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Chapter 406 I Won't Let You Down

"I can't, Yvonne." Sam frowned. He was a Bloom. He had to have faith in his family company in the midst of the turmoil.

Yvonne glared at him. "If you don't sell them now, you won't have anything by the time the company liquidates. Is that what you want?"

Sam stayed silent.

"Sell them off, Sam. We can use the money to build our own company, just us two as the directors. Wouldn't that be better?" She finally revealed her motives. She had lost hope the moment Simone stepped into the competition to become heir to the company, so she had been readying herself to set up her own company.

All she needed was money; she could only get the amount she needed from Sam.

"But…"

"No buts, Sam. Think about it. What have you truly accomplished on your own all these years? Do you expect to sit around until Simone surpasses you? You really want the world to see how weak you are compared to your sister?" Yvonne's tone grew angrier the more she spoke. She had long lamented her husband's uselessness.

Unexpectedly, Sam was touched by her words. He had been mocked by the public for being useless all these years. The chance

to launch a business now was a chance to finally shine.

"I hear you, Yvonne, but I don't have what it takes right now." Sam really had no luck or skill when it came to the business world.

"I can help you manage things, Sam," Yvonne consoled him. "You know I'm just as capable as your sister."

"But if we fail..."

"Are you a man or not, Sam Bloom? Always worrying about this and that like some old woman.

afraid of living in Simone's shadow for the rest of your life?!" Yvonne burst out, face

Aren't you beet red.

Sam hurriedly calmed her down. "Alright, alright, honey. Don't be angry. We'll do as you say." Yvonne smiled. "Good. Don't worry; I won't let you down."

Sam would never expect that his decision that day would make his life turn for the worse. No longer would he enjoy the luxuries only the wealthy could have.

If Jenny knew, she'd clap in delight at the two's demise.

When she returned to her office, Christopher was waiting for her again. She was too tired to say anything, only sitting back in her chair tiredly.

"Here. Brought you lunch." He pointed at a takeout box on her table.

"Thanks. But you really don't have to," Jenny sighed.

"I want to." He shrugged. He'd been rejected too many times by this woman to feel hurt anymore.

Jenny shook her head, exhausted. She'd never be able to get through to this man. Might as well enjoy her free lunch.

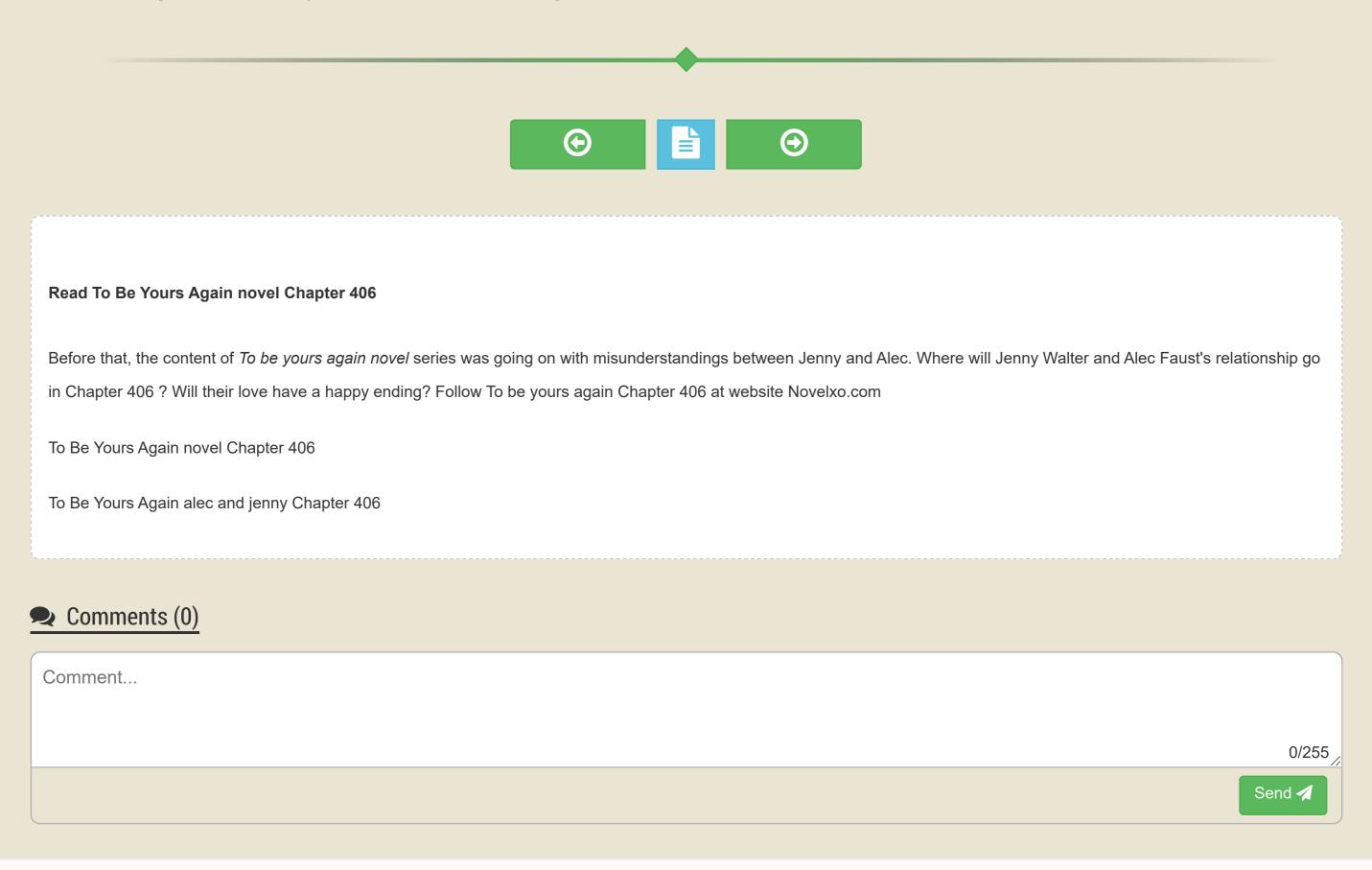
Christopher's smile widened as she ate. "Progress!" he thought. Jenny would never have eaten anything he bought in the past.

Just then, Morgan knocked on the door. She hesitated in the doorway, unsure if she should intrude.

"Hey, Morgan," Jenny called, noticing her.

Morgan smiled awkwardly, tablet in hand and unsure of what to say. It didn't look like she came at the best time.

"C'mon, bring it over." Jenny spotted the tablet and gestured for her to come inside.



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