

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 133

### Chapter 133 Who Told You to Touch Her?

Tears started falling from Jean's eyes, but she was stubborn and did not lower her head. She chewed her lip which still stung from his kiss, and gave him a contemptuous smile, "Don't you like people who are helpless under you, Mr. Royden? You were the one who told me that all men were the same."

Edgar raised his body and looked into her eyes, that were dark abysses. She had probably thought it through before coming here tonight. Does she really not care about what happens to her. But just about that guy and his races?

Edgar could not control the fury within him as he viciously bit her neck. The room was filled with the scent of alcohol. Their breathing also grew more and more heavy. Should I hide?

She did not allow herself to entertain that thought as she banished it from her mind. She would remember all that happened tonight. She knew she couldn't hide from him. After all, blackmail was Edgar's strongest suit.

One day, I will make him humble himself in front of others. She had thought that Edgar would go through with it, but after releasing his anger, he stopped his actions. Although fury still burned in his eyes, he furrowed his brows when he saw the marks on Jean's neck.

Jean could not understand what he was thinking but was close to being unable to breathe with his weight on her. She gave a few coughs and asked provocatively, "Are you unable to continue, Mr. Royden?"

"Leave!" The man shoved Jean to a side.

She gathered strength in her legs and stood up. Her clothes were all wrinkled, but she tidied up her hair and straightened out her clothes before retorting, "I see that you are unable to continue. I've done what you've asked me to, if you do not keep your promises, I will tell the world about everything and ruin your reputation."

For Ben, she would not care about her image nor her...

Edgar punched the wall as Jean walked away. He was mad at himself for being so wary of Jean.

There was a fireworks show going on outside Imperial Hotel. Standing in the clear glass elevator, Jean could see all the colorful displays being lit in the sky. As the lights exploded above her, all her pretenses were stripped apart, and she started to cry. She slowly sank to the floor with her face in her hands.

He knows what I care about the most. Jean's bones were weary as she hung her head.

The moment the door opened; she could only think about leaving as fast as possible. Yet, before she could step outside, she was hit by someone.

"What are you doing?!" Brad ran over to stop Jonathan. He looked at the unconscious Jean on the ground and gave a frown, "If Edgar knows, he's going to get mad."

"Why? I'm helping his and Gigi Reece's relationship. If Gigi finds out about what happened between him and Jean tonight, there will be a massive fight." Jonathan gave Edgar a look and reached down to lift Jean.

"Since Edgar chased her from his room, he probably doesn't care much about what happens to her." Jonathan reasoned as though he was right. "Send her to the room upstairs."

As he watched Jean being brought away, Brad once again tried to stop Jonathan, "Let's not create trouble, Edgar did a lot for you when your uncle got into a car accident..."

"Alright, stop nagging me, the guy was one of his close friends, not a stray dog!" Jonathan shouted and walked away. He was going to look for some people to help with giving attention to the oblivious Ms. Eyer.

So what if Edgar finds out? Will he really break our friendship because of Jean Eyer?

The more Brad thought about the situation, the more he was troubled. He quickly took out his phone and gave Edgar a call.

Otherwise, things may turn for the worse tonight.

...

Two hours later.

Jean woke up in one of the rooms at Imperial Hotel. She felt hot and struggled to open her eyes. When she opened her eyes, she realized she was in an unfamiliar room.

It doesn't look like I have left the hotel.

She tried hard to think about what had happened. She knew she fainted after someone attacked her when she was exiting the elevator. She opened her eyes and saw that she was still wearing her clothes from before.

Her heart fell to the depths.

She heard noises from outside, and with nowhere to hide, pretended to be asleep.

Who is it?

She heard Edgar's voice.

"Who told you to touch her?"

Jean gritted her teeth. I thought you told me to go; was that just a ploy? Edgar Royden, what are you getting at?

Following Edgar's question was a bunch of noises that Jean could not decipher.

Then suddenly, someone shouted, "Isn't she just trash that you threw away? What's so great about you? If you can use her, my brothers can..."

'Smack'

Edgar reached out his hand and grabbed onto Jonathan's shirt, pulling him up. Then, he proceeded to punch the living daylight out of him.

"The only person that can touch her, is me." He said angrily as he gave Jonathan a kick. "Do not appear before me from now on."

By the time Brad rushed over, Jonathan had already been beaten to a pulp. He was in such a state that he could not even cry out in pain.

"Edgar, didn't you go too far? He's not just a..."

"Leave." Edgar spat at them and left them to go into the bedroom.

Brad looked at the beat-up Jonathan and sighed, "Let me take you to the hospital."

It was fortunate that Brad came in time and stopped Edgar from beating Jonathan up more. He could have killed someone with how he was pummeling Jonathan.

Even though Jonathan had to be supported, he had the energy to say softly, "He treats Jean so roughly, but why won't he let others..."

"After so many years, do you still not know Edgar? If he really wanted to, Jean would disappear from Yorktown tomorrow. He just can't admit that he still has feelings for her." Brad sighed and continued, "Rest for a few days. I'll go talk to Edgar about this. After all, I have a hand in it as well."

Jonathan hung his head and made no sounds.

No lights were on in the room.

Jean felt someone coming in, but she knew it wasn't the right time to open her eyes.

Why is Edgar so mad?

She couldn't understand. She waited as the footsteps got closer while thinking about what to do. Edgar did not come any closer and did not make any attempts to touch her.

For the first time, they stayed quiet on the same bed. Edgar was sitting, and Jean was lying down. Jean only realized that he had not left when she heard a sigh from him.

Edgar slowly raised his hand and gently stroked her neck where he had left marks. His eyes were filled with sorrow as he lowered them. His actions had never been more gentle. It scared Jean, but she evened out her breathing and pretended to still be asleep.

"If only you were..." Edgar started but was interrupted by his ringtone. He looked at the caller ID, stood up and left. Once the door closed, Jean slowly opened her eyes. She was sure that the person just then was Edgar, but Edgar wouldn't have treated her that gently.

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### **Chapter 134 Fearful**

Jean stayed in the room until it was almost dawn. She breathed a sigh of relief when she figured that Edgar wasn't coming back and leaped out of the bed. She pulled open the door, ready to leave this place but saw Edgar's bodyguards standing outside.

"Ms. Eyer, the car's downstairs. Are you ready to leave?" One of them asked. Jean stood stunned as she had thought that they were there to stop her from leaving. She nodded and the bodyguards led her to the car; one in front of her and one behind her. When she got to the car, Jean frowned as she realized it was Edgar's personal car. Why is he being so nice?

She once again remembered the things he had said in the room and concluded that it probably wasn't Edgar who knocked her out but him who saved her. Jean looked out at the passing scenery, unable to comprehend what was happening.

She did not go straight to the hospital but went home to change. She changed into a turtle neck to hide away the marks Edgar had left on her neck. Then, she went to buy breakfast before making her way to the hospital.

Ben has a few examinations to go through today. Jean thought as she quickened her footsteps.

When she arrived at his room, she saw Ally and her family sitting inside. Ally was smiling sweetly while holding breakfast for Ben.

“Ben, I made you chicken soup and some snacks. It’s soothing for the stomach, how about trying some?”

“Nah.” Ben replied.

Ally awkwardly took it back, “But, I got up early to make it for you.”

Ben ignored her, and Ally dejectedly lowered the food in her hand. She looked up and saw Jean at the door, “Jean, you came.”

Everyone in the room turned to look at Jean.

Jean slowly walked in and placed the breakfast she had bought next to Ally’s. It really lacked in visuals in comparison to Ally’s handmade breakfast.

Yet, Ben requested, “Jeannie, give me the food.”

He had just rejected Ally, so this embarrassed the whole of the Sans family. Ally’s parents’ faces froze, and they left the room after hearing that, leaving just Ally sitting in there.

“Let me serve it. Jeannie, go sit down and rest.” Farra Emilio offered softly as she walked over. She felt guilty that things wouldn’t have gotten this bad if she hadn’t listened to Ally and sabotaged Jean.

“Yeah Jean, go and rest. You must be tired after having such a wild night at Imperial Hotel!” Ally said with pretend innocence while taking some pictures that she had prepared beforehand out. “My dad was there on business last night but saw you and some guys together. He looks like the young master of the White family, no? I didn’t know you were this wild, Jean.”

Jean gritted her teeth in annoyance, “Does that have anything to do with you?”

Ally feigned shock. How can she be so poised even after her secrets have been exposed?

Ally faked a smile and said, “I am just worried about you. I know Mrs. Ludwig doesn’t like wild girls. Last night, you were drinking with four or five men; what if something happens, that wouldn’t be good, would it?”

“That’s enough. Your parents have gone, there’s no point for you to stay here.” Farra couldn’t stand it anymore and loudly scolded Ally.

Ben's expression had also darkened.

Ally could see that her words had affected them. She stood up happily, "You're right, Mrs. Ludwig. I'll go now, I'll come back and see Ben next time."

While walking away, she gave Jean a look and sneered at her.

Once the door closed, the ward became quiet.

After deep contemplation, Farra couldn't stand it anymore and asked Jean, "Jeannie, was what she said just now true?"

Jean lowered her eyes and said, "Yes." She didn't want to lie.

"How... How could you?! Just because you're tired of staying in the hospital, doesn't mean you should go to places like that!" Farra said exasperatedly.

The Ludwigs hadn't been doing well with their family finance. On top of that, Ben had gotten injured, so Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig were exhausted, trying to make ends meet. If, on top of that, they had to worry about Jean as well, things would become even more messed up.

Jean picked at her fingernails, not knowing what to say.

Ben suddenly sat up on the bed and said, "Mom, I told Jean to go meet my friends."

Jean snapped her head to look at him. Ben continued to eat the breakfast she had bought as though everything was alright. Farra gave them both a skeptical look.

"Really?"

"Ally must have seen her and tried to spread gossip. Don't worry about it." Ben said and continued to eat.

Since Ben had said so, there was nothing else Farra could say. She immediately brightened up and said, "I knew it, Jeannie is such a good girl, she wouldn't do that. I'm going to go out and leave you two to eat."

Farra left the room with the intention for them to spend some time together. As she walked out, she gave a glance at Jean, and seemed to ponder on something.

Jean sighed, "Ben, about last night..."

"You don't need to explain to me," Ben finished the last mouth of porridge and looked up at her with bright eyes, "I know very well what kind of person you are."

His honest words struck Jean, and she was touched.

“It was because of me, wasn’t it?” Ben took his phone out, “I talked to Sonny this morning. He said that the Racing Association will delay announcing the results of the investigation. Jean, don’t try to shoulder everything by yourself.”

It would break his heart if people were to find out about the things she was doing for him and manipulate the situation to their liking.

“I was just trying my best, at least he kept his words.”

Ben’s heart wrenched when he heard Jean mention ‘he’, it hurt more than when Ally slandered Jean just now.

Ben put down the bowl in his hands and reached for Jean’s hand, “If it wasn’t because the doctor said I might have to get amputated, would you...” he said but started to choke up, “Would you still have agreed to date me?” He stared into Jean’s eyes, his gaze overflowing with affection.

Jean met his eyes and gave a slow nod.

Before Ben could reply, the nurse opened the door and pushed in a medicine cart, “Bed No. 3, it’s time to change your bandages. Also, after the doctors’ consultation, they’ve decided to go through with your second operation this afternoon, so no food or drinks two hours before that.”

Ben had let go of Jean’s hand when the nurse came in, but when the nurse saw the intimacy between them, she said enviously, “If the operation is successful, he’ll soon be discharged.”

Jean let out a breath she hadn’t known she was holding, and the two of them smiled as they exchanged looks.

Everything will get better.

That afternoon, something big was happening in Royden Group.

The president’s office had made a unilateral decision to end all business associations with the Jackson family and planned on firing Jonathan Jackson.

Andy Shaw was in his office playing indoor golf when he heard the news from his secretary. He was even more shocked than Jonathan.

“What?” He exclaimed in shock and accidentally hit the glass door with a golf club. He loosened his tie and said with a cold sneer, “Our dear Mr. Royden is getting more and more free with his decisions.”

First, it was the lockdown on his stocks in the warehouse that had caused much loss to Andy, and now, he had broken the connection between him and the Jackson family.

How am I going to embezzle the company's funds?

"F\*ck!" Andy swore as he smashed the coffee table with his golf club.

Edbert Royden was passing by just outside Andy's office and saw the furious man thrashing things inside the office. He gave an exasperated sigh and left.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 135

### Chapter 135 The Difference

The executives at Royden Group called for an emergency board meeting. Andy Shaw turned up late for the meeting and, on the way to his seat, gave a few of the directors that he was familiar with a knowing look.

The directors immediately brought up the topic to discuss, "Mr. Royden, I think it is time we take back the funding for the Racing Association. There has been much commotion with the Thunderbolt Cup, and the Racing Association is slow with giving us a response."

Many people started to agree with them as it regarded finances. "They're right, we're just going to be the butt of the joke. We should retract our funding before things get worse."

"The fund has already been transferred, and we've even signed a contract. If we were to retract our funding now, what would happen to our reputation?" Edgar asked in a nonchalant tone as he sat in the president's seat.

No use crying over spilled milk.

"We won't have to deal with Ben Ludwig's hospital fees, will we? I was just at the finance division this morning, they..." One of the directors started to say but was shut up by a glare from Edgar.

Andy frowned and pretending as though he had no idea what was going on said, "Mr. Royden, I think Mr. Jameson is making some sense. No one can be sure about what happened on the race course, but since the company has already invested in them, we don't have to foot anymore than what we have given. What if people started to spread rumors about you pretending to be nice to curry favor?"

"What do you mean?" Edgar's expression changed suddenly.



“Well, we all trust you are a man of your word, but there are people out there who would manipulate your actions. Isn't your ex-wife dating Ben Ludwig? I think we should avoid the complications.”

“Mr. Shaw is right. The Ludwig family can deal without the funds anyway!”

Edgar's gaze turned frosty, and he slammed the documents in his hands down onto the table, “We've approved this during the last meeting; you are all just wasting everyone's time.”

The corner of Andy's lips lifted as his smile deepened.

“All Mr. Royden means is that we should think about the company. Right?” Andy said, and chaos broke out in the meeting room.

Edbert Royden had no intentions of joining the meeting, but when he received the reports from his secretary, he knew he had to go to become the peacemaker.

“Our company is somewhat responsible for what happened. Footing the hospital fee will not put a dent in Royden Group's finances.” Edbert said as he pressed down on Andy's shoulder. “And, it's all business, I'm sure our generosity will be paid back in the future.”

Andy knew that that he couldn't retort back as the combined shares between Edgar and Edbert were enough to lead Royden Group. He decided to give up and left angrily.

The other directors also realized that the discussion had come to a close and so did not say anything else.

Edgar cleared his throat and said, “Okay, go on with your meeting, I'll go see how Mr. Shaw is doing. Everyone is young here, it's okay to have a difference of opinions, I know you are all doing it for the good of the company.”

Edbert was good at placating the crowd. After he said that, the tension in the room lessened.

On the way out of the meeting room, he whispered to Edgar, “Relax, don't stay angry. I'll go talk to Mr. Shaw, don't worry.”

Edgar nodded.

The meeting continued, and when it ended, Miles came over with his phone, “Mr. Royden, the Racing Association wants you to go over.”

“Let's go.”

The directors could finally relax after Edgar left.

"I wish Mr. Edbert would come back. The younger generation isn't scared of anything."

"We should get Mr. Edbert to attend next time we have a board meeting. With him around, the tension between Mr. Royden and Mr. Shaw wouldn't be so intense."

The directors thought about which side they should stand on if such a situation arose and left in groups of twos and threes.

The same time Edgar received the invitation from the Racing Association, Jean had also received a call from the chairman of the Racing Association, Peter Hoffer. After some discussion with Ben, she insisted on going by herself.

"You have an operation later; you shouldn't leave the hospital now. Your parents will worry if something happens." Jean knew the worries of taking care of an ill person; she did not want Ben to repeat her mistakes.

"But I worry about you going alone. The Racing Association probably has the results from the investigation and will probably get both sides to agree on something under the table." Ben said as he shook his head. He was sure that if Jean went alone, she would be on the losing end.

Jean tried to reassure him as she said, "Don't worry, I'll have a voice recorder on me at all times. Also, they won't do anything to me in broad daylight. I promise to be back by the time you finish your operation, okay?"

"Alright." Ben said dejectedly. Ben knew that Jean would never go back on her words.

This time would be an exception.

Sonny and the rest of the racing team were waiting anxiously for Jean. When she arrived at the Racing Association, they started to complain to her angrily.

"They say they're not going to announce it, that they want us to admit that it was an accident. What do we do?"

"They say they want solid evidence. We've already given them all the evidence we have, but now they're saying that we don't have any evidence on hand!"

"Don't tell Ben yet," Jean's priority right now was to let Ben recover in peace, "he has an operation in the afternoon, we can tell him tomorrow."

"I got it." Sonny gave a glance to the back and told Jean, "The person in blue is Peter Hoffer, he's a pretty obstinate person, and I've heard that he takes the benefits and presents of the racing teams."

Jean frowned at that, that means that he has been bought. But who would buy him? Is it someone that has a vendetta toward the racing team, or toward Ben and his family? Or, is it me?

Jean gave it some thought and then turned to whisper into Sonny's ear.

"Are you sure?" Sonny clenched his teeth, "I'll give it a try!"

"Thanks, Sonny."

Sonny gave his thigh a slap, "Don't worry about it. You and Ben are the one who has to be thanked, you even almost lost your life."

There was always a sense of danger when it came to racing, but only them who threw all caution to the wind knew that that accident was not as it seemed to be.

Who could have made it seem so effortless?

While Sonny brought the racing team to get some things settled, Jean went to take a seat on the couch. She did not sit for long when she heard some clamoring behind her and turned around to look at the commotion.

A few managers of the Racing Association were ushering someone in with their best service smiles on. She could see Edgar in a classic fitted suit entering with Miles and his bodyguards behind him.

Jean gave a cold sneer. Oh right, Edgar is their sugar daddy. If Royden Group took back their investment for the Thunderbolt Cup, they would lose a whole bunch of money. That means that one word from Edgar could change the whole outcome.

Jean stood up and looked at the group of men. At the same time, Edgar had noticed her. The moment they met eyes, Jean remembered the two sides to him at the hotel.

Which is the real him?

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 136**

### **Chapter 136 The Price**

"Welcome, Mr. Royden! I'm really relieved now that you are finally here!" Exactly like the rumors, Peter Hoffer was materialistic and obsequious. He was all smiles when he saw Edgar, to the point of almost kneeling before him to polish his shoes.

As usual, Edgar had a cold expression on his face. He merely shot a glance at Peter. However, Miles, who was standing behind him, announced, "Mr. Royden's time is limited. You'd better finish everything within 20 minutes."

"I see. Sure, sure. There's no problem at all!" He then turned around and fixed his gaze on Jean before waving to her, asking her to come over.

Jean was the representative of Black Horse Team. In this industry, it was rare to see a female motor racer. On top of that, everyone knew about her relationship with Edgar.

When she was walking toward them, there were already whispers among the crowd, but Peter feigned ignorance and said with a smile, "Mr. Royden, she is representing Black Horse Team. I asked both of you to be here to explain one thing – the results of our investigation is out, but I hope that the matter will end here."

Jean arched her eyebrows, but she did not say anything.

Edgar shot a glance at her and frowned. "The reason being?"

"Er... Mr. Royden, you'll know when you see this." Peter laughed dryly with an ingratiating hint in his tone.

Jean was a step ahead of Edgar and took the document before he could, "I was there when the accident happened. It's better if I look at it instead."

As she took the document over, her fingers slid past his hands.

His hand froze for a moment, but he was not annoyed at all. He merely looked at her silently.

In front of everyone, Jean opened the document and started reading it. As time passed, her frown deepened.

"Are you done?" Peter cleared his throat and reached out for the document, but Jean avoided him.

She immediately stood up. "Based on these results, do you still think it's an accident? Even if you are trying to cover it up, there has to be a limit for that!"

With that, she threw the document in front of Edgar.

"I'd like to hear your thoughts on this."

In an instant, the atmosphere became rather heated.

It was out of Peter's expectations that a meek-looking woman like Jean could be so out of control when she got mad. On top of that, she just flared up in front of Edgar. No wonder they had a divorce. If I had known about this earlier, I would have met Edgar alone beforehand. I wanted to make him owe me a favor to get more sponsorship for the next competition, but my plans are all ruined now.

Hence, he was displeased with Jean.

“Ha!” She let out a cold snort and took out a recording pen. “My recordings here are directly uploaded to my laptop’s cloud storage. If you chase me away now, I’ll upload our conversation from just now on to the Internet. Let’s see who’s more ridiculous this time.”

“You!”

Peter gritted his teeth, not expecting Jean to do this at all.

At this moment, Edgar had also finished perusing the report, and his face was very dark indeed.

Before this, he had asked Miles to investigate this incident, and the latter found out that Gigi had bribed two employees to tweak the brakes. Since there were only a few witnesses and verbal confirmation, he was able to suppress them.

However, the situation was different now.

After a week of investigation, the Racing Association had gotten some concrete evidence, and the timeline of the incident was clear to them.

Based on the evidence they held, let alone putting her in jail, they could sue Gigi for voluntary manslaughter.

The more they refused to give up on this, the harder it would be for him to hide the incident.

It was highly likely that the entire Royden Group would be implicated.

Edgar’s frown deepened.

He would never do something that would result in a loss to him.

“Mr. Hoffer, can you leave with the others? I’d like to speak to Jean privately about this.” He stressed on the word ‘privately’.

“Sure. Please take your time.”

With just a look from Peter, everyone from the Racing Association left.

Jean looked at him coldly. “I have already discussed with the members of Black Horse Team. We won’t accept any form of bribery or compensation. We just want the truth.”

“Why not?” Edgar smiled nonchalantly. “We have reached an impasse that will bring no benefits to you, Ben, or your team that doesn’t even have a strong foundation.”

On top of that, Ben’s racing career might be ruined as well. After all, no organization would like a racer with a stained history.

Even though Jean had mentally prepared herself, she still felt overpowered when she faced him alone.

In this world, only the worthy can survive. In front of him, I’m struggling to even stay afloat.

He threw the report back to her and looked at her deeply, confident that she would give in. “Just state what you want.”

She had spent a lot of time devising her battle plan. However, at that moment, it had completely failed. After all, Edgar was simply too adept at taking advantage of his opponent’s weakness.

I could disagree with him, but what about the other people in the team? What about Ben? The team needs to survive. It’s futile to fight Edgar head-on. Did we already lose? I’m so mad at this! Both Edgar and I clearly know the truth!

She bit her lips and couldn’t speak for a while.

Edgar had been observing her reactions until now. Seeing how much she hesitated, he thought she was feeling sorry for Ben.

Hence, his voice became even more morose.

“Even if you announce this to the public, I have my ways to suppress it. Now, you still have the chance to negotiate with me. If you take more time considering, you might not even have this benefit.”

Every single word from him felt like a dagger stabbing her heart.

She lowered her head in defeat.

After a while, she asked glumly, “Do you think you can control everyone and make them do whatever you want, Edgar?”

She lifted her head obstinately. “I believe that Ben won’t give in to you.”

Edgar clenched his fists tightly. “Jean, I’m giving you another chance.”

Is Ben that important to her? Why does she always have to oppose me? I've been taking too much care of her to the point that she thinks she stands a chance against me.

Just as he was about to flare up, she suddenly smiled and threw the report into the bin.

"Thanks for giving me a chance, Mr. Royden, but we don't need it. Just now, I have already asked the manager of Ben's team to contact the lawyer. From now onward, we will no longer listen to the Racing Association's one-sided announcement. We will let our lawyers deal with this. Since the Racing Association won't play fair, let's see what the judge will say about this."

"Don't go overboard, Jean." Edgar's gaze turned colder as he did not want to waste any more time on this matter.

Jean's smile widened when she met his gaze. "You forced me to do this, Edgar. That day in the hospital, you clearly knew that it's related to Gigi, yet you chose to protect her." Her voice became colder the more she spoke. "She killed someone, do you understand?"

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 137**

### **Chapter 137 Trusted the Wrong Person**

Upon hearing her words, Edgar's face darkened. "Fine, Jean. I admit that you are harsh," he said in a low voice. "Go ahead and try. I'd like to see you try to revive that team."

She stared directly into his eyes and replied, "You are wrong. I'm not that capable, but I will try my best to uncover the truth."

He should know that he can't cover up anything he wants in Yorktown. One day, I'm sure that there will be something or someone he can't settle or bribe!

After retracting her gaze, she turned around and walked away. Her retreating figure hurt Edgar deeply. Then, Miles and Peter quickly walked to him.

"What should we do, Mr. Royden? We just received a lawyer's letter. I can't believe that Black Horse Team is so cocky. Aren't they challenging us publicly?"

Edgar got up indifferently. "If you guys had done things by the book, things wouldn't have turned out this way." Upon hearing that, Peter was stunned. His initial plan was to suck up to Edgar, yet his attempt had backfired.

Seeing that Edgar was about to leave, Peter quickly chased after him. "In that case, Mr. Royden—"

The door closed, and Miles stopped him. "His intentions are clear enough – please follow the official way of doing things."

"I– Okay. I get it." Peter finally returned to his senses and asked his staff to reply to the lawyer's letter, saying that the Racing Association would cooperate with the investigation.

However, this meant that it was an intentional accident, and the mastermind would have to pay the price. In the car, Edgar rubbed his temples. Just as he was about to relax, Gigi called him.

"Are you free today, Edgar? My magazine cover is out today. I'd like to show it to you." She wanted to know what Edgar had been doing.

However, his gaze darkened as he replied briefly, "I'm going to the office. I don't have time."

"But–"

She wanted to continue, but the call was cut off. Looking at the dimmed screen, she gritted her teeth in annoyance.

In the car, Linda was sitting right next to her, and she forced a smile to try to console Gigi. "Don't think too much into this. It's probably not Jean that they saw at Imperial Hotel; they might have seen the wrong person. Now that she's completely broke, I doubt she could even enter the hotel."

Linda thought that Gigi would feel better after hearing this, but on the contrary, the latter became even more furious.

"What if he had invited her over?" Looking at her figure that was getting more plump because of her pregnancy, she became even more anxious. "Linda, I remember you telling me about the thing that men would get addicted to."

Linda froze momentarily before replying vaguely, "Yes, but you are pregnant now, so you can't sleep with him."

Even though Gigi was pregnant, she was able to get some advertisement shoots, and her career was doing great because the investors wanted to be on good terms with Edgar.

They did not choose her because of her sales capabilities, but because of Royden Group.

If Gigi were to lose her baby, her career would be over.



“There’s nothing to worry about! The doctor said that now that we’ve passed the first trimester, we can do it, as long as we are careful.”

On top of that, I’ve done it with Andy. Everything was good. I can’t make Edgar feel lonely; I must carry out my duty as his wife.

“Please reconsider it, Gigi.”

Linda was still worried about her, but Gigi had already made up her mind. “Prepare it for me. I want it tonight.”

I won’t let Jean snatch him away, no matter what.

On the other end of the phone, Edgar’s gaze became icier. I’ve really given Gigi too many chances, but she never mends her ways. If she wasn’t pregnant with my child, I would never interfere with the Racing Association. However, now that Jean has publicized everything, it’s not a bad thing for me either.

“Miles.”

“Yes, Mr. Royden.” Miles immediately paid attention to his boss’ orders.

“Stop interfering with this incident.”

Miles froze for a moment before saying, “Ms. Eyer…”

“If we interfere too much, the public might suspect us. Just let the lawyers do their job.”

Both of them had already left Yorktown, and the Racing Association will cover some truth in order to protect themselves. Let’s not think about how things would end; but even if Jean puts in all her effort, as long as Gigi refuses to admit that she’s related to those people, they can do nothing about it.

“When the fans of Black Horse Team aren’t so agitated, and the Racing Association starts to pressure them, it will be easier. Ben is the only son in his family; eventually, he will have to go back and inherit his family business. He will soon forget about motor racing.” Looking at the scenery outside, coldness seeped into Edgar’s eyes. “Jean, you trusted the wrong person after all.”

Let’s see when will the Ludwig family abandon you.

Miles understood what Edgar meant, and he felt nervous for Jean.

She’s bound to lose to Edgar. Nevertheless, as his personal assistant, I know he treats her differently.

...

After Sonny and Jean left the Racing Association, Sonny's lawyer immediately investigated the incident, and everyone was delighted to hear that.

"Thanks to you, Jean. Otherwise, I wouldn't have known what tricks Mr. Hoffer would play. I'm no match for him at all." He scratched his head and smiled.

"Yeah. My mind is full of ways to deal with them, and I even forgot that we could do this."

Regardless, Jean was not delighted to hear this. "I would actually like to apologize to you guys. It's because of me that this happened to the team."

Since the mastermind is Gigi, I'm sure that she did this because of me. I've caused trouble to Ben and the team.

...

"Because of you?" Her words had not sunk in, but Sonny quickly said, "Not at all! If it weren't for you, I don't know what would happen to the team now."

"Yeah, Jean. We are all grateful to you for fighting for this opportunity for us."

Jean felt more relieved after hearing her team member's words.

Not far from them, a black car sped past. A man in the car took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Mr. Shaw, Mr. Royden had just finished discussions with the Racing Association. Black Horse Team is going to sue the Racing Association and let their lawyers intervene."

Andy's gaze became colder when he heard that through the phone.

He instantly straightened his back as he spoke through gritted teeth. "Keep a close eye on them. If you are found out, I won't protect you."

"Understood, Mr. Shaw."

Andy put his phone away. He was so angry that he let out a cold chuckle. "Very well, Edgar. Are you going to expose my entire background?"

After hanging up, he immediately called Gigi.

"Come over."

She would usually go along with him, but on this day, she was planning to seduce Edgar. Hence, she rejected Andy's request.

"Another time, perhaps. I'm really busy today."