

Chapter 100 Have The Same Fate

"Rhonda, you're truly ungrateful. You've completely forgotten the past. Do you not remember how I helped you in school?" Cristina was planning to settle old accounts.

"I acknowledge that you've helped me a lot, but haven't I helped you too? Cristina, the history between us isn't something that can be resolved in a few words. Let's put the past behind us. I don't want to discuss it anymore."

"Rhonda, I truly admire you. How can you be so cold-hearted? Not only are you cruel to me, but aren't you sad at all for letting Santino go so easily?"

"Does he deserve any better?" Rhonda scoffed.

Cristina was taken aback by Rhonda's indifferent expression. After a moment, she said, "You're right. He doesn't deserve any better."

In the afternoon, Rhonda was organizing materials for the cooperative project with Sloan Corporation and finally completed it before leaving work.

She took the documents and knocked on Ella's office door, only to find Norene Guerrero, the client who had complained about her, chatting with Ella.

Upon seeing Rhonda, Norene stood up awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry, I should be going now."

"Mrs. Guerrero, why did you complain about me?" Rhonda stopped Norene, "I informed you that there would be a standard industry floating rate of 5%, yet I managed to keep it at 3% for you. Did I do something wrong?"

"You should discuss that with my assistant. I'm not very familiar with the details." Norene's expression soured.

"You're not familiar with it? Then why did you file an unwarranted complaint against me?" Rhonda asked angrily.

"Rhonda, what is the matter with you? How can you speak to a client like that?" Norene, realizing her mistake, responded defensively.

Rhonda knew she hadn't been calm enough, but she felt wronged.

"Rhonda, Mrs. Guerrero is too busy to deal with you. Just step aside."

"Mrs. Guerrero, have a good day." Rhonda opened the door.

Norene shot Rhonda a glare and slammed the door behind her.

"Rhonda, Norene is my client now. Please refrain from interfering in her affairs from this point forward," Ella stated firmly.

"You've won this round. Congrats!" Rhonda placed the Sloan Corporation cooperation documents in front of Ella.

"Rhonda, you're a young person with incredible potential, but sadly, you're too impulsive. Take this as a lesson and remember it for the future."

"Thank you for your advice." Rhonda turned around and opened the door, only to find three or four colleagues, including Cristina and Paget, hunched over the door, eavesdropping.

Seeing Rhonda come out, they left in a hurry.

But they weren't the only ones who witnessed Rhonda's embarrassment.

Walking the 100 meters back from Ella's office, Rhonda could feel the odd glances and occasional whispers around her.

"How can she be so arrogant? Looks like she won't have much time to be smug in the future."

"I thought she was really impressive. But she gets complaints too, right?"

"She's just too young. Experience is so important in our line of work."



"The thing is, she loves showing off her skills. She made a deal with Sloan Corporation before Mr. Hawkins even arrived. Who does she think she is?"

Unsure of what to say, Rhonda returned to her office.

She closed the door with a loud bang, feeling her eyes well up with tears. She kept wondering what she had done wrong and why there were so many people gossiping about her behind her back.

At nine o'clock that evening, Rhonda still hadn't gone home.

She sat on a wooden bench at a sidewalk snack booth, channeling her sorrow and frustration into her appetite.

All of a sudden Rhonda choked.

At this time, a glass of water was handed over to her.

Rhonda turned her head and asked, "Robert?"

"What's the matter with you? Are you upset?" Robert poured himself a glass of beer.

"Why have you started drinking?" Rhonda sensed that Robert's mood was worse than hers.

"I received a complaint from a patient's family yesterday. The hospital has suspended me." He raised his glass and drank it up.

"You were complained about too? Seems we share the same misfortune."

"How about having a drink with me?" Robert asked the booth's owner for a beer glass and poured Rhonda half a glass.

"I can't handle much alcohol. One glass of beer will knock me out."

"Then don't overdo it." After clinking glasses with Rhonda, Robert finished his drink.

Rhonda raised her glass and took a sip.

"What's the reason for your complaint?" Rhonda asked.



"Don't get me started. They're just nitpicking. There's no pleasing some people." Robert seemed disheartened. It was apparent that this was a significant setback for him.

After all, he had always strived to be a good doctor. It was baffling that he still faced complaints like this.

"Same here, I got a complaint too. Why is it so hard to do something worthwhile?" Rhonda lifted her head and took a gulp of beer.

"Cheers to our shared misfortune." Robert clinked glasses with Rhonda once more.

"Don't drink too much." Rhonda sensed that Robert was getting tipsy.

"I'm fine. I haven't felt this happy in a long time." Robert's face flushed, but he continued to drink.

"If you keep drinking like this, you'll end up drunk." Rhonda tried to stop Robert from drinking more alcohol.

"Getting drunk isn't so bad. When you're intoxicated, you don't have to worry about all the troubles." Robert had faced numerous challenges recently. His family pressured him to marry someone he didn't care for, and he received a complaint from a patient's family. He felt on the verge of breaking down.

"It's just a complaint. Once the hospital investigates, they'll let you return to work." Rhonda tried to reassure him.

"Rhonda, you don't understand. It's not about going back to work, it's that no one gets me. Can you imagine the pain?" Robert held Rhonda's hand.

"You're drunk." Rhonda attempted to free her hand from Robert's grip, but couldn't.

"Rhonda, do you think I'm attracted to you because you resemble my ex-girlfriend? No, it's not that. You don't resemble her at all, except your looks. She was so simple, like an otherworldly fairy. She spent her days playing the piano and painting, free of worries. Being with her allowed me to forget my troubles temporarily. You're like a resilient rose weathering a storm while she was a delicate peony in a greenhouse. Your strength



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and courage are admirable."

 +120 Points at most

"Robert, stop talking about this. You're clearly drunk."

"I'm not drunk. I know what I'm saying. There are things I can only express after having a few drinks. I genuinely like you, Rhonda." Robert embraced Rhonda.

Not too far away, a black Bentley was parked on the side of the road. Eliam, who had just arrived from his flight, sat in the car.

His eyes were as dark as the night surrounding him.

He had returned a day earlier than planned to surprise Rhonda. However, he didn't expect to see the woman he longed for being so close with another man.

He couldn't help feeling betrayed and humiliated.

Robert ended up getting drunk, so Rhonda called Jennifer for help.

By the time Jennifer arrived, Robert had already fallen asleep with his head on the table.

Jennifer asked the driver to help Robert into the car and then said to Rhonda, "Rhonda, my brother likes you. Do you know that?"

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