman in a white T-shirt and jeans walked out of the train station in Douburgh with a suitcase.

Her delicate face turned slightly red as the sun hit her. She tucked wisps of curly hair behind her ears. Under her arched eyebrows were a pair of bright and pretty eyes, a slim nose, and cherry lips. She looked so beautiful even though she had no make-up on.

"Hello! You are Annabel Hewitt, right? I'm the driver sent by the Benton family."

Annabel nodded and followed the driver into the car casually. She was already worn out.

On the way, the driver stole glances at the woman, whose eyes were closed as she rested in the back seat.

This woman was Rupert Benton's fiancée.

Rupert Benton was the most eligible bachelor in the city. At just twenty-one years old, he was already the CEO of Benton Group. He was way ahead of his peers. He was a vigorous, resourceful and no-nonsense person, causing many in the business world to be afraid of him.

His grandfather, Bruce Benton, took it upon himself to find a wife for him. And he picked Annabel, a girl from the countryside.

With his hands on the steering wheel, the driver took another look at Annabel's innocent face and clicked his tongue. He envisaged that she would have a hard time with the Benton family.

At this time, Annabel slowly opened her eyes and looked at the strange city with a calm expression.

The car arrived at the Benton family's residence soon. The driver carried Annabel's luggage for her.

Annabel barely had one foot inside the house when a well-dressed woman appeared. She eyed Annabel from head to toe with a look of utter disdain.

"Tracy!"

"Yes, Mrs. Benton."

As soon as Tracy was given a signal, she began to spray the disinfectant all over Annabel.

The well-dressed woman was Erica Benton, Rupert's mother. With her hands akimbo, she ordered, "Her shoes and hair. Spray them, too."

Annabel's face and body were soon covered with droplets of disinfectant. The pungent smell made her nose a little itchy. She uttered coldly, "What is wrong with you?"

Erica flipped out immediately.

"I heard that you're from the countryside, but I thought you would at least be well-behaved. It appears you are the same as the wayward and rude girls they breed over there. I'm doing this because I don't want you to bring any virus or bacteria into this household. Do you want us to get infected with whatever you are carrying?"

Annabel wasn't one to take shit from anyone. She would have walked out if she hadn't made a deal with her grandfather.

"In that case, you should spray some disinfectant in your mouth because it stinks!"

With this, Annabel shoved the servant aside and walked in.

"You... Oh my..." Erica pointed at Annabel with a trembling hand. Tracy hurriedly comforted her.

In the living room, a girl who looked about the same age as Annabel was sitting on the sofa. She had on designer clothes and bright makeup. Her expression was more condescending than Erica's as she looked at Annabel. She was Rupert's cousin, Cathy Benton.

"Are you Annabel Hewitt, Rupert's fiancée?" Cathy rolled her eyes when she saw that Annabel wasn't dressed in designer clothes. "Gosh, Grandpa has no taste. I can't believe he chose someone like you. Anyway, I heard you came here by train. You should have told us you are too poor to afford a plane ticket. We would have bought one for you. Wait, it seems there isn't an airport in the countryside."

Annabel looked at Cathy with one of her eyebrows raised.

She wondered if every member of this family was so arrogant.

There was indeed no airport where she came from, but her grandfather had booked an entire high-speed train to Douburgh just for her. These arrogant people had no idea that she traveled as luxuriously as someone who flew first class.

Besides, she could have flown here in a private jet if she wanted.

Annabel could easily make it clear to these people, but she didn't. She just went upstairs.

Annoyance clouded Cathy's face once she saw Annabel ascending the stairs. She wasn't used to anyone ignoring her, so she followed her.

"Where is my room?" Annabel asked the maid behind.

"Here!" Cathy said, pointing at a door in the hallway before the maid could reply.

She pushed the door open and added condescendingly, "You have never stayed in a bedroom as big as this, have you? You should cherish it while living in here. I'm Rupert's cousin, Cathy. You should fawn over me if you..."

Cathy had barely finished speaking when Annabel walked into the room and shut the door in her face. This made her angrier.

"Ah! How dare that pauper be so conceited? What was Grandpa thinking?"

The maid warily moved closer and asked, "Miss, but isn't this Mr. Benton's room?"

Cathy cast a scornful glance at the door.

"Shush! Don't say a word to her. Rupert hates anyone being in his space or using his things. When he finds out that she's here, just tell him that she chose to stay in this room."

Cathy's eyes glistened with slyness as she spoke.