

Chapter 71 Diana's Chip

Rhonda nodded, feeling a bit helpless. She hadn't expected Fiona to be so curious.

After their meal, Fiona ordered a bottle of red wine and drank half of it to make her act more convincing.

Rhonda assisted Fiona to the entrance of Eden's private room.

Four bodyguards near the doorway looked at them cautiously, causing Rhonda to feel hesitant.

Nonetheless, Fiona appeared genuinely drunk. The wine emboldened her, giving her the courage to barge into the private room.

Meanwhile, the bodyguards stopped Rhonda at the door.

Inside the room, Eliam sat with his back facing the entrance, while Eden occupied a seat opposite him.

"I apologize, Mr. Hawkins. I entered the wrong room by mistake." Fiona offered an awkward grin, glancing at Eliam. She found him vaguely familiar but couldn't recognize him.

"Fiona?" Eden arched an eyebrow and asked, "What brings you here?"

"Mr. Hawkins, you know who I am?" Fiona felt flattered.

In a rare good mood, Eden replied, "When you started working for the company, your father asked me to look out for you."

"Oh, I told him not to bother." Fiona smiled uncomfortably. Had she known that Eden was already aware of her identity, she wouldn't have tried so hard to maintain a low profile.

"Are you dining here as well?"

"I came with a friend. I apologize for being somewhat drunk and entering

Fiona looked at Eliam and asked, "Are you Mr. Hawkins' friend? You seem somewhat familiar. Have we met before?"

"I don't believe so," Eliam responded indifferently, finding Fiona's socializing skills distasteful.

Fiona blushed and clarified, "I'm sorry. I thought you were Giulio from Sloan Corporation."

"Well, he is Giulio," Eden interjected.

"Really?" Fiona was ecstatic. To her, Giulio was an iconic figure.

Before even reaching the age of thirty, he possessed billions in assets and became a prominent leader in the business world of Timhoom. His entrepreneurial journey could be described as legendary.

At that moment, she stood at an angle behind Eliam, only catching a glimpse of his face, but it was enough to quicken her heartbeat.

"Miss Stiller, would you care to join us?" Eden instructed a bodyguard to fetch a set of utensils for her.

Fiona politely declined. Given her family background, she didn't have the standing to dine with Eden, let alone with the head of Sloan Corporation present.

In comparison to Eden, Giulio appeared even more influential.

"I'm here with my friend today. Perhaps another time?" After bidding them farewell, Fiona exited the private room. The bodyguards still held Rhonda by the arms.

"Fiona, are you alright?" Rhonda asked with concern.

"I'm fine. Release her. She's my friend." Fiona addressed the bodyguards, but they only listened to Eden's orders.

Glancing at the door, Eden casually stated, "Let go of Miss Stiller's friend."

He only noticed Rhonda when she approached and took Fiona's hand.

When Eden caught a glimpse of Rhonda's side face, he felt like he had been hit by a bolt of lightning.

Eliam noticed the strange look in his eyes. Following his line of sight, Eliam recognized a familiar figure.

Rhonda?

He had noticed that Fiona's friend sounded like Rhonda earlier but didn't dare look back. As it turned out, the girl was indeed her.

To his surprise, Eden stood up and chased after the two girls.

After a considerable time, a disheartened Eden returned.

"What just happened?" Eliam asked curiously.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing." His younger sister Rona had long been lost to the sea. How could she be here?

He must have lost his mind.

On their way back, Fiona couldn't stop pondering about Giulio. She couldn't help but ask Rhonda, "Do you know who Mr. Hawkins was dining with tonight?"

"Who was it?"

"It's Giulio, the CEO of Sloan Corporation." Fiona spoke admiringly. "I can't believe I met my dream prince charming today."

Hearing Giulio's name, Rhonda's heart raced for no reason.

Noticing Rhonda's silence, Fiona was puzzled. "Haven't you heard of Sloan Corporation?"

"Yes, I have."

"Its CEO, Giulio, is a legendary figure. There's a lot of gossip surrounding him, but he's quite low-key and seldom makes public appearances."

"Oh. Is he married?" Rhonda asked.

"Curious about that? I'd like to know too. At his age, he must be quite sought-after. Even if he isn't married, he probably has a few women around him."

"Do you think being with a rich man makes you happy?" Rhonda questioned.

Fiona responded without hesitation, "Of course, it's enjoyable. But the prerequisite is that you like him, and he likes you as well. Otherwise, no matter how wealthy you are, it's meaningless."

Rhonda appreciated Fiona because they shared similar values. Despite being wealthy and attractive, Fiona wasn't arrogant or capricious. Instead, she was empathetic and supportive.

Upon returning home, Rhonda spotted a black car parked at the entrance.

It was the vehicle that had taken Leonard from the hospital that night.

Her heart plummeted as she stepped through the door.

Diana and Tess were having a conversation in the yard, but when Rhonda returned, they paused their discussion.

"You are back." Diana approached with a smile. "It's quite late. Where have you been?"

"I was out for dinner." Rhonda didn't appreciate Diana's smile; it always seemed off to her.

"With whom? Eliam?" Diana's grin remained bright.

"With my colleague. It's getting late. What brings you here?" Rhonda asked.

"Nothing in particular. Eliam asked me to be kind to you, so I came to visit."

"Please come in." Although Rhonda didn't want to converse with Diana, she maintained politeness.

"No, thank you. I've been waiting for you for a while. Let's chat out here for a bit, and then I'll leave."

"Alright. What do you want to discuss?"

"Let's discuss your younger brother's leg." Diana pulled out a medical journal and said, "Take a look at this article. I believe it's relevant to Leonard's situation."

Rhonda scanned the magazine and skimmed the article. Indeed, the diagnostic outcome of the case resembled Leonard's.

"What do you mean?"

"This doctor is a close friend of mine. I've mentioned Leonard's condition to him. He said that if he oversaw Leonard's rehabilitation, there would be a 90 percent chance that Leonard could stand again."

The proposition was too enticing for Rhonda to disregard.

"Did he genuinely say that?" Rhonda examined the article's signature. It belonged to a world-famous orthopedic specialist.

"Absolutely. If you don't trust me, you can ask Eliam if I've ever broken my promises."

"Then what do you want from me?" Rhonda didn't believe Diana was being purely kindhearted. There had to be another motive.

As expected, Diana produced a divorce agreement and said, "If you sign this document, I will send Leonard abroad for rehabilitation, and I will cover all the expenses."

Chapter 72 Quarrel

Rhonda found herself caught in a dilemma.

Diana grinned.

"You don't need to give me an answer right now. I'll give you a week to consider it. Take this for now."

Diana handed her a copy of the treatment agreement.

"This friend of mine is renowned. Many people want his help. So it's crucial that you make a decision as soon as possible. The sooner the rehabilitation training starts, the better the outcome will be."

Rhonda took the treatment agreement, feeling as if a massive weight was bearing down on her heart.

As she escorted Diana out of the yard, a middle-aged man with a scar on his left chin got out of the black car.

Rhonda was shocked. She suddenly recalled that Leonard had mentioned the man who had taken him away that night had a scar on his chin.

The middle-aged man respectfully opened the door for Diana.

"Wait!" Rhonda stopped the man just as he was about to enter the car. "Excuse me, are you Miss Leslie's chauffeur?"

"What do you want?" The man appeared somewhat irritated.

"Nothing. I just thought you looked familiar. Have we met before?"

"I haven't seen you before. You must be mistaking me for someone else." A flicker of unease crossed the man's face. He quickly climbed into the car and stepped on the accelerator.

Why would he leave so abruptly if he wasn't feeling guilty?

The more Rhonda pondered, the more suspicious it seemed.

Diana's sudden visit and her offer to treat Leonard's leg were strange. If Diana was the one who had arranged for Leonard to be injured and even abducted, her actions were incredibly cruel.

Rhonda took out a pen and paper and sketched the middle-aged man's face from memory.

She was so engrossed in her drawing that she failed to notice Eliam standing behind her.

"Who's this?" Eliam's sudden question startled Rhonda.

She quickly folded the sketch and replied, "Nothing. I was just doodling for fun."

"Is that the person who kidnapped Leonard?" Eliam was displeased that Rhonda hadn't been honest with him.

"How did you know?" A thought suddenly crossed Rhonda's mind.

Eliam realized he had inadvertently revealed something.

"It was just a hunch."

"You're correct. I'm sketching his portrait."

Rhonda snapped a photo of the portrait with her phone.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to contact the police. I want them to arrest him. Now I suspect he's one of the people who hurt Leonard." Rhonda grew angrier the more she spoke.

Eliam was able to identify the kidnapper instantly, which meant he had known the perpetrator's identity for some time. Yet, he lied to the police and kept her in the dark.

Why? Why did he lie?

Was he trying to protect Diana, the mastermind behind it all?

After mulling it over, Rhonda's positive impression of Eliam vanished in an instant.

"You can't call the police."

"Why can't I? He could be the one who left my brother disabled. I have to bring him to justice."

"Weren't those responsible for injuring Leonard already apprehended by the police?"

"The police arrested two men, but my brother said there were three people. I think this man is the one who escaped. If we don't catch him, he remains a threat to Leonard."

"He won't be."

"How can you be so sure? Did you strike a deal with him?" Rhonda was convinced that Eliam knew more than he had shared. "You're aware of who hurt Leonard, aren't you?"

"Don't assume everyone is a bad person, okay?" Eliam rubbed his forehead, feeling like he was only making things worse.

"Then how can you recognize the kidnapper so quickly? Why are you stopping me from contacting the police? Who are you trying to protect?" Rhonda became increasingly agitated as she spoke.

"Is it Diana? Is she the one pulling the strings?"

"Rhonda, take a breath. Diana isn't involved in this."

"Really?" Rhonda gazed at Eliam with disappointment. "Earlier, Diana came to our house accompanied by the man in the portrait. She said she'd arrange for Leonard's overseas rehabilitation if I agreed to divorce you."

Rhonda tossed the divorce papers and treatment agreement in front of Eliam.

"Leonard mentioned the man who abducted him had a scar on his chin..."

Just then, Leonard replied to Rhonda's text.

He confirmed that the man in the portrait was indeed the one who had taken him and that he resembled the leader of those who had attacked him.

Rhonda showed Eliam Leonard's message.

"See? How do you explain this?"

Glancing at the divorce papers, Eliam fell silent for a moment before picking up his phone and dialing Diana's number.

Once connected, he switched to speaker mode.

"Eliam, what's the reason for calling so late? What's going on?" Diana's lazy voice came through from the other end.

"Did you come to my house tonight?"

"Yes, did Rhonda mention it to you?"

"Why did you do that?" Disappointment was etched across Eliam's face.

"What are you accusing me of? I haven't done anything wrong."

"Didn't you mention that you'd arrange Leonard's rehabilitation abroad?"

"Oh, so that's what this is about." Diana sounded relieved. "You asked me to build a good relationship with Rhonda, right? I happen to know an orthopedic expert in Esmesh, and I wanted to introduce him to Leonard. It's a small gesture. What's wrong with that?"

"Did you ask her to divorce me in return?" Eliam asked coldly.

Diana hesitated for a few moments.

"I told her that Leonard would need someone to care for him during his overseas rehabilitation, which could take at least a year. You two signed a prenup stating you'd divorce in six months, didn't you? I didn't want her to delay your timeline. If you two divorced in advance, she could accompany Leonard abroad for his rehab without any qualms. It benefits everyone. How did it turn into a trade-off?"

Diana's justification seemed stretched, but Eliam accepted it.

"Did you hear that? Diana isn't that type of person. She'd send Leonard abroad for rehabilitation even if you don't divorce me. In reality, she's quite kind-hearted."

"Enough! Eliam, I don't want to hear your explanations. I'll believe what I see. I'm heading to the police station to hand over this portrait and request an investigation. I'll only trust the findings of the police."

"You have no other evidence besides this portrait. The police won't help you." Eliam found that Rhonda would be stubborn every time they talked about the matter of Leonard.

"I'll give it a shot, no matter what the outcome may be. I can't just let my younger brother break his leg for nothing." The fact that Diana had brought the assailant who hurt Leonard to negotiate with her enraged Rhonda.

"Can you calm down, please? If you're determined to report this to the police, can't you wait until tomorrow? Do you know what time it is now? I'll accompany you tomorrow. Be reasonable, and go to bed."

"Don't touch me." Rhonda shoved Eliam away, retorting, "You're colluding with Diana. I can't stand the sight of you!"