

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Funeral

There was a funeral at Westburgh Cemetery. Jean Eyer was dressed in black and stood quietly among the crowd as her late father's friends came to her to express their condolences. Someone said in a low tone, "My condolences, Ms. Eyer."

Jean wiped her tears and thanked the mourner. A month ago, Eyer Group wound up and shuttered. Furthermore, her father suffered a heart attack and passed away.

In an instant, the once prominent Eyer family was gone. Despite her family's downfall, people still mourned her loss and did not dare to look down on her.

It was because she was not only the daughter of the Eyer family but the wife of a man who conquered the business world and was feared by all. He was the revered president of Royden Group, Edgar Royden.

The funeral proceeded until noon, but Edgar still did not show up. When the funeral was about to end, an inconspicuous Bentley traveled into the cemetery.

Then, the driver got out and opened the passenger door. Edgar stepped out of the car dressed in a pressed tailored suit and shiny polished leather shoes. He had a handsome face with well-formed facial features. However, his eyes were cold.

This was Jean's first time seeing Edgar since marrying him two years ago. It was ironic that she finally saw him again at her father's funeral.

While all the mourners brought flowers and other gifts, Edgar came empty-handed. "Edgar." What was even more shocking was that a sultry woman in a short red dress came out of his car and held his arm. "Do I have to go in too?"

Edgar's expression softened slightly as he looked at her. He unfurled her fingers from his arm and said, "Wait for me in the car."

"Okay." The woman smiled and stood on tiptoes to kiss his cheek. That scene was akin to a hard slap on Jean's face. They were now at her father's funeral. That woman not only disrespected Jean's father by wearing red, but she also kissed Jean's husband with all the mourners watching.

Thus, Jean clenched her fists and struggled to maintain her usual composure. Meanwhile, Edgar walked onto the steps toward her.

Soon, he turned to meet her gaze. Edgar stood at five feet nine inches tall and looked down at her intimidatingly. "What's wrong? Have you turned mute in the past two years?"

“What do you want?” Jean sensed that he did not come here with good intentions. “What do I want?” Edgar’s gaze turned cold. They seemed chillier than the snow and wind outside the hall. “Isn’t it obvious? I’m here to pay my respect to my dear father-in-law.”

He continued to look down at Jean.

Jean’s long hair had reached her waist. Edgar could not deny that she had grown even more alluring than two years ago. If she was not his enemy’s daughter, perhaps they would have a happy marriage.

Or they would never marry each other. After all, he married her solely to seek revenge against Gary Eyer. “Everyone, leave us.”

All the mourners acted promptly on Edgar’s order and left the hall. No one dared to object or offend the president of Royden Group.

Once the last person left the hall, Jean felt Edgar gripping her wrist painfully. He gripped it so hard that he almost dislocated it. Then, he dragged her forcefully into a room and shut the door.

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An hour later, Edgar put on his suit jacket and left the memorial hall without a hint of emotion on his face.

The woman who had been waiting outside all this while rushed to welcome him. She held his hand and said gently, “Edgar, how was it? Have you dealt with the problem?”

“Yes,” Edgar answered flatly as he held her hand and walked down the steps. “it is all over.”

Gigi could hear the resignation in his voice but did not dare to ask questions. She glanced behind with a hint of fear in her eyes.

I hope it is truly over this time.