

Chapter 32 A Gift For Him

After saying goodbye to Jennifer, Rhonda followed other candidates to the fifth floor. That was where the initial audition took place.

There were a lot of candidates. Most of them were girls between the ages of 18-25 years. Rhonda saw a few handsome boys among them.

Rhonda's heart sank when she saw everyone was well-dressed and confident.

After an hour's wait, it was Rhonda's turn.

In the CEO's office, Michael Coyle was praising his daughter's paintings.

Jennifer was a little shy. "Dad, I know you are just flattering me. Robert said I was nothing compared to those artists."

"Don't listen to your brother's nonsense. He knows nothing other than his job. He stays in the hospital all day and cares only about his patients. I don't know why I have such a son."

"Robert has a career plan, Dad, and he is very sure about it. Don't force him anymore." Jennifer sat on Michael's chair and opened the surveillance video on his computer to watch the initial audition.

Just then, the secretary called in and announced the CEO of Sloan Corporation had arrived.

Jennifer was confused. "Dad, aren't you Sloan Corporation's competitor? Why is he here?"

"Is there a rule that competitors can't collaborate? The CEO of Sloan Corporation is young and promising. I envy him a lot. If your brother could take over my position, I wouldn't have to work so hard."

"What? Isn't he an old man?" Jennifer asked in surprise.

"Nonsense! He's about your brother's age. If you hadn't had a boyfriend,

I would have asked him to be my son-in-law."

Jennifer made a face at her father. She was a single woman who didn't believe in marriage. She lied to him about having a boyfriend to stop his marriage talks.

As soon as Eliam sat down in the conference room, Michael came.

Half an hour later, the two finished talking, and the initial audition was about to end.

Rhonda was almost the last one to audition. It got over sooner than she had expected. Rhonda was not satisfied with her performance because her body language was a little stiff, but she didn't take it to heart. After all, she didn't have much hope.

Just as she was about to leave, there was a commotion outside. Someone screamed that he had seen the CEO of Sloan Corporation.

Everyone was excited to see the CEO.

Word said that he was secluded. Only a few people had seen his face.

Some said he was a refined old man, some said he was an elegant middle-aged man, while others claimed he was a handsome young talent.

There were many rumors about him, but no one had seen him in person. There was only one photo of him on the Internet, which was a candid picture of his back.

The crowd ran past Rhonda. Considering she had come late, she only saw a dozen bodyguards escorting a man out of the building.

"Hey, did you see that? What does the CEO of Sloan Corporation look like?" a girl asked.

"He was too far away. I didn't see him clearly. It's those bodyguards' fault. They had formed a protective shield around him from all sides."

"Do you think he is conscious about his looks or disabled? Otherwise, why doesn't he dare to show his face? He seems more arrogant than a big star. He always wears sunglasses and brings so many bodyguards with

him. He is a mysterious man."

The mention of sunglasses piqued Rhonda's curiosity.

Eliam liked wearing sunglasses as well. He had all kinds of sunglasses at home. Rhonda felt he had a unique dressing style.

After leaving the building, Rhonda went to the nearest shopping mall. She wanted to buy a hat for Richard.

She walked around the mall but didn't find a suitable hat. Instead, she lingered around the sunglasses counter.

Rhonda remembered she hadn't bought a gift for Eliam on his birthday last time.

"Miss, you have good taste. These are imported sunglasses. Their original price is three thousand and six hundred dollars. We are doing a sales promotion for Valentine's Day now. You can get a fifty percent discount."

Only then did Rhonda notice the advertisements for Valentine's Day everywhere in the mall. Her mind instantly flitted to what happened on the previous Valentine's Day. She had prepared a sumptuous dinner for the special day, but Santino stayed in a bar and returned home until midnight.

Perhaps she should have realized that he was not the right match for her.

"Miss, are you buying a gift for your boyfriend? It's a good present. I'm sure he must be thrilled to receive it."

The saleswoman had excellent persuasive skills. Her words seemed to arouse Rhonda's desire to purchase it. Eliam had spent a lot of money buying clothes for Rhonda, and she felt she owed him a birthday gift. She always felt sorry for him.

Therefore, Rhonda made up her mind and handed Eliam's card to the saleswoman. After all, she would get her salary soon and could deposit the money in his account. She wouldn't use his money to buy him a present.

However, she forgot one major detail. Every time she paid with the card, Eliam would receive a message from the bank.

Eliam knew she had transferred fifteen thousand dollars to Maggie in the morning and spent one thousand and eight hundred dollars in the shopping mall at noon. Only 24 cents remained in his account.

After receiving the message, Eliam called customer service at the mall and learned that Rhonda had bought a pair of men's sunglasses.

He couldn't help but wonder whom she had bought it for.

Eliam had no idea it was for him. He assumed it was for either Leonard or Robert.

The thought of Rhonda buying things for other men with his card irked Eliam. He was jealous.

Eliam was absent-minded all afternoon. The secretary reported the work to him three times, but he couldn't focus.

Moreover, Eliam, who was a workaholic and always worked overtime, canceled the dinner party and went home after work.

The Sloan family always had early dinners. They all had finished eating before Eliam came home.

After dinner, Miranda asked Rhonda to go to her room.

"I heard Eliam gave you five hundred thousand dollars as betrothal present. Why aren't you cooking or looking after Dad? I noticed that you go out every day. What are you busy with? You have quit your job, haven't you?"

Rhonda glanced at Maggie. She knew Maggie must have complained about her.

"Auntie Miranda, Maggie's salary is fifteen thousand dollars per month. If you think she is here only to clean the house and do the laundry, I won't object."

"Fifteen thousand dollars?" Miranda looked at Maggie in disbelief. "But you told me your monthly salary is nine thousand dollars?"

Maggie's face reddened. "I just got a pay raise this month."

Miranda frowned. She, too, felt that Maggie's salary was too high. "This salary would be sufficient for two servants."

Maggie didn't expect Miranda would side with Rhonda. "Mr. Sloan agreed to raise my salary," she hurriedly explained.

"So? Eliam's money doesn't grow on trees. He works hard and pays for every expense in this house, but you haggle over every penny for performing your duties. Anyway, you still need to cook for us." Miranda added, "Rhonda is responsible for taking good care of Dad and Eliam."

"Yes, Madam." Maggie regretted complaining about Rhonda. Her plan had turned against her.

Rhonda felt that Miranda was not entirely unreasonable. She was perhaps having a hard time trying to accept Rhonda.

After Maggie left, Miranda rubbed her sore neck and looked at Rhonda. "Dad told me you massage well. My spondylosis has been relapsing over the past few days. Come and massage my neck. I don't want to go out to find a masseuse."

"Okay." Rhonda asked Miranda to lean against the deck chair, got some essential oil, and began massaging her neck.

An old masseuse had taught Rhonda about various massaging techniques. Thus, she was a thorough professional.

As she continued to massage Miranda, she heard a light snore. It looked like Miranda had fallen asleep comfortably.