

Be Yours 131

Chapter 131 The Grudge Between Alec and Max

Alec nodded. The knife in his hands moved swiftly as he sliced up a tomato. His knife skills were comparable to that of a renowned chef.

Jenny thought she was witnessing a whole new Alec.

"Are you surprised?" Alec turned to face her after noticing she had remained silent. She was in a daze. "I grew up with my grandfather. He was busy with the company and had no time for me. Although we had nannies, they thought that since I was young and my grandfather wasn't around, they didn't cook. So, I learned to cook by myself."

He learned to rely on himself from a very young age. He learned fervently and mastered everything in life so that he could live comfortably.

That was the first time Jenny heard Alec talk about his childhood. Her curiosity was piqued. "What about your parents? Were they absent, too?"

His back stiffened. The atmosphere instantly turned grim. "They divorced very early on. My father left for another woman. My mother couldn't handle the heartbreak and killed herself."

She died right before his eyes.

That day, he had fallen asleep early. His mother was sleeping in the same bed as him, which was a rare occurrence. He was happy. But he never could have thought that when he woke up in the middle of the night and tried to crawl into his mother's arms, instead of his mother's embrace, he would feel an ice-cold

corpse.

It was pitch dark. Little Alec had no idea what had happened. He merely cried out for his mother, but no response came. It was only until his cries startled his grandfather downstairs and the lights were turned on that Alec saw his mother's pale face.

From that day onward, he began fearing the dark. He felt that it brought bad news. Of course, he would never tell anyone about this. Jenny was no exception.

He did not need any of their sympathies.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know..." Jenny was uncomfortable. Although she was married to him for two years, she knew nothing about the Fausts. On the one hand, it was because her grandfather had never said anything to her. On the other, it was because she bore absolutely no interest whatsoever. She felt that she wouldn't stay with the Fausts for long and thus never wished to understand them.

"It's alright. It's all in the past." Alec shrugged nonchalantly. "Weren't you curious about the grudge Max has against me? The truth is, my father eloped with his mother. They abandoned their families for the sake of love. In the end, my mother was the one who died. Although his father lived, he turned into an alcoholic and would beat Max every time he got home. He married again, and they both tortured him."

Max hated his father and mother. He blamed Alec's father for his mother's departure and extended his grudge toward the entire Faust family.

Jenny needed a moment to recover after Alec said all of this. She would never have expected things to be so complicated between them. "So all these years, despite him annoying you, you never fought back because you felt guilty?" she asked.

Alec laughed. "What do I have to feel guilty about?"

"It was your father who took his mother away..."

"Wasn't my father taken away by his mother?" Alec retorted.

Jenny thought that made sense, too. They were both willing participants in the affair it didn't matter who led the other astray, so why did Max hate the entire Fast family? it seemed implausible

As if reading her mind, Alec said. "I just think he's pitiful His father blamed everything on mine. He thinks my father destroyed his family Under the influence of a family like that Max is brainwashed You don't know how much he got beaten up. He was bloody all over, always. In that kind of household, Max is long gone."

Chapter 132 He's A Victim Too

Alec thought that Max was pitiful. They shared similar fates, but at the same time, they weren't very similar.

Although Alec had lost both his parents, he still had a grandfather-one who was strict but caring, and who genuinely loved and protected him. It resulted in Alec and Max having very different upbringings.

Jenny only knew about this shared past between the Faustus and the Pearsons now. It was no wonder that every time Max brought up the Faustus, his face would twist in hatred.

But could he really blame the Faustus? Even Alec?

After all, Alec was a victim too.

Jenny was silent. She suddenly didn't know who to feel sorry for.

"That's all. Eat your breakfast." Alec interrupted her train of thought. He showed no signs of upset over losing his parents. To him, that was all in the past.

Jenny nodded. She followed him into the living room, and they slowly ate breakfast.

"You can stay if you don't want to move out," Jenny said after a while.

Her expression amused Alec, and his lips curled up. "Are you pitying me?"

"No." She shook her head at once, but she knew that she felt guilty about his past.

"You don't have to. They're just strangers to me. I'm not even upset about them being gone," Alec said. He cared nothing for his irresponsible parents at all. For the past twenty or so years, he only cared about his grandfather.

Although, it looked like he would care for Jenny now, too.

Jenny looked at his calm expression. He did look like someone who didn't mind. "I really don't care!" she lied. "Does someone like you even need sympathy?"

"Nope. I don't," Alec said.

The atmosphere grew quiet once more. No one spoke. Jenny ate her food and realized that it was delicious. She felt a little embarrassed. "This tastes really good. Thank you."

"You're welcome," he replied. "So, can you forgive me for yesterday?"

"No." Jenny glared at him and put away her cutlery.

Alec didn't force it. Breakfast was over, so he didn't have a reason to stay there anymore. He had to leave. "Grandpa misses you. Will you visit him in the Old Mansion when you're free?"

"Yes, I will." Jenny nodded.

Alec stood at the door, wanting to keep talking, but Jenny didn't give him a chance. She shut the door, leaving him outside.

He smiled bitterly and called Vincent. "Get someone to pack up my things here in the condo."

"Right away, Mr. Faust. Are you preparing to move out? Vincent asked.

"Yes. Move them to Faust Mansion."

"Yes, sir," Vincent replied. He didn't find it strange at all. The company president shouldn't even have lived in that tiny condominium.

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Jenny had organized a meeting in the restaurant that night, and only Gilbert and Max were present.

"So, it seems like you're considering my suggestion, Miss Jenny?" Max said, chuckling. He was in a good mood.

He understood Jenny. If she wasn't considering his suggestion, she wouldn't have called him and Gilbert there.

She smiled, nodding. She looked at Gilbert, who returned her gaze. "Jenny has told me about your suggestion, Mr. Pearson. I think it's possible, and I believe you will be a valuable ally in our work."

"Of course," Max replied.

"Tonight, we're mainly talking about splitting the profits with the Pearsons. It's best to put these things out in the open to prevent fights in the future."

Gilbert was a qualified business person. He would forever favor profit.

Max was not angry when he heard this. "Of course."

After that, the two began talking about their business partnership. Jenny didn't know the details of it all, but she didn't say much. She was merely a bridge connecting the two of them.

Chapter 133 He Felt Threatened

Once the negotiations were complete, Jenny went back home. When she got to her door, Alec was moving out his things.

"Miss Jenny," Vincent greeted when he saw her. Jenny nodded and took out her keys.

"I'm sorry, Miss Jenny," Vincent said. "I couldn't recognize you when I saw you."

He felt responsible for it. As Alec's assistant, he had to understand everything that happened around him fully. If he had, such a joke like this would never have happened.

"What's there to apologize for? We were married for two years, and he couldn't recognize me. You're just his assistant. It's a given that you wouldn't recognize me, too." Jenny thought that there was no need for Vincent to apologize.

He hesitated for a moment and decided to stick up for his president. "Miss Jenny, Mr. Faust is actually a nice person. He was just upset back then, which was why he didn't want to visit you."

Once he had calmed down, he couldn't remember Jenny because she didn't have a commanding presence.

"Once he met you, he changed. He's deeply attracted to you. I believe that if he had just gone over to see you back then, he wouldn't have divorced you." Sometimes it was ridiculous how fate toyed with people.

What Vincent said might be true, but Jenny didn't care. "We're not fated for each other. Fate is a wonderful thing, but if you don't share it, you never will."

Vincent was stunned but said, "Just because you didn't share it before doesn't mean you won't in the future." He felt that fate played a role in their lives. Why else would they still see each other even after their divorce?

Jenny didn't want to argue with him anymore. He was just as weaselly as Alec. It was no wonder that he was his assistant—they were cut from the same cloth.

She went into her condo, and Vincent watched her leave helplessly. Just as he was about to turn and order the helpers around, Alec appeared out of nowhere.

"Mr. Faust." Vincent was startled. Could he have heard his conversation with Jenny?

Alec looked at the door on the opposite darkly. Then, he looked at Vincent and said coldly, "Who let you run your tongue?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Faust. I was just..."

"Get in there and pack." Alec waved his arm, cutting him off.

Vincent nodded and kept quiet.

-Jenny knew when Alec and his helpers left the house with his things, but she didn't go out to say goodbye. She thought there was no need to do so. They wouldn't be meeting again anyway. There was nothing to be said between them. Being strangers was great, too.

Alec, on the other hand, wanted to knock on her door and say a few words but ultimately decided against it. He knew that Jenny wasn't eager to see him. Since that was the case, he shouldn't affect her emotions.

In front of Perry Residence, Max had heard the news somewhere and had long begun waiting to laugh at Alec. When he saw him walking out with a bunch of helpers carrying suitcases, he burst into laughter. "Oh, Alec! I never thought I'd see you like this."

Alec glanced at him and ignored him, but Max wasn't going to let it go. He followed Alec and said, "Looks like Jenny still hates you. What a pity."

Alec stopped in his tracks and turned. "Don't you want to pursue her? Why are you being so quiet? Christopher is in the lead now."

At the thought of Christopher, Alec preferred if Max were the one pursuing Jenny. At least he knew that Max wasn't really interested in her.

As for Christopher....

Alec felt threatened by him.

Chapter 134 Thank Goodness You're a Guy

At Alec's words, Max shrugged nonchalantly. He said gleefully, "I can't afford to fool around with Christopher Spade."

"You, Pearson? Afraid of someone?" Alec was surprised, as if he had stumbled upon something rare.

Max wagged his eyebrows and crossed his arms over his chest. "Fine. I admit that it's not because I'm afraid of him. I just think that anyone, no matter who, will get on your nerves if they pursue Jenny. Since that's the case, why should I stir up trouble?" He had already seen through Alec, especially when it came to Jenny.

Alec looked at him frostily and turned to leave. He feared that if they kept arguing, he would be unable to resist throwing a few punches.

Max smiled even more when he saw his reaction. "What? Are you angry?"

Alec said nothing and walked toward his car.

Max tagged along, saying, "Jenny probably didn't tell you that she's already agreed to work with me to take down the Dickmans. Not long from now, the Dickmans are going to disappear off the face of Parrington. I'm curious. Will you help your little lover?"

When Alec heard this, his eyebrows furrowed, but he said nothing.

"Leaving so soon? Let's at least talk for a bit." Max kept pestering him. He really wanted to know what Alec was thinking.

Finally, Alec stopped like Max wanted and turned to look at him. "Thank goodness you're a guy, or I'd think that you liked me from how much you care about me."

Max was rendered speechless. He had had a big breakfast, and Alec's words made him want to puke. He looked at Alec in disdain and said, "I'm not like you. I'm straight."

"You better be." Alec scoffed and got into his car.

Max watched the car leave. The smile on his face was immediately wiped away, and he turned grim.

Alec had not said whether he would help the Dickmans, meaning there was always a possibility of him helping them.

If Alec helped the Dickmans, Max and Gilbert might not take them down. He thought about it for a while and finally called Gilbert. It would serve as a reminder in case things went awry.

In the car, Alec looked solemn. He was already in a bad mood, so it was only getting worse.

"Mr. Faust, should we give the Dickmans a heads up?" The Dickmans and the Faustus were on good terms. Not only that, they collaborated frequently. If the Dickmans were to fall, the Faustus would be affected as

well.

Alec looked up at Vincent, who was driving. "What heads up?"

"About Mr. Pearson..."

"I know nothing about it. Do you?" Alec looked at him, his gaze icy.

Vincent's back turned cold. He understood immediately. "I don't. I know nothing at all."

"Good." Alec nodded, satisfied with his answer.

The car moved along steadily. Vincent was on an emotional rollercoaster. It was a good thing that he had

been by Alec's side for many years, or else he would not have been able to recover so quickly. Assisting Alec was tough, like walking on eggshells. Vincent felt this greatly.

As for the Dickmans, he could only send them his thoughts and prayers.

The car soon arrived at Faust Mansion. Alec got down the car. But as he walked, he suddenly turned to Vincent and said, "The Spades have been in Parrington for a long time. Is Bardoff City doing just as well even without them?"

"The Spades are basically controlled by Christopher. No one else dares to challenge him, so it's stable," Vincent answered.

"Stable?" That's not a good thing," Alec said.

“What do you mean?” Vincent wasn’t stupid. He had a vague guess.

“Let them fight amongst themselves. How can someone from Bardoff City stay in Parrington for so long?” Alec had already gone into Faust Mansion, disappearing from Vincent’s line of sight.

Chapter 135 Don’t Make Me Wait

Gilbert and Max worked quickly. The moment their partnership was confirmed, they eagerly began attacking the Dickmans. They were so fast that the Dickmans had no time to curate a proper response.

In the president’s office in Dickman LLC, Yvonne stood politely before the table and looked at the middle- aged man behind the desk. He was berating her, and she dared not retort.

“Yvonne, you’re my daughter. You should know the pressure that I’m bearing, having you in your position. My subordinates are all accusing me of letting you in through my connections. You must work harder.” The man who was speaking was her father, George Dickman.

Yvonne nodded her head quickly. She looked apologetic. “I’m sorry, father. I’ve disappointed you.”

“Indeed, you have.” George’s face was ice cold. He stared at her for a long while before saying, “But not because of the problems that we’ve encountered today, but rather, because of your future marriage.”

“Dad...” Yvonne bit her lip. She knew what he was going to say.

“The Bloom family’s son isn’t too bad. You should give it a try,” George said.

Yvonne kept her head low. She didn’t want the man before her to see the hatred in her eyes. “Dad, I already have someone I like.”

“Alec Faust, am I right? I know.” George smiled lightly. “Everyone in Parrington knows, but what’s the use? Does he like you back? All this while, you’ve wasted too much time on him. If the Dickmans run into trouble, you know what to do.”

Yvonne’s face turned pale. She looked at her father in disbelief. “Dad, we’ve run into some problems now, but surely that doesn’t mean we need to arrange a marriage?”

“The Pearsons and that boy Gilbert are coming on strong. Although we’re powerful, we should be on our guard.” He looked at his daughter gravely.

Yvonne was silent. George continued, “The Blooms have spoken. If you marry into their family, they will help us counter those two families. With their support, we might even take down Gilbert and the Pearsons.”

Yvonne understood all this, but she could not accept it.

She was his daughter. She was a living, breathing human being. How could she be traded off like property?

She always thought that as long as she worked hard, her talents would be recognized. But now she understood that she had been naive.

She was still dwelling on her plan at first, but now, she had made her decision.

Since he cared about his useless son so much, she would kill him off and see how he reacted!

"Yvonne?" George looked upset when he saw that his daughter was silent.

"I understand, father." She nodded, not arguing.

George was satisfied. This was the daughter he wanted. "That's good. Pay more attention to the Blooms."

"And the company..."

"That's not your concern. I have already told Steven to help. You need only to settle things between us and the Blooms," he said.

Could Steven, that useless bastard, be of help? Yvonne thought it was hilarious. But of course, she did not

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laugh, merely lowering her head.

"You can go now. Don't keep me waiting. The Dickmans cannot be kept waiting." George ordered.

Yvonne turned and left the office. The moment she stepped out, her face turned cold.

She looked back at the office, her gaze turning venomous.

"Are you free, Steven? I have something great to share with you," she said, talking to Steven over the phone.

Chapter 136 I'll Teach Him a Lesson

Jenny left the hospital at eight in the evening, dragging her exhausted body to Stephanie. "Why are you looking for me so late at night? Is it good or bad news?"

"What do you mean, good or bad news? I just thought since we hadn't seen each other in a while, I'd invite you to dinner." Stephanie was feeling a little hapless. She didn't know Jenny got off work so late.

Unfortunately, Jenny was unmoved. She didn't seem to be touched at all. "I thought you had forgotten. about me since you got yourself a boyfriend."

Once knowing that a man now existed in Stephanie's life, Jenny understood why she was busy all the time, so she did not ask her out as often to avoid feeling upset.

Stephanie didn't continue the conversation, and it made Jenny suspect something. "What? Did you fight? You guys broke up?"

"What do you mean broke up? We were never together." Stephanie smiled bitterly, her words filled with pain.

Jenny was stunned. "It's been so long, though. What have you been doing?"

"He didn't want to be with me officially. What can I do about it?" Stephanie had already said and done everything that she could, but all she had received was a refusal to take the next step.

What did he take her for?

Jenny frowned as if understanding something. "Did he want you to be his secret lover?"

The moment those words left her mouth, emotions surged in Jenny's chest. Stephanie pulled her back. "He didn't say anything like that."

"What did he say, then?" Jenny said, refusing to let the matter rest.

Stephanie smiled bitterly. "Nothing."

He had not clarified their relationship, nor had he shared what he wanted for their future. He was flaky, and Stephanie did not feel secure with him.

"Nothing at all?" Jenny raised her voice and stared at Stephanie steely. "Isn't that obvious enough? He just wants you to be his friend with benefits, not his girlfriend."

It wasn't unusual in society. Jenny had only heard of things like this happening. She never imagined that someday, her best friend would encounter something like this.

Stephanie was quiet. With that man's status, this was probably the only plausible explanation.

A friend with benefits?

No matter how bad at love Stephanie was, she wasn't a tool to be used.

Her expression was frosty. She said, "Relax. I'm not the kind of person who's blinded by love. I'll ask him clearly. If he truly does think like that, I won't waste any more of my time on him."

She liked him a lot, but her patience had a limit.

"Tell me his name. I'll teach him a lesson." Jenny was furious. She thought Stephanie couldn't let him go..

Stephanie didn't say "Paul Wagner." Instead, she pulled at Jenny's arm and said, "Let's go eat. It'll be time. for supper if we don't go now."

"You..." Jenny still wished to speak, but Stephanie had already gotten into the car. She clearly didn't want

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to keep talking about it.

Jenny was frustrated, but she didn't want to press on. An investigation, however, would still be necessary. Her friend's happiness was on the line. She didn't want her to be misled.

With that thought in mind, Jenny messaged Zack. "Hey, help me find the man Stephanie's been seeing. Keep this a secret. Don't let her know."

Jenny didn't want Stephanie to worry or overthink things. She could solve this privately. She wouldn't let that irresponsible bastard just disappear from Stephanie's life.

Stephanie started driving and saw Jenny texting. "Texting Alec Faust?" she teased. "You guys are making progress."

Chapter 137 Maybe in the Next Life

Jenny put her phone away and cast a glance in her friend's direction. "Who said I was texting him? What progress can we make?"

"Why not? I thought you'd be touched by his initiatives." Stephanie didn't like Alec at first. She thought he'd go way overboard, but now she thought he was alright. At least he'd admit his wrongs instead of protecting his pride. It was much better than a lot of the men out there.

Of course, Jenny didn't share the same sentiment. She was exasperated. "Does he think I'll accept him after a few apologies and spending a little time pursuing me? What does he think I am? A toy?"

"That's true. You're not like the other girls. His actions wouldn't move you." Stephanie thought that she would be swooning over him if she were in Jenny's shoes. It was Alec Faust, after all.

They chatted along the way and reached the restaurant soon after.

Since it was Stephanie paying, Jenny didn't hold herself back. She ordered a few dishes at once.

At the same time, in the Dickman Villa, Yvonne looked at Steven and said caringly, "Steven, how have things been lately? I've been too busy to spend time with you."

"Things are good." Steven was taken aback. Every time Yvonne used that charming tone, bad things were looming on the horizon. Little did he know that his gut instincts were right and that the bad thing about to happen would lay a claim on his life.

"You're probably still upset over Jenny, aren't you?" Yvonne knew her useless brother very well. That was why she already had a plan.

At the mention of Jenny, Steven's face turned dark. He gnashed his teeth in hatred but was afraid to say it in front of Yvonne. He shook his head. "I've gotten over it. She's Alec Faust's woman. I can't fight that."

But his heart hadn't gotten over it. When he slept with other women, Jenny's face and body would appear in his head, sending him into the throes of desire.

"So what? As long as you like her, I can help you get her." Yvonne patted Steven's shoulder, looking proud

of her brother.

Steven couldn't believe his ears. "Is that true, Yvonne?"

"Of course." Yvonne nodded and continued, "I used to like him, which was why I didn't want to start any fires. But now, things are different. You know that I'm about to marry into the Blooms."

Steven nodded. He had heard his father talking about it before. Although he didn't agree, he knew nothing about the matters within the company. He was helpless.

"There's no need to care about Alec Faust. We're not really scared of him, anyway," Yvonne said.

Steven's lust was stirred. He looked at Yvonne, licking his lips. "So, that means I can lay hands on her?"

"Of course. She's just another woman. She should be honored to be admired by you." Yvonne sneered in her heart when she saw the lustful creature before her. Did he really want to succeed the Dickmans like this? In his next life, perhaps!

"But... that woman is pretty hard to deal with." Steven saw this as a problem. Jenny wasn't like other women-she couldn't be swayed by money.

Yvonne leaned into his ear and whispered, "Leave it to me. I'll handle it."

Steven's eyes lit up, and he excitedly said, "For real?"

"Don't worry. I'll send her straight into your room." Yvonne smiled and said softly, "Don't tell anyone about

this. Including mom and dad."

"Alright." He would do anything as long as he could fuck Jenny.

Chapter 138 Aren't You Going to Miss Me?

After Jenny and Stephanie had their dinner, they went back to their homes. Little did they know that Jenny was once more the target of the Dickmans. However, she need not worry. Unless she was up against a pervert like Alec, she was good at self-defense. Few people could fight her.

When Jenny arrived at the hospital the next day, Christopher walked into her office unhappily. "Something's happened in Bardoff City, Jenny. I need to leave."

"Alright. You can go," Jenny said.

"Aren't you going to miss me?" Christopher was hurt by her lack of response. He thought that they had at

least bonded a little.

Jenny looked at him and said calmly, "Maybe. Bardoff City isn't that far away. You can come back again. once things are settled."

"That's true." Christopher thought what she said made sense, and he smiled at once.

Jenny couldn't be bothered to say much more.

"Call me if you need me. As long as the Spades are still under my control, I'll definitely help you in whatever way I can," he said.

Jenny was dubious when she heard him.

Did this mean that she was forming a good relationship with the Spades?

Probably.

She didn't think that her grandfather's orders would be so easy. She always thought forming connections with these large families was a difficult feat. Apparently, she had overcomplicated things.

She considered it for a while and asked, "Do you know someone called Horace Wilkins?"

"Horace Wilkins?" Christopher thought about it and shook his head. "No. Who is he? Do you need me to find him? I can help with that."

"There's no need. He's my grandfather. He's already dead." Jenny was just curious to know why her grandfather was connected to these families and why he told her to form good relationships with them.

Christopher was a little embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

"It's okay. I don't mind." She waved her hand, not the least bit concerned about it..

Christopher heaved a sigh of relief and asked, "Your grandfather? Why is he called Wilkins?"

"He said I didn't inherit the family name." Truth be told, Jenny still didn't know whose family name she had taken. All she knew was that she had to be a Walter. Her grandfather wouldn't tell her the reason, even on his deathbed.

Christopher nodded, partially understanding. "There are no major families named Wilkins in Bardoff City. I wouldn't know of any other Wilkins."

"It's alright. I was just confused. My grandfather was an ordinary old man. You wouldn't know him."

It didn't take a genius to figure out that Christopher would only know the sons of the major families. As for her grandfather...no matter how hard she tried, she could only imagine him as a regular old man. He wouldn't be affiliated with the major families. But if that were the case, why would he tell her to protect herself and to form a connection with the Spades?

Jenny suddenly felt a headache coming.

"If I can't come to Parrington for the time being, will you come to Bardoff City to see me?" Christopher didn't know what was on her mind. He thought that she was feeling sentimental.

Jenny nodded. "I will. Go to Bardoff City, that is."

But not to see him. She would go in pursuit of an answer.

Christopher was happy with her reply. When he left her office, a smile hung on his lips.

Jenny had no time to dwell on it. The first surgery of the day would start soon. Once Christopher left, she got up and left the office, heading toward the operating room.

Yvonne came looking for Alec early in the morning in Faust Group. She couldn't let go of him. More importantly, her plan would be set into motion today, so she had to create an alibi for herself. "Alec, why don't we visit your grandfather today?" she said, looking at the busy man before her.

Chapter 139 A Place like Parrington

Alec didn't raise his head. "Maybe another time. I'm busy today."

"Alright." Yvonne was exasperated. "Can we have lunch together, at least? It's been a long time since we've eaten together."

Alec looked up, his eyebrows furrowing. "Isn't Dickman LLC about to collapse? Why aren't you settling the trouble caused by Pearson and Gilbert instead of hanging around here?"

He thought that Yvonne was there to ask for his help. He had already thought of what to say to reject her, but she hadn't spoken about it at all.

"My father has brought Steven into the company. It's no longer my concern." She smiled, but her heart ached.

Alec was quite understanding of Mr. Dickman's behavior, so he couldn't help feeling sorry for Yvonne. After all, they had been friends for many years. He didn't like the Dickmans purely because of Steven, but

he didn't hate Yvonne.

He gathered his files and said, "Let's have lunch."

"Alright." She smiled, feeling happy.

Oh, Jenny. Yvonne and Alec had known each other for many years. Jenny could never compare to their relationship.

It was midday. Jenny had just finished performing surgery and was leaving the hospital to eat at a nearby restaurant.

Not long after, a few men surrounded her. "If you don't want to get hurt, follow us."

Jenny swept a gaze over her surroundings-there were a lot of pedestrians. She felt irritated. If a fight were to happen, these innocent civilians would be affected.

"Alright."

As long as she wasn't drugged, she stood a fair chance of fighting even after leaving the place.

The people seemed to not want to fight on the streets, either. They took Jenny to a cramped alley at the back and brought a rope toward her.

"Are you going to do this yourself, or are you going to let us?"

Jenny smirked. "If you tied me up in the street, you might have succeeded. But now..."

She didn't know if she could consider them fools. They had missed such a good opportunity. How naive of them to think that they could tie her up now.

However, they didn't panic. "We know you're good at self-defense. We're pretty confident in our abilities, too."

Jenny frowned. Before she could dwell on their words, they attacked. She responded instantly, counter-attacking. They were pretty good but could not compare to her, and they quickly lost their bravado.

"If you come to the police station with me to rat out your leader, I'll consider letting you go without consequences," Jenny tried to convince them while fighting them. She didn't force them to tell her who was behind it. The only people in Parrington who would want to attack her right now were the Dickmans.

They said nothing, merely continuing to fight her.

Jenny raised her eyebrows. Her gaze turned cold. Her movements sped up, and she instantly defeated two of her attackers.

Seeing this, someone roared, "What the fuck are you doing, Dill? Are you seriously going to let her defeat

Us?"

Jenny wondered what this meant. She quickly understood because, in the next second, one of the people attacking her suddenly switched up his battle style. His speed and his strength increased greatly, and the tables were turned.

"Oh. Someone has been holding back." Jenny had underestimated the Dickmans. She said it like it was nothing, but she grew serious in her fighting. Dill was good at fighting. He wasn't that far off from Alec, and it made her uneasy.

In all of Parrington, only Alec was stronger than her. Now, there was another one.

Chapter 140 Jenny Is Missing

"All together!"

Seeing that Jenny couldn't keep up anymore, Dill spoke up. He didn't want to reveal all his techniques. If possible, he hadn't wanted to expose himself at all.

At once, they attacked her together.

Jenny realized the gravity of the situation and prepared to flee, but they didn't give her the chance to do so. They surrounded her, not letting her escape. In the end, she was knocked unconscious.

Right as she passed out, she saw them heave sighs of relief. She was unlucky to have met people with such good fighting abilities.

Then, she blanked out.

Jenny was missing.

When Alec heard the news, he immediately left the meeting, leaving behind a group of very bewildered officials.

The surveillance footage was quickly found. Jenny appeared on the camera, and it was clearly seen that she followed the men somewhere. As for what they said and where they went, no one knew.

"Keep up the investigations," Alec said darkly and left the surveillance room. He held his phone and called Yvonne. "Where's Jenny?"

"Miss Jenny?" Yvonne was puzzled. "What's wrong with her? I was with you all day. I haven't seen her."

Alec frowned, but he came to his senses immediately. Yvonne was by his side the whole day. She had no time to lay hands on Jenny.

But who else could it be?

Alec at once thought of Steven. Coldly, he asked, "What about Steven? Where is he?"

"Steven? I don't know, either." Yvonne shook her head, saying, "Maybe he's at home. He never goes out."

Alec scoffed and hung up. He drove toward Dickman Villa, furious enough to kill.

When Yvonne hung up, her face was full of hatred..

At this time, Steven had probably already gone to meet his maker.

"Don't panic, Alec. You'll find Jenny very soon. I won't let anything happen to her." Yvonne thought and laughed loudly.

Alec soon found out about Jenny's last whereabouts. The cameras lost her near a hotel. Anyone would make the connection and search the hotel.

Alec barged in with his men, but because he didn't know where she was, he had no choice but to search every room.

Meanwhile, Jenny woke up groggily in the presidential suite on the hotel's highest floor. She glanced around at her unfamiliar surroundings in a daze.

She got to her senses quickly and surveyed the area. It was quiet. No one was around, but one of the bedroom doors was open, as if waiting for her to enter.

After a moment's hesitation, Jenny got up and prepared to go in. Since she was brought here, she probably couldn't escape that easily. If that was the case, she might as well figure out what they were up

Before long, she sensed that something wasn't right. The floor appeared to be wet. She looked down, and her expression shifted.

It wasn't water. It was blood. And it wasn't just the floor. She was covered in blood, even on her hands. But the blood on her hands looked like they had been rinsed off, and it wasn't very obvious. That was why

she didn't realize it at once.

Her brain, which was already spinning before, was drawing blanks. What was this? Where had the blood come from? Whose was it?

Her gaze trailed toward the bedroom, where the path of blood led.

She gnashed her teeth and walked toward the bedroom. But right as she stepped into the doorway, a slam sounded from the main entrance.

She was about to scream for them to stop, but the door crashed open.