

## Chapter 157 I'm Her Husband

Early the next morning, Rhonda awoke to the sounds coming from the kitchen.

When she got up, she discovered Eliam frying eggs, using one hand to stir and the other to consult his phone, murmuring, "A pinch of salt, some pumpkin, and a little..." Noticing Rhonda at the door, Eliam turned around.

"Your eggs will burn if you keep staring at that recipe." Rhonda stepped forward, activated the extractor fan, and scooped the eggs out.

Rhonda figured the eggs would taste awful sandwiched between two slices of bread, but surprisingly, they were quite good.

She maintained a frown while eating, not wanting to inflate Eliam's ego.

"Is it that bad?" Eliam appeared concerned, observing Rhonda's frown.

"Not bad." Rhonda suppressed her laughter and quickly finished her meal before heading to work.

Eliam offered to drive her.

Initially, Rhonda wanted to decline, but it was too late, so she begrudgingly agreed.

When the two of them went out together, they happened to meet a middle-aged woman as their neighbor who went out to buy vegetables in the morning.

"Eh? Rhonda, is this your boyfriend? He's quite handsome!" the middle-aged woman complimented.

"He's not my boyfriend," Rhonda clarified, thinking it best to clear up any misconceptions since they were getting a divorce.

To her surprise, Eliam wrapped his arm around Rhonda's waist and announced, "I'm her husband. We're married."

The neighbor gasped. "You're married, Rhonda? Why didn't you tell me? I haven't even prepared a gift for you!"

"Thank you, but that's not necessary." Embarrassed, Rhonda glared at Eliam, blaming him for speaking too much.

Once in the car, Rhonda warned him, "Don't go around saying you're my husband. How am I supposed to face people in the future if you do?"

"Did I humiliate you?" It was difficult to discern if Eliam's tone was joyful or irritated.

However, Rhonda was genuinely upset.

"It's not about embarrassment. We'll be getting a divorce eventually. If you say things like that, people will think I'm the type to marry and divorce casually."

"We could choose not to divorce," Eliam suggested quietly.

Rhonda stared at him in disbelief. "Aren't you eager to have a baby? How can we not divorce?"

"I'm broke and have no money. Who would want to marry me?"

Eliam's words sounded like complaints, but he seemed pleased to have found a reason to avoid divorce.

Rhonda sighed upon hearing this.

"I'll pay back the five hundred thousand I owe you as soon as I can."

She had spent the previous night considering her options, searching her contacts for people who could lend her money.

After searching for a while, she identified three potential sources.

One was Robert, the last person she wanted to ask; another was Marvell, whom she wasn't close enough with to approach for help. Giulio was the final option.

Giulio also left her feeling the most uncertain, as she couldn't determine what reason to give when asking for a loan.

"Do you still want to sell the apartment?" Eiam asked with a frown.

"It can't be sold right now, because it's under my brother's name. The agency won't let me sell it. Even if it does sell, the ownership can't be transferred until Leonard returns."

"Then don't sell it. Even with the five hundred thousand, I wouldn't be able to find a new wife quickly." Eiam sighed, "There are too many scammers around. I might end up losing the money and remaining unmarried."

"What about Grandpa?" Rhonda suddenly felt a twinge of sympathy for Eiam.

"He is sometimes sober and sometimes unconscious. I'm afraid he won't last much longer." Eiam's eyes welled with tears as he spoke of his grandfather.

"Take me to visit Grandpa this weekend," Rhonda offered.

Eiam nodded.

Just then, Rhonda felt a sharp pain in her stomach. "Did something go wrong with the breakfast I ate this morning?"