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Chapter 6 She Deserves An Excellent Man

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'I don't know why,' Mary thought even as she begged. 'I feel so ashamed facing this cold man.

All I want is to make more money to help my family, but why is God so hard on me? We have to face great hardships and God has never offered any salvation.

God can't be this cruel. I won't give up just yet. I have to hold on to hope, even if it's only the barest glimmer. I won't lose so easily.'

Franklin cocked his head and looked at the girl begging him for help. He hadn't wanted to get involved in the matter, but the girl's tearful eyes and headstrong expression stirred something in him again. Just as before, her face overlapped with someone else's in his mind. He could not stop himself from turning soft before her.

'I don't want a girl with such eyes to get insulted by a disgusting man like Zeke. A girl with clear and beautiful eyes and a strong, determined gaze deserves an excellent man.'

Franklin rose from his seat and pulled Mary up and into his arms. Without saying a word, he led her towards the door, baffling the rest of the people in the room.

They didn't understand what was happening, and all kinds of thoughts were running in their heads.

'Does Mr. Leng know that girl?' 'Does that mean that Mr. Leng was dissatisfied with our behavior just now?' 'But if he did know her, then why did he ignore her the entire time Zeke was bullying her earlier?'

'Did Mr. Leng get interested in this girl right then and there?' 'Maybe he wanted to be a knight in shining armor and save a damsel in distress.' 'But he is known for not wanting any woman to get close to him, even though he could have his pick of women any time.'

Silence reigned.

Everyone was stunned. By the time they came to their senses, Franklin and Mary were already at the door.

'Mr. Leng—' Zeke spu

tered, about to question why Franklin wanted to take away the beauty he had gotten his eye on first. But Franklin interrupted him before he could even say anymore, and Zeke froze on the spot.

'I'm taking her away. Don't mess with her anymore, or I wouldn't mind having a conversation with your wife.' With that, Franklin and Mary left the room.

It was a fact that Zeke was afraid of his wife, and the other customers knew this as well. He had been nothing more than an average member of

the working class in the past, but he had risen to his current position with the help of his wife's family. He might have made a handful of achievements of his own over the years, but he was still terrified of offending his wife. She had long suspected him of messing around with other women, but she never could find any evidence to prove it.

He had been careful, of course, knowing that his wife's discovery would become his downfall. And so, even though it left a bad taste in his mouth, he had no choice but to bear his anger over what had happened here tonight, and keep it to himself. He couldn't afford to offend Franklin just as much as he couldn't afford to offend his wife.

Mary finally came to her senses once they were out of the room. She had won the gamble! She had survived this night. Then she realized that her savior had his arms around her. She had never experienced romance, or even fallen in love. This strange arrangement made her uneasy.

Her instincts were screaming at her to break free, but Franklin was holding her too tightly. She didn't even have room to struggle. She had no choice but to give up. She endured the inexplicable uneasiness brought by the man beside her. After all, she was not completely out of danger now, and he should let her go when they were outside.

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