

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 193

### Chapter 193 Not Letting Go

The banquet had to be stopped abruptly because someone had been injured. The Knox family, including Mrs. Knox, all went to the hospital, because Edgar Royden was hurt!

Jean sat on a bench in the corridor. Her hands were stained with Edgar's blood. She lowered her eyes and kept silent. Her eyes were dim. Jean only got up when the doctor came out of the operation theatre.

"The wound on his head has been bandaged. He'll need to pay attention to it when he goes home. The dressing has to be changed and the wound disinfected every day. Make sure he does not get wet, and come back in a week for a follow-up."

"Has he gained consciousness?" Nathan frowned. This was his first time seeing Edgar lose his rational. The doctor paused a while before answering. "Um. Not yet."

Everyone was still worried. "Grandma, I'll send someone to bring him back. You can go home first." Nathan said. Then, he ordered one of the maids to bring Mrs. Knox home.

"Well, you young chaps are too reckless and impulsive. You never think of the consequences of your actions." Mrs. Knox glared at everyone in the Sans family. "Mrs. Knox, we are really sorry. We..."

"Hmph!" Mrs. Knox gripped onto her walking stick tightly and left coldly. Ally's father did not have the final say in the Sans family. The person who had it was her eldest uncle, Albert Sans.

He was sixty, yet he still controlled all of Sans Group's affairs. It wasn't because he refused to let go of this position but because the children in the family were all too childish to handle anything.

When he heard that Tyler had injured Edgar Royden, he almost had a heart attack.

He quickly pinched Tyler's ear and pulled him toward the Knox family to apologize.

"Young Master Knox, how is Mr. Royden?" Albert Sans was very humble.

Nathan glared at him rudely and said, "Didn't you hear what the doctor said? He isn't awake yet. Your hopeless nephew can keep his life for a few more days."

He shall get his lesson when Edgar recovers.

“Yes, yes, you’re right. I will definitely teach this useless trash a lesson when I get back. These are for Mr. Royden, so that he can recover quickly.” Albert quickly gestured at his men to bring over a number of gift boxes.

“We don’t need them. The Royden family can afford these themselves.”

Nathan did not even spare a glance at Albert and walked straight to Jean.

‘I will send him back to the Knox’s villa. You...’

“I’ll go too.”

Jean replied in a low voice. But when she raised her head, her eyes were empty.

“Alright. Let’s go.”

Nathan’s sixth sense was telling him that Edgar would want Jean to be by his side.

When Jean exited the hospital, it was already dark.

She saw the Knox family carrying an unconscious Edgar into the car.

Jean went to sit in the passenger’s seat, but Nathan stopped her.

“We need someone to look after him at the back. My maid can’t do it and I have to drive. You are the only one we have.”

Jean originally wanted to refuse, but Edgar had gotten hurt because of her.

“Fine.”

She sat on the left while Edgar sat on the right.

Before they went any further, Edgar leaned his head onto her shoulder.

“You...”

Jean wanted to push him away, but he was still unconscious. His eyes were closed and he looked cold and lonely.

Jean’s outstretched hand froze in position until they reached the Royden’s family villa.

“I’ll get the room upstairs ready.” Nathan got out of the car as soon as he finished speaking.

Before Jean could say anything, he was long gone.

She lowered her head and looked at Edgar; he was still unconscious. She felt a tinge of pain in her heart.

"I'm not even the Royden family's maid. You didn't have to take the blow for me!" She muttered softly.

She saw Edgar's eyelids flutter a little.

Jean frowned, and cautiously wriggled toward the left door.

But someone gripped her wrist as soon as she started to move.

She turned around and saw Edgar looking at her. The look in his eyes darkened as his gaze turned cold.

"Are you awake?"

As soon as Jean finished speaking, Edgar closed his eyes and fell unconscious once more, but his hand was still wrapped tightly around her wrist and he wouldn't let go.

Jean tried to shake his hand off for a long time but to no avail. She had no choice but to help him upstairs.

Nathan did not comment on their strange disposition when he saw them. "I shall leave Edgar in your care then."

"What?"

Before Jean could gather herself, Nathan had already gone downstairs and left the villa.

He sat in the car and breathed a sigh of relief. "Edgar, bro. I have done my best to help you."

Jean had no choice but to call Susan upstairs. Edgar's hand was wrapped so tightly around her wrist that she could not wriggle free of it no matter how hard she tried.

"Why don't I get you a blanket, Ms. Eyer? So you can have a rest." Susan suggested embarrassedly.

Rest?

Jean looked around. Other than a double bed and Edgar Royden, there was nothing else beside her. Where could she rest?

Did Susan think that she would sleep with Edgar?

Was she kidding?

“It’s alright, Susan. I’m not tired. You go and have a rest.” Jean forced a smile.

There was nothing she could do at this point.

She could tear her clothes when their zipper got stuck but she couldn’t saw off her arm now that he was holding onto her arm so tightly.

She shouldn’t have such a strong sense of responsibility.

She shouldn’t have cared. The Royden family was big; he would be taken care of!

However, the truth was, there was only Susan and a few maids in the Royden family villa.

When they got married, he was alone and it was still the same now.

It’s always difficult to approach lonely people.

Perhaps it was because he had spent his life alone for so long that Jean could sense a cold aura emitting from him even though he was in coma. The aura seemed to stop people from approaching him.

“I must be crazy.” Jean frowned and looked away.

She tried wriggling her wrist out of his grasp again, but he was still holding onto her tightly.

She gritted her teeth and cursed under her breath. She had no choice but to sit on the carpet. She leaned her head against the bed to rest for a bit.

She had no idea when he would gain consciousness and let go of her.

Jean dozed off without her realizing it.

It was getting late into the night when the man on the bed opened his eyes. He gazed at Jean with his dark eyes.

He slowly tightened his left grip once more.

When he saw Jean frown uncomfortably, there was a hint of gentleness on his face.

His grip loosened, but he did not let go.

He turned sideways and stared at Jean for a while.

The screen of his phone lit up. It was a text message from Nathan. "What should we do about the Sans boy?"

Edgar's eyes turned colder.

He put down his phone and slowly closed his eyes.

It was a peaceful night.

Susan did not hear any sounds from the room upstairs. She was a little worried, so she took a blanket and went upstairs to take a look.

She pushed the door open slowly to see Jean lying beside Edgar. Although it wasn't a very intimate scene, it was peaceful and comfortable to look at.

Susan smiled.

How great would it be if they could stay this way? Why did they always have to be on opposite sides?

She closed the door gently and looked at the door lock.

Well, it was normal for houses to have some minor damages. For example, this door lock will sometimes break!

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### **Chapter 194 Imprisoned**

In the morning. When Jean opened her eyes, she felt refreshed. Her night wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. She did not feel uncomfortable at all. Instead, she felt a sense of security which she had not felt for a very long time.

But when she saw the handsome face in front of her, her eyes widened at once! Why was she on Edgar's bed?

Did she climb up by herself last night?

She lowered her head and saw her now free wrist. However, she was now holding onto Edgar's shirt tightly. Jean shuddered. She let go of her grasp hurriedly. No one would know if she didn't tell!

Jean looked at the man on the bed. She pushed him gently. He did not respond. "Is he still unconscious? Perhaps I should ask Nathan about it..." She muttered. Then she put on a pair of slippers and went into the bathroom.

The handsome man slowly opened his eyes. He looked at the closed bathroom door and listened to the sound of the shower. He looked very relaxed. However, he closed his eyes again before Jean got out of the bathroom.

Jean ignored him. She went up to the door and tried to open it. Nevertheless, she could not do so. "Is it broken?"

Jean tried a few more times, but she still could not open it. She looked at the man who was still asleep on the bed. She banged on the door and shouted, "Susan, are you out there? The door is broken!"

After a while later, Susan's footsteps could be heard outside. "What's wrong, Ms. Eyer?"

"Is this door broken? I cannot open it!" Jean cursed under her breath. "They're so rich yet they have such a substandard quality door lock!"

"Don't worry, Ms. Eyer. This door lock often has problems like this. I'll go get someone to fix it." Susan sounded anxious. "When can it be done?"

"Um... I can't say for sure. But I will go get someone to repair it right away." Susan's voice drifted further. Jean sighed. She turned around and looked at Edgar, who was still unconscious on bed. She frowned hard.

Does this mean that she had to spend time with Edgar alone in this room before the lock is repaired?

She'd rather be the one taking Tyler's blow. After more than ten minutes, there was still no movements outside. Jean banged on the door once more. "Susan, are they coming?"

But there was no sound from Susan. Instead, her shout woke the person on the bed. "So noisy."

He looked at her coldly. His Adam's apple rolled as he ordered. "Water." Jean replied him calmly. "I'm not your maid." Edgar narrowed his eyes. "For whose sake am I lying here?"

Jean's heart skipped a beat. She could feel what was coming for her soon. She quickly made herself clear. "I did not tell you to save me. The person who hit you was Tyler Sans, not me. You should take revenge on him if you're unhappy about it."

Although her words sounded mean, it was the truth.

She wouldn't change her opinion or attitude toward him just because he saved her once.

As soon as she finished speaking, the man's eyes darkened. He knew it, this woman had always been difficult.

"Fine. What about my coat and my shirt?" He raised his eyebrows lightly. There was a hint of anger in his eyes.

"..."

Jean pursed her lips. "Of course the coat is fine. The shirt... You should..."

She racked her brains and tried hard to come up with an excuse.

Edgar used all the strength he had to get up of the bed. But his movements were slow because his wound hurt.

"Come here."

Jean pursed her lips. She glanced towards the door.

Damn this door! Why did it have to break down at this time!

Edgar raised his head and gazed at her, with no emotion in his eyes.

Jean walked over reluctantly. She squatted down in front of him and said, "Hold my arm."

She thought of herself as an emotionless wooden stick, acting as a crutch for once should be fine.

Little did she expect him to wrap his uninjured arm around her shoulder and pull her into his arms.

"You!"

She gritted her teeth and was about to scold him, but as she raised her head she saw the wound on his forehead and his agonized expression.

"Forget it."

She did not want to owe him anyway.

Edgar turned his head to the side. His voice was still cold. "Bring me to the bathroom. I want to use the toilet."

"You don't have to tell me what you want to do."

It was quite tedious for Jean to hold him up. It was her first time feeling so weak.

She did not realize that the man had deliberately put all his weight on her. He only used the bathroom door to support himself when he reached the bathroom.

“Wait for me at the door.”

“...”

Jean waited till the bathroom door closed. Then she immediately ran to the bedroom door. She shouted loudly as she banged onto it continuously. “Susan, Susan!”

Susan did not answer her calls.

Jean started to suspect that something fishy was going on. She began to shout, “Susan, Edgar says he’s hungry.”

After a few minutes, Susan came. “I was cleaning the garden just now, so I just heard your shouts. Are you hungry?”

Jean nodded profusely. “Yes, he’s going to faint from starvation. Hurry and get someone to repair the lock.”

But Susan’s answer ruined Jean’s expectations.

“I will lower some food for you from the upstairs’ window. The locksmith is away. He will not arrive anytime soon.” Susan comforted Jean. “Don’t worry. I made both of you some soup. I’ll bring it right away.”

Jean banged onto the door helplessly. She did not want any soup. She just wanted to leave this place.

She heard footsteps behind her. She turned around and met his dark, gloomy eyes.

The look he gave her made her feel very uncomfortable.

Jean stared back at him. “What? Now thanks to you, I can’t get out of this place.”

She had to get her food from the window. It was like she was being imprisoned.

Edgar leaned against the wall and replied nonchalantly. “I’m trapped here too.”

Jean could only frown. She diverted her anger toward the food. She ignored Edgar and started digging into her food when it arrived.

“Is it delicious?” The man stared at her coldly.



“Yeah. Susan has always been good in cooking.” Jean ate the braised drumstick greedily. She looked at the other dishes and said, “You shouldn’t eat too much at the moment. I will finish this so that the food won’t go to waste.”

She picked the food and ate as she spoke.

Soon, there was nothing left on the table.

Edgar rubbed his forehead. “How many days has it been since you last ate?”

Jean did not reply him.

In the end, Edgar only had a little bit of soup. The rest of the dishes were finished by Jean.

Then, he realized that this might be her tactic to force him out of the room.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 195**

### **Chapter 195 Change Dressing**

Edgar had not mentioned going out of the room since he gained consciousness.

He asked slowly, “Shouldn’t it be time for me to change my dressing?”

Change dressing?

Jean frowned hard. He wasn’t fit to change his dressing himself.

Jean took out his medicine and some gauze from the drawer. Then, she just stood there quietly.

Edgar turned toward her and said, “What are you waiting for?”

He seemed ready.

Jean raised her hands. “I don’t know how. I can help you hold up a mirror and you can...”

But before she could finish her words, she could feel his stare turn icy cold.

“Weren’t you good in everything when you were nursing Ben Ludwig in the hospital?”

She is saying she didn’t know how when it comes to him?

Edgar’s stare turned icier from jealousy.

Jean muttered something inaudibly. Then she walked over and said, "Well, don't move then. I'm telling you that I'm quite a rough person, don't you shout if it hurts."

Edgar kept quiet and let her change his dressing.

Although Jean said that she would be rough, she was still quite gentle, especially when she saw Edgar's fresh wound after taking the dressing off. She froze a few seconds at its sight.

If he hadn't protected her at that time, she would have suffered from this injury.

Moreover, she lived alone. So she would have to change her dressing alone in front of the mirror. It would be a sad sight.

She reapplied medicine on his wound and dressed the wound once more.

"Done."

She let go of him. Just as she turned around to leave, she bumped into the cup of coffee on the table.

'Crash.'

The coffee spilled all over.

Jean jumped away in time, so the coffee did not spill on her but it spilled all over the man behind her.

The strong aroma of coffee filled the room.

Jean coughed lightly and smiled. "Your coffee is pretty good."

"Oh really?" The man looked indifferent. He grabbed the woman in front of him, who was trying to escape. "I can't change myself."

"Only your head and your elbow is hurt. It's not like you can't take care of yourself!" Jean looked sullen.

She had spent more than ten hours in this room with him. She did not want to be called by him as a servant girl anymore.

Helplessness covered Edgar's almost perfect face. He moved his arms slowly, as if he was in great pain.

Seeing this, Jean gritted her teeth and stepped forward.

She swore to herself that she was helping Edgar because she didn't want to owe him any favors.

If not, she wouldn't care, even if he were to die on the streets.

His tanned and smooth skin appeared before her eyes. But Jean was focused on helping Edgar change. She did not think about anything else.

But when she was helping him button up his shirt, their distance got closer.

Jean's head touched his lips as she gradually raised her head.

Soon, her head reached his nose and his eyes. Suddenly, she noticed that her heart was beating very fast! The person in front of her was Edgar Royden...

"You can button the rest yourself!"

She let go of his shirt, turned around and ran into the bathroom.

There was nowhere else for her to hide in his room.

The man sat at the side of the bed. The corners of his lips curled upwards. He quickly buttoned up his shirt. His wound indeed hurt, and it was prone to open if he made huge movements.

But he didn't care about the wound at all.

If it wasn't Jean staying in his room, he wouldn't have done this.

The man frowned. He picked up his phone and quickly sent out a message.

When Jean came out of the bathroom, Edgar continued to put on a painful face.

"Why isn't anyone here to repair the door yet?" Jean frowned hard as she was unhappy.

Edgar leaned against the bed head. He was quiet.

Jean supported her chin with both hands. She thought, perhaps he didn't like to be locked up in this room with her either. She blinked her eyes and stopped talking.

She didn't know that Edgar was observing her. He was watching her side profile and could see her impatience and dissatisfaction.

At night, when Susan passed them their food, she said, "The locksmith is arriving soon."

Jean's eyes brightened up and her appetite increased.

Edgar knew what she was thinking. He frowned.

“Master, Ms. Eyer, please be patient. He will be done soon.” Susan spoke through the door. If Edgar hadn’t sent her the text message and told her to open the door, she would have postponed it further.

Soon, the locksmith repaired the door.

The bright smile on Jean’s face pierced his heart.

Was she that happy?

Was she so excited to get away from him?

The man was very displeased. Just as Jean was about to leave, he stopped her. “Are you leaving?”

“Of course!”

Jean turned around in surprise. “Aren’t Susan and your maids capable of taking care of you?”

She was just Eyer Group’s representative and was in charge of the collaboration with Royden Group. She was not one of the liabilities sold to him.

Edgar’s eyes darkened a little more.

“You cannot leave.”

“I have the freedom to go anywhere I want. You have no right...”

“I will immediately terminate the contract with Eyer Group if you walk out of this door.” Edgar raised his eyes and looked at her. “By then, Eyer Group will not only lose a chance to collaborate. They will also lose the entire market. Whichever group the Roydens give up collaborating with, other companies will follow suit.”

“You...” Jean gritted her teeth in anger.

He was clearly threatening her.

He knew for sure that she would not let go of this chance to collaborate. She would not ruin Eyer Group’s reputation.

“Do you really think you can do anything you want? I will make Eyer Group have its comeback one day!”

"I believe you can do it," Edgar smiled, "but not now."

Jean knew that just a word from him will make everyone stay away from Eyer Group.

She slowly clenched her fists. "Did you give me the project on purpose so that you could restrain me?"

"Bingo."

Edgar made it no secret and admitted it straightaway.

"Then I will sue Royden Group for terminating the contract. The liquidated damages should be quite a huge sum." Jean forced herself to calm down. She stared straight into the man's eyes and replied firmly.

"That is a good counterattack. But you can try asking if any law firm would take your case." Edgar was confident.

Jean's reactions were well within his expectations.

The more she wanted to run from him, the more reluctant he was to let go of her.

He did not care what means he had to use as long as he could see Jean.

"By that time, I will include the compensation for my injury in the claim. Ms. Eyer, you can still think it over before making a decision. I do not wish for you to regret it later."

"Edgar Royden, you are a lunatic!"

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 196**

### **Chapter 196 Unappreciated**

The man smiled. It was as if he had already made up his mind quietly. Jean stood at the door. She gritted her teeth angrily. "What do you want me to do?"

"Stay until... I'm fully recovered." Edgar got up slowly. "After all, I got hurt because of you. I don't think it's too much to ask for."

Edgar felt that his request wasn't much compared to what the Ludwig family demanded from her when Ben had gotten injured last time.

But Jean did not appreciate his thoughts at all.

"...Fine."

Her nails dug into her palm and she cursed Edgar quietly.

From that moment onward, Edgar made her do everything he could think of. Jean even had to peel oranges for him.

Jean's unwillingness was clearly shown all over her face.

Edgar lowered his head and glanced at the magazine in his hand. He spoke without looking at Jean. "You should feel lucky that I only injured my head and elbow. If it's more serious, you might never be able to leave this house."

Jean threw the orange peel into the bin.

She snorted nonchalantly. "Then I shall thank Mr. Royden for his generosity."

"No problem."

Edgar clearly knew what he was doing.

He wanted to make her stay by his side no matter what.

He did not even care if she liked it.

"Jean, I want coffee."

"Jean, get me a book."

"Jean, type out a document for me."

He did not move at all. Jean, on the other hand, was working hard and sweating profusely from all the errands Edgar was making her do.

Susan could not help but offer herself, "Master, if there is anything I can help with, please tell me."

After all, Jean was not used to this type of work.

However, Edgar ignored Susan.

Jean sighed and got up. She held her laptop and said, "Speak."

"This is an official statement from the Royden Group..." Edgar paid no attention to Jean's status at all. He was making Jean his stand-in secretary. Jean had to type out what he said.

Jean frowned. She glanced at Edgar several times while typing the document.

How does he manage to remember so many professional terms?

Although Edgar had slowed down purposely for several instances to wait for her, it was still tough for Jean to catch up.

She finally completed typing the document after half an hour.

“Have a look at it...”

“Just send it to Miles.” Edgar did not even glance at it.

Jean stared at him for a while before saying, “Aren’t you afraid that I’d change the content?”

Edgar suddenly smiled. “You wouldn’t do that.”

He trusted her.

At that moment, Jean felt an inexplicable anger surge up in her. It was as if he had complete control over her.

Just as Jean was about to start a fight with Edgar, the maid came with several senior managers of Royden Group.

As soon as they entered the room, they saw Jean standing in front of Edgar. She was in loungewear, and her hair was not up.

It was as if they had entered a couple’s home.

“Mr. Royden, we...”

They exchanged glances and quickly said, “We will wait outside!”

Jean was stunned as well. She wanted to run upstairs.

However, on second thoughts, if she ran away like that, it would make her look more suspicious!

She glanced around and was at a loss.

Edgar, however, was calm and relaxed. “Jean, serve some tea.”

Everyone from Royden Group was shocked. They only heard the news about Edgar being injured by the Sans. They did not know that Jean was nursing him at his home!

Does that mean that the rumors are true?

Was Mr. Royden patching up his relationship with his broke ex-wife?

Jean gritted her teeth and glared at Edgar. She rushed into the kitchen immediately. She was a hundred percent sure that Edgar was playing with her.

He knew that his employees were coming, but he had not told her. It was obvious that he wanted to make the others misunderstand their relationship.

“Are you planning to ruin my reputation? Don’t forget that you are a married man now!” Jean thought fiercely. She made tea with scalding hot water, and brought it out to the living room.

The men were already talking about business.

Jean walked over naturally and put down the teacup. Then she stayed.

The manager who was presenting his report paused and waited for Jean to leave.

However, in the next second, Jean sat down.

“Don’t mind me. Mr. Royden is too hurt to take care of himself.” Jean smiled. “Am I right, Mr. Royden?”

If he denied it, she could leave this place right away.

The man raised his eyes and looked at her. There was a gentle look on his face. “Yes. My injuries are quite bad.”

“ . . . ”

Jean gritted her teeth.

He has really gone cuckoo after suffering a blow to his head.

“Go on.” Edgar retracted his gaze. The look in his eyes turned colder when he was not looking at Jean.

“Yes.” The manager dared not waste a single second. If Edgar did not mind Jean’s presence, they would continue as normal. “Our collaboration with Oprah Group is coming to an end. Our next collaboration will be with Eyer Group...”

The topic progressed to Jean’s interest.

It lifted Jean’s spirits.



They talked about the costs and the collaboration terms. Jean learnt all of the internal information of Royden Group.

During the meeting, several senior managers exchanged puzzled glances at each other. They did not know what Edgar was thinking.

Was it really appropriate to share their trade secrets in front of their partner?

Jean could take this opportunity and take them down. Then, Royden Group will suffer a great loss.

In fact, based on Jean's relationship with Royden Group, there was a high possibility that Jean would do so.

Edgar, however, was totally focused on the information shown on his tablet. He spoke calmly. "Increase five more percent of our investment funds in the first stage."

"No."

Everyone was stunned.

Who dared to defy Mr. Royden in a meeting?

They looked at each other. Finally, their gaze stopped on Jean.

Jean was taking down notes with her laptop. She had studied a lot about project investments lately. Based on Royden Group's capital strength, increasing the investment funds by five percent would impact their profit later. It will slow down the progress of the project as well.

This wasn't Edgar's style of dealing in business.

He need not waste his money like that, even if he was targeting her and Eyer Group. At least this was what Jean thought.

Moreover, this action would affect Eyer Group too.

Jean had blurted out her thoughts accidentally. She only realized that it was inappropriate of her afterwards. She pouted and continued, "I was just speaking the truth. Don't you all agree?"

But the others were all Royden Group's employees. How could they dare to go against Edgar? They all lowered their heads and kept quiet.

Jean was shocked by their reaction.

Was she mistaken?

She was indeed new in this field. She pondered a while before finally glancing at Edgar.

Hadn't he always said that business should not be mixed with personal affairs?

"Mr. Royden, am I wrong?"

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 197

### Chapter 197 Seen Through

As soon as she asked Edgar that question, the senior managers looked at Edgar as well. They silently hoped that Edgar would take back his orders. If not, the board of directors might make a huge fuss over this change.

Edgar slowly spoke under their gaze. "You are right. It will indeed affect the final profit." The managers' eyes lit up. There's hope! "Ms. Eyer is indeed insightful." "Right right right..."

But no matter how they praised Jean, she did not show any reaction. She merely looked at Edgar and spoke calmly. "You still want to go on with your new decision even though it might affect the profit. Am I right?"

The man smiled. He did not expect Jean to be the person who understood him the best among all these people. Edgar replied curtly. "Yes."

The managers' hopes all went down at that instance. They had no confidence in changing Edgar's mind. Moreover, they could never guess what he was thinking. Jean turned around and met Edgar's gaze. There was uncertainty in her eyes. "May I know why?"

If Edgar allowed her to participate in this meeting, that means he was ready to let her intervene. She waited very long for his reply. Just as she was about to give up waiting for an answer, the man said. "Look at the collaboration case two years ago between Royden Group and Yenny Group. Then you'll understand."

Jean immediately typed it into the laptop.

Edgar did not waste any time on this. "Go on."

The senior managers hurriedly adjusted themselves. "The next report is about..."

The meeting went on for about half an hour. Jean continued to take notes until Edgar said, "Let's end it here."

Her wrist was starting to get a little sore.

“Rest well, Mr. Royden. We shall leave first.” The managers got up and said goodbye.

As soon as they stepped out of the door, they gathered around and started gossiping.

“What’s going on? Mr. Royden seems to have a very tacit understanding with his ex-wife!”

“And she seems to be staying at his house!”

“Hush! This matter cannot be disclosed to anyone in the company. Got it?”

“Yes, of course, Mr. Kole. Why would we tell anyone about this?”

As soon as they exited the villa’s gate, Nathan drove in.

He looked at the few managers of Royden Group and frowned. “Why do they have a weird smile?”

When he entered the villa with a bag of medicine and fruits he saw a special scene.

Jean was holding something in her hand, and was having a heated argument with Edgar.

Edgar’s eyes were smiling as she shouted at him.

Nathan rubbed his eyes. Was he mistaken?

Was this person Edgar Royden?

“Edgar, you lied to me. You hypocrite.”

Edgar did not say anything.

Nathan took a deep breath. He was certain that he was not hallucinating, Edgar was indeed crazy.

He wouldn’t let anyone question him like this.

That person might disappear from the face of Earth without anyone realizing it after speaking to Edgar like this.

Nathan coughed and walked over. “Edgar, are you feeling better?”

Jean snorted and stormed upstairs.

She had been his maid for the whole day, but he still refused to let her go!

This was oppression and a threat.

Jean sat on the sofa, contemplating on ways she could use to rid herself off Edgar.

In the living room, after Jean left, coldness covered Edgar's face once more. "What did the Sans family say?"

Nathan shook his head and put his things down. He sat down on one side. "Albert's attitude was good. He kept saying that he would be responsible for your injury. But Tyler Sans..."

Nathan stopped for a while before continuing, "He returned home from a bar drunk this morning. He does not seem to be taking this matter to heart at all."

Edgar narrowed his eyes and looked upstairs at the closed door. "Who was he drinking with last night?"

"I think he went with a group of rich kids. I didn't really ask." Nathan only realized that Edgar's expression was off when he finished speaking. "Do you think someone is behind this?"

Edgar did not answer.

Nathan suddenly thought of something. "I think I saw your company's car nearby when I brought you out of the hospital. Whose was it again?"

The tenser the situation was, the harder it was to think whose car it was.

Edgar said solemnly. "It makes sense if it was someone from Royden Group."

"Do you mean that we have a mole in the group?"

"I'm not quite sure. I need to look into it." Edgar put his laptop on the table. "For now, don't tell Jean about this."

Although Nathan was a slow-witted person, he got Edgar's meaning.

"Are you going to use Eyer Group as bait?"

If things stayed calm, the mole would not have a chance to take action. Then it will be difficult for them to catch it.

Edgar was simply going to use this irresistible project as bait.

This project was considered a very important project for Royden Group, so the mole will definitely take action out of greed.

When Edgar obtained all evidence, he would close his net.

“So that is why you took such drastic and unusual measures!” Nathan slapped his thigh. “Smart.”

But he froze the next second.

“What will Jean do if she knows that you used her...”

Jean already hated him a lot.

It would definitely be worse if this blow was added onto it.

“She wouldn’t.” Edgar smiled. “Because I’m serious about working with Eyer Group.”

It was true that he would be using Jean in the process of catching the mole, but she would be satisfied with the outcome of their collaboration.

Nathan leaned against the sofa and took a deep breath. “You really are...”

Before he could finish his words, Edgar’s phone rang. It was the law firm.

Edgar did not want to answer it but when he saw Jean coming out from her room, he put on a cold face and entered his study.

He signaled at Nathan to not spew nonsense before closing the door.

Nathan nodded.

But as soon as Jean came down, he rushed over to her. “Is Edgar’s wound better?”

“I don’t know. I’m not a doctor.” Jean was hungry. She had been nursing Edgar the whole day and been in the meeting with him.

She must eat more of his food to repay the labor she had to do in his house.

Nathan followed her to the kitchen.

“Jean, can I ask you a question?”

“I don’t know if I’d know the answer to your question.” Jean opened the fridge. She glanced up and down. Then, she took out the most expensive item – a box of gifted strawberries.

She washed a whole basket of strawberries in front of Nathan.

Nathan scratched his head. He felt that Jean was more confusing than Edgar.

“But, I think Mr. Knox will be able to answer my question first.” Jean brought the strawberries which she had finished washing, and put them before Nathan. She asked slowly. “Did anything happen to Edgar lately?”

Gag.

Nathan almost swallowed a whole strawberry.

Jean’s smile widened when she saw Nathan’s reaction. “I’m right, am I not?”

“...”

Cold sweat broke out on Nathan’s forehead.

Why did they divorce?

They are clearly a match made in heaven!

Jean stared at him and spoke slowly. “From the moment Edgar announced the collaboration with Eyer Group, there had been many objections. But he went on with his decision and insisted on working with Eyer Group.”

“What does he want?”