

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Bloody Liar

Rupert drunkenly mumbled the name Candy nonstop last night.

Heather got confused.

Who was Candy? Judging from Rupert's tone, it seemed he missed Candy so much.

Heather ordered someone to investigate it overnight.

The private investigator soon revealed that Rupert had been searching for a girl nicknamed Candy for years. It turned out that the girl was kidnapped with him when he was young.

At this realization, Heather's joy knew no bounds. She was happy to learn that Rupert wasn't in love with Annabel like she earlier suspected.

Since Rupert had searched everywhere for this Candy and couldn't find her, maybe she was dead.

The dead couldn't tell tales.

How about she stole Candy's identity? Perhaps Rupert might just end up marrying her.

At the thought of this, Heather gently pulled up her dress to expose her thighs. She took on a seductive posture.

Leaning in close, she said coquettishly, "Rupert, we missed each other for so many years. Life is short. From now on, we should never be apart."

Rupert frowned coldly. He took Heather's words with a pinch of salt. He had never heard anything about her kidnap before now.

More so, she wasn't anything like Candy.

How then could they be the same person? Noticing that the doubt in Rupert's eyes, Heather's heart began to beat fast.

However, she mustered up the courage to put her hands around Rupert's neck.

"Rupert, I know you love me, just like I love you. People who are in love should be together, right?"

Heather was infatuated with this handsome man even though he didn't treat her well. She wished time could stop so she could be in this intimate position forever. She wanted him; all of him.

Sitting still, Rupert inhaled Heather's fragrance. It was nothing like Candy's.

Rupert pulled his head back and gave her a murderous glare. He pushed her away and roared, "Get off me!"

The hard push jarred Heather out of her land of fantasy. She crashed to the floor before she knew what was happening.

A sharp pain shot from her tailbone to the top of her back. She held her back and looked at Rupert's fiery eyes that pierced through her heart like a thousand swords.

"Ouch! Rupert, why did you treat me like this?" she cried.

"Because you are a bloody liar!"

With a cold and alienated look, Rupert stared at Heather.

"Do you think you can fool me? I know you are not Candy!"

"I am Candy!"

Heather shouted unwillingly. She struggled to get up from the floor.

"Last night, you kept calling me Candy. You said you loved me and that you have never loved any other woman. I tried to leave, but you begged me to stay. You kissed me passionately, and we had sex. Have you forgotten?"

Rupert pulled a long face. He glared at Heather.

Did he really call her Candy and have sex with her last night? No! Rupert was sure that he had never touched her.

“Heather, do you have a screw loose or something?”

Rupert stood up, looking down at her.

“If there’s something wrong with you up there, you should go see a psychiatrist.”

“What did you mean? Are you saying that I’m crazy?”

Biting her lower lip, Heather reached out her hand and grabbed Rupert, who was about to leave.

“You were with me all night. We are both hot-blooded adults, and you were drunk. What did you think happened? You must take responsibility for what you did to me!”

“Get your hands off me!” Rupert said coldly. But Heather held his arm more tightly.

The fury in his eyes could start a fire as he pushed Heather away mercilessly. He whipped out his phone from his pocket. It was turned off.

Rupert quickly turned it on.

There were many missed calls and messages.

“Mr. Benton, it’s almost time for the shoot at Lover Lake. Will you be there?”

“I have been trying to reach you, Mr. Benton. But your line isn’t going through. We are on our way there. Please respond once you get this.”

These messages were all from Finley.

Rupert raised his left hand and looked at his watch. It was almost noon. He had planned to go to Lover Lake with Annabel today to supervise the shooting of the outdoor advertisement of Ice and Fire. But he missed it.

Rupert was upset.

Why did he get drunk last night? Just then, his phone rang.

The caller was Finley.

“What’s up?” asked Rupert, pressing the phone against his ear.

“Finally! I have been trying to reach you for hours!” Finley exclaimed.

“something happened to Annabel.”

Something happened to Annabel? Rupert frowned. He asked with concern and nervousness, “What’s wrong with her?”

Finley answered, “Cathy testified that Annabel pushed Nina into the lake. She has been taken to the station to make a statement.”

“I’ll be right there.”

Rupert strode toward the door the moment he hung up the phone.

“Where are you going, Rupert?”

Heather shouted behind him. She had vaguely heard the names of Annabel and Nina as she eavesdropped on the call. She thought that Nina succeeded with the plan.

Judging from the nervous look on Rupert’s face, Heather guessed that something terrible must have happened to Annabel.

Perhaps Annabel drowned.

With a smug smile, Heather said, “Rupert, wait for me.”

But Rupert ignored her and walked out of the house.

Heather chased after him and asked with feigned concern, “Rupert, did something happen? You seem to be in a rush. Where are you going? I’ll drive you there, so you can get there faster.”

The house was located at the foot of the mountain in the suburb.

Taxis rarely passed this place, and the nearest bus stop was several kilometers away.

Rupert was in a hurry now.

He thought for a while and said, "Okay."

The moment Heather heard this, she excitedly led him to the garage and unlocked her luxury car.

They both got in.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Heather started the ignition. She turned her head to look at the man she was infatuated with and asked sweetly, "Where are we headed, Rupert?"

"The police station," Rupert replied simply, his eyebrows furrowed with worry.

The police station? Why was he going to there? Shouldn't he be on his way to Lover Lake to see Annabel's corpse? Resisting her doubts, Heather drove her car at a high speed as Rupert urged her impatiently. She sped past one red light after another until they arrived at the police station.

The car had barely halted when Rupert opened the door and jumped out. He walked straight into the police station, forgetting who drove him here.

"Mr. Benton, you're here!"

Finley had been pacing about in the hallway of the station.

"Where is Annabel?" Rupert asked anxiously after seeing that she was nowhere around.

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