

Be Yours 111

Chapter 111 Worth More Than A Hundred Million

Alec felt like he was collateral damage in the exchange. Jenny was also stunned. Had Old Mr. Faust forgotten that they had already divorced?

After a while, Old Mr. Faust returned the lapis lazuli stone to its place while giving Yvonne and her friend a disdainful look. "From how you treat this lapis lazuli stone, I'd have thought you were the richest person in Parrington. It's worth more than a hundred million dollars, you know."

Even though he was directing those words at her friend, Yvonne still blushed with embarrassment.

A hundred million dollars?

Who'd have thought this rock could be worth more than a hundred million?

Moreover, where did Jenny even get that much money? What was her relationship with Old Mr. Faust?

Everyone's curiosity was piqued.

Some even suspected that Jenny was one of Old Mr. Faust's illegitimate daughters. After all, hers was the most expensive gift tonight. Why would she give him such an expensive gift if they weren't related?

Wif

Old Mr. Faust knew what the others were thinking. He glanced at them and said sternly, "Jenny is Alec's so she's my granddaughter-in-law. What's so surprising about her giving me a lavish gift?"

Alec's wife?

Everyone's jaws dropped in disbelief.

Was she the wife that Alec had been forced to marry?

It didn't seem like it.

"Are you confused about something? Jenny and Alec are divorced." Max appeared, holding a wine glass. He had been watching from the sidelines for a while and hadn't planned to interfere, but what Old Mr. Faust said didn't quite agree with him. He walked over to Jenny and told Old Mr. Faust and Alex purposefully, "Jenny is my date for tonight."

Old Mr. Faust frowned. "What relationship do you have with Jenny, Pearson?"

"We're friends," Max answered cheerfully. "Of course, that may change soon. I'm confident that Jenny will agree to be my girlfriend."

Exasperated, Jenny gave him a side-eye, but she did not refute him. If this could make Old Mr. Faust stop trying to get Alec and her back together, then she might as well leave it be.

Hearing this, Old Mr. Faust was furious. He was angry that Max was trying to take Jenny away from Alec, and also the apparent fact that Alec was letting him.

“Even though Jenny and Alex are divorced, she still calls me Grandpa. To live up to the name, I’ll need to help her vet her partners.” Old Mr. Faust examined Max from head to toe. “She’s out of your league. Just give up.”

Max was speechless. He could see that Old Mr. Faust was still trying to get Jenny and Alec back together, but he wasn’t about to back down so easily. “Unfortunately, I don’t think you have any say in this.” Seeing that Old Mr. Faust was about to rebuke him, Jenny interrupted, “Grandpa, it’s your birthday today. Don’t let these frivolous matters affect your mood.”

“You’re right.” Old Mr. Faust nodded. “That’s a wrap, people. Let the banquet resume.”

The crowd dispersed reluctantly. Yvonne was still stunned when she was dragged away by her friend.

Jenny also made to leave with Max. After all, she was also a guest at the banquet.

“Jenny, can we talk?” Old Mr. Faust stopped her.

Jenny didn’t refuse. “You can leave first,” she told Max.

“Okay.” Max nodded, then said with a grin, “Don’t forget, you’re my partner tonight. Don’t get too close to other men.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t forget it even if I wanted to,” Jenny said in exasperation.

Chapter 112 Enjoy The Show

Eventually, the crowd dispersed, leaving only Jenny and Alec standing in front of Old Mr. Faust. They looked at each other. Neither of them spoke.

Old Mr. Faust was exasperated by the sight. He had created an opportunity for Alec, yet he was silent. Was he supposed to teach him how to speak to his ex-wife?

He glared at Alec, then turned to Jenny with a smile. “Jenny, has Alec been good to you lately? Let me know if he treats you badly, and I’ll deal with him for you.”

Jenny smiled awkwardly and shook her head. “Thank you for the offer, Grandpa, but Mr. Faust has never treated me badly. We’re not that close, after all.”

“Why do you say that? Whatever happens, it’s still fate that the two of you met. Alec was young and rash back then. He didn’t know how to appreciate you. Look, he’s regretting it now.” Old Mr. Faust looked at Alec. If he weren’t so afraid that someone else would get together with Jenny, he wouldn’t have swallowed his pride just to say this.

Regret?

Jenny looked at Alec in surprise. What had he told Old Mr. Faust?

Alec felt her gaze and turned to her. “I was wrong to treat you like that before, but now...”

“Leave the past in the past,” Jenny interrupted. She had no desire to listen to his compunction. “I didn’t take you to be someone who dwells in the past.”

“Jenny...”

“Grandpa, I know you didn’t want me to divorce him, but it already happened. Just let it go.” Jenny ignored Alec and turned to Old Mr. Faust. “I still treat you like my own grandfather. Nothing’s changed.”

“You’re right. Nothing’s changed,” Old Mr. Faust replied with a smile, but he had other thoughts in his mind.

How could they be together for better or for worse if they weren’t married?

But Jenny’s words told him that she was resolved in this matter, and she wasn’t likely to change her mind any time soon. “I just want you to be happy. I hope you can give Alec another chance,” he said, looking at Jenny expectantly. “Nobody’s perfect, wouldn’t you agree?”

Begrudgingly, Jenny nodded. “Yes, you’re right.”

“So, will you give Alec another chance?” Old Mr. Faust pressed.

Jenny glanced at Alec and said impassively, “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I treat Mr. Faust the same way I treat everyone else; he has the same number of chances as they have.”

She had deftly avoided the question without refusing Old Mr. Faust outright. Either way, her meaning was clear: Alec Faust was just another man in her eyes.

Old Mr. Faust knew her underlying message, but he paid it no mind. “Did you hear that?” he said to Alec happily, “You’re on the same level as everyone else. If you fail, then it’s all on you.”

“I understand.” Alec nodded grimly. His heart felt heavy.

In a far corner, Yvonne glared at Jenny from across the banquet hall. She gripped the wine glass in her hand tightly.

“Don’t pay too much attention to that, Yvonne,” her friend comforted. “Alec has already divorced her. They’re unrelated now.”

“If only it’s that simple. Yvonne lowered her eyes. She knew better than anyone else that Alec was still hung up on Jenny. If this continued, then she would have no chance at all.

Seeing this, her friend gritted her teeth and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll help you. She’s just his ex-wife. What has she got to flaunt?”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Yvonne said worriedly. “She looks like she’s on good terms with Old Mr.

Faust...”

“It’ll be fine. Just sit back and enjoy the show.”

Chapter 113 I Never Look Back

Jenny finally escaped from Old Mr. Faust. Just as she was about to find an empty corner to rest, Alec came up to her.

“I’m sorry about Grandpa. He’s...”

"I hope you didn't think I was just joking with him," Jenny said, stopping in her tracks. Alec paused. She continued, "When I said I would treat him like my grandfather, I meant it. I don't mind it."

"I might have taken that wrongly." Alec felt helpless. He seemed to always be hapless in front of Jenny.

As if she had read his mind, Jenny smiled and said drily, "Even though I told Grandpa that I'd treat you like everyone else, there's something I need you to know, Mr. Faust."

"What?"

"I never look back," she said.

That said, she turned and left. No matter what Alec was thinking, it had nothing to do with her.

In fact, Alec wasn't angered by her words at all. He was just a little sad. He should have known that Jenny had told Old Mr. Faust a white lie.

Well, it was all his fault in the first place. He couldn't blame it on anyone else.

As soon as Jenny sat down, Max appeared again and whispered, "Did Mr. Faust try and get you and Alec back together?"

"Yes." There was no denying the obvious.

"So what do you think? Are you really going to get back with him?" If so, then he would be losing out on a lot of fun.

Jenny gave him a look. She knew exactly what he was thinking. "Don't use our marriage as a bargaining chip against him."

"I won't," Max laughed. "I'm just worried about you."

"Really?" Now that would be a rare occasion.

"How can you be sure that Alec would appreciate you? He never did before. Look at how many women have their eyes on him here. If you get back together with him again, you'll be up to your ears in his mistresses and lovers."

Jenny agreed with Max to an extent. She was perfectly fine living her own life, why would she cause trouble for herself?

It wasn't like she liked Alec, anyway.

"That's enough. You don't have to stick your nose in our business." Jenny stood up and headed toward the restroom.

In the distance, Yvonne's friend saw her walking toward the restroom. "My chance is here."

"What are you going to do?" Yvonne asked.

"You don't need to know that. Just wait for her to embarrass herself," her friend said as she walked over to the restroom too.

Yvonne looked anxious, but she didn't really care.

What a dumbass.

If her friend was stupid enough to answer her every beck and call, then why did she need to worry about her?

She sipped on her wine casually and waited for the show that she was promised. Her mood improved a little.

When Yvonne's friend entered the restroom, she didn't see Jenny at first. She figured that Jenny was in one of the stalls.

She picked up a bucket of dirty water and crept toward one of the stalls.

This was the only stall with a locked door, so she figured that Jenny was inside.

She smiled victoriously. In her mind's eye, she could already see how disgusted everyone would be when they saw Jenny drenched in dirty water.

Even the thought alone was vindication enough.

She lifted up the bucket and was preparing to dump it over the door when a voice sounded from the door.

"What are you doing?"

A loud thud sounded.

Yvonne's friend was so shocked to see the person at the door that she slipped and fell. The contents of the bucket spilled all over her.

Everything happened like a slapstick comedy.

Chapter 114 If It Weren't For You

Jenny hadn't expected to see such an amusing scene after answering a call outside.

She recognized the woman on the floor to be Yvonne's friend. Who was she planning to splash with the dirty water, then?

Jenny could see the answer from the woman's terrified expression. Smiling, she walked up to her and looked down. "Do you need me to call someone for you?"

"No... No need!" The woman shook her head, unable to meet Jenny's eyes.

"Sure. Have it your way." Jenny shrugged and went into the stall.

As soon as she closed the door, the woman stood up resentfully and got another bucket of dirty water. She wanted to take Jenny down with her.

With this thought, she raised the bucket of water and tried to pour it over the door again.

At the same time, Jenny opened the door.

The bucket of water splashed onto the same person again, followed by a piercing scream.

Jenny's expression was chilly. "How old are you?" she asked coldly. "This is the most childish trick I've seen yet. Do you really think I'm dumb?"

"I... I don't know what you're talking about." Since nothing had happened to Jenny, there was nothing she could do if she just denied everything.

However, Jenny didn't really care whether she admitted to her wrongdoings. She glanced at her and handed her a towel. "Don't worry. I won't tell on you or get revenge."

She was just one of Yvonne's lackeys. It would just be wasting her time to seek revenge on her.

Jenny exited the restroom, leaving the woman on the ground, still drenched in dirty water.

Why did she even want to cause trouble for Jenny? It wasn't like she had crossed her.

In the banquet hall, Jenny felt Yvonne's surprised gaze as soon as she walked in. She looked up and stared straight at her. Guiltily, Yvonne averted her gaze. Jenny wasn't about to just let it go, though. She headed toward Yvonne, and Yvonne panicked.

Did that dumbass expose her?

"Why were you looking at me, Miss Dickman?" Jenny smiled. "Were you expecting something to happen to me?"

"I'm not sure what you're talking about, Miss Walter." Yvonne was smart enough to hide her guilty conscience.

Jenny ignored that. She pointed toward the restroom and said, "Your friend's in there. I don't think she's in good condition right now. Shouldn't you check on her?"

"Friend?" Yvonne continued to play dumb. "I just returned from abroad. I don't have any friends."

How ruthless.

"If that's so, then I have no choice but to ask Alec to deal with this." Jenny spread out her hands with an air of resignation.

"Oh no, there's no need to trouble Alec for such a small matter. Even though she's not my friend, I'm willing to help her." Yvonne didn't want Alex to know about this. Even if she didn't explicitly instruct her friend to cause trouble for Jenny, Alec was smart enough to know that she had a hand in it.

Jenny laughed, which pissed off Yvonne. "So, you're Alec's ex-wife, right? You never mentioned it!"

"Of course I wouldn't mention it to you. It's not like we know each other well. I'm surprised that Alec hasn't told you. I thought he would."

Jenny was leaving no prisoners in this war of wits. The Dickmans were already on her blacklist anyway, so this was a long time coming.

At the mention of Alec, Yvonne's expression twisted in jealousy. "If it wasn't for you, Miss Walters, Alec would have married me two years ago!"

Chapter 115 The Other Woman?

Yvonne couldn't see any trace of anger or sadness in Jenny's expression. She just stood there stoically.

"You're the other woman who took him away from me!" Yvonne gritted out.

The other woman?

Jenny raised her eyebrows. That was something she had to correct.

"Don't flatter yourself. If Alec really loved you that much, why would he marry me in the first place? Do you think he's the kind that would cave in just because Grandpa forced him?"

"He..."

"You don't have to make excuses for him. The truth is he just doesn't love you as much as you love him. He doesn't want to ruin his relationship with Grandpa for you, do you understand?" Jenny interrupted with

a snort.

Yvonne opened her mouth, but no words came out. She knew, in her heart of hearts, that Jenny was speaking the truth.

The public thought that she had left because Alec had married Jenny. In reality, she left because she knew Alec did not love her.

Even before Jenny came into their lives, Yvonne knew that Alec only considered her a worthy candidate as his wife. There was no love in their relationship, only money and power.

Even though she knew this, she was still reluctant to accept it. Now, she wasn't competing for Alec's love as much as she was trying to get to the position of Mrs. Faust.

Either way, Jenny was still her enemy!

Yvonne pulled herself back together and said, "You might be right, but so what? Alec and I grew up together. I know him best. Besides, you're already divorced. Alec has never loved you and probably never will, so have some tact and leave him alone."

Jenny swallowed a laugh. If only she knew that Alec had just begged her to give him another chance!

She didn't tell Yvonne this, though. There was no need to, as she wasn't planning to get back together with Alec.

Jenny crossed her arms and said dismissively, "Don't worry, I'm not interested in Alec at all. I'll thank you. if you can get him to leave me alone."

"You!" Yvonne was at a loss for words. How could she be so arrogant?

“Oh, by the way,” Jenny leaned closer to Yvonne and said softly, “Remember when Steven was beaten up at the restaurant?”

—Yvonne wondered why she was bringing it up all of a sudden.

“He guessed right. I was the one who attacked him.” With that, Jenny straightened with a smile.

Yvonne’s expression changed. She was now looking at Jenny as if she was an enemy. “You... do you really think we cannot take revenge on you?”

“Hm? What, the Dickmans? You’re just trash,” Jenny said disdainfully. She was provoking Yvonne on purpose.

She couldn’t find a way to expose the Dickmans and didn’t want to continue waiting. Maybe Yvonne could

give her some dirt when properly angered.

“You!” Yvonne was trembling in anger. If it weren’t for the other guests, she would’ve slapped Jenny. “Just you wait. I won’t let this go so easily.” With that, she turned and left.

Jenny watched her retreating figure with amusement. “You’d better,” she thought. “And the bigger, the better. Don’t disappoint me, Yvonne Dickman!”

Alec was watching their interaction from a small distance. He didn’t interfere. Instead, he just sighed helplessly. It looked like Max was right. Jenny wasn’t going to let go of the incident with Steven that easily.

Well, the Dickmans dug this hole themselves. They had no one to blame but themselves.

Alec texted Vincent, “Send her everything we’ve found about the Dickmans anonymously.” He didn’t specify who “her” was, but Vincent understood who he meant.

Chapter 116 You? Team Up With Me?

Max was drinking wine on the balcony. Unlike the others, he wasn’t entertaining guests. He didn’t care about all this. He had his own ways of improving the Pearson family.

A figure strode onto the balcony. Max looked up to see who it was. When he did, he frowned, expression darkening.

“Max, are you interested in discussing an alliance?” Yvonne asked, beaming. Her lips were scarlet, her smile bright. Although she could not compare to Jenny’s classic beauty, she had her own charm.

In Parrington, Jenny wasn’t the only one who received the attention of the masses. If everyone didn’t already know that Yvonne was interested in Alec, she would have countless men pursuing her.

Max drained his wine in one gulp. With a slightly playful expression, he asked, “Alliance? Do we have anything in common for an alliance?”

“Of course we do,” Yvonne answered.

She approached Max, the scent of her perfume suffusing the air and assaulting Max's nostrils. He became very discomfited.

Max took a few steps to the side, not trying even slightly to hide his distaste. "You're a scion of the Dickmans. Isn't it inappropriate for you to use your feminine wiles against me?"

"Max..."

"Don't shoot those looks at me. I'm not interested in you." He despised anyone who was involved with Alec Faust.

Yvonne paled. She had never been put in such an awkward position before in her life. She put away her frozen smile. Without wasting time, she asked, "I heard that you're pursuing Jenny Walter?"

"Yeah? So?" Max raised an eyebrow, feeling intrigued.

"I can help you," Yvonne said.

Max laughed out loud. Leaning against the railing, he looked at her with interest. "And why would you?"

"You want her, while I want Alec. I'm sure you wouldn't want to see them remarried." She was candid. With a man like Max Pearson, lies were useless.

Max nodded, seeming to acquiesce. "You have a point."

"In that case, then we should..."

"However, what makes you think I should team up with you?" Max interrupted. He was wearing a grin, but his eyes were frosty.

"You..." Yvonne was stunned. She didn't understand what he meant.

Max chortled. "You? Who do you think you are that you can team up with me?"

"Max Pearson!" Yvonne roared. "Don't go too far!"

Max spread his hands, face a moue of innocence. "You only think you're all that because you're a Dickman. But do you really have any influence in that family?"

Yvonne was quiet, her expression souring.

"Don't think you're so great because you handle a lot in the Dickman family. You're nothing but Steven's bootlicker. In the future, the Dickman family will be his. What does it have anything to do with you?"

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Max's words were so insulting that Yvonne had the impulse to simply turn and leave. She worked her ass off for the Dickman family all to gain her father's approval, to prevent him from handing the family business to that useless piece of trash called Steven Dickman.

But what was even the point?

To her father, she would never compare to Steven no matter how capable she was. And it was all because Steven was born male!

Seeing her expression turn complicated, Max said softly, "You might as well consider asking me for help. Maybe I could help you take over the Dickman family."

But Yvonne didn't respond to him. She turned and left the balcony.

There was no way she would let Max interfere with her family matters. How hard was it to take it over, anyway?

All she had to do was make Steven disappear, and the family would be hers.

Make him disappear...

Yvonne grumbled. When she thought of Jenny again, her expression become cruel. "Maybe I can kill two birds with one stone and get rid of both Steven and Jenny."

Chapter 117 Give Me an Explanation

The event was reaching its end, and Jenny finally relaxed. This kind of setting didn't suit her, so she would have to avoid them in the future if she could.

However, hadn't her brother said he would attend? Where was he?

Jenny looked around for Gilbert and Zack, but found neither. Just as she was about to give up, she caught sight of a familiar face.

Sobering, she got up and walked over.

When Jenny caught her, Stephanie had been carefully avoiding the crowd. She had nearly no presence at all, so she was in disbelief when she was caught.

She had been so careful. How was it that she was still discovered?

Jenny had no clue what was running around in Stephanie's head. She patted the other woman's shoulder and said unpleasantly, "Steph Walker, please explain."

She was done for. Jenny was furious. Only when Jenny was mad would she call Stephanie "Steph Walker." Stephanie was stiff as she turned around. Faced with Jenny's thunderous expression, she said with an awkward chuckle, "I rushed here after finishing up at the office."

"Oh? Is that so?" Jenny's eyebrows shot up. Her voice was light, highlighting her doubt in the truthfulness of Stephanie's words.

"That's right." Stephanie nodded seriously.

Jenny rolled her eyes and pulled Stephanie into a less crowded corner. "What in the world are you up to? Tell me honestly."

She had already cottoned onto Stephanie's unusual behavior, but she never took it to heart, assuming she was just overthinking. Now, however, she was sure that Stephanie was hiding something from her.

Stephanie clamped her lips shut, quieting down in a rare show of restraint.

It was true that Stephanie had been through a lot lately and was greatly bothered by it. But she couldn't tell all this to Jenny. She knew what Jenny was like, how she wouldn't stand for those around her to be hurt. If she found out about what had happened, Jenny would surely go after the perpetrator.

The thing was...

That person was not just anyone. No one in Parrington could afford to offend that guy. Stephanie had even heard that he was Alec Faust's friend. In such a situation, she could hardly let Jenny find out.

"Tell me!"

Jenny's face was solemn. She was worried to bits at how Stephanie was keeping mum. Something had definitely happened.

Stephanie jumped at Jenny's cry. Miffed, she said, "It's nothing. My dad's company has been really busy recently, so I've been swamped."

"Stephanie, do you think I'm stupid?" Jenny said coldly. It was obvious that she was truly angered.

Stephanie felt helpless. She let out a sigh and said, "I met a man recently."

"A man?" Jenny's voice was shrill, her tone full of disbelief.

Stephanie hadn't been with any kind of man ever since breaking up with her ex-boyfriend three years ago.

"Shh!" Stephanie motioned for Jenny to lower her volume. Then, she said, "Don't act so shocked. So what if I got involved with someone? Haven't you gotten married and even divorced?"

"And who was the one who said she wanted to save herself for that scumbag?" Jenny was annoyed. She wouldn't be so shocked if the fact of the matter weren't as such.

Stephanie was a little embarrassed. She barked out a laugh. "Didn't think you'd fall for such a joke."

Jenny looked at her without speaking.

"Alright, alright. The main thing is that I never expected to meet him." When it came to Paul Wagner, Stephanie's emotions were all in a twist.

Knowing that Stephanie was acting this way because of a man, Jenny wasn't as worried. She simply asked, "What's his name? Where does he live? How old is he?"

"Are you running an interrogation?" Stephanie was dumbfounded.

"I'm trying to take care of you." After all, Stephanie was Jenny's best friend. If some guy tricked her, wouldn't that be embarrassing?

Stephanie shook her head and said, "Don't ask so much. When the time is ripe, I'll introduce him to you." "When the time is ripe?" Jenny was confused by Stephanie's turn of phrase.

Chapter 118 Sudden Development

Stephanie fidgeted anxiously. After a beat, she said, "It's just that the situation between us is a little complicated. The point is, I can't explain it right now. Don't bother with it."

"Are you sure he's not a scammer?" Jenny asked suspiciously.

"I'm sure of it." Stephanie nodded. Of that point, she was certain.

Since Stephanie was so sure, Jenny felt bad about asking further. After all, these were Stephanie's private matters. She had to give her friend some time. "Alright. Just take care of yourself."

"Of course." Stephanie nodded, but her heart ached.

When it came to matters of the heart, she had no resistance at all. She'd already given it all up. The thing was, she still had no clue what she meant to him.

"Mr. Spade!"

Suddenly, someone cried out further ahead. Jenny's focus was instantly drawn there, where she found an old man with snowy hair crumpled on the ground.

"What happened?" Alec asked, rushing over.

"Mr. Spade collapsed!" a man in a suit said. His expression was panicked. He was a bodyguard tasked to protect Mr. Spade. If something bad happened, he was surely done for.

Just then, Old Mr. Faust came over as well. When he saw the man fainted on the ground, he was anxious as well. "Mr. Spade? Why didn't he let me know he came?"

The man was a big player in Bardoff. That the man had come to celebrate his birthday was an honor for Zachary. How could he not have known that he was here?

"Mr. Spade mainly came over for a holiday. When he found out that you were throwing a birthday party, he came over to have a look. He told me not to inform you," the suited man answered.

"Call for an ambulance immediately." Zachary's expression was grim. Now was not the time to assign blame. If something happened to Mr. Spade at his banquet, the entire Faust family would be in trouble.

Alec put away his cell phone. He said, "I've made the call."

"Get him to a lounge first." Zachary was beginning to worry now that a crowd was gathering.

Just as the suited man was about to carry out the order, Jenny strode over. "Don't touch him!"

"Who are you? Let go of Mr. Spade!" the suited man roared at Jenny when he saw her reach for the collapsed man.

Jenny ignored him, starting to examine the old man. As she did, she said, "Get the guests to disperse. We need to maintain some space and let him breathe."

"Sure." Alec didn't ask any questions, immediately getting his men to break up the crowd.

Soon, Jenny's immediate surroundings were cleared. After her examination, she said, "His brain's bleeding, and it's bad. He needs to be in surgery now."

“But...” The suited man was torn.

“Come here and help me lift him,” Jenny ordered, glancing at the man in the suit.

The man was slightly stunned but did as asked. Only after he had done so did he realize that he didn't need to answer to her. Also, who was this woman anyway?

“I'm Dr. Walter, the deputy director of Parrington Hospital's neurosurgery department. If you don't want anything to happen to this old man, you have to listen to me.” Jenny was calm as she checked the dilation of the patient's eyes, speaking blandly all the while.

The suited man wanted to retort, but Alec stopped him. “Listen to her.”

“Okay.”

He didn't know this woman, but he knew Alec Faust. After all, Mr. Spade brought this young man up often. It was because Mr. Spade foresaw good things in Alec's future that he was here to attend the party.

“The situation is dire. Rush the ambulance.” Jenny was imposing as she shouted at Alec. “Does this place have no basic first aid equipment?”

“They do. I got someone to get it.” For security reasons, of course, everything had been prepared.

“Oxygen. And a blood pressure meter,” Jenny ordered.

In the blink of an eye, Alec put the two items in Jenny's hands.

Chapter 119 Only I Can Save Him

The old man was obviously better once he had the oxygen mask on. Jenny heaved a sigh of relief. They could probably hang in there until the ambulance arrived.

She was focusing entirely on the old man. She didn't notice that the gazes everyone had of her had shifted.

Ten minutes later, the ambulance arrived. Jenny was going into the ambulance with the paramedics when Alec asked, “Are you going, too?”

“I'm the only one who can perform this surgery in Parrington Hospital,” she said calmly. There was no drama in her tone. She said nothing else and sat in the ambulance, disappearing from their sight.

Once they were gone, people whispered, “Just who is she? She's Alec's ex-wife, Mr. Birkett's mentee, and the most famous neurosurgeon in Parrington Hospital. This is just too extraordinary.”

It was no easy feat being just one of these, yet she was all of them. What was more, she mastered everything. It was not something that could be done by just anybody.

“That's right. I used to look down on her, but now...” the person speaking trailed off. They had no right to underestimate her now.

“No wonder she could marry Mr. Faust. She's different,” someone concluded.

If people were focusing on Jenny, they would naturally be focusing on the old man. They whispered, "Who is Mr. Spade? He could make Mr. Faust so anxious."

"There are no Spades in Parrington." Someone was deep in thought. "Perhaps he's from another city."

"Idiot. Don't you know of the Spades of Bardoff City? There were people who knew of the Spades. But this was all based on hearsay.

At once, their faces turned pale. The Spades of Bardoff City?

As the people talked and gossiped, Yvonne gnashed her teeth. If not for Jenny, she would have been the belle of the ball.

But who would think of her now?

"I'll make you pay for this, Jenny," she thought.

In the ambulance, Jenny checked on the old man's vitals while explaining to the man in the suit that they needed surgery in the hospital. However, the man in the suit knew nothing about all these. When he heard that Mr. Spade would require surgery, and a craniotomy at that, his face turned pale.

"About that... Dr. Walker? I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just a bodyguard." He had no say in whether Mr. Spade could undergo surgery.

Jenny didn't look happy to hear this, but she wasn't angry. "Call his relatives at once. I will explain it to them."

"Alright." He nodded and took his phone out, calling his employer. Only he could make the final say.

The call was quickly answered. The bodyguard explained the situation briefly to the person on the other end of the line and then handed it to Jenny.

She took the phone and got straight to the point, describing the condition clearly. She explained everything that could happen, as well as the post-surgery effects. Then, she said, "Mr. Spade must

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undergo surgery, or else he will not survive for much longer."

"Okay."

Jenny didn't expect the person to consent so readily. She was satisfied. "If you can't come, you'll need to grant your bodyguard the right to sign his name during the procedures. But, of course, it'd be best if you could come over."

"Okay."

Once more, it was promptly consented. Jenny was a little speechless. She said nothing else and handed the phone back to the bodyguard, letting them talk. She had done her part.

Chapter 120 That's Enough

Alec was now the biggest shareholder of Parrington Hospital, and he had already notified the hospital. So, when Jenny rushed to the hospital, nurses were already waiting at the entrance. Even the chairman was there, proving that the old man was not someone to be taken lightly.

However, Jenny was in no mood to think of this. She got out of the ambulance and asked, "Is the operating room prepared?"

"Yes, it is," someone answered.

She nodded in satisfaction and said to the paramedics on the ambulance, "Send him straight into the emergency ward. Prepare for surgery."

Done speaking, she walked toward the operating room. When she walked past the chairman, he grabbed her hand and said, "How is it? Is it going to work?"

Although he knew of Jenny's capabilities, the old man was just too important for him not to worry.

"Relax. I'll do my best." She didn't linger and went straight to the operating room, preparing for the surgery.

At the same time, a young man held a glass of red wine in a private jet at Bardoff Airport. He typed leisurely on his laptop with his right hand. A detailed sheet of someone's particulars quickly came into view.

"Master, the plane will be ready to fly in five minutes." His butler walked over, speaking softly.

The young man nodded and shut off his laptop. "Okay."

"Master, I honestly can't understand why you would consent to Mr. Spade's surgery being performed by that doctor at Parrington Hospital. Especially craniotomy," the butler blurted out. He was worried.

The young man leaned against the leather seat and locked out the window. He said calmly, "What are we supposed to do? Watch him die?"

"We could contact the best doctors in Bardoff..."

"Didn't you hear the doctor telling us about the urgency?" The young man looked at his butler with an icy glare in his dark irises.

The butler felt a chill on his back, but he forced out, "Who knows if she said that on purpose."

"That's enough!" The young man's voice was harsh. He narrowed his eyes. "I trust her."

The butler was astonished. This was the first time that the master trusted someone else.

In Parrington Hospital, several people waited in front of the operating room. Besides Alec, some people had come simply because it was Mr. Spade in the room.

When Jenny walked out of the room, she was stunned by the flock of people before her. What were they doing here?

"Are you alright?" Alec asked. His eyes were full of worry.

Jenny nodded. "We managed to save him. He is no longer in danger, so you can rest easy."

"I'm asking about you," he said, his gaze resting on her

She was stunned, but she got back to her senses quickly. "I'm fine."

"Great." Alec retracted his gaze, nodding.

A group of people surrounded Jenny, fervently asking about Mr. Spade's condition. She felt a little overwhelmed.

"Master!"

The bodyguard noticed his master's arrival and hurriedly rushed over. "You're quick. The surgery is just completed. Mr. Spade is not in danger."

The young man nodded, devoid of emotion.

He went toward Jenny and smiled. "Dr. Walter? Thank you for your help."

"No need to be polite. Saving patients is my job." Jenny looked at this young man, whose looks could be compared to Alec's. She seemed to be seeing plenty of handsome men lately.