

Chapter 135 We Are Not Right For Each Other

Eliam had been swamped lately, but no matter how occupied he was, he always found time to visit Rhonda before bedtime, chat for a bit, and leave with peace of mind.

Even the caregiver envied Rhonda for having such a devoted husband.

Rhonda's wound steadily improved, and her headaches became less severe. However, a small scar on her forehead troubled her.

Robert also visited daily, arriving early in the morning to avoid running into Eliam.

Robert appeared exhausted one day, as if he hadn't slept all night.

Concerned, Rhonda asked, "Did you work overtime last night? Go back and rest. I have a caregiver here, and everything is fine."

"I'm not sleepy." While peeling an apple for Rhonda, Robert said, "Yesterday marked the burial of Sally's sister and Sally's death anniversary. I couldn't sleep last night."

"Didn't you say you became a doctor because of Sally?" Rhonda inquired.

Robert nodded.

"Initially, yes. But later, I found being a doctor fulfilling. At least I could make a meaningful difference. Unfortunately, my good days are nearing an end."

"Why?"

"My father's health is getting worse. He wants me to return to the company and assist him, but I have no interest in business." Robert sighed helplessly.

"He said I could continue practicing medicine, but only if I accept his arrangement for my marriage. He believes I must do something for our family."

Upon hearing this, Rhonda sighed.

It seemed that even wealthy individuals had their share of troubles.

"What will you do?" Rhonda felt sympathy for Robert.

"What do you think I should do? I'd like to hear your thoughts."

"My opinion?" Rhonda felt uneasy under his intense gaze. She lowered her head and said, "It's a difficult decision, but don't be overly pessimistic. Your father wouldn't intentionally harm you. Many people find happiness in marriages arranged for family alliances."

"Happy? Can a marriage without love foundation truly be happy?" Robert appeared disheartened, not receiving the response he had hoped for.

"Love requires nurturing. You have a good personality, and many girls would be drawn to you."

"Do you like me?" Suddenly, Robert took Rhonda's hand.

"I, I'm married." Rhonda quickly withdrew her hand, accidentally knocking over a teacup on the table. Hot water splashed onto Robert's leg.

"If you weren't married, would you like me?" Regardless of the scald, Robert continued to ask.

"But I am married." Rhonda felt unsure of what to say.

"I mentioned I could wait for you to get a divorce."

"Even if I divorced, I wouldn't choose you." Rhonda didn't want to hurt Robert, but she understood the vast difference in their social status made them an unsuitable match.

She didn't want to place Robert in a difficult position. After all, marriage involved not just two people, but two families.

For instance, even though she and Eliam lacked romantic feelings for

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each other, Eliam still had to follow Richard's wishes.

Thinking of this, Rhonda began to pity Eliam.

Perhaps his care for her was driven by the immense responsibility Richard had placed upon him to continue the family line, rather than genuine affection.

The thought that Eliam had been accommodating and looking after her in order to have a child with her made Rhonda feel unaccountably irritated.

"Why?" Robert's face paled, as if he'd been wounded.

"Because we aren't right for each other." Rhonda didn't want to upset Robert, so she attempted to lighten the mood. "Your family expects you to marry a wealthy girl, but you're aiming for a poor, married woman. You'd infuriate them with such a decision."

"A poor married woman? Don't describe yourself that way. Regardless of your circumstances, I like you."