

Chapter 83 Dismissal Notice

"I assure you, I will do my utmost to avoid her. But if she defames me again, I will not spare her!"

"What is your plan? Even Mr. Hawkins tolerates her. Don't act on impulse and regret your actions."

"I'm uncertain what I will do but I will never allow her to besmirch my reputation."

Before noon, Rhonda departed from the Eden Building.

She proceeded to visit Leonard, whose wedding was scheduled for the fifteenth of next month. She intended to inquire if he required anything else.

Leonard appeared downcast and when Rhonda inquired, he did not divulge the source of his sadness.

Rhonda changed the subject, asking, "Did Michelle go to work?"

"I am unsure," Leonard replied, sounding irritated.

"Did you two argue?"

"We did not quarrel. She constantly criticized me, so I told her that perhaps she disliked me because I am disabled. If that's the case, why should we get married? She left in a huff."

Rhonda sighed, feeling helpless.

"Is it because I haven't given her the money yet?" A few days earlier, Michelle had requested the money from Rhonda, who asked her to wait a few days.

Rhonda hesitated because she was concerned that Michelle was not sincerely interested in marrying Leonard. If Michelle absconded with the money, Leonard would lose everything.

"Rhonda, what if I call off the wedding? I am a burden to her," Leonard lamented.

Rhonda felt a pang of sympathy for him.

"Leonard, this is the most significant event of your life. Think it over and let me know your decision."

When the afternoon arrived, Rhonda departed from Leonard's place.

As she was preparing to return home, she received a call from Fiona, requesting that she join her for a blind date.

Rhonda desired to decline but Fiona implored her persistently. Eventually, the two met at the entrance of a luxurious five-star hotel.

Rhonda, not the focal point, donned casual attire, wearing a white T-shirt, jeans and a high ponytail, resembling a student. Conversely, Fiona adorned herself as a party-goer, wearing voluminous hair, a revealing halter top, denim shorts, long red nails and flip-flops.

The two were polar opposites.

"Fiona, why are you dressed like this? Aren't you concerned about scaring away your date?" Rhonda questioned anxiously.

"That is my intent. I am contemplating how to terminate this arranged marriage." Fiona spoke with bitterness. "My stepmother introduced me to this man. She spends her days devising schemes to get me married because she fears I will contend for her children's inheritance. I am utterly exasperated by it."

Upon hearing this, Rhonda pitied Fiona. Although Rhonda was ignorant of her parentage, Nora and Leonard treated her kindly, never pressuring her to undertake anything.

Upon entering the café at the hotel, the two stunning women immediately garnered the attention of those nearby.

At that moment, a young man rose from his seat. Of average height and appearance, he beamed at Rhonda and inquired, "Excuse me, are you Fiona Stiller?"

Rhonda shook her head slightly.

"You must be Steven Leslie." Fiona regarded Steven with contempt as she introduced herself to him. "I'm Fiona and this is Rhonda. She's my friend."

Fiona leaned against her seat and rummaged through her bag for a piece of gum, which she promptly popped into her mouth. "I apologize for making you wait," she said, continuing to chew.

"What can I get you both to drink?" Steven, ever the gracious host, inquired.

"I'll have some wine," Fiona stated.

Steven was taken aback for a moment but quickly recovered, motioning to the waiter and inquiring about the wine selection.

The waiter glanced at Fiona and replied, "I'm sorry but we don't serve wine here."

Fiona waved her hand dismissively. "Never mind. I'll have a cup of coffee instead."

Rhonda also requested a cup of coffee.

Steven attempted to make conversation by asking Fiona about her hobbies. "Miss Stiller, do you have any interests?"

Fiona paused for a moment before responding, "I enjoy going to nightclubs, buying luxury items, traveling abroad and attending parties. I spend about three million dollars per month on these activities."

Steven wasn't deterred by her extravagant lifestyle. He turned to Rhonda and asked, "Do you share the same hobbies as Fiona?"

Rhonda replied simply, "I prefer to stay at home."

Steven nodded. "I'm the same way. I'm not one for going out."

Steven then attempted to engage Rhonda in conversation to avoid any awkward silence. Rhonda responded politely but not particularly enthusiastically.

Observing Steven's apparent disinterest in her, Fiona decided to cut it short. "I have something else to attend to," she announced. "Shall we go, Rhonda?"

Steven was reluctant to let them leave. "Do you have any other plans too, Rhonda?" he asked, hoping to keep the conversation going a bit longer.

"Of course, she's coming shopping with me!" Fiona announced confidently.

"Shopping? Why don't I accompany you both? I'm pleased to meet you and I'd like to purchase some gifts for you," Steven replied hospitably.

Although Fiona was repulsed by the offer, she couldn't refuse, as she had heard that Steven's family was wealthy, according to her stepmother.

Rhonda, on the other hand, didn't want to feel like a third wheel, so she fabricated an excuse and left.

Later that evening, Fiona gushed to Rhonda about Steven's generosity. She didn't hold back and spent over three hundred thousand dollars of his money. Moreover, Steven had bought a diamond necklace and asked her to give it to Rhonda as a gift.

Rhonda, however, declined the present. She requested that Fiona either keep it for herself or return it to Steven.

A few days later, Margret contacted Rhonda and instructed her to come to the company immediately.

Sensing the gravity in Margret's voice, Rhonda's gut sank.

As soon as she arrived at the company, Margret informed her that Isabella had lodged a complaint against her with Eden. Eden had then passed the matter to the personnel department, which had issued Rhonda a dismissal notice.

"What? The company wants to fire me?" Rhonda couldn't believe it. "What did I do wrong? They can't just fire me without any justification. I demand an explanation!"

Margret looked helpless. "They're alleging that your private life is in disarray and it's tarnishing the company's reputation."

"My private life is in disarray? I will not accept that as an explanation!" Rhonda was furious. "Can't I see Mr. Hawkins and reason with him? There's nothing wrong with my private life!"

"I'm sorry, Rhonda. Mr. Hawkins won't see you," she said. Margret sympathized with Rhonda.

Rhonda was indignant. "What about George? Isn't his private life chaotic? What will the company do about him?" she demanded.

Margret sighed. "I don't know. He's been getting away with it for years. I didn't expect you to get caught up in this mess."

"So, what am I supposed to do? Just accept this insult and humiliation?" Rhonda asked incredulously.

Margret explained that she could write a self-criticism letter for Rhonda and give it to Mr. Hawkins. "I hope it will work," she said.

Rhonda thought it was absurd. "Why should I write a self-criticism letter? What did I do wrong?" she protested.

Margret was frustrated. "Rhonda, are you new to the workforce? Why are you so idealistic?" she asked. "The world of work is not just black and white. People have to compromise. If you want to work in this company, you have to be able to handle pressure. And that pressure comes not only from work but also from interpersonal relationships."

Margret paused and then continued, "Do you know why they singled you out this time?"

"Because I'm new here?" Rhonda guessed.

"Yes. On the one hand, you're a newcomer. On the other hand, your abilities are too strong and your performance is too outstanding. You outshine those veterans who have been working here for years, but you haven't been able to handle your relationships with them properly, which has caused their dissatisfaction," Margret explained.

Rhonda understood what Margret was saying but she found it difficult to get along with a group of people like this.