

Be Yours 361

Chapter 361 Looks Like I Came at the Right Time

Jenny spent a couple of days resting at home before finally going back to work. She had quickly gotten bored of staying inside.

“Are you sure your injury is healed, Jenny? Don’t you want to rest some more?” Morgan asked when she came to work, all smiles. Jenny had gotten injured to save her, after all. She had inquired about her recovery every single day, even now when Jenny had returned to work.

Jenny smiled and shook her head. “It was just a small wound. It’s healed up by now.”

If it weren’t for the several days of leave Morgan had gotten for her, she would’ve come to work days ago.

“Update me on our patients,” Jenny instructed, not letting Morgan dwell on her worry. “Any new in-patients?”

Morgan took out her records with a nod and reported everything to Jenny, and they soon busied themselves. Jenny completed two surgeries in the afternoon without a moment’s rest. When the clock struck six, she prepared to get off work. Just then, Morgan came knocking on her door.

“Do you wanna get dinner together, Jenny?” she asked cheerfully.

Jenny grinned. “Sure.” Alec had a busy night ahead anyway.

They left the hospital entrance, but the moment they did, a red sports car slid to a stop before them. Winston Murr stepped out of the car.

“Morgan,” he greeted. His eyes glowed with surprise when he saw Jenny by Morgan’s side. “Ms. Walter? What a coincidence! You two must have dinner with me, my treat,” he said, grinning.

Jenny frowned. She was about to refuse when Morgan said, “No, thank you. We already have a reservation. Maybe another time.”

“You’re not about to let me leave empty-handed, are you?” Winston’s grin never faded. His eyes centered on Jenny.

Morgan stood in front of her protectively. “I’ll have dinner with you then. Let’s go.”

“Let’s go.” Winston held out a hand. Morgan was the one he wanted to marry anyway, though...he still didn’t want to give up on Jenny. Well, he could always come looking for her after he got married. It’s not like he’d stop.

“I’m sorry about this. I didn’t know he’d come,” Morgan apologized to Jenny.

“It’s alright. Enjoy your night.” Morgan had made her choice, Jenny decided. Though Winston was still kind of creepy, she couldn’t stop them.

Morgan bid her farewell before getting in Winston’s car. Before she did, though, Jenny went up to her and whispered, “Be careful. Call me if you need help.”

Morgan paused and glanced at Winston before nodding. "I will."

Jenny watched as the two left, feeling somewhat concerned. Her first impressions of people had always been spot on; right now, it was telling her that Winston Murr wasn't a good man. She didn't want Morgan to marry someone like him. However, it was still a gut feeling, not something backed with hard proof. She could only pray nothing would happen to Morgan.

Meanwhile, she couldn't think of what to have for dinner. If she went home, she could only cook instant noodles-the only thing she knew how to cook. But...she couldn't find anything appealing to eat outside.

She was in a pickle when Christopher drove his car to a stop before her. "Looks like I came just at the right time. Have you had dinner?"

Jenny shook her head.

"C'mon, I know a good place. It'll be my treat. I have a feeling you're gonna like the food there."

Chapter 362 What Do You Think I Should Know?

Jenny really didn't want to be involved with Christopher.

The man wasn't as sleazy as before when he assured her, saying, "Don't worry. It's just dinner. Nothing else."

"We can get dinner together, but you have to answer some questions I have."

"Sure. I'll tell you everything I know as long as it's not too personal." Christopher smirked, and Jenny rolled her eyes at him. She got in his car, and they left for the restaurant.

"Can you update me on the families in Bardoff City? Who are they, and how big is their influence?"

Christopher was surprised by the question. It took him a second to come back to his senses. "Why the sudden question? Do you know something?"

Jenny stared at him. "What do you think I should know?"

They reached the restaurant before Christopher could answer. Only when they were sitting at their private table did the man finally say, "I wouldn't know."

"If you didn't know anything, why invite me to dinner still?" Jenny swiftly responded.

Christopher shook his head with a smile. "I can't exactly refuse when my old man explicitly tells me to come."

Mr. Spade? Jenny frowned. Even Alec's grandfather was acting strange. Jenny wondered about their motives.

"Anyway, didn't you wanna know about Bardoff's families?" He didn't know why she wanted to know about this, but it wouldn't hurt for him to tell her.

Jenny listened on. Her grandfather had told her to always stay informed of what went on with those families but never told her why. Even now, Jenny suspected he had passed without revealing the many secrets he had kept in his lifetime.

Dinner was served just as Christopher finished telling Jenny everything he knew.

“So your family is only second-class to the higher-class families in Bardoff, right? As well as the Bardoff City Elites?”

“Yes.” Christopher nodded, then quickly added, “But we’re still powerful in Parrington.”

He left out the part where Alec Faust was way more powerful than them. He also never mentioned the Wilkins family, making the doubt Jenny had about her grandfather’s relations with the other families dissipate.

She clutched her forehead, sighing in confusion.

“Why don’t you ask my grandfather personally about what you want to know?” Christopher kindly offered.

Jenny huffed. “I’m sure he’ll ask me to marry you first before he answers my questions.”

Christopher said nothing, only smiled in response. In truth, his grandfather might really say that.

“No need. I’ll know when the time’s right.” Jenny concluded. She wouldn’t have wanted to find everything out if it weren’t for Christopher constantly showing up around her. “What time do you need to be back home tonight?” she continued, hoping he’d leave earlier so she could finally be left alone.

Chapter 363 Ridiculous

Christopher’s fork paused near his mouth, a piece of meat still on the prongs. “Do you not like me that much?”

“Yeah. I can’t exactly figure you out though I really want to. It irks me, so we might as well leave as early as possible.” Jenny was upfront and unapologetic. Christopher’s opinion didn’t matter to her, after all.

“Grandpa said to not come back home until you’re my girlfriend.”

Jenny looked at him in shock. “Shouldn’t you be occupied with other things?” she asked. Christopher should be just as busy as Alec now that he had inherited his family name.

Christopher smiled. “Grandpa told me to just focus on you. He’ll take care of things at home.”

Jenny scowled. How important could she be to have the heir of the Spade family drop everything and court her?

She set down her silverware and said sternly, “I don’t know what exactly you and your family have in mind but...I don’t think people should spend their lives chasing after money and power. They should have their personal dreams to accomplish. Don’t you think so?”

Christopher nodded, agreeing to her statement.

“So, shouldn’t you be going after your own dreams instead of wasting your time here with me?”

Christopher set his chin on his hand and replied, “My dream is to make my family one of the Ten Elites in Bardoff.”

“Then you should go and pursue that dream. Go back to Bardoff.”

Christopher smiled and continued eating, not answering her.

Jenny frowned, then realized something. “This isn’t your way of making your family one of the Ten Elites, is it?”

The man’s smile widened.

“Hah...” Jenny didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “You must’ve got it wrong. I’m just a country kid. I’ve never even been to Bardoff.”

Christopher didn’t really know the truth of the matter either. He just trusted in his grandpa’s words. “But what if you’re not?”

“You...” Jenny gaped, taken aback at the question.

‘Eat up before your food gets cold,’ Christopher continued, changing the topic.

Eat up? She wasn’t in the mood to eat anymore! How was she Christopher’s key to making his family one of the Elites? Wouldn’t that make her one of the Elites herself?

“How ridiculous,” she thought.

Jenny’s mood never recovered throughout the rest of the meal. The more she found out, the more questions she had.

The two continued eating in silence. After dinner, before Christopher could offer Jenny a ride back home, they met Alec outside the restaurant.

Jenny suddenly felt embarrassed, as if she had been caught cheating. Christopher, meanwhile, crossed his arms across his chest, amused.

“Uh...did you come here for dinner too?” Jenny asked sheepishly.

Alec’s expression was cold. “Didn’t you say you were having dinner with Morgan?”

She did, but...she couldn’t have expected what happened after that. Would Alec believe her if she told him the truth?

Chapter 364 Send Her Home

Just as the atmosphere tensed up, Vincent walked over, tucking his phone into his pocket. “The client’s almost here.”

Alec nodded, then said to Jenny, “Go home first.” He said nothing else to Christopher, only glanced at him before turning to Vincent. “Send her home.”

Vincent nodded while Alec walked into the restaurant alone.

Jenny quickly declined, knowing Vincent had to stay with his boss while they met with the client. "It's alright, Vincent. I'll just get a taxi. Go on in with Alec."

"Let me drive you, Miss Walter, else Mr. Faust won't let me off easy." Vincent lowered his head respectfully.

Jenny relented. She was about to say goodbye to Christopher when the man said, "Have a safe trip home. Text me once you're there, okay?"

Vincent frowned at his affectionate tone. "There isn't something going on between Miss Walter and this Spade kid, right? Yes, the Spade family is more powerful than the Fausts, but Mr. Faust himself is stronger than Christopher Spade. And Miss Walter won't do that to Mr. Faust," he thought.

Jenny didn't bother answering Christopher. She turned to Vincent. "Let's go."

The two then left without a moment's delay. Christopher waited until the car left before heading back into the restaurant.

Alec had started his meeting with his client about a project in the countryside. The Faust Group had plans of expanding its sphere of business, so Alec had been busy putting things into motion.

A knock came on the private room's door, making Alec frown. He disliked being interrupted in the middle of a business discussion. His irritation only increased when he saw it was Christopher Spade. "Can I help you, Mr. Spade?"

Alec's client stood up to greet the man. "Good evening, Mr. Spade, I'm Chandler Copen."

Christopher went to sit by their table. "I see. I remember the Copen family. From Claymond City, right?"

Chandler grinned. "Yes. We've met before, at a charity event in Claymond City."

"Really?" Christopher didn't recall whatsoever. "I guess that makes us acquaintances."

"Yes, yes, acquaintances." Chandler couldn't miss the chance to be acquainted with Christopher Spade.

Christopher eyed Alec. "What business is this that you two are discussing, Mr. Faust? Might I have a share in it, on behalf of my family?"

Alec stared coldly at him and said nothing.

Chandler hurriedly said, "You're joking, Mr. Spade. I'm sure small deals like ours aren't worth your time."

"Well, money is money. More is always good," Christopher shrugged, making Chandler at a loss for words. Why would the Spade family want a hand in their business deal?

"We can include you as long as you have the assets," Alec suddenly said.

"Of course," Christopher nodded. Working on a project was better than lazing around in

Parrington. It's not like he had anything else to do. Alec's sour expression made it all the better,

too.

Just like that, their partnership project suddenly included a new shareholder, permanently disrupting its flow.

Seeing that these two were still at each other's throats, Chandler left.

Chapter 365 Try Me

Alec didn't have any intention to linger around once their third wheel had gone. He stood up, ready to leave, when Christopher stopped him.

"Are

you in a rush, Mr. Faust? I'd like to have a word with you."

"What do you want to say?" Alec responded flatly, sitting back down in his seat.

"I'm sure you know as much as I do." Christopher grinned. They had nothing in common save for Jenny.

Alec sneered, not afraid of him whatsoever. "Then there's nothing for us to talk about. Jenny is a living, breathing person, not some transactional product."

"Why so jumpy? I haven't even said anything." Christopher laughed, finding Alec being upset amusing. This only furthered Alec's assumption that Christopher wasn't up to anything good when it came to Jenny.

Alec took a deep breath. "Well? What did you want to say?"

"Nothing much, really. Just wondering how much it'll take for you to break up with Jenny." Christopher didn't actually have any hope Alec would proceed with his offer. Still, he had to be polite and ask first.

As expected, Alec only sneered. "How is second-class scum acting all high and mighty in Parrington?" Clearly, he had no respect for Christopher.

Christopher gritted his teeth. "Second-class or not, I still have what it takes to take you down."

"Really," Alec drawled. "Try me, then."

"Are you really going to oppose my family for Jenny? Will you do everything it takes?" Christopher asked fiercely. He didn't believe Alec had truly fallen in love with the woman.

Alec didn't waste his time answering him, only walking out of the room with a slam of the door.

"Alec Faust!" Christopher yelled and ran out after him. "Don't act all proud, bastard! You think I don't know what your actual motives are?"

Alec clenched his jaw, finding Christopher's rambling irritating.

"You and I are exactly alike. Jenny is only a pawn to help us get what we want, so stop acting like some lovesick idiot!"

Alec finally stopped walking, making Christopher nearly crash into his back.

“What the “He looked up at Alec and flinched in shock.

—

Alec’s eyes were ominous and dark, brimming with something Christopher had never seen before, not even from the most dangerous people in Parrington. It was deadly and came with the promise of pain, making the hairs on Christopher’s stand on end.

Alec growled. “I am not. Like. You.”

With that, he turned and left, leaving Christopher gaping in shock.

Alec was in a terrible mood on his car ride home.

How were he and Christopher the same? They weren’t remotely similar!

Jenny had been worrying ever since she got home, wondering what to say to Alec. She never once found a way to tell Alec what had happened, even when he had come home. She only stared at him, anxious.

“Hungry?” Alec asked, much to her surprise.

Jenny shook her head. “I’ve had dinner.”

She regretted it the moment she said it. Of course Alec knew she had eaten. He must’ve asked because he wanted to have supper with her...

Chapter 367 Save Me!

In truth, Alec wasn’t actually that clear about Jenny’s background. He only guessed she wasn’t as ordinary as she appeared due to overhearing his grandfather’s phone call. Then, he understood why the old man insisted he married her and why she was so skilled and knowledgeable even though she grew up in the country.

But even then, he hadn’t paid much attention to her importance until tonight when Christopher came looking.

He and Christopher were not similar whatsoever.

“I did this to make sure Jenny finds her family earlier. Only then will her safety be guaranteed and in turn, yours.” Old Mr. Faust knew his grandson would go all out when it came to the woman he loved. That’s why he came up with a plan to ensure his safety.

Alec knew his grandfather’s intentions, though he felt sad for Jenny now. “Jenny would be devastated if she knew the real reason why you’re kind to her.”

She had asked Alec why his grandfather was so strange around her before, but even he hadn’t known why back then. But now that he knew, he felt bad for keeping Jenny in the dark. He even thought about telling her the truth.

He was scared, however. He was scared she’d think he was like Christopher, only pursuing her because of her lineage.

“Which family is Jenny from? Can you let me in on the whole truth now?” Maybe he could prepare Jenny for what was to come.

The old man nodded, then told Alec everything that he knew. Alec had to give things some thought after. No wonder Christopher was so adamant.

Meanwhile, Jenny was woken up by a phone call. She fumbled for it. “Hello?”

“Jenny, save me!” Morgan cried from the other end of the call. She sounded like she had been crying. This revelation shocked Jenny awake.

She got out of bed. “Calm down. Breathe. Tell me where you are right now.”

“Vermillion Suites,” Morgan reported frantically.

As she ended the call, Jenny dashed out the door without even changing from her sleep clothes. Morgan continued quivering in the hotel bathroom, praying Jenny would come to her rescue soon. “Morgan, where are you, darling? I think we’ve had enough hide-and-seek~” Winston’s voice suddenly came from the bathroom door. Chills ran down Morgan’s spine. “It’s late. We should get to bed, hm-?”

Morgan bit her lip to stay quiet, tears running down her cheeks.

Winston had drugged her during dinner and brought her here. If it weren’t for her minimal drinking, she might’ve woken up later to a worse fate. But now she was trapped, trapped in a hotel full of Winston’s men, crying in fear.

It didn’t seem like the man was going to let her go easy, either. He was already on her heels.

“Ahhh!” Morgan screamed as someone struck the bathroom door, immediately revealing her location.

Chapter 368 Where Do You Think You’re Going?

“I know you’re in there. Come out now before I kick the door down.” Winston called from outside the bathroom.

She was going to marry him anyway. What was wrong with sleeping with her first?

“I’ll give you till the count of three,” Winston’s voice was laced with something dangerous. He had been irritated when Morgan ran away, and her hiding now didn’t help. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.

One.”

Morgan clutched her phone tight, staying as still as possible.

“Two.”

Morgan knew what would happen if Winston got his hands on her. She may have agreed to marry him, but she was still frightened at the prospect of sleeping together. Being drugged didn’t help, especially when they had agreed to live their lives separately after marriage!

“Three.”

Gritting her teeth, Morgan pushed the door open and ran out before Winston could catch her. Several guards immediately intercepted her out in the hallway. She was about to be trapped when she snuck into a nearby room, locking herself in.

“Seems like she walked into the lion’s den herself,” Winston smirked. “Give me the card.”

A keycard was placed in his hand by a guard beside him. This was the universal keycard for every room in this hotel. Morgan hiding in this room was no different than her laying in his bed earlier.

Meanwhile, Morgan had nowhere to run in the room. When Winston stepped inside, she was cowering in a corner, gripping one of the table lamps.

“Come any closer, and you’ll get it!” she shrieked, waving the lamp menacingly.

Winston laughed, getting closer to her. “We’re engaged. This was bound to happen, so why not let it happen earlier?”

“No one in their right mind would want to marry you!” Morgan yelled, deciding to call off the engagement after what had happened tonight. She could tolerate having to sleep with the man after they married, but not him doing things like drugging her!

“No? You want to see your family bankrupt then, hm? What a good daughter you are,” Winston guffawed.

Morgan gritted her teeth but said nothing.

“Put down the lamp, and we can pretend nothing happened tonight. I’ll have my father help your family first thing in the morning,” Winston added gently.

Morgan immediately slumped over at the thought of her parents. Seeing his chance, Winston snatched the lamp out of her grasp and lifted her into his arms.

“Think you can run away from me that easily?” he growled and tossed her on the bed.

“Don’t! Stay away from me!” Morgan cried desperately.

Winston grinned, undressing himself as he walked up to her. “Stay away? How can I have my way with you if I stay away? Not a single woman I’ve set my eyes on has ever tun away from me.”

It didn’t matter to him whether Morgan was his fiancée or not. She was still just a woman.

Chapter 369 You’ll Have to Die First

“Let me go!” Morgan shrieked as Winston hovered over her.

Still, men were physiologically stronger than women, something no amount of struggling from Morgan would change.

The moment her clothes were stripped off, the single shred of hope Morgan had in her heart completely dissipated. She closed her eyes and sagged into the bed, tears streaming down her face as if she had accepted her poor fate.

A heavy bang coming from the door jolted both Morgan and Winston.

“The fuck you...” the man cursed as he turned to the door, only to grin when he saw who was standing there.

“Hey, baby. Did you come for Daddy?” he cooed to Jenny in the doorway. He wasn’t going to waste his chance to get her into his bed again. With that thought in mind, Winston leaped off Morgan and walked to the door. “C’mon over, baby.”

It was apparent he was more interested in Jenny.

Morgan quickly recovered and turned to her friend, asking urgently, “Did you come alone, Jenny?” She had thought Jenny would at least have Alec come along; Morgan was regretting calling Jenny for help now.

“Run away, Jenny! This hotel is filled with his men!” She knew Jenny was skilled at martial arts, but she couldn’t possibly defeat dozens of men at once!

Jenny only shot her a smile, indicating things were alright. She had obviously prepared herself before coming over. All of Winston’s men had been taken care of before she reached this room.

“Run away?” Winston sneered, gently stroking Jenny’s cheek. “Neither of you is leaving this room tonight.”

Jenny ducked from his touch, saying coldly, “I’ll go easy on you if you kneel and apologize while begging for my mercy.”

She’d consider not making a scene for Morgan’s sake as long as Winston apologized first.

Winston laughed as if he had heard some great joke. “Go easy on me?” His eyes oozed with perversion. “I’d rather see you begging for me, sweetheart.”

“What a waste of time,” Jenny thought. She grabbed the man’s collar and lifted him up, slamming his back against the wall. “Really? You’ll have to die first, though.”

Winston was gasping in shock. “Y-you...”

“Oh, aren’t you going to call your men?” Jenny sneered.

Taking the bait, Winston yelled, “Someone get her! Fucking-someone get this fucking bitch!” But he was only met with silence from the hallway. His fear substantially increased.

Jenny Walter knew martial arts, and none of the guards were there to save his ass.

“Where are my bodyguards? What did you do to them?” Winston still tried to act tough while being dangled off the wall by Jenny.

Chapter 370 Don’t Kill Me!

Jenny didn’t waste any time slapping him on each cheek. “Yeah, they’re all passed out on the floor right now. No one’s coming to save your ass. Scared yet?”

As scared as Winston was, he forced it down. “What...what are you going to do to me? You better let me go before I make you regret it!”

“Hah.” Jenny scoffed. “Really? I’d like to see you try.”

With that, she dragged Winston to the window and shoved him outside.

“N-no, wait!” The entire upper half of his body was now hanging out the window. Cold wind blasted Winston’s face as he hung from the tall height.

Morgan slipped off the bed, going to Jenny’s side. “He’s not worth it, Jenny...”

As much as she hated Winston, she didn’t want Jenny dirtying her hands with his death. Plus, with the Murrs being quite influential in Parrington, Morgan would get in big trouble if Winston died. She even questioned if Alec would come to their rescue if shit really hit the fan.

Jenny had saved her once before. Morgan didn’t want Jenny to be targeted by the Murrs.

“You’re too kind, Morgan. It’s better to remove assholes like this from the world than keep them.” Jenny began pushing Winston further out the window.

The man was quivering all over. He cried, “Please stop! I’m sorry, I’m sorry-please, I’ll kneel. Please don’t drop me!”

A pungent smell followed his yelping. Jenny looked down to find that the man had pissed himself.

“Disgusting.” She cringed and pulled Winston back from the windowsill. The man curled up into a ball beside the window, still shivering. Jenny sneered. “Like I said, I’ll let you off easy this time, but next time, you’ll have to learn how to fly.”

Winston didn’t have the strength to respond. He was still shaking like a leaf.

“Let’s go.” Jenny left with Morgan, not wasting another second here.

Only after the two left did Winston stop shaking. A hateful, determined look shone in his eyes as he glared at the door. “I’m gonna fucking get you, Jenny Walter! I swear!”

Meanwhile, Jenny started the car after Morgan jumped in.

“Wanna go home?”

“No, a motel will do. I don’t want my parents to worry,” Morgan explained. Her parents would definitely freak out if they saw how disheveled she was.

Jenny hummed. “Stay at mine for the night, then.” Without waiting for Morgan’s answer, Jenny drove back to her apartment.

Morgan bit her lip, mumbling weakly, “Thank you.”

Jenny smirked. “Still want to marry him?”

“Hell no!” Morgan wrinkled her nose. “Not even if someone held a gun to my head.”

Jenny was quite pleased with her answer. “Good. I told you he was a piece of shit.”

Morgan sighed. She only agreed to marry Winston so his family could help hers. But now... if she told her family about what happened tonight, she was confident they wouldn’t allow the marriage to go through.

What about her family's financial issues, though?