

Chapter 155 Where Are You

Following the incidents with Dolores and Michelle, Rhonda refused to be taken advantage of any longer.

As soon as Rhonda arrived home, her priority was to find someone to change the lock.

At half-past nine that evening, just as Rhonda was preparing for bed, she heard a knock on the door.

"Who's there?"

"It's me," Eliam replied softly.

"What do you want?"

"Open the door. We need to talk."

"Why not wait until tomorrow? It's late now." Having made up her mind, Rhonda no longer wanted any involvement with Eliam.

After some time, the noise at the door stopped. Rhonda assumed Eliam had left.

She walked to the door and looked through the peephole. Sure enough, no one was there.

She felt a mix of disappointment and relief.

Her immediate priority was to borrow money to repay Eliam and cover her brother's medical expenses.

Rhonda was woken up by a phone call in the middle of the night.

"Hello, is this the owner of the car with tail number 3320?" a man snarled.

"3320?" That appeared to be Eliam's car tail number. "What's the matter?"

"Why did you park your car at the building's entrance? It's absurd. How are we supposed to get in or out?" The man was furious. It seemed that he was quite agitated. "If you don't come down and move the car, we'll call the police."

Rhonda quickly hung up, grabbed a coat, and rushed downstairs.

Approaching the gate, she spotted a car blocking the entrance, with several vehicles attempting to enter and exit. A heated crowd had gathered, arguing.

As she hurried to the car, she noticed a note inside, displaying her phone number.

"Are you the owner? Move the car already! We have urgent matters to attend to," someone demanded.

Why would Eliam park the car here?

Rhonda glanced inside the vehicle and found it empty.

Without hesitation, she called Eliam.

"Come on! What's taking you so long?" an irritated voice exclaimed.

"I need to make a call. Just a moment." Rhonda grew increasingly anxious. "Pick up the phone..."

Finally, the call connected.

"Eliam, where are you?" Rhonda inquired nervously.

"I was sleeping in the hotel near your building." Eliam's drowsy voice came from the other end. "Why don't we talk tomorrow? It's too late now."

Eliam echoed the exact words Rhonda had spoken to him earlier that night.

Then he hung up.

"Hey, don't hang up!" Rhonda was infuriated. Clearly, he had done this intentionally.

She tried calling him several more times, but there was no answer. The impatient drivers continued to complain. Some had already contacted the police.

Not wanting to escalate the situation further, Rhonda stepped out of the entrance and spotted a small hotel across the street.

She wasn't certain Eliam was staying there, but as far as she knew, this was the only hotel in the vicinity of her home.

Entering the hotel, Rhonda approached the front desk.

"Excuse me. Is there a guest named Eliam here?"

"What's your relationship with him?" the yawning receptionist asked.

"I'm his wife." Rhonda then showed a photo of their marriage license on her phone to the receptionist.

The receptionist checked the information on the computer. "Room 513, go ahead."

With a mix of anger and determination, Rhonda marched to room 513's door. "Eliam, open up. It's Rhonda."