

## Chapter 120 The Private Club

"Someone witnessed her being carried away by the waves." Eden's voice broke with emotion.

Marvell fell silent for a while before asking, "What do you plan for Rona's funeral?"

"I want to build a tomb for her and bury her clothes there. But I don't want to inform our family."

"Alright," Marvell sighed, "So how long do you plan to keep this from them?"

"As long as possible. With Sally gone, if they find out Rona has passed away too, our mother won't be able to bear it," Eden explained.

"I'll respect your decision," Marvell looked at Robert and inquired, "I heard you donated Sally's house after her passing, is that true? Why did you do that?"

Robert clarified, "It was Sally's final wish. She didn't want people to mourn her and feel sad when they saw her belongings."

"And was it your decision to donate her body?" Marvell's anger grew with each word. He had only the sister Sally after Rona's missing. Although she had cancer, her condition had been stable. However, after falling in love with Robert, she relapsed and died within a few years.

While no one was to blame for her death, Robert's decision to donate her body was unacceptable to the Hawkins family, particularly Marvell.

"She asked for my input. I disagreed at first, but she insisted that donating her organs would give her another form of life, so I relented." Robert spoke with pain in his voice.

"You relented? Did you ever consider whether we could accept that or not? Why didn't you tell us about it?" Marvell lost his temper. "Had we known she wanted to do this, we would never have allowed it."

"Marvell, please calm down. You know Sally well. No one could change her mind once it was set." Eden tried to soothe him.

"When did you start speaking up for him?" Marvell's anger was at its peak. He felt that if he stayed any longer, he would undoubtedly end up in a heated argument with them, so he slammed the door and stormed out.

Marvell went downstairs. He remembered what Rhonda had told him and called her. "Where are you?"

"I'm waiting for the bus," Rhonda replied.

"Wait for me. I'll be right there." Marvell approached the garage where the attractive woman was still waiting for him.

"You can head back on your own. I have other matters to attend to."

The woman was slightly unhappy, but she knew Marvell's temper well and didn't dare to argue. She simply watched as Marvell drove away.

At the bus stop, Rhonda saw a black Maybach approaching her from a distance.

"Get in the car!"

Rhonda opened the door and took a seat in the front passenger's side. Not too far away, Cristina watched in their direction for a while but couldn't make out the man driving the car, so she quickly snapped a photo with her phone.

Why was Rhonda so fortunate?

Cristina seethed with envy. Why was Rhonda able to ride in a luxury car worth millions? And who was the mysterious man behind the wheel?

She took a taxi and instructed the driver to follow Rhonda and Marvell's vehicle.

However, her little scheme didn't go unnoticed by Marvell, an expert in such matters.

He glanced at the rearview mirror intently and asked Rhonda, "There's a woman tailing us. Have you upset anyone recently?"

Rhonda wanted to look back, but Marvell stopped her.

"I'm taking you to an exclusive place tonight," Marvell suddenly declared with enthusiasm.

Half an hour later, Marvell parked his car at the most high-end private club in Timhoom.

The club's exterior was unassuming, but a uniformed security guard immediately let them in upon seeing Marvell's vehicle.

Rhonda sensed that Marvell was a regular patron here. She was also intrigued by the nightlife of the wealthy.

Their arrival was somewhat early. The club featured private rooms, and judging by the opulence of the foyer, Rhonda could tell it was a gathering spot for the top billionaires.

Marvell instructed the security guard at the entrance to allow a beautiful woman arriving by taxi to enter.

Rhonda was curious about who had been following them and wanted to see the mysterious pursuer.

At the front desk, Marvell engaged in conversation with an attractive receptionist. Clearly, the woman was intrigued by Marvell, which made her hostile toward Rhonda.

"Mr. Hawkins, this woman seems a bit out of place here," the female receptionist remarked, scrutinizing Rhonda from head to toe.

Dressed in a suit befitting a white-collar professional, Rhonda exuded competence and experience. However, her attire made her stand out in the exclusive club.

"She's my sister. From now on, any expenses she incurs here should be billed to my account," Marvell declared. He whispered something to the woman before guiding Rhonda to a private room.

"I've invited a few friends who will be joining us later. You're free to do as you please."

"I think I should head back. I have things to take care of tonight." Her



original intention for accompanying Marvell was to discuss Dolores, but she hadn't anticipated being brought to the club for entertainment.

"Aren't you here to talk about your colleague? The person coming later is the head of Sloan Corporation. We can all discuss the matter together," Marvell suggested.

"The head of Sloan Corporation? Is his name Giulio?" Rhonda panicked.

"Yes, he's also known as Giulio." Marvell was curious to see how Eliam would react upon seeing him with Rhonda.

Or how Rhonda would respond when she learned Eliam was the CEO of Sloan Corporation.

The mere thought of it entertained Marvell.

"Do you know his real name?" Since Sloan Corporation was registered overseas, no information about its CEO was available domestically.

"You can ask him when he arrives." Marvell pictured in his mind the encounter between the two, and his thoughts were filled with evil thoughts.

Rhonda, however, truly didn't wish to encounter Giulio. Thoughts of their one-night stand made her feel uneasy.

"Mr. Hawkins, I genuinely have matters to attend to. I need to leave now." After saying that, Rhonda walked out.

"Would you like me to accompany you out?" Marvell looked at Rhonda in confusion. Did she know something?

"No, thank you. I can find my way out of the club. I appreciate it, though," Rhonda replied, hastily exiting the room.

Marvell's private chamber was on the second floor, and Rhonda struggled to recall the location of the staircase.

Suddenly, she heard a familiar voice inquiring from the other end of the hallway, "Which room is Mr. Hawkins in?"

The voice sounded like Eliam's.

Rhonda quickly turned around and saw a man entering Marvell's private room.

The man's figure resembled Eliam's, leaving Rhonda baffled.

Was it Giulio? Eliam?

No, that couldn't be possible.

She vehemently dismissed her suspicions.

She must have been mistaken. How could Eliam be Giulio?

If Eliam was Giulio, why would he drive a modestly priced car and meet her on a blind date?

Rhonda eventually located the staircase and caught the sound of people arguing downstairs.

"Why are you dragging me?"

"I'm taking you to get a makeover and change your clothes. Do you really want to work looking like this?" the female receptionist said disdainfully.

"Considering your appearance, I wouldn't recommend this job to you. But since you were referred, I'll reluctantly give you a chance. Hurry and change. Stop wasting time."