

## **Be Yours 141**

### Chapter 141 Is He Dead?

Alec strode in. His anxious gaze rested on Jenny, and he was stunned for a long moment before coming back to his senses.

“Are you alright?” he asked, his voice thick with worry.

Jenny was shocked and asked, uncertain, “Are you here for me?”

Alec’s face darkened immediately. “What, you think I’m here for a vacation?”

Jenny smiled dryly. She wasn’t quite sure how to describe what she was feeling. She would never have guessed that the first person to come to help her when she was in danger would be Alec. It was such an irony.

“Are you alright? What happened?” He walked over to her side, asking about what had happened.

She shook her head. Truthfully speaking, she was still a little dazed. “Nothing.”

Alec furrowed his eyebrows. “Nothing at all?”

Jenny nodded. She knew Alec was equally bewildered. She was kidnapped, but nothing was done to her. Her kidnappers had only dumped her in this hotel for Alec to find. What was the point of this?

At this moment, Alec caught sight of the blood on the floor and looked at Jenny worriedly. “Are you hurt?”

“It’s not my blood.” Jenny shook her head, turning toward the bedroom.

Alec looked over as well. They exchanged a glance with each other and walked in together.

The curtains were drawn. It was dark. When they walked in, they saw nothing at first.

Alec walked over to the windows and pulled the curtains apart. When he turned back, he saw Jenny frozen in her spot, and panic flashed through her eyes.

“What’s wrong?” He walked over.

Jenny didn’t reply. It was then that Alec saw everything, too.

On the king-sized bed lay a familiar figure. The upper half of his body had been stripped, and he lay there unmoving like a rock.

No. Alec thought that he wasn’t like a rock. He was a dead rock. A dagger pierced his chest, and his blood stained the entire bed. There was no way he could have lived.

“Is he dead?” Jenny said after a long time. She was doing her best to stay calm.

Alec walked over to check his breathing. He shook his head. “He’s gone.”

Jenny, who felt like she had been preparing herself for this, stepped back.

The person lying on the bed was Steven, whom she hated. She wished for him to spend his life in prison, but when he lay dead before her, she found it hard to stomach.

It wasn't because she was a saint. It was because she thought something as vile and disgusting as he should be punished by law, not by anyone else.

Jenny lapsed into deep thought. However, Alec's sharp senses told him things weren't as simple as they seemed.

He turned toward Jenny and said, "You and Steven were in the same room, and now he's dead. This is a huge problem. Go. Don't let anyone see you."

Jenny snapped back to reality and understood what Alec meant. Anyone could figure out that this was a trap. Someone was trying to frame her.

With that thought in mind, Jenny was relieved. She feared being kept in the dark about her kidnapper's motives. Now that she knew, things were easy to handle.

"It's okay. I want to know who exactly would sacrifice a life to hurt me." Her gaze grew sharp. Steven was a bastard, but he still had a life.

"Don't be stubborn. If you stay here-"

"I'm not a child, Mr. Faust. I don't need your protection," she interjected, looking at him steadily.

Alec was stunned, as if he couldn't quite figure her out. Jenny was not like the other girls. They needed to be protected, and they wanted to be protected. But Jenny didn't need it. She could always handle things. on her own.

#### Chapter 142 Jenny Is Captured

Before their conversation ended, someone walked in through the door. But this time, it wasn't just one person, but a whole group of people.

The police officers came in. "We received a report saying that a murder has taken place on this grounds."

Jenny pointed at Steven, lying on the bed. "He was already dead when we came in."

The police officer ignored her. When he saw the corpse on the bed, he turned grim and immediately called for his partners. They seemed to have already pinned the two people as suspects.

Alec and Jenny were both taken to the police station. They awaited their interrogations.

At the same time, the news of Steven Dickman's death spread through Parrington like wildfire. He was, after all, the son of a major family. People would care.

Soon, photos of Jenny being taken to the police station were leaked. People began saying that Steven was trying to rape her, and when she was defending herself, she stabbed him to death.

The people began cursing and calling Steven a monster, but they also cursed Jenny for being a murderer. In the end, Steven was still a human being, and the police could investigate his crimes. There was no need to kill him.

Quickly, the internet was split. Some people thought that Steven was a bastard and that he deserved death. On the other hand, some believed that his crimes didn't warrant his death and advocated for Jenny to pay her dues.

Jenny knew nothing about all this. She was being interrogated at the time, and the atmosphere was bleak. She sensed that things were about to be complicated.

"You say that Steven was already dead when you got in, but results from the autopsy revealed that he was already dead for an hour before the police arrived. Does that mean you've been in the room for an hour?"

Jenny frowned and said honestly, "I was knocked unconscious and brought to the hotel. When I woke up, I realized he was dead. You can check the surveillance cameras. You should be able to see that I didn't walk in by myself."

Her words did not make the police officer believe her. He said, "The hotel's cameras are broken, so no one can vouch for you."

That was to be expected. Jenny was not surprised. If someone were to frame her, they would do everything to ensure it was perfect. Things like cameras would not exist..

"Even if that's the case, you can't think that I killed him?" Jenny asked. The police had other evidence.

He took out the bag of evidence: In it was the dagger used to kill Steven. "We retrieved your fingerprints. on this dagger, and you have a ton of blood on you. Right now, you're our biggest suspect."

Fingerprints.

Jenny smirked. Her kidnapper was truly immaculate. They had thought of everything.

"I didn't kill him. You can track my whereabouts through surveillance cameras around the city. You'll realize that a few men had surrounded me. I was knocked unconscious by them."

"We will investigate that."

"Also, I hope that you'll find out when the cameras in the hotel began malfunctioning. If it was damaged after the incident, there should be a way to retrieve the lost footage. There might be answers in it."

As she spoke, the police officer wrote things down in his notebook. Then, he realized that he was a police officer. How could he be led astray by her words?

He turned unpleasant and said coldly, "You're the biggest suspect. Know your place. We will conduct the investigation however we please. We don't need your advice."

"Don't take this the wrong way. I hope you'll get to the bottom of things as soon as possible. After all, it's everyone's duty to help the police," she said, chuckling.

The police officer thought she was crazy. The evidence all pointed toward her, but she could find it in her to laugh. Wasn't she afraid that nothing would turn up and she would be branded a murderer?

#### Chapter 143 She's Just That Special

He wasn't the only police officer who thought the same. Joe Chapman, who watched the interrogation from outside, smiled as he said, "She's pretty bold. It's no wonder that you admire her."

Alec looked at Jenny, who was in the interrogation room. A smile appeared on his lips unwittingly. "She's just that special."

She was Jenny Walter, his ex-wife. Subsequently, the woman he could not fathom the most.

"But you must prepare yourself. Even if she's yours, this is a tough situation to handle. The evidence all points to her. If you can't find anything that clears her name, she might actually have to go to court," Mr. Chapman reminded.

Although Alec's status was extraordinary, he was just another person to the law. If Jenny had really killed Steven, even Alec wouldn't be able to protect her. He nodded, understanding. "I believe her."

"Alright. Then you must find evidence that proves her innocence. The superiors are taking this very seriously. The Dickmans are applying a lot of pressure. There won't be much time for you."

"Alright." Alec prepared to leave. But soon after, he said to Mr. Chapman, "Take care of her for me."

"Don't worry. Nothing will happen to her as long as she's with me."

Alec left the police station while Jenny's interrogation was still ongoing.

Once Zack and Gilbert heard the news, they immediately hired a lawyer for Jenny, who came to see her. Once they knew that she was alright, they began searching for evidence.

Jenny, on the contrary, wasn't worried. She hadn't killed Steven. On top of that, she had full trust in Zack's and Gilbert's abilities. She believed that they could find the evidence needed to clear her name. But before they could, the police presented yet another damning piece of evidence to her.

"This is Steven Dickman's phone. There's a text from you telling him to meet you at the hotel. We have reason to believe that you plotted his murder."

Self-defense and the intention to kill were two entirely different things.

Jenny looked at Steven's phone and smirked inwardly. Her kidnapper had truly prepared everything. She didn't even know Steven's number, so how could she send him a text?

"I didn't text that. Someone must have used my phone to frame me when I was unconscious," she said calmly. She was neither panicked nor worried.

Outside the interrogation room, George and Yvonne Dickman's faces turned unpleasant when they heard her reply. They were obviously not in good moods.

“Liar!” George roared. “Who else could it be? She must have seduced my son, and when she failed, she killed him! You must get to the bottom of this, Mr. Chapman! Don’t think she can flaunt the law just because Alec has her back! The Dickmans are powerful, too!”

Mr. Chapman felt uneasy. He could not afford to offend a single one of these families. “Don’t worry, Mr. Dickman. Justice will be served. No one shall affect our investigations.” The implication was that neither Alec nor the Dickmans could sway him.

George got the hint and scoffed. “It best be that way. I won’t hold myself back if I learn that you’re picking sides!”

“Please don’t worry. We will seek justice for the victim.”

While they talked, Yvonne stared at Jenny. After a while, she said, “Mr. Chapman, may I talk to her?”

#### Chapter 144 You’d Better Enjoy Life While You Can

In the interrogation room, Yvonne looked at Jenny sitting on the opposite side. The corners of her lips lifted slightly but quickly returned to a frown.

“Miss Jenny, my brother was wrong for what he did before. That’s why I told him to apologize to you. You said you had forgiven him, so I thought you had. I didn’t think...”

She covered her face and wept.

Jenny said nothing, watching Yvonne’s performance with a cold look on her face.

“You could have handed it to the authorities even if he had done something wrong. Why did you kill him? He was so young. How could you do it?”

Yvonne’s words implied that Jenny was truly a murderer. She completely ignored the fact that the evidence wasn’t inconclusive and Jenny was still just a suspect.

Jenny leaned back against the chair. It was a long while before she spoke. “The police haven’t even labeled me as a murderer yet. Why do you think I killed Steven?”

“Who else could it be? Your fingerprints are on the weapon,” Yvonne said, her eyes red.

Jenny smiled. She leaned forward and looked at Yvonne with interest. “Someone is framing me on purpose. Aren’t you curious to know who it is? What if it’s an enemy of the Dickmans?”

Yvonne frowned. She couldn’t understand why Jenny could be so calm. The evidence clearly pointed to her. Where had her boldness come from?

“You’re quiet. Do I have enough reason to suspect that you, Miss Yvonne, have a reason to kill, too?” Jenny smiled, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

“Nonsense!” Yvonne roared, but panic seared through her heart. “Steven is my brother. How could I kill him? Don’t fuck things up just because you want to!”

“I’ve heard your dad is sexist and never took you seriously. He would rather entrust the company to Steven instead of you. Yet, you dare say that you don’t hate him. Now that Steven’s dead, your dad will

have no choice but to entrust the company to you. Isn't that right? You're the one who benefits from this."

If Yvonne's plot succeeded, she would be killing two birds with one stone—Steven and Jenny, that is. It was a good calculation.

Jenny's words were heard not just by Yvonne but also by George Dickman and Joe Chapman. They both wore grim expressions because what Jenny was saying made sense.

Yvonne was panicking. She suspected that Jenny knew everything. Why else would she say stuff like that? But she didn't lose her mind just yet. As long as Jenny didn't have definitive proof, it was all just speculation.

She scoffed and said, "Do you think you can run from your crimes just because of all this nonsense you're saying?"

"No one can escape the law. That includes the both of us, Yvonne." A smirk hung on Jenny's lips as if she were the prosecutor.

Yvonne was flustered. She didn't want to keep the conversation going with Jenny, fearing that she would say more damning things. She got up angrily and snorted coldly. "There's no use in denying your wrongs. I'll be waiting for your judgment."

"Well, then, you'd better enjoy life while you can. After all, you might even receive your punishment before

I receive mine." Jenny smiled. Her face made Yvonne gnash her teeth in hatred.

Yvonne left the interrogation room, and Jenny glared at her coldly. Once she was gone, Jenny suddenly looked up at the surveillance camera. The people on the other side were watching intently, and when she turned to look at them, they were startled.

"Does...does she know that we're watching?" Mr. Chapman murmured. He thought Jenny was remarkable.

#### Chapter 145 It Better Not Be You

The moment Yvonne stepped out of the interrogation room, she could feel her father's gaze, and her heart beat faster. Jenny's words must have raised his suspicions.

"You're not seriously considering her words, are you, dad? She's picking at our relationship on purpose," Yvonne said. No matter what her father believed, she had to say something.

George was silent. He fixed his weary eyes on Yvonne as if deep in thought.

Yvonne continued, "Dad, only the two of us are left. We must team up to expand the Dickmans!"

A moment later, George seemed to be convinced by her words. He said in a low voice, "The culprit had better not be you. If I learn that this was your doing...I would rather give it away than pass it on to you!" Then, he turned to leave. Yvonne heaved a sigh of relief.

She watched her father leave and smirked. Steven was already dead. Who could prove that she was the one who did it? Once she inherited the company, she would repay him for his “love and affection.”

Steven’s death generated a lot of buzz on the internet. They pressed the police to find the murderer as soon as possible, which stressed the police. Joe Chapman called Alec numerous times to obtain evidence that would clear Jenny’s name. Otherwise, the police would most likely have to transfer Jenny to an asylum.

Alec kept himself busy. He contacted Zack and Gilbert and told them everything he knew so that they could discover more evidence.

Unfortunately, Yvonne had planned everything out. After Jenny left the hospital and followed those men to a place with no cameras installed, nothing else could be found. They couldn’t even find out how she had gotten to the hotel.

Of course, their hopes were all placed on Zack.

The cameras in the hotel were destroyed after the incident. If they could restore the footage, they would find out what had happened.

“How much longer?” Gilbert looked at Zack, who was furiously typing on his keyboard. His face was full of

worry.

“Not sure,” Zack said as he typed. “You know that my skills are nowhere near Jenny’s. It would be much faster if she were the one doing this.”

Zack lamented his shoddy skills. If he had known that a day like this would come, he would have paid more attention in class.

“Just try to be fast.” Gilbert knew that Zack was anxious, so he said little else.

Alec wasn’t idle, either. He stood at the hospital’s entrance, where Jenny had stood that day.

-He didn’t look for clues at the hotel since the police had already gone through that place multiple times to no avail. However, the police hadn’t considered the location where Jenny initially disappeared seriously. After all, it wasn’t the crime scene, and they didn’t know if there were any merit to Jenny’s words.

Regardless, Alec believed in Jenny, so he chose to look for clues there. He tried to retrace her footsteps, believing there would be signs of it somewhere as long as something had happened.

The hospital led out to a few alleys. There were no cameras beyond this point. No one knew which alley those people had taken Jenny to. Alec didn’t know, either. Hence, he chose the dumbest method to find out. He walked through every single one.

Maybe the Heavens were watching and decided to help him. When he walked to the third alley, he discovered marks left behind from the fight. He could determine at once that this was where Jenny had

been knocked unconscious.

Chapter 146 You Don't Owe Me

But it didn't matter, even if he knew. He had no evidence.

As for surveillance cameras...

He looked around the area. Of course, there wouldn't be cameras in a place like this.

As he was about to feel dejected, his peripherals swept over a nearby building. It was right next to the alley. Most important of all, a camera was installed on the balcony. And it was pointing right toward the alley.

With no time to think, Alec strode toward the building.

Jenny was brought out of the police station by Joe Chapman at night. He said, "Although there is evidence to prove that you were knocked unconscious, it isn't enough to prove that you're not Steven's killer. It's best if you don't leave Parrington for a while and be on standby for the police."

"Alright." Jenny nodded obediently.

Mr. Chapman had a gentle look on his face. How could such a nice woman be a murderer?

"Let's go." He saw a car that stopped nearby and gestured for her to go over.

Jenny didn't hesitate. The police station wasn't a nice place to be. She would not miss it.

The person who had stopped for her by the road was Alec.

Jenny looked at him with mixed feelings. She had heard from Mr. Chapman that Alec was the one who found the evidence. On top of that, he found it himself. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

She thought that her brothers would be the ones to save her. She didn't think that Alec would get it done first.

"Thank you," she said as she walked over to him. She had to thank him.

The corners of his lips curled upward, enjoying the moment. "It's my pleasure. It's what I should be doing."

"It's not. You don't owe me."

Alec's instincts told him that if they continued this conversation, they would part on bad terms. So he changed the topic. "Just get in. I'll bring you out for a nice meal."

Jenny didn't move. Her gaze was deep. After a long while, she sighed and nodded. "Alright."

She wouldn't be able to live with herself if she refused an offer from someone who saved her.

Once she got into the car, she no longer thought about those things. She asked, "Can the surveillance footage from the hotel be retrieved?"

"Zack was still working on it when I came here. It should be done soon," Alec said.



Jenny nodded. She called Gilbert to tell him that she was free now.

After she hung up, Alec couldn't help asking, "Are you and Gilbert close?"

"They're my brothers. Of course we're close." Jenny thought that Alec's question was weird.

Alec felt embarrassed. He couldn't tell her that he thought Gilbert liked her, could he? Jenny would jump off the car and cut off all contact with him if he did.

"Who do you think is behind this? They're good at covering up their tracks. Nothing has come up ever since the investigation started." Alec changed the topic once more. He decided to pursue Jenny as quickly as possible. This way, it wouldn't matter what Gilbert thought of her.

Jenny was in no hurry to reply. She looked at Alec thoughtfully and asked, "What do you think?"

Alec sighed. "Your suspicions make sense. It's just that I've known her for so many years. I can't believe that she would become this ruthless."

He knew Yvonne seemed very suspicious, but they grew up together. He had even felt her warmth before. Alec truly hoped that this wasn't her doing.

"People change. You might think you know her, but do you, really? Maybe what you know about her is what she wants you to know," Jenny said.

Alec nodded, agreeing with what she said. "You're right, Maybe I'm too hung up on the past."

Chapter 147 Who Would Be Friends with Their Ex-husband?

Jenny didn't hold herself back in the restaurant. She hadn't eaten well in the police station for the past few days. It wasn't because she was worried that she wouldn't be able to be set free. It was simply because the food tasted horrible.

"Have some more if you like it." Alec smiled, handing her another plate of food.

Jenny ate solidly. Then, her phone rang, and she picked it up hurriedly. "Mr. Spade?"

"It's me," Christopher replied. "I heard about the news in Parrington. Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. I just got out of the police station," Jenny said as she ate.

"That's great. I'm not familiar with the police stations in Parrington, so I can't help much. But don't worry. I'll control the comments on the Internet," Christopher said.

Jenny thought to herself that she had a pretty sociable personality. So many people were willing to help her when something happened. "Alright. Thank you."

They chatted for a little while more, and Jenny hung up. She raised her head and realized that Alec's face had turned a new shade of dark.

She couldn't be bothered to acknowledge it. In her eyes, Christopher was a friend. But Alec...

She still couldn't figure out what to name their relationship.

She said nothing, but Alec couldn't control himself. "When did you two get along so well? Aren't you suspicious that he has ulterior motives?"

"Really? Why don't you tell me what he's planning?" Jenny asked, smiling. She added, "He's richer than I am and can have any woman he wants."

Alec retorted, "And just like that, you think he doesn't have any feelings for you? I'm also richer than you and can have any woman I want. Why are you so harsh to me, then?"

Jenny looked at him, saying nothing and everything at once.

Alec bit his lip-he understood. It was because he was her ex-husband.

"Alec, we're not fated to interact with each other like normal people. Who would be friends with their ex-husband?" Jenny said nicely.

Alec didn't care. He said, "I don't want to be friends."

Jenny was speechless.

"My goals were clear from the start. I don't want to be your friend. I want to be your boyfriend." He had to make things clear in case Jenny thought he was fooling around.

Jenny didn't want to talk. She didn't want to be friends with him, much less his girlfriend. What was he thinking?

Once the meal was over, Alec sent her back to the condominium.

"Have a good sleep. Leave the rest to me," Alec said.

Jenny shook her head. "There's no need. I can handle the rest."

"Why are you always declining my offers?" Alec was exasperated. His heart felt like it was tangled up in chains.

"I'm just not used to inconveniencing other people. There are a lot of things that I can do by myself." Dependency was a terrifying habit. Once it was formed, it was hard to get rid of.

Alec took a deep breath, controlling the fire burning in his chest. "Alright. You're used to being independent."

"I'm glad you understand. I'm not biased against you. It just happens to be this way." Since she was young, her grandfather told her that she had to be independent and could not rely on anyone else. She was used

to it.

The fire in Alec's heart was extinguished. Now, all that was left was a wisp of sympathy.

She must've been through a lot to be so independent, Alec felt frustrated that he hadn't appeared by her side earlier.

Jenny walked into the building, but Alec didn't leave his spot.

“You can rely on me. Forever,” he said suddenly, watching Jenny leave.

Jenny paused her steps but didn't turn around. She only waved at him before disappearing.

#### Chapter 148 A Life for a Life

Jenny slept soundly that night. Little did she know that the internet was in an uproar.

A media outlet revealed that Jenny, the murderer, had been released from the police station. At first, no one really cared about Jenny, but then the news stated that she was Alec Faust's ex-wife. She became a trending topic because of that.

It was Alec Faust, after all. He was constantly trending. Countless women lusted after him. People online loved gossip, much less gossip related to Alec.

The news poster said that Jenny was the biggest suspect in the murder case, but because of her connections with Alec, she was released from the police station unharmed.

The one who had died was Steven Dickman. The Dickmans was a pretty influential family in Parrington. If even a family like that couldn't be given closure, a commoner would never even be able to dream of justice.

The crowds instantly felt empathetic toward Steven. They began cursing at Jenny and interrogating the police station, even roping Alec into their angry comments. Some even found Jenny's address and said they would make sure justice was served.

Jenny woke up in the morning, oblivious to what was happening. She had her breakfast and prepared to head out to find Gilbert. Although she believed in them, this was her problem. She had to do something, at least.

She went to the gate and realized that many people had gathered behind it. Before she could react, someone walked up to her and roared, “You murderer!”

“A life for a life!”

“That's right, a life for a life! Do you think you're invincible just because someone's backing you up?”

They surrounded her, each wearing fierce expressions as if Jenny was some heinous criminal.

She swept her gaze over them and understood what was happening. However, she wasn't angry. “Not even the police dare to say that I'm a murderer. What right do you guys have?”

“How could you have walked free if it weren't for Alec Faust?” Someone sneered. He was a broad man, and he domineered over Jenny.

She looked at him, wanting to laugh. “Who told you that I was released because of him? Can't it be because I'm innocent?”

She had yet to see the news online. She didn't know that someone had already leaked it.

“Innocent?” the man sneered. “The evidence is all there. How dare you say that you're innocent?”

Jenny shook her head, not wanting to fight with them anymore. They were just a bunch of simpletons, parroting whatever people had said, with no cognitive abilities of their own.

She tried to leave, but they didn't intend to let her go.

Her expression shifted. She glared at them coldly. "Let me through!"

"Never!" someone said.

"Well, I have no choice but to call the police." She took her phone out, preparing to call the police. Although she knew she could tackle a handful, they were innocent civilians. She couldn't fight them, either. She'd just be giving them a reason to hand her over to the police.

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They panicked a little. Although they were incensed because of Jenny's special privileges, they didn't want to be brought to the police station. Some of them wanted to leave at once.

Just when they began making way for her, a bottle of water was suddenly thrown at Jenny. "Go to hell, you murderer!"

Jenny reached her arms out to shield herself, but a large figure stepped between her and the crowd, smacking the bottle away. The water droplets splashed over the crowd, and some of them screamed. "Oh! It's hot!"

It was scalding hot water.

Chapter 149 Leave This To Me

The crowd's expressions shifted, and they stepped back hurriedly. They were just angry. They didn't actually want to hurt Jenny.

Jenny looked extremely sour. She didn't expect the water. They wanted to disfigure her.

She glared at the offender. Her instincts told her that something else had brought them there. But right now, she had no time to think about all this. She shifted her gaze to the man before her and asked, "Are you alright? Why did you come here?"

Alec turned and smiled. "I told you that you could always rely on me."

"Your arm..."

"It's alright. Let's go." He wasn't sure if other dangers were lurking around.

Jenny held his gaze for a moment and nodded. They left together. This time, no one blocked her from doing so.

In the car, Alec revved up the engine. He didn't mention where they would be going.

"Stop the car," Jenny suddenly said.

He frowned. Patiently, he said, "Don't get mad. Let's just leave this place."

"I said stop the car!" Jenny insisted. Alec's arm was bright red. How could this be alright? Did he truly think he was invincible?

Alec had no choice but to stop the car. Jenny walked around to the driver's seat and opened the door. "I'll drive."

"There's no need."

Jenny said nothing, steadfastly holding her gaze.

Alec could only get down from the car and sit in the passenger's seat. What was Jenny doing?

He realized soon enough.

The car headed toward Parrington Hospital. When it stopped at the entrance, Alec's emotions jumbled together. It felt like he was beginning to see the light at the end of the tunnel.

"Jenny, I..."

"Cut the crap. Get down!" Jenny was already out of the car. Although she sounded harsh, Alec didn't get angry. She hadn't stopped him from calling her "Jenny" To him, it was a big step in the right direction.

Jenny was clueless about the thoughts running through Alec's mind. She brought him to the emergency ward. The doctor on duty was her friend, so she said, "Dr. Talon, he's been scalded. Please tend to him immediately."

"Alright." Dr. Talon nodded before realizing that the patient who had walked in was none other than Alec Faust. He wasn't nervous before, but now, he panicked. "Mr...Mr. Faust?"

"Don't overthink it. He's just another patient," Jenny reminded him.'

Alec nodded as well. "Listen to Jenny. Don't overthink things."

Dr. Talon was bewildered. What was going on between them? Alec had called her "Jenny." It sounded so personal. He knew nothing because people his age didn't surf the internet often. He didn't know that Jenny was Alec's ex-wife.

Dr. Talon treated Alec's wounds nervously. He said, "For the next few days, avoid contact with water and eat bland foods. It shouldn't leave a scar."

"Alright. Thanks for the trouble," Alec said.

Dr. Talon's knees felt weak. He nearly toppled over.

After the wound was treated, Jenny took Alec away. If they stayed, the people crowding around them would only increase.

Since when were her colleagues so nosy?

Once in the car, Jenny asked, "Where' are you going? I'll drive you there."

He was in pain, and it was because of her. Jenny felt that she had to express her gratitude somehow. "Where were you planning to go?"

## Chapter 150 What Was the Use of Pretending?

When he got to the condominium, Jenny was already at the gates. She looked like she was about to leave. That was why he asked.

"I wanted to see Zack and Gilbert. I don't want my gates to be surrounded by people every day." The previous incident made her realize that this matter had to be settled quickly.

"I'll go with you," Alec said.

Jenny frowned. She glanced at the wound on his arm. She parted her lips to refuse, but Alec said, "I'm fine. It's nothing."

She was speechless. Alright. Since he thought that one large patch of red skin meant nothing, she didn't have to pity him..

The car started toward Gilbert's villa.

Right as they reached the entrance, they bumped into Zack and Gilbert, who were about to leave. Jenny was surprised. "Zack! Gilbert! Where are you guys going?"

"Jenny?" Gilbert was shocked. "Are you alright? We just heard that someone was attacking you and were about to go to your condo."

"I'm fine." Jenny shook her head and looked at Zack. "Zack, has the footage been recovered?"

Zack instantly lowered his head, not daring to meet Jenny's eyes. He felt ashamed. "Not yet. It should be done soon."

He hadn't done a lot of footage recovery jobs before. He didn't think that it would be so hard.

"I'll do it." Jenny didn't blame him. She knew that Zack had already tried his best. This wasn't his area of expertise.

They went into the villa together. It was then that Gilbert noticed Alec, and he frowned. "Mr. Faust?"

"Gilbert." Alec nodded.

"You and Jenny..."

"Someone was targeting Jenny. I happened to save her and got a little hurt, but you needn't worry." Alec raised his arm, putting it on display for Gilbert to see.

Gilbert thought that Alec was showing off. Was he always so immature?

Gilbert couldn't be bothered to entertain him. He quickly wanted to follow Zack and Jenny.

Only Gilbert and Alec were in the living room. Jenny and Zack had gone to the study, so they couldn't quite intrude.

"You seem to have taken a fancy to my sister, Mr. Faust," Gilbert said.

Alec smirked and corrected him. "Not quite, Gilbert. I'm pursuing her. I don't have ulterior motives. I'm only being sincere."

Gilbert rolled his eyes and said impatiently, "With the way you're saying it, I'd never think that you divorced my sister,"

His words hit a little close to home, but Alec continued, "Anyone would find it hard to accept suddenly having a wife. I believe you would understand. As for why I'm pursuing her now, it's because I truly like her from the bottom of my heart. It's not because she's my ex-wife."

At his words, Gilbert's heart ached. He retorted, "Who do you think she is? Do you think you can marry her just because you want to? It's not just her. As part of her family, I wouldn't let her get back together with

her ex."

Alec's expression shifted. He no longer looked at Gilbert as kindly. "Family? I'm afraid you don't want to be just her family, Gilbert."

Gilbert's face twisted, and he shot up from his chair. "Alec Faust! What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you know what I mean?" Alec smiled mockingly. They were both men. What was the use of pretending?

Gilbert clenched his fists and glared at him in hatred. "I'm warning you to cut the crap. You have no right to comment on things between Jenny and me."

"Are you afraid that Jenny will find out you have feelings for her?" Alec's words hit the nail on the head. Gilbert didn't reply, merely keeping a sour expression on his face.