

Chapter 82 As Long As You Like It

Rhonda was deeply moved by the gift and embraced Eliam tightly. "I still owe you much money. How were you able to afford to buy him a gift?" she wondered.

"It's nice that you remember. You can repay me by working for me," Eliam replied while holding her even tighter. "It would be even better if you can't pay me back for the rest of your life."

"You wish! I have no intention of working for you," Rhonda retorted, landing a soft punch on Eliam's chest.

"Where is the ring I gave you?" Eliam suddenly asked.

Rhonda's smile faded as she averted her gaze. "Why do you ask?"

"You haven't been wearing the ring since I gave it to you. You didn't give it away to your future sister-in-law, did you?" Eliam looked at Rhonda suspiciously.

He hadn't seen her wearing the ring ever since he'd presented it to her. He was beginning to think she'd given it away, just as she'd done with the clothes he'd bought her.

Rhonda hesitated and stumbled over her words.

Eliam's expression grew dark.

"Rhonda, if your younger brother needs money for the wedding, you can tell me. I know he's important to you but how could you give away the ring I gave you..." Eliam trailed off.

"I'm sorry," Rhonda replied sorrowfully, her head lowered.

"Did you really give it to them?"

Eliam's temper was on the verge of boiling over. Just as Eliam was about to lose his cool, Rhonda extended her left hand, revealing the sparkling diamond ring on her finger.

"Ha-ha, just kidding." Rhonda chuckled. She had considered gifting the ring to Michelle, but she ultimately decided against it.

It was a precious gift from Eliam, the first of its kind and held significant value.

She knew that if they ever broke up, she would have to return the ring.

Unaware of Rhonda's thoughts, Eliam gazed at the ring on her finger with satisfaction. "Wear it to work, so those annoying men will stay away from you," he suggested.

"Who are you talking about?"

Rhonda wondered if there was something more behind Eliam's words.

"Men like Santino, Robert and some others..." Eliam trailed off.

Rhonda felt flattered. "Am I that popular? Are you afraid I'll be taken away?" she teased.

"If I say yes, you'll become more conceited, won't you?" Eliam kept a straight face. "I won't tell you."

Before he could finish speaking, Rhonda playfully bit him on the shoulder.

Eliam winced but held her even tighter.

"Why did you bite me?" he asked, slightly amused.

"Because I felt like it. Do you have a problem with that?" Rhonda could be impish at times.

"As long as it makes you happy, I don't mind," Eliam surrendered.

"Since you have a good attitude, I'll let you off the hook for now," Rhonda said, releasing him. Suddenly, Eliam picked her up in his arms.

"What are you doing?" Rhonda clung to his neck nervously.

"What do you think I'm going to do?" he asked. Eliam gently carried Rhonda to the bed and helped her lie down before giving her a soothing massage on her back.

Rhonda had never experienced such tender care before. Though Eliam's touch was a bit clumsy and his strength unpolished, Rhonda found herself thoroughly enjoying the experience.

So comfortable was she that she shut her eyes, feeling a surge of happiness from deep within.

The night passed peacefully as Rhonda slept soundly, her head resting on Eliam's arm as she took in his unique scent. She slept through until dawn, without a care in the world.

However, Margret interrupted her blissful slumber with an early morning call, requesting her presence at the company for a meeting.

In the meeting room, Rhonda noticed that Fiona seemed distracted and troubled, so she enquired about it.

"What's wrong with you?" Rhonda asked.

"My father set me up on a blind date. The man comes from a wealthy family and I'm meeting him this afternoon," Fiona confided in a hushed tone.

"Well, that doesn't sound too bad. Don't you like him?" Rhonda tried to comfort her friend.

"I haven't met him yet. I don't know what he looks like but I doubt he's my type." Fiona looked disheartened.

At that moment, Margret walked in, her expression glum.

"I'm sorry for keeping you waiting," she apologized. "The tax-saving plan we submitted has been rejected by Sloan Corporation."

"That's impossible. Our plan was foolproof," Ella exclaimed, not expecting their hard-earned tax-saving plan to be rejected.

"Nothing is impossible," stated Margret, determinedly. "Sloan Corporation places great emphasis on this project, so the review of the tax-saving



plan is incredibly rigorous. Unfortunately, all the plans we've submitted have been rejected. Sloan Corporation even threatened to find another partner if we couldn't improve our proposals."

Margret's dejection was palpable.

"Tell me your opinions."

Ella refused to give up. "Did Sloan Corporation offer any feedback on how we can modify the plan?" she asked.

Margret shook her head. "No, nothing."

"It's almost as if they're trying to make things difficult for us," observed one of their colleagues. "Even Ella's plan was rejected. I don't think any of us can come up with a better proposal," someone said.

"I agree," added another. "Ella is our most experienced financial counselor. Her plan is flawless. I can't understand what Sloan Corporation wants."

"Perhaps it's time we cut our losses and move on to other business ventures," suggested someone else.

"What do you think? Should we give up on this project?" Margret asked, turning to Rhonda.

Rhonda took a moment to consider before speaking. "This project involves significant investment, so the tax-saving plan should be more specific about capital flow and project installments. We should adopt different treatment plans for different stages to achieve the goal of tax-saving while saving some capital flow and reducing capital costs for Sloan Corporation."

"It's easy for you to say that. We've already considered this approach but the details are too complex and difficult to balance." Ella was quick to dismiss Rhonda's suggestion with a sarcastic tone.

"Rhonda, can you send me a copy of your plan?" Margret requested politely.

"Sure, I'll send it to you as soon as possible," Rhonda replied.

Margret announced that the meeting was adjourned.

She then asked Rhonda to stay back.

"What happened yesterday caused quite a stir and cast a negative light on the company. Even Mr. Hawkins has taken notice of it. I advise you not to come to the company for a while. Isabella might cause trouble for you again," Margret explained with concern.

"Is she insane? I have no connection with George whatsoever!" Rhonda expressed her confusion. Rhonda didn't know how to prove her innocence.

"Isabella has strong backing and has always been overbearing and dominant in the company and Mr. Hawkins has never interfered with her actions. As her subordinates, it's best not to provoke her. So try to avoid her for a while," Margret suggested.

"I didn't provoke her, yet she falsely accused me. Should I just tolerate being insulted and humiliated?" Rhonda protested.

"She's a master at twisting the truth. Everyone in the company knows that. There's no need to engage with her on this matter. Just lie low for a while and when she settles down, the matter will come to a close," Margret advised.

