

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 39 A Good Show Is On

The week went by quickly. Surprisingly, it was not really an eventful week.

Heather didn't show up at Benton Group again, and Nina didn't give Annabel any more trouble.

But Annabel knew they wouldn't let her go so easily. She knew it was the calm before the storm.

On the appointed day, Brett McCoy, the CEO of Lady Fashion, came on a visit to Benton Group.

Being the person in charge of the Lady Fashion project, Annabel would pick him up at the airport.

Before leaving, she checked and made sure that the materials needed for the meeting later in the afternoon were ready.

After making sure everything was okay, Annabel stood up and got ready to go to the airport.

But as she went out to take the elevator, she saw that the doors were about to close. She rushed over, shouting, "Wait for me please!"

A tall figure walked over and put out his foot to keep the doors open. "Thank you so much," Annabel said gratefully. But when she looked up at the person's face, she was stunned.

It was Rupert!

Why was he here?

She was surprised at the fact that he even kept the elevator doors open for her.

Seeing the surprised look on her face, Rupert said in a low tone, "Come in quickly."

"Oh, thank you," Annabel said with a smile and stepped into the elevator. Rupert quickly followed her in.

"I'll go to the airport with you," Rupert said flatly when he noticed Annabel's confused look.

Annabel was surprised. "Don't worry. I'll go alone," she quickly said. How could Rupert go with her to pick someone up at the airport? He was a busy CEO, for crying out loud

But Rupert didn't seem to agree with Annabel. With his hands in his pockets, he stood beside her, giving off an inexplicable sense of dominance.

After a brief moment of silence, he gave Annabel a meaning look and mumbled, "Brett is my friend. Of course, I have to go meet him personally to show my sincerity."

In fact, he didn't need to pick Brett up in person. But when he heard that Annabel was going to pick him up at the airport, Rupert decided to go with her. «

Annabel nodded in understanding and said nothing. In silence, they rode the elevator all the way to the underground garage.

Rupert had come to work in a Rolls-Royce earlier in the morning. He opened the door of the car and motioned for Annabel to get in.

"Thank you," Annabel smiled and settled down in the passenger seat, fastening her seat belt.

Rupert then got in and started the car. With his slender fingers gripping the steering wheel, he asked calmly, "Have you prepared for the meeting with Lady Fashion this afternoon?"

Annabel puckered her lips and answered firmly, "Of course, I have. No problems with that at all."

She knew the meeting was not going to be simple. It was a big deal with a lot at stake. But she was looking forward to it nonetheless.

An hour later, they arrived at the airport.

Annabel looked down at her watch. There were still ten minutes to go before Brett's flight would arrive.

"I'm going to the bathroom," Annabel said to Rupert.

Rupert nodded in acknowledgement, and she rushed off.

When she got to the bathroom, Annabel sent a message to someone. "How is it going?"

Before long, she received a reply. "Everything is going well."

Annabel nodded in satisfaction. It seemed that the big show in the afternoon would go down well. Everything was under control.

When she finally returned to the hall, Brett's plane had already landed and he had gotten off.

Brett was a Frenchman. He was thirty years old, tall and burly, with blonde hair and fair skin "Hi, Rupert!" Brett greeted Rupert happily, giving him a warm hug.

"It's been a while," Rupert said, keeping an expressionless face.

With a polite smile, Annabel stepped forward and greeted Brett in French.

"Who is this beautiful lady?" Brett asked Rupert, looking at Annabel with amazement in his blue eyes

Frowning, Rupert introduced Annabel to him. "This is Annabel. She is in charge of the project." Rupert never expected that Annabel would speak French. His fiancée was not only far from being a country bumpkin, but she was also a very excellent woman. She was excellent enough to attract everyone's attention, just like she had attracted Brett's just now.

Brett stretched out his arms wide open to hug Annabel. "You're very beautiful. Have we met before?" «

Annabel only stretched out her hand and politely shook hands with him. "I don't think so."

But the truth was that, she had met Brett once before.

When Annabel and her grandpa were traveling in France, she met Brett at a banquet. But she was a fifteen-year old girl at that time. Fortunately, Brett couldn't recognize her anymore. This was very good for her, since she didn't want to be exposed so soon.

Together, Annabel and Rupert escorted Brett and his assistant back to Benton Group. Later, at two o'clock prompt, the meeting officially began. This time, Annabel prepared a beautiful PowerPoint presentation. Though Brett could speak English, Annabel gave a wonderful speech in French, explaining the progress of the whole project. The French speakers in the room, especially Brett, nodded frequently, expressing their admiration and approval.

Seeing that Annabel was being outstanding again, Nina's eyes hardened in jealousy and she clenched her fists tightly.

"Annabel, just wait and see. A good show is about to begin! Let's see how long you can be stay on top. Very soon, you'll be kicked out!" she said to herself.

After the speech, Annabel was warmly applauded. Even Rupert was not economical with his applause.

With a faint smile and a nod of gratitude, Annabel continued, stage, let's look at the specific drawings." Then she picked the folder and brought out the drawings. But when she saw what she was holding, her expression changed. Everyone present gasped in surprise.

They all saw as Annabel took out a few sheets of blank paper from the file that was supposed to contain the drawings.

But only one person wasn't shocked. It was Nina. And she was the first to ask, "Annabel, what are you doing?"

Being the project director, all the materials were brought to the conference room by Annabel after she had checked them herself.

Now, the drawings were gone. And they had been replaced with several sheets of blank paper. It was obvious that Annabel would have to take all the responsibility

Rupert would never forgive such a low-level mistake in an important meeting. It was expected that he would fire Annabel.

Nina stole a glance at Rupert to see how he felt.

Just as she expected, his handsome face was dark, and his tightly pursed lips indicated his extreme displeasure.

A hint of happiness flashed through Nina's eyes. But maintaining a blank face, she started to scold Annabel in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear. "As the project director, how can you possibly lose the drawings? How dare you use some sheets of blank papers to fool us? We cannot allow an irresponsible person like you to continue working here!"

Rupert's face darkened even more. He looked at Annabel and asked,

"What's wrong?"

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