

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 253

### Chapter 253 Weighing the Pros and Cons

He still had a bargaining chip in his hands! A bargaining chip that Edgar had no way to avoid.

Mr. Hart and Mr. Blanc wanted to slip away, but before they could say anything, Edgar chuckled. He turned to look at Andy. "You want to talk about Eyer Group, don't you?"

He didn't have any apprehensions other than this. Andy was a little startled. Then, Edgar stood up and walked to him one step at a time. "Andy, you were once my most trusted partner. You contributed a lot to how Royden Group is today, so my tolerance for you is a little more than any other person."

"But remember what I'm saying today. There's no third or fourth chance for anything. On the day of the project acceptance, all evidence pointed to you. I have no way to let you off easily."

Andy trembled. Even Andy couldn't refute Edgar when met with Edgar's shrewd and dark eyes.

"Before the matter is investigated, it's best for you to stay at home. While waiting for the company's resolution, you will be temporarily stripped from any authority as a vice president."

Edgar concluded the matter in a few sentences.

Mr. Hart and Mr. Blanc, who were at the side, were so surprised they were in a cold sweat. They must have been out of their mind to believe Andy's flowery speech.

Edgar had always been in control, after all. He played Andy as easily as a game of cat and mouse.

Furthermore, in the board meeting, everyone other than the two of them supported Edgar. Now that Andy was suspended, Mr. Hart and Mr. Blanc were worried.

"Mr. Royden, we..." Seeing Edgar leave, they wanted to catch up to him immediately.

"Stop!" Andy cried out coldly. "You want to win Edgar's favor immediately after you think I've fallen? When you received money from me, you weren't being like this."

"About this..." Mr. Hart was in a dilemma. "Mr. Shaw, no, it's Andy. You sent me some gifts previously, but that was done socially. Now that you're being suspended, of course, I have to make clear to Mr. Royden that I'm not the same as you."

"That's right, Mr. Hart. Let's hurry. We can't catch up if we're too late."

Bang.

The door shut again.

Andy slammed his fist on the table in the meeting room. "Edgar, you played me!"

If Edgar didn't have control of the whole match in the first place, he wouldn't have moved so quickly. Shortly, those from the legal department rushed over and searched Andy's office. They also requested the bank to thoroughly investigate the dealings of his personal funds.

"Mr. Shaw, what should we do?" His assistant beside him was so frightened that he was dripping with cold sweat. "Mr. Royden is serious this time. Why don't you ask Mr. Royden for mercy?"

Andy's smile became colder.

"Why should I ask that fellow for mercy? He claims to be helping me on the surface, but he actually has bigger ambition than me."

"So you're just going to sit here and wait to die?"

Who knew how vicious Edgar's tricks were? If Andy didn't think of a way soon, his name would quickly and completely disappear from this circle. When that time came, making a comeback would basically be a pipe dream.

"Keep quiet."

Andy hit the table hard. "Of course, I won't take it lying down."

Edgar, aren't you afraid that what you did to the Eyer family will be revealed?

...

When Jean was just about to leave the Royden Group building, she was stopped by security.

"What are you doing? Is Edgar going back on his word?"

"No, Ms. Eyer. Mr. Royden has asked you to wait here for a moment. He'll be down shortly." The security guard said.

Jean wrinkled her brows. Before she could react, Mr. Martin said at once, "Ms. Eyer, since matters are almost done, I'll be leaving."

Jean nodded. "Alright. I'll look for you if there's anything else in the future."

Mr. Martin was startled at first before he nodded. "Thank you, Ms. Eyer."

Jean waited on the first floor of Royden Group for a while before she saw Edgar walk out from the elevator. She was annoyed. "What is it? Tell me, quick."

She had just received a call from Mr. Rocher and was about to head over.

Mr. Rocher said that he had found a portion of the information that was burnt and that he could pass it to Jean.

"You're meeting someone at night?"

Jean responded naturally. "Yes."

Even if she wasn't, she couldn't keep waiting here for him like a fool. It wouldn't be good for either of them if any slanderous rumors spread again.

Her urge to clear the air over their relationship was written clearly all over her face.

The man's brows furrowed tightly. "Who?"

"That has nothing to do with you!" Jean was feeling a little annoyed. "I'm leaving. If there's anything, you can just look for my lawyer."

"No."

Edgar took one step forward and stared at her face. One step away, his voice was extremely magnetic. "Didn't you say that you wanted to investigate this matter clearly? Before it ends, you better stay close to me."

What absurd reasoning was this?

"Edgar, are you looking for an excuse to avoid responsibility? You can just get people to investigate. Why do I need to stay close to you? Let me remind you again, you already have a fiancée."

She said it without thinking.

Without noticing, her voice had been slightly loud. This attracted the attention of a few staff members.

She thought that he would argue with her. She never thought that the man would smile. "Thank you for your reminder. But we're both people who can distinguish between personal and work affairs, aren't we?"

Jean was startled for a moment.

“Let’s go. For the next 24 hours, you have to be responsible for my personal safety.”

What?

Miles, who was at the side, chimed in. “Mr. Royden just suspended Mr. Shaw and has launched a company-wide investigation. This will undoubtedly affect certain people’s interests. If they are plotting and scheming in that way, the personal safety of you and Mr. Royden will be at risk now.”

Jean bit the corner of her lip. “Edgar, you took advantage of me!”

The man walked to the front with a light smile on his face. As Jean caught up to him, he immediately repressed the smile and acted confused. “I just did what you said. Did I do something wrong?”

Jean was dumbstruck with anger.

But it was clear that she had been involved in his schemes.

“You suspected Andy all along, and you just needed an excuse. I just so happened to come along, so you pushed the boat with the current?” Jean sat in the car huffily. No matter how she thought about it, she was furious.

Edgar raised his hand to press the bridge of his nose. She was becoming smarter.

He adjusted the buttons of his suit and instructed the driver. “Let’s go.”

Jean turned away and didn’t want to look at him.

Her heart thumped as the scenery that swept past the window became more familiar. “Where are you taking me?”

“The Eyer Residence.” He turned to look at her and said seriously, “Staying together is the best choice for our personal safety. If you don’t want to go to the Eyer Residence, would you like to come to my house instead?”

He asked her so seriously, but it made her even angrier.

“Of course, I don’t want to go to your house.”

Her beautiful face was reflected in his dark eyes. As he was observing her, he suddenly laughed.

Jean was scared when she saw it.

He suddenly got close to her and asked in a husky voice by her ear, "Who are you meeting tonight?"

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Chapter 254 Charity

"No one!" Edgar laughed in spite of himself. "Since you said that, I won't let you leave tonight." "Edgar, you have no right to restrict my personal freedom."

Edgar turned away and didn't say anything. The air dropped. Jean noticed something unimaginable when the car arrived at the old Eyer Residence. "What are these people moving?"

There were dozens of workers moving furniture in. There were servants cleaning the window ledges, and they had cleared half the weeds in the yard.

Edgar didn't answer her directly. He asked coldly, "You've been staying like this for the past few days?" Jean didn't want to answer him. She pushed the car door open and walked into the house.

"Everyone, stop. I don't need..."

Before she could finish, she was flustered by the furniture before her. The color of the curtains, the arrangement of the couches, and the carpets... everything was how the Eyer Residence used to be.

Jean stood there, as if she were in another lifetime.

After a long time, she wiped away the tears in the corner of her eyes. She looked at Edgar while sneering. "There's no point in doing all of this now. Even if you buy identical furniture, this is no longer the Eyer Residence of the past!"

"It's not just identical."

After he said that, Jean's pupils shook as if there were an earthquake.

She ran to the other end of the couch and tore off the covers. Seeing the scratches on it, she was shocked.

These were from the Eyer Residence!

After the Eyer family collapsed, she was forced to repay her debts by selling her inheritance from her dad.

Her tears were like overturning seas and rivers. They surged and flowed violently.

Her hands trembled as she stroked the grain and lines of the furniture. She couldn't move her feet forward.

"Also..." He walked to Jean and extended his hand. "Come with me."

Jean wiped her tears away with force. She gritted her teeth as she stood up. "I don't need it. Please move all of it away."

She didn't need his charity, nor did she need this kind of apology.

She wanted to hate him.

Only this way could she forget the horrible marriage and the feelings she shouldn't be having.

But he kept making up for it and questioning her. She really didn't know how she should face him.

Edgar looked down at her.

With unprecedented patience, he said, "Brigid is upstairs cleaning your room."

Brigid?

Jean looked up with eyes full of tears.

She ran upstairs hurriedly. When she pushed the door open, she saw Brigid making the bed.

Seeing Jean, Brigid was filled with emotion. "Mrs... Ms. Eyer!"

Jean was no longer the Mrs. Royden of the past. Now, she was once again Ms. Eyer.

When the Eyer family was in trouble, Jean couldn't even keep her house. She had to give everything to Edgar. Her servants left one by one. Brigid was the last to leave.

She had served in the Eyer Residence for more than ten years and had been extremely unwilling to leave.

But when Jean went to prison, Brigid had to earn a living.

"I went back to my relative's house in my village at first. Mr. Royden found people to look for me and told me that I must come back. Ms. Eyer, it's great that I can serve you again." Brigid wiped her tears away hurriedly. "Look at me. Everything is getting better now. Why am I crying?"

Jean's hand slowly tightened.

"Brigid, you can continue. I have something to take care of."

"Alright. I will definitely clean everything up!"

Jean moved her feet and went down the stairs one step at a time. She walked to the man who was standing in the living room.

His cold appearance was as if it was his first time in the Eyer Residence. Jean looked at him from afar. She could still remember clearly the throbbing in her heart at that time.

With the passage of time, everything changed.

"Edgar, what in the world are you planning?"

The man initially had his back facing her. Hearing her voice, he turned. His gaze was dark and boundlessly deep. "I'm trying to make it up to you."

He wanted to restore the Eyer Residence to how it was initially.

No matter how difficult it was, he wanted to do it.

"Then make my dad come to life. I'll write off everything that has happened in the past with you."

Edgar suddenly frowned.

"Jean, that's impossible."

"You're aware of it?" Jean sneered. She pointed to the things in the house. "My dad is gone, and the Eyer family is gone. What do I want all of these for?"

"To me, doing this isn't making it up to me. You're hurting me again! When I see it, I don't feel happy. Instead, I feel like I'm just a pawn in your hands from the start until the finish. When you're happy, you can return the Eyer Residence to me. When you're unhappy, you can just wave your hands and take everything away."

"Edgar, you're the bane of my existence. I hate you!"

Jean didn't want to look at him any longer. She ran out.

At the entrance, she was stopped by bodyguards.

"Let her go."

The man's cold voice came from the inside.

The bodyguards let her go.

As Jean's tears flowed, she said, "You see, the old Eyer Residence has now become an item in your pocket."

On what grounds could he control her life so unrestrainedly?

All the resentfulness that she had suppressed in her heart with difficulty engulfed her once again.

Jean walked down the road. She didn't know that there was a figure not far behind her that was following her. She got into Jensen's car when she reached the intersection.

Edgar's cell phone rang, and he answered the call.

"Edgar, you moved the furniture of the Eyer Residence back?" Nathan received a call from the warehouse. He was astonished. "Have you decided to tell Jean what happened back then? I've said it before. Tell her quickly. There's definitely still something between the two of you."

"It's impossible."

Edgar's brows furrowed. "Maybe she's really going to be your sister-in-law."

Nathan was startled on the other end of the phone. "Isn't she happy that you moved the Eyer Residence furniture back?"

"She berated me."

Edgar turned and walked back.

All these years, he himself couldn't say why he had kept those things all along. Maybe deep in his heart, he had been anticipating a certain impossible ending.

"If she really gets together with Jensen, won't you get angry?"

The man's footsteps stopped abruptly.

Nathan didn't hear anything on the phone. He was so nervous he couldn't say anything. "About that, Edgar..."

"We have already divorced. Who she gets together with is her freedom."



Back then, he was the one who personally destroyed all the possibilities between them. Now, he was just trying to make it up to her without expecting any return.

Just as Jean had questioned him, he had no way to bring Gary back to life.

He couldn't blame Jean for her 'request' either.

When the call ended, Nathan put his cell phone down. No matter how he thought about it, he felt like something was wrong.

Hearing the sound of a car downstairs, he rushed to the window and took out his cell phone. He took some pictures of Jensen walking into the Knox Residence with Jean.

He sent those pictures to Edgar.

"You've missed out one time. If you miss out again, I'm afraid there really won't be a way to go back anymore."

As a close friend, he could only help Edgar out so much.

At the entrance, Zenith had come downstairs to welcome Jean. Seeing Nathan standing there with a lot on his mind, Zenith asked, "What are you doing?"

Nathan was startled. He almost dropped his cell phone.

"No, nothing!"

"We have a guest. Young people like you have a lot to talk about. If you don't have anything to do, come and sit with us."

Nathan laughed dryly. He didn't dare to!

He was on Edgar's side. But if he didn't join them, he wouldn't know about Jensen and Jean's development.

"Alright, Uncle Zenith. I'll get drinks from the kitchen."

Nathan brought out fruits from the kitchen. He saw Jensen revolving around Jean. The two of them looked quite happy as they chatted.

He thought silently to himself. Edgar, if you don't come here, don't blame me for having another sister-in-law.

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Jean wasn't speaking much. It was basically Jensen speaking.

Zenith looked at them from afar. He felt that Jean had a lot on her mind. As someone from the older generation, he couldn't ask her about it directly. He could only cough dryly. "Nathan, why don't you have a girlfriend?"

"Me?" Nathan never imagined that their topic of conversation would be about him. "I'm still young. I'm not in a rush."

Zenith immediately furrowed his brows. "You're not in a rush? Your peers already have children of their own. Young people like you are busy with your career, but you need to think about your future."

Nathan didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

He was basically digging a hole for himself to jump into. "Yes, you're right."

Zenith beamed. He took a sip of tea and said in a mild voice, "In the future, I hope that I have a daughter-in-law like Jeannie. I hope that our family is peaceful and beautiful and that we can go for a trip every few days and go sightseeing."

An alarm went off in Nathan's heart. He looked out the door from time to time.

Why isn't Edgar here yet?

Zenith followed his gaze and looked out. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I just want to move about." Nathan came up with an excuse. He stood up and stretched his arms. He took a few steps and walked to Jensen and Jean's side. "What are you talking about?"

Jensen smiled and said, "I'm talking about some things that happened when I was studying abroad. Jean was also supposed to study abroad, but she canceled her application in the end. It's quite a shame."

Nathan had also heard about this before.

Jean had made a lot of sacrifices to marry Edgar.

It wouldn't be very beneficial to Edgar if they continued talking about this.

The light in Jean's eyes dulled. Looking at Jensen's graduation pictures, she said absent-mindedly, "I envy you a little."

If she didn't give up on her plan to study abroad back then, would things have taken a turn for the better?

Jean sighed painfully.

“Jean, you can apply now. I’m going to meet a few friends tonight to talk about furthering our studies. If you’re interested, we can go together.

The smile on Jensen’s face was open yet firm as he spoke.

In that moment, he was like a ray of sun that was shining in Jean’s life, warming her heart that had frozen over a long time ago.

“Do I still have a chance?”

“Of course. It’s the recruitment period for many good schools abroad. From what I can remember, you’re a design major, aren’t you? It just so happened that I have a classmate who is a research student in this area. I’ll help you ask about it.”

Jensen was a man of action. As he was speaking, he picked up his cell phone and made a call.

It was clear that he was extremely aggressive in pursuing Jean.

And Jean was also happy to continue talking about it.

Nathan was awfully worried. Just as he was about to do something, a servant came in. “Mr. Knox, Mr. Royden is here.”

Jean stood in front of the bookshelf and was slightly startled. She turned her head sideways and saw that familiar figure through the glass. In her heart, she was thinking that it was just a coincidence.

“Edgar!”

Nathan immediately welcomed him and lowered his voice. “You’re finally here. You almost couldn’t make it if you came any later. My cousin wants to take Jean to study abroad.”

Edgar’s brows drooped.

His gaze met Jean’s mid-air. Jean glanced at him before looking away.

The man’s hand slowly tightened. He mumbled to himself, “That’s a good thing.”

“Huh?” Nathan was confused. He used his elbow to nudge Edgar hard. “Wake up. If the two of them study abroad, they would be there for two or three years if they leave. If feelings ignite between the two of them, would you still be in the picture?”

Looking at Edgar's indifferent appearance, Nathan sighed in frustration. "Alright. Since you're not worried, I won't care."

Edgar had extremely complicated feelings.

But he wasn't able to voice it out.

"Mr. Royden is here?" Zenith looked at them. "It seems like it will be quite lively here tonight."

What he said had a deeper meaning.

But since Edgar had decided to come, he wouldn't leave easily.

"Mr. Rocher."

As a guest, Mr. Royden was of similar status to Zenith, and they sat together. They talked about matters of the business world.

Jean treated him like air. She only focused on the book in front of her.

When Jensen finished his call, he walked to Jean's side excitedly. "What a coincidence. Her mentor, Professor Eileen, is an expert in the area of design and teaches at Elk Grove College. If you're interested, you can meet her tonight to talk about the process of applying..."

On the surface, Edgar was drinking coffee, but his thoughts were all about Jean.

His dark eyes could clearly see the excitement in Jean's eyes.

She looked like she really wanted to go.

Edgar held the cup and the coffee he drank was particularly bitter.

Zenith smiled profoundly, as if advising Edgar. "When you lose out on some things, it's hard to get it back again. Just like in business. There's always give and take, win and lose."

"You should understand this concept, Mr. Royden."

Edgar suddenly felt like the coffee in his mouth was tasteless.

He didn't say anything. He slowly looked away from Jean.

Zenith stood up at this time. "Alright, Jay. Take Jeannie out for a while. She's been exhausted recently and should get some fresh air."

The hand beneath Edgar's suit suddenly tightened.

On the other end, Jensen was courteous and gentle. "Let's go. Let's talk about it more on the way."

Jean strode forward and followed him. She calmly passed by Edgar's side.

Nathan, who was at the side, was worried, but Edgar was unmoving. He let Jean leave.

When Zenith was far away, Nathan sighed heavily. He was seriously doubting Edgar. Why did he come all the way to the house?

"Aren't you going after her?"

Edgar's reaction wasn't what Nathan had expected.

He thought that something would happen today. But in the end, Edgar was so calm and composed.

"Studying abroad has always been one of her regrets."

Hearing him say it, Nathan widened his eyes. "Are you deciding to give in?"

After knowing Edgar for so long, Nathan had never seen him give in to anyone about anything.

Edgar put his coffee cup down. "I will never give up anything or anyone that belongs to me."

He got up. "If she really wants to make up for regrets in the past, I can go with her."

Nathan was completely shocked.

"Are you going to give up managing Royden Group?"

"I have my plans. Thanks for today," Edgar said as he strode out. Seeing Jean get into Jensen's car and leave, he opened his car door and followed.

So what if his way of making up wasn't what Jean wanted?

He had fully experienced the pain of crying over spilled milk.

He didn't want to have any regrets for the rest of his life.

As Jean got out of the car with Jensen, she saw Edgar following. She furrowed her brows. "Jensen, you can head in."

Jensen glanced at Edgar's car and hesitated for a moment before he nodded. "Alright. I'll wait for you inside."

Jean closed the car door. Before Edgar could get out of his car, she pressed against his car door.

"Edgar, what do you mean by this? Wherever I go, you're following me."

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 256

### Chapter 256 Hoodlum

Edgar lied expressionlessly. "This city is so big. It's not strange to have the same destination, is it?"

His words and actions recently were like a hoodlum.

Seeing her silence, Edgar knocked on his car door. "Please let me get out so I can get something to eat."

Jean snorted. "Do whatever you like."

She turned and was about to make her way up the steps but slipped and almost fell because it had just snowed.

Thankfully, Edgar reached out to pull her in.

She fell into his arms.

"Be careful." He lowered his gaze to look at her. The moonlight behind him enveloped him in a faint blanket of light.

Jean pushed his hands away in a hurry. "I don't need your fake kindness."

When Edgar's hands were empty, she had already walked in quickly.

He smiled helplessly and walked forward when another car pulled up. A beautiful figure walked out. "There are times where even an outstanding man like Mr. Royden would lose his mind for the woman of his interest."

A few minutes later, Jensen led Jean to sit with his classmates.

"This is Crystal Foster. I mentioned her to you this afternoon. She's my classmate that majored in design." Jensen smiled gently. He introduced Crystal to Jean while he took some food for Jean.

His behavior was very proactive the whole time.

Crystal was a pretty girl. She had long, straight, black hair and looked very young. She smiled as she said, "Jensen doesn't usually ask people for favors. When he called me, I was a little astonished. I didn't know the person he wanted to introduce me to was you."

It seemed as though there was a different meaning to what she said.

"Ah, don't misunderstand. I saw a draft of your design from the school's website. Our lecturer also used your works as teaching material. You're Luna, the designer that the design company MON & Co. made an exception for and signed. That's you, right?"

Jensen looked at Jean. "You're Luna?"

It was as if other people were also surprised.

Jean nodded, baffled. "Is there a problem?"

Jensen was overjoyed. "Don't you know how popular you are? Crystal, tell her how much your design classmates admire her designs."

Crystal's smile deepened.

Seeing how Jensen was taking such good care of Jean, she changed the topic. "You're not majoring in design. I better talk to Jean in private."

"That's true. You two should exchange numbers."

What Crystal said made Jean hesitate.

Previously, in Jimmy's shop, she used the name Luna. At the time, Jimmy was also quite surprised.

It was just that Jean didn't think too much about it at the time.

"Jensen, how did the two of you meet?" Someone was curious and asked. "You're a famed bachelor in our circle of overseas students. Now that you have someone, many are going to weep in secret."

"Don't misunderstand. I don't have that kind of relationship with Jean. At least, not yet," Jensen said in a gentle and secure tone.

His feelings for Jean were obvious.

As Crystal took food for herself, her expression darkened.

“Excuse me.” Jean felt a little awkward. She stood up and went to the washroom.

She never thought that she would bump into Crystal as soon as she came out.

She was a tall and thin woman. She had a scornful smile on her face. “Why would someone as innocent as Jensen pursue a divorced woman like you!”

With that expression, it was as if she was a completely different person from earlier.

“You like Jensen?”

Jean wasn't a person who hid or concealed. She immediately exposed Crystal's thoughts.

Crystal bit the corner of her lips and stared straight at Jean's face. “Jensen has always prioritized his studies and his career. He rarely meets other girls. But he just came back for a few days and called me because of you. You dare say that you didn't seduce him?”

Jean wrinkled her brows. “Say anything more, and I'll sue you for slander.”

“As expected from the ex-wife of the business world's big boss. You mention the law at every turn. The law isn't going to protect people like you. You're not worthy for Jensen. You better keep your distance, otherwise...”

“Otherwise?”

Jean couldn't stand being treated in this way.

“Yes. Otherwise, I'll remove your name from the list of college applicants. Don't you want to make up for your regret of not studying abroad? I only need to say a few words to my mentor, then I'll see which college still wants a student with a bad reputation!”

Crystal was very pleased with herself. “I've known Jensen for many years. Other than me, no one else is worthy of staying by his side.”

“Furthermore, you're a worn-out shoe that has been thrown out by others...”

Smack.

Jean lifted her hand to slap Crystal firmly on her face.

Her face paled, and she stared at Jean. “You dare hit me?”

“Yes. I hit you. I will admit what I've done. You can go and tell the world that I hit you. Go on.” Jean turned on the tap once again and washed her hands calmly.



The mirror reflected Crystal's surprised and angry appearance.

"Someone like you isn't worthy to enter our college!"

"Do you think that I have no other choices?" Jean turned off the tap, and her eyes darkened.

She spoke softly, but every word was like a knife. "Elk Grove College, is it? You might not know that Professor Eileen is my senior. Before she left the country, we used to meet up often. I still have her contact information now. Do I need to talk to her privately about your character?"

"What?"

"Studying abroad is indeed a dream of mine that I have yet to accomplish. I definitely won't allow anyone to step all over my honest intentions, so get lost," Jean said and left the washroom.

She walked quickly and didn't notice a figure standing on the other side, at the entrance of the men's washroom.

On the way back to the private room, she was stopped by the restaurant's manager.

"Ms. Eyer, your friend asked me to take you to another private room. This way, please."

Jensen?

"Please go in."

As the door opened, there was a table full of dishes and drinks that she loved. It was just that the man sitting on the other side of the table was someone Jean didn't want to see.

"Edgar, what on earth are you doing?" Her tolerance was almost at its limit.

Saying it was a coincidence was too far-fetched.

This man was clearly following her and peeking into her life.

This feeling of being followed made her very uncomfortable.

Edgar didn't argue with her. He said, "This restaurant's barbeque ribs and steak are their specialties. It's much better than the buffalo wings and apple pie on their table."

The dishes he ordered were indeed right up Jean's alley.

But she wouldn't give in to him.

Thinking about the principle of not biting the hand that feeds you, Jean furrowed her brows. "Don't think that I'll retract my complaint against Royden Group if you do this. Personal affairs and work affairs..."

"Are two different things. I know that you are like me, Ms. Eyer. We are people who can distinguish work and personal affairs," he said lightly and got some food for Jean.

Smelling the aroma of the food, Jean indeed hesitated.

In the other room, she had to think of Jensen's classmates, and she couldn't eat to her heart's content. Edgar really did know what she liked.

"If you want to study abroad, I can provide the funds for you to go."

He looked up and gazed at her deeply.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 257**

### **Chapter 257 Unnecessary Compensation**

What Edgar said pierced Jean's heart. She felt as if she had been seen through. She couldn't hide any of her thoughts.

"Don't rush to turn me down. You have to think about your life. Jensen and his classmates can only give you opinions for your consideration. I'm the one who can fulfill all your dreams."

Every word Edgar was saying stabbed Jean's heart. "Help yourself to the food. I'll be heading out. I won't disturb you." He knew that she would be unhappy looking at him, so he gave up space and gave her the freedom to be alone.

The guard Jean had in her heart melted with the crisp sound of the door shutting. "If you had done this two years ago, it would have been great."

Outside the door, Jensen had gone two rounds in the corridor, but he couldn't find Jean. He bumped into Edgar, standing at the entrance of the private room.

"Mr. Royden?" Jensen wanted to open the door subconsciously and go into the private room behind Edgar. "Is Jean inside?"

The wrist with a branded watch stopped him just in time.

"The person inside is my guest. You're still not worthy of fighting over her with me."

In the business world, Edgar was on equal footing with people of Zenith's generation. Even people like Jensen had to take Edgar's opinions and thoughts into account.

Jensen had left college not too long ago. If they were to be compared, ten of him couldn't beat a single Edgar.

But he was young and vigorous, and he wanted to barge in.

"You don't have the right to interfere with her freedom."

"Really? You keep pursuing her and aggressively made use of your dad's friendship with her family. How is that respecting her?" Edgar glanced at him coldly. "Moreover, did you know that she gave up studying abroad for me back then?"

Jensen was startled. He couldn't say anything.

"If there's anyone to help make up for this regret of hers, it can only be me. Do you understand?"

He had enough power. In a month, he could send Jean to any high-level institution that she wanted to go to. Unlike Jensen, who had to go through the so-called processes and waste time.

And she didn't need to be criticized.

Edgar always did things in the most direct manner. His goals were his baseline, and he would try everything to achieve them.

Patience? Tolerance?

He had never had to practice those qualities.

Therefore, he was already sure of his intentions. He wouldn't give anyone the opportunity to take care of Jean, more so a young and inexperienced fellow who didn't know anything.

"Also, tell your female classmate that she can be prepared to be expelled from school if she dares slander Jean again."

Jensen's expression darkened, and he had nothing but rage in his heart.

It was as if Edgar didn't care at all. He slowly rubbed the buttons on his cuff. "You heard it all outside the washroom, but you didn't step up to stop it. You're not worthy based on this alone."

Some decisions would determine the ending from the start.

The rage in Jensen's eyes slowly dissipated. He opened his mouth and wanted to explain.

Edgar smiled contemptuously before turning and leaving.

Jensen stood where he was. He hesitated and struggled for a long time, but in the end, he didn't have the courage to open the door.

He did hear the nasty things Crystal had said, but he didn't stop her. He was concerned about his friendship and chose to let Jean face those slanderous remarks alone.

He felt ashamed when Edgar exposed him openly.

He couldn't compare with Edgar's boldness based on that alone.

At the time, Jean sat in the private room and looked at the table full of delicacies. She ate without tasting the food. Her mind was filled with what Edgar had said.

"Send me to study abroad?"

"Pfft..."

Her heart wasn't flooded with emotion. She just had frustration she couldn't voice out.

After taking a few bites, Jean got up and walked out. The peals of laughter that came from the other private room made her feel like it was a lifetime ago. She used to have such a glamorous social circle in the past.

But now she couldn't go back to that time again.

No matter how much Edgar tried to make up for her regrets, there wasn't the emotion or longing from before.

Jean looked down and sent Jensen a text message saying that she was leaving. She left the restaurant after that.

Far away, the lights of a black limousine were lit.

Jean knew that he was waiting for her. She clenched her fists and made her way over.

Snow was drifting in the air. It fell on her shoulder.

"Let's go."

Edgar sat in the passenger's seat. He instructed the driver when he heard the door closing.

“Why were you so sure that I would leave? What if I didn’t come out?” Jean frowned as she stared at him. She disliked how he had anticipated everything accurately.

Edgar wasn’t angry or offended. His thin lips opened and closed. “I understand you.”

These words pierced Jean’s final defensive line.

The rim of her eyes suddenly reddened. She turned and looked out the window. There were too many emotions choked in her throat. He understood her? The most unqualified person in the world to say that was Edgar!

But Jean held it back in the end.

She tried not to make her sobs heard. She raised her hand to wipe the tears in the corner of her eyes, and she bit on the corner of her lips.

The car stopped in the yard of the Eyer Residence.

Brigid was waiting outside with a coat. As soon as Jean got out of the car, Brigid welcomed her. Edgar’s driver followed and handed over food that had been packed.

Jean frowned but didn’t say a word.

He had really prepared everything!

Behind the windows of the car, a pair of deep eyes focused on her figure and watched her make her way up the steps as she walked into the house without turning around.

The lights in the Eyer Residence living room went off, and a light on the second floor was turned on.

“Let’s go.”

There was exhaustion in his voice.

The driver asked, “Mr. Royden, are you going straight to the airport?”

He was catching an early morning flight. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been in a rush to say those things to Jean.

The man closed his eyes, and an indifferent noise came from him. “Mm.”

There had never been anything that would sway his feelings and make him do such irrational things. He did it anyway, but that person didn’t appreciate it.

The delicate yet stubborn face was swirling around in his mind. He pressed against the bridge of his nose and sighed deeply.

...

Jean didn't have much hope for this lawsuit at first.

Especially when she knew that everything was within Edgar's plans. She felt like she was a pawn in his hands that was being made use of, and she felt increasingly upset.

Mr. Martin had great work efficiency, and those in Royden Group had more or less received Edgar's subtle hints.

So everything went particularly well.

"According to the rules of the contract, Royden Group will carry out their responsibilities and compensate you one-third of the penalty. The amount will be transferred to Eyer Group's account in one week."

"Eyer Group's account?" Jean was momentarily startled. She didn't know that there was such an account.

Mr. Martin was also baffled. He pointed to the last two pages of the contract. "It's written here in the supplementary clauses."

Jean took the contract and flipped to the back.

She didn't remember such a contract!

But her signature and the date were printed clearly on it...

"Edgar, you big fat liar."

This contract was the one that Miles had handed to her, saying that it was a personal contract with Edgar. She was furious at the time, so she signed it without looking at it. She didn't know that there would be something else!

"At the time, he had already planned to return Eyer Group to me."