

Chapter 119 The Meeting Between The Brothers

"Cristina, if you don't speak, no one will regard you as a mute." Rhonda shot her a glare.

"Do you have to rush off so quickly? Am I wrong?" Cristina scoffed.

"Just take a look around. Is there anyone else here with you? Your brother adored you, and where did that get him? He's still disabled, right? And Santino? He lost his job shortly after getting close to you and now lives in poverty. Now it's Dolores's turn. She's been your loyal supporter, hasn't she? And now she's been fired. Why doesn't this streak of bad luck affect you? It's like fate has turned a blind eye."

"Have you had your fill?" Rhonda's face turned a furious shade of red.

"Did I strike a nerve? I was just joking." Cristina patted Rhonda's shoulder and continued, "But seriously, Dolores was once your devoted supporter. Are you're just going to stand by and watch her get fired like this? You know what? Dolores has a brother in a coma in the hospital, which requires daily expenses. If she loses her job, I wouldn't be surprised if she loses her mind."

Rhonda had heard about Dolores's brother and was even more concerned for her now.

"If you genuinely care, why not go to Mr. Hawkins and plead her case? She merely took a file. It's not the end of the world. Just explain it to him," Cristina proposed.

Rhonda glanced at Cristina and thought there was a conspiracy. "Isn't it too late? Mr. Hawkins should have left for the day, right?"

"Mr. Hawkins is working late today. You can find him in his office," Cristina informed her.

But she couldn't help but feel the urge to speak up for Dolores.

So she came to the chief executive officer's office, finding the lights still on in Eden's room despite everyone else knocking off work.

As Rhonda was about to knock on the door, she heard a moan that made her cheeks flush and her heart race.

It all made sense now. Cristina had sent her here as a setup.

Rhonda turned to leave, but accidentally knocked over a trash can in the hallway.

Hearing the noise, the movement in the office suddenly stopped.

"Who's out there?" A deep male voice called from behind the door.

When the door was opened, Marvell walked out of the office and his clothes were in disarray.

At first glance, Rhonda mistook him for Eden. Only when she noticed the signature smile on Marvell's face did she realize it was him, not Eden.

"What brings you here?" Marvell asked. Seeing the lipstick mark on Marvell's shirt, Rhonda's cheeks reddened.

How could he do such a thing in the office? Wasn't he afraid of getting caught by someone else?

But honestly, if she hadn't seen Marvell and known his features, she wouldn't have been able to tell him from Eden. After all, the two looked strikingly alike.

"I'm here to see Mr. Hawkins," Rhonda replied awkwardly.

"If you have something to say, you can tell me." Marvell tied up his shirt.

"A coworker of mine was fired. I want to plead for her."

"Your colleague is named Dolores..."

"Dolores Vaughn."

"Right. I heard about her situation this afternoon, and I instructed her dismissal. Is there an issue?" Marvell asked, seemingly unfazed.

"I think there might be a misunderstanding. It would be better to investigate further before making any decisions," Rhonda suggested.

"Why are you so concerned about an ordinary employee? I'm quite busy at the moment. I'll call you tonight."

"Okay." With no other options, Rhonda reluctantly left the company.

As she headed downstairs, Rhonda encountered Cristina in the elevator.

"Wow, you're back already? Was Mr. Hawkins there?" Cristina asked, gloating over it.

"He wasn't there," Rhonda replied.

Clearly, Cristina had intentionally sent her to see Eden, but she didn't anticipate that the person in the office would be Marvell, not Eden.

"Not there? That's impossible. Didn't he hear you knocking?" Cristina had seen Eden enter the office with a woman in his arms.

"Do you want to give it a try?" Rhonda stared at Cristina.

Cristina turned her face away in a panic. "I don't have any reason to go there. Why would I?"

"Cristina, whatever happened between Santino and me is in the past. It's only you who seems to hold a grudge. I've never wronged you. Could you maybe try being kinder in the future?" Rhonda was angered by Cristina's actions.

"What are you implying?" Cristina said discontentedly.

"Don't you know what I mean?" At that moment, the elevator doors opened, and Rhonda and Cristina stepped out.

They happened to run into Eden and Robert.

Rhonda didn't want to meet Robert, so she turned around and walked into the supermarket in the hall on the first floor.

Cristina was dumbfounded. She walked up to her boss and greeted, "Hello, Mr. Hawkins."

"Rhonda? Weren't you at Sloan Corporation?"

Now it was Robert's turn to be confused. "What do you call her?" Robert asked Eden.

"Isn't her name Rhonda?"

Sensing that her lie was on the verge of being uncovered, Cristina hastily interjected, "Mr. Hawkins, I'm Cristina, not Rhonda."

"You're not Rhonda? Didn't I see you in the hallway the other day?" Eden was also confused.

"Um, perhaps you misheard." Cristina offered an awkward smile. "Mr. Hawkins, I must be going now. Goodbye."

At that moment, Robert spotted Rhonda exiting the supermarket. Just as he was about to call out to her, Eden grabbed him and pulled him into the elevator.

"What about the cemetery I mentioned last time?" Eden inquired.

"I've made the arrangements, but I think you shouldn't rush things. Sally's sister might still be alive."


"Don't deceive yourself any longer. I've even found Rona's clothes. There's no hope." Eden was disheartened. He had been searching for her for years, only for things to turn out like this.

Upon reaching the office, the two bumped into Marvell at the door, who had a young woman in his arms.

The identical faces stared at each other.

The woman was equally astonished. She hadn't expected such strikingly similar twins to exist in the world.

If they wore the same attire, it would be difficult to differentiate between them. The two even had the same head and eye shapes.

< Chapter 119 The Meeting Between The Bro..  +120 Points at most

Marvell wasn't particularly fond of Robert. "Why are you with him?"

"Let's go inside and talk." Eden ushered Robert and Marvell back to the office.

Marvell requested that the young woman wait for him in the garage.

The three of them sat in a triangle.

"I asked you to come here to discuss Rona's funeral arrangements," Eden began.

"May I see Rona's belongings?" Marvell requested.

Eden browsed his phone's gallery, located several photos, and sent them to Marvell's phone.

The images showed the clothes Rona had been wearing when she went missing.


When Marvell saw the photo, the rims of his eyes turned red.

"Do you know who abducted Rona? I'll tear them apart!" Marvell said fiercely.

Eden shook his head, replying, "It's been so long. Many leads have vanished."

"Are you certain that Rona truly drowned?" Marvell asked.



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