

Poor Billionaire's Wife: Who Is The Real Boss?

Chapter 79 Murder Accusation

"Don't just stand there, Anakin! Capture that murderer. Don't let her get away!" Cathy got up and glared at the man beside her. Anakin was her die-hard admirer. Cathy brought him here so he would deal with Annabel on her behalf. He was just a tool in her hands. Anakin practically worshipped the ground that Cathy walked on. He was ready to do anything just to make her happy. As soon as he got that order, he nodded and charged toward Annabel, blocking her way. "Annabel? Where do you think you are going after killing someone?" Annabel was taken aback by those words. She looked at the lake with a frown and said, "I didn't kill anyone. Go save Nina. She can still be saved now. If you continue blocking my way, she will drown. Then who will be the murderer?" The imposing tone in her voice took Anakin aback. When he saw the fire in her eyes, he stepped out of her way subconsciously. Cathy brought him back to his senses. "Anakin, don't listen to her. We both saw how she pushed Nina into the lake. Even if Nina ends up dying because we didn't save her, Annabel is still the murderer. Don't let her run. I'll call the cops now." Anakin immediately became a fool again. He said, "Don't worry, Cathy. She can't run away under my watch!" After nodding with satisfaction, Cathy picked up her phone and called the police. "Hello? Someone was pushed into the water. The culprit is trying to run away. Yes, it happened at Lover Lake. Please come quickly!" Annabel's face turned cold. Nina was drowning, but Cathy prevented her from saving her. And now, instead of calling for the paramedic, she called the cops. What was she up to? "The police are on their way, Annabel. You can't go scot-free!" A vicious light flashed across Cathy's eyes. It didn't matter to her if Nina got drowned as long as she dealt with Annabel today. Nina's survival meant that Annabel would be charged with intentional assault at most. But if she died, Annabel would be labeled a murderer. Since the dead couldn't speak, it would be Cathy's words against Annabel's. The cops were sure to believe her account. All she had to do was insist that Annabel pushed Nina into the lake. Anakin would also testify in her favor. That would be the final nail in Annabel's coffin; she would be convicted of murder in no time. The thought of finally getting rid of Annabel made Cathy's heart sing. She prepared her mind for the flawless acting she was going to render very soon. "You are a murderer, Annabel. You'll be locked up for the rest of your life!" Annabel was too stunned to speak. Had Cathy gone cuckoo? Just as Annabel was about to push Anakin out of her way, a tall slender figure suddenly appeared. "What's the matter?" Following the cold voice, Annabel saw Rory. Rory had been worried sick about Annabel when she didn't return after a long time. He stopped shooting and went out to search for her. He didn't expect to see Cathy and Anakin making trouble for Annabel and vaguely hear the word "murderer." "You came right on time, Rory. Nina fell into the lake," Annabel said calmly, pointing at the lake. "Help me hold off this man. I have to save Nina. Call 911, too." "No, let me do it. You call 911." Annabel had barely finished speaking when Rory jumped into the cold lake without taking his clothes off. Annabel let out a small scream as she stared at the lake. If her memory served her right, Rory didn't know how to swim very well. Her heart was already in her mouth when Rory popped up from the water holding Nina a few minutes later. Patting her chest, Annabel dialed 911 in a hurry. "Hello, someone almost drowned in Lover Lake. Please send an ambulance ASAP!" Rory swam toward the shore with some difficulty, dragging Nina. Annabel walked into the water to help them up.

“Rory, are you okay?” Seeing that Rory was struggling to breathe and his teeth were clattering, Annabel gave him a hand by putting Nina’s limp arm over her shoulders as they walked out. Rory shook his head and gave her a charming smile. “I’m fine.” The two of them worked together to get Nina to the bank and carefully laid her on the grass aside. “Nina! Can you hear me? Wake up!” Annabel patted Nina’s cheeks. However, Nina’s eyes were closed. Her face was pale and her lips were purple. Feeling her wrist, Annabel found that she had no pulse. “Annabel, Nina is dead!” Stepping forward, Cathy pointed at Annabel. “You pushed her into the water and she drowned. You killed her.” The incessant yelling almost burst Annabel’s eardrums. Extremely irritated, she turned around and glared at her. “Shut up!” Cathy jumped in shock. This was the first time she was seeing Annabel so furious. She stepped back warily. Annabel got on her knees and began to perform CPR on the unconscious woman. Nina was in a critical situation now. If they waited for the ambulance to come, it would be too late and even God wouldn’t be able to breathe life back into her. Even now, Annabel wasn’t sure if Nina could be saved. Nina had been in the water for far too long, so her chances of survival were extremely slim. If Annabel had gotten Nina out of the lake earlier, she wouldn’t have become like this. The obstruction from Anakin and Cathy made things worse. Annabel could only do her best in hopes that it would be enough. Performing CPR required a lot of strength and dedication. Despite Annabel’s strength, she began to feel tired after a few minutes. “Annabel, do you need my help?” Rory, who was squatting next to her, felt pity for her when he saw her sweaty forehead. Annabel shook her head. “No. Call 911 again. The ambulance is supposed to be here by now.” Rory stood up and made the call. Cathy sneered, “Annabel, don’t be hypocritical. Nina is dead. Stop pretending. Don’t even think your poor acting can change the fact that you are a murderer!” Turning a deaf ear to the yapping woman, Annabel continued to try resuscitating Nina. “You should—” Cathy started again, but she was cut off by the blaring sound of a siren coming from afar. A police car was heading for Lover Lake. At the sight of this, Cathy clapped her hand excitedly. She looked at Annabel, who was still kneeling, and quipped, “The cops are here! You will be whisked away very soon, murderer!” Rory hung up the phone. He turned to Cathy and threatened, “You’d better not frame Annabel. Otherwise, you will be shocked at what I’ll do to you!” “How am I framing her? I saw her push Nina into the lake with my own eyes.” Staring at Rory squarely, Cathy queried, “What’s between you and Annabel? Why do you care about her so much?” “It’s none of your fucking business!” After yelling at Cathy, Rory walked to Annabel’s side and wiped the sweat off her forehead. “Don’t worry, Annabel. The ambulance will be here soon.” “Okay.” Annabel nodded gently. She continued to press Nina’s chest with both hands and gave her mouth-to-mouth occasionally. However, her efforts were still futile. Nina didn’t wake up, nor did her pulse return.

The police car moved at a high speed. In no time, it arrived at the shore of the lake. As soon as two police officers got out of the car, Cathy walked up to them, pointed at Annabel, and said, "That's the culprit, Annabel Hewitt! She's the one that pushed Nina into the lake!" Looking in the direction she pointed, the police officers saw Annabel kneeling beside a body and performing CPR. "Let's go have a look," the older cop said to his colleague. "Okay, Apollo." The policewoman nodded and followed him. "What happened?" Apollo looked at the unconscious Nina and asked no one in particular. Rory started, "She fell into the lake and—" Cathy cut him short aggressively. "No, she didn't fall by herself! Annabel pushed her. I saw it with my own eyes. My classmate is also a witness!" She winked at Anakin while at it. Taking the hint, Anakin stepped forward and echoed, "Yes, I saw it too. Annabel pushed Nina into the lake!" The cops shared meaningful glances. Then Apollo asked calmly, "Is that so?" "Of course not!" Rory frowned slightly. "You have no business testifying, Rory. After all, you only got here after Nina was already in the water. You didn't see what transpired before then. Why are you telling lies for Annabel so shamelessly?" Cathy fired at him. Rory snorted and pointed at Annabel. "Annabel is trying to resuscitate Nina. Why would she do that if she pushed Nina into the lake?" "Isn't it obvious? Annabel is just acting. Nina drowned long ago. She's dead, but Annabel is feigning concern so she won't be arrested!" Cathy sneered. "It's useless to perform CPR on a dead person!" "Shut your mouth, Cathy! Nina is not dead. She can still be resuscitated!" Annabel suddenly yelled. She pressed Nina's chest again with all the strength she could muster, causing her to throw up a mouthful of water. "What?" Cathy exclaimed in surprise. Was Nina really alive? On second thought, Cathy reasoned that it didn't matter if Nina woke up. Nina would never spare Annabel even though she almost lost her life. Either way, Annabel was doomed. An ambulance finally arrived at this moment. A doctor rushed over with a first-aid kit. "Officers, how is the situation now?" the doctor asked anxiously. "This woman fell into the water." Apollo pointed at Nina. Annabel finally stood up to give way to the doctor. She was almost exhausted after investing her strength in CPR. Her chest heaved violently. She took a few deep breaths and finally recovered. Afterward, she explained the situation to the doctor. "She was in the water for quite some time. I've performed CPR since she was brought out of the lake. Her pulse was non-existent at first, and it's still very weak now. Please do something to save her." "Okay, I'll try my best." The doctor ordered the medics who came with him to lift Nina onto the stretcher. After simple first aid, they lifted her into the ambulance. The ambulance sped straight to the hospital. Annabel finally breathed a sigh of relief. She had done her best. However, she was still worried about Nina. It wasn't certain that Nina would survive. "Miss, can you tell us what happened?" the policewoman addressed Annabel, taking out a small jotter and a pen. She had seen how invested Annabel was to resuscitate Nina, so she had doubts about Cathy's account. Annabel nodded. Just as she was about to begin, Cathy yelled, "I already told you what happened! Annabel pushed Nina into the lake. She also watched her drown before making an effort to save her!" "Shut the fuck up, Cathy!" The ice in Annabel's stare could have frozen lava. Shivering, Cathy kept silent under Annabel's powerful aura. "Officers, here's the thing. Today, our company came to Lover Lake to shoot an outdoor advertisement for a brand. When I came here to check this spot for a scene, Nina came out of nowhere. She tried to push me into the lake, but she accidentally slipped and fell inside herself." Annabel told her own side of the story calmly. "That's bullshit!" Cathy was worried that the cops would believe Annabel's words. "Don't believe her! Which murderer would admit to the crime they committed? My classmate and I saw what

happened. Annabel pushed Nina into the lake. We're witnesses!" Apollo rubbed his forehead as Cathy continued to shout. Afterward, he cleared his throat and said, "In that case, you all have to come with us to the station to write down statements." Meanwhile, Rupert didn't wake up until ten o'clock that morning. The first thing he saw after opening his eyes was a crystal lamp. Where was he? This wasn't his room! Rupert sat up on the bed all of a sudden. He looked around and wondered where he was and how he got here. Suddenly, the door of the room creaked open. A curvaceous woman in a sexy red silky nightdress walked in. It was Heather. "Good morning, Rupert. You are finally awake. Look, I made you breakfast." Heather stared at Rupert obsessively. "Heather? Why are you here? And where is this place?" Rupert's handsome face darkened as he queried her. "You are in my room. Where else can I be if not here?" Heather grinned mischievously. "Your room?" Rupert raised his eyebrows in surprise. How did he get here? "Don't you remember what happened last night? Well, you got drunk, so I had to bring you here." Heather wriggled her waist seductively, walked to the bed, and sat down beside Rupert. Rupert rubbed his temples and recalled what had happened last night. Yesterday was the anniversary of his father's death. He went to the cemetery to visit his father's grave. Sadness overwhelmed him as he talked to the tombstone to no end. He didn't realize when he drank himself to stupor. But later... What happened later? He seemed to see Candy last night. "Candy..." Rupert murmured. Biting her lower lip, Heather looked at him affectionately. "Rupert, I'm Candy." "What? You are Candy?" Rupert's handsome face tightened, and his cold eyes fell on Heather with scrutiny. Was she really Candy? How could that be? Heather nodded without hesitation and looked into Rupert's doubtful eyes. "Yes. Do you remember that we were kidnapped together many years ago?"

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.