

Read Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 5 Chivalrous Lad

The two walked into Benton Group. And the shooting went on smoothly.

Some of the clothes weren't up to Marcel's taste. He complained about them. But when Annabel said that they were good, he immediately changed his opinion.

He set aside his nitpicking attitude just because of her. Whenever he went out of line, Annabel's glance brought him to order.

Marcel was intimidated by her. Besides from the fact that he respected her for saving his life, he feared that she would spank him if he annoyed her.

It was estimated that the shoot would take five hours because of Marcel's attitude, but it took only two hours.

Once it ended, Marcel pulled Annabel and said, "Let's go. We have a lot of catching up to do. I'll treat you to dinner."

"No, I can't. I'm not off duty yet!" Annabel refused him coldly.

Some of the employees were still on the set. They pretended to be busy, but they gossiped about the two on the spot.

"What? Marcel offered to buy Annabel dinner but she turned him down."

"Holy moly! What is she thinking? Doesn't she know who he is? Many girls would jump at the offer. How can she be so arrogant?"

"I wish he could take me instead. I can quit my job just to spend some time with him. Oh, Annabel is so foolish."

Being rejected, Marcel wanted to cry. After thinking for a while, he asked, "By the way, why did you start working here? Oh my! Did your family go bankrupt? If so, I can support you. You don't have to slave away here, okay?"

Annabel rolled her eyes and said, "You know nothing, Marc. Now if you will excuse me..."

She then went back to work.

Everyone who saw the scene thought Marcel would storm out in a fit of pique. To their greatest surprise, he smiled helplessly and went to the lounge to wait for Annabel until she got off work.

By closing hour, Rupert walked out of his office and said to Annabel, "Grandpa made a reservation at a restaurant. Let's go have dinner there."

Rupert didn't want to, but Bruce threatened him. The old man was hospitalized earlier after having a heart attack. On video call, he said, "You must go. If you don't, I'll pull the plug on this ventilator. Do you want me to die?"

Rupert's hands were tied, so he had to agree.

Annabel was about to reply when Marcel came in.

"Annabel, you are off duty now, right? Can we have dinner now?"

It wasn't until Rupert coughed slightly that Marcel noticed his presence.

"You are here, Rupert!" he exclaimed.

Did Annabel and Marcel know each other? Rupert looked at the two in confusion.

Annabel, who had been silent, finally spoke. "How about we all have dinner together?"

In the end, the three of them went to the restaurant that Bruce reserved earlier.

During the ride, Marcel kept talking to Annabel, who replied in a friendly way from time to time.

When they arrived, Marcel became chivalrous. He opened the door for Annabel and even pulled a chair for her. He also put food on her plate and poured her a glass of red wine.

Rupert was relegated to the background. It was as if these two were in their own world, and he was just there to watch them.

"By the way, you still haven't told me why you decided to work in Benton Group. Is there something between you and Rupert?"

Marcel suspected that they were involved with each other.

Glancing at Rupert, Annabel answered, "My grandpa asked me to work here. As for what is between us... We are engaged."

Marcel spat out a mouthful of water.

"You both are what? What a small world we live in! So, you are the countrywoman whom Rupert got engaged to?"

Annabel nodded casually.

The rumor of the engagement was widespread in Douburgh, so Marcel knew about it. Since he knew about Annabel's background, he couldn't help but sigh because of how clueless the media was.

She was indeed from the countryside, but she was far from being poor. The Hewitt family was filthy rich and had dozens of villas scattered around the world.

"Are you two in love?" Marcel looked at them in disbelief.

"Don't get the wrong idea. We are not in love. The engagement will be canceled three months later," Annabel said calmly.

Marcel breathed a sigh of relief and nodded. Without mincing words, he uttered, "That's good. Rupert doesn't deserve you. I'm even better than him. You two are nothing alike. He's cold and boring. A marriage between the two of you would be a disaster."

Rupert knifed the steak on his plate and chewed hard as fury brewed inside him.

He didn't deserve Annabel? What nonsense!

"That reminds me, Marcel. Your brother asked me to buy the car you have always wanted. He plans to give it to you. I think..."

"Come on, Rupert. I didn't mean that. Can't you take a joke anymore?" Marcel smiled awkwardly.

They had a nice meal. After walking out of the restaurant, Annabel and Rupert bid Marcel farewell.

"Bye, Annabel! I'll visit you whenever I'm free."

Annabel stroked his head again as they hugged. She waved at him. "Bye, Marc. Take care!"

She petted him as if he were Teddy, her Alaskan Malamute.

But in Rupert's eyes, she was flirting with him. He grunted and got into the car. On the way back, he finally complained, "I see why you boldly said that you'll never fall in love with me. You're in love with someone else."