

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 138

### Chapter 138 Humiliation

Gigi's rejection made Andy furious. In the past, she would come and go whenever I asked her to. Yet, I can't even see her now?

"Are you meeting Edgar tonight?" he guessed tentatively. Apart from Edgar, he could not think of another man whom she would be so interested in that she would disregard his pride.

"Yeah, I already have a date with him..." she replied as she picked out her clothes. I'm going to make everything perfect, and he will be irresistible in my arms. Then, I can completely block Jean's path. She should stop fantasizing about things that don't belong to her!

Andy let out a cold chuckle. "In that case, go ahead." With that, he hung up the phone. After thinking about it, he called his subordinates. "Find out where Gigi is going tonight."

I have already lost to Edgar at work. I can't lose her to him. After all, it's my child that she's carrying!

...

On the way to the hospital, Jean bought some fruits for Ben while thinking about how she was going to break the news about the Racing Association to him.

At this moment, she received a call from Peter. At first, she did not want to pick it up, but the ringtone did not stop.

"Ms. Eyer? I know things did not go well during our conversation just now, and I'm very sorry about that. Do you have time for us to meet? We will provide all the evidence." Would he be so cooperative?

She stopped at the crossroads and replied, "Mr. Hoffer, we have entrusted everything to our lawyers. Please contact them directly."

"Oh, no, Ms. Eyer. I'm sure you understand our industry. If the incident is blown out of proportion, it will bring no benefit to us or the teams. I think it's better if you come over. If we can find a solution, we don't have to go to court."

After some persuasion from him, she asked, "Where to?"

If we can settle the incident today, my efforts won't be in vain.

After hearing the location, she checked it with her phone. Since it was not far from where she was currently at, she sent the location to Sonny and asked him to bring the lawyers along.

With the fruits in her hands, she called a taxi and went there.

However, she hesitated when she stood in front of the high end hotel, as it was not a suitable location for such a discussion.

After pacing around the entrance several times, a hotel staff came to ask, "Are you Ms. Eyer?"

When she nodded, he quickly smiled at her. "I'll show you in."

After walking past the opulently designed lobby, she was brought to a room on the second floor. "Please wait here for a moment."

"Aren't they here yet?" She frowned. He asked me first, yet he's not here yet! How ridiculous!

"Yes. Just give them some more time." With that, he closed the door.

Feeling bored, Jean placed the fruits aside and planned to call Ben to ask about his operation.

However, as soon as she unlocked her phone, she heard some moans from the room next to her.

"Just this time. Hug me!"

She was startled by the moan that was full of desire. Are the walls are so lousy at this luxurious hotel?

She looked to the wall on her left where she thought the voice came from.

However, in the next second, she was even more shocked by what she overheard.

"Edgar, I know it's difficult, I'll help you. Just hug me close."

Is it another man with the same name? Or could it be that Edgar and Gigi are in the next room?

Soon, she could not hear any more sounds from the room.

She could not help chuckling coldly to herself. Edgar couldn't wait at all, huh? He doesn't care that Gigi is still pregnant to do that kind of stuff here...

Suddenly, she recalled how he pinched her chin the other night.

After a moment of hesitation, a plan came to her.

She opened the door and walked along the corridor to take a picture of the room number. Just as she was about to send the picture to the paparazzi, the door suddenly opened, revealing a dark room within.

A strong arm suddenly encircled her, and she could smell Edgar's scent.

"Let me go!" she complained. "Are you out of your mind? Look at who I am!"

I'm not his beloved, Gigi.

Edgar's gaze darkened, but he could not hide his lust.

"Jean," he said clearly.

Taking advantage of her utter bewilderment, he kissed her, and it did not stop there.

No matter how much she struggled, he did not let go of her.

The next morning, Jean was woken up by his phone's alarm.

Thinking back to the events that transpired the night before, Jean felt humiliated. She could not believe that she sent herself to him.

Could it be that Peter and him planned this out?

At this moment, Edgar also woke up. Looking at her fair shoulders, he was slightly dazed. His throat tightened as he turned off the alarm.

"Last night..." his throat hurt as he spoke.

Last night, I really lost control. What did Gigi give me? Just when I needed someone, Jean appeared.

However, he felt a sense of relief. Luckily, it was her. If it were Gigi or another woman, I would be so uncomfortable. But Jean... I can't believe I still miss how she smells even though it's been more than a year.

Smack!

She slapped him. "How despicable!"

After that, she got up and took her clothes.

"I thought you were different from the rich young men at Imperial Hotel the other day. But after seeing this, you are probably just better at putting on a show. You're just a wolf in sheep's clothes. How disgusting!"

Edgar's lips pressed into a hard line.

"Jean."

"I clearly heard your voice and Gigi's voice last night. Why did you have to involve me? You clearly knew it was me yesterday!" she yelled uncontrollably.

She tried to recall what happened yesterday, but she could only remember that her struggles were futile. Then, she caught a scent and passed out.

After hearing her words, his gaze darkened.

Truth be told, even he found it hard to accept the current situation. Even though he knew that it was Jean, he still did it with her. It was not to vent his anger or to punish her, but he truly wanted her.

There were countless women at Yorktown, but she was the only one he wanted.

With that thought in mind, he stood up and tried to pull her to him.

However, she was ahead of him; she took a fruit knife from the table and said, "If you get any closer, I will—"

"If it would appease you, go ahead." A sharp look flitted across his eyes. At this point, Edgar no longer wanted to deceive himself.

It was true that they hated each other, but the Eyer family was not around anymore, and Gary Eyer had paid the price. Jean had also lost a few years of her youth because of him.

Edgar could no longer suppress the emotion in his eyes. He wanted to give himself a chance to see if Jean was the woman he thought she was.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 139**

### **Chapter 139 You Never Go Back on Your Promises**

Just as he tried to get closer to her, she took a few steps back. "Get away from me." Her disgusted gaze was not just to create distance between them, but she truly hated this man at this moment.

Her gaze stopped his movements at once. Clutching his shirt, he finally spoke after a long time. "I'll get you some clothes and send you home."

She turned her head away from him and stopped looking at him. Feeling unhappy about this, he retracted his gaze. Then, he heard someone knocking on the door, followed by Gigi's loud voice.

"Open the door, Edgar!" she yelled heartbreakingly. However, the more desperate she was, the more aloof he became. Looking at the torn clothes on the ground, Jean knew that she could no longer wear them. What if she barges into the room?

"Edgar!" Then, Gigi asked the hotel staff to bring a spare key to open the door. In no time, she barged into the room with a few other people and saw Edgar, with his back facing her, hugging a woman in the sheets.

In that instant, she was so furious that she almost passed out. "You guys... who is she? How could you do this to me, Edgar? I'm enduring all the difficulties of pregnancy for you, yet you are fooling around here!"

The torn clothes and the messy sheets proved how intense the activity was the night before. Gigi's eyes widened with hatred. I shouldn't have gone to see Andy. When I came back, I couldn't open the door at all. The hotel staff also received my instructions to not open the door, no matter who arrived.

Just like that, she had waited a whole night. She did not expect Edgar to find another woman to satisfy his desire. With that thought in mind, she trembled in fury.

I spent so much effort just for others to receive the reward. "Let me see who she is!"

She walked over to them to pull Jean's hair, but Edgar caught her with his hand. "Enough!" he bellowed sternly. She had never seen such an expression in his eyes. After being momentarily stunned, she sobbed in devastation. "How could you betray me, Edgar?"

"Ask yourself what on earth were you doing yesterday? Gigi, my patience is limited."

Upon hearing that, Gigi did not dare to throw any more tantrums. After all, she did not expect him to know about her activities from the day before.

"I—" she mumbled, but was unable to defend herself. Throughout their exchange, Edgar's hand never left Jean's shoulders, and he covered her body and face with the sheets.

When Miles arrived, he carried Jean in his arms and walked out of the room without sparing Gigi a second glance.

“Edgar...” Sitting on the couch, Gigi sobbed her heart out.

She had no idea how long it had been until she heard a voice above her.

“Would you like to know who that woman was?” Andy lowered his head to look at her before lifting her chin. “It was Jean.”

“What?”

Gigi could not accept this answer.

Even if Jean shamelessly came into the room to seduce him, why would he keep her here, knowing what condition he was in? Based on the few questions he asked just now, I’m sure he was conscious.

Gigi froze on the spot with jealousy raging within her.

...

Meanwhile, Edgar brought Jean to the presidential suite on the top floor.

After placing her on the bed gingerly, he said in a low voice, “Take a good rest. I’ll ask someone to send some clothes over. We can talk after you calm down.”

As he spoke, he noticed that she did not reply at all, not even retaliating toward his words.

“Jean?”

He pulled the blanket away and saw her flushed face. Her eyes were shut tightly, and she seemed to be in pain.

For the first time, he lost his cool and immediately asked Miles to call a doctor.

He also asked a few female caretakers to serve Jean.

He never left the room, even when he received multiple calls from the company.

“Mr. Royden, it’s very likely that Ms. Eyer ate something wrong that caused her blood pressure to increase sharply. Apart from that, her high fever and vertigo is from her overworking herself recently.

Looking at the woman in bed, he asked, “When will she wake up?”

“Soon. At most in three hours,” the doctor replied before giving a subtle hint. “Her health isn’t very good. You have to be considerate of her and not ‘overwork’ her.”

Overwork?

He recalled what they did last night. He could not stop himself, and even he could not remember how many times they did it the previous night.

After sending the doctor away, Miles brought some clothes that would fit Jean.

“Mr. Royden, people from work are asking for you again.”

He slowly got up, but his gaze was still fixated on her. “Send her home and remember to tell me her reaction.”

“Yes, Mr. Royden.”

Two hours later, Jean woke up with soreness in her body. Thinking back to what happened just now, she looked around the room furiously, but he was nowhere to be seen.

While enduring the pain, she got out of bed and saw some pills and a memo.

Without any hesitation, she pushed everything away from the table, shattering all the glasses.

As soon as she thought of Edgar, she felt like throwing up.

There were fresh clothes by the bed, and she quickly put it on so that she could leave.

However, as soon as she opened the door, she saw two bodyguards. I’m sick of these games!

“I don’t need you to send me back. If you get any closer to me, I’ll call the police.”

After hearing her threats, they did not dare to approach her. Instead, they kept a distance as they followed her quietly. When she left in a taxi, they immediately reported to Miles.

Jean washed her face in a bathroom at the hospital to freshen herself up.

As soon as she walked outside, she saw Ally, dressed in designer brands, holding an exquisite gift box in her hands.

“Do you wash your face here?” Ally let out a disdainful snort. “The Ludwig family has such low standards.”

As Jean was still fuming, she could not be bothered with Ally.

Nevertheless, Ally kept following her and even mocked her sarcastically, “Some people simply don’t recognize their position. She wants to marry another rich man to relive her previous life, but she’s not fit for it at all! Your family is already bankrupt, Jean. People like you should—”

“People like me?” Jean turned around sharply and glared at her. “You can insult me however you want, but if you mock my family once more, don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

And I still remember what you did to me.

In that instant, Ally was startled by the expression in Jean’s eyes. For a long moment, she could not think of a reply.

Since they were near Ben’s ward, Ben, who was throwing a tantrum, could hear Jean’s voice.

“Jean!”

He had been calling her the entire night, but no one picked up.

He was very worried about her.

With a crutch in his hand, he attempted to walk from the room. However, because of the slippery floor, he slipped and fell as soon as he came out of the door.

How disgraceful... Ally frowned, feeling embarrassed for him.

However, Jean rushed to him and helped him up. “Are you injured? Let me have a look.”

She wanted to inspect his injuries, but he pulled her into an embrace.

His tone was morose and disappointed, yet there was a tinge of joy that showed how happy he was to see her again.

“Didn’t you say that I could see you after my operation? You never go back on your promises!”

Jean froze when she heard that, as though someone had strangled her.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 140**

### **Chapter 140 Quick-witted Reaction**

“Where were you last night?” Ben was genuinely worried about her safety.



Jean merely remained silent, not knowing what to reply.

She helped him back into the ward with a nurse and diverted the topic in a low voice.

“Was the operation successful?”

The nurse replied with a smile, “Yes. Both Dr. Roffe and Dr. Bailey said that he is recovery well. If there are no other complications, he can be discharged by the end of this month.

Upon hearing that, Ben looked at Jean as though he was a little kid waiting to be praised. Holding her hand, he asked, “How about that?”

The smile on his face was a beam of light that shone into her dim world.

Influenced by him, her lips could not help twitching into a smile, and she felt as though she had temporarily escaped from the events the night before.

“Good job.”

Ben grinned and clenched his hands around hers, wrapping her slightly cool fingers into his palm.

Meanwhile, Ally stood still by the door, being completely ignored by them.

Gritting her teeth, she forced a smile. “Ben, I brought you some desserts from Gemma’s Pastries. Give it a try. I queued up specially for this – I heard that it’s very delicious. By the way, I heard that your racing team needs some funds. My dad has a friend involved in the industry, and I’ve already discussed it with him. If you need it, you can just give him a call and sign the contract after you are discharged.”

There was a smug smile on her face when she finished speaking.

I will let everyone know that Jean is no match for me. I can bring a lot of resources and contacts for Ben, but Jean only has a pretty face. On top of that, she has an embarrassing history. What does she have to compete with me?

The more she thought about this, the smugger she was. At this point, she did not even bother to hide her mocking expression.

“Who told you that my team needed funding?” Ben frowned.

“It’s reported in the news. After the accident, your racing team could no longer be sustained, and your manager is currently soliciting funds from others.”

Ben shot a glance at Jean, who remained quiet.

Nevertheless, Ally continued speaking. "Also, I heard from my dad that Ludwig Group is also facing some difficulties. I don't think your dad is going to support your team any further."

Money. It's all about money.

To be fair, even if Ally had not told him about it, he could already think of the difficulties they would face.

Firstly, because of his injuries, his family had used a lot of money to treat him. Secondly, because of the accident, the reputation of their team had suffered. They would need more funding to salvage their image. On top of that, the Racing Association was giving them pressure.

Sonny and the rest must be having a hard time during this period.

He clenched his fists tightly. If only I was more careful back then. Would things be different now?

"It's not your fault." Jean held him back as he was about to punch the headboard of his bed. "You've already tried your best."

"But—"

Next to them, Ally smiled understandingly. "Don't panic, Ben. As long as my uncle is around, we can definitely help you."

Finally, Jean could not stand her anymore. While holding Ben back from hurting himself, she roared at Ally, "Stop agitating him! Can't you see that he's emotional right now? Please leave!"

Ally froze, at a loss for words. Ben was like an uncontrollably beast that kept struggling against Jean's restraint. He kept punching the headboard, and he might hurt Jean in the process.

When the nurses heard the commotion, they helped Jean press him down before giving him a tranquilizer shot.

Ally was shocked to see that.

Beads of sweat formed on Jean's forehead. As soon as she saw Ben falling back to sleep, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"Fortunately, you handled it just in time. Otherwise, it would affect his recovery." With that, the nurse checked the wounds on his back and waist.

Apart from injuring his spine, there were some wounds on his waist. On top of that, he still had wounds left behind from the two operations. If he became emotionally agitated or if he did some intense exercises, he might tear his wounds, causing them to not be able to heal.

While the nurse was doing some checks on Ben, Ally saw the ugly scars on his body. After some cream was applied, his scars looked slightly green.

With a frown on her face, she walked out stonily.

Then, she called her father, "Ben is never going to recover. Even if he does, he would just be an emotionally unstable cripple. I'm not coming to the hospital anymore, and I don't care how much money his family has. I don't want to serve a mentally unstable cripple!"

Her voice rang in the corridor as her high heels clattered away.

Right at this moment, Farra came out of the elevator and heard her last sentence.

Her face instantly darkened, but she quickly entered the ward.

Seeing Ben fast asleep in bed with Jean preparing breakfast next to him, her anger instantly abated.

After all this while, I've grown fond of Jean!

While Ben was still sleeping, she asked Jean out for a talk.

"Yes, Mrs. Ludwig?" Jean asked as she wiped her hands on her clothes.

"You don't have to do these chores in the future. Just leave it to the maids and the nurses. When the nurse comes over later, let's go somewhere."

"Where are we going?" To Jean, Farra's smile was too kind and warm.

"To dress you up."

Soon, a driver came to pick them up. No matter how much Jean rejected her, she was very insistent about bringing her to one of the luxurious malls to buy some clothes. After that, she brought Jean for a facial.

At the entrance, they met a few other ladies who were the wives of established men in society.

They had already heard about the Sans family calling off the engagement as soon as Ben was involved in the accident.

Upon seeing how Farra was treating Jean differently and even holding her hand closely, they smiled sarcastically.

One of them, Mrs. Touchwood, commented, "You seem to be quite busy, Mrs. Ludwig. We asked you out several times, but you rejected us. It's quite rare to see you free nowadays, but you brought along..." She hesitated and gave Jean an appraisal. "I have no idea how to address her now."

The rest of them tried to hide their smirks.

The atmosphere was quite uncomfortable, but Jean merely arched her eyebrows. There's nothing to be shameful of, but these women are simply too gossipy.

However, Farra could barely keep her pride intact.

Jean slowly stood aside. "Madam Ludwig, I think I'd better wait for you in the car."

As soon as they heard the way Jean addressed Farra, that signified that the latter was in a higher position, they were shocked. What is going on?

"Is she working for you now?"

It would make more sense if that's the case. Otherwise, based on Farra's character, she would never agree for her son to date Jean!

Mrs. Touchwood replied awkwardly, "Oh, Mrs. Ludwig, why didn't you tell us earlier? We misunderstood you, and thought you were taking spoiled goods from another family!"

With that, the rest of the ladies laughed.

At this moment, Jean was still within earshot, so she could hear everything clearly.

Nevertheless, she merely opened the door and sat in the car with her eyes lowered.

Farra turned around to look at her with a conflicted expression on her face. While feeling grateful for Jean, who acted gracefully and protected her pride, she also felt guilty at the same time.

All in all, she could not bear ruining her reputation to refute the ladies.

She was not worried about being mocked by them, but the Ludwig family had a business in Yorktown. It would be easier for them if they had good relations in the city.

Jean was quiet as she sat in the car.

Suddenly, her phone beeped.

She opened the message and noticed that it was from an unsaved number.

“The medicine has been sent to the hospital. Remember to eat it.”

Medicine?

She frowned, remembering the medicine on her headboard when she woke up in the hotel.

Is this from Edgar?

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 141

Chapter 141 Beyond Obvious

He forced me to do those stuff with him, and now he’s worried that I might be pregnant?

Biting her lips, she immediately replied, “Don’t worry. I’ll just treat it as if I was bitten by a dog last night.”

At the other end of the phone, Edgar had just ended a meeting and was still in the conference room. He had sent her that message because he was worried about her.

Unexpectedly, she replied rather quickly. Her insults are also...

At this moment, Miles brought Nathan to see him.

Seeing the muted anger on his face, Nathan asked hesitantly, “Is someone annoying you?”

“It’s nothing.” Edgar turned his phone over, but his eyes were biting fierce.

Nathan quickly turned around and mouthed to Miles, “Who?”

Miles could not reply to him directly, so he merely shook his head.

Nathan frowned, but he soon figured it out. “Oh, it must be Jean!”

Edgar jerked his head to him immediately, as though he had been caught red-handed. In the next instant, aloofness filled up in his eyes. “How did you know?”

Nathan, too, was shocked by Edgar’s serious question.

“I can’t believe that you haven’t noticed it! Don’t you know that you only lose control whenever it comes to Jean? You don’t even care when it relates to Gigi and you will just ask your subordinates to handle her.”

Nathan had already seen through him on this aspect.

Otherwise, it was impossible for Jean to remain safe when her family declared bankruptcy.

Many people did not know that if Jean had not gone to jail, she wouldn't have been able to face the many troubles that came with her family going bankrupt. The debt collectors and their enemies would have harmed her.

It was true that Edgar had sent her to jail personally, but it was out of a desire to protect her, even though he would never admit that.

Since his intentions had been seen through, he frowned and got up. "Why are you nosier nowadays?"

With that, he stretched his long legs to walk out of the room, but Nathan quickly followed him.

"Hey! About this, I heard that the Ludwig family is about to recognize her as their future-daughter-in-law. What do you think about that?"

If Jean was single, there was still a chance for Edgar. However, if she was engaged or married...

Edgar immediately stopped walking.

"Impossible." His cold voice rang throughout the entire corridor.

Nathan snorted loudly. "You are already her ex-husband, and you are now with Gigi. It doesn't matter if you approve of it or not."

"Don't trigger me. The time is not right yet." With that, he sighed.

I have too many things to settle. I really hope that Jean is willing to wait for me. I'm willing to explain to her the grudges between our families, if she wants me to.

Looking at his lonely figure, Nathan quickly followed him.

"Don't blame me for not reminding you of this. Once you lose something, it might never come back.

Upon hearing that, Edgar's gaze fell, and he remained silent for a long time.

After they entered the elevator, he asked slowly, "Are you interested in motor racing?"

"What do you mean?"

“Ben’s team needs some funding.”

...

In the hospital, after Jean came back with Farra, Ben was delighted to see that they had a good time shopping together.

“Thanks for taking care of Jean, Mom.”

“Silly boy, there’s no need for that. I will often bring her out after this. You should take care of your health, and settle down with her after you are discharged.”

Jean was peeling an apple, but when she heard that, her wrist trembled and she accidentally cut herself.

“Ouch.”

“What’s wrong? Let me have a look.” Ben pulled her over with a frown. Sighing, he said, “Be careful. Here, let me do it.”

“It’s okay. I can do it,” Jean replied without even looking at him.

Ignoring her refusal, Ben took the knife from her without another word. While peeling the apple, he said, “I can still do this, you know.”

Jean’s eyelashes fluttered when she heard that.

Did he overhear what Ally said this morning? It’s impossible, because he was out from the tranquilizer shot. He should have been fast asleep at that time.

“Here, this is for both of you, I’ll eat the core,” Ben joked, giving both Jean and Farra each a half of the apple.

Jean looked at him closely before taking a bite. I think I might be overthinking.

While chatting, Dr. Roffe brought a few other doctors into the room. “How are you doing?”

“Dr. Roffe!” Looking at the group, Farra was confused. “Could it be...”

She looked at them nervously, worried that there were complications after the operation. Otherwise, why would they be here?

“No, it’s nothing like that. Don’t worry.” With a smile, Dr. Roffe introduced the doctors to them. “This is Dr. James, and this is Dr. Michaelson. They are both orthopedic

specialists from overseas, and they are here because of the collaboration between both our hospitals. They will be the surgeons for Mr. Ludwig's upcoming operation."

"This..." Farra was at a loss, and Dr. Roffe pulled her aside to say something to her.

Upon hearing that, she immediately lit up.

"Thank you so much, Dr. Roffe! Thank you, Dr. James and Dr. Michaelson! This is great! Amazing!"

Jean merely exchanged looks with Ben without uttering a word.

They checked on his wounds and asked a few questions before leaving.

Farra sent them out gratefully. "Thanks a lot, from the bottom of my heart, Dr. Roffe."

He chuckled. "Don't worry. With both of them here, it's more than 80% confirmed that Mr. Ludwig will return to his normal self before the accident, and his future won't be affected."

"He will still be able to start a family, right?" Farra asked again.

"Yes. There won't be any problems with that."

With that, he walked away with a smile on his face. However, Jean had a feeling that he was looking at her when he was speaking to Farra, and she found his expression rather odd.

Meanwhile, Farra was over the moon. "I'm going to tell your dad about this. You have such great luck! It's such a coincidence that both these doctors are here."

Yeah. What a coincidence, Jean thought.

At this moment, her phone vibrated, making her jump. She shot a glance at Ben, who did not seem to notice as he was slightly tired.

"Take a rest. I'm going out for a while."

He nodded. It was likely that the tranquilizing effects had not yet worn off, so he lied down after a yawn.

Jean slowly walked out of the ward and closed the door.

However, Ben immediately opened his eyes and took out his phone from under his pillow to call Sonny, who was excited to talk to him.



“I was about to call you, Ben. Take good care of yourself. You don’t have to worry about our funding anymore, because I’ve already gotten the sponsorship. It’s from a food company that’s pretty well-known. ”

“At this time?” Ben’s gaze darkened, but he did not ask the questions in his mind.

After putting down his phone, he slowly sighed.

I need to get better soon; I don’t want to be useless, and I need to protect Jean.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 142**

### **Chapter 142 First Time in His Life**

Jean found a quiet spot in the hospital corridor and called Miles. The call quickly connected. “Yes, Ms. Eyer?”

“Where is he now?”

“He’s having a meal with one of our partners, at—”

“Send me the location.” With that, Jean hung up and hurried to the elevator. On the other hand, both Edgar and Nathan were at the meal. Miles quickly walked into the room to report to Edgar that Jean was on her way here.

As soon as Nathan heard her name, he quickly signaled to Edgar that it was okay for the latter to leave. ‘I will take care of everything here’ was what he was saying with his expression.

Hence, he got up and left with a tinge of coldness in his eyes. Throughout his entire life, he had never waited for anyone, let alone for a woman.

Pacing around the lobby, he walked up and down the staircase as he fumbled with his buttons. There was only one thought in his mind. What is she here for? To reject my good intentions, or...

The hotel door was automatic. Every time it opened, he would look at the door, until Jean finally arrived. He quickly put his coffee down and looked at her, waiting for her to walk toward him.

Even though he knew very well that she was here on another man’s behalf, he could not hide his growing emotions. Appraising her expression, he spoke. “Take a seat.”

Jean’s gaze was frosty. After looking at him for a while, she finally asked, “What do you want?”

There was no trace of gratitude in her tone. He frowned. "I—"

"If you are planning to frame Ben and hurt him in the operation room, I will never forgive you," she said darkly, not expecting Edgar to stoop this low.

She looked at him intently to decipher every reaction of his. "Do I need to do that?" He leaned backward with a cold look in his eyes, having no intentions to explain himself. Jean let out a cold snort. "You are so scheming. What else will you not bring yourself to do?"

Didn't he bribe Mr. Hoffer yesterday to make me come here? He's a hypocrite. She was furious and hated the fact that she was once his wife.

"I don't have any malicious intentions." He placed a name card on the table. "This is the World Medical Association's phone number; you can go ahead and give them a call to check if the two orthopedic specialists are qualified or not. I just... want to help you."

"What are the conditions?"

Jean knew very well that Edgar was a businessman after all, and he would not do anything that did not bring him any benefits.

Suppressing his anger, he held his coffee cup. "Nothing."

Clearly, Jean did not believe his words. "Even though Ben is staying at a private hospital, I know you are one of the investors. No matter what, if you play any tricks behind our backs, I'm sure you will be exposed. I'll be staying with Ben all day; so don't you even think of doing anything funny."

All day?

Edgar's gaze became sharper. He could not help recalling what happened the night before, and he placed his coffee cup back on the table, letting out a loud clink.

Just as Jean was about to leave, he called her. "I can even convince the Racing Association to revisit the results, if you agree to another condition of mine."

Since she doubts me so much, I'll just play along with her game.

"What?" Jean asked suspiciously, knowing that he was up to no good.

He ignored her reaction and threw a bunch of keys on the table. "Move into my mansion. I'll tell you the rest later."

"You're sick, Edgar."

Without any hesitation, she walked away. He probably can't satisfy his desires with Gigi, so he wants to vent it out on me. "What a jerk."

Sitting on his chair, Edgar heaved a deep sigh and shook his head helplessly before putting his keys back into his pocket.

This was the first time he realized how difficult it was to correct a woman's prejudice.

Then, he took out his phone and called a number. "Arrange for an operation for Ben. Make sure he can make a full recovery."

As long as he turns out fine, Jean won't have to feel guilty toward him, and she can cut ties with the Ludwig family.

With that thought in mind, he turned around to walk back to the private room.

Meanwhile, Jean returned to the hospital. The doctors had already come up with an operation plan, and their assistants had brought the consent form for Ben's family. They also explained clearly what risks were involved.

Jean paid attention to every detail and constantly asked them questions to clear things up.

Even Farra was stunned to see that. "Jean, how do you know about blood cell transplant?"

"I've been looking up related information over the past few days. There have been several cases of similar operations both within and out of our country. Some of them were completely healed, while some had a relapse after 3 to 4 years."

Seeing how dedicated she was, Farra was even more satisfied with her.

While Jean was still going over the details of the operation, she went to Ben's bedside and said, "This girl that you've chosen is really decent. Your dad and I are quite happy with her. After the operation, let's find a day to settle your marriage."

At this moment, Farra felt that Jean was a much better option than Ally.

More importantly, she was honest. Even though her family situation was not the best, as long as she treated Ben genuinely, Farra was happy enough. Perhaps after a few years, they will have a few kids, and live a simple yet happy life. That would be quite nice too.

Ben blushed when he heard that.

"What are you talking about, Mom?"

I spent so much effort just to be able to date her. How can I dare to propose in such a short time? If she rejects me, it's going to be awkward.

"Hey, both of you are not exactly young anymore. Of course you should marry her as soon as possible. Don't worry about this, I'll arrange it for you. The garden behind the hospital looks like a good spot – it's romantic!"

With that, she made an 'OK' gesture to him and strolled out of the ward, humming to herself along the way.

On the other hand, Jean had also made sure of all the details of the operation. After the assistants left, she explained the entire process to Ben again.

However, he seemed to be in a trance – he just kept looking at her face.

"Are you even listening? This is your operation after all. Can you pay more attention?"

Leaning against his bed, Ben smiled cheekily. "My life is in your hands now. These are not important to me. By the way, where did you go in the afternoon? I was looking for you."

"I had an upset stomach, so I went to the bathroom."

With that, she turned around and handed him an orange. "This is for you. I'm going there again."

She escaped from his ward after that and heaved a sigh outside.

If Edgar is telling the truth, and the operation is successful, Ben can stand on his feet the day after tomorrow.

Looking at the blue skies outside, she prayed silently.

However, life was unpredictable. The night before the operation, the blood bank had insufficient blood supply.

"It seems like we need to postpone the operation. We need an ample supply of blood. Otherwise, the operation will be very risky."

Myer and Farra exchanged anxious looks, but Ben consoled them. "Don't worry. It's just a few days."

"But the specialists are going back soon, and it might be delayed by more than a few days. It will have a huge impact on you." Even Dr. Roffe was slightly anxious.

As the operation was to be held quite soon, they did not have enough time to transfer the blood supplies from other blood banks.

Standing next to them, Jean suddenly had an idea. "I can donate some of my blood. Will that work?"