

## **Shotgun Wedding: Married To An Undercover Billionaire**

### **Chapter 3 Moving In by Rock La porte**

Cristina was standing with her back to the door and didn't see Rhonda coming in.

"When she was at school, she seduced a male teacher," she said excitedly. "I heard he had written her graduation thesis."

"I can imagine that. After all, she is so pretty!" the receptionist said, her words dripping with jealousy.

"She knows she is attractive, so she seduces men to get things done." Cristina scoffed.

"Yeah, that's her talent. I heard her boyfriend is a handsome man. Is he also your classmate?"

"Well, Santino is my boyfriend now," Cristina admitted, puffing her chest with pride.

"Wow! When did that happen?" The receptionist clapped her hands excitedly. "So, he dumped Rhonda?"

"Are you thrilled to hear that I got dumped?" The two recoiled in shock when they heard Rhonda's voice.

"Whoa! Are you trying to scare me to death?" Cristina glared at Rhonda.

"Cristina, instead of wasting your time gossiping about me, you better help Santino send his resumes to different companies. After all, you can't support him with your salary."

Although Cristina and Rhonda were classmates, Rhonda became the financial manager several years ago, and Cristina was still a cashier. Therefore, Rhonda earned more money than Cristina did.

Despite that, Rhonda had to take two part-time jobs. She gave out leaflets on the street and worked as a model in an advertising company during weekends. Rhonda worked hard because Santino was a spendthrift. He had no source of income but spent money like it was water. He played video games, bought luxury goods, and spent all night in the bar.

However, Rhonda didn't want to remind Cristina about it. After all, the latter regarded Santino as a treasure.

Hearing Rhonda's sarcastic words, Cristina assumed the woman was jealous.

"Don't worry about it." She smiled smugly. "Sloan Corporation has called Santino for an interview. Have you heard of Sloan Corporation? It's a big company. They offer a salary of fifty thousand a month."

Cristina stretched out her five fingers in exaggeration. "You are jealous, aren't you?"

"Grow up!" Rhonda walked past Cristina and returned to her office.

As soon as she walked in, her gaze fell on the financial bills piled up on her desk.

"Isn't this the cashier's job? Why are they here?" Rhonda asked her assistant.

"Mr. Marshall said Cristina hasn't been feeling well lately and asked you to do it for her," replied the assistant.

"Why? Is she the princess?" Rhonda angrily threw the folder in her hand onto the desk, and the bills scattered all over the floor.

This was not the first time. Rhonda had never realized that Cristina was a cunning woman before. Now, she felt stupid for considering Cristina as her best friend and bringing disaster upon herself.

Rhonda was busy all day. She didn't have time to drink water, let alone have lunch.

She went home in the evening and had instant noodles for supper.

Then, she made a video call to her grandmother, Nora Horton. Nora wasn't aware that she had cancer, and Rhonda didn't mention it either. She only asked her grandmother to cooperate with the treatment and not worry about the operation fee because she had already arranged the money.

Nora knew Rhonda was busy. She asked her not to worry much.

Rhonda wanted to tell Nora about her sudden marriage but ultimately decided against it.

The next morning, Rhonda woke up with a fever. Her body felt sore, and she took the day off from work.

At noon, she felt better and began packing her things. She had to move into the Sloan family's residence in the evening.

The thought of sleeping in the same bed with a strange man frightened Rhonda.

In the evening, she took a suitcase and headed for the address Eiam had sent her.

No. 88, Euston Lane. Euston Lane was located in an old residential neighborhood. It was a narrow area. Bicycles, electric tricycles, and old junk were lined up on either side.

Rhonda dragged her suitcase and trudged all the way. She stopped and asked someone where house No. 88 was but couldn't find it.

Eventually, she felt she had lost her way.

The more she traversed into the community, the road led to a more elegant, hygienic surroundings. The road grew wider and she spotted several private garages.

But Rhonda couldn't spot house No. 88.

She inquired about it to several people on the way, and they all asked her to walk further. Rhonda almost reached the end of Euston Lane but still didn't find the house.

Feeling helpless, she called Eiam but he didn't answer.

Eventually, his phone was switched off.

Rhonda was both anxious and angry. She couldn't understand what was wrong with him.

Eiam had asked her to move in tonight. She didn't mind that he hadn't offered to pick her up. But Rhonda was lost and was mad at him for not answering the phone.

She had reached the dead end, and her head began spinning. Unable to carry on anymore, she squatted on the stone steps beside the green belt. After a long while, the headlights of a car illuminated the street. It stopped a couple of feet before her.

Rhonda looked up and saw Eliam getting out of the car with his back to the light.

Rhonda tried standing, but her legs had turned numb, and she stumbled forward.

Fortunately, Eliam held her with his strong arms.

"Thank you," Rhonda said shyly.

"Why didn't you go in?"

"I don't know which house is No. 88."

"Was it you who called me earlier?" Eliam's phone was constantly ringing when he was in a meeting with the senior executives. Therefore, he turned it off.

"Yes. Why didn't you answer the phone?" Rhonda was a little angry because she felt he was playing dumb.

"Let's go inside." Eliam didn't bother explaining. He took out the key and walked toward the house opposite Rhonda.

Rhonda's eyes widened. She parted the branches beside the gate and finally saw the door plate. It was indeed door No. 88.

After Eliam opened the gate, a woman in her fifties came out of the house.

"Maggie, is Grandpa asleep?"

"Not yet. He is waiting for you."

Eliam strode into the gate, not noticing that Rhonda was struggling to drag her suitcase inside.

The stairs were a little high. Rhonda could barely take a step forward with her enormous suitcase despite using all her strength.

Just then, she felt the weight of the suitcase ease up.

Rhonda looked up and saw Eliam taking it from her. She was a little moved.

Santino had never helped her with anything.

Even when they moved into the apartment last time, Santino didn't bother helping her in any way. Rhonda had carried all the luggage upstairs and arranged everything.

Despite her efforts, Santino complained that she didn't clean up the apartment right after carrying the luggage upstairs while he was playing video games. He even asked her to order food for him.

"Why don't you come in?"

Eliam's unhappy voice interrupted Rhonda's train of thought.

She nodded and followed him into the yard.

The yard wasn't big, but it was clean and tidy. Several potted plants were lined up under the wall.

"Ouch!" Rhonda yelped in pain.

She was busy looking around that she didn't pay attention to the road. She tripped on a cobblestone and almost fell.

Eliam turned around and frowned at her.

"I'm fine." Rhonda waved her hand awkwardly.

Eliam looked at the cobblestone on the ground, walked over, and kicked it aside. Then, he stretched out his hand to Rhonda.

The veins in his hand seemed to protrude, and the calluses in his palm revealed he exercised a lot.

Rhonda cast a quizzical look at him. She had no idea what he was doing.

Eliam pursed his lips.

Then, he took Rhonda's hand.

The warmth from his palm made Rhonda's heart stutter. The hair on the nape of her neck stood on end.

Eliam handed the suitcase to Maggie and then led Rhonda to his grandfather's room.