

# Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

## Chapter 52

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### Chapter 52 Annabel Didn't Like Him

"I don't like your family, including Rupert." Annabel's arrogant yet charming voice kept ringing in Rupert's ear. Annabel didn't like him. Why? Was there anything wrong with him? [daotranslate.com](http://daotranslate.com) Rupert frowned as he tried to figure out her reasons. He had always been a proud man. This was the first time that he felt the sense of being disliked.

In the past, he had always disliked others, but now he was being disliked. Seeing Rupert standing there with a long face, Annabel asked in surprise, "Rupert, I thought you wanted to stay at home. Why did you come here all of a sudden?"

Before Rupert could say anything in response, Cathy beat him to it. "Cousin, you came just in time. Look at my face. This was what Annabel did to me. She has even hit your mom."

Annabel was speechless. When did she hit Erica and Cathy?

"Didn't I tell you not to give her any trouble?" Rupert asked, fixing Cathy with a cold glance.

His imposing manner was so intimidating that Cathy trembled in fear. Blinking nervously, she looked to Erica for help.

"Auntie..."

"Rupert, what's so good about this woman? Why are you so protective of her?" Erica asked angrily.

How could her son be so nice to this bumpkin? This was something she couldn't understand.

"I only know that Grandpa likes her," Rupert answered. "And he is not in good health. Do you want to put his health in jeopardy by getting him angry?"

"You..." Erica was going to say something, but she stopped. Since Rupert used Bruce as an excuse, Erica couldn't invalidate it

"I said I would leave, but not now." Annabel looked down at the pieces of the check on the floor.

"You'd better keep the fifty million for yourself." With that, she walked out of the conference room.

"Auntie, just look at her! What sort of attitude is that?" Cathy shouted, stamping her feet in anger.

She had thought that she could get Erica to chase Annabel away since Annabel had made Rupert get injured, but her mission turned out to be unsuccessful. Even Rupert protected her!

"Rupert, is your hand okay?" Erica asked, grabbing his hand gently.

"It's fine." Rupert withdrew his hand from her grip.

Erica snorted. "I heard you got injured because of Annabel."

"It has nothing to do with her," Rupert said coldly. "Mom, don't cause any more trouble for Annabel."

"am I causing her any trouble?" Erica snapped, pissed off by her son's accusation.

"Rupert, I'm doing this for your own good. Are you really going to marry this bumpkin? What's so good about her? At best, she's only beautiful. Why are you so obsessed with her? This kind of woman is unruly and greedy. She might have done something shameless behind your back!"

"Exactly!" Cathy concurred eagerly.

"Annabel came from the countryside What else can she do apart from seducing men? You've just been kept in the dark. The last time I went shopping with my friend, I saw Annabel with a man."

"What man?" Rupert asked with a frown.

"Marcel Brooks," Cathy said.

"I don't know how she got to know Marcel. The two of them were very close, walking hand in hand..."

"Enough!" Rupert shouted, his handsome face darkened in anger.

"Annabel and Marcel are friends. Don't make blind and stupid conjectures."

But still, he couldn't help but remember the image of Annabel singing to Marcel in the bar that day.

Without another word, he turned around and returned to his office with a sour face.

He looked at the documents on the table but couldn't read a word. No matter how he tried, he couldn't get rid of the image in his imagination of Annabel and Marcel making out.

Finley was outside, coming to give him a document to sign. But when he reached the door, he heard Rupert scolding someone in a stern voice, "Why is there a typo?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll fix it right away," the department manager, to whom Rupert was speaking, said respectfully. He was sweating profusely as he stood before the CEO.

He felt the CEO was different today. True, his face hardly ever looked happy. But today, he criticized him for over half an hour over a typo.

"Go and fix it right now!" Rupert ordered, throwing the document at him.

"Yes, sir."

The manager nodded and hurried out of the office.

When he met Finley at the door, he told him, "He's in a bad mood today. Pray for yourself."

In a bad mood?

The CEO always had a cold look. When was he ever in a good mood?

Finley knocked on the door, not knowing what to expect.

"Come in!" Rupert called.

His voice was even sharper than before.

As soon as Finley stepped into the office, an icy atmosphere enveloped him. "Mr. Benton, this document needs to be signed," he said, handing Rupert the document he was holding.

Rupert took the document, glanced at it with a frown and asked, "Isn't this document to be sent to the partner this afternoon? Why didn't you give it to me to sign earlier?"

Finley's heart trembled. The reason he didn't bring the document sooner was simply because Rupert had been on leave all morning.

Sensing what Finley was thinking, Rupert asked, "Why didn't you come to my place to get my signature?"

Finley's scalp went numb under Rupert's cold gaze. "I'll do that next time." Eventually, Rupert decided to sign the document.

After taking back the signed document, Finley turned around and was about to walk out when he heard Rupert ask behind him, "If a woman doesn't like a man, what could be the reason?"

Finley stopped in confusion.

A woman did not like a man?

What did he mean?

Who was this woman? Who was the man?

Did a woman refuse Rupert?

But that was impossible! So many women were chasing after him.

But if any such woman existed, how on earth would he know the reason? After thinking for a while, Finley said, "Maybe it's because the man isn't good enough."

"Get out!" Rupert shouted in fury.

After Annabel got back to her office, she buried herself in her work. The meeting with Brett was very successful. He was very satisfied with her plan and hoped that they could launch new products as soon as possible.

Annabel would be very busy in the next couple of days. She had to keep an eye on the progress of the new product launch and make sure it was launched as soon as possible.

Just as Annabel was about to begin calling all the relevant staff for a meeting on the production issue, her phone rang.

It was a call from Rupert.

"Hello," she said as she picked it up. But she had hardly completed the word when a cold voice from the other end of the line cut her off.

"Come to my office."

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## **Chapter 53 I Have The Final Say**

Before Annabel could say anything, Rupert hung up abruptly.

Hearing the beeping tone on the phone, Annabel shook her head helplessly.

Why did Rupert call her again? Lately, daotranslate.com he seemed to always look for her whenever something happened. Confused, Annabel took the elevator to Rupert's office.

The door to his office was slightly ajar. Before entering, she knocked on the door.

"Come in," Rupert called out.

Annabel pushed the door open and found Rupert sitting at his desk.

He had taken off his suit jacket and put it on the sofa, leaving only a white shirt on. The topmost buttons on his chest were casually unbuttoned, exposing his well-defined chest muscles. This coupled with his handsome face, he looked extraordinarily handsome.

At this moment, Rupert was staring at his computer screen and typing on the keyboard with one hand.

For a moment, Annabel fell into a trance. It turned out that Rupert was an alcoholic. His right hand was injured, yet he still worked tirelessly.

"Like what you see?" Out of the corner of his eye, Rupert saw that Annabel was staring at him. He broke into a sly smile.

His deep voice brought Annabel back to her senses. Embarrassed, she coughed and changed the subject.

"Why did you call me?"

"You had a meeting with Brett this afternoon, right?" Rupert stopped what he was doing. He leaned back in his chair and crossed one leg over the other. This simple yet graceful move fully encapsulated just how elegant and noble he was.

"That's correct." Annabel nodded, confused by Rupert's concern for the project.

Did he plan to invest more in the jewelry? Or did he want to explore the jewelry market?

"I want details on the progress you've made." As he spoke, Rupert narrowed his eyes at her.

Annabel nodded obediently. "Today's meeting was mainly for both sides to discuss next steps. I'm sorting out the minutes of the meeting right now. I'll send them to you once I'm done. If there's nothing else, I'll get back to work."

Seeing that Annabel couldn't wait to leave, Rupert frowned unhappily. "Wait."

"Anything else?"

Rupert raised his injured hand. "Have you forgotten? The doctor said I should apply ointment to the wound twice a day."

Annabel was confused. "Okay. So do it."

Rupert said expressionlessly, "I don't know how."

What?

What the hell was wrong with this man? He didn't know how to do something as simple as applying ointment? «

Annabel was about to retort when Rupert pursed his thin lips and said unhappily, "Is this how you treat the person who saved your life?" "Okay, fine. I'll help you, okay?" Annabel rolled her eyes in exasperation.

"Where's the ointment?" Rupert pointed at the drawer wordlessly. Annabel opened the drawer, took out the ointment, squatted down and carefully unwrapped Rupert's bandage.

Then she opened the lid, picked up some ointment with her fingers, and applied it on the wound gently and evenly.

Her slender fingers gently stroked the back of his hand, [daotranslate.com](http://daotranslate.com) and the coolness of the ointment made Rupert feel comfortable.

"Did you ever study medicine?" Rupert couldn't help but ask.

Annabel paused what she was doing, too stunned to reply.

"You're very good at this." Rupert looked down at the woman squatting in front of him with a meaningful look in his eyes.

"I know a little about it," Annabel replied with a smile

For some reason, what with Annabel rubbing his hand, Rupert felt a sense of tranquility.

"Annabel..." Rupert suddenly called her name in a low and hoarse voice.

“Yeah?” Annabel looked up at him and saw a spark of desire in his deep-set eyes.

“Do you really—” Rupert was about to ask, “Do you really dislike me?” But suddenly, Annabel’s phone rang and interrupted him.

“Sorry, I have to take this.” Annabel took out her phone from her pocket to check the caller ID. It was Marcel calling.

When Rupert saw the name “Marcel” flashing on the screen, his expression darkened immediately.

Did Annabel have that kind of relationship with Marcel?

With ointment slathered all over her hand, Annabel couldn’t answer the phone properly. So she put the phone on the table and put it on speaker.

“Annabel, are you busy?” Marcel asked. Annabel smiled. “No. Why? What’s wrong?”

“Does something bad have to happen before I can call you?” Marcel asked begrudgingly.

“Of course not. You can call me anytime,” Annabel said with a chuckle as she continued to apply ointment on Rupert’s hand.

“Are you free tonight?”

“Sure. What’s up?”

“You left my birthday party early because you weren’t feeling well. It just so happens I’m free tonight, so how about I treat you to dinner?” Marcel offered.

“Okay. See you later!”

Annabel agreed without hesitation. She was so focused on Rupert’s hand that she failed to notice the stormy rage in his eyes.

Clearly, he was very unhappy.

How could Annabel flirt with another man right in front of him?

Was it because of Marcel that Annabel didn’t like him romantically? @ How could she be unwilling to see him but willing to smile at Marcel? Was Marcel Annabel’s type?

“Okay, that’s settled then. I’ll pick you up at seven o’clock. See you later! I love you!” Then, Marcel happily hung up.

Annabel stood up to put the phone away, but unexpectedly, her legs had gone numb after squatting for a long time. She lost her balance and abruptly fell on Rupert

By sheer coincidence, she hit Rupert's wound.

Rupert immediately groaned in pain

"Oh, my God! I'm so sorry, Rupert. Are you okay?" Feeling embarrassed, Annabel hurriedly stood up to check on him. "You like Marcel?" Rupert's face turned a ghastly pale. He returned her question with another.

Marcel?

Annabel was too stunned for words.

She just saw Marcel as a brother. Did Rupert misunderstand their relationship again?

Then again, Annabel didn't feel the need to explain herself to him. "He's alright," Annabel answered indifferently What was that supposed to mean?

So she did like him, was that it?

Rupert's face darkened completely. "Have you forgotten about the Ice and Fire series? Don't leave this office until you perfect the plan."

"But I have plans tonight," Annabel protested. "Besides, the plan's already perfect. Even Brett agrees."

All of a sudden, Rupert stood up and looked down at Annabel. "I'm your boss. I have the final say!"

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**Score 9.9**