

Be Yours 241

Chapter 241 Marigold Came to See Me

Jenny knew the passcode to Gilbert's villa, so she went right in.

Zack and Gilbert were both there. They were surprised to see her, but then their expressions shifted. Zack was happy. He walked toward Jenny and said, "Jenny, why are you here so late? Did you miss me?"

Gilbert also went up to her, but he didn't look as happy. In fact, he looked a little uneasy.

Jenny said nothing. Zack sensed that something was wrong, and he grew serious. "What's wrong? Has something happened?"

Jenny shook her head and said, "Zack, why don't you sleep early tonight? I have something to say to Gilbert."

Zack seemed to have guessed what was going on, and his face turned sour. "Alright. Call me if anything happens." He turned and went upstairs, not forgetting to glare at Gilbert before he left.

Gilbert could only smile bitterly. Jenny's reason for coming was crystal clear.

Zack disappeared quickly, leaving them both alone in the living room. The atmosphere grew tense at once.

They didn't know how much time had passed before Gilbert said through gritted teeth, "Let's sit. We can't talk standing like this."

Jenny was still quiet. She sat, looking at the familiar face before her, and her heart ached. "Gilbert," she said calmly. "Marigold came to see me."

Gilbert tightened his grip around the glass of water he was holding. As expected, she was here to talk about this.

"Is what she said... true?" Jenny asked. If she didn't clear things up, she wouldn't be able to sleep tonight.

Gilbert held up the glass and drank a few mouthfuls. "What did she say?"

"She said..." Jenny looked at him, unable to speak. "She said that you like me. She's spouting nonsense, isn't she, Gilbert?" Jenny was still holding on to a thread of hope. She hoped that Gilbert would say that it was false. Jenny would believe him if so. However, she didn't receive the answer she wanted.

Gilbert returned her gaze. Slowly, he said, "It's true. I like you, Jenny. And it's not just the type of feeling that exists between siblings." He wasn't ready to deny it. Maybe this wasn't as bad as he thought. Maybe he'd be able to pursue her openly. Wasn't that what he always wanted?

But Jenny's face fell. She was visibly upset. "Gilbert, we're siblings. We're family. How could you..."

"Jenny, we're not blood-related. Why can't I have feelings for you?" He looked at Jenny, his tone growing sharp.

Jenny rarely saw him like this. For whatever reason, she suddenly felt like she didn't know him. It was as if she was learning about him for the first time.

Her silence was making Gilbert uneasy. "Jenny, although I have feelings for you, I don't want it to bother you. That's why I held it in for so many years. I didn't want you to find out. If it weren't for Marigold, you would never have known. I would never tell. You can relax. So what if you know now? If you're upset about it, I'll stay in my lane and just be your brother." Although he wished that Jenny would give him a chance, he knew very clearly that if Jenny were to accept him now, she would only be making things worse.

Jenny was still upset after hearing Gilbert's words. Was he really still her brother? Could everything be just like how they were before?

She knew the answers very quickly. Things would never be the same again. She could never be able to call him her brother anymore...

Chapter 242 Stop Making the Same Mistake

"Can we really go back to how it was before?" she mumbled. There was a hint of sarcasm in her tone. Gilbert frowned. "Of course we can. Unless you don't want me as your brother anymore."

"Of course I do." But the moment she thought of the fact that he liked her, Jenny would be unable to pretend as if nothing had happened. She'd even wanted to run away.

Gilbert held her shoulders. "Jenny, I know this is sudden, and you can't accept it immediately. But you must believe me when I say that I only want you to be happy." As long as Jenny was happy, he would be able to stow away his feelings.

"Okay." Jenny nodded in a daze. She got up from the sofa. "I'm going home."

"I'll drive you there," he offered.

Jenny shook her head at once. "I can get myself back."

"Jenny..." Gilbert couldn't bear to let her go like this.

Jenny forced a smile at him. "I need some time to think about it, okay?"

They held their gaze. Gilbert could see the pain in her eyes, and he nodded. "Okay."

Jenny walked out of the villa alone, and Gilbert watched as she left. When she was out of sight, he turned and found Zack staring at him from the second floor. He was no longer in his room.

"You'll ruin our family," Zack blurted out. They had grown up together. He'd always thought of Jenny as his sister. He thought Gilbert would, too.

Gilbert kept quiet. He knew that. It was why he didn't dare to tell her how he really felt. But no matter how carefully he guarded his secret, someone exposed him anyway.

Zack was angry when he saw how silent Gilbert was. He rushed down the stairs and stood before him, fuming. "Why? You could have any woman you wanted. Why did you have to choose Jenny?" He was afraid. Afraid that the bond they had worked for so long to build would fizzle out.

“Zack, you don’t know this, but no one can control how they feel.” If he could, he wouldn’t have wanted to fall for Jenny.

“Maybe I don’t. But I would never fall in love with Jenny-I know she’s my sister. Who would feel this way toward their sister? Unless...unless you never saw her as one.” Zack wasn’t stupid. Gilbert’s feelings didn’t come from nowhere. It must have started early on. Zack and Jenny simply had not seen things from that perspective.

No matter what Zack said, Gilbert remained silent. He didn’t tell him that on the day they were adopted by Jenny’s grandfather, when Gilbert saw Jenny for the first time in that village, his feelings for her had begun to sprout. Now, it had grown into a large tree.

“Motherfucking...” Zack raised his fist, wanting to punch Gilbert. It was infuriating seeing him so quiet.

Gilbert didn’t intend to duck. But then, Zack’s fist didn’t land on his face. They were brothers. How could he punch Gilbert? He was just angry because Gilbert’s actions could ruin their family.

He sighed in exasperation. “Just think about it really hard. I want you to forget about your feelings for her and think of her as your sister instead. Stop making the same mistake.”

Zack thumped Gilbert’s shoulders heavily and turned. He didn’t go upstairs; instead, he left the villa. No one would be able to sleep tonight.

Chapter 243 Do You Think You’re a Statue

The next morning, Jenny woke up exhausted. She got herself ready and rushed to the hospital.

Despite what had happened yesterday, she was not shaken. To her, work was work. Besides, her thoughts would spiral if she stayed at home all alone. If she was busy, she’d have no time to overthink things.

“Good morning, Dr. Walter.” Morgan smiled at her when she walked into the office. She’d learned a lot staying by Jenny’s side. Although her internship had not yet ended, a number of hospitals had already given her offers and opportunities. She was extremely happy.

Jenny nodded and forced out a smile.

Morgan sensed that something was amiss at once. She walked over, worried. “What’s wrong, Dr. Walter? You’re pale. Are you sick?”

“I’m fine. I couldn’t sleep last night.” Jenny shook her head. She couldn’t very well talk about Gilbert. That was a family matter.

Morgan was still worried. “There are quite a few surgeries lined up for today. Are you sure you can do them? Do you need me to reschedule some?”

“There’s no need to. I can carry out the surgeries just fine,” Jenny replied.

“I’m just worried about your health.” Morgan hurried to explain herself, thinking Jenny had taken her words the wrong way.

Jenny of course understood. She smiled. "I know. But brain diseases are not like other diseases. A late surgery could have unfathomable consequences."

"Alright." Morgan didn't push the matter further since Jenny was so determined. She'd been by Jenny's side for a long time, so she somewhat understood her personality. If Jenny made up her mind about something, she would not change it.

The first surgery was scheduled early. Before long, it was time for them to carry it out. They walked toward the operating room and began to prepare themselves.

Jenny had worked there for six months, and the people who came in to see her had only increased. Because of her, Parrington Hospital had become the most famous hospital in Parrington. The chairman was happy. He felt that his decision to convince Jenny to stay was the correct one, but she didn't care about all this. She only cared for her patients.

The surgeries were conducted from morning till night. Besides a lunch break and a few bathroom breaks, Jenny hadn't rested at all. The doctors and nurses all said amongst themselves that Jenny was a soulless surgery-performing robot.

All the surgeries were finally done, and Jenny was exhausted. She leaned back in her chair in the office and slept. When she woke up, it was dark all around her.

No, not completely.

She trained her gaze on a sofa nearby. A little lamp was turned on, and someone was sitting on the sofa." Alec Faust?" She was uncertain. Why would he be here in the middle of the night?

Alec knew she was awake. The first thing he did was turn on the lights. The fear in his heart dissipated greatly.

"Haven't you been to the doctor yet?" Jenny asked instinctively. Alec's fear of the dark had not been cured.

He seemed to avoid the topic. "You haven't had dinner, have you? You know you have stomach issues. Do you think you're a statue?"

Chapter 244 Is My Share Included?

Jenny didn't know what to say. Alec hadn't taken care of himself, yet here he was, lecturing her about her own body. How ridiculous. She couldn't be bothered with him anymore and simply glared at him. "I'm going home," she said, getting up from her chair. "You can stay here if you like it so much."

"I'm going with you." What sort of a joke was this? He was there for Jenny. Why would he stay if she weren't there?

They left the hospital. Before Jenny could hail a cab, Alec stopped his car in front of her. "It's not safe to take the cab this late. I'll send you home."

"Thank you." She didn't refuse because she knew it was pointless; if she did, she'd still be wasting time with him here. She was exhausted. All she wanted was to go home and sleep. Her eyelids drooped shut in the car, and she fell asleep.

Alec glanced at her, feeling his heart ache. He'd heard from the hospital staff that she had performed surgeries all day without rest. It was no wonder that she was tired.

Not long after, the car stopped in front of the apartment. While he was debating whether or not to wake her up, her eyes fluttered open.

"Weren't you asleep?" He was surprised.

"Yeah." She got down the car. Alec followed behind her quickly, and she looked back at him. "Why are you following me?"

"I haven't eaten yet." He'd come to see her right after finishing work at Faust Group. But then she had fallen asleep, so he had no choice but to wait for her in her office.

"Oh." Jenny was expressionless, as if she couldn't care less.

Alec was exasperated. "Is it alright if I make myself some ramen at your house? You wouldn't be so stingy, would you?"

Jenny said nothing as she stared at him for a while. She knew that the ramen was just an excuse. She would never agree to it before, but now, she found that she was too tired to argue with him. "Whatever. Don't expect me to cook for you, though." She didn't cook, much less for anyone else.

Alec felt pleased that she hadn't refused. "Don't worry. I can take care of it."

They went into the elevator.

When they got to her house, a bag of groceries was hung on the door. "Who put this here?" Jenny wondered aloud.

Alec hurriedly took the bag. "I guessed there'd be no food in your house, so I bought some beforehand."

Jenny said nothing. She went straight to the sofa and lay down, feeling better instantly. "You can cook whatever you want. I'm going to rest for a bit."

Alec didn't mind. He carried the bag of groceries to the kitchen and set to work.

Jenny hadn't woken up because of Alec; she woke up because of the aroma wafting from the kitchen. She walked into the kitchen and saw Alec making fried chicken, and a plate of fried sausages was laid on the table.

"Didn't you say you were making ramen?" she asked, looking at him curiously.

His hands paused in the air for a bit. He smiled dryly. "These are the side dishes."

"You have side dishes for ramen?" Jenny was speechless. Ramen was supposed to be a quick dinner solution. However, she didn't press it further. She knew what was going on, but didn't have the heart to face it. "Is my share included?" she asked weakly, suddenly feeling a little guilty.

Chapter 245 You Don't Have to Feel Guilty

"What do you think?" Alec raised an eyebrow, smirking. Why would he put in all this effort if this wasn't for her as well? He was worried for her health. Why else would he be a cook when he was Mr. Faust?

Jenny smiled and walked over. "Is there anything that I can help with? I can't cook, but I can wash things."

"It's alright. You can take the dishes out to the table. I'll be done in a minute." He didn't want Jenny to dirty her hands.

She nodded. "Alright."

"Be careful. Don't burn yourself," Alec said concernedly, he regretted letting her take the hot dishes.

"I'm not a child, Mr. Faust. I'm not stupid." She rolled her eyes and put the dishes out on the table. Nothing that Alec had feared happened. She didn't know what Alec would think she was so stupid. He even warned her about the hot plates. Did she look stupid?

Alec smiled, not minding her retort. "I'm worried about you. Isn't that clear enough?"

"It's so over the top," Jenny said.

Alec had finished cooking the last dish, and he brought it out. "Let's eat."

They sat at the table, facing the four dishes. For some reason, Jenny felt satisfied. She gave him a thumbs up. "This is amazing. They smell and look great. As expected of Mr. Faust."

"Do you like it?" Alec smiled. "I'll cook for you every day."

"Well...you don't have to." The sun would be rising from the west if he did.

They ate in silence, and the living room grew quiet. Only the sounds of their eating could be heard.

A while later, Alec spoke. "Don't overwork yourself. You can't get your body back if you ruin it."

"You're a worse workaholic." Before they divorced, Jenny would hear his grandfather lamenting how Alec was at work every day and wouldn't visit him. If they really were to talk about health, Jenny thought Alec was in far worse shape.

"You really just want to argue with me on everything, right?" Couldn't she tell that he was just worried for her?

Jenny pursed her lips and chose not to say anything else. Once she was done eating, she gathered up her utensils.

Alec leaned against the doorframe to the kitchen. "I'll cook, and you can do the dishes. How does that sound?" He thought they were like any other domestic couple, but Jenny's words shattered his dreams.

"I don't like doing the dishes. Sorry," she said.

Alec looked at her grumpily. "Then, who cooked and cleaned in the village?"

"My grandfather cooked. And Gilbert..." At the mention of Gilbert, she trailed off.

Alec saw how upset she was and walked to her side. "You don't have to feel too guilty about it. You're brilliant. It's normal for someone to like you."

"But he's different," she said.

“Maybe you think he is. But to me, Gilbert is just like any other guy on the planet.” Alec looked at Jenny and added, “That’s just how it works when it comes to feelings. It’s not like he can control them, either.”

Of course, he just wanted to comfort Jenny. He wanted her to be happy, to stop overthinking things. As for Gilbert, Alec still hated him. He didn’t want him to appear around Jenny. But of course, only if Jenny could be happy without him.

Chapter 246 Aren’t You Going to Let Me Stay?

Jenny understood Alec’s words, but she still felt upset. “Maybe. I just can’t accept this so quickly.”

“Take your time. Just don’t take it too seriously,” Alec said.

After they had done the dishes, Jenny felt tired. She looked at Alec, still in the living room, and asked, “Aren’t you leaving?”

“It’s so late. Aren’t you going to let me stay the night?” he said, smiling.

“What do you think?” She raised her eyebrows and clenched her fists as if she’d strike any second.

He stepped backward at once. “I’m joking. I’ll leave.” He was already walking toward the door.

Jenny felt a little awkward. “Well, if you don’t want to go back to the mansion, you can stay next door. I actually didn’t want you to move out,” she said and regretted her words at once. Why was she telling him this? Did she want to see him every day?

Alec had no clue about her inner turmoil, and his smile broadened. “For real? You won’t move out if I stay next door, will you?”

“Why would I? I paid for this house. I’ll live in it however I want,” she said.

Alec felt at ease when she said that. “Alright. I’ll move back in. It’s closer to the company.” Most importantly, he’d be able to see Jenny every day. They could even eat and talk together. It’d be a great environment for their feelings to flourish.

“Oh, just go. I want to sleep. You can stay wherever you want.” Jenny waved at him, pretending not to notice the smile he failed to conceal.

This time, Alec really did leave. She heard the sound of the door opening from his place and had a sneaking suspicion that he’d been planning on moving back in all along. Why else would he have his keys on him tonight?

Oh, whatever.

She walked toward the bathroom and took a shower. She lay in bed, falling asleep quickly.

Alec, however, didn’t sleep at the same rate. He stared at the black walls, suddenly feeling that they were not appropriate. It was what he wanted before, but now, he found that he didn’t like it so much after all. On the contrary, he preferred Jenny’s warm, cozy decorations. He shook his head, trying to stop thinking about it. He walked toward his bedroom. He had to go to sleep as he was tired, too.

Stephanie went home after work. From afar, she could see that someone was standing at her door. When she drew near, she realized that it was Paul Wagner. Her face darkened at once, and she grew anxious. Ever since Jenny rescued her from his villa, she and Paul had not contacted each other. She thought that he would not appear in her life again. But now...

The car stopped, and Stephanie tried her hardest to calm down. She got off the car and walked over. A faint ache appeared in her heart when she saw him, but she didn't express it. Coldly, she asked, "Why are you here?"

"To see you," he said.

"To see me?" She reacted like it was a joke. "To see what I'm like without you? If you want to see me weak and scared, you're going to be disappointed. I'm doing well without you."

Even though none of this was what she imagined when they first met, and even though she still harbored feelings for him, she was free now. She never was something to be controlled, even by the person she liked.

"You look like you hate me." Paul took a long drag on his cigarette. There was an indescribable upset in his heart when he saw how cold she was being.

Chapter 247 Let's See How Strong You Can Be

"Are you only realizing it now?" Stephanie smiled. She thought she'd been making it clear.

Paul looked at her for a moment before saying, "Cut the crap. I don't want to do anything to the Walkers, so come with me. Don't get under my skin." He was losing his patience.

"Paul Wagner!" Stephanie gnashed her teeth, glaring at him. "Still fooling around? Do you think I'm joking? Do you think I still like you?" There was a fire in her heart that begged to be released.

Paul said nothing, but Stephanie's eyes told him everything. That was exactly what he thought.

Stephanie was furious. "I don't like you anymore, so please, don't let me see you again. Do you understand?"

"Yeah," he replied calmly.

Stephanie didn't know if he truly understood or was choosing not to. Seeing that he still wasn't planning on leaving. Stephanie asked, "What are you still standing here for? The Walkers don't welcome you." Her words were unpleasant to hear. She tore down Paul's pride, thinking that bruising his huge ego would make him leave immediately, but he didn't.

Paul looked at her and said, after a long while, "It doesn't matter if you like me or not. The most important thing is you must stay by my side until I say otherwise." He just didn't want to fight with Jenny at the villa. It didn't mean that he was going to let things rest. Stephanie was his woman. Even if she didn't like him, he had to have her.

"You..." His words rendered Stephanie speechless. "What right do you have? Do you really think I'm afraid of you?"

“Well, what about your parents? Are you sure that they aren’t afraid of me?” Paul looked at her in amusement, enjoying how angry she was. He even thought it was interesting to see.

Stephanie gritted her teeth, wishing she could rip him apart. “They wouldn’t be afraid of you.” She believed that if her parents knew how much she had endured at the hands of Paul, they wouldn’t let her a fight. go without

“Of course, they wouldn’t be afraid. But would you have the heart to let them fight against me?” Paul smiled. It pleased him to look at Stephanie’s sour expression. She hadn’t come to see him these past few days. He’d suppressed his anger all this while, and now, it was all finally coming out.

Stephanie clenched her fists. “What on earth do you want? You could have any woman you wanted. Why are you not letting me go?” She regretted involving herself with him.

“All along, I’ve been the one rejecting women. No woman dared to reject me.” In his eyes, Stephanie was leaving him without his permission. She was a woman who had rejected him. How could he bear that?

“So you’re just looking to nurse your wounded pride?” she said mockingly, not knowing why she even expected anything. A glimmer of hope had appeared in her heart when she saw him. She wanted him to admit that what he had done was wrong and to respect her. However, none of it happened.

He was still Paul. He would never change.

She looked up. The upset in her eyes had vanished, replaced with anger. “If that’s the case, come at us then. I want to see just how you’ll be fanning your ego.”

“So you don’t want the Waikers to exist anymore?” Paul was surprised. He thought that Stephanie would succumb to him.

“I do. But I rather fight than beg for it.” If she returned to Paul’s side, she’d be wasting Jenny’s efforts. Besides, she didn’t want to go back to him anymore.

“Alright. Let’s see how strong you can be!” Paul turned and got in the car, quickly disappearing from Stephanie’s sight.

Stephanie knew that a storm was about to hit the Walkers. The only thing she could do was protect her family alongside her parents.

Chapter 248 Who Else Would it Be

Dream Vonne Designs had its name officially changed to La Vie Jen Rose. Jenny had considered the name for one whole night before finally landing on one that sounded good. She kind of understood why Yvonne would name it Dream Vonne now. It turned out that naming things was not an easy feat.

The name was changed, and because of Jade, the company was soon in full motion. Right now, what Jenny needed to do was to create stunning designs that would help spread the name of La Vie Jen Rose.

Jenny didn’t need to go to the hospital on the weekends. She stayed at home, keeping herself busy. Placed before her was a pile of paper that she had drawn on throughout the night. If Jade were around, she’d say something about Jenny surpassing her, but Jenny didn’t feel that way.

She held up a sheet of paper from the table. It wasn't what she wanted. But what should La Vie Jen Rose's style be?

In the middle of her fog, the doorbell rang. Jenny sensed that it was Alec and opened the door. She was right.

"You don't seem surprised." Alec was bringing in breakfast. Jenny's eyes gave her away.

She walked into the living room, saying, "Who else would it be at this hour?" Ever since Alec said he would move in, Jenny had prepared herself for constant visits. She was turning out to be right.

"Are you designing?" Alec asked, looking at the designs on her table

She nodded and picked up her pen, preparing to draw.

"You should have something to eat before doing that," Alec interrupted her. "I know you're a workaholic, but breakfast shouldn't slow you down."

"Alright." Jenny didn't decline. Before his arrival, she hadn't felt hungry. But her stomach began growling when he brought the food into her home, so she went over to eat.

Alec walked toward the pile of paper. "Can I take a look at them?"

"Sure." It wasn't a secret to her. Besides, Alec had brought her breakfast. Jenny felt that she couldn't refuse.

With her permission, Alec held up the designs on the table and looked at them seriously.

Jenny was intrigued to see him being so serious. "Do you know fashion design?"

"I learned about it before. Faust Group has a few designing companies under its belt, too," Alec replied, returning to her side.

She pursed her lips. She had nearly forgotten that this man controlled the almighty Faust Group and that numerous companies were under their umbrella. It was expected that there would have a few design houses.

She remained silent, and Alec didn't know what she was thinking. "The styles that you created are all different. Why is that?"

"I haven't decided on a theme yet. It concerns the target demographic of La Vie Jen Rose, so it's hard," she shared her frustrations over breakfast.

Alec was quiet for a bit. "Well, since you've decided to do luxury fashion, you'd be marketing it toward consumers who have lots of money to spend. These people tend to be on the mature side, so the designs would have to reflect their tastes."

"You're right. However..." she paused before continuing. "There are too many luxury brands that make mature clothing. How could a new label compete with them? Plus, since I'm creating my own brand, I want to create something that no one has ever created."

Chapter 249 My Girlfriend Probably Would

Jenny was suddenly filled with enthusiasm. The vision she had in mind was becoming clearer, and the style she was looking for was at the tip of her fingers. Without finishing her breakfast, she headed to her desk, picked up a pen, and started sketching. Soon, she presented a complete design to Alec, who brightened up when he saw it.

“What do you think? Would you buy it?” Jenny couldn’t help asking Alec. After all, he was the only person around her.

Alec shook his head, and Jenny was disappointed. Then, he said, “I wouldn’t buy it, but my girlfriend probably would.”

Jenny didn’t understand what he was trying to say.

“This style is very suitable for girls in their twenties. Are you sure this demographic can afford your clothes?” Alec wanted to remind her that ideas often didn’t translate well in reality.

Jenny, however, was confident about her design. “Hey, are you saying girls in their twenties don’t have money? They can buy the things they want with their own money. Besides, there are many girls in their twenties in Parrington who are rich.” Plus, Jenny’s potential customers would also include the daughters of rich men and the girlfriends of the sons of rich men, which was a sizable customer base.

Alec didn’t argue, as her words did make some sense. “Well, you can give it a try. It could be a good direction too.” As long as Jenny was happy, he would support her. It wouldn’t be a big deal even if she failed because he would be there for her.

Jenny, on the other hand, didn’t know what was going through Alec’s mind, but she never thought she would fail. With a clear vision in mind, inspiration flowed through her like a tide. Jenny didn’t have time to pay attention to Alec; she was completely engrossed in her work and could care less if he left.

Alec was a little frustrated. He had pushed aside some tasks at work to accompany Jenny, yet she ended up being too busy to spare time for him. Nonetheless, he decided to stay with her. He brought his laptop over to the sofa to work.

As it approached noon, Alec shut his computer down. Seeing that Jenny was still busy, he went to the kitchen. He didn’t expect that he would frequently cook because of Jenny when he had never cooked since returning from studying abroad.

When the aroma of the food wafted over, Jenny stopped drawing her designs. A warm, fuzzy feeling spread through her body when she saw the food on the table. “Alec, why don’t you become my private chef? I can promise you a salary higher than that of others in the industry. What do you think?” After all, Alec was a CEO. It would be embarrassing if his pay weren’t higher than that of others.

Alec rolled his eyes and said, “There’s no need for that. Why don’t you marry me? You can eat the food I cook without spending any money. Isn’t that more cost-effective?”

At a loss for words, Jenny decided to keep quiet.

“Come and eat,” he soon shouted from the kitchen.

Without hesitation, Jenny headed over. Familiarity bred fondness. As they had spent much time together, she wasn’t shy to dig in immediately.

“What plans do you have this afternoon?” Alec asked as he put food on her plate.

“I have to visit the office with my designs and produce a prototype as soon as possible, Jenny answered while eating.

“What about after that?”

“After that...” Jenny hadn’t thought that far. She had no other plans for the time being.

Alec looked at her and asked with a hopeful look. “Since I cooked for you, can you watch a movie with me?”

Chapter 250 Are You Sure?

Jenny turned away from his hopeful eyes and focused on the food on her plate instead. She felt that it would be a little mean to reject him. However, going to the movies seemed inappropriate, given her current relationship with him. After all, they weren’t a couple yet.

Alec misread her hesitation as unwillingness, and it hurt him very much.

Seeing how crestfallen he was, Jenny coughed to break the tension, suggesting, “Why don’t you choose something else? Wouldn’t watching a movie be boring?” No matter how she thought about it, going to the movies with Alec felt inappropriate. If she ran into anyone, they would misunderstand that something was going on between them.

“Everything works. You can choose whatever you like. Alec’s eyes lit up immediately. It didn’t matter what they did as long as Jenny was with him. After all, going to the movies was Vincent’s idea. He had reported to Alec that going for dinner and movies was a popular dating activity, which was why he had suggested it to Jenny.

His suggestion baffled Jenny. Despite her age, she had never gone out alone with a man beside her brothers. After some contemplation, an idea came to her. “I think there’s a fashion exhibition in Parrington these days, right? Why don’t we visit it together?”

Alec was a little frustrated. He thought he finally had the chance to go out with her alone, yet she was still thinking about work. He felt hurt. Did he have absolutely no appeal in her eyes?

“You don’t seem keen. Well, if you don’t want to go-”

“No, I want to.” Alec immediately answered. Was she kidding? Just so he could be with Jenny, he would even dive into the deepest depths of hell.

Jenny laughed out loud, finding his behavior a little amusing.

After dinner, Alec drove Jenny to the office and waited for her downstairs. In La Vie Jen Rose Designs, Jenny entered Jade’s office and handed her a stack of design sketches.

“Jade, could you take a look at these?”

As she flipped through the designs, Jade’s eyes widened in surprise. When she was done reviewing them, she scowled at Jenny, asking, “You know, you make me wonder if I’m actually a good teacher or if you’re just inherently talented?”

“Of course, it’s all thanks to you,” Jenny replied playfully.

Hearing that made Jade happy. She laughed but quickly composed herself. “Let’s discuss your designs first. They are amazing, but I don’t know if our customers would recognize that. I mean, we are a high-end brand. Your designs seem a bit too young. Are you sure they’ll work?” She had expected Jenny’s design to cater to a more mature audience, so this was a surprise.

Jenny nodded in response. “I have considered all of these. However, since we want to create our own brand, I thought we shouldn’t limit ourselves to one style. Let’s use these designs that cater to a younger audience to attract everyone’s attention first. We can always come up with more mature designs in the future Let’s not be too rigid. After all, there is no rule that a brand is only allowed to have one style.”

Every fashion brand employed several designers, each with a different style, so it was pretty common. While Jenny was currently responsible for their designs, she might hand the role over to Jade in the future or even recruit new designers. Hence, her company was bound to have designs of different styles. “That makes sense. In that case, let’s get a prototype of these designs,” Jade said.

Jenny nodded and put the designs away.

“What are you doing this afternoon? Why don’t you hang out with me?” Jade asked. She just came to Parrington, so she was still unfamiliar with it and had yet to explore the city.