

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 153

Chapter 153 Precautionary Steps

His sense of boundaries seemed to have gone as he was becoming more unreasonable by the day. Jean bit her bottom lip and took a deep breath. "Fine, you win."

She reached out her hand. "Give it to me." Edgar hadn't expected her to agree that easily. He quirked an eyebrow as he handed his phone over.

She lowered her eyes and entered a phone number without looking through the contact list. It wasn't Ben's number, but Farra's. "Mrs. Ludwig, it's me."

"Jeannie, where are you? We've looked everywhere but couldn't find you. Benny almost went crazy."

Jean's eyelids fluttered as she choked up. It had been a while since someone had missed her like so. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ludwig. I have some things to attend to and can't go back for some time. Is Ben doing well?"

The man grabbed Jean's wrist. Farra sighed. "Benny's operation went well. But he kept worrying about you and refused to rest. He just fell asleep."

Jean was about to speak when Edgar pulled her. She lost her balance and fell into his lap. He gave her a warning look. She said hesitantly, "Mrs. Ludwig, please tell Ben that I'm... I may not work at MON & Co. anymore. I might go to Royden Group instead."

Before Farra could respond, the call was ended. When she came to her senses, she noticed that the number that Jean had used was easy to remember. It was a string of nines.

She looked toward Ben, lying in his bed. When she remembered the rumors circulating among the affluent housewives, she furrowed her forehead. "Is that good enough for you?"

Jean raised her hand and pushed him away. Edgar felt reluctant to let her go. With a flick of the wrist, he placed his hands on her waist. "If it wasn't for Ben, you and I would never have..."

"I would never get anywhere near you for the rest of my life. I wouldn't have looked at you for even a second if you hadn't threatened me with Ben."

She yelled angrily.

She struggled away from him and quickly left the study.

I shouldn't have gone in!

As she passed by the master bedroom and remembered that Gigi was inside, she went straight down to the guest room.

Early the next morning, Jean hadn't regained her senses when she heard Gigi yelling from the living room. A video of yoga for pregnant women was playing in the background.

Susan reminded her. "Mr. Royden and Ms. Eyer are not awake yet. Should I lower the volume?"

Gigi glared at her. "What do you know? Leave!"

Susan was pushed aside. She shook her head helplessly as she went to the kitchen.

Jean washed up and headed to the dining room for breakfast. She ignored the showy woman as she passed by the living room. Susan's cooking was the only thing she looked forward to living in the place.

As for the other two...

She had no intention of paying any attention to them.

Edgar came down the stairs. Gigi immediately stopped her video and went to him. "Edgar, my back hurts when I wake up earlier. Can you rub it for me?"

His eyes darkened. "Then go back to your family's house."

He didn't want Gigi to stay there in the first place. He wasn't there most of the time, and Gigi would have had better care at her own home.

But from the recent incidents, he felt that Gigi didn't care for the child at all.

He didn't mind that she continued filming advertisements. She could wear heels and put on makeup if it was only once or twice.

But every single time, she had...

He turned to the figure in the dining room. His face was filled with unreadable emotions.

Gigi followed his gaze and gritted her teeth in jealousy.

Seeing that Jean was finishing off her bun, Gigi strode over and ordered Susan rudely, "Give me a bun."

She acted haughtily as if she was the lady of the house.

Edgar frowned.

Susan only smiled gently. "Yes, Ms. Reece."

Edgar pulled a chair out. "You should go to MON & Co. and finish up the paperwork. Everything's prepared for you."

Jean ignored him. She put down her utensils and beamed at Susan, complimenting her cooking. "Susan, can we have braised pork belly for dinner?"

Susan nodded while smiling. "Sure, we can."

"Thank you! I'll leave first." Jean said as she waved at her. She changed her shoes and left.

Edgar's face softened as he watched their interaction.

On the other hand, Gigi was irritated. She spat all the food on the table. "It's disgusting. Only people like Jean will think it's delicious."

She wanted to impress Edgar by demonstrating that she was a young lady from a wealthy family.

Jean was no longer her competition.

If he continued to keep Jean in close contact, he would be disgracing himself!

Gigi wiped her mouth and picked the food on the table. She threw her chopsticks down sourly.

"Ms. Reece, what would you like to eat? I can make it for you," Susan asked.

"Are you offering to make me food with your skills? Edgar, fire her. I'll ask my dad to send a few cooks over. I guarantee they'll make better food."

Susan quietened down.

Edgar slammed his chopsticks on the table and glowered. "This is my house. Go back to your family's house if you're going to lose your temper again."

"I didn't say much. Why are you angry at me?" She pouted, feeling wronged.

There was nothing for her to say if it was Jean, but he told her off for a maid!

“Edgar, if you continue to treat me in this way, I’ll just abort the baby. I’ll... I’ll leave you.” She remembered that Jean used to say that to him.

Perhaps it would work for her too.

However, Edgar’s expression hardened. He changed into a jacket and left the house.

“Edgar!” Gigi called out to him through the front door.

He entered his car without turning back.

Gigi was enraged. When she saw Susan working in the kitchen, she walked over to the dining table and poured the rest of the food on the floor. “Clean this up. Make me a bowl of noodles and send it to the room.”

“Yes, Ms. Reece.” Susan was bewildered but didn’t refuse her.

Gigi muttered, “How could a mere maid look down on me.”

Susan heard Gigi’s footsteps leaving the room. She bent down to clean up the mess and shook her head. “Mr. Royden, I’m afraid your parents won’t be glad if they hear that you chose Ms. Reece in the end.”

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Chapter 154 Refused from Joining the Royden Group

Jean went to MON & Co. and stumbled upon Monica’s car at the entrance. Monica waved at her, gesturing Jean into her car as if she knew Jean would come today. Jean uttered half-heartedly, “Director Weller, I’m actually here to sort out my resignation.”

In fact, she really wanted to stay and carry through her ambition but...

Monica turned the steering wheel before she handed Jean a business card, “You have learned a lot in MON & Co. It’s not a bad idea for you to be an independent designer, given your talent. You don’t have to waste time in the corporate.”

Jean’s eyes lit up, and she gladly accepted the business card. Jimmy, jewelry broker. “Contact him. He can help you in your endeavor.” Monica drove into the parking lot. Jean quizzed, “Why did you help me during the entire time, Director Weller?”

Monica turned off the car engine. She looked at Jean while leaning over, “Haven’t you heard something about me? I don’t just like going to parties but also like being with women.”

She purposely misled Jean. Then, she simpered and got off the car upon seeing Jean's bewildered face. Jean was caught in a daze until she finally understood Monica's meaning.

No way! Very soon, everyone in the company were aware of Jean's resignation.

Sally and Kellan came to send her off. Sally wept like a poor little child, "Will you please stay, Jean? I'm going to miss you so much. I will be so insecure and lonely without you here."

Jean smiled as she looked at Sally, who had always been dependent on her, and then she looked at Kellan beside Sally, "Don't you have a guardian angel now?"

Sally was stunned, and immediately, her face flushed in crimson.

Kellan immediately remarked, "Don't worry, I will take good care of her."

"You... What are you talking about! Did I say I need your protection?" Sally bantered Kellan as she wiped away her tears, "Then what happens to you after this?"

She overheard that Jean had a colossal debt to pay.

How would she live without a job? She had no income!

Jean shook her head, "We'll see."

Join the Royden Group?

No f*cking way!

She would compromise for Ben, but she would never compromise to that extent. She wanted to explore the option that Monica mentioned just now — to be an independent designer.

But only if that man would stop intervening in her life.

"By the way, Jean, have you heard about Mr. Wilton and Zoe?" Sally moved closer to Jean and whispered, "Everyone in the company said they are..."

Sally divulged all the gossip surrounding Zoe and Mr. Wilton to Jean.

The information was too sinister for Jean to process.

Sky Wilton broke one of his legs. Zoe attempted suicide by drinking poison the other night, but fortunately, a neighbor saved her in time. Too bad, she had lost her voice as a result of impaired vocal cords.

Alas, both of them left Yorktown together two nights ago.

Nobody knew why and what happened.

“Don’t you think it’s strange? Mr. Wilton gave up everything he had accomplished in the jewelry industry and took Zoe abroad. He doesn’t seem like a hasty person.”

It was indeed unusual of Mr. Wilton to undertake that path.

More like they were forced or threatened, and had no choice but to leave the country at once.

A possibility popped up in Jean’s mind, “I still have something to do. I’ll leave first.”

She got into a taxi and straightaway rushed to the Royden Group. At this time, Edgar should be in the office. But this time, Jean didn’t barge into his office.

She didn’t wish the same awkward situation as the previous time to happen again.

Instead, she gave Miles a call.

A few minutes later, she got on to Edgar’s designated elevator and went up to his office.

“Miss Eyer, please wait for Mr. Royden here.”

“Here?” Jean knitted her brows. Not a good idea. What if Edgar accused her of stealing his things?

But before she could say anything, Miles had already closed the door and left.

Jean was bored. She glanced at the bookshelves. The rows of collectible books attracted her attention, and she discovered a group photo in a slit.

At first glance, she could tell that this was a dated photo.

Jean had no idea who were the three people in the photo.

She deduced among the three people, two of them were a couple and a short-haired woman she felt somewhat familiar.

Had she met her before?

Suddenly, Edgar came through. He stared at her with his piercing eyes, “What are you looking at?”

Jean was shocked and almost dropped the photo.

She recomposed herself and cut the chase, "It must be you who got Sky Wilton and Zoe to leave Yorktown."

Edgar paused while removing his jacket, but he didn't say a word.

Jean pursed her lips. She knew he was behind it.

Jean's attentive gaze made him uncomfortable, "Don't ask about anything that has nothing to do with you."

He didn't want her to feel burdened.

Before Jean could say anything, they heard a commotion from outside. The next moment, Ben barged in with several security guards who were trying to stop him from entering the room.

"Jean!" He finally got out of the hospital.

Jean was taken aback. She rushed over to clutch him up, "Are you allowed to discharge already? You just had an operation, you..."

"I'm worried about you." He stared into the woman's eyes. He was afraid that she would abandon him again and leave this place. He can't help but squeeze Jean's hands anxiously.

His emotions and feelings were clearly manifested on his face.

Edgar looked at their entwined hands and didn't like what he saw.

The man held back his frustration. He raised his hand to gesture for the security guards to back down.

Miles and the security guards left the room at once.

"Come with me, Jean." He didn't ask her about her whereabouts in the past few days. All he wanted to do was take her away from Edgar immediately.

Plop!

Edgar dropped his pen on the table.

He looked at them with his cold eyes. Jean couldn't identify the thoughts in his complex gaze, "Mr. Ludwig, you've just had an operation, so you are supposed to stay put for the time being. I assume you won't be able to participate in the next race. Will you?"

Her heart sank.

She knew Edgar was hinting at her.

“Ben, let’s go out and talk.” She frantically persuaded Ben to get out of the office to talk.

To their surprise, Edgar got up from his chair, “I’ll go out and give you guys some space. Is five minutes enough?”

He gave Jean a glance before exiting the room.

Edgar left the room to Jean and Ben.

Ben was still holding Jean anxiously, “Last few days, you…”

“Go back and take a good rest, Ben. I’ve just changed jobs so I’ll be very busy after this. I won’t be involved in the team’s activity for the time being.”

That psychopath Edgar Royden wouldn’t cause Ben harm as long as she stayed away from Ben.

And then he can resume his racing career.

Ben startled, “Change jobs? My mother told me that you’ll be working for Royden Group. Is that true?”

Jean didn’t know what to say, “Not sure yet.”

She really didn’t want to submit to Edgar’s terms and conditions, but she would have to if she had no choice.

Looking at her hesitation, Ben clenched his fists and said, “I know that you want revenge, Jean. But it’s counterproductive to act recklessly. If you need anything, tell me, and I will help you.”

He still refused to give up.

She didn’t want to see Ben get disappointed by this needless infatuation. She had to sever her ties with him.

Out of desperation, Jean steeled herself and told him off, “How can you help me? Contrary to Edgar, you are still living under the wings of your parents.”

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Chapter 155 Aren’t You Worried That I’ll Poison You?

At that moment, her words pierced Ben's heart. "Just leave. There's no way you can help me." Jean's voice was filled with coldness. Forcing himself to remain rational, Ben stared at her for quite some while before standing up slowly and humming in response.

After that, he left the office resolutely. With her head lowered, Jean was depressed and did not dare to watch him leave.

When Edgar returned, she shot a fierce glare at him and snarled, "Are you happy now? Go and revoke your unreasonable request from the auto racing committee immediately and ask them to give Ben a fair chance, or I'll expose your deeds to the media!"

Edgar curled his lips frostily and stared fixedly at Jean. Jean was highly strung, but Edgar's half smile made her even more flustered. It was as if she would never be able to defeat him.

At once, Jean was overwhelmed by an unprecedented sense of frustration as she felt like Edgar had her wrapped around his finger. "Also, I'll never enter Royden Group. I don't wish to see your face every day!"

With that, Jean walked away directly. She just couldn't accept Edgar to be in all parts of her life! Moments later, Miles knocked on the door. "Mr. Royden, your video conference is about to start soon."

Only then did Edgar retract his gaze and focus on the laptop screen, Jean wandered along the street for a while before heading back to her apartment, but she was informed that her rental agreement was ended, and all her belongings were sent to a new address, that was Edgar's villa.

The landlord even gleefully attempted to glean information from Jean. "Did you find a rich boyfriend? I saw many suit-clad men come to help you move yesterday. They look so cool!"

Jean merely denied the landlord's speculation and strode away hurriedly.

When she returned to the villa, Susan was occupied in the kitchen while Gigi was nowhere to be seen. Her new room was ready with all her belongings placed in it. The room was right next to the master bedroom.

At once, Jean was driven up the wall.

She was so infuriated that she dashed to the kitchen and blurted, "Susan, I'll prepare dinner tonight."

Susan, who was preparing the ingredients, was startled to hear that. "Please let me help you then."

Jean shook her head. "It's okay, I can manage it on my own. Go and get some rest."

She planned to give Edgar a huge 'surprise' so that he knew she was not a pushover.

Susan was worried when she perceived Jean's fuming look, but Edgar had commanded her to allow Jean to do whatever she wanted in this house. So, she walked out of the kitchen without saying anything else.

However, the moment Jean took over the apron from Susan, the picture that was kept in one of Edgar's books suddenly flashed through her mind.

The woman in the picture, who kept short hair, resembled Susan in appearance. Could that woman be Susan at her younger age?

Jean pondered upon the matter while putting on the apron.

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Meanwhile, in Star Media's dressing room, Gigi was complaining non-stop. "Why do I have to put up with this? God knows how Jean bewitched Edgar that he is so obsessed with her!"

When Winnie came to send Gigi lunch, she listened to her babbling and chimed in occasionally.

"Have some food first, Gigi. You have to take good care of this child. This child is very important to you."

Of course, Gigi was aware of that, but she couldn't help freaking out at the thought of Jean's words the other day.

She was so disturbed that she couldn't even properly hold the bowl Winnie passed to her, causing the bowl to shatter on the ground, and the food spilled all over.

"Can't you be more careful? How can you let go of the bowl before I hold it properly? Even the servants at home can do things better than you!" Gigi scolded Winnie angrily.

She had never deemed her as her stepmother. Instead, she treated her like a servant and ordered her about.

Coldness flashed through Winnie's eyes but disappeared immediately.

She bent down and mumbled, "I'll clear it up."

Linda felt sorry for Winnie, so she went up to Gigi and talked to her about the dinner appointment at night to avert her attention.

“Both Director Lewis and Director Lee will attend the dinner tonight. You should grab the opportunity. The movie will be released by the time you give birth to your child. If you manage to get the role of the supporting actress in this movie, you’ll be able to make a comeback smoothly by then.”

Gigi was disturbed at the mention of making a comeback.

Although she yearned to marry Edgar and enter the Royden family, she didn’t want to give up her acting career.

“Linda, I’m pregnant now. Will they agree to cast me in the movie?” Gigi mumbled sulkily while looking at her slightly plump face in the mirror.

Now, she doubted if she had become pregnant at the right time.

“As long as you perform well, I think it should be fine. Do you remember Director Lee gave you hints several times last time? I’m sure he’ll agree if you butter him up.”

Listening to the conversation, Winnie asked, “Gigi, what dinner appointment is that? Do you need to inform Edgar beforehand?”

Although Winnie was not familiar with showbiz, she had come across more men than Gigi, so she was well aware of what could possibly happen at a social event as such.

Those men wouldn’t care if Gigi was pregnant.

If things went out of control, the consequences would be dire when Edgar found out about it.

“That’s none of your business. My dad stayed out again these few days, didn’t he? You can’t even keep an eye on your own man. Who are you to meddle with my affair?” Gigi scowled and walked out of the room.

At night, Edgar received a message from Susan while he was on the way back to the villa after the meeting ended.

‘Sir, what time will you be back? There’s only Miss Eyer at home now. She has been bustling around the kitchen for almost two hours. She said she’ll prepare dinner, but I can feel that she’s not in a good mood.’

With his eyes darkened, he ordered the driver, “Speed up.”

Jean’s preparing dinner? Will the food be edible?

He shook his head in resignation. He knew that woman would do something to vent her anger.

With that thought, Edgar wasn't expecting much as he walked up the stairs, but the delicious smell of food wafted into his nose the moment he opened the door.

In contrast to Susan's exquisite cooking, the dinner prepared by Jean was grand.

The appearance and variations of the dishes were that of a high-class hotel's standard.

Not only that, all the dishes were Edgar's favorite dishes. After taking off his coat, he walked straight to the dining room. Just as he took the cutleries and was about to taste the food, a clear voice halted him.

"What are you doing?"

As soon as Edgar turned his head, Jean snatched the cutleries away from him.

There are two sets of cutleries on the table. Did I misunderstand something?

"Dinner is ready, Susan. Come and try these dishes I made especially for you."

"Huh?" Before Susan could regain her composure, Jean dragged her to the dining hall and forcefully made her sit on the chair.

Jean and Susan were sitting across from each other. There were no extra cutleries on the table, so Edgar was left at the side with a gloomy look.

This is my villa, yet I don't even have the right to eat dinner now?

"Jean Eyer."

Jean muttered while chewing the food, "Do you really want to eat the food I prepared? Aren't you worried that I'll poison you?"

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Chapter 156 Were They Kissing?

Jean could clearly perceive Edgar's face darkening. Sitting across from Jean, Susan lowered her head quietly. "Tuck in, Susan. Don't care about the others. I made this dinner especially for you."

Edgar's countenance became even more frigid. Susan stood up awkwardly and mumbled, "Please have a seat, sir."

Just then, Edgar's phone rang. He glanced at the screen and went upstairs to answer the call. Jean was so satisfied seeing his sullen look that even her appetite and mood improved.

“You shall bear the consequences since you insist on making me stay. We’ll see who will be driven crazy first!”

Given Jean’s current situation, she had nothing to worry about, not even her dignity. Her only weaknesses were Eyer Group and Ben. As such, Edgar could hardly threaten her.

“Miss Eyer, sir has no intention to harm you by asking you to stay.” Susan cast a glance upstairs and whispered, “He kept asking me to take good care of you.”

Jean continued eating and blurted out of the blue, “Susan, you seem to be quite close with the Royden family. I guess you’re aware of the relationship between Edgar and I.”

Susan nodded slowly. “Yeah.” “Then do you think I’ll possibly obey him?” Wearing a wide grin, Jean asked in a light tone as if she had nothing to do with this matter. “Miss Eyer…”

“Susan, I appreciate your care toward me these few days, so I prepared this meal to thank you. Let’s stop talking about the unhappy things and annoying people, okay? Come, try this egg.”

Jean was the kind of person that would repay others’ kindness a hundredfold. Ben was the best example—because he had been benevolent to Jean, Edgar managed to use him to threaten Jean.

Susan nodded. “Thank you, Miss Eyer.”

Jean smiled. “Let’s tuck in.” However, Jean was the only one that joyfully devoured the food, while Susan looked troubled and merely ate a little before she went to clean the kitchen.

After finishing the call, Edgar went downstairs and gave Jean a death stare. To his surprise, Jean lifted her head to meet his gaze and asked, “Have you talked to the auto racing committee?”

Edgar asked coldly, “Is Ben all that you think about?”

“Yes.” To Jean, this was currently the most urgent agenda. Edgar clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth. “Fine. I shall show you his true color.”

Before Jean could understand what Edgar was saying, the latter dragged her out of the house. Susan walked out of the kitchen upon hearing the ruckus and saw the two leave the house. She sighed. “Both of them actually care about each other. Why do they have to torture each other like this…”

But alas, Jean and Edgar wouldn’t be bothered by Susan’s words even if they heard her.

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“Why did you bring me here?”

Looking at the grand pub in front of her, Jean frowned disgustedly. “I’m not interested in meddling with your repulsive pastime.”

With a cold and hostile countenance, Edgar dragged Jean out of the car and croaked, “Go in.”

Jean nearly tripped and fell as a result of Edgar’s push.

She turned to shoot a glare at him and cursed him inwardly as she walked up the stairs reluctantly.

The security guards at the entrance were about to stop her, but they greeted Edgar courteously when they saw him. “Hi, Mr. Royden.”

Jean scoffed. “I knew it. Places like this are where you always go. Shameless jerk!”

Edgar rubbed his temples. Jean had already cursed him countless times today. He tried to keep his shirt on as he pulled Jean into the bar.

Numerous young men and women were jiving to the music on the dance floor.

The atmosphere was chaotic, with countless people standing outside the private rooms. Everything was beyond Jean’s imagination.

This place was even more anarchic than Luminous Club!”Hi, Mr.

Royden.” Every club manager that passed by greeted Edgar while Edgar strode directly to the private room at the end of the corridor.

“You shall take a good look and realize all men are the same. It’s not just me, Ben is the same too.” Edgar seized Jean’s arm and pressed her face against the small window to make her look inside the room.

There were a few men and women sitting on the couch.

“Ben...”

Jean was stunned. He has just undergone an operation, yet he’s drinking at this kind of place?

Jean was worried about Ben’s health, so she was about to barge in, but Edgar read her mind and forestalled her. He leaned close to her ear and whispered, “The show has yet

to begin.” Jean frowned. “I’m not a busybody like you, stalking the others outside their room. You perverted guy!”

“Oh yeah?”

Edgar seized Jean’s chin and forced her to continue looking into the room.

“See for yourself the true color of your admirer.”

Jean turned her head away because she had no intention of looking at Ben at all. However, Edgar was so forceful that she couldn’t break away from him as he pressed her face against the glass.

What came into sight were two beautiful women sitting next to Ben on both sides. Then, they pounced on him wildly. The scene was so uninhibited that even Jean felt embarrassed looking at it.

Frowning, she felt Edgar’s warm breath gushing behind her ear. “Are you disgusted by it? Didn’t he plan to propose to you in the hospital’s backyard? But alas, you didn’t show up.”

“Let go of me!”

Jean’s holler attracted the attention of those inside the room.

While she was still in a daze, Edgar spun her around to make her head lean against his chest. Then, he emphatically pressed her against the wall. Placing his arm in front of Jean’s body, Edgar lowered his head and pretended to kiss her.

Someone came out of the room and saw the two. “So it’s a couple. Buddy, go and make out somewhere else.”

With that, the person closed the door.

Edgar looked down to see Jean’s eyes closed. He smirked in a teasing manner and uttered, “Do you know what kind of person he is now?”

Jean remained silent.

“All men are the same.” Edgar’s cold and deep voice was like a stone weighing on one’s heart, leaving them with no room to escape.

“Hey, Mr. Royden!”

Someone yelled from behind. Edgar turned around and saw Nathan, Jonathan, and Brad.

They were dumbfounded when they saw Edgar turn around.

“Are you holding a woman in your arms?”

“Oh my goodness! Quickly take a picture of them and send it to the paparazzi! This is unprecedented news! The aloof Edgar is caught with a woman...” While saying that, Jonathan managed to recognize Jean vaguely.

“Isn’t that Je—”

Before Jonathan could finish his sentence, Brad covered his mouth and babbled, “Carry on, Mr. Royden. We didn’t see anything. I swear.”

Nathan chimed in too. “Yeah, we’ve not seen Edgar Royden today.”

Jean hit Edgar forcefully with her elbow and wanted to break away from him, but the latter seized her wrist tight.

“Hey, why don’t you guys join us?” Edgar said to his three friends.

They turned around with a confused look. “Five of us? Together?”

A chill ran down Brad’s spine. Perceiving Edgar’s glare, he knew they must not agree to the invite because Edgar was like a beast who was at the edge of fuming.

God knows why he’s here with Jean! And... it seems like they were kissing just now!

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Chapter 157 Caught Red-handed

But alas, no one could reject Edgar’s decision. A few minutes later, the five of them were seated in a private room.

In contrast to the last time, even Jonathan did not dare to spit nonsense anymore this time. After being beaten into a pulp last time, he did not even dare to cast a glance at Jean now.

There were several bottles of wine on the table, but none of their glasses were filled. Everyone sat cautiously at their seats as if they were attending a solemn meeting.

“Go ahead and move,” Edgar hostilely blurted while seizing Jean’s shoulder. The moment Jean moved, he exerted more force on her.

Jean winced in pain and squealed, “I want some liquor.”

“No way.” Edgar pushed a plate of fruits to Jean, giving her no chance to resist.
“Women are only allowed to have fruits at a place like this.”

Jean gritted her teeth in hatred and retorted, “You must have always brought women here, hence you’re so familiar with the rules.”

Edgar’s face darkened even more.

“Shut up, or I’ll send you to the room just now and feed you alcohol in front of them.”
Suddenly, Edgar drew close to Jean and hissed in a deep, magnetic voice.

Jean rolled her eyes at Edgar before taking an orange and started peeling it. Meanwhile, Brad tugged at Nathan and asked, “Hey Nathan, what’s going on here?”

“I have no idea.” Nathan shook his head with his eyes closed. He did not dare to make any comments recklessly at the cost of the business opportunities with Royden Group.

Brad smirked. “Don’t tell me the Royden family is going to have a new mistress.”

Truth was, Gigi had been bragging around about her relationship with Edgar. Besides, she was pregnant, so everyone thought she was Edgar’s legitimate partner.

But given the current situation, it didn’t seem like that was the case.

“Did you guys realize that there is a world of difference in how Edgar treats Jean compared to how he treats Gigi?”

“Yeah, man!”

Brad, Nathan, and Jonathan sat closer to each other as they secretly started discussing among themselves.

Suddenly, Edgar bawled with a cold look. “What the hell are you guys talking about?”

“I... I have some matters to attend to at home. I have to go back first.” Nathan invented an excuse and stood up to leave the room. However, the moment he took a step forward, he could sense Edgar’s menacing stare.

Frustrated, he turned around and scowled at Edgar. “You were having your own good time. Why do you have to drag the three of us here? How is it fair to us?” Brad and Jonathan nodded silently, expressing their agreement.

Leaning against the couch, Edgar curled his lips insouciantly. “You can invite your friends here.”

“What about her then...”

After all, some men valued privacy more than others when carousing in a club.

“Don’t worry about that. Miss Eyer is experienced and won’t mind being present. Am I right?” Saying that, Edgar slapped Jean’s shoulder heavily.

Jean flinched and spat through gritted teeth, “Yeah.”

Since Edgar approved, several gorgeous chicks came into the private room.

Each of them was talented and could hold their liquor. Most importantly, they were gentle and honey-tongued.

“Mr. Knox, you’re so handsome today.”

“Mr. White, it has been a while since you hit me up. Don’t you miss me?”

The scene was a typical depiction of voluptuous life. The barmaids gulped down glasses of liquor one after another. However, no one dared to flirt with Edgar due to his aloof look and the fact that Jean was sitting beside him.

On the other hand, Jean nibbled on the oranges non-stop until the orange skins were all around the floor. She even deliberately threw the skins near Edgar’s feet, hoping that he would slip and fall when he stood up later after getting drunk. She was thrilled at the thought of seeing Edgar injured.

Moments later, Edgar stood up and went to the washroom. When he came back, he sat on the other side of Jean as if he had read her mind.

Jean cursed in a low voice, but Edgar immediately pinched her ear and croaked, “I can hear you.”

“You have excellent hearing. What a pity you didn’t become a paparazzi, Mr. Royden.”

It was a boring night for Jean. It was only after Nathan and the others shifted to another place for a second round did Edgar lead Jean back to the car.

“Tonight, you’ve seen for yourself Ben’s true colors. You better think twice before deciding to marry him.” Edgar fastened his seat belt with a frosty look.

He had not taken a single sip of liquor just now, so he was safe to drive.

Jean snorted sulkily. “You must have nothing better to do. Who are you to advise me? Do you think your dear Gigi is innocent and virtuous? She...”

While Jean was talking halfway, her gaze fixed on the front all of a sudden.

“Ha! What a small world!”

Hearing her cheeky tone, Edgar frowned and followed her gaze. At once, his expression turned ghastly.

From afar, they could see Gigi and Linda standing in front of a bar’s entrance.

Besides, there were a few men with them who were obviously drunk.

Although Jean and Edgar couldn’t see them clearly from where they were, one could clearly tell that those men were up to no good and were taking advantage of the women beside them.

Jean placed her chin on her hand and waved the other hand. “Tsk. I guess women are no different. Certain desires just can’t be satisfied by one man. Or rather, someone is incapable.”

“Jean Eyer.”

Edgar spat her name through gritted teeth in a menacing manner.

However, Jean was not threatened at all

“Do you think they’ll go for a second round?”

“That’s enough!”

Edgar placed his hand on the door handle, but ended up staying in the car after hesitating for a while.

Jean gazed at Edgar with a wide grin and said, “Oh well, you’ll bring humiliation upon yourself if you go over now. Everyone will know that you’ve been cheated on!”

It was the perfect time for Jean to take revenge against Edgar for all the provoking words that he had said to her just now.

Looking grim, Edgar stared fixedly in that direction while Jean continued babbling on. “Look at the bright side. At least the child belongs to you.”

“Shut up.”

Jean gasped, “Not a problem.”

She was on cloud nine now and even started planning for supper.

On the other hand, Gigi planned to say goodbye to the directors and leave after dinner. She was confident about getting the role because the directors had already taken advantage of her just now.

“Gigi, you’re such a beautiful woman. But alas, you’re married at a young age.” An inebriated director drew close to Gigi, lowered his head and caressed her hand.

Gigi wore an awkward smile. Although fame and popularity were important for her too, marrying Edgar remained her utmost priority.

She wouldn’t allow the goons to harass her and would only please them to an acceptable extent.

So, she smiled coquettishly and purred, “Yeah. Indeed, it’s a little early.

“It’s okay. Come and find me if you run into any trouble next time.” The man said and stuffed into Gigi’s hand a slip that had his phone number on it. “Just give me a call, even if it’s in the middle of the night.”

Gigi received the slip with a smile and watched the directors leave.

The moment the car disappeared from her sight, Gigi’s smile faded.

Linda nudged her from the side. “They haven’t gone too far. Come on, keep on smiling.”

Gigi snorted crabbily. “Nah, I’m tired. Didn’t you say that he helped me pull strings with some famous directors? Who the hell are they?”

Linda sighed. “That’s out of my control. Director Lewis...”

Before she could finish the sentence, she received a call from Director Lewis. After hearing what he said from the other end of the line, she answered gleefully, “Alright, no problem.”

“What’s up?”

“Gigi, let’s head to Director Lewis’ villa. He wants to talk to you in private.”