

Chapter 160 Silly Goose

Seeing Rhonda's silence, Tamara continued, "Mr. Quimby's contract with our company is about to end, and several competitors have extended invitations. If my plan for him is flawless, he might be tempted to try a different company next time. By leaving a hook, I can maintain his interest for an extended period."

Rhonda looked confused. She had never heard that explanation before.

"Do you think I'm kidding?" Tamara enjoyed Rhonda's bewildered expression. "I've seen your resume. You studied finance and accounting, so you might not understand what clients think. I recall reading a book called *The Secrets of Sales*, which states that a customer's mindset can be similar to a gambler's. To keep them engaged, you initially offer more benefits. Once they're accustomed to working with you, the benefits gradually decrease, and you have to make them an empty promise..."

"What empty promise did you make to Mr. Quimby?" Rhonda understood Tamara's point but she didn't agree.

"I told him I'd increase his return on investment to five percent within three months," Tamara revealed.

"Are you trying to force him into renewing his contract with you?"

"How can you say that? I'm doing this for the company's long-term growth. Do you want to see clients sever their contracts with us one after another?"

Rhonda couldn't help but laugh and said, "To grow and succeed in the long run, the company needs to be honest with customers, not trick them."

"You're young and driven, but lacking in worldly experience. Don't you know that sincerity is often overlooked while cunning individuals get what they want?" Tamara said with a faint smile.

"Ms. Patel, your perspective is certainly unique." Rhonda thought Tamara should be a capable person, but she didn't use her intelligence on the

right place.

"Thank you for the compliment. Rhonda, I believe you're intelligent as well. Otherwise, you wouldn't have become a regional manager at such a young age. However, our department deals with senior clients, and maintaining those relationships requires more than just enthusiasm. Otherwise, you'll struggle sooner or later."

"I appreciate your advice, Ms. Patel." After saying that, Rhonda then signaled the waiter to request the bill.

"How can I let you pay when I invited you?" Tamara hurried to cover the cost.

But still, Rhonda ended up paying the bill.

The two left the restaurant together and spotted Roderick waiting for them outside the door.

"Roderick, take Ms. Horton home. I'll manage on my own," Tamara instructed.

Rhonda didn't decline, as she had something to discuss with Roderick.

Roderick politely held the door open for Rhonda.

Once seated in the car, Roderick attempted to fasten Rhonda's seatbelt.

"No, I can handle it myself." Rhonda preferred not to be touched by unfamiliar men.

Roderick glanced at her, interpreting her resistance as playing hard to get.

He believed his charm was irresistible.

"Rhonda, what did Tamara say to you?" Roderick lit a cigarette while driving.

To Rhonda, Roderick appeared as a defiant, cynical young man.

"Nothing much."

"Did she mention deliberately withholding her best plan from Mr. Quimby?"

"How did you know?" Rhonda looked at Roderick, astonished.

Roderick scoffed.

"She's arrogant. She didn't want to lose to you, so she claimed that. But she does excel at maintaining customer relationships. Her clients are rarely stolen by competitors," Roderick explained.

"It appears she's quite a valuable asset. Why hasn't she been promoted to regional manager?" Rhonda inquired.

"That's because she has a critical flaw." Roderick parked the car outside Rhonda's residence.

"What kind of flaw?" Rhonda asked while unbuckling her seatbelt.

"Come closer, and I'll tell you." Roderick gestured with a teasing curl of his finger.

"I don't care whether you tell me or not." Rhonda blushed, opening the door to get off.

Roderick's eyes grew somber as he observed Rhonda hurrying upstairs.

The woman he liked had never gotten away from him before.

Upon arriving home and seeing the empty living room, Rhonda felt an overwhelming sense of loneliness.

At that moment, she heard the sounds of cooking coming from the kitchen.

Eagerly, she opened the door to find Eliam in an apron, preparing a meal by the stove.

What a handsome man! He was just handsome no matter what he did.

Rhonda couldn't resist snapping a photo of him.

Years later, to her surprise, the image became an internet sensation. Those who were not aware of its origin mistakenly believed it to be a still from a popular TV series.

"Do you need my help?" Rhonda asked.

"You're home?" Eliam gestured to the watermelon next to him, saying, "Just turn this watermelon into juice."

"Alright." Rhonda looked at the enormous watermelon, which was larger than her head, feeling unsure about what to do with it.

"Is the watermelon juice ready?" When Eliam looked back, he saw that Rhonda was still standing in front of the watermelon, staring at it.

The knife in her hand had pierced the watermelon but failed to cut through it.

"Do you know how geese die?" Eliam encircled Rhonda's waist from behind, his large hand steadying hers as they sliced the watermelon in two with a bit of force.

"You silly goose!" Eliam handed the knife back to Rhonda and asked, "Better now?"

"You're the silly goose. A big, clumsy one at that." Rhonda exerted all her strength to cut the watermelon.

She was so frustrated that she always seemed so foolish compared to Eliam.

After chopping the watermelon, Rhonda placed the pieces into the juicer.

However, just as she finished making a glass of watermelon juice, the power abruptly went out.