

Chapter 121 Cristina Is Here

Cristina was confused. She had come here to find out who Rhonda was with but hadn't anticipated being mistaken for a waitress.

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Why would I change my clothes? I'm here to find someone, not to work," Cristina clarified.

"Searching for someone?" The receptionist's expression instantly turned cold. "Who are you looking for?"

"My colleague, Rhonda." Cristina scanned the area for any sign of her.

Just as she looked upstairs, Rhonda quickly made her way back to the second floor. To her surprise, she realized that Cristina had been following her.

"Rhonda? Did she bring you here?" The receptionist checked the staff list for some time but didn't find Rhonda's name. "We don't have anyone named Rhonda working here. However, since you're here, you can take seventy percent of your earnings, as per the usual arrangement. What do you think?"

Cristina was about to argue, but the receptionist continued, "In fact, if you perform well, a single night's tips can be tens of thousands of dollars. If you're fortunate enough to become someone's mistress, you could earn millions in a month."

Cristina's interest was piqued.

Currently, she only earned a few thousand dollars a month with no performance-related pay. Continuing like this would lead to financial struggle.

From her hiding spot on the stairway, Rhonda observed Cristina conversing with the receptionist. She then noticed a drunken man walk out of a private room.

The receptionist quickly moved to support him, but he pushed her away

and approached Cristina.

Rhonda looked at the man from afar. He looked like Malcolm, but she couldn't be certain.

"Can you drive?" As if showing off, the man flaunted the key to his luxury car in front of Cristina.

Her eyes widened at the sight of the Lamborghini key.

"Yes, I can."

"Then come with me." The man gripped Cristina's arm and escorted her out.

"How did she get so lucky?" the receptionist said jealously.

After they left, Rhonda rushed downstairs and got stopped by the receptionist at the front desk.

"Hey, are you leaving already? Don't you want to stay and have some fun?" She scoffed, "I can't understand why Mr. Hawkins is into you. You're not even that attractive."

"Are you done?" Rhonda couldn't understand why the receptionist was targeting her without any apparent reason.

"Oh, did I upset you?" The receptionist signaled for two bodyguards to block Rhonda's path.

"What's going on?" Rhonda was confused.

"Nothing much. I just want to know what your relationship with Mr. Hawkins is." The receptionist had harbored feelings for Marvell for some time.

He always came alone, and seeing him with another woman left her feeling bitter this time.

"I don't owe you an explanation," Rhonda shot back.

In response, the receptionist splashed a glass of wine on Rhonda's face.

"Who do you think you are, speaking to me like that?" The receptionist

was the daughter of the club's manager and, relying on her youth and beauty, aspired to marry into wealth.

Of all the rich men, Marvell was her favorite. With the Hawkins family's prestige in the business world and Marvell's personal wealth, including ownership of the club, he was undeniably desirable.

Moreover, he was known to lavishly spend on women, often dropping tens of millions without hesitation.

What woman wouldn't adore such a handsome, wealthy man?

Rhonda's face was drenched in red wine.

The receptionist laughed and said, "I'm sorry. I must have accidentally let go of my glass, and the wine spilled."

"Sheri, what on earth are you doing?" Marvell's furious voice echoed from behind.

"I didn't do anything. I was merely joking around with this lovely lady." Sheri Lopez grabbed a damp tissue and attempted to clean Rhonda's face.

"Fuck off!" Marvell swatted Sheri's hand aside, fuming. "I despise hypocrites more than anything."

"Mr. Hawkins, I swear I didn't mean it. Please believe me." Sheri's eyes welled up with tears.

"You expect me to believe you?" Marvell scoffed. "Only if you kneel and apologize to her."

Sheri's face turned pale.

"Mr. Hawkins, let's just leave." Rhonda, not wanting to cause a scene, tugged at Marvell.

Marvell offered Rhonda a reassuring glance and said, "Don't worry. I've got your back."

Rhonda was touched.

She appreciated the feeling of being protected.

"Sheri, I've warned you not to pull stunts behind my back." Marvell's patience was wearing thin. "Now go tell your father that both of you are fired, effective immediately. Pack your things and get out of my sight."

Hearing this, Sheri dropped to her knees and repeatedly bowed her head to Rhonda.

"I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have provoked you. Please forgive me just this once." She sobbed even harder.

From the bottom of the stairs, Eliam watched Marvell defend Rhonda, his face contorted with rage and his fists clenched.

It was common knowledge that Marvell held Sheri and her father in high regard, yet he was prepared to dismiss them for Rhonda's sake.

Rhonda was truly something special.

If not for the fear of revealing his true identity, Eliam would have stormed over and whisked Rhonda away.

Eventually, Rhonda's pleas dissipated Marvell's anger. In the end, he docked a month's worth of Sheri's bonus and demanded she apologize to Rhonda. With that, the matter was settled.

Marvell drove Rhonda back to her place. On the way, he received a security video from the club.

He handed the video to Rhonda, inquiring, "Do you recognize the woman in this footage? She trailed us the entire time."

"She's a classmate and coworker of mine," Rhonda replied.

"Why would she follow you? Do you two have a dispute?" Marvell questioned.

"I'm not sure. Perhaps she's just curious about you," Rhonda speculated.

"Possibly," Marvell conceded, examining the man in the video more closely.

"Malcolm? What's he doing there?"

Upon hearing Marvell mention Malcolm's name, Rhonda's heart skipped a beat. The man was indeed Malcolm.

Suddenly, a thought struck Marvell. He grabbed his phone and dialed a number.

"Track down Malcolm, Billy's son. Find out where he lives. And find out who he lives with."

Malcolm was Billy's son?

Rhonda's ears pricked up at the mention of Billy's name.

Wasn't Billy the one who had embezzled three hundred million dollars from Sloan Real Estate?

"We've arrived."

