

Chapter 69 Inform The Lawyer

After parting ways with Michelle, Rhonda headed to the hospital to visit Richard, as she remained concerned about him.

At the entrance of the ward, she spotted a fat nurse.

"Who are you?" The nurse stood at the door to stop Rhonda.

"I'm the patient's granddaughter-in-law. Who might you be?"

The nurse looked at Rhonda and asked suspiciously, "Are you his granddaughter-in-law? How many granddaughters-in-law does the patient have?"

"Just one."

"That's strange. The woman who hired me claimed she was his granddaughter-in-law too. What's going on?" The nurse was confused.

Rhonda knew it had to be Diana.

"I can't clarify the situation right now. I need to go in and see my grandfather."

"He is asleep. I don't know you. I can't let you in. It's better if you leave."

"I just want to take a quick look." Rhonda pushed the door open, noticing that Richard was indeed sleeping.

She spotted half a pill on the bedside table.

"What medicine has the doctor prescribed for Richard recently?"

"The doctor hasn't prescribed anything." The nurse approached with a dissatisfied expression.

Rhonda picked up the half-pill and inquired, "Then what's this?"

"The patient's granddaughter-in-law asked me to give it to him." The nurse was flustered and tried to take the pill back.

Rhonda dodged and walked out of the ward. "I'll consult the doctor about this."

The nurse grabbed Rhonda's wrist, ordering, "Give it back to me!"

"Not a chance!"

The nurse grabbed Rhonda's wrist with more force, causing it to ache, and she was forced to let go. The fat nurse took the pill away.

"Miss Leslie said that the medicine is beneficial for the patient's brain. If you have any doubts, just ask her."

"She's not a doctor. How can she administer medicine to Richard without permission?" Rhonda sensed something was off about the medication.

She wanted to contact Eliam, but with the pill taken away, she had no evidence.

Besides, Diana was involved in this situation. It was best to proceed cautiously.

Rhonda remembered the business card Richard had given her.

She dialed the number, and a middle-aged man answered.

"Hello, Mr. James Tibbett. I'm Rhonda, Richard Sloan's granddaughter-in-law."

The man on the line seemed well-informed.

Before Rhonda could explain the reason for her call, he asked directly, "Is Mr. Richard Sloan ill and hospitalized?"

"Yes. How did you know?" Rhonda was surprised.

"I'm his personal attorney. Please update me on his condition."

"The doctor said he had a stroke. I visited him earlier, and he was asleep."

"Is there a monitoring device in the room?"

"Yes."

"Alright. You have my number now. Can you please send Mr. Sloan's ward number to me via WhatsApp?"

"Sure." Rhonda thought the lawyer had an uncanny ability to anticipate events. "Is there anything else I should do?"

"No."

Despite her confusion, Rhonda refrained from asking further questions.

Upon returning home from the hospital, she found Michelle in Leonard's room. The two appeared to be chatting and laughing, as if they had reconciled.

In the evening, Leonard suggested moving to Rhonda's apartment. It seemed that Michelle had discussed marriage with him.

Leonard mentioned that his classmate had opened a company and wanted to hire him. He could work remotely as a technician, with a temporary salary of ten thousand dollars a month.

He didn't want to marry Michelle so quickly, particularly given his current health. However, he was more vulnerable than ever. He didn't want to burden Michelle or lose her.

When Michelle came to visit him and cried pitifully, he compromised. He was determined to work diligently in the future to repay Rhonda as quickly as possible.

Embarrassed, he passed on Michelle's message to Rhonda, explaining that they could postpone the wedding ceremony but the two hundred thousand dollars and diamond ring should be prepared.

Rhonda reassured him and vowed to do her utmost to fulfill their needs.

Tears brimmed in Leonard's eyes. He felt remorseful for involving Rhonda.

Rhonda urged him to remain hopeful, saying that his leg would heal eventually.

Eliam returned home quite late that night.

As soon as he arrived, he locked himself in the study, seemingly preoccupied with something important.

It was already eleven o'clock when Rhonda brought him a late-night snack.

Eliam was in a meeting with high-ranking executives. Upon seeing Rhonda enter, he swiftly closed his laptop.

Rhonda was surprised by Eliam's sudden change of expression. He had looked so gloomy just a moment ago, but now he appeared friendly and approachable toward her.

"You've been working all night. I figured you might be hungry by now." Rhonda presented him with the sandwich she had prepared.

As she set the plate down, she accidentally spotted the Sloan Corporation project plan on the desk.

"Have you returned to Sloan Corporation?" Rhonda asked in surprise.

Eliam had just taken a bite of the sandwich and choked on it in response to her question.

"Ahem, I didn't mention earlier, but I work at a Sloan Corporation branch in the suburbs. We're starting a big project, so I'm quite occupied lately."

"Alright. Just make sure you take care of yourself." Rhonda sighed in relief. Luckily, he was working at a subsidiary and not the main office. Otherwise, if Giulio discovered Eliam was her husband...

"What's your boss's name?"

"The boss? His name is Giulio," Eliam replied, a touch of guilt in his voice.

Giulio?

"That must be his Italian name. Do you know his English name?"

"Why are you asking? I've never heard of an English name for him. Everyone just calls him Giulio."

"Really? I heard his last name is also Sloan."

"Maybe." Eliam's forehead grew damp with sweat. He offered an awkward grin and said, "What a coincidence that we share the same last name! I once wondered if he might be a relative of mine. Ha-ha."

"What happened afterward?" Rhonda chuckled.

"Nothing, really. He had no idea who I was. It was merely a coincidence." Eliam spoke with a hint of self-mockery.

"Ha-ha, silly man. Who said people with the same last name must be related?"

"I know that's not necessarily true. I just thought maybe I was fortunate enough to have a wealthy relative." Eliam suddenly felt like teasing Rhonda.

"Is being rich truly that great? I think our current life is just fine. We aren't very wealthy, but we can live the life we desire through our own efforts. That's more than enough for me."

"You're content with so little? Women always want to marry rich people, don't they? Don't you dream of wearing fancy jewelry, owning exclusive handbags, and living a luxurious life?"

Eliam stared at Rhonda, attempting to discern her thoughts.

"The life you described may be what many women crave, but it's not what I desire. I don't want to be an accessory to others. I want to be an independent person. I refuse to live like a pampered pet dependent on its master."

"Would you be unhappy if, in the future, I become wealthier than Giulio?"

Rhonda burst out laughing. "You're quite the daydreamer. Giulio is a billionaire. How could you ever compete with him?"

After Eliam finished the sandwich, Rhonda removed the empty plate, poured him a glass of water, and advised him to get some rest.

When she was about to leave, Eliam suddenly held her hands.



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