

## Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

### Chapter 37 An Unusual Meeting

“Heather, I said you should go out,” Rupert ordered, his cold voice making her feel as if she had fallen into an ice cellar.

“Rupert,” Heather gasped, her eyes widened in disbelief. “But I haven’t explained the prospectus to you yet.”

Rupert frowned and glanced at her impatiently. “Just drop it and go.”

“But my brother told me to explain it to you carefully,” Heather insisted, wearing a sad and pained expression.

Rupert was sending her out in the presence of Annabel. This was really embarrassing for her.

Rupert always used to be cold to her, but he had never driven her away like he was doing today.

His attitude toward her changed the day Annabel appeared.

Rupert no longer even glanced in her direction. Now, he was driving her out.

She blamed all of this on Annabel.

Seeing the frustrated look on Heather’s face, Annabel felt very delighted. To rub salt in Heather’s wound, she said with a sneer, “Do you doubt my fiance’s ability? Do you think he can’t read it by himself?”

Ignoring her, Heather quickly grabbed Rupert’s arm and explained anxiously, “I didn’t mean that, Rupert.”

But Rupert pulled his arm out of her grip and told her with a frown, “Get out.”

Heather had no choice but to obey. She glared at Annabel with fury in her eyes as she reluctantly walked out of the CEO’s office. “Well done,” Annabel said to Rupert after Heather was gone.

“So, I’m not a stranger after all?” Rupert asked jokingly. “Why did you call me your fiance?”

Annabel smiled and shrugged. "Well, you love Candy, right? I'm only helping you drive other women away. You don't want Candy to know that so many women are pestering you."

Candy...

Hearing the name from Annabel's lips, Rupert had complicated feelings. "If there is nothing else, I'll take my leave,"

Annabel said and walked out of his office.

Heather was standing outside the CEO's office with an angry look. Seeing Annabel coming out of the office, she stretched out her leg in the hope of tripping her up. But Annabel stepped over it safely.

"Didn't my fiance just ask you to leave this company? What are you still doing here standing at the door? Are you guarding the door?" Annabel asked in a mocking tone

"Annabel, what did you say?" Heather fumed. Annabel likened her to a guard dog!

Ignoring her, Annabel turned to Finley and told him, "We don't allow outsiders to stay too long in our company, right? Why don't you ask her to leave right now?"

"Annabel, how dare you try to drive me away?" Heather shouted. She was so furious that her body was practically trembling.

The fact that Rupert drove her away was not out of place. At least, he owned the company. But what right did Annabel have to drive her away? "Miss Norman, please leave!" Finley said, stopping Heather from marching up to her rival Annabel, on the other hand, did not even wait to listen to Heather any further. She simply turned and went back to the secretarial department without looking back.

But she'd hardly settled down behind her desk when the landline rang again.

The call was again from Rupert again.

Frowning, Annabel picked up the phone and answered it, "Rupert, why are you still calling me?"

"Come to the conference room for a meeting," Rupert said from the other end of the line.

"A meeting? What meeting?" Annabel asked in confusion.

"The meeting about the cooperation project with Lady Fashion," Rupert said in a low voice

“Oh, okay then.”

When Annabel arrived at the meeting room with the relevant documents about the project, she found that Rupert was already seated there.

He sat upright at the head of the table, wearing a perfectly cut black suit, which made him look quite domineering. As usual, his face was expressionless. He looked very elegant and noble, quite like a supreme emperor overlooking his dominions.

Nina, Bernice and Anais, the designers of the project, were also in attendance.

Seeing Annabel come in, all eyes focused on her.

“Try not to be late for the next meeting,” Rupert cautioned, throwing her an indifferent glance and motioning for her to sit down.

Annabel was surprised. How could he say she was late?

She was not given prior notice of the meeting! Clearly, Nina was the one behind it.

Without saying anything, Annabel found a seat and sat down.

Rupert then signaled for the meeting to begin.

Nina cleared her throat and started, “I’ve been in charge of the early stage of the Lady Fashion project, but next season’s launch will be under the supervision of Annabel. Annabel, please explain the overall situation of the project to Mr. Benton.”

She had not told Annabel about this meeting at all. So, Annabel had not prepared for it in any way.

As for the details about the project, the information she had given to Annabel so far was negligible.

Knowing that Annabel didn’t have much knowledge about this project, she was sure that there was no way she could give a good presentation to the CEO.

Satisfied with the trap she had set, Nina looked at Annabel with a smile, waiting for her to make a fool of herself in front of everyone.

Annabel could see through Nina’s trick.

She stood up calmly and said point-blank, “I’m sorry. No one informed me of this meeting beforehand, so I didn’t prepare for it.”

“No one informed you?” Rupert asked in surprise. “I asked my assistant to send an e-mail to everyone in our department. How can you say no one informed you?” Nina said innocently, pretending to be shocked.

“Or did you simply forget? How can you forget about such an important meeting? That’s very careless and irresponsible.”

Rupert was always strict with his staff. If it was found that Annabel forgot to prepare for the meeting due to her carelessness, she would be severely punished or even fired from the company.

But Annabel didn’t seem fazed. With a faint smile, she said to Nina, “I didn’t receive it. There is a record of every email I received. Even if it gets deleted, it can always be restored. I’m not so stupid as to lie about something like this.”

Nina’s expression darkened and she scowled in anger. Did Annabel just imply that she was stupid?

She turned to Rupert and asked, “Mr. Benton, since Annabel isn’t ready, should we reschedule this meeting to another date?”

“There’s no need for that,” Annabel said even before Rupert could respond.

Rupert’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “I thought you said you were not prepared.”

“I was not. But that won’t hinder the meeting,” Annabel said confidently. To the surprise of everyone present, Annabel calmly walked over to the whiteboard, picked up the marker, and said, “As the person in charge of a project, I should know the project like the back of my hand. I should be able to introduce the details of the project to others at any time, and I don’t need to make special preparations for that.”

Nina scoffed when she heard this. Why was Annabel being so arrogant? Even she, who had been in charge of the project for nearly a year, could not introduce the whole project without adequate preparation.

It had only been less than a week since Annabel took over the project. What had she learned about it that gave her so much confidence?

She was eagerly waiting to see how Annabel would make a fool of herself in front of Rupert and the others.

Meanwhile, Rupert leaned back in his chair with his legs crossed casually. With a thoughtful look, he looked at the calm and confident figure of Annabel. Could she really introduce the project without sufficient preparation?

