

Chapter 76 I'm Hungry

Rhonda grabbed the pizza she had bought for Eliam and started eating it. She hadn't had dinner yet and had had a fight with Diana earlier. As she ate, she felt a throbbing pain in her scalp.

"You haven't had dinner yet?" Eliam asked, finally noticing Rhonda.

Rhonda replied with a burp, "No!" and finished the pizza without leaving any for Eliam.

"Have you found a new job?" Eliam remembered seeing Rhonda stay with Fiona in the restaurant.

Rhonda responded with a short, "Yeah."

"So what's your new job?"

"Same as before." Rhonda clearly wanted to avoid the topic.

Eliam sensed the tension between them and parked the car in front of a restaurant full of young couples.

"Why are we here?"

"For you to relish some delectable food," Eliam said as he stepped out of the vehicle. Rhonda had no other option than to comply and follow him.

"The hairy crabs available here are exceptionally scrumptious."

"I am already full," Rhonda protested.

"However, I am famished." Eliam made a phone call as he walked inside.

"Hey there, I have been waiting for you for ages," joked a voice from behind.

Rhonda spun around and beheld a tall and slim young man with refined features standing before her. He was towering at approximately six feet

and two inches, appearing quite tall.

The man too looked at Rhonda.

"Is this your better half?" inquired Myron Brewster, gazing at Rhonda for an extended period.

"Have you seen enough?" Eliam spoke unhappily. "Are you not hungry?"

"Your spouse is so stunning that I couldn't resist admiring her. What's the big deal anyway? Are you that envious?" Myron quipped. He and Eliam had been bosom buddies since their childhood days.

This was the first time Rhonda was meeting Myron. She never anticipated that a reserved individual like Eliam would befriend such an outgoing person.

Myron draped his arm over Eliam's shoulder and the trio made their way inside. Rhonda followed them quietly.

They opted for a private room.

Myron ordered hairy crabs first.

Rhonda suddenly regretted devouring Eliam's midnight snack.

Myron placed the most massive crab in front of Rhonda and said with a wide grin, "Mrs. Sloan, please relish it to your heart's content. It's my treat today."

Eliam shot him a glare, a silent request for Myron to act modestly and not be a drama queen.

Noticing Eliam's warning, Myron curbed his behavior.

The duo ordered beer and drank together. Myron even poured a glass for Rhonda.

Initially, Rhonda was hesitant to drink it but Myron persistently persuaded her. In the end, she guzzled down three glasses of beer in quick succession.

Feeling a bit woozy, she leaned over the table.

Eliam and Myron proceeded to the balcony of the private room.

"Have you received any updates on Glory Games?" Eliam inquired.

Myron was a significant shareholder of Glory Games, second only to Michael. What others weren't aware of was that he served as an informant arranged by Eliam. He only followed Eliam's directives.

In other words, Myron was Eliam's spy, and had to be wholly devoted to him.

"Michael plans to retire and reside abroad for the remainder of his life. But he hasn't found a suitable candidate to take over the firm. Recently, he has been in frequent communication with Leslie Group in Esmesh. It appears that they will collaborate on a project."

"What kind of project?"

"I'm unaware of the specifics. As you know, Michael is exceedingly cautious. Unless he has absolute confidence, he won't disclose any information."

"Are you acquainted with Marvell?" Eliam inquired.

"We are friends," he replied. Myron and Marvell shared similar interests in women and racing.

"Ask him to find this man for me." Eliam passed an old photograph of Billy Laurie to Myron and requested him to locate the man. Billy Laurie was the person Charlton had introduced to Eliam's parents two decades ago and Eliam was desperate to find him.

"Marvell's charges a high price," Myron said as he examined the photo.

"As long as he can find this person, dead or alive, I will be happy to pay, whatever the price."

"Who is this man?" Myron marveled at Eliam's tenacity in searching for an unknown man.

"I'll fill you in later," Eliam replied enigmatically.

Without asking more from Eliam, Myron stowed the photo away and

turned his attention to Rhonda, who appeared to be dozing off.

"Hey, Diana has returned." Myron inquired, "What's your plan for this one?"

"I've moved on from Diana," Eliam replied, his gaze fixed on the expansive night sky, his tone tinged with a touch of sadness.

Myron raised an eyebrow skeptically. "So you forget about your old flame as soon as a new one comes along? That doesn't sound like you. Have you two, you know...?"

"Have we what?" Eliam asked, his face flushing with either alcohol or embarrassment.

"Don't play dumb. Have you two already gotten intimate and now you've forgotten about your old love?" Myron teased.

Eliam denied it vehemently but his face betrayed him, turning beet red.

"If you didn't, why are you blushing?" Myron couldn't help but burst into laughter, surprised that Eliam, who had remained celibate for years, had succumbed to the charms of a younger woman.

"When are you going to reveal your true identity to her? She doesn't know she's married a wealthy man yet," Myron jibed, unable to resist the urge to taunt his friend.

"It's not the right time."

Rhonda was still in a daze when she heard Myron's words. She was struggling to make sense of his words when Eliam entered the private room.

"Are you ready to go?" Eliam asked, extending his hand to help Rhonda who looked like she was about to fall asleep again.

"Alright. Let's go." As he held her soft body in his arms, memories of that night in the car flooded his mind, reigniting his love and desire for her.

Myron, noticing the tension between the two, teased, "I've booked a room at the hotel across the street. Let me escort you there."

"Where are we going?" Rhonda leaned against Eliam, feeling a sense of

security in his strong embrace.

"Anywhere you want, it's up to you," Eliam replied, struggling to control his lust.

"I'll go wherever you go," Rhonda murmured, her eyes closed as she battled her dizziness. She made a mental note that she was never going to drink again.

Eliam carried her across the street, up the elevator and into the hotel room.

As he pressed her down on the bed, Rhonda sobered up completely.

Eliam kissed her with fiery passion but Rhonda couldn't help but think of her night with Giulio.

She couldn't let Eliam know about that.

When Eliam began to undress her, Rhonda stopped him just in time.

Rhonda told Eliam that she needed more time, lying that she was not ready for what he had in mind.

Eliam, being a gentleman, didn't want to force her, so he calmed down and went to the bathroom.

Rhonda felt an inner struggle as she looked into Eliam's eyes, filled with disappointment. She didn't know if she should tell him about what had happened between her and Giulio.

That night, Eliam slept on the sofa while Rhonda slept alone on the big bed.

The next morning, she woke up to find that Eliam had left. He had prepared breakfast and a new set of clothes for her.

Rhonda blushed as she recalled that the dress she had worn the previous night had been torn apart by Eliam.

She realized that he was really considerate, even down to the new underwear that he had provided in the perfect size.

But how did he know her size so well?

She had thought that Eliam was an innocent man but it seemed that she was wrong.

Rhonda had misjudged Eliam. In fact, all these things had been prepared by Myron.

As a playboy, he was skilled in pleasing women but he had unwittingly become more of a hindrance than a help this time.