

Chapter 147 Stalking

Rhonda couldn't catch the person's words, then Michelle continued, "I don't think I can do it. Why don't you find someone else? I'm worried my secret will be discovered if I stay here any longer."

Rhonda's heart raced, realizing Michelle might not be pregnant at all.

Rhonda still couldn't hear what the person said on the other end of the phone.

"Alright, I'll give it another shot," Michelle said in the end.

Hearing this, Rhonda secretly went back to her room in a hurry.

When Michelle came out of the bathroom, Rhonda walked out of her room, acting as if nothing had occurred.

"Good morning. I'm taking the day off to accompany you to the hospital. Is that alright?" Rhonda suggested.

"I'm not available today. I'm meeting a friend for shopping and lunch."

"Okay, just make sure you return early."

Michelle left at 8:30 in the morning.

Rhonda trailed her. At the community gate, she spotted Fiona waiting.

Disguised as a middle-aged woman, Rhonda climbed into Fiona's car.

Hearing that Rhonda asked her to follow Michelle, Fiona became excited at once.

Michelle left the community and headed to the bus stop. After waiting for around ten minutes, she seemed agitated and called a cab.

Fiona pressed down hard on the gas pedal and followed her.

"Don't follow her too closely. We don't want her to notice," Rhonda cautioned.

"I understand." Fiona was good at driving. She didn't lose sight of the taxi on the way.

Eventually, the cab pulled up in front of a beauty salon.

"Is she really going to a beauty salon this early?" Fiona parked her car across the street near a small eatery. "How about grabbing some breakfast first?"

"I'll go buy it. Wait for me in the car." Rhonda got out and purchased breakfast.

The two ate together. And they sat in the car, keeping an eye out for Michelle.

"What prompted you to follow her all of a sudden?" Fiona inquired.

Rhonda shared her suspicion that Michelle was faking her pregnancy to stay in her place.

"Do you believe she has some hidden agenda for living at your place?" Fiona pondered, then suggested, "Should we just call the police?"

"Calling the police won't resolve this. Right now, I want to know who's behind her actions and who's trying to harm me," Rhonda explained.

"You have a point. Let's see who she's meeting with today."

Inside the salon, Michelle lay in a chair, receiving a foot massage.

She was a regular at this establishment and had even brought Leonard here before.

Michelle took out her phone and dialed a number.

"Hey, Rhonda followed me today. We'll have to reschedule our meeting," Michelle said.

"Why were you so careless?" The man's unhappy voice came from the other end of the phone.

"I didn't want that to happen either. Tell you what, I don't want to make the money anymore," Michelle retorted, clearly annoyed.

"If you don't plan on making the money, then you'll have to repay the one hundred thousand you owe me," the man demanded.

"You're pushing it. I only owe you fifty thousand. How can you ask for one hundred thousand?"

"The extra fifty thousand is the interest."

"Your interest rates are outrageous!" Michelle said angrily.

"I'm just trying to make a living. You knew the terms, didn't you? I'm warning you—if you don't pay me back on time, I'll contact your family," the man threatened.

Michelle was so frightened that her face turned pale.

"Please, don't involve my family in this. As for the task you assigned me, I'll give it another shot."

"Fine, I'll give you one more chance. If you don't take action tonight, don't blame me for being harsh."

Meanwhile, Rhonda and Fiona waited on the street all morning, but Michelle never came out.

"Let's go," Rhonda suggested.

"Aren't you going to wait for her?" Fiona felt disappointed.

"No."

Fiona dropped Rhonda off at her apartment complex entrance.

Just then, a package for Michelle arrived. It was a slim box with the word "medicine" written on it.