

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 17

Chapter 17 A Damsel in Distress

The next morning, as Edgar entered his office, he looked at his assistant coldly. "Where's Jean? Is she back yet?"

Miles looked at the document in his hand and swallowed nervously. "Ms. Eyer hasn't returned, but we found out where she is." Edgar sank into his seat. "Where?"

"Ms. Eyer has... she's at Luminance Villa. It seems that she's starting her work there tonight as a waitress." Gripping the document in his hand, Edgar's eyes darkened. "A waitress?"

Miles broke out in a cold sweat and nodded apprehensively. "Yes..."

"Huh." Edgar laughed chillingly. She's determined to oppose me in any way she could, huh? Those that visit that place are all from the top rungs of the business circle. Which one of them wouldn't know that she's mine?

It was an insult to his face! "How much does she owe? Settle the entire amount." Miles stared blankly.

But when he met Edgar's eyes, he wouldn't dare object to his order. Giving a soft reply, he left the president's office silently. At the other end of the corridor, Gigi overheard the conversation.

She glowered, her features twisting with hatred. "Jean Eyer, you just wouldn't leave me alone."

As night fell, the bright lights of Luminance Villa lit up, ready for its customers.

"Cindy, the manager says that we have to be prepared now. Are you ready?"

Luna was dressed in a slip dress studded with rhinestones. Standing in the doorway, she scrutinized the woman before her.

Jean was named Cindy at the villa.

The same name as Cinderella, but with opposite circumstances.

Cinderella becomes a princess with a pair of glass slippers. Unlike her, who fell from grace.

What an irony. The stark difference between a fairy tale and reality.

Jean removed the lipstick from her lips. Her straight back never once hunched over, enhancing her stateliness. Her slender neck would arouse the desire of every man.

“I’m coming.”

She pushed the wheels of her wheelchair. All eyes were on her as she entered the room in her delicate makeup.

Some looked surprised. Others looked at her with contempt and indifference.

But most of them looked on with thirst.

“Madam Lylah, when did you take in such a fine newcomer? Won’t you introduce her to us?”

Holding a glass of champagne, a balding man leered at Jean. His suit couldn’t conceal his paunch.

“Ah, Mr. Wilson, this is our new recruit, Cindy. How lucky is she that Mr. Wilson has an interest in her. Come here quickly.”

Jean stiffened and clenched her hands. She accepted a glass from the waitress beside her and approached the man.

As she was about to greet him, a shrill voice spoke in surprise.

“Jean? Why are you here?”