

Poor Billionaire Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

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Chapter 43 You Are Fired

Talia held the recorder pen and pressed the switch. Immediately, the conversation between the two began to play.

“Talia, I’ve transferred 250 thousand dollars to your account. After that, I’ll give you another 250 thousand. With this money, you can have your son treated. With the rest, you can raise him to be strong, healthy and comfortable.”

The voice in the recorder was none other than Nina’s. Talia’s voice was a little nervous albeit quite excited as she asked, “So much money... What do you want me to do?”

“It’s very simple. You just need to replace some drawings in Annabel’s office,” Nina said.

“But if anyone finds out...” Talia murmured in hesitation.

“Don’t worry. You can go to her office and pretend to be cleaning when no one is around. No one will suspect you.”

Then Nina added with a chuckle, “Besides, as a cleaner, you earn 3 thousand a month. How many years do you have to work to earn 500 thousand? After this task is completed, you can resign and go to the countryside to hide. You can find another job after this matter is forgotten. Isn’t it a perfect plan?”

Talia seemed convinced and said, “Okay, I agree!”

Nina was very glad to hear this. “That’s good! I’ll inform you of exactly what you’re expected to do when it’s time.

Remember, only you and I know this matter. Don’t let anyone else find out about it!”

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone,” Talia promised.

Then the recording came to an end. Annabel looked at Nina and sneered, “Nina, what else do you want to say now?”

“No, that’s not me!” Nina shouted in denial, her face pale and her forehead dripping with sweat.

She would never admit to it

“Everyone here has heard it, It’s clearly your voice,” Annabel retorted. She turned on the computer and opened an email.

“If you insist that the voice is not yours, I have other evidence.”

She put the e-mail on the projector so that everyone would see the contents clearly.

“This is the record of Talia’s bank account. I’ve asked my friend to check it. The sum of money was transferred to Talia via a foreign account, and the account holder is…”

Annabel paused and looked straight at Nina. “It’s your father, Bernie Jones.”

Nina’s eyes widened in disbelief. How could Annabel find out it was her father’s account?

She had been very careful!

“I have human testimony and material evidence. Nina, do you still think I am falsely accusing you?” Annabel asked.

“No… It’s impossible,” Nina wanted to defend herself, but she couldn’t say a word.

The truth was clear to everyone. No matter what she said, it would be in vain.

She was doomed! This time, there was no two ways about it

“Annabel, it’s you,” Nina suddenly croaked, her eyes red. She jumped up and rushed at Annabel.

“You bitch! It’s all a trap you set!”

“Trap?” Annabel scoffed as she grabbed Nina’s hand before she could slap her.

“If you didn’t try to frame me in the first place, how would I have gotten any evidence? This is called shooting yourself in the foot!”

“Nina, why did you do this?” Rupert, who had been sitting silently all along, suddenly asked. His eyes looked cold and hard, and at the sound of his voice, the room became eerily quiet.

“Mr. Benton, I…” Nina stuttered helplessly. Rupert’s cold eyes made her shiver involuntarily. It was as if she had fallen into an icy lake.

The coldness in Rupert’s eyes was like a sharp knife stabbing into her body. Without waiting for a response from her, he declared, “Nina Jones, you’re fired. From this moment on, you’re no longer an employee of Benton Group.”

What? Fired?

Nina's face turned pale.

"No, Mr. Benton. You can't fire me!" Nina shouted as if she'd lost her mind and swiftly pounced on him. "Rupert, do you realize I did all this because of you? I love you! Don't you know that? Since the day I came into this company, I've been in love with you!"

"Buck off!" Rupert growled, pushing her away in disgust, making her lose her balance and fall on the floor.

Nina's forehead hit the corner of the table, causing blood to flow.

She raised her eyes and looked at the man in front of her that was so indifferent and heartless to her.

"But you never pay attention to me. No matter how hard I work and how much I've done for you, you never pay attention to me. I thought you were born to be indifferent to all women. I believed that as long as I worked hard, you would see how good I was and fall in love with me one day. But everything changed since Annabel came! You only paid attention to her. She's just a bumpkin from the countryside. How could she be your fiancée? How could she get your love? She never deserved it! Annabel is a bitch and she doesn't deserve you!" Annabel rolled her eyes.

She was just a nominal fiancée.

The girl Rupert truly loved was Candy.

But she didn't expect that Nina was so much in love with Rupert. Unfortunately for her, she had fallen in love with the wrong person and gone about it the wrong way.

Jealousy had blinded her. For the sake of keeping Rupert for herself, she framed Annabel and sacrificed the company's interests. At the end, she only destroyed her own future.

"Nina Jones, leave Benton Group within ten minutes. I don't want to see you ever again!" Rupert ordered, looking down at her in disgust.

"No, Rupert, listen to me. I love you! Please don't drive me away. Please..."

But before Nina could say anything more, Finley quickly pulled her on her feet and dragged her to the door, "Mr. Benton doesn't want to see you. You'd better leave right now!"

Seeing Nina crying as she was sent away, Annabel frowned slightly

She had just given the woman a dose of her own medicine. If she had been a little careless, she would probably be the one being driven away now.

“That’s all for today. I don’t want to hear anything like this happening again,” Rupert warned, glancing around at everyone present with his sharp eyes.

None of them dared to look into his angry eyes. They all lowered their heads, except for Annabel.

Rupert walked out of the conference room, but he stopped at the door. He turned around and gave Annabel a meaningful look. “Annabel, come to my office,” he ordered.

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Who Exactly Is Annabel

Annabel followed Rupert back to his office.

“What’s the matter?” she asked.

Rupert sat on the sofa and crossed his legs.

Then he pointed to a spot beside him.

“Sit down,” he ordered.

Confused, Annabel sat next to him.

“Rupert, what’s the matter?”

Rupert opened his thin lips slightly and said in a calm voice, “You were the initiator, weren’t you?”

The initiator? Was he angry? Was he complaining about the fact that she had exposed Nina in public? Or was he unhappy that he had to fire Nina? Was he blaming her for it? Annabel looked warily at him and asked, “Rupert, what do you mean?”

The man turned his expressionless face and looked into her eyes. His eyes were like two whirlpools, deep and unfathomable. He nodded slightly and shifted close to her.

“You already knew that Nina would replace the drawings. And you arranged for Talia to expose her crime. Everything was arranged by you, right?”

Rupert already knew the answer, but he just wanted to hear it from Annabel herself.

Annabel must have known for long that Nina was going to frame her, so she went ahead and arranged to trap her.

Not only did Nina get exposed but also got fired from Benton Group.

At the same time, this would be a warning to Bernice, thereby killing two birds with one stone.

Everything that happened today was under Annabel's control. Her means was accurate, ruthless and decisive. He appreciated it so much. It was hard to imagine that a young girl from the countryside would be so smart and courageous.

Again, Rupert shifted even closer to Annabel.

The distance between the two was virtually non-existent, making Annabel's face turn red with embarrassment.

Why did he move so close to her? She quickly shifted away from him and said in a serious tone, "No. Of course, the initiator was Nina. I didn't try to set her up; I just defended myself. She wanted to frame me. How could I sit still and wait for her to destroy me? If she hadn't tried to frame me, these things wouldn't have happened. So, I just gave her a dose of her own medicine. I don't think I did anything wrong."

"Did I say that you did something wrong?"

Rupert asked with a ghost of a smile on his lips.

Annabel was shocked.

Didn't Rupert bring her here to blame her? "You're free to tell me if such a thing happens again," Rupert said and moved closer to Annabel again.

Leaning sideways, he put his hands on Annabel's sides. His lips were close to her ear as he said, "I won't sit and watch my fiancée being set up."

Wrapped in the aura of this strong man, Annabel's heart began to beat fast.

"I can handle such a small matter. You don't need to bother yourself."

His closeness made her quite uncomfortable.

What was wrong with the man? Why did he get so close to her? Wasn't he afraid that Candy would be jealous? "So, who the hell are you?" Rupert asked, his enchanting eyes dark with curiosity.

“Why do you know jewelry design? If I’m not mistaken, the drawing software you used today was designed by Ada.What’s your relationship with her?” Annabel was stunned.

What was Rupert suspecting? Was her true identity exposed? Annabel quickly stood up and smiled at him.

“You know who I am.I’m your nominal fiancée.If there is nothing else, I’d like to go back to work.”

With that, Annabel turned around and left.

Staring at her pretty figure as she walked away, Rupert was full of complex emotions.

After thinking for a while, he called Finley and ordered, “Do a background check on Annabel.I want every information about her!”

“Annabel?”

Finley was a little surprised.

Wasn’t Annabel the CEO’s fiancée? Why was the CEO investigating his fiancée? It was so strange! When he got no response from the surprised and confused Finley, Rupert shouted at him, “Hurry up!”

“Yes, sir,” Finley responded with a start and jumped up to go carry out the errand.

An hour later, Finley came back with some anxiety.

“Mr.Benton, I’ve checked it.”

“What’s the result?”

There was a hint of eagerness in Rupert’s voice.

Finley handed him the information, saying, “I only found this.”

Rupert took the document from him and read the few words on it.

Annabel, 20 years old, lived in the suburb of Georgia.

Except for this little information, there was even no basic information about her parents or educational background.

“That’s all?” Rupert asked, his eyes narrowed in displeasure.

"No other information?" Finley scratched his head in embarrassment and shifted from one foot to the other.

"I'm sorry, sir. I can't find anything else."

"Fine. You can leave now," Rupert said dismissively.

When Finley was gone, Rupert sat back and fell into deep thought.

If Finley of all people couldn't find any serious information about her, then it was clear that his fiancée was not an ordinary individual.

The only option he had left was to ask his grandfather about it.

Since Annabel was arranged for him Bruce, he would probably know her very well.

Rupert walked out to his car and drove all the way to Bruce's house.

When he got there, he saw Bruce watering the flowers in the garden.

"Rupert, aren't you supposed to be at the company by this time? How come you have time to visit me?"

Bruce asked, quite surprised to see his grandson all of a sudden.

"Grandpa, I'm here to visit you. How are you feeling?" Rupert asked, taking the kettle from the old man's hand and helping him water the flowers.

"I'm fine," Bruce said, looking at his grandson, who was absent-minded.

"Tell me, what do you want from me?" He knew his grandson very well.

Rupert was a workaholic.

If it wasn't something very important, he wouldn't have come during working hours.

"Grandpa, can you tell me who Annabel really is?" Rupert asked without preamble.

Bruce tilted his head and looked at Rupert. So, his grandson left his work only to ask about Annabel? It seemed the young man was interested in her.

"What? You finally found out how good she is?" Bruce asked with a smile.

"I'm just curious." Rupert shrugged.

"She's very different from what I thought."

“You have to find it out by yourself. I can only tell you that though I’m old, I’m still in full possession of all my faculties and I would never choose the wrong girl as my granddaughter-in-law,” Bruce said, stroking his beard proudly.

“All right.”

Seeing that his grandfather would not tell him what he wanted to know, Rupert didn’t bother to ask anymore. He said goodbye and left.

As he walked out of the house, Rupert was upset.

If there was no Candy, he might accept Annabel.

After all, a beautiful, smart, confident, capable and bold girl like Annabel was very attractive to any sane man.

But his heart was filled with Candy.

He had promised to marry Candy; he would not marry anyone else.

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Score 9.9