

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 69 A Good Cook

Rupert was busy making breakfast in the kitchen in his casual clothes. The sunlight shone in on him through the window.

Annabel couldn't take her gaze away from him because he had a handsome face, a straight nose, and sexy thin lips. =

He was a little more spiced for life than his usual aloofness at work. Even while wearing an apron, he was stunning.

Annabel was in a stupor.

Hearing Annabel's footsteps, Rupert looked back and said, "You're awake." Annabel regained her senses and asked, "Why are you in the kitchen?" "Danica asked for a day off," Rupert responded softly.

Annabel nodded. "Oh, okay. Do you know how to cook?"

"You can have a taste," Rupert said with a friendly smile. It was undeniable that Rupert was an excellent cook.

"It's very delicious," Annabel complimented as she sat at the table and tasted Rupert's cooking.

She had no idea that the CEO, a man of such stature, was also a good cook.

Annabel's perspective on Rupert shifted as a result.

"You can eat more if you like it." daotranslate.com Rupert grinned slightly. He placed another sandwich on Annabel's plate.

Annabel felt warm when she saw that Rupert cared about her.

Rupert was not an awful person. He was tall, good-looking, muscular, and wealthy. He was also a powerful businessman who could do

anything he desired. He could be a perfect man as long as he wasn't short-tempered and moody.

Perhaps, she could consider her grandpa's advice.

Rupert and Annabel were enjoying a pleasant breakfast together when his phone rang, interrupting the warm atmosphere.

Rupert answered it and asked impatiently, "What's up?"

"sir, about the falling ceiling lamp of the studio, we have discovered the employees who were in charge of maintenance,"

Finley said.

"And?" Rupert spoke in a low voice.

Finley continued, "Three employees were doing maintenance and inspection at that time. But one of them has resigned.

And, according to the other two workers, the person in charge of inspecting the lamp was the one who resigned."

"Investigate that employee further." Rupert's face darkened, and his thin lips raised slightly.

As soon as Rupert ended the call, Annabel asked, "How is it going? Have you concluded this issue? Have you discovered who did it?"

Narrowing his eyes, Rupert replied, "It's still under investigation."

It appeared that the situation was more complicated than they thought. Annabel returned to her room after breakfast and pulled out the ointment. A magnetic voice emerged from above her head as she was going to apply it to the wound on her leg. "Allow me to do it."

Annabel raised her head and found that it was Rupert.

"Thank you, but I can do it on my own." Annabel politely refused. But Rupert took the ointment from her hand, knelt, and applied it to her wound gently.

"You helped me when my hand was injured. Now allow me to help you," Rupert stated in a low voice. "Alright." Annabel had no reason to refuse at that point.

Rupert dipped the ointment on his finger and gently applied it over Annabel's leg.

The ointment was cool. His soft finger massaged her leg, making it numb and weak.

Annabel's face flushed with embarrassment.

"Okay. Remember to apply the ointment as directed; otherwise, you will end up with an ugly scar," Rupert warned and stood up.

"Alright." Annabel stood up as well. She wasn't sure if her legs felt numb because she had been seated for a long time when Rupert was applying the ointment on her leg.

She toppled over upon Rupert when she stumbled.

"Careful!" Rupert swiftly held Annabel.

He wrapped his arm around her slender waist.

Annabel melted into Rupert's arms when she felt the warmth of his touch. Her cheeks flushed red as she gasped for air.

Something wasn't right with her.

She always made silly mistakes whenever she was around Rupert. Rupert looked down at Annabel. The blush on her face and her timid demeanor were two of her most endearing qualities.

His intense gaze slowly aroused a strong desire.

Without hesitation, Rupert bent down and was about to kiss her tender lips.

Staring at his lovely face getting close to her, Annabel froze and her mind went blank.

Rupert's phone rang again just as his lips were about to touch Annabel's. daotranslate.com Regaining her senses, Annabel pushed him away and stated, "Your phone is ringing."

Rupert's face darkened, and his eyes glowed with desire. He took out his phone and looked at it.

Finley was the one calling.

With a frown, Rupert answered the phone. "What's up?"

His voice was colder than usual, making Finley tremble.

It looked like he called at the wrong time.

However, he was still obligated to report the necessary information.

"Sir, Kabir Gray is the name of the employee who resigned. I've sent someone to look into it. His entire family recently emigrated," Finley stated.

"Emigrated?" Rupert's sharp eyes narrowed.

"Yes, and last week, Kabir's account received five hundred thousand dollars," Finley added.

"I see." Rupert's eyes grew dark.

"What's the matter?" Annabel was concerned.

She was desperate to find out who had tampered with the lamp.

She would have been hospitalized if Rupert hadn't rescued her that day. Rupert restated what Finley had said.

"Kabir and his family emigrated?" Annabel was stunned.

Rupert nodded. "Yes."

Kabir must be responsible for the falling of the studio's ceiling lamp. Kabir was only a maintenance employee and he received five hundred thousand dollars not long ago. Someone must have paid him.

Who was it?

Why did they do that? Who was the person's target? Annabel? Annie? Or Rory?

Or maybe his target was Rupert or even Benton Group.

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

