

Chapter 123 Dolores Jumped Off The Building

"Truthfully, she's in a pitiful situation. If she loses her job, she won't know what to do." Rhonda felt pity for her.

"That's her own problem," Eiam replied coldly.

"Why can't you show any sympathy?" Rhonda thought Eiam was heartless.

"I don't sympathize with thieves."

As soon as Eiam finished speaking, Rhonda's phone rang. It was Dolores calling.

She said her brother had died and she didn't want to live anymore. She also apologized to Rhonda.

"Don't do anything reckless! Listen to me..." Before Rhonda could finish, Dolores hung up the phone.

Rhonda grabbed her coat, ready to head out.

"It's late. Where are you going?" Eiam asked.

"Something may have happened to Dolores."

Rhonda hurried out, with Eiam following. "Where to? I'll drive you."

After a moment of thought, Rhonda remembered that Dolores's brother was at the hospital where Robert worked.

If Dolores said her brother had passed away, she might still be at the hospital.

Together, Rhonda and Eiam headed for the hospital.

Upon entering the gate, they saw people rushing toward the in-patient building, claiming someone was about to jump from the rooftop.

As Rhonda exited the car, she joined the crowd. When she reached the in-patient building, she saw a figure on the roof. It was Dolores.

There were a lot of people downstairs, some taking photos and some cheering.

"Dolores, don't act on impulse!" Rhonda yelled from the ground.

But in the next instant, Dolores leaped off.

Rhonda's instincts urged her to try catching Dolores, but as Dolores fell, Eliam pulled Rhonda into his embrace.

"Do you want to die?!" Eliam roared with anger.

The building was over ten stories tall. Rhonda wouldn't be able to save Dolores and might even end up injured or dead herself.

As Dolores crashed onto the lawn, medical staff rushed to her side, attempting a rescue.

Witnessing the tragic scene, Eliam swiftly covered Rhonda's eyes with his hand.

"Who's her family?" a paramedic yelled.

Rhonda hurried over, saying, "I'm her colleague. How is she?"

"Can you contact her family?"

"I think she only has a brother, no other relatives," Rhonda explained.

"What about her brother?"

"She called me earlier and said her brother died in this hospital. He was in a vegetative state, I believe."

"Then come and sign for us." The paramedic motioned Rhonda.

With tears filling her eyes, Rhonda gazed at Dolores, who lay mangled on

the ground.

She signed the death confirmation with trembling hands.

At that moment, the paramedic handed Rhonda a bloodstained letter left by Dolores.

It read, "I said if you force me again, I will die in front of you."

Dolores, why did you have to be so foolish? Rhonda thought.

Rhonda watched as paramedics carried Dolores away.

"Rhonda, why are you here?" It was then that Robert emerged from the crowd.

"The one who just jumped from the building was my colleague. She called me before leaping." Rhonda wept.

"Her brother passed away tonight. Perhaps she couldn't bear it. This sort of thing happens in the hospital every year. Don't be too sad," Robert advised.

"Dr. Coyle, fancy meeting you here!" Eiam approached, wrapping his arm around Rhonda, asserting his claim on her.

Robert appeared somewhat embarrassed.

"I'm on duty tonight. I just happened to see Rhonda as I was passing by."

"Are you that close with her?" Eiam stepped nearer and whispered, "I'd appreciate it if you'd keep your distance from my wife. Her name is Rhonda Horton, not Sally Hawkins."

Hearing this, Robert was taken aback. His eyes darkened instantly as he looked at Eiam.

"Why did you...?"

But before Robert could inquire further, Eiam had already left with Rhonda.

It wasn't until they were in the car that Rhonda recalled that Eiam had said something to Robert.

"What did you tell Dr. Coyle?" Rhonda asked.

"It's a secret between men," EIAM responded.

Rhonda didn't have the heart to probe further. Holding Dolores's letter, she pondered who "you" might refer to in it.

That night, Rhonda lay restless in bed. The moment she closed her eyes, Dolores's disfigured face haunted her thoughts.

In the early morning, as she came out of the bedroom, she noticed EIAM sleeping on the sofa.

She turned back and fetched a blanket from the bedroom to cover him.

"Are you awake?" EIAM opened his eyes groggily.

"I thought you went home. Why did you sleep here?" Rhonda asked.

Massaging his stiff neck, EIAM rose from the sofa. "I was concerned about you, so I stayed."

Rhonda felt a warmth in her heart.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Rhonda moved to the kitchen, intending to prepare breakfast for EIAM.

"We can grab something to eat on the way to work." EIAM took Rhonda's hand.

"Alright."

The two of them took some time to get ready and headed downstairs together.

There were breakfast vendors at the entrance of their apartment complex.

Rhonda purchased a few sandwiches.

"Miss, is that your husband?" The woman selling breakfast looked at EIAM in the car with an admiring gaze.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"He resembles a famous actor named..." The woman pondered for a moment, but her excitement made it difficult to recall the actor's name.

"Only his face is quite striking."

After finishing, Rhonda returned to the car and noticed Eliam's cold expression.

"Are you implying that my face is my only redeeming quality?" Eliam appeared displeased.

"Did you hear everything?" Rhonda playfully stuck out her tongue. She hadn't realized she had been loud enough for him to hear. Was his hearing that exceptional?

"What I said was true. I was genuinely complimenting you," Rhonda explained.

"Compliment me?" Clearly, Eliam didn't believe it.

"Yes, you do have an exceptional face. Even she mentioned that you resemble a celebrity."

"A celebrity?" Eliam pondered for a moment and inquired, "So which male celebrity do you fancy?"

"I like..." After some thought, Rhonda replied, "I'm not really into TV shows, so I can't tell a specific male star I'm into. But I do appreciate tall, slender young men with a preppy style."

Eliam glanced at himself in the car mirror, unsure of what Rhonda meant by preppy style.

"You like scholarly types?"

"No, the man I'm drawn to isn't a bookworm, but rather a gentle and caring guy."

"Am I not gentle enough?" Hearing this, Eliam's expression darkened, thinking that the men she liked were increasingly dissimilar to him.

"You asked me what kind of men I'm into. Why do you relate it to yourself?" Rhonda looked at Eliam in confusion.

"Then do you think I'm gentle and thoughtful?" Eliam questioned.

"Absolutely not," Rhonda declared boldly. "First of all, you're rigid and cold. When you don't speak, your expressionless face can be somewhat intimidating."

Hearing this, Eliam's face darkened further. In fact, he wanted to say that he had already been quite gentle around Rhonda.