

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 75 Liquor

“Take this money.” Heather took out a stack of money from her wallet and gave it to Nina. “If you complete your task successfully, you can rest assured that I will let you return to Benton Group.”

“Really?” Nina asked with anticipation. «

Heather nodded, “Of course. Everything is caused by Annabel. As soon as she is out of the picture, Rupert will remember you. After all, you have worked in Benton Group for so many years. If I put in a good word for you with Rupert, you’ll be able to return to Benton Group?” 2

“Yes.” Gritting her teeth, Nina accepted the money.

“Please rest assured. Annabel will cease to exist in this world tomorrow.”

The hatred in Nina’s heart reached a tipping point and she couldn’t wait to kill Annabel.

She would go to any lengths to get rid of Annabel and get her revenge. “That’s good,” Heather said with a small smile.

She had several ways to deal with Annabel without having to even get her hands dirty.

Once Annabel was dead, she believed she would be Rupert’s wife. © After Nina left, Heather pondered for a while and sent a message to Cathy, informing her that she should get to watch a good show at Lover Lake at nine tomorrow morning.

Heather knew that Cathy detested Annabel too. If Nina failed to kill Annabel tomorrow, Cathy could step in and continue the plan. “Annabel, just wait!”

Once everything was arranged, Heather cheerfully went shopping with Bella.

As she thought about how Annabel would be gotten rid of tomorrow, Heather couldn’t restrain her excitement and bought several items she liked.

It began to get late.

“Heather, shall we go back?” Bella walked behind Heather and helped carry her bags.

“What’s the rush?” Heather continued her shopping spree and purchased several latest handbags before going home with satisfaction.

She got into her car and the driver started it. After a while, a familiar Rolls-Royce entered her field of vision.

“Isn’t that Rupert’s car?”

She hadn’t seen Rupert since the day she had begged her brother to take her to Benton Group.

Heather was worried about not having another chance to meet Rupert. She never imagined she would experience such a coincidence to spot him driving toward the suburb.

“Quick, follow the car in front of us,” Heather instructed the driver. “Yes,” he replied respectfully.

Rupert continued driving straight to the suburb. Bella was puzzled. “Heather, where is Mr. Benton going?”

Heather’s gaze was focused on the handsome man in the car ahead. Even though they were so far away, Heather could tell that he was still cold.

Heather was suddenly struck by a thought. “What is today’s date?” “It’s the fifth of June,” Bella replied in a perplexed voice.

Heather lapsed into a thoughtful silence before saying, “If I remember correctly, today is Rupert’s father’s death anniversary.”

Her brother had once told her that Rupert would go to the cemetery to pay his respects to his father on this day every year.

After parking the car at the cemetery, Rupert walked on the winding path that led to the top of the mountain.

A solemn tombstone stood at the center of the peak.

It belonged to Rupert's father, Jarrett Benton.

Rupert knelt on one knee, his eyes sad. He fixed his gaze on the picture of the middle-aged man on the tombstone, who resembled him.

"Dad, I'm here to meet you." Rupert's handsome face was severe and a little haggard.

When Rupert was fifteen years old, Jarrett encountered an unexpected tragedy.

That year, when he went sailing on a cruise ship, he ran into a storm. The cruise ship sank and Jarrett went missing.

Bruce searched for Jarrett with rescuers, finally finding him after seven days.

Unfortunately, Jarrett was already a cold corpse by then.

Everyone called it an accident, but Rupert didn't believe it.

Jarrett's cruise ship had been constructed by the top manufacturer in the world. It was powerful enough to withstand storms. Although the wind was blowing strongly that day, the cruise ship wouldn't have sunk easily. Moreover, not only was Jarrett highly skilled at sailing cruise ships, but he was also an exceptional swimmer. Several islands were there near the location where the ship had gone down. Even if the cruise ship was sinking, he could have made his escape. With his brilliant swimming

skills, he would have reached one of the islands. How could he have drowned? «

Back then, Bruce also suspected that his son's death was not an accident, but he couldn't find any clues or anomalies.

People couldn't be brought back from the dead. From that day on, the burden of Benton Group fell on Rupert's shoulders. Rupert poured two glasses of wine, one of which he tipped into the ground in front of the tombstone. His gorgeous face was lined with sadness and melancholy. "Dad, I propose a toast to you."

He drained the glass of wine he was holding and firmly said, "Dad, I know your death was not an accident. I'm certain I will get to the bottom of it!"

A downpour started,

It soaked his whole body, and drops of water dripped down his hair. However, Rupert didn't even notice it. He knelt in front of the tombstone and steadily drank the wine.

Gradually, he became a little inebriated. Leaning against the tombstone, he gently traced his fingers over his father's photo.

He laid his thoughts bare to his father.

"Dad, do you know, I still haven't found Candy? It's been so many years. Grandpa has arranged my engagement. Her name is Annabel. Without Candy, I think I might accept the engagement. But I promised Candy I would marry her."

Heather was greeted by this sight when she reached the peak of the mountain, gasping for breath, and holding an umbrella in her hand. Rupert was sitting on the ground, completely drenched. He drunkenly leaned against the tombstone, his expression despondent.

"Rupert, are you okay?" Heather stepped forward and brought the umbrella over him.

"You are completely soaked." However, Rupert ignored her. He picked up the bottle of wine and gulped it down in one go.

Heather grabbed the bottle from him and exclaimed, "Rupert, stop drinking. You're sloshed!"

Feeling groggy, Rupert looked up and saw a beautiful face peering at him worriedly.

"Candy?" Rupert was so drunk that he couldn't clearly make out the features of the woman in front of him. He felt that it was Candy who cared and worried about him.

Candy?

Heather was hearing this name for the first time. Her ears automatically perked up.

Who was Candy?

Was it Annabel? Not likely...

Heather bent forward and supported Rupert, using all her strength. In a gentle and charming voice, she said, "Rupert, you're drunk. Let me take you home."

Rupert, drunk and out of his senses, shouted again, "Candy..."

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