

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 33

Chapter 33 The Answer

Ben Ludwig's racing outfit was blowing in the wind. He only had the confidence to confess his feelings to Jean Eyer after he won first place.

Offstage, Sonny Kalzarc tossed his cap excitedly. "Attaboy, I knew you had feelings for her. In the future, our team will be an unbeatable team with an amazing couple!"

"Go get her, Ben Ludwig!" Everyone else started to chant, "Jean Eyer, say yes."

Countless cameras were facing them, ready to immortalize the captivating moment. It must be so romantic to have the Goblet of Flames champion propose on stage. Nonetheless...

Jean Eyer wrinkled her brow. Her answer would humiliate Ben Ludwig. At this moment, the cheers slowly died down. Everyone realized the main character on the stage was silent. "Is she shy?"

"The Dark Horse is so handsome! I heard he comes from a good family. Why must he choose a divorcee?"

"Proposing right in front of her ex-husband, Mr. Ludwig must be provoking Edgar Royden on purpose!" The whispers grew louder.

Edgar Royden's eyes intensified with anger at the commotion. He glared at Jean Eyer fiercely. It was as if he would mercilessly crush her the moment she accepted.

Onstage, Ben Ludwig held out a diamond ring. Slowly and solemnly, he said, "Jean Eyer, I know the past few years have been very painful for you, but you need to move forward. I want to be the person you walk out of hard times with!"

There were shouts coming from the audience, "Say yes! Say yes!"

Jean Eyer wavered. The ring was beautiful. As long as she said yes, she didn't have to worry about the Eyer Group's debts. She could safely and peacefully live out the rest of her life.

However...

She unintentionally glanced at the figure by her side. The intense gaze enveloped her. Edgar Royden, who had been staring at her from the side, felt a strange rush of envy that displeased him.

His face was cold as he tapped his wristwatch behind him.

Miles immediately communicated to the person in charge, "Mr. Royden has other schedules. Please finish the prize-giving ceremony as soon as possible."

"Yes, of course, definitely!" Mr. Lane hurriedly gave orders to his subordinates. At this point, Ben Ludwig was so nervous that his hands were cold. He said softly, "Jean Eyer, give me an answer."

His eyes brimmed with anticipation. As long as she accepted, he wouldn't even hesitate to go up against the Royden Group business empire.

On stage, a gentle breeze swept through Jean Eyer's texturized hair at the nape of her neck. It revealed a pair of eyes that was empty on the inside but smiling on the outside. "Stop playing, Ben Ludwig. You bought this at the mall last night, right?"

Jean Eyer's humorous tone spread into everyone's ears through the microphone. It can't be, was this just a joke?

Jean Eyer reached out her hand and pulled Ben Ludwig up with slight force. She conveniently took the diamond ring in and turned it around in her palm.

She knew that Ben Ludwig was the only child of the Ludwig family. She also knew that although the Ludwig Group was no match for Edgar Royden, they were still a reputable family in Yorktown.

But some things just can't be changed. There was no spark between her and Ben Ludwig. "I'm not joking, Jean Eyer..."

Jean Eyer didn't give him a chance to explain. She smiled and stuffed the diamond ring back into the pocket of Ben Ludwig's racing outfit. "Alright, everyone's time is precious, so let's carry on with the prize-giving ceremony!"

The fog in Edgar Royden's eyes started to clear up after what Jean Eyer said. He hooked one hand onto the trophy that wasn't exactly light and stuffed it into Ben Ludwig's hands. "Must you use your private affairs to take up everyone's time, Mr. Ludwig?"

Even the photographer could feel the icy atmosphere and was stifled with silence. Mr. Royden must've gotten angry because he waited too long.

Jean Eyer couldn't care less about Edgar Royden's temperamental moods. She held up the other end of the trophy and celebrated with others in the team. She nudged the still stunned Ben Ludwig with her elbow.

"This is live!" Ben Ludwig had no choice but to muster up a smile. He put one hand around her shoulder and whistled towards the camera. "In the next competition, we'll still be the champion!"

“Champion, Dark Horse!” The atmosphere was lit up once again...

Edgar Royden stared coldly at the both of them. Suppressing the anger in his heart, he turned to leave with Mr. Lane. Jean Eyer stood on stage while holding the trophy firmly.

As she said, she would win! At this moment, Ben Ludwig’s mom, Farra Emilio, turned pale at the live scene of the prize giving ceremony. “What kind of spell did she put on my son?”

Recently, Ben Ludwig had been spending a lot of time with the racing team. He had been ignoring matters at the company and at home, and it turned out to be all because of Jean Eyer?

This woman, who was someone else’s leftovers, had the nerve to let her son get down on one knee in public? Most importantly, this woman dared to reject her son?

Farra Emilio grit her teeth in anger. “Call Mr. Coleman immediately!” “Yes, Mrs. Ludwig.”

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Chapter 34 We Can Only Be Friends

The prize-giving ceremony ended. Edgar Royden was heading towards the office in a car. In his hands were thick sheets of information. The old Eyer Group had been officially renamed to Garrison Group.

The last page was a bill of repayment. Edgar Royden narrowed his eyes. His fingers ran over the numbers.

Miles sat in the passenger seat. He said in a low voice, “Mr. Royden, after the Eyer Group went bankrupt, Jean Eyer’s debts have been taken over by the company. In other words, you are now her creditor.”

Edgar Royden threw the bill aside simply.

What was lingering in his mind was Jean Eyer’s expression as she revealed the truth about the pendant at the wedding, as well as how it looked like she was about to accept Ben Ludwig’s proposal on stage.

Both her expressions were completely unfamiliar to him. “You know what to do.” “Yes, Mr. Royden. I will set it up immediately.”

The man closed his eyes slowly while tapping his finger on his knee again and again. He would let Jean Eyer know that he had the final say no matter what.

...

The crowd outside had almost dispersed, and only the reporters were left waiting outside. Jean Eyer sat in the changing room for a long time. She scratched her hair anxiously while looking at the debt collection text messages on her cellphone.

Jean Eyer was powerless when she thought of the huge sum. The joy she felt when they took the crown disappeared without a trace. Her cellphone rang again.

It was a call from Sonny Kalzarc. "Jean Eyer, we're about to go to the restaurant. Hurry on out, today's meal is on Ben Ludwig. We're going to The Dream South so we can squeeze him dry."

Jean Eyer put her phone down and made her way out to rejoin them.

That restaurant was extremely famous, and the average person wouldn't be able to afford a meal there. It was also where well-known figures could be spotted.

Jean Eyer had been there once with Edgar Royden, but only that one time. At the entrance, the European-style building gleamed brightly in the night sky. "Wow, how much would one meal cost here?"

"Oh my god, there's even a hotel with hot springs on the upper levels! We really have to thank Mr. Ludwig for this."

Some of the youngsters in the team crowded into the elevator, making it overload. Ben Ludwig and Jean Eyer were the only two left waiting.

The elevator doors closed, and the air went silent immediately. After a while, Ben Ludwig turned to stare at her. "It was poor planning on my part this time. Next time, you'll have nowhere to hide. You can hold on to this ring for me, alright?"

He pulled Jean Eyer's hand and forced the diamond ring into her hands. Jean Eyer wrinkled her brows. "Ben Ludwig, you know what I mean."

"You were afraid of humiliating me and wanted to preserve my honor." Ben Ludwig lowered his head and laughed self-deprecatingly. "If the one proposing to you on stage was Edgar Royden, would you have rejected him like this?"

Jean Eyer heard the distasteful name and said with a cold tone, "You still don't understand what I mean. I..."

"Alright, don't make things awkward. Just treat it as if you are taking care of something for me. You can't say no to such a small favor like this between friends!"

As he was saying it, he saw a figure at the door through the corner of his eye.

What a coincidence.

Wherever he and Jean Eyer went, they would always bump into Edgar Royden.

Ben Ludwig pulled Jean Eyer's hand and said, "Let's go, we have to hurry on up. If we don't, they'll order too much food. I'm afraid I won't have enough money to pay for the meal."

Before Jean Eyer could say anything, the elevator doors closed.

At the door, Edgar Royden had just got out of the car and was slightly damp from the rain.

He had a meeting with a business partner, but saw such a scene play out in front of him as soon as he walked in.

Edgar Royden furrowed his brow. Even the doorman could see his displeasure.

Miles faced it head on and said, "Mr. Royden, Mr. Freeman is waiting at the Water Dream Hall on the third floor."

"Mm."

Edgar Royden replied coldly and walked into the elevator.

As he walked past the private room where Ben Ludwig and the rest of the team were, Edgar Royden paused. It was because he could clearly hear the teasing that was going on in the private room.

"Ben Ludwig, Jean Eyer, you both have to drink a cup as punishment. You've been dating secretly? And you kept it from us for so long!"

Jean Eyer pushed Ben Ludwig. "Quickly explain!"

Ben Ludwig muttered, "Explain? What is there to explain? I just like Jean Eyer. I'll get her to be mine sooner or later!"

"You...", said Jean Eyer darkly. She raised her leg to give him a kick.

"Alright, alright." said Ben Ludwig cheekily while clinging onto her thigh, an action that was unintentionally intimate. "I'm going to the washroom!"

Everyone exchanged unspoken glances. It was like the relationship between the both of them was silently understood.

He opened the door and turned a corner before he bumped into a familiar figure.

He was stunned and let out a gasp.

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Chapter 35 He Destroyed It With His Own Hands

“Mr. Royden can’t have been following us, right?” Ben Ludwig laughed, blocking the door. “What’s the matter, do you regret it?”

“What do you mean.”

Frost filled Edgar Royden’s eyes. He smelled a faint scent of alcohol on Ben Ludwig, and a picture of Jean Eyer drinking wine appeared in his mind.

He underestimated her.

Mixing around with a bunch of men.

Ben Ludwig didn’t know what he was thinking of and warned him. “Even though Jean Eyer didn’t accept my proposal today, I won’t give up. Sooner or later, she’ll be mine. Your fate together has come to an end. If you know better, don’t disturb her anymore.”

In the beginning, he wouldn’t have let Jean Eyer marry such scum if he hadn’t been one step too late!

“Move.”

With a thin, cold face, Edgar Royden walked forward and pushed Ben Ludwig away with his shoulders.

As he came to the sink, the mirror reflected his ice-cold face. “I won’t pick up what has been thrown out. Mr. Ludwig may be fond of doing this, but I’m not.”

“What did you say!”

Ben Ludwig glared at him with his eyes wide open and was about to take a swing at him. He didn’t care how much power Edgar Royden had. He would go all out for Jean Eyer.

As a matter of fact, he’d wanted to beat Edgar Royden up for a long time.

Marrying Gigi Reece and leaving such a wonderful woman like Jean Eyer behind?

At the same time, Edgar Royden saw what he was up to. A meaningful look crossed his eyes, and he was ready to take Ben Ludwig on.

At this moment, a voice called out from outside the door. “Ben Ludwig, come and look after Jean Eyer, she’s drunk!”

Ben Ludwig stopped immediately.

“I don’t want to see you here around her again!”

He turned and ran towards the private room.

Edgar Royden heard the footsteps distant and slowly loosened his clenched fists. What was up with this long-lost feeling of fury?

He must be crazy. Was he about to get into a fight all because of Jean Eyer?

...

In the private room, Jean Eyer was hugging the back of the chair and refused to stand up no matter what. Her hands held an empty wine glass. “Let’s drink more, I’m happy today!”

Ben Ludwig didn’t know to laugh or to cry looking at her red, puffy face.

“Jean Eyer, let go. I’ll pour you a new glass.”

“Really?”

Jean Eyer sat up and passed the wine glass over. She scrunched up her eyes and stared at Ben Ludwig for a while. “Mm, my best bro!”

Everyone laughed at this. Ben Ludwig shook his head helplessly and poured her a cup of water.

“The wine is finished. Drink this first, I’ll buy more later.”

Jean Eyer looked at him, then at the wine glass. She mumbled to herself and looked down while holding her glass.

By the look of it, she seemed to have been coaxed by him.

Ben Ludwig called Sonny Kalzarc to one side and passed him a card. “Sonny, I’ll send her back first. I have to trouble you with the rest of the evening.”

“No problem. Actually, she didn’t drink all that much. We didn’t know that she would get drunk from one glass. Go ahead and send her back.”

Sonny Kalzarc went on to urge the rest of the team to drink more.

Ben Ludwig held on to Jean Eyer with one hand and her bag with the other while they walked out.

On the other end of the corridor, Edgar Royden had just finished his meeting. He watched their figures from afar as he talked on the phone to someone from his company. It was as if there was something stuck in his chest.

Ben Ludwig held on to Jean Eyer and berated her. "Your alcohol tolerance didn't use to be this bad. You can't drink so much even if you're happy today!"

Pfft.

Jean Eyer patted his shoulder while laughing and opened her eyes. She stuck out her tongue playfully. "I was just joking!"

"What!"

Ben Ludwig swung his arms. "Do you know how heavy you are? My arms are about to break from holding on to you."

Jean Eyer took her bag. "I can't help it, I'm too tired today. I was afraid to be a killjoy if I were to tell them that I wanted to leave first, I'm sorry."

She grinned and flashed a harmless, innocent smile.

She wouldn't tell Ben Ludwig that she overheard the conversation between him and Edgar Royden on her way back from the washroom.

She smiled to hide how she really felt.

How could she let Ben Ludwig get hurt because of her? As for what Edgar Royden said about her, no harm, no foul.

Someone who could destroy her family like that was heartless.

"Wait for me here, I'll drive over." said Ben Ludwig. He threw his jacket over Jean Eyer's shoulder and ran quickly to the parking lot.

Jean Eyer shivered in the night wind and wrapped the jacket little tight around her.

As she watched Ben Ludwig leave, she saw another car with the car plate 4411 drive over at the same time.

This was Edgar Royden's private car. He would usually use this car when he was driving.

Jean Eyer looked away subconsciously. She didn't want to see him.

But for some reason, Edgar Royden stopped in front of her and rolled down the windows. "Get in."

Even a few steps away, Jean Eyer was startled for a bit. "I think you have the wrong person."

The man's hand that was gripping the steering wheel tightened for a second. He turned his head, and his eyes were frost. "I would recognize your face even if it turned to ash. Get in the car."

His gaze traveled to the jacket around her and became even more impatient.

Jean Eyer looked left and right. "You can't be trying to talk to me in private to ask for the prize money back! If you want to do something that's so out of the question, I'll definitely get the paparazzi to expose you."

How crude and vulgar.

The first thing out of her mouth was about money.

Edgar Royden stared at her face and said, "How are you so coarse nowadays, Jean Eyer?"

Jean Eyer couldn't help but laugh. "Mr. Royden, you might not understand what I'm going through these days. The fact that I'm not stealing or robbing is great. Also, I just want to remind you that there's nothing we have to say to each other."

Another car pulled up behind the black car. Ben Ludwig honked his horn. Jean Eyer swept past the window of Edgar Royden and opened Ben Ludwig's car door.

Both of them even smiled at each other. That scene was firmly planted onto Edgar Royden's rearview mirror.

The man turned his head and watched as Ben Ludwig stepped on the gas and sped off from his side.

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Constant Entanglement

"Jean Eyer, whose car is that?" Ben Ludwig asked with a furrowed brow, but he already had an answer in his heart.

"Edgar Royden."

Jean Eyer had a slight headache, so she rolled down the window. She wanted to feel the breeze to wake her up a little.

“Oh.”

Ben Ludwig laughed coldly with a slight sneer. “In the past, I didn’t know that Edgar Royden had such a hateful personality.”

Jean Eyer looked over with raised brows. She rarely heard Ben Ludwig make such remarks. “Why is that?”

“He’s been following us since two blocks ago,” said Ben Ludwig emotionlessly as he stepped on the accelerator. With his strength as a racer on top of the performance of his car, he whooshed out of the junction easily.

But Edgar Royden’s car was still behind them, following them closely.

Jean Eyer was stunned.

Edgar Royden would speed just to chase after her?

“Is he crazy?”

Ben Ludwig wrinkled his brows. He reached out his hand, pointing at the sign to a hotel ahead, and said, “Jean Eyer, I know you don’t want to involve me, but I’ll help you out today.”

“Huh?”

Jean Eyer didn’t have time to react. She saw Ben Ludwig make a left turn into the underground parking lot of Lyons Hotel.

Ben Ludwig yanked the car door open and dragged Jean Eyer inside the hotel.

“Didn’t he want to follow us? He can continue to do so. Let’s see if he dares come in.” Ben Ludwig furrowed his brow and suddenly said in Jean Eyer’s ears, “Aren’t you curious to find out why he keeps following us?”

“Not really.”

“Come on, let’s head up.”

The corner of Ben Ludwig’s lips moved as he caught a glimpse of Edgar Royden’s car driving in. The elevator had just arrived, so he and Jean Eyer stepped in together.

In order to let Edgar Royden catch up, he didn’t press any buttons.

The elevator doors opened promptly. In an instant, he turned his back and stood in front of Jean Eyer.

With one hand, he held Jean Eyer's head, and with the other he took the bag in her hands.

From the outside of the elevator, this action was especially intimate. It looked like Jean Eyer was in Ben Ludwig's arms.

Jean Eyer raised her eyes slightly and saw Edgar Royden's frosty eyes over Ben Ludwig's shoulder.

She wrinkled her brow and shrunk backwards. She made eye contact with Ben Ludwig signaling him. You don't have to do this.

But Ben Ludwig reached out to ruffle her hair. "We were rushing just now. We forgot to press the buttons."

Edgar Royden took a step into the elevator with a frosty, heavy face.

Ben Ludwig turned to the side and said brazenly, "We meet again, Mr. Royden. I can't believe we're meeting three times in a day? I think Mr. Royden isn't as busy as rumors say he is."

Jean Eyer's eyes grew a little colder.

Ding.

The elevator reached the hotel. Ben Ludwig dragged Jean Eyer towards the doors.

But her other wrist was pulled back the moment she moved.

She turned around in surprise to see the chilly face of Edgar Royden, but he directed his question to Ben Ludwig. "What are you going to do?"

Ben Ludwig scoffed. "Mr. Royden, this is a hotel. What do you think a man and a woman come to a hotel for?"

Jean Eyer was left speechless.

Before she could say anything, Ben Ludwig said with emphasis, "Can't we get a room? You own half the businesses in this town but even then, it's no business of yours which woman I sleep with, right?"

Jean Eyer was struck with silence once again.

Ben Ludwig rolled his eyes at Edgar Royden and just put his arms around Jean Eyer's shoulders. He led her out of the elevator forcibly.

Jean Eyer struggled for a bit before Ben Ludwig whispered into her ear, "Work with me, he's looking."

Jean Eyer immediately stopped her struggle and let herself be held by him.

The scent of alcohol on Jean Eyer's body was still left in the elevator. Edgar Royden stared as Ben Ludwig pulled her away. How intimate, how unpleasant.

He frowned. Suddenly, he felt that his heart was in a mess. He took a big stride back into the elevator and went to the hotel lobby to get a room.

Coincidentally, his room was right next to Ben Ludwig and Jean Eyer's room.

Edgar Royden was holding the key card with such force that his knuckles cracked.

They were in a king-sized room.

What rejected confession!

She was clearly playing hard to get and taking that Ludwig boy for a ride.

Edgar Royden walked into his room and ripped off his tie. The more he looked at the king-sized room, the worse he felt.

He couldn't suppress the pent-up rage in his chest, and for the first time, he had thoughts of regret.

He shouldn't have followed them on the spur of the moment.

At the same time, in the next room, Ben Ludwig was speaking on the phone to Sonny Kalzarc to ensure everyone in the team was safely home, while Jean Eyer was charging her cellphone and deleting debt collection text messages.

All she could think of was what her next step should be.

Due to the investment from the Royden Group, the prize money had doubled. However, once the money arrived, it had to be divided equally among the team. What she could get was around one hundred thousand.

She still needed to rent an average place.

And that debt collection company.

“What are you thinking of? If you want to drink more wine, I can’t let you do that.” Ben Ludwig joked as he turned around to see her frowning.

Jean Eyer was tickled by this. With one hand supporting her chin, she asked, “Could you do me a favor and help me check out this company?”

“Opulence Financial?” Ben Ludwig noted the name down before giving Jean Eyer a cup of water. “Sure, I’ll get an answer to you by tomorrow.”

“Thank you.”

Seeing that her cellphone was almost fully charged, she unplugged the wire and got ready to leave.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going home. I mean, am I supposed to stay here?” She looked at the double bed behind her and the warm, romantic jacuzzi inside.

The room was well set up and had an air of romance around them.

Ben Ludwig scratched his head. “I only told reception to get us a special room like this just to aggravate Edgar Royden on your behalf. I’m not that kind of person, please don’t misunderstand.”

Jean Eyer blinked at him. “You’re thinking too much. I’m just afraid that you’d snore in your sleep and disturb me.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll sleep on the couch like a cat,” chuckled Ben Ludwig. He grabbed a comforter and went to the couch at the side. As he was arranging it, he said, “Edgar Royden hadn’t left when we went in the elevator. He might still be wandering around in the corridor. Since we’re putting on a show, let’s put on a good one. Otherwise, it’ll all be for nothing.”

This made sense to Jean Eyer.

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 37

Chapter 37 What You Feel Towards Me Is Not Hate

Jean Eyer frowned as she looked at the closed door of the room. She mumbled to herself, “He won’t be so silly. He has no reason to do so, I am no one to him anymore.”

Ben Ludwig looked down and said in a dull tone, “Jean Eyer, if he’s really waiting for you outside, wanting to reunite with you...”

Smack. Jean Eyer threw a pillow which landed on Ben Ludwig's back. "I think you've been watching too much television." Jean Eyer shrugged it off before washing up and lying on the bed.

It flashed through her mind how Edgar Royden looked at her today. Something seemed different. But in the next moment, Jean Eyer pushed away those weird thoughts.

Edgar Royden was either being calculative with her or he couldn't bear to see his ex-wife living well. Men and their d@mn possessiveness.

That was all that was happening. Ben Ludwig washed his hair, and when he came out from the shower, Jean Eyer was fast asleep, wrapped up in the comforter.

Even her soft snores could be heard in the room. Ben Ludwig laughed self-deprecatingly and dimmed the lights. "You really don't see me as a man, huh."

She trusted him so much? She didn't even take any precautions. He looked at Jean Eyer for quite some time before closing his eyes and going to sleep. It was the wee hours of the morning.

Jean Eyer woke up from her dream in shock. She had another dream about the day the Eyer Group went bankrupt, when Edgar Royden destroyed the Eyer family.

Her hands were shaking. She got off the bed with her bare feet and drank two big glasses of water before feeling slightly better. She looked at the time again. It was fifteen minutes past two.

Jean Eyer didn't feel sleepy at all. For the past year or so, she lived like that almost daily, being tormented by nightmares. She looked at Ben Ludwig, who was still sleeping soundly, before opening the door and walking out gently.

She thought she'd feel the breeze in the lobby and drink some coffee, but she never expected to bump into someone who wasn't sleeping as well.

Jean Eyer slowed her steps down. Edgar Royden was standing at the window edge of the corridor, looking as if he was speaking to business partners on the phone. He was speaking in a foreign language while his gaze was fixed firmly and steadily at the night before him.

The silhouette of his face was reflected on the glass. He was in a sharp, neat suit which would make any woman go crazy.

Jean Eyer used to be like that in the past. She used to go crazy over him.

She quietly moved her eyes away and stepped in front of the vending machine before pressing some buttons to get a cup of iced coffee.

She then sat down naturally and picked up a magazine to flip through.

As for Edgar Royden, she just treated him like air.

The man had noticed her much earlier. His eyes gradually changed, and he said into the phone, "Alright, after we meet tomorrow, I'll speak with Mr. Williams."

He hung up after that.

He didn't go back to his room but walked towards Jean Eyer.

"You..."

Before he could say a word, Jean Eyer tossed the empty container onto the desk. "You can rest assured, Mr. Royden, I didn't hear a word you said. I won't say a word either."

Jean Eyer got up. Rather than be at the same place with Edgar Royden, she'd much rather go back and space out while lying on the bed.

At this time, the room door opposite them opened.

A beautiful woman with a sexy figure clad in only a silk nightgown walked out from the room.

The crystal white face had a mouth that was tempting, whether in a smile or a frown. Her hair was still dripping with water, and it was obvious she just took a shower.

Three of them were surprised simultaneously.

"Jean... Jean Eyer?"

"...Gigi Reece?"