

Chapter 22 Dr. Coyle Is Calling

Eliam recalled that he might have gotten the lipstick mark when he bumped into Amanda in the hospital. Therefore, he immediately threw the shirt into the trash can in disgust.

"Buy me a new shirt tomorrow!" Eliam muttered.

"Why did you throw this one away?"

"It's dirty."

"I can wash it for you." Rhonda deliberately opposed Eliam.

"Then, you wash it and give it to whomever you like. I don't need it anyway," Eliam snapped as he took out his pajamas from the wardrobe and quickly put them on.

"Who can I give it to? It's waste anyway."

"You like giving clothes to others, don't you?" Eliam said in a fit of pique. When he turned around, he saw a man's coat hanging on the coat stand.

Eliam walked over and looked at the strange coat. "Whose is this?" he asked coldly.

Rhonda's heart leaped to her throat.

"It is Dr. Coyle's," she answered honestly. "When he dropped me home tonight, he was worried that I might catch a cold, so he draped it over my shoulders. I forgot to give it back to him. I'll return it to him tomorrow."

Eliam turned around and studied Rhonda's face. He remembered what he saw in the corridor and felt she was a hypocrite.

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"You don't need to explain it to me. Anyway, after six months, you're going to be an acquaintance to me. That's all."

Just then, Rhonda's phone rang.

"Dr. Coyle is calling!" Rhonda looked at Eliam.

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Rhonda had no choice but to answer it.

Eliam's heart sank with disappointment. He stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him. ①

"Miss Horton, I have something to tell you. I was in a dilemma about whether to tell you or not. Well, I was in a relationship with a girl named Sally Hawkins. She looks very much like you. If it weren't for the fact that she lived in Esmesh and you live here, I would have believed you are twin sisters. By the way, you are about the same age as her, but your birth date is different from hers. Miss Horton, is your birth date truly the one on your ID proof?" ②

Robert talked for a long while, but Rhonda didn't pay attention to him. All she could think about was the disappointment in Eliam's eyes before he left.

"Miss Horton, are you there?"

"Err... yeah. Why don't we talk about it tomorrow? It's getting late. I'm going to bed now."

Robert knew it was inappropriate to call Rhonda at this hour, but he was eager to know whether Rhonda was related to his ex-girlfriend in any way.

If he was sure the two had nothing to do with each other, he wouldn't bother a married woman for any reason.

Both Rhonda and Eliam didn't sleep well that night.

Early in the morning, Rhonda was woken up by a phone call from her colleague, saying there was a problem with an account. She asked Rhonda to come to the company right away.

When Rhonda got up and walked out of the room, she saw Eliam. He looked tired; his eyes were puffy and covered with dark circles.

"Good morning." Rhonda took the initiative to greet him.

"Are you going to the hospital?" Eliam asked.

"No. I'm going to the company first. I just got a call from my office. I must go back to deal with something."

"Then, let me give you a ride."

"No, thanks. I can take the bus." After thinking about her complicated relationship with Eliam all night, she decided to maintain a safe distance from him.

"Do you think my car is not as good as that doctor's?" Eliam sneered.

"Of course not. It is just that I don't want to bother you."

"Then, why didn't you worry about bothering him when he dropped you home?" He looked unhappy.

Rhonda was at a loss for words. She wondered if he was trying to cause trouble early in the morning.

Rhonda's silence infuriated Eliam.

"Why aren't you saying anything?"

"I have nothing to say to you." Rhonda pushed Eliam away and walked out of the house.

However, as soon as she walked out of the alley, Eliam drove the car toward her, blocking her way. She couldn't ignore him again.

Rhonda turned around.

Eliam opened the door of the passenger seat. "Get in the car."

Rhonda was in no mood to talk to him, but as soon as she turned around, Eliam tooted the horn.

Rhonda was so angry that she wanted to grab him by the collar and ask him what he wanted from her.

However, her colleague called her again and urged her to go to the company as soon as possible. Rhonda had no choice but to get in the car.

Eliam's face broke into a triumphant smile as he started the car.

Soon, Eliam dropped Rhonda at her company.

When Rhonda got out of the car, Cristina was waiting for her at the door.

She stared at the car curiously. Eliam was wearing sunglasses, so she couldn't see his face clearly.

"Uh-oh! That's a crappy car! Is the man in the car your husband?"

Cristina clicked her tongue and mocked Rhonda. "Looks like he can only afford such a crappy car. I thought he was rich."

"What's your problem?" Rhonda didn't want to talk to her.

"Oh, come on. Don't lose your temper. You are in big trouble this time."

Cristina smirked at her. "Did you use the one hundred thousand cash Mr. Marshall asked you to keep? Do you realize that's theft?"

"What cash?" Rhonda didn't know what she meant. "Are you referring to the money from Inkon Trading?"

"Yes. Mr. Marshall was in urgent need of cash this morning. He opened the company's safe to get the money, but it wasn't there. Only you and he have access to that safe. Who else would take the money other than you?"

"That's impossible! The money was there in the safe before I asked for leave." Rhonda darted into the building. She felt something was fishy.

Eliam was about to leave, but when he heard Cristina saying that Rhonda had stolen public funds, he decided to stay back and get more information. ①

He didn't believe that Rhonda would steal money. But he couldn't be entirely sure because she was desperately trying to raise money for her grandma's surgery.

When Rhonda walked into the company, her boss, Stewart Marshall called her to his office. He looked visibly angry.

"Rhonda, I just want to ask you one question. Where is the one hundred thousand cash from Inkon Trading?"

"The money was in the safe before I asked for leave. If you don't believe me, ask my assistant, Sandra."

"Sandra? She resigned two days ago. I called her to inquire about it before you came. She said she didn't know anything about it."

"What? How is that possible?" Rhonda's heart sank. She felt someone was trying to frame her.

"Don't act dumb. There are only two keys. If I didn't take the money, it obviously means you have taken it."

"Mr. Marshall, I didn't take the money. If you don't believe me, I request you to check the surveillance video. You can also call the police and ask them to check my bank account."

"Are you sure you want to call the police? Think twice about it, Rhonda. Only a few people in this company are aware of the issue. But things will take a different turn if we call the police. Aren't you afraid that you will never be able to work in this industry again?"

"I did no wrong, so I'm not afraid," Rhonda said confidently.

"Well, in that case..." Stewart took out his phone to call the police. "I hope you don't regret your decision."



Just then, Cristina came in with a cup of coffee. "Mr. Marshall, don't call the police. It will tarnish both Rhonda's as well as our company's reputation."

"Then, what do you think we should do?" Stewart took the coffee from Cristina's hand and took a sip. ☹

Cristina rolled her eyes. "Well, if you ask me, I'd suggest you give Rhonda a day's time to carefully think about where she kept the money. Everyone will be happy if she remembers it."

Stewart nodded in agreement. He didn't want to call the police because he was afraid it would leave a bad impact on the company. Moreover, he had no conclusive evidence to prove that Rhonda had stolen the money. If she stubbornly denied it, he wouldn't get the money back either.

