

To Be Yours Again by Taylor

Chapter 7 I'm Divorced

Everyone from the neurosurgery department gathered at Fig Garden for dinner. That night, the spotlight was on Jenny, who had just joined their department.

"Let's raise our glasses to Dr. Walter. I hope she can lead the neurosurgery department of Parrington Hospital to success," said Dr. Ledger, the director of Parrington Hospital's neurosurgical department.

He wasn't exactly a skilled surgeon, but he secured his position with many years of experience. He was initially quite upset that an external doctor secured the position of deputy director. However, after giving it some thought, he concluded that having such a competent neurosurgeon by his side would boost the department's performance, improving his reputation. With that in mind, he regarded Jenny in a better light.

"Dr. Ledger, you flatter me too much," Jenny said, raising her glass. "Since I can't hold my liquor, I'll drink a toast to you with juice instead."

Having said that, she gulped down the juice in the glass.

Everyone applauded heartily, unconcerned whether Jenny was drinking wine or juice. After all, she had a major operation the next day. Everyone enjoyed the meal, and Jenny was no exception.

Later, Jenny headed to the washroom. Upon her exit, someone called out to her, "Dr. Walter."

Jenny turned around to see Jared Stewart from her department.

"Dr. Stewart?"

"We're colleagues now, so you don't have to be so formal with me. Just call me Jared," he said with a giggle. His face was red, probably from drinking.

"Okay," replied Jenny with a nod.

With that, the conversation ended, and they both fell silent. Jenny cast him a strange glance and said, "If there isn't anything else, let's head back to dinner. Everyone is waiting."

"I...I want to ask you a question," he quickly responded, clearly very flustered.

"What is it?"

Jenny raised her eyebrows, confident that she knew what he would say.

"Well..." he stammered. It took him a long time to ask, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

He stood there awkwardly, like a child waiting for their teacher to scold them.

"Do you?" he asked again worriedly.

Chuckling, Jenny shook her head and said, "No."

"Really? That's great—"

"I'm divorced," she interrupted.

"You're...divorced?"

Jared couldn't believe it. He almost thought he was experiencing auditory hallucinations.

Jenny nodded, "Yes, any problem with that?"

"N—No," he replied, disappointedly shaking his head. He thought he would have a chance if he tried hard enough since she was quite young, even if she already had a Ph.D.

However, she was divorced. Upon his reevaluation, he decided that the nurse who was trying to court him previously was pretty cute.

When Jared left, Jenny smiled. She was not surprised. It seemed like her status as a divorcée would save her from many troubles.

When she was about to leave, Alec exited the men's bathroom. What a coincidence it was that they were meeting again.

When their eyes met, Jenny stopped herself from asking him if she was stalking her.

"You have a unique way of turning people down, Dr. Walter," he commented with a mocking smile.

Jenny rolled her eyes, thinking it was all thanks to him. She walked away, ignoring him as she passed by him. Since she was not wearing her medical garments, she was an average person who had the right to ignore Alec.

"Have you been drinking?" asked Alec, frowning. He grabbed her wrist, displeasure written all over his face.

Jenny shook off his hand in annoyance.

"Mr. Faust, don't you think you're crossing the line? Do I need to tell you if I have been drinking?"

She glared at him, her face flushed with anger.

Alec was stunned by the sight of her. Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes complemented her fair complexion perfectly. Although her lips were pursed in a cute pout, Alec knew that an eloquent tongue was hiding behind them.

It was his first time seeing Jenny without a mask. Even with her mask on, he could tell that she was beautiful. However, when she removed her mask, something within him stirred.

"I don't want to put Faye's life in the hands of a drunkard," Alec said coldly when he returned to his senses.

Jenny took a deep breath, recalling all her moral lessons to stop herself from lashing out at him.

Swallowing her anger, she forced herself to speak calmly, "You're worrying too much. I didn't drink, so tomorrow morning's operation will not be affected."

The smell of alcohol that lingered around her was from her colleagues, not from herself, as she never fancied alcohol to begin with.

Although Alec looked like he doubted her, he didn't seem as upset as before.

"Good. After all, a person's life is in your hands. But I'm sure you are already aware of that."

“Is there anything else, Mr. Faust?” she asked, reluctant to be around him even for another second.

“Do you hate me?” he asked suddenly, noticing that she was visibly displeased and annoyed.

His question caught Jenny off guard. Had she been too honest with her feelings? She faked a cough as she tried to explain herself.

“You’re overthinking, Mr. Faust. I barely know you. How could I possibly hate you?”

Alec agreed with that. Since they had never met before, there was no reason for her to hate him. Hence, he decided that he had indeed been overthinking.