

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 53

### Chapter 53 The First Out of Line

The interns around them all turned to look at Jean with sympathy in their eyes. "There's only five minutes left, she wouldn't have enough time to draw another one."

"This is the first time for us interns to show ourselves. I heard some of the chief designers will be coming to judge our designs. Jean's done for sure."

"Jean, how about you use mine?!" Ally looked at Jean with her big eyes, sincerely passing her design over, "Although it isn't as good as yours. Take this note too."

"Are you sure?" Jean glanced at her. "Yeah, I want you to achieve your goals. That way, Ben will be happy too." Her smile seemed sincere. In that moment, Jean understood, too bad for Ally, she wasn't born yesterday.

"It's okay, I don't need it," Jean rejected.

"Are you worried that I will tell on you? Don't worry, I won't." Ally continued to reassure Jean.

However, a mischievous smile continued to hang in Jean's mouth. "I'm sure you won't tell. But, do you think the people here will stay quiet if I do get a placing with your design?"

Ally was stumped and did not say anything else.

Jean walked over to Ally and whispered into her ear, "Ally, you're not gullible and innocent, and I'm not an idiot. I heard you and Brittany talking in the bathroom. Also, I will stay in MON & Co., don't you dare stand in my way, or I will send you home crying. Did Ben not tell you, I'm not afraid of anyone." Finishing what she had to say, she continued to walk to her seat and sat down, her face a picture of calmness, as though nothing was wrong.

Ally stood speechless with her eyes open and nails biting into her palm.

Anna pushed open the door and behind her were two out of four of the chief designers at MON & Co., Hansen Young and Monica Weller.

"Put your designs on the table, the chief designers will have a look."

The moment Monica walked in, she looked at Jean. She had just been on a call with Miles; Jean must do well in today's competition, as Edgar had said that she needed to be at fashion week. However, her design was just too bad. No matter how hard Monica thought, there was no way she could manipulate the situation. She tried to catch Jean's

eye, but Jean was not looking at her at all. She just sat there with her ruined design in front of her.

Hansen and Monica, along with their staff, walked around to look at the interns' work. Every design caused them to either laugh or shook their head because the designs were too immature. Although some had a little creativity, it was too unrealistic and could not be done with present-day techniques.

They came to Ally's design. Hansen immediately smiled at him, "Not bad, it follows the theme, and seems doable." This was the highest praise from the whole judging.

"Thank you, Mr. Young." Ally replied shyly.

Hansen walked over to Jean to see her black-covered design. "Is this your design?"

Jean nodded, and tore off the top layer. All the other interns gathered around to have a look.

"How..."

The piece of ruined design had turned into a radiant piece of art!

On the piece of paper was a set of accessories. The main jewelry was a ruby necklace, gold rattan surrounded the gemstone, and it made it look noble and elegant. It was paired with a pair of star-shaped earrings. Looking at this set, it made people think that it was only befitting of a goddess.

It was luxurious and was similar yet not too identical to MON & Co.'s design concepts.

"This is, a ruby necklace? It's not bad, but I think it's pretty ordinary." Hansen muttered.

"How about you take a closer look, it's obviously an obsidian necklace." Monica snickered.

"Nah, her theme is 'red'!"

With that theme, typically, people would think of using a ruby or an onyx as their centerpiece, and then use other gems as supporting pieces. Jean, on the other hand, did the opposite, choosing a dark obsidian as her centerpiece.

"You'll be eliminated if it doesn't follow the theme." Anna said coldly with a raised eyebrow.

Jean lifted her hand and swiped against the paper, giving herself a deep paper cut. She then flicked her finger onto the obsidian on her paper. Very quickly, the red from her

blood and the black on the paper merged together, giving the once ordinary design a mysterious beauty.

“The enchanting flower of vengeance.” Jean looked at her design, “This is the name of this necklace. I decided to use an obsidian as the base and embed a ruby into it. The ruby had to be light to let the darkness shine through, otherwise, it would just look unrefined.”

“You’ve even thought about the cutting and embedment?” Hansen was stunned and pondered for a moment before he continued, “Well, then there’s nothing else to say. Jean’s design definitely has potential to be in the next season!”

“WHAT?!” It stunned the whole crowd.

“No way, the company’s going to use an intern’s design?”

“Well, her concept does have meaning to it. If it were me, I reckon I would have just designed a rose, and that would be too old-fashioned.”

Everyone else was excited as they hoped to get the last two places. Only Jean was lost in her thoughts as she looked at her design. Not too long later, all three names were decided; Jean Eyer, Ally Sans, and Sally Lance.

Monica turned around and saw that Jean still did not join in with the others. She took her phone out, texted Miles, and then left quickly.

Things were starting to get interesting.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 54**

### **Chapter 54 Let Him Die**

After the names had been decided, Jean took her bag and left the venue. Some interns asked her, “Jean, which office do you work at? We’ve never seen you in the building.” Jean stopped for a moment and said, “I’ll go wherever I’m needed.”

Her work these few days had just been odd jobs. Monica even had her go to the markets to buy shoe insoles, but no matter what kind of jobs they gave her, Jean would always do her best without complaints.

The interns misunderstood her words and envied her, “If only we could follow Ms. Weller. She’s so pretty, so all those rumors about her must be because people are jealous of her and just want to frame her.”

The corner of Jean’s mouth twitched. She was not sure of that, but she was sure that Monica Weller was an alcoholic.

“Jean, wait, I need to talk to you.” Ally chased after Jean and pulled on her bag, “You were mistaken, I didn’t mean anything just now with Brittany.” The more she tried to explain, the softer her voice got. She looked up with red eyes and looked aggrieved.

“Let go.” Jean said, annoyed.

“Jean, it was really a misunderstanding.”

“Don’t pretend like you didn’t mean it. I know you’re just scared that I’ll talk bad to Ben about you.” Jean put her hands into her pockets and stared at Ally. As Jean saw the panic in her eyes, her smile deepened, “I don’t have time to play your childish games. Just stay away from me.” She turned around and left, leaving Ally in her dust.

Brittany came up from behind, “Ms. Sans, I’m sorry...”

‘Smack’

Ally’s eyes immediately turned fierce, completely different from her meek character from before.

“Are you seriously apologizing? If it weren’t because I saw a little use in you, you wouldn’t even be worthy of wiping the dirt on my shoes. Go away, I don’t want to see you.” Ally strongly pushed Brittany away. She then took the elevator to one of the offices on the top floor.

She never thought that Jean would be so difficult. If she had known, she wouldn’t have wasted energy to come to MON & Co. But since she was out in the open, she couldn’t lose.

Ally pushed the door to Hansen Young’s office. “Hansen, you acted pretty well just then.” She smiled at him.

Ally had known Hansen for a while, and what more, her family had shares in this company. She only had to speak up to get a job at this company. She had wanted Jean to owe her a favor, and with that favor make her stay away from Ben. Now, she knew she couldn’t do that anymore. So, she could only get rid of her and never let her come back.

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The next day, Jean left for the airport after packing some things. Ally and Sally were already there when she arrived, though the two did not look close. When Sally saw Jean, she greeted her first, leaving Ally to stand awkwardly at the side.

“Dear passengers, the flight to Sacrelo will soon depart, please make your way to the boarding gate.”

Jean pulled her suitcase as she looked for her seat.

“Ms. Eyer?” someone called out to Jean.

Jean turned around and saw Miles sitting across the aisle from her.

If he was here, that meant...

Jean furrowed her brows and looked toward the business class section. Sure enough, she could see a wrist decked in a high-end brand watch with diamonds on it.

That must be Edgar Royden. The world is too small. Why is my seat so close to business class?

After a slight debate with herself, she walked over.

“Are you attending fashion week too?”

Miles was probably asking as a conversation starter, so she just gave a noise of affirmation.

She sat down, put on her eye mask, and ignored everyone.

She had been to Sacrelo. She had gone with Edgar for their honeymoon. It had been because Edgar had business in Sacrelo, so they had decided to have their honeymoon there. In the end, they had only had one meal together and hastily left. She had wondered if she was not being understanding enough; that even though she knew he was busy, she still pushed for a honeymoon.

However, thinking back, he probably wasn't busy and just did not want to spend time with her.

But now, he's going to fashion week with Gigi Reece?

Jean gave a cold smirk; she must have been laughable in Edgar's eyes.

This flight was seven hours long, and they would only arrive at nine local time. Jean decided to spend the flight sleeping.

“Dear passenger, we will be going through some turbulence, please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts.”

Jean took down her eye mask and made sure that her seatbelt was tightly fastened. She turned to her side and realized that Edgar was sitting in Miles' seat! His eyes were tightly shut and he looked in pain.

Right, he gets motion sickness.

Jean had realized before that he would get sick every time they got on a plane. So, she always had meds with her. After carrying it for so many years, it was a habit. She reached into her pocket and grabbed the meds but hesitated when she glanced at Edgar once again.

The plane continued to shake.

Edgar's eyes were still tightly shut and his face was deathly pale. As she looked at him again, she suddenly remembered that if his condition worsened, he could faint or, even worse, go into shock.

If she let him die, she would be avenging her father and her whole family.

Jean's eyes dimmed as she continued to look at Edgar.

"Dear passenger, please stay in your seats."

Miles must have gone to grab some medicine and couldn't come back because of the turbulence.

Edgar's head was against the headrest, and beads of sweat flowed from his forehead. He felt like his heart was about to burst. His brows were joined in a line, and his joints were stiff. If this went on, he would surely...

Suddenly, he felt an icy sensation on his forehead. It was as if the hand had mysterious powers and could soothe the ache in his head. He popped a pill into his mouth, and as he was on the verge of fainting, he swallowed it directly.

"Who is it?" he rasped. He struggled to open his eyes and only saw a blurry figure that resembled Jean leaving his side. He reached out to grab her but only grabbed onto air.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 55**

### **Chapter 55 The Target**

The turbulence lasted for several more minutes. Having eaten the medicine, Edgar was feeling much better. He slowly opened his eyes and realized that the passengers were all in their own seats. His line of vision landed on Jean, but she had her eye mask on and seemed to be asleep.

"Mr. Royden, I've brought your meds!" Miles hurried over but stopped sharply upon seeing Edgar's condition, "You're fine?"

The medicine prescribed to Edgar was not uncommon and could be found in many drug stores, but it was an uncommon drug to be brought around. Edgar grunted in admittance and glanced at Jean once again, as if scanning her.

“Edgar!” Gigi Reece rushed over from business class and grabbed onto his arm, “Are you not feeling well? I’ll get you...”

Edgar’s expression was cold and calculative; he knew that Jean’s act would have an effect on Royden Group, but by accepting Perles’ invitation and attending fashion week with Gigi, he could hopefully use the publicity to cover up this episode. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be on this flight.

“Edgar, how about we go to the front? It’s really narrow and uncomfortable here.”

Edgar raised an eyebrow, “I’m pretty comfortable here, you can go to business class yourself.”

Edgar’s words humiliated Gigi, and she felt awkward among the passengers, but she couldn’t stay there as they were no spare seats. She gently bit onto her lip and quietly said, “Alright, I’ll go to the front then. The baby will be more comfortable there.” She was hoping that Edgar would change his mind after that, but all that awaited her were his closed lids. She frowned and left.

“What about me, Mr Royden?” Miles was slightly troubled about what to do.

“Go sit in the front, I’m a little tired and want to rest.” His voice did sound tired, and he did not want to deal with Gigi.

“Understood, sir.” Miles left him a blanket and went to the front.

Edgar remembered that when his parents died and he had to take up the business, everywhere he went he would be scorned. What was the difference between business and economy? Was there a difference between people? He suddenly remembered something Jean had told him.

‘Edgar, you should take care of your body, you can earn money later.’

His eyes suddenly opened, and they were cold and focused.

If only she wasn’t Gary Eyer’s daughter, things would be different!

Edgar’s eyebrows twitched out of frustration from that thought. He turned over to look at Jean’s seat to find it empty but then heard sounds of an argument from the washroom behind him.

Ally had spilled her cup of coffee on Jean when walking past her.

"I'm sorry, Jean. I didn't mean it, it's just too narrow here."

Jean nodded and tried to clean up the mess on her clothes.

"Jean, how about you wear my clothes? I've got some in my suitcase here." Ally offered, seemingly sincerely.

Jean and Ally had totally different fashion styles. If Jean were to wear Ally's clothing, she would look childish. Jean gave her a cold sweep and turned off the water tap.

"Jean, why do you look at me like that? I really didn't mean to!" Ally said with pursed lips.

"Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me. Just because I'm being nice to you because of Ben, do you really think I won't fight you? It is rather narrow here, but you came toward me."

"I...I really did not!"

Several MON & Co. staff came over.

"What's the matter?"

"Jean, why fight over such a small matter? It's just a cup of coffee, just go and change."

"Yeah, you're here to assist the designers, not to walk the red carpet. Don't fool yourselves."

Jean glared at them, anger in her eyes. The aura she gave off felt crushing to them

One of the staff went over to Ally, "Let's go. Don't bother her."

They all knew about Jean's previous conviction; things might get out of hand if she was to get mad. Once again, Jean had become the target of others.

Jean gave a scoff, "Why does the one at fault feel more wronged than me?"

"What more do you want? Ally has already apologized to you. What else? Do you want her to wash your clothes too?"

"I don't mind that," Jean said indifferently, her gaze landing on Ally, "did your parents teach you to hide behind others when sh\*t hits the fan?"

Someone started to ponder upon hearing Jean.



Ally took the window seat that was supposed to be Jean's, and now... Once might be a coincidence, but a second and third time is pretty unbelievable.

Ally felt her support in the crowd shifting. A look of cruelty fled across her eyes. Once she raised her head again, it shimmered with unshed tears, "Jean, I really didn't mean to. How could you say it was deliberate? Did anyone see?"

"I saw it." A commanding voice answered, and Edgar Royden walked over to them.

"Mr. Royden!"

The staff there immediately turned quiet. Royden Group and MON & Co. were in collaboration, and what more, this was Edgar Royden in front of them. They looked at him with awe in their eyes.

When did he come?

Jean looked at him with dissatisfaction.

With the type of relationship we have, will he really help me?

Ally was stunned as she chewed on her lip. "That's impossible! You were sitting in front, and there was no one here just now!"

Jean and Edgar met each other's gaze. He then brazenly replied, "I was searching for my ex-wife after she had been gone for a while. I didn't expect myself to chance upon such a show."

Jean felt very uncomfortable under Edgar's cold gaze. Although he shut everyone up with that explanation, she knew that he meant something else. She had ruined his and Royden Group's reputation in public. Would he really not hold a grudge and help her? Definitely not.

Not only was Jean thinking this, the other people around them had their own speculations as well.

Maybe the rumors are true. Maybe Edgar Royden wants to remarry Jean Eyer!

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 56**

### **Chapter 56 Unavoidable**

Since Edgar had already said so, the staff exchanged glances with each other before saying, "Don't do it again, Ally." With that, they went back to their seats without pursuing the matter any further,

Meanwhile, Ally mumbled an apology before going back to her seat. Jean stood at the same spot for a long time. Looking at Edgar, she asked, "Why?"

"I don't like to owe anyone a favor, including you." He was referring to how she fed him the medicine when he was feeling awful just now.

Even though she did a good job of hiding her identity, he still came to know about that, because no one except her would do that. How sarcastic! I shouldn't have taken pity on him, and just let him die!

A frown appeared on her face with that thought in mind. "I don't understand what you're saying." With that, she tried to walk past him.

However, the airplane made a sudden jerk, making her fall backward.

The person who was the closest to her was Edgar, and she could very well hold onto him instinctively to avoid landing on the ground, but she frowned obstinately and refused to ask for his help.

When she was about to fall to the ground, he pulled her up with a darkened expression on his face.

"You would rather fall to the ground than ask for my help?"

She gritted her teeth before replying, "I wouldn't dare to give you so much trouble, Mr. Royden. Plus, it's not advisable for us to touch each other."

She shoved him away and walked back to her seat. Then, she put on an eye mask and fell asleep.

When she woke up, the plane was already preparing to land.

When she took off her eye mask, she noticed that Miles had returned to the economy cabin. That guy is most probably consoling his fiancée in front.

She shook her head to clear the thoughts. Then, she packed her stuff and prepared to get off the plane.

Since everyone had taken their leave one after another, when she reached the exit, no one was left in the business cabin. However, a slight fragrance still lingered in the air.

Sure enough, the environment is very different.

Looking at one of the spots, she told herself firmly, "Jean, you will return to your world one day."

Summer in Sacrelo was very hot, so the air-conditioning was on full blast in the mall. Nevertheless, the locals were lightly dressed. Jean took off her stained jacket, revealing a beige vest. Matched with a pair of jeans, she looked rather cool indeed.

On top of that, she had a great figure, so she stood out among the crowd, as if she were a celebrity.

At this moment, Gigi returned from the washroom, wearing a Bolivia-style dress. She twisted her hips sexily when she walked, as though she were a butterfly.

Though she was pretty, she exuded cheap vibes.

“Edgar, I want some ice-cream,” she said coquettishly as she held onto Edgar’s arm.

“You’re pregnant,” he replied coldly, silencing her.

Upon hearing that, she hung her head without any reply.

Then, they left the airport in a posh, business-like car.

Compared to them, Jean had to take a taxi to the hotel. Since the hotel had been arranged beforehand, everyone stayed at the same place – Hotel Havis, but they were staying on different floors.

Right behind the hotel was a private beach that was exclusive to the hotel guests.

After checking in, Jean went to her room with the access card in her hands.

Based on the schedule, they were free to do anything they wanted from now until evening. All she wanted at this moment was a good nap.

Meanwhile, at the hotel lobby, Ally had been eyeing Gigi, who was on her phone. As soon as Edgar was not around, she immediately went to speak to Gigi.

“Ms. Reece, can I have a few words with you?”

The Sans family were more well-educated than the Reece family.

Since young, Ally had received top-class international education, and she seemed rather elegant and poised. Gigi could not even dream about joining her socialite circle.

“Do take a seat, Ms. Sans.” She straightened her back. “What’s up?”

“I’m just an outsider, so I don’t really understand what’s going on. However, now that you are pregnant, I don’t think you should be in the dark.”

With a frown on her face, Gigi listened to what she was about to say next.

“Jean deliberately tripped in the plane just now to get into Mr. Royden’s arms. It seems like she has some romantic interest toward him.” With that, Ally sighed. “I’m her friend, but I don’t want to see her ruining another person’s relationship.”

How dare she do that! A murderous look flitted across Gigi’s eyes. Winnie is right! I should get rid of anyone who tries to ruin my wedding!

When Edgar returned from the washroom, Miles had already completed the check-in for them. “Mr. Royden, you are staying on the 15th floor with Ms. Reece, while I’ll be on the 8th floor.”

“Thanks,” he said as he took the access cards from him.

Meanwhile, Gigi scooted closer to him and asked, “What about Jean? Which floor is she on?”

Miles shot an instinctive look at Edgar before shaking his head. “No idea.”

“Weren’t you just next to her when you were at the counter just now? How could you not know?” Gigi mumbled to herself.

“Let’s go.” Edgar could not care less about her tantrum and started to walk into the elevator.

He did not like women who liked to gossip, yet Gigi was a talkative woman.

She rested her head on his shoulder, completely ignoring Mile’s presence. “Edgar, I’m going to try on the evening gown in the room. Come take a look at it!”

Meanwhile, Miles was facing the elevator door, trying his best to ignore them.

“I need to do some work. Why don’t you try it on yourself first?” Edgar replied coolly, as his patience was wearing out.

Nevertheless, she still did not care about the situation and pulled him into her room.

As soon as they entered the room, she clung onto him immediately.

Winnie once told her, “Men usually prioritize two things – their career and their woman. Now that Edgar has everything, I’m sure his desire for the latter is strong. Even though you are pregnant, try to get closer to him so that no one can take advantage of your situation.”

The only way for me to bind him to me is through the pendant and the baby. Now that that pendant is useless, I can only use my body and beauty to make him fall for me.

With that thought in mind, a coy smile appeared on her face. In the past, Andy would pounce on her ravenously as soon as he saw such a smile on her face.

As long as Edgar is a normal man, I'm sure he will be moved by me.

"Edgar, my belly was slightly uncomfortable just now. Would you like to touch our baby?" She turned her body around and laid her head on his chest as she drew circles on his body. "It's been a while since we last got together."

She had already done everything within her power, but Edgar merely glanced at her belly without uttering a word.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 57

### Chapter 57 I Can't Save Him

"What's wrong, Edgar?" Gigi reached out for his hand, but as soon as she touched him, she jerked back instinctively from his cold fingers.

"Nothing. You should take a rest first. I have something else to attend to." With that, Edgar prepared to walk out of the room. Behind him, Gigi plucked up her courage and asked, "Are you going to visit Jean?"

A long time ago, he once told her that he only married Jean for revenge. But why do I think that he actually likes her? A woman's intuition is indeed funny.

"I forbid you to go." She frowned at him. "She is already stained. You might not know about this, but she went to Luminance Villa again, and she drank with many men. On top of that, she even owed loan sharks a lot of money. I think she almost got thrown into the sea."

"How do you know about that?" he asked sharply, turning around to walk to her. "I clearly told you to stay out of this and take a good rest at home, yet you ignored my instructions?"

Three chances are all I'll give. I have already given her ample chances.

"T-That's not the case, Edgar. I overheard it from my friends, who told me about this casually, since you were once married to Jean." She quickly found an excuse. Worried that he would not believe her, she pretended to take her phone out. "They were my celebrity friends. You can have a look at our chat history, if you don't believe me!"

She was positive that Edgar would not look at it.

He looked at her deeply for a long time before finally saying, "Don't do this again."

Seeing that she's pregnant, I'll give her another chance, but this will be the last chance.

Thinking that he believed her excuse, she immediately smiled obediently. "Got it, Edgar. Carry on with your errands, but can we have breakfast together tomorrow?"

She was furious about this, but she knew very well she could not persuade him to stay the night anymore.

However, he merely shifted his gaze and left the room.

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After taking a few hours of nap, Jean finally woke up, feeling hungry.

She remembered that the hotel had provided a meal voucher for the bar downstairs, so she made her way down. Surprisingly, the view at the hotel was quite nice, with melodious music playing in the background.

With the sea breeze blowing gently on her face, she could finally heave a sigh of relief.

A blond man approached her and asked politely, "Excuse me, do you know how I can get here?"

She scooted closer and saw the map on his phone. Coincidentally, she had spotted this building on her way here.

"From here, you can..."

From afar, Edgar only saw her back as she chatted happily with the man at the beach.

Perhaps what Gigi said wasn't entirely false. I've seen her getting close with many men. It's only been a few hours since we arrived, yet she is so quick to flirt with another man.

He frowned in distaste.

As Miles brought a platter over, he continued to report to Edgar about their work schedule the next day.

Surprisingly, Edgar was not paying attention to him.

"Would you like to call it a day? We still need to make some changes to tomorrow's proposal with Perles."

However, Edgar's frown only lessened slightly when he saw that the man had left, and Jean was still standing at the same spot.

Leaning against the fence, she ate some food, but she had a feeling that she was being watched. Yet, when she turned around, she could not see anyone.

"Weird."

As she mulled it over, she heard a yell from the distance.

"Help! Is there anyone who knows how to swim? Someone's in the sea over there..." the person yelled loudly.

Upon hearing that, everyone in the bar went out, but she walked right to Jean. "Do you know how to swim?"

Without waiting for a reply, she pulled Jean to the sea.

Edgar tightened his hold on his coffee cup and instructed, "Go have a look, Miles."

"Yes, Mr. Royden."

Sure enough, someone seemed to be struggling in the sea in the distance.

Nonetheless, the woman who pulled Jean to the beach seemed like she wanted Jean to jump into the sea this instant.

Looking at her surroundings, Jean shook her head. "Sorry, I'm not very good at swimming either, so I can't save him. You'd better find a professional lifeguard."

"We won't be able to make it in time! If you're just going to watch, aren't you worried about karma?"

Jean frowned upon hearing that. Karma? If such a thing existed, some people would have gotten their retribution.

She shook her head and turned around to walk back to the bar.

Unexpectedly, that person did not ask for help from other people, and instead she continued to pester Jean. "You should go and save—"

Plop!

Suddenly, the woman fell into the sea, as though she had lost her footing. Fortunately, the water was not deep.

Her dress was drenched and it clung onto her body closely. Glaring at Jean, she yelled, "You are so heartless! No wonder your husband abandoned you!"

Why did she mention Edgar out of the blue? How infuriating! She frowned.

At this moment, more people gathered around them. Judging at the situation, Miles looked at the woman for a short while before turning around to walk back to the bar.

In the end, a lifeguard saved the drowning person in the sea.

However, Jean and that woman were surrounded by the crowd.

At this moment, she suddenly yelled and pointed at Jean, "She clearly knows how to swim, yet she refused to save him! As if that wasn't enough, she even pushed me into the sea. How evil!"

Jean listened to her accusations quietly without refuting. After all, they were away from the crowd just now, and no one else saw how the woman fell into the sea just now.

Hence, she was unable to explain herself.

"What?"

"How cruel! Which company is she from?"

"Let's take a picture and post it online!"

With a slight smirk on her face, Jean walked to the woman.

"What are you going to do to me? Are you going to harm me in front of so many people?" She glanced at Jean in great trepidation, not daring to meet Jean's eyes at all, for the expression in them was so vacant that something seemed off.