

Read Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 4 His Superwoman

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"Look! Who is that woman that came in with Mr. Benton? She's so beautiful and elegant!"

"Wow! Her legs are so straight and thin! I have never seen anyone as beautiful as her!"

"Is she Mr. Benton's fiancée?"

"How is that possible? It can't be!"

Many of the employees began to wonder who Annabel was. The most common guess was that she was a business partner. But when she left Rupert and went into the personnel department to sign in, they all realized who she was. The news spread in the company in no time.

It turned out that the woman who came in with Rupert was Annabel.

People didn't know what to believe anymore. Didn't they say that Annabel was an ugly bumpkin? How come she was drop-dead gorgeous?

While Annabel was going over the necessary formalities, the employees in the secretarial department were gossiping about her.

"Annabel is so beautiful! She's even prettier than Heather Norman!" an employee commented.

Nina Jones, the head of the department, had a frown on her face and disdain in her eyes. She said maliciously, "Looks aren't everything. Beauty doesn't change the fact that she's a poor village girl who doesn't know anything about city life. She's not worthy enough to be Mr. Benton's wife."

Annabel had just walked into the secretarial department when she heard these words. A hint of irony flashed in her eyes. She retorted in a clear voice, "If I'm not worthy enough to be his wife, who is? You?"

Nina's face froze. She looked away and didn't dare to retort. She couldn't afford to offend Annabel.

"Ahem! Mr. Benton earlier told me to treat you like every other person in this department. You will receive a fair amount of work despite your status. Here is the

document about the advertisement the company is going to shoot today. It's yours to handle."

With a sneer, Annabel took the document and left.

The others surrounded Nina again.

"Nina, is it Marcel's shoot? Annabel is new. Don't you think she will screw it up?"

A spark of mischief shone in Nina's eyes. The face of the advertisement was Marcel Brooks—a young and bad-tempered celebrity. He was hard to please and work with. People always avoided him. She looked forward to seeing Annabel fuck things up on her first day.

As soon as Annabel got out, she went through the document that outlined the process of the advertisement. She raised her eyebrows when she saw Marcel's name in there; it was familiar.

In the CEO's office, Rupert's assistant asked him, "Nina Jones handed over Marcel's shoot to Miss Hewitt just now. Should I order someone to replace her?"

Marcel's elder brother was a friend of Rupert's since childhood. Everyone knew that Marcel had a bad temper. It went without saying that Annabel would suffer a lot at his hands if she worked with him today.

Remembering what Annabel said to him this morning, Rupert finally replied, "No, let her do it."

He would take delight in her suffering.

The company was in charge of everything for the shoot. Annabel and some employees went downstairs to welcome Marcel.

A few minutes passed before a black Bentley drove into Benton Group's premises. Marcel got out wearing a pair of sunglasses. At the age of nineteen, he already had millions of fans all over the world. His fame contributed to his arrogance. He held his head up high and walked like he owned the place.

Annabel walked up to him and extended her hand for a handshake. "Welcome, Mr. Brooks. I'm Annabel Hewett, the person in charge of the shoot. It's my pleasure to meet you."

Marcel didn't take her hand or exchange pleasantries. He just complained with a frown, "It's so hot. Why didn't you bring an umbrella? Anyway, is everything all set? I don't have time to waste. By the way, buy me a cup of coffee before we begin anything. Don't get me a cheap one. I want one from that cafe downtown. They make the best..."

Marcel's words trailed off when he finally looked at the woman's face. His jaw dropped.

"Holy moly! Annabel! Am I dreaming?"

Marcel took off his sunglasses and still looked incredulous.

He hugged Annabel excitedly.

"Annabel? Why are you here? You work here? When did that happen? Shouldn't you be traveling around the world now?"

Annabel stroked Marcel's head and said with a smile, "Marc, long time no see. What did you say you wanted to drink again?"

"Nothing! I didn't say anything. What would you like to drink? I can get it for you."

Everyone present was dumbfounded, to say the least.

The ever-so-arrogant Marcel not only hugged Annabel but was also speaking to her politely. He even allowed her to stroke his head.

Was this really Marcel or some clone who was passing off as him?

Could it be that he was so respectful because Annabel was Rupert's fiancée? But he was usually arrogant in Rupert's presence. What was going on?

The truth was that Annabel and Marcel met two years ago.

At that time, Marcel was seventeen. He was filming in the countryside, very close to Annabel's home.

Some thugs kidnapped him. Fortunately, Annabel saved him by chance.

Marcel had fearfully watched her beat up the kidnappers so easily. He had thought he was going to die in captivity, but she had come to his rescue like a superwoman.

She had invited him to her home. Much to his surprise, her home was even bigger than the mansion in Downton Abbey.

It turned out that she was not only kind but also well-to-do. He couldn't help but hold her in high esteem.