

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 148

Chapter 148 Thankfully It Wasn't Her

Jean Eyer reacted quickly and immediately questioned him. "The hospital has made preparations. You have no right to interfere. I've already said that if something really were to happen, those from the Ludwig family wouldn't leave it at that."

She didn't understand why. There was no animosity between Edgar Royden and Ben Ludwig. Edgar Royden would be insane if he wanted to push someone to hell all because of her. A murderous, ruthless, insane person.

The man stepped on the gas. He turned his head sideways, and there was an unbelievable coldness in his eyes. "You keep defending him now, but the Ludwig family only treats you as a servant. With your current status, you couldn't even get into the Ludwig family if you were on your knees."

"Yes, I'm trash who wants to cling to the Ludwig family. Can't I do that? Gigi Reece clung to you, and you had a shotgun marriage. You have no right to speak that way about me." Jean Eyer retorted furiously.

She looked at the rearview mirror and ensured that there were no cars behind before opening the car door.

"Someone like me can't afford to sit in Mr. Royden's car. Go drag your Gigi Reece here instead." Jean Eyer forcefully slammed the car door shut with a bang.

The man's eyes sank. He shouldn't have taken pity on that woman at all. He stepped on the accelerator with one foot and sped off without hesitation.

He just hoped that Jean Eyer would have some self-respect. Even if the Ludwig family acknowledged her now, it was because Ben Ludwig was currently unwell. Once Ben Ludwig recovered, they wouldn't care about Jean Eyer's wellbeing at all.

Edgar Royden gripped the steering wheel angrily. Did she have to cling to Ben Ludwig?

The pressure of his foot on the accelerator increased.

How could she get home when there wasn't a taxi in sight.

He turned on the radio disinterestedly. The announcer's voice could be heard saying, "According to reports from listeners, there has been an accident on Pearl Highway. The victim is a woman in her 20s, wearing a grey overcoat..."

His eyes darkened abruptly, and he spun the steering wheel to turn back.

Two trucks had overturned at the intersection where he had just dropped Jean Eyer off. Thick smoke was surging all around.

The scene was surrounded by screams and children crying.

Edgar Royden rushed over without a care in the world. He screamed agonizingly, "Jean Eyer!"

He was about to dash over to the overturned trucks but was stopped by the truck driver. "Sir, you can't go any further. It's too dangerous."

"Jean Eyer!"

He turned his hands nervously. "Where is the woman who was injured?"

He looked around frantically, unable to think rationally at all.

The two drivers were startled by his appearance. They pointed behind him.

"Jean..."

His footsteps stopped abruptly. When he saw the woman being held onto by her family and a child beside her calling her mom, something caught in his throat. It took a while before he let out a deep sigh.

Thankfully, it wasn't her.

Not far away, Jean Eyer took in the scene that just unfolded. She wanted to get a cab back to the hospital, but she heard a crash behind her once she took a few steps.

Danger was indeed around her, but she had a narrow escape.

She wanted to stay back to see if there was anything she could help with, but instead, she saw Edgar Royden return to the scene to look for her.

Jean Eyer hid behind a bus stop when she saw the man still looking around.

She wrinkled her brows. If she died, Edgar Royden should be happy. There'd be no one to go against him.

Who was he putting on a show for in his current state?

Jean Eyer held one finger up and silently reminded herself. "Don't go soft. People like him have an ulterior motive behind everything they do."

After Edgar Royden left in his car, Jean Eyer flagged a cab down nearby. The both of them virtually went to the hospital together.

Walking into the hospital lobby, Edgar Royden heard familiar footsteps behind him. Looking at Jean Eyer's spotless face, he stopped and made his way over.

"Just now..."

But Jean Eyer didn't stop. She said, "I need to take care of the patient."

Her impatience was written all over her face.

Edgar Royden's expression was vague. He wrinkled his brow and followed her.

Jean Eyer ignored him entirely and made her way to the hospital room. Once she went in, she noticed that something was wrong.

Farra Emilio and the nurse were very anxious. When they saw her, they said, "Ben Ludwig was worried about you since you didn't come today. We don't know where he went to look for you."

"What?"

Jean Eyer glanced at the hospital room. Ben Ludwig didn't take his cell phone nor use a wheelchair.

She ran out immediately.

Edgar Royden stared at her anxious figure, and the light in his eyes went out.

Jean Eyer ran up two floors and asked everyone she met, "Hello, did you see a thin and tall young man? He's wearing hospital clothes, around..."

Edgar Royden was standing by the window on the second floor. Looking from afar, he wanted to know if Jean Eyer was so madly in love with him when she married him.

No, definitely not.

His brows tightened sharply. He couldn't suppress the rage that was spreading in his chest.

After ten minutes, Jean Eyer finally found Ben Ludwig by the garden. He was on crutches and had just returned from the street.

Both pairs of eyes met. Jean Eyer was annoyed and angry. "Where did you go? You have surgery tomorrow, why can't you stay in your room? Do you know how worried Mrs. Ludwig is? You..."

Before she could finish, she was pulled into a gentle embrace.

Ben Ludwig let out a deep sigh in her ears. "I'm glad you're back."

His tone was apprehensive. His palms were on Jean Eyer's shoulder and back, as if he wanted to absorb her into him.

Jean Eyer looked up and reflected. She'd been too emotional just now.

After all, he was the patient.

"Let's go. We don't want to disturb others who are resting."

The usual Ben Ludwig would've listened to her.

But today, he hugged her tighter instead. He sounded like he had a lump in his throat. "I want to stay a little longer."

Before Jean Eyer could react, she gritted her teeth and said, "But I'm cold. I was sweating when I was running around looking for you."

Ben Ludwig slowly let go after she said this.

It was getting darker, but Jean Eyer could clearly see that his eyes were red.

Suddenly, she didn't know what to say. Ever since her failed marriage ended, she felt like her whole life had gotten darker. She didn't know how to love, and she avoided fostering relationships.

Seeing Ben Ludwig like this, she looked away. "Let's go."

Ben Ludwig said, "Mm." He silently followed her from behind as usual. After walking for a long time, they reached the hospital room. He pulled Jean Eyer over to him. "If the surgery goes well tomorrow, then I can be discharged. After that..."

"Why do you seem to be stammering today?"

Jean Eyer blinked. "It's late. If there's anything else, let's speak tomorrow."

Ben Ludwig's fingers slowly loosened. After a moment, he replied, "Mm. Alright, let's speak tomorrow."

When he went into the hospital room and laid on the bed, he still felt lonely. He couldn't contact Jean Eyer at all today. He thought something had happened to her, or that she had died.

On second thought, he only got to see her daily because he was injured.

Once he recovered, would this woman before his eyes still stay by his side?

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Chapter 149 If He Could Marry Her Once, He Could Marry Her a Second Time

Ben Ludwig closed his eyes slowly. He hoped that the next day wouldn't arrive so quickly. Watching him sleep, Farra Emilio called Jean Eyer over.

"Thank goodness you're back. Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to do. Bennie was probably worried because he couldn't get through to your cell phone. Are you hurt?"

Jean Eyer smiled and shook her head. "I was at my friend's house. There wasn't good reception."

She didn't want to speak on it anymore. Farra Emilio nodded. She held on to Jean Eyer's hand and continued talking. Maybe she knew that Farra Emilio was worried about the surgery the next day, so Jean Eyer stayed up with her until the middle of the night.

At the same time, Nathan Knox was dragged by Edgar Royden to a bar for some drinks. He looked at his watch a few times. "Edgar, it's getting late. Let's go."

But no matter what he said, Edgar Royden was unmoving. Nathan Knox was frustrated and had to use an ace in his hands. "You've already divorced Jean Eyer. Treating her like this is a type of harassment. To put it plainly, she can sue you."

Crack. The glass in his hand fell. Edgar Royden looked up with frost in his eyes. That gaze truly frightened Nathan Knox.

"I'm only saying it like it is. Think about it, she doesn't have a boyfriend now. So what if she's in debt, the Ludwig family isn't leaving her behind. Ben Ludwig and her..."

Nathan Knox stopped. He didn't dare complete his sentence. In other words, he feared for his life. "At the very least, you want her back. There's no use in you drinking here alone." Nathan Knox was exhausted from a full day of work.

He feared he'd die on the spot if Edgar Royden didn't let him go home. When Edgar Royden heard that, the frost in his eyes slowly faded. "Get her back?"

The man raised his brows. If he could marry Jean Eyer once, he could marry her a second time. "But I must remind you that Gigi Reece is bearing your child."

Nathan Knox knew that Edgar Royden wasn't that kind of person. He wouldn't shy away from responsibility. "Help me check something out." Edgar Royden recalled back to what happened after he had drinks with Gigi Reece.

Nathan Knox's eyes widened. "You, don't tell me you suspect the child isn't yours?"

If Gigi Reece cheated on Edgar Royden, it would be the joke of Yorktown.

Edgar Royden pushed the table and stood up. "Just check it out."

He had his suspicions, but the Reece family wouldn't lie about these things for no reason. Because if he found out, the consequences would be severe.

As for Jean Eyer, he had all the time. He would take it slow.

...

The next day at ten in the morning, a nurse pushed Ben Ludwig into the operating theatre.

Farra Emilio was pacing nervously in the corridor. From time to time, she would look inside. "Jeannie, there should be no problems with the two specialists, right?"

"Mrs. Ludwig, please have a seat. The surgery would be three hours at the very least."

This was only a conservative estimate.

With the two previous surgeries as a foundation, Ben Ludwig would basically recover fully if the surgery went well this time.

Jean Eyer prayed silently as she looked at the light outside the operating theatre.

However, there was still a bump on the road.

An hour into the surgery, an unexpected situation occurred. There was massive blood loss, and the reserved blood they had on standby wasn't enough.

"The patient needs a blood transfusion!" The nurse said as she came out.

Jean Eyer immediately walked over. "Take mine."

"Alright, come with me."

Farra Emilio saw nothing but darkness as she fainted.

Jean Eyer was taken into a room beside the operating theatre. A door stood between her and Ben Ludwig's ongoing surgery.

"Ms. Eyer, I need to confirm with you again. Your blood type, and have you taken any alcohol or medicine within the last 24 hours..." The nurse was listing it out one by one.

After Jean Eyer verified, she signed her name.

As the needle pierced her skin, Jean Eyer took a deep breath. She leaned back on the chair.

She was more than happy to help Ben Ludwig.

At the same time, the hospital was broadcasting a message to the whole building, looking for other donors.

Jean Eyer didn't know how much blood was drawn. Along with insufficient rest from the night before, she quickly fell asleep.

Crash.

She heard something crack beside her.

She opened her eyes in horror but found that she was in someone's embrace.

She smelled the scent of disinfectant on the other person and thought he was someone from the hospital. She asked, "How is Ben Ludwig?"

He didn't answer but quickened his footsteps.

Jean Eyer was still babbling. "Is the surgery over? He... should be fine, right."

Even at this time, she was still so hung up on him?

Edgar Royden looked down and carried the woman into a hospital room while fiercely suppressing his rage.

"Mr. Royden, everyone we brought has donated blood. Ben Ludwig's condition is stable at the moment. The surgery will be ending soon." Miles stood at the door and reported to him softly.

Edgar Royden raised his hand, and Miles left immediately.

He stood by the bedside for a long time. He kept asking himself a question. If this woman died, would he be heartbroken?"

He didn't have an answer.

Maybe he only used Jean Eyer as a tool for revenge, but he never thought of hurting her before.

The man stared at the glistening, fair face on the bed. He slowly loosened his balled fists and said word for word in a hardened voice, "You do not possess the opportunity to die without my permission."

Even more so to die for another man.

It was as if Jean Eyer had a long dream. When she woke up, there was no one in the hospital room.

She looked at the transfusion needle at her wrist and wrinkled her brow.

She lifted her hand to ring the call button but realized she couldn't reach it.

"Ms. Eyer, let me help you." A nurse came in time. She helped Jean Eyer up after pressing the call button. "The stew is ready, do you want some? You just finished a blood transfusion. Your body is weak, and you need to recuperate."

Jean Eyer looked at her and asked, "How is Ben Ludwig? The surgery should be over by now."

"It has ended. All is well," the nurse said while putting a coat around Jean Eyer.

Her restless heart calmed down.

"Take care of him. I'm fine." Jean Eyer looked down. She'd never seen this nurse before, but the nurse should be employed under the Ludwig family.

"It's alright, Ms. Eyer. Let me take some stew for you. You should at least eat a little."

Jean Eyer nodded. She still felt a little dizzy.

Not too long after, a nurse came by and told her that all was well with her, and said to rest well.

On the other end, Ben Ludwig had just awoken.

The first thing he did was look for Jean Eyer.

Myer Ludwig was standing in the hospital room. “Your surgery just ended. She should be the one who’s looking for you. She’s usually around every day, why is she missing today.”

“She’s missing?” Ben Ludwig sat up suddenly. “I’ll look for her.”

Jean Eyer promised to stay with him.

Ben Ludwig tore off his comforter and got down from the bed in a hurry.

Farra Emilio stopped him in a rush. “My darling son, please rest. Once you’re feeling better, Jean Eyer will definitely be here. Maybe she’s caught up with other things. Please lie down.”

After Farra Emilio woke up, she didn’t see Jean Eyer around and didn’t know where she went.

“You’re still very weak now. You need to stay for observation for another day, doctor’s orders. It’s late now. I’ll look for her with you tomorrow morning.”

Ben Ludwig was forced back to bed.

The anesthetic effects hadn’t completely worn off, so he fell asleep quickly.

In the dark of the night, the hospital corridor was empty. Only the man’s leather shoe footsteps could be heard.

He pushed the hospital room door open and walked slowly towards the bed.

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Chapter 150 Nowhere to Be Seen

At the crack of dawn. Ben tried calling Jean when he woke up, but the call wouldn’t connect. Farra accompanied him to the nurse when she couldn’t stop him from going.

As Ben stepped out of his room, he met Edgar and his assistant. A bodyguard was following behind them. “Mr. Royden.” Ben called out to him. “Why are you here?”

Edgar turned around and looked at him coolly. “Am I supposed to inform Mr. Ludwig wherever I go?”

The air around him was frigid. Farra nudged Ben. She heard Myer say that the recent partnership with Royden Group was dreadful. Besides, Royden Group seemed to be considering ending all partnerships with Ludwig Group.

They had to be tolerant of Edgar for their business's sake. "Mr. Royden is right. Let's go, Benny." Farra pulled her son. Ben turned back as he was pulled away. Edgar entered the elevator with the others. He frowned. "Mom, can you ask around why Edgar is here at the hospital?"

"Royden Group has shares in this hospital. It's not surprising that he's here. Aren't you looking for Jean? Let's ask them."

The nurse only replied, "We don't know."

"How wouldn't you know? She was somewhere around the operating room yesterday." Ben was anxious. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ludwig. There are a lot of people heading in and out of the hospital every day. We didn't see her."

"Please call her a few more times. Let's go back to your room. You need to rest. I'll ask someone to find her later." Farra comforted him.

Ben walked away slowly. His eyes were dull.

"She promised she wouldn't leave..."

She didn't detest him when he was crippled.

Why did she disappear when he was much better now?

Ben glanced at the back garden. "Mom, I'll go look at the back. Jean might be waiting for me there!"

"Huh?"

He ran away before Farra could hold on to him.

The decorations his mother had ordered were still up. He was going to propose to her again there, but the main character was missing.

A light drizzle fell from the sky.

Farra ran to him with an umbrella. "Alright, let's go back now. Jean has to be around if you want to propose to her. Let's go."

Ben was down in the dumps.

His shoulders were wet from the rain as Farra pulled him back in.

At the same time, a black car passed by on the road in front of the hospital. Jean was in the car, unconscious.

Her head was placed on Edgar's lap. Worried that she wasn't comfortable, he placed a hand beneath her shoulder to support her. He tapped on his phone screen while waiting for the test results.

"Mr. Royden, the results are out." Miles sent the report of Jean's blood work to Edgar's phone.

Edgar opened the document.

He went over it intently.

He sighed a breath of relief.

But he didn't release his grip on his phone. His eyes were burning with fury.

Sky sneaked into Jean's room and injected an unknown fluid into her drip the night before. Fortunately, the guard on duty discovered the scene.

Edgar rushed to the hospital when he received the news.

"Mr. Royden, we're here at your villa." Miles opened the back door.

Edgar draped his coat over Jean and carried her in.

But he left in a hurry after settling her down.

He knew that she would insist on going back when she woke up. She would be in a better frame of mind if he weren't around.

"Go to MON & Co." Edgar's face was grim.

The driver and Miles felt the air in the car turn frigid. Whoever it was, they were asking for a death wish aggravating Mr. Royden.

...

When Jean woke up, she found herself in Edgar's villa.

She was confused.

She was forced to go downstairs as her phone was nowhere to be seen.

The last thing she remembered was giving a blood transfusion to Ben in the operating room.

"Ms. Eyer, you're awake. I've made some food. Are you hungry?" Susan helped her down with a smile. "Mr. Royden told me your body would be weak. I'll help you."

Mr. Royden?

Jean looked around. "Where's my phone?"

"It's charging." Susan smiled as she led Jean to the dining room.

Jean's stomach rumbled when she smelled the food.

Susan handed her a spoon. "I specially prepared this soup to replenish your energy. Try it."

She opened the food cover. The table was filled with all types of food, from fish to fruits.

Jean was starving.

She finished two bowls of rice without any hesitation.

Susan chatted with her the entire time. It had been a while since Jean had such delicious food, especially since she had accompanied Ben during his stay at the hospital.

Plus, Ben's surgery was successful. She was relieved and her appetite came back in a rush.

"Susan, can you pass me my phone?" She wanted to ask about Ben's condition.

"Your phone was put on charge not long ago. It will be some time before you can turn it on. Why don't you have more fruit? I'll take you for a walk in the garden later," Susan said as she pushed the plate to Jean.

Jean was exhausted after the walk in the garden.

Susan guided her back to the bedroom.

She sent a message to Edgar. Ms. Eyer is asleep again.

There were sleeping pills mixed in the food. Jean needed rest after the transfusion, or she might experience side effects.

Susan left the room quietly.

Seeing the phone charging in the living room, she unplugged it and switched on airplane mode. She then played a video and muted it until the battery ran out and put it to charge again.

No one would be able to call her since it was powered off.

Jean wouldn't be disturbed from her rest.

Jean fell into a deep slumber. She hadn't had such a restful sleep in a while.

It was nighttime when she opened her eyes.

The aroma of food drifted through the air. She touched her stomach. "I'm hungry again."

She had to admit that Susan's food was delicious. When she went down the stairs, she noticed her phone was still charging. She frowned. "Is it broken?"

"Ms. Eyer, you woke up. I've just made some light refreshments. Would you have some?"

Susan's gentle voice and smile were inviting.

Jean nodded and placed her phone down.

Since the operation was successful and Ben had his family with him, she wasn't needed there.

Jean had only a few bites when a car stopped in front of the villa. Gigi barged in before Jean could react.

Gigi widened her eyes at Jean, dressed in casual clothes and eating comfortably inside the house.

"Why are you here?"

So that's why I couldn't find Edgar for two whole days because he was avoiding me.

He had a woman in his villa, and it was Jean, of all people!

She rushed to Jean with her hand raised. "You shameless woman!"

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 151

Chapter 151 Why Was She Allowed There

She hadn't stayed at Edgar's villa, although she was his wife. Why was Jean allowed there?

From the way Jean acted and dressed, it was obvious that she had been there for a while. They might have even slept on the same bed.

"Seducing my man when I'm pregnant. I'll kill you today."

However, Gigi had missed an essential point in her fury.

Jean wouldn't be living there if Edgar hadn't given his permission.

A strict man like him wouldn't let Jean live in the villa on her own. Even the maid that was sent to her wasn't a random person.

Before Gigi could reach Jean, she was blocked by Susan with a bowl of soup from the kitchen.

Splash!

The soup spilled all over Gigi.

"Aargh!"

She cried out, fuming. "What are you doing? Do you know how much this dress costs? And if you burn my baby, you'll..."

An idea crossed her mind. She fell to the floor, clutching her stomach.

"Ouch, my stomach! My stomach hurts! Edgar, call Edgar now!"

Why couldn't she live there when Jean could?

Helplessly, Susan watched her squirm on the floor and shook her head. "Ms. Reece, the soup was lukewarm. It wouldn't have burned you."

Gigi paled but refused to budge. "Is it really lukewarm? I think it was burning hot! I don't feel well. My stomach is aching. Call Edgar immediately!"

"This..." Susan hesitated. "Ms. Reece, why don't you get up first? You're putting me in a difficult position since Mr. Royden hasn't given his permission."

Gigi stayed sitting on the floor, bawling her eyes out.

The way she acted was no different from a spoiled child.

Jean munched on the fruits while deep in thought. What is it that Edgar likes about her? Does he like how she flaunts? Or is it her spoiled personality?

If so, it wasn't a surprise that their marriage had ended.

Gigi wailed. When Susan had no intention of calling Edgar, she pulled out her phone impatiently.

A figure appeared at the doorway to the dining room.

Edgar observed them stonily.

"Edgar, you're finally back." Gigi sniffled. "They were bullying me together. Even your maid doesn't take me seriously. And why is Jean here?"

His face darkened as his eyes landed on Jean.

Jean stared back at him.

She was wondering the same thing.

"We may not be married, but everyone knows about our relationship. Yet, you let Jean..."

She made a fuss. He frowned. He was already worn out from work.

Yet the moment he arrived home, Gigi was there complaining. It was...

"I'll explain it to you later." He didn't answer her directly. He dragged his feet through the kitchen, and Gigi followed him up the stairs.

The show was over.

Jean shook her head. How meaningless.

Susan asked her kindly, "Ms. Eyer, do you want to have some food now?"

Jean paused. "Never mind. I'm going back."

She didn't want to stay in his villa with this ambiguous relationship.

She went upstairs to take her clothes and shoes.

But as the door closed, Edgar forced himself into the room. His broad frame blocked the door.

“You need more rest. Stay until tomorrow.” His low voice was hoarse. It seemed that he didn’t get much rest.

Jean furrowed her eyebrows. “I don’t have anything to do with you. Why would I stay here?”

It was true that she felt weak in the morning.

But after having Susan’s cooking, she felt much better as her strength recovered.

She couldn’t reach the doorknob.

Gigi’s voice was heard outside the room. “Edgar, where are you?”

Jean struggled. He grasped her wrist and pushed her against the wall, but it wasn’t as cold as she thought it would be.

Edgar’s hand was cushioned between her and the wall.

She frowned. “Let me go!”

“Stay until tomorrow,” he insisted.

Jean was irritated. “Your wife is right outside the door. You’re asking me to stay. This is…”

He forced his lips on hers before she could finish her words.

He locked her lips deeply, leaving no space for escape.

Jean’s body had only recovered her energy. She felt dizzy and lost strength in her legs.

She struggled, almost tearing his shirt.

But he had no intention of letting go.

She spat in a muffled voice, “Bastard,” and forcefully bit his lip.

He pulled his lips away as the taste of blood filled his mouth. Yet he held her tightly in his embrace. “If you leave now, I’ll let everyone in Yorktown know that you slept in my bed last night.”

“You!”

“I’ll do as I say. If you leave, I’ll even tell Ben that you’re bad at kissing.”

Jean realized how unreasonable he could be.

She gritted her teeth. "There's something wrong with your head, Royden."

She kicked his shin forcefully.

He faltered at the pain. Aggressively, she wiped her mouth and opened the door, stomping down the stairs while Gigi stared in shock. "Susan, I'll eat!"

She might as well eat if she was staying.

Back in the room, the man's frown softened. A half-smile appeared on the corner of his lips.

The lengths he went to just to get a woman to stay.

"Edgar, the two of you..."

Gigi knew at once what had happened when she saw his lips.

She held back her tears in anger. "Do you think nothing of me?"

Jean could faintly hear them argue upstairs.

She chewed on her food and had an epiphany. Perhaps Edgar was using her to get revenge on Gigi. He might have known that Gigi had a lover.

He was using her as a shield.

She was irked and had another serving of food.

When she finished her meal, the fight had stopped.

She picked up her phone and noticed the missed calls from Ben.

She headed up to the bedroom to call him.

But before she could, Gigi threw the door open. "Jean, come out. I want to sleep in this room. You can sleep in the living room."

Jean raised an eyebrow. She didn't want to stay there in the first place.

Now Gigi was looking for trouble with her? She refused to give in.

Jean opened the door and stated, "I'm not changing."

"This is my husband's house. I'm being gracious for not chasing you out. Don't cross the line."

Jean smiled smugly. "Oh now, really?"

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 152

Chapter 152 Threatened

"What's that smirk about?!" Gigi bit her lips in anger when she saw Jean's smile. "Nothing. I just thought you were guilty of cheating on Edgar; that's why you haven't been able to keep him all this while."

"Nonsense!" Gigi retorted immediately, but her voice was obviously much weaker than before. Besides, she subconsciously glanced backward with a guilt-stricken look.

Jean narrowed her eyes as she was more assured of her assumptions—Gigi was cheating on Edgar. Tsk. I've never imagined that Edgar would one day be two-timed.

"I'm going to sleep in this room anyway. Get lost now!" Gigi forcefully pulled Jean out of the room. She knew the guest room downstairs only had a single bed, and she could only be at ease if Jean had stayed there.

However, Jean did not respond to Gigi. Frustrated, Gigi fumed, "Quickly get out already!"

Jean shook her head. "What about you come in, and we can sleep in the same room?"

I'm not going to let Gigi get what she wants! Suddenly, Gigi had a brainwave and directly took the blanket from the guest room. "Fine. I'll sleep here tonight!"

Since I can't chase Jean away, I should at least stay in the same room as her, so I can keep an eye on her and prevent her from seducing Edgar at night.

Jean smirked and reminded Gigi, "Don't forget that Edgar and I are enemies."

The next second, Gigi placed her hand on her abdomen as she recalled how Jean taught her a lesson in the ladies restroom. She gripped the blanket and warned, "Edgar is not going to let you off if you dare to lay a finger on me!"

"Oh, is it? I thought there were some problems going on between you two," Jean said while lying down on the other side of the bed.

Her comment hit the bullseye.

Later, Jean took out her phone and typed a message for Ben. 'Did the operation go well? I'm handling some matters and will visit you after this.'

However, the message couldn't be sent out for some reason.

Jean frowned and walked toward the outside while holding her phone.

Gigi grabbed her at once. "Where are you going?"

Jean rolled her eyes at Gigi and blurted, "I'm going to make a call."

She shoved Gigi's hand away and headed to the corridor. However, the signal was equally weak in the corridor. Just then, she recalled a similar occurrence at Zoe's place, which were caused by the signal jammers.

Did Edgar use that trick too, to make me stay here?

Jean looked around and decided to go to the study room as she thought there should have the strongest signal of all places.

She knocked on the door of the study room, but there was no response. She glanced at the phone screen and noticed the signal bars were activated, so she walked straight into the room.

A few seconds later, footsteps approached the study room. Jean was standing beside the window and was blocked by a pot of plants.

Not long after Edgar entered the study room, he answered an incoming call.

"Andy made a mistake with the inventories last time, and this time he's insisting on partnering with the Ludwig family? It's normal that Mr. Langley and the others supported him. They have been backing each other up in the previous board meetings."

Is this regarding Royden Group? Jean arched her brows. She didn't mean to eavesdrop on the conversation, but she happened to overhear it. Oh well, it's not like I purposely wanted to listen to the conversation.

She reckoned that if she showed up at that moment, Edgar would surely accuse her of eavesdropping, and she couldn't possibly defend herself. So, she decided to continue hiding.

"I've said that I will not collaborate with Ludwig Group."

"I won't change my mind no matter how many inventories they can offer."

Jean furrowed her brows. No wonder Myer has been pulling a long face the past few days. It turns out that he lost Royden Group, a strong business partner.

Nonetheless, despite his cold-bloodedness, Jean knew Edgar wouldn't be reckless when it came to business decisions. Otherwise, Royden Group wouldn't have prospered in a short time.

Jean could see Edgar's bony side profile reflected in the mirror. The man took a cup of coffee from the table and had a sip.

As he glanced toward the other side of the curtain, his lips curled up slightly, but the smirk was quickly dismissed.

"Also, I want Ben and his team to be banned from all racing tournaments in the next three years."

Miles was startled at the other end of the line. "Mr. Royden?"

He was not aware of the matter before this. Besides, they were talking about the company's matter a second ago.

Edgar hummed in response. "I don't care what the final result from the racing association is. I want them to follow my instructions. Otherwise, our company will not sponsor any of their tournaments from now on."

With that, Edgar hung up the call.

Thereafter, he retracted his gaze from the curtain, put down the coffee cup, and pretended to be working.

"Edgar Royden, you're too much! Not only did you refuse to partner with Ludwig Group, but you want to sabotage Ben's racing career. What has he done to offend you that you have to do this to him?!"

Jean couldn't hold it in anymore and came out from behind the plant.

She slammed her hand on the table and yelled, "Come after me if you're unhappy with me. Leave Ben alone!"

Ben was one of her very few friends, so she didn't want to implicate any of them.

However, Edgar interpreted her words differently. Initially, he was plotting to make Jean stay for a few days more, but he changed his mind when he saw Jean get all worked up because of Ben. It made his blood boil.

Since she cares about Ben so much...

“Indeed, I dislike him and want to pick on him and Ludwig Group. Do I need your permission to do that?” Edgar wore a half-smile; his eyes were as deep as the ocean.

Jean felt attacked by Edgar’s scorn, but she couldn’t retort.

Edgar lifted his brows as the outcome was not as expected. Jean’s response always caught him off guard. He subconsciously moved his gaze toward her red lips as the kiss just now resurfaced in his mind.

“If you agree to my conditions, perhaps I’ll consider letting him off.” Edgar set the trap in a deep voice.

He was confident that Jean would fall into the trap. She almost lost her life when she transfused blood for Ben in operation, so Edgar wagered there was nothing she wouldn’t do for Ben.

“What are your conditions?” Jean asked slowly with all her guards up.

Edgar took out his phone and put it in front of Jean. “Call Ben with my phone.”

Jean frowned. “Tell him you’ll not meet him anymore from now onwards because you’re going to join Royden Group.”

Jean was dumbfounded while Edgar stood up, his tall figure blocking the light in front of Jean. His shadow enveloped Jean as he approached her.

He croaked in a hoarse voice, “Do you dare do that? Or, it doesn’t matter, even if Ben is barred from participating in any tournaments in the next three years. Oh dear, I wonder how many years can a top racer afford to waste in his career.”

Edgar’s eyes were filled with coldness as he said that.

I can’t believe I’m doing this to keep her by my side. I must have lost my mind!