

Chapter 91 Order

After dismissing Cristina, Paget appeared in front of Rhonda.

Paget, a ten-year veteran of the company, confronted Rhonda immediately, "I've heard that if we don't show any performance, we won't receive a bonus this month, is that right?"

"Yes, hasn't that always been the company policy?" Rhonda wondered if they had conspired to cause trouble.

"Previously, when we sought clients online, the section chief handled all the behind-the-scenes work. So, it wasn't our responsibility to ensure performance. Shouldn't you be accountable for that?"

"You're correct, but the online lessons you've taught recently only amount to four hours in two weeks, and I've just taken over this section. Your past performance isn't my concern. There are still ten days left in the month. You can put in more effort," Rhonda responded.

"Easier said than done. Now a large number of online clients have been lost, and the Business Department can't recruit so many new clients to fill the gap. So how can we make the deals?"

"That issue is the company's biggest challenge right now, and we're working on it. In the meantime, focus on your own tasks."

Upon hearing this, Paget was unable to accept it.

"Working on it? How long will that take? Give me a specific timeframe."

"I don't know."

"You don't know, huh? Maybe you should resign as section chief then. You can't be a roadblock!" Paget remarked rudely.

"If you're unhappy with the company, you can seek employment elsewhere. If you have a problem with me, report it to the company. I have work to do. Please leave."

"What's wrong with you? Do you think you're important just because you're a section chief? I've been working for Mr. Hawkins for over ten years, while you've only been here for a few days. Are you even qualified to talk to me like that?" Paget was short and fat. When she became angry, she resembled a balloon, with her cheeks puffing up.

"Are you done? If so, please leave. You're disrupting my work."

Rhonda's patience was wearing thin after dealing with both women that morning.

Rhonda sensed that these two people posed constant threats within the team. They needed to be either fully pacified or transferred elsewhere.

In the afternoon, Margret informed Rhonda that Eden required a cooperation plan with Sloan Corporation and asked her to develop it. Margret also mentioned that this presented a prime opportunity for Rhonda to showcase her abilities to Eden.

Rhonda was working late into the evening.

Shortly thereafter, Fiona arrived.

"Did Margret assign you the task of creating a proposal?"

"Yes, I'm working on it right now."

"I heard Margret asked Ella to prepare one too."

"Really?" Rhonda was slightly surprised. "Perhaps she wants to select the best among us?"

"Who can tell what's on her mind? Is it really necessary to handle a proposal this way?" Fiona didn't think so.

"With the company losing so many clients, it would be disastrous if we lost a major one like Sloan Corporation."

"Didn't you just sign an agreement with them yesterday?"

"We only secured a three-month contract. Sloan Corporation is quite cautious. They won't commit to a long-term arrangement."

"Well, that's still something. I knew you could pull it off." Fiona's lips curved into a smile before she inquired mysteriously, "By the way, did you meet Giulio yesterday? Is he handsome?"

"No. Mr. Hawkins was supposed to take me there, but he didn't go, so Giulio didn't meet me. Instead, I spoke with a manager from the Marketing Department."

"Ah, I thought you had met Giulio in person." Fiona seemed a tad disappointed.

"Did you catch the gossip about Diana and Mr. Hawkins yesterday?"

Fiona's eyes sparkled at the mention of gossip.

"Yes, I did."

"Don't you find it a bit odd?"

"Who can truly understand the lives of the wealthy?" Rhonda wasn't one to pay much attention to gossip.

"You're right. Diana is the adopted daughter of Charlton and quite the socialite. Meanwhile, your husband is just an ordinary programmer. It's hard to imagine they'd have any connection. Don't you find it peculiar?"

"My husband used to manage a real estate company, but it eventually went bankrupt." Rhonda recalled hearing about it from Ingrid.

"Oh, I see." Fiona replied sympathetically, "If your husband's family was still wealthy, you'd be part of a rich family too."

"What good would it do to be a wife from a wealthy family?" Rhonda tidied her desk, preparing to leave work.

When she walked out of the gate of the company with Fiona, she found that she had forgotten to take the key to her home, so she hurried back to her office to get it.

When she arrived at the door of the office, she saw that the door that had just been locked opened a crack and saw Paget reviewing the proposal she had just completed that day.

Paget then took out her phone, snapped photos of each page, and sent them out via WhatsApp.

"Ella, she's only halfway done. Take a look," she said over her phone.

Ella?

Rhonda hid in the next room, waiting for Paget to leave before entering her office. She glanced at her proposal.

Rhonda was unsure of Ella's intentions. Was she going to plagiarize her work?

Rhonda grabbed her keys and went home.

At home, Eliam awaited her arrival, insisting on treating her to a lavish dinner to make up for his drunken behavior the previous night.

They chose an elegant French restaurant.

Eliam ordered the food. But just as they were about to start eating, Diana and Steven arrived.

"What a coincidence, Eliam." Diana casually pulled out a chair and seated herself beside Eliam.

Steven took the seat next to Rhonda.

Eliam requested two additional sets of tableware.

"Eliam, how come all the dishes you ordered are my favorites?" Diana was pleased to see the dishes that Eliam had ordered. "I didn't expect you to remember my food preferences."

Eliam glanced awkwardly at Rhonda.

Indeed, he had ordered Diana's preferred dishes, assuming women shared similar tastes.

Rhonda took a bite of the sea cucumber and couldn't help but gag.

"What's the matter?" Steven offered her a tissue.

"It's fine. I just might not like the flavor."

"This is my favorite dish. How can you not like it?" Diana scoffed, "Maybe you're just not accustomed to it yet, right?"

Rhonda's face paled. She set down her fork and excused herself to the restroom.

Seeing this, Eliam quickly followed her.

"Are you alright? It's my fault. I should've asked for your opinion when ordering."

"I'm okay. You can go back and join Diana and Steven." Rhonda recalled how Diana always seemed to appear whenever she wanted alone time with Eliam.

Diana was like his shadow, following him everywhere.

It was as if she were a ghost constantly haunting him.

What infuriated Rhonda even more was Diana's constant mockery, leaving her feeling helpless.

When she came out of the bathroom, Rhonda received a call from the man, who lived next door to her grandmother. He informed her that her grandmother had suffered a broken leg and asked Rhonda to return home immediately.

Rhonda rushed to ask Eliam to drive her to see her grandmother, but her mood soured when she saw him picking up food for Diana.

She was so angry that she left the restaurant and took a taxi to the house of her grandmother.

Along the way, Eliam called her multiple times, but she hung up each time.