

Chapter 112 Meet The Scarred Man Again

"Grandpa gifted it to me," Rhonda stated truthfully.

"Ha! You're quite the liar! How could Grandpa give you something so valuable?" Diana persisted, "I bet you just stole it."

Rhonda's eyes welled up, and she bit her bottom lip, remaining silent.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Eliam's face clearly displayed his anger.

"What do you want me to say?" Rhonda looked at Eliam with disappointment. "If you don't trust me, what difference will it make what I say?"

"How can I believe you without an explanation?" Eliam's expression grew darker.

"I told you Grandpa gave it to me. What more do you want me to clarify?" Rhonda stepped back twice. "Have you ever trusted me?"

"Tell me, why would Grandpa give you this card?" Eliam's voice was as cold as ice.

"I don't know," Rhonda answered sadly.

"So, you used this card to transfer two hundred thousand to Leonard's account, didn't you?"

"You looked into me?" Rhonda asked angrily.

"If you hadn't done anything disgraceful, why would you fear my investigation?"

"Eliam, are you constantly suspicious of me?"

"What do you think?" Eliam's frigid expression pained Rhonda's eyes.

"Great, just great. I'm such a fool..." Rhonda couldn't go on. Since it had come to this, there was no use in saying more.

She turned, walked into the room, and pulled her luggage out.

Eliam didn't try to stop her. Perhaps he was profoundly disappointed in her. He merely watched, emotionless, as she left the Sloan family's estate with her belongings.

"Eliam, why don't you proceed with the divorce soon? I'm worried she'll cause more trouble."

"I've been swamped lately. Let's discuss it later." Eliam headed to his room.

As Diana attempted to follow him, she realized Eliam had locked the door.

Looking at the empty room Rhonda had left behind, Eliam's mood plummeted.

He sat at the dressing table Rhonda often used and opened a drawer. The ring he had given her lay inside.

Eliam took the ring and tossed it into a nearby trash bin.

Then he grabbed his coat and left.

He drove to a secluded bar. The bar's owner was a woman in her early thirties, possessing delicate features and an elegant demeanor. She embodied a timeless female grace.

The owner was known as Leilani Nguyen to her patrons.

Eliam was a regular here. Seeing his foul mood, Leilani didn't inquire further and poured him a glass of liquor.

Before long, David arrived.

"Mr. Sloan, what did you want to discuss?"

"Have there been any updates on Billy?" Eliam asked.

"I've heard he's been spotted near the country's border," David replied.

Eliam sipped his wine, "What about Marvell? Any news?"

"None. However, Miss Leslie has been growing closer to Eden lately. She likely hopes to leverage Eden to obtain the land from Marvell."

Eliam's eyes darkened, "We have to secure that land, no matter the cost."

As it turned out, Eliam's father had planned to develop a resort villa area on that piece of land. However, when Billy embezzled three hundred million dollars from Sloan Real Estate, he had to use the land as collateral. Later, the company went bankrupt, and the land was sold to Marvell.

Thus, reclaiming the land was Eliam's top priority upon taking over the real estate company.

David sensed that this would be challenging.

Everyone knew that Marvell was an eccentric loner. He was peculiar and wealthy, but the Hawkins family shared one common trait, they valued family bonds.

If Eden got involved, Marvell might indeed sell the land to the Leslie Group.

"Mr. Sloan, I've heard that negotiations regarding the Leslie Group's acquisition of Glory Games are nearly complete. Should we intervene?"

Concerning the Leslie Group's takeover of Glory Games, Eliam had been observing from the sidelines. He had been waiting because the time wasn't right to act.

He couldn't allow the Leslie Group's successful acquisition, but it wasn't suitable for him to step in directly, leaving him uncertain how to proceed.

Rhonda returned to her home. Just as she finished cleaning, she heard a knock on the door.

Rhonda became alert and hid a fruit knife behind her.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Marvell."

Recognizing Marvell's voice, Rhonda let out a sigh of relief.

She opened the door to find Marvell entering.

"You've become more cautious. I commend you for that." Marvell glanced at the fruit knife Rhonda held.

Embarrassed, Rhonda placed the knife in a drawer.

"Why have you come so late? What's going on?" Rhonda ushered Marvell into the living room and poured him a cup of coffee.

"I wanted to follow up on the proposition I made last time. Have you come to a decision?"

"What proposition was that again?"

"It's about me wanting you to become my sister."

"I don't think it's wise to try climbing the social ladder like that." Rhonda offered an uneasy smile.

"I truly don't know what to make of you."

Marvell was about to light a cigarette when someone knocked on the door. "Is Rhonda here?"

The voice sounded familiar to Rhonda. She wondered why he had arrived so quickly.

She grabbed Marvell's hand and led him into the bathroom to hide. She also instructed him not to leave the bathroom unless she gave him the okay to do so.

Once everything was in order, Rhonda opened the door to find the man

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with the scar.

"What do you want?" Rhonda asked curtly.

"I need to discuss something with you." The scarred man entered and shut the door behind him.

"What is it you want to talk about?" Rhonda looked at him cautiously.

"I heard you have an agreement signed by Mr. Ellsworth. Show it to me."

"I don't have any such agreement. You should leave now."

"Is that so?" The scarred man kicked over the trash can and challenged, "Why don't you try denying it again?"

"Then tell me what kind of agreement you're talking about. I'll see if I have it."

"It's an accident compensation agreement signed by Mr. Ellsworth and your grandmother. It states that he would pay your grandmother one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in compensation. Does that ring a bell?"

"Yes, it does." As a matter of fact, Rhonda had heard from her grandmother that the agreement had been lost long ago. Moreover, her grandmother had mentioned that the agreement was machine-printed, with only her signature and no signature or seal from Duncan.

"Then hurry up and fetch it for me!" the man said fiercely.

"What do you need that for? I need that agreement for court," Rhonda stated purposefully.

"Cut the crap. Are you giving it to me or not?" The scarred man approached and yanked Rhonda's hair, causing her immense pain and almost making her cry out.

"Unless you tell me who wants the agreement, I won't give it to you, even if you beat me to death."

"You stubborn bitch, it doesn't matter if I tell you. Mr. Ellsworth sent me to retrieve the agreement. Just remember, if you dare to tell anyone about this, I'll make sure you end up in a wheelchair like your brother."

"So, it was you who broke my brother's leg. You've committed so many crimes. Aren't you scared the police will catch you?"

"I've been to prison before, do you think I'm afraid of the police? Hurry up, my patience is wearing thin." With that, the scarred man pulled Rhonda's hair and forced her onto the sofa.

"Are you handing it over or not?" The scarred man pulled out a dagger and pressed it against Rhonda's face. "If you don't want to be disfigured, take out the agreement now!"

"Help! Help!" Rhonda screamed.

The bathroom door was kicked open.

