

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 72

Chapter 72 You Reap What You Sow

The lighting staff saw that Rupert agreed and immediately understood what he was meant to do. He moved to the switch and turned on the light

A beam of blue light illuminated the diamond buttons on Annie's back, which began to flicker white.

After a few moments, the beam turned red, and the diamonds began to look like flames sparking across Annie's back.

"They really can change colors!" Everyone was amazed by the sight. Annabel smiled at the crowd's reaction. "As you can see, the diamond buttons are painted with a special material that creates a brilliant change of color in response to the light. Now please turn the light and your attention to Annie's hand."

Annabel gripped Annie's hands tightly to prevent her from moving while the lighting staff redirected the beam.

Annie's mind went blank and her hands began to tremble.

Annabel had spoken the truth. There really was a special material on the diamond buttons that responded to lighting changes.

What should she do now?

Annie struggled hard, but Annabel's grip was firm.

Once the beam was on Annie's hand, the lighting staff changed its color to a cold blue. Annie's palm began emitting white light.

The sight took the crowd by surprise. Annabel explained, "What you are seeing is proof that Annie clutched the missing diamond in her palm.

She then flushed it down the toilet. The special material stained her hand without her knowing." 7 Annabel signaled to have the beam change to red, and the light that Annie's hand was emitting also changed, just like magic.

The crowd gasped.

Annabel maintained a firm grip on Annie's trembling arm as she gave the room a better look. "We can all clearly see that Annie's palm reacts to the lighting in the exact same way as the diamond buttons. There is no doubt that she removed the button from her dress intentionally. Her hands are stained with the proof. I believe you all know the truth now."

The crowd voiced their agreement. "I never would've thought Annie was responsible."

"Why did she do it?"

"Who knows? She has reaped as she has sown."

Annie's face turned pale as she listened to the crowd talk.

Annabel had no sympathy for her. "The evidence is irrefutable. Do you have anything to say?"

"No, it's impossible. It's not true," Annie said in a trembling voice.

How could this be?

Why did this happen?

The plan had been flawless. How had Annabel seen through it so easily? She hadn't known about the special material on the diamond buttons. "Annabel, you must have done it. You set me up on purpose, right?" Annie cried out unwillingly.

"If you didn't want people to know, then you shouldn't have done it. But you did do it, and now you have to admit it!"

With a sneer, Annabel released Annie's arm.

"Annie, you disappoint me." Brett went to Annie's side, his blue eyes like pools of disappointment. It hadn't been appropriate to appoint Annie as the spokesperson, but since she had been so persistent, he had decided to give her a chance. However, Annie had failed to cherish the opportunity and created enough trouble to disgrace him.

“No, no, listen to me, honey. I didn’t do it.” Brett’s public rejection was making Annie hysterical. She grabbed his arm tightly. “Listen to me. I didn’t do it. Annabel framed me.”

Brett spared Annie a glance, then looked to her agent. “Tell me, what’s the truth?”

His expression was foreboding, and the aura he exuded was terrifying. “If you lie to me, I’ll make sure you regret it for the rest of your life.” The agent blanched. She knew that Brett was a man of his word. If she dared to lie, her life would essentially be over.

Annabel already proved Annie had cut the diamond button from the dress.

Even if she lied for Annie, she would be refuted immediately.

It was also true that Annie had a terrible temper and often ordered her to do things on a whim without regard for the consequences. She had been working for her long enough to know.

What was the point of defending Annie? It made no sense to get herself in trouble with Brett and Rupert for her sake.

She decided to tell the truth.

She cleared her throat and said, “Mr. McCoy, the diamond button was indeed cut from the dress by Annie in the fitting room.”

Annie was furious. “How dare you?” she shouted at her agent.

“Annie, I’m just telling the truth. I don’t want to betray my conscience,” replied the agent. “I don’t know why she did it, though.” “Where is the button now?” Annabel asked.

“Annie flushed it down the toilet,” the agent answered honestly

“No, you’re lying, I didn’t. I didn’t do it.” Annie bit her lip and continued to murmur protests.

“Do you want me to get someone to fetch the button from the sewer?” Annabel sneered.

Annie was shameless. Even now, she persisted in denying the truth. Rupert suddenly broke his silence by looking to Finley and saying, "Send someone to look for the button." His voice was deep and commanding. Finley was efficient.

Soon, the diamond button was found in the sewer. "Annabel, is this button?" Finley carefully handed the button to Annabel. "Yes. This is it." Annabel took the button and showed it to the crowd.

"The buttons produced by Leo Studio have logos on them."

The logo could be discerned at a glance, but the button itself had been submerged in muck for so long that it was no longer useable. What a pity!

"Anything more to say?" Annabel's question was sarcastic and rhetorical.

"If your agent didn't see you flush this, how did she know what happened?"

Annie went pale, and she was too shamed to defend herself.

Annabel addressed the crowd seriously, "Now that the missing button has been found, the truth is clear. Annie, I don't know why you did it, but know that Benton Group won't cooperate with you anymore." "What? You're terminating my contract?" Annie's eyes widened in disbelief.