

Be Yours 121

Chapter 21 Do You Have Opinions About This?

"That's true, but I'm still thankful that you have saved his life." He added, "I'm Christopher Spade. The man

in there is my

father."

*Jenny." She had a good impression of him. On top of that, the surgery was successful. She was in a relaxed state.

"Miss Jenny, would you mind telling me about my father's condition in detail?" Christopher asked a little embarrassedly.

Jenny nodded and beckoned for him to follow her. "Yes. Follow me to the office."

As a doctor, it was her duty to explain a patient's situation to their family. They walked toward the office, ignoring Alec completely.

It was only after a few steps that Jenny felt something amiss.

Where was Alec?

She turned back, but he was nowhere in sight. When had he gone? Why hadn't she realized?

"Miss Jenny?" Christopher was puzzled when she stopped. He didn't know what she was looking for.

She came back to her senses and shook her head. "It's nothing. Let's go."

Outside the hospital, Alec opened the door and sat down. "Go to the Old Mansion."

"Mr. Faust, is Mr. Spade okay? Was the surgery successful?" Vincent started up the car.

Alec murmured in response. He was not in a good mood.

As his assistant, Vincent noticed at once. He remembered that the person in charge of the surgery was Jenny. He suspected that Alec's bad mood was due to being unable to be rid of her.

Hesitation flashed in his eyes, but he finally spoke. "Mr. Faust, have you... really fallen in love with Dr.

Walter?"

He wasn't deliberately rubbing it in. He merely felt that this sequence of events was simply too comedic to be true.

Alec made no reply to the question, merely looking up at Vincent. "Do you have an opinion about this?"

"No, I don't." Vincent shook his head hurriedly. His heart thumped in fear. "It's just that you had been married to her for two years and had never shown any interest in her. Now that you haven't been divorced for long..."

He trailed off. He dared not finish his words. He could feel the icy aura emanating from Mr. Faust.

"I'd never seen her, so it's normal for me to not know her. But what about you, my assistant? You didn't know her, either!" he said coldly. If Vincent could recognize Jenny from the start, he and Jenny would not have had so many miscommunications.

Vincent was a little exasperated. He had suggested going to see what Jenny might need in Faust Mansion, but Alec had denied the trip, saying there was no need. That was why Vincent did not have the chance to meet Jenny. But, of course, he could only swallow his words. How could he say them out loud?

"I was bad at my management," he said exasperatedly. He knew Mr. Faust was angry, so he didn't take it to heart.

Alec wasn't really blaming it on Vincent, either. He hadn't allowed him to ask about Jenny. Alec had never

treated her seriously as his wife. Who would have thought that a day like this would come?

Alec brooded in silence, and Vincent couldn't hold it in any longer. "Mr. Faust, if you really like Dr. Walter, you have to understand how she feels about you."

"What do you mean?" Alec frowned.

"If any woman were ignored by you for two years, only to have you admit your feelings for her now, she wouldn't be able to accept it. So I think that Dr. Walter's bad attitude toward you is understandable." He tried comforting Alec.

Alec's eyebrows were tightly knitted. Vincent continued. "You're not just a stranger to her. You're a stranger who wasted two years of her youth."

Chapter 122 I'm Being Brazen

Vincent was dishing out the truth. Alec thought it made sense. His anger at having been ignored by Jenny gradually dissipated.

He smirked. "Is that so? Well, what should I do, according to you?"

"Nothing much. Time will tell," Vincent said.

"Speak in a language that I understand!"

"All I'm saying is that as long as you don't give up, you'll be bound to move her one day," Vincent said, smiling dryly.

Was that so? Alec felt that Jenny's heart was made of stone. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't move her.

What was more, there were so many men around her. There was Gilbert, Max, and now Christopher. Although Christopher hadn't done much yet; Alec felt that he was interested in Jenny.

Could this be a man's instinct?

In Parrington Hospital, when Christopher learned of his father's condition and understood just how dire the situation was, he instantly felt even more indebted to Jenny.

"Truly, thank you. If not for your quick saving, my father would probably be in Heaven by now," he said sincerely.

Jenny waved her hands, not taking it to heart. "You've already thanked me before. You really don't have to be so polite."

"I just don't know how else to thank you," he said.

"You don't have to do anything. Go visit your father," Jenny said.

Christopher nodded and got up. When he got to the door, he suddenly stopped. "Are you free tonight? Let's have dinner. It'll be a gesture of my gratitude."

Jenny frowned and refused, "It's alright. I've already said before that this is just my job."

"I'm sorry. I'm being too brazen." Christopher sensed her displeasure and didn't dwell after his apology. He left the office.

After he left, Jenny's face grew serious. She remembered the list that her grandfather had given her before his death. It listed the names of families that could be trusted and those who couldn't.

"Jenny, if you meet the families you can trust, build rapport with them. Perhaps they'll help you one day:"

After his passing, she was too sad to take the list to heart. Now, she realized what a huge mistake it was. She was simply a commoner. Why would she need these huge names to help her? What did her - grandfather mean?

She rubbed her temples. She couldn't figure it out at all.

She decided to just not think about it. Perhaps it would come naturally to her one day.

The Spades were one of the families listed as trustworthy. This was why Jenny was so kind to Christopher. However, when he invited her for dinner, she felt that he could be just like the rest. Perhaps he was even like Steven Dickman. She suddenly felt less accommodating to him.

Before she could think about needing their help, Jenny had to first consider whether she was worthy of help. She had to have a certain level of ability before she could ask them to help her.

At the thought of this, she grew anxious. It seemed that she had to talk with Gilbert about joining forces with Max Pearson to take down the Dickmans.

Gilbert's company had to keep expanding. She had to do something. She had eyed the Dickmans' clothing brand for a long time.

It was time to tighten the noose.

Right now, Christopher had no idea about Jenny's calculations. After leaving the office, he realized how brazenly he had acted. He shouldn't have asked her out so freely. It showed that he was a frivolous man.

As he agonized over it, he reached the ICU. He looked at the old man still in a coma and sighed. "I told you

before to take care of yourself, but you wouldn't listen. Are you happy now? Maybe you're lucky because there was someone in Parrington who could save your life."

His words were not pleasant, but there was no mistaking the concern in his eyes.

"Guard the door. Do not let anyone near," he ordered the bodyguard.

The old man was in a coma. The Spades had not quietened down. He still had a lot of work to do.

Chapter 123 I Have No Evil Intentions

A few days later, Mr. Spade was transferred from the ICU to a standard unit. This made people relieved.

"Good morning." Christopher walked into Jenny's office with breakfast in his hands.

They had grown closer in the past few days. They weren't exactly great friends just yet, but they were, at the very least, friends. This was going well for him.

"Good morning." Jenny looked up at him and saw the food. She said, "You really don't have to do this. Saving people is what I'm supposed to do."

"Oh, this is not just because you saved my father," Christopher said, putting the breakfast before Jenny. Their gazes met.

Instantly, Jenny felt as if something had struck her chest. Her knees nearly gave way.

What did that mean?

Was Christopher looking at her romantically, or was she mistaken?

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Romantic?

It couldn't be, surely. They weren't very close.

She smiled wanly and said, "You'll cause misunderstandings like this."

"What misunderstanding?" Christopher teased. Then, he said earnestly, "I thought I was making myself very clear."

Jenny was stunned. She frowned. So, she wasn't mistaken after all. She stared at him for a long while before saying, "So, you mean to tell me that after only a few days, you've fallen in love with me?"

"Maybe not in love. But I do like you." He didn't deny it.

Jenny burst into laughter. Since she and Alec divorced, her romantic life was so dramatic that it was comedic. Unfortunately, she was not one of those girls who would swoon at the first sight of love. Her first reaction toward Christopher's confession wasn't joy, but wariness.

The Spades of Bardoff City. Many people craved to have their status and wealth. Christopher was someone like that, and yet, here he was, saying that he liked her. Wasn't this scary?

As if reading her mind, Christopher explained, "I can't believe it, either. Before coming to Parrington, I looked you up. The moment I saw you, I wondered why I had never seen you before. I felt like getting to know you."

That was why he trusted her unconditionally, and placed his father's life in her hands. This was all because of the feeling he had when looking at her picture for the first time.

Hearing this, Jenny grew quiet. What did this mean?

After a long while, she took a deep breath and said, "No matter what you feel for me, I regret to tell you that I'm going to disappoint you. I'm currently not--"

"I know," Christopher interjected. He smiled lightly. "I'm going to get in the line. You must feel like dating at some point."

Jenny exasperatedly said, "Since you've looked me up, you know I'm a divorcee."

"Yeah." Christopher nodded.

"Can you accept that?" Jenny was doubtful.

"Who can control what their love life looks like?" Christopher said.

If Jenny was doubtful before, now she was absolutely in disbelief.

How could someone from the Spades say that he liked a divorced woman? Who would believe that?

She looked at him dubiously. She couldn't figure out why he was doing this. She wasn't exactly the type he could manipulate.

"I have no evil intentions." Christopher knew that she was in disbelief. Her guard was very high up.

Jenny shrugged, looking nonchalant. "It doesn't matter I don't care if you do have evil intentions. After all, you don't know who will win in the end."

If Christopher wanted something from her, she would want to know what he wanted from her. She could scheme, too.

Chapter 124 Investigate Someone

"Well, why don't we have dinner together?" Christopher invited once more. She had refused him the last time, but she probably wouldn't now.

As expected, Jenny nodded, smiling. "Of course."

She would figure out what his plan was.

They decided on a time and place, and Christopher left the office to look after his father.

Once he was out of sight, Jenny wiped the smile off her face. She took out her phone and called Zack. "Help me investigate someone. It's Christopher Spade from Bardoff City."

Christopher walked into the VIP ward. He wasn't smiling any longer.

"You're here." Mr. Spade lay against the headrest with a few documents in his hands. He looked up at his son. Seeing his grim expression, he asked, "What? Has something happened at the Spades?"

"No." Christopher shook his head and walked up to his father. "I invited Jenny out for dinner," he said.

Mr. Spade was hesitant. "Did she agree to it?"

Christopher hummed in response. He seemed calm and collected, which surprised Mr. Spade. "You don't seem very happy."

"She's smarter than I thought. She saw through my pretense of liking her at once." Christopher was mildly annoyed. That was the first time he had met such a smart woman.

Mr. Spade was calm. He said, "Isn't that a good thing? You will not survive if you're not smart in this society."

Although he had a good impression of Jenny, this was only because she had saved his father. Christopher had no other intentions. But once Mr. Spade woke up, he insisted on them forming a good bond and even told Christopher to pursue her. He couldn't understand it at all.

"She just reminds me of someone I used to know." Mr Spade reminisced.

Christopher was speechless. "Is that all?"

"I think she's great. She's an expert in the medical field, and she's Mr. Birkett's mentee. She's a genius. You have nothing to lose, do you?" Mr. Spade looked at him.

Christopher had no idea what was going on in his father's head. "Don't bet on it. She's not interested in me. She agreed to eat with me so that she could figure out what I was doing."

"That's good. That's further proof that someone like her is hard to come by." Mr. Spade was convinced of Jenny's suitability once more. Not everyone could dream of being a woman in the Spade household.

Christopher said nothing. Mr. Spade continued, "I'm not saying you must pursue her. You just need to earn her trust. Don't ruin it."

"Alright." Christopher nodded.

When Jenny came to do her rounds, the two of them had already ended the conversation. Mr. Spade looked at her warmly. "Dr. Walter, your medical skills are too great. It's such a pity that you're here in Parrington. Have you ever considered going to Bardoff City?"

"Thank you for the kind thought, Mr. Spade, but I think Parrington is pretty good. I don't want to leave it anytime soon," she replied.

Mr. Spade put on a face of pity, but he did not force it on her. "That's alright. If you ever want to go to Bardoff City, give Christopher a call. He'll arrange something for you. I guarantee you that it'll be better than this."

Jenny glanced at Christopher, who nodded. She smiled. "Alright. I'll call him if there is a need for it."

"Good." Mr. Spade said nothing more and closed his eyes, as if reminiscing his memories.

He thought of his past lover whenever he saw Jenny. However, she was dead, and he had investigated Jenny before. She was just someone who grew up in a small village in Parrington. She was not connected to his past lover in any way or form.

Perhaps it was all in his head.

Chapter 125 An Agreement Made by the Older Generation

Soon, it was six in the evening. It was time to get off work.

Jenny packed up all her things and prepared to leave the hospital, but she didn't expect Alec to call.

"Is there something you need?" she asked as she packed up her things.

"How is Mr. Spade?" he asked. His tone was calm and neutral, as if he were a boss simply checking in on his employee.

Jenny said truthfully, "All is well. He should be discharged in a few days."

No matter what, Alec was now one of the biggest shareholders of Parrington Hospital. Technically, he was her boss. If he asked her questions, she had to answer him.

Alec hummed in response and lapsed into silence, which bewildered Jenny. She noticed that it was almost time for her dinner with Christopher. She asked, "Is there anything else, Mr. Faust?"

"Are you free tonight? I'd like to take you out to dinner," he said. Then, he added quickly, "My grandfather wants to see you."

He had no choice. He knew that if he invited her out to dinner alone, Jenny would refuse. He had to bring his grandfather into this as a shield.

Jenny frowned and said, "I can't make it tonight. I'll eat with him at the Old Mansion some other time."

"Are you busy tonight?" Alec asked, a little disappointed. Vincent told him that he had to take the lead, quell some of the dissatisfaction that Jenny felt for him. That was why he mustered up the courage to call her, but now....

"Yeah. I'm busy." For some reason, she felt a little guilty. A dinner date was considered business, wasn't it? She comforted herself.

"Alright." Alec hung up. He was definitely disappointed, but it was fine. He had time.

Right as she finished her conversation with Alec, Christopher appeared at her office door. "Are you done?"

“Yeah. Let’s go.” She took her bag and left the hospital with Christopher.

They didn’t conceal the fact that they were walking together. It stirred jealousy amongst the hospital employees.

“Dr. Walter is so lucky. I’ve heard that Christopher is from the Spades of Bardoff City. They’re amazing.”

“How amazing? Is he better than Mr. Faust?” The person who had spoken was a fan of Alec’s. No one could be better than him in her eyes.

The initial speaker glared at her and said, “Although the Fausts are the largest family in Parrington, the Spades are nearly at the same level in Bardoff City.”

“Hmph! I don’t believe it.”

Their discussion went on furiously. Jenny, who had already left the hospital, knew nothing of it. She didn’t ask where Christopher was taking her to. After all, he couldn’t possibly kidnap her in broad daylight.

“Why did you marry Alec Faust? As far as I know, you two had no contact with each other before the marriage.” The air in the car was 100 stuffy for Christopher to sit back and stew in it. He just had to talk.

Jenny retracted her gaze from the window and looked at him. “It was an arrangement made by the older generation.”

Jenny actually didn’t know why her grandfather would make such a decision. He said someone would protect her this way, but Jenny had not encountered any danger in these past twenty years. Why would she need to be protected?

She was the one who approached the Fausts back then. When Old Mr. Faust knew of her grandfather’s arrangement, he hadn’t refused. He had willingly let Alec marry her.

She knew that this was not normal. But following her grandfather’s death and Old Mr. Faust’s unwillingness to speak, she never figured out why.

“An arrangement made by the older generation?” Christopher was surprised. “I didn’t think that you would be the type to settle for an arranged marriage.”

In his eyes, Jenny was a smart and independent woman. Women like her should be opinionated and have their own ideas about their marriage. Why would she...

Jenny looked at him and smiled. “You talk as if we’re close.”

In reality, they knew nothing about each other beyond their names.

Chapter 126 Is That It?

“We’re not close now, but we could be in the future.” Christopher didn’t take her words to heart and merely drove.

Jenny said nothing more. She didn’t care about Christopher’s words at all. She didn’t think that they would ever be that close.

The car soon stopped at the entrance of the restaurant. They went in.

Outside the restaurant, Vincent got off his car. When he saw the two people walking into the restaurant, he was surprised. Hadn't Mr. Faust said that he would invite Jenny to dinner? Why was Jenny out here with another man? After a moment's hesitation, he decided to call Alec.

In a private booth, Christopher poured a glass of wine for Jenny and smiled at her. "Would you like some wine?"

She shook her head. "I don't drink."

Although Jenny knew she had a good alcohol tolerance, after what happened before, she understood that it didn't mean she was invincible. Hence, she still had to be on her guard.

Christopher did not force her to drink and gave her a different glass. She took it and placed it on the table, not meaning to drink it.

"Jenny, you're totally thinking of me as the villain." Christopher didn't know if he should laugh or cry. Did he look that creepy?

Jenny merely smiled. "Don't think too much about it, Mr. Spade. It's just a habit of mine. I hope you'll understand."

"Of course." He nodded. What else could he do, anyway?

Jenny hadn't agreed to eat with him simply to do just that. She asked, "So, what do you want from me?"

He was a little stunned. He smiled. "Can't we just be friends?"

"Of course, we can." She nodded, but her gaze grew sharp. "However, I don't think that you're someone who needs more friends."

"Jenny--"

"If you want to be friends, Mr. Spade, why don't you be honest? Don't treat me like a fool," Jenny cut him off and looked at him coldly.

Growing up, the pampered Christopher had never been treated like this before. He suddenly felt a little guilty. After a while, he coughed to disperse the awkward tension and said slowly, "Well, my father wants me to be in your good books. He has a good impression of you."

"Is that it?" She raised an eyebrow, a little doubtful.

"That's it." Christopher nodded, adding, "Perhaps it's because you saved his life. He likes you very much and hopes that I can pursue you. So... Well, you know."

That was a little unexpected. Jenny always thought that the Spades had something up their sleeve, which was why her guard was up. But now it seemed that she was simply overthinking things.

Her grandfather's words before his passing impacted her greatly. She always worried that someone would be out to get her.

She heaved a deep sigh and smiled. "I see. You should have said this earlier to spare us the

misunderstanding.”

“Not necessarily. I think my father’s hilarious.” If word got out, people would think that Mr. Spade was in a hurry to get his son married.

Jenny smiled and held up her glass. “I’ll toast you as an apology for being so uptight before.”

She believed Christopher. Her grandfather said the Spades could be trusted, and besides, Christopher was indeed a decent human being these past few days.

“It’s alright. I understand.” Christopher held up his glass. He was in a good mood. It looked like he had earned Jenny’s trust.

Oh well. One had to be honest if one were to befriend a smart person.

Chapter 127 Say That Again

Jenny retouched her makeup in the restroom. She heard footsteps by the door and chose to ignore them... It was probably just another woman coming in to use the restroom.

But when the person neared her, a tall and broad figure appeared in her line of sight. Her hand froze in the

air.

It was Alec!

“You...” She looked at him, at a loss for words.

Alec didn’t give her a chance to speak. His face was grim as he neared her. “So, you’re busy because you’re eating with Christopher?” His voice was cold.

Jenny shivered, but she came back to her senses quickly. “I’ll eat with whomever I want, Alec Faust. It’s none of your business.” She thought he was out of his mind. This was the women’s restroom. Wasn’t he afraid of being found out?

“None of my business?” Alec’s face darkened, and he gritted his teeth. “I dare you to say that again.”

He looked intimidating. Someone else would have been scared, but Jenny wasn’t afraid of him. She looked him in the eye. “I said, it’s none of your business! Haven’t I told you... Urgh!”

Before she could finish, her lips were silenced again. Alec was kissing her as fervently as he had before, as if he wanted to consume her.

“Have you seen that new television series?”

“What series?”

Voices sounded outside the door. Jenny was stunned and was about to push Alec away when he swiftly pulled her into a nearby storeroom. The moment the door shut, the people walked in.

Jenny was infuriated. She bit hard, and the taste of blood quickly spread through Alec’s mouth. He ended the kiss painfully and said in a low voice, “Do you like dogs, perhaps?”

“I’m going to kill you, Alec Faust!” Jenny shook in anger. She had treated his last kiss like a dog bite, and now he was at it again. Did he think she was an easy target?

She raised her arm and was about to slap him in the face, but he grabbed her hand. “I don’t mind if you want to be found out.”

She quieted herself and glared daggers at him.

Soon, the people went out. Jenny began to fight again, but after a while, it turned out that she was nothing compared to Alec. She was even ensconced in his embrace.

“Alec Faust, let me go!” she growled. She regretted not taking her self-defense classes seriously. Otherwise, she would have been able to beat Alec today.

He did not let her go. Instead, he drew closer. “Stay away from Christopher. Not just him, though. Stay away from every single guy on the planet who isn’t me

God knew how angry he was when Vincent called him and told him that she was eating with Christopher. Screw taking his time and letting it take control. Alec thought it was all bullshit. He had to be relentless toward Jenny, or she would slip out of his grasp.

“You should see a doctor if you’re sick, Faust. Don’t act it out around me!” Jenny had a sour expression. She looked at Alec with hatred, like a hungry wolf about to bite.

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Instead of getting mad, Alec smiled. “Aren’t you a neurosurgeon? You can treat me.”

“Alec Faust!” She was furious, but she also knew that she was helpless. She couldn’t beat him, neither physically nor in the battle of shamelessness.

She spat out, “What are you doing?”

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m pursuing you,” he said. His gaze was sincere.

Jenny was not moved. She smiled coldly. “Is this how you pursue people?”

“Who told you to reject me and go out with him instead?” Alec lamented. Jenny was so angry that she laughed. So this was her fault, now?

Chapter 128 I Can’t Help It

“Can you think straight, Alec Faust?!” Jenny pushed him hard. She could still taste Alec on her lips, and her heart was in a frenzy.

He looked down at her, quiet.

Some time passed. His low voice sounded in Jenny’s ears. He said, “I really wish I could. I know that I shouldn’t be harassing you. I shouldn’t be the type of person who does this. But...” he looked at Jenny, and his voice cracked, “I can’t help it. The minute I see you with some other guy, I get so mad. I wish I could just pull you close to me.”

Alec knew that the way he was acting wasn’t normal. But what could he do? He couldn’t help it.

He'd delivered a whole speech. Jenny stood rooted to her spot in a daze. The person before her was different from the Alec she knew. She was irritated and pushed him away. "I don't want to hear this. I've told you before that I'm not interested in you. So don't waste your time on me."

She walked past him and left the restroom, moving toward the private booth.

Alec watched her leave, his eyes darkening. He turned and walked out of the restroom.

Christopher had noticed Jenny's prolonged absence. Just as he was about to get up and look for her, she walked in.

"What's wrong? You don't look happy." Christopher frowned, sensing her displeasure.

She snapped back into reality and struggled to keep herself calm and collected. "It's nothing."

Christopher suspected something, but he didn't press the issue. They weren't in that kind of relationship where they had to tell each other everything, after all.

"Are you finished with your food? Is there anything else you'd like to eat?" Christopher asked. Jenny hadn't eaten much.

She shook her head. She never ate much to begin with, and now she had completely lost her appetite.

When Christopher was about to suggest leaving, someone opened the booth. He could never have expected the visitor.

"Mr. Faust?" Christopher was surprised.

Alec nodded, smiling as he said, "I heard you were here in Parrington, Mr. Spade. I meant to treat you to a meal, but I never had the chance to. I didn't think I'd meet you here."

He smiled and walked over casually to Jenny's side, sitting down like this was his house.

Jenny's eyebrows were furrowed: What was Alec doing?

Christopher didn't notice the animosity between the two. When he heard what Alec said, he replied, "You're so polite, Mr. Faust."

"This will be my treat. Think of it as a welcoming gift for you," Alec said.

Christopher wanted to refuse, but then Alec added, "Jenny and I happen to be close, too. You probably wouldn't mind, would you?"

"It might be inappropriate, Mr. Faust. I was treating her tonight," Christopher declined with his eyebrows knitted. Why hadn't he noticed Mr. Faust's thick skin before?

It was as if Alec hadn't heard him. He smiled, saying, "Although Jenny and I have divorced, I've always felt

that there was still something going on between us. A second marriage might be on the way."

Christopher felt like he understood why Alec showed up. It was because of Jenny. And judging by his words, he wanted to pursue her once more.

Why did he divorce her in the first place, then?

He didn't know the reasons for this, but one thing was for sure, Jenny did not seem to share the same sentiment.

"Is that so? I don't think it'll happen."

Christopher chuckled softly and said, "Someone as brilliant as Dr. Walter could have better options."

Better options?

Alec's face darkened.

Chapter 129 I'm Not Interested in Either of You

They mocked each other with their words. Jenny stared at the food before her, ignoring them completely. Just before they erupted into an actual fight, Jenny looked up at them. "I'm not interested in either of you."

They were speechless. She put down her utensils and said to Christopher, "You guys can continue. I'm done. I'm going home."

"Jenny..."

She had already left the booth. Christopher was a little frustrated. He shouldn't have argued with Alec. There was no point, and it made Jenny upset.

Alec, however, was in a good mood. He held up his glass and drank from it serenely. "Seems like you're not her type, either."

He was at ease now.

"That's better than being her ex-husband." Now that Jenny was gone, Christopher did not hold himself back.

Alec didn't care. He was even a little happy. "At least I'm her ex-husband. You have nothing going on with her at all. So do yourself a favor and stop bothering her."

"Who's being the bother, exactly? Don't pretend you're innocent, Mr. Faust." Christopher scoffed and got up from his seat, not wanting to waste his time on him anymore.

After Christopher left, Alec stayed in the booth. He sipped his drink, dwelling on his thoughts.

Back home, Jenny washed her face, especially her lips. She quite nearly rubbed it off. "Go to hell, Alec Faust!" she yelled as she scrubbed her lips. She felt extremely upset. Ten minutes later, she left the bathroom and sat on the couch with her phone in hand. She called Gilbert.

Someone had to be on the receiving end of her wrath.

It had been a while. It was time to take down the Dickmans. Otherwise, they would think she had forgotten their crimes.

Over the phone, she told Gilbert about how she was going to work together with Max Pearson. Gilbert agreed with her on the alliance.

If they took down the Dickmans, they and the Pearsons would both benefit greatly. This was crucial right now.

Gilbert merely warned, "Is Max dependable? What if he's working together with the Dickmans to lure us in?"

Gilbert wasn't being paranoid. Max didn't have a good reputation. He was the type to do something like that.

Jenny considered it for a while, then said, "Probably not. His desire to take down the Dickmans is greater."

"Alright, I'll take your word for it," Gilbert said.

Jenny was grateful. She knew that Gilbert didn't actually have to risk working with the Pearsons. Even with slow planning, they could take down the Dickmans sooner or later. It would simply take longer.

But right now, she didn't have the luxury of time.

She hung up. Jenny tried to keep herself busy. If she rested, Alec's face would appear in her head, and she

would gnash her teeth in hatred.

When Alec got home, he was in no rush to walk into his house. He lingered outside Jenny's door, wanting to knock but not having the courage to do so.

Once he calmed himself down, he realized that he had probably gone too far. Would this make Jenny hate him even more? He did not regret the kiss. It still lingered on his lips. However, he felt uneasy. If this made Jenny hate him more, it could throw their shaky relationship back to square one.

He pondered it for a long time outside her door. In the end, he texted her. With no reply, he had no choice but to turn back and head home.

Chapter 130 All Thanks to You

Jenny had seen Alec's text, but she didn't reply. She didn't know what to say. On top of that, she didn't want to pay him any attention, much less forgive him.

When she thought of Alec living opposite her house and running into him any time she opened her door, she screamed inwardly.

She got up suddenly from her bed and packed up all her clothes. She couldn't stay there anymore.

The next day, when she dragged her suitcase out of her house, she ran into Alec. She couldn't help groaning to herself about her bad luck. She didn't look at him, wanting to leave. But Alec's gaze darted to her suitcase, and his face shifted. "Are you going on a trip?"

She didn't answer. She was already at the elevator.

"Answer me." Alec's face had darkened. He barricaded her, not planning to let her go if she didn't tell him where she was going.

Jenny was speechless. She looked up and glared at him. "Can't I move out?"

"Why are you moving out? Don't you like this place?" he asked.

She merely glanced at him and said calmly, "Perry Residence is great, except for the fact that someone I hate is my neighbor."

She had spoken very directly. Alec's face could not be any sourer.

"Please let me pass, Mr. Faust," she said angrily. The elevator had arrived. Jenny pushed the man before her, who had become something like a statue.

He didn't let her pass. He stared at her for a long time before finally saying, "If you don't want to see me, I'll move out."

Jenny was dubious and a little disbelieving. "You'll move?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "I'll move into Faust Mansion. I made you live there for two years alone. Sorry about that."

Jenny didn't mind. When she heard that he would move, her spirits lifted considerably. "It's alright. The mansion was actually really nice."

Although Alec had never visited in those two years, Jenny had to admit that her years spent in that mansion were pretty good.

"Is that so?" Alec raised an eyebrow and said, "If you like it, you can live there any time."

Jenny laughed awkwardly. She would go crazy before she lived there again.

Alec didn't think she would live there, anyway. It was all talk. "I'll help you with that."

"There's no need..." Right as she declined, he took the suitcase. Jenny could only watch helplessly as he carried the suitcase to her house.

The door opened, and he carried it in. "Have you eaten breakfast?"*

She shook her head. She busied herself with moving out right after she woke up. How could she have the time for breakfast?

"I'll make it. What do you want to eat?" he said, walking toward the kitchen. Jenny was still too shocked to say anything. "Are you okay with toast?" he asked, popping his head out from the kitchen. He had tied

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Jenny's pink apron around his waist. It looked surreal.

Jenny hummed in response. This all felt like a dream. Was Alec Faust actually going to make her breakfast? Could he even make breakfast? He was Alec Faust. He never dirtied his hands in his life. How could he make breakfast? She couldn't believe it.

However, sounds came from the kitchen. When Jenny walked in, he was beating eggs expertly. He looked just like a homemaker.

"You... can cook?" She was just too curious to stay quiet.