

Chapter 156 Fall Into His Trap

With groggy eyes, Eliam opened the door, asking, "What's the matter? Why are you in such a rush?"

"How can you even have the nerve to ask? Your car is blocking the apartment complex's entrance! People have called the police; you need to move it immediately," Rhonda said angrily.

"Since they've already called the police, why bother coming to me?" Eliam tried to close the door impatiently.

Rhonda's anger intensified. She pushed her way in, saying, "The phone number on your car is mine. I'm the one who's blamed for this mess, or I wouldn't even bother speaking to you."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Move the car!" Rhonda helped Eliam get dressed. "Come on, everyone's waiting for you."

"No, I won't." Eliam tossed his clothes aside, adding, "You can leave. I'm going back to bed."

"What exactly do you want?" Looking at the small and dirty inn, Rhonda wondered what had gotten into Eliam. "Why are you suddenly staying here?"

"Our house is being renovated. I have nowhere to live, and you won't let me stay at your place. What choice do I have?" With that, Eliam tried to return to bed.

Rhonda quickly grabbed him. "Fine, just move your car as quickly as possible. If you don't want to stay here tonight, you can stay at my place for now, alright?"

In no time, people were bombarding Rhonda's phone with calls. If Eliam didn't move his car, she wouldn't find peace tonight.

"Why didn't you say that earlier?" Eliam had been waiting for Rhonda's offer. He got dressed and marched out of the room, unable to tolerate another moment in the shabby hotel.

Following Eliam, Rhonda felt like she'd been duped once more.

Upon returning to the apartment complex, they found the police had arrived.

As car owners spotted Rhonda, they swarmed her, "Where did you go instead of moving your car?"

"I don't have the car key. I apologize. We'll move the car immediately." Once Rhonda and Eliam got into the car, they quickly relocated it to a parking spot within the complex.

"Eliam, did you do this intentionally?" After resolving the issue, Rhonda planned to confront Eliam.

"Why wouldn't you talk to me earlier tonight? Why didn't you even let me in?" Eliam approached her, reminding, "Don't forget, I'm still your husband."

"That won't be the case for much longer," Rhonda retorted.

"Changing your mind now?" Eliam smiled. "It's a pity that it's too late."

"What?" Rhonda didn't understand.

Eliam got off the car and walked towards Rhonda's home.

Rhonda shuddered briefly and searched her pocket. Just as she suspected, the key was missing.

She was so angry that she wanted to cut Eliam into pieces. When did he steal her key?

She trailed him upstairs and watched as he attempted to enter her apartment's security code.

It was then she remembered she had switched to a password lock for increased safety. Then she let out a sigh of relief.

"Humph, you can't get in even if you've stolen my key." Rhonda was so angry that she stepped hard on the back of Eliam's foot.

As if he didn't feel it, Eliam continued working on the password. Suddenly, the door clicked open.

Rhonda's eyes widened in shock.

"How did you manage that?" Rhonda followed him into the room. "My password has six digits. There's no way you could've guessed it so quickly."

"Even if your password had twelve digits, I could crack it in five minutes," Eliam said confidently.

"Is a password lock not secure either?" Rhonda began to worry about her safety.

"Go to bed; I'm tired." A click on Eliam's mobile phone transformed Rhonda's sofa into a single bed instantaneously.

"So, this sofa was meant for you, huh?" Rhonda mumbled, retrieving a blanket from her room for Eliam.

Eliam's smile hinted at satisfaction. His plan to save their marriage had taken its first successful step.