

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?"

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Wife Chapter 58

Chapter 58 Conspiracy Theory

Feeling guilty, the woman avoided Jean's gaze. "What are you talking about? I don't understand!" "It's okay. I won't hold it against you, but please tell the mastermind that I'm not an easy target to bully. She'll definitely be getting it from me."

It must be either Gigi or Ally. With that, Jean retracted her hands from that woman. She shot a glance toward the crowd before walking toward the hotel under the surprised gazes of the crowd.

The woman was momentarily stunned. When she returned to her senses, she quickly ran to the other end of the beach. However, not long after she started walking, several hotel employees blocked her way. "Please follow us."

"What? Let me go!" As long as I don't admit it, Jean won't have any evidence. That was what she thought, but unexpectedly, she was brought into a dark room, and she had no idea who was in front of her. "Who instructed you to do that?"

"I don't know what you are talking about!" she grumbled. At this moment, she could only see a blurred figure at the window in front of her. In the next second, the lights were suddenly switched on. Edgar looked at her coldly. "Do you not understand?"

The woman – Rebecca Clarke – gave a jolt. Of course, she knew him and Gigi. After all, she was Gigi's makeup artist. Facing Edgar's sharp gaze, she fell to her knees. "M-Mr. Royden."

She was trembling as she kneeled before him. Under such circumstances, she had no other way apart from telling him the plan. It turned out that both Gigi and Ally had given her some money to frame Jean.

As soon as Jean fell into the sea, there was no chance that she could get out alive. Since she was a foreigner in this country, she had no friends of family to turn to for help, so the police and the embassy would not even care to investigate.

It was a foolproof plan to kill her off. Upon hearing that, Edgar got up. "Jean will look for you later. You have to tell her the truth, but you must not mention about meeting me here. Got it?"

"Yes!" Rebecca nodded hastily.

With a raise of his hand, someone took her out. Staring into the dark night, he thought, I won't allow someone else to kill my prey!

...

As soon as Jean returned to the hotel, she immediately went to the lobby and inquired about the woman's identity using a simple excuse. Since experiencing the downfall of the Eyer family, she was more vigilant.

All this while, she had the feeling that her father's spirit had been protecting her.

"Miss, your friend is staying in room 309."

"Thank you."

She retracted her gaze before walking into the elevator quickly.

At this very moment, Rebecca was waiting in her room. When she heard the knocks on her door, her heart beat sped up. Edgar's predictions were right. Jean really came to look for me. Ally is not a match at all for both of them.

After Jean asked her a few questions, she followed Edgar's instructions and pretended to tell her the truth reluctantly.

"Ms. Eyer, I was blinded back then; it wasn't my intention to do so. Can you forgive me?" Rebecca asked in a low voice.

The main point was that she was just another person's pawn.

Jean nodded lightheartedly. "Sure."

"Thanks!"

"But you have to do something for me. Otherwise, I will hand over the recording of our conversation just now to Ally." With that, Jean flashed her an innocent smile, sending a chill down her spine.

Jean is even more scheming than Ally and Gigi!

"What do you want me to do?"

...

Rebecca gulped when she heard Jean's plans, feeling sorry for Gigi at the same time.

"I agree; so can you delete the recording? If Gigi knows that I betrayed her, my career would be ruined."

All this while, Gigi had not been treating her well; she often ordered Rebecca around as if the latter was her maid.

It was because of that, that she easily told Jean the truth.

"Don't worry. After the plan succeeds, I will delete the conversation." With that, Jean walked out of the room.

I don't have much time left, so I need to prepare myself. My initial plan to settle down at MON & Co. before I slowly take revenge has now changed. Since Gigi started it first, she shouldn't blame me for this. After all, her intention to kill me has completely betrayed her.

Jean had a clear goal, and she wanted it to succeed. The person Gigi cares about the most is Edgar, isn't it?

She ordered a bouquet of flowers and a piece of cake from the hotel's front desk. Then, she bought a bright red dress.

It was cheap, but the effect was astonishing.

Jean was already quite fair, but when she loosened her hair and wore that dress, it clearly revealed her collarbone and accentuated her waistline, showing her curvy figure. Then, she put on a pair of high heels before walking into the elevator.

She walked around the 15th floor where Gigi and Edgar were staying. Then, she went to the 8th floor, where Miles was staying. After making several rounds, she finally met her target when she was getting tired.

“Miles, are you going to Mr. Royden’s room?”

Miles was stunned to see her there, and he was unsure if he should get into the elevator.

“Ms. Eyer?”

Jean smiled at him. “Get in, quick. I’m heading upstairs.”

“Oh, sure.” With that, he quickly got into the elevator.

She explained, “Our designer ordered this bouquet of flowers. Don’t they look nice?”

Miles agreed with her and walked out of the elevator as soon as the door opened.

She deliberately walked closely to him. Gigi, you must be watching over Edgar’s room all the time, aren’t you?

Sure enough, as soon as Miles knocked on Edgar’s door, Gigi stuck her head out of the door.

“Jean? Why are you here?”

Jean flashed her superior acting skills, pretending to be guilty of being caught doing something she shouldn’t have done. “I-I’m just passing by.”

With that, she clutched the flowers closer to her chest and smiled at Miles. “See you around.”

He nodded out of politeness.

Glaring at her leaving figure, Gigi’s nails dug into the door.

Did Edgar ask Miles to send her the flowers and cake?

With that possibility in mind, she walked ahead of Miles as soon as he opened the door.

“Edgar, have you been working all this while?”

At this moment, he was still in a video conference. When she barged into the room, he quickly stopped her.

“Wait for a moment,” he instructed in a low voice.

However, overwhelmed by fury, Gigi ignored him and charged into the room.

“Miles, take her out.”

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 59

Chapter 59 | Threw Away Aladdin's Lamp

After working continuously for several hours, Edgar rubbed his temples. “Tell me what happened just now.” Miles thought about it before replying, “I think Ms. Reece had a misunderstanding when she saw Jean on this floor.” “Jean?”

“Yeah. She was sending flowers to one of the designers from their company, and she came out of the same elevator as me. Perhaps Ms. Reece misunderstood the situation because of that.” This was the only explanation Miles could think of.

However, Edgar let out a cold snort upon hearing that. How could there be such a coincidence? I've just helped her out, yet she played such tricks on me? What a good daughter of the Eyer family.

Edgar waved at Miles, indicating that he wanted to sort out his thoughts. Then, he looked at the documents in his hand.

We must get this S-level project. They have already rejected two of our proposals before this. It's more difficult than I thought to satisfy the Oprah Group.

Meanwhile, in the next room, Gigi took her phone out to call Rebecca. As soon as the call went through, she roared, “Where have you been? I haven't seen you since yesterday!”

“I-I think I've gotten a flu from the sea breeze. Eh-hem!” Rebecca faked a cough to hide her guilt.

Unbeknownst to Gigi, Jean was right opposite Rebecca at this moment.

On top of that, Jean had even predicted what Gigi was about to say next.

“Look for Jean now and see if she has been meeting other men, or if she has intentionally seduced another man!” Gigi did not clarify the situation.

If I don't get to the bottom of this, I won't be comfortable at all!

Rebecca's heart sank, but she recited the reply Jean taught her. "She just bit my head off because of the previous incident. Even if I ask her about that, she would never tell me."

"How incredibly stupid you are! Just tell her that you want to apologize to her, and send her some gifts. You'd better be good friends with her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ms. Reece. I—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Gigi had already hung up.

Rebecca heaved a helpless sigh. Who's stupid now?

After that, she looked at Jean who looked stunning in the red dress. Even a woman like Rebecca was mesmerized by her.

Is it because Edgar has seen too many beauties that he wants to try a more average woman. Why did he dump Jean and instead fall for a scheming and spoiled woman like Gigi?

"Ms. Eyer, you heard it yourself. What should I do next?" As the call was on loudspeaker just now, Jean heard everything clearly.

She merely smiled at Rebecca. The drama is about to unfold. I have to get a good spot for myself.

An hour later, Gigi received a call from Rebecca, who reported that Jean dressed up lavishly to meet a man.

"Really? Where's the place?" Gigi sat up immediately.

"It's at Intercontinental Hotel next door, and the time is tomorrow noon." Rebecca did everything Jean instructed.

Gigi completely believed her, and she started planning on giving Jean a hard time as soon as she hung up.

Just as she was about to head out to speak to Ally, she heard Miles' voice from the room next to hers. "Mr. Royden, I've already booked a spot at Intercontinental Hotel right next to us."

Gigi froze upon hearing that.

Is this a coincidence, or is Jean going out with Edgar?

...

Since Jean had been ostracized by her colleagues at MON & Co., she was alone. Out of boredom, she went to chill at the beach while wait for the drama the next day.

Suddenly, she heard an aged voice yelling in the distance, "Bruno!"

She turned around and saw a foreign old lady looking for something while holding a walking stick.

Jean was never a person to meddle in other people's activities, but the education she received forbade her to ignore an old lady in need of help.

Hence, she walked over and asked, "Do you need any assistance?"

"I lost my pet dog Bruno. It's a poodle of this size." The old lady sighed, looking anxious.

"Did you lose it near here? Can you tell me what it likes?"

Jean spoke slowly as she led the old lady to sit on a bench nearby so that she could recover some energy.

The old lady told her that Bruno had accompanied her for many years, and its favorite food was cow bones. Once it heard someone singing, it would dance along too.

"Take a rest here, madam. I'll think of something."

"Thank you!" the old lady replied gratefully.

Ten minutes later, a figure appeared on the beach, singing and dancing with a bone in her hands.

"Is she out of her mind?"

"I remember that she's Jean, an intern from MON & Co. Did she go crazy after her ex-husband dumped her?"

"Who knows? It's a waste, seeing how young she is."

Jean ignored their comments and focused on finding Bruno. Finally, she found it in some nearby bushes, but its leg was injured.

She spent a lot of effort to bring it out of the bushes. When she finally succeeded, her face was full of mud.

Unaware of that, she quickly brought Bruno back to the old lady.

When she reached the old lady, there were several smartly dressed men in suits around her. They were middle-aged, but it was apparent that their ages were different.

They are probably her family.

“Bruno! Thank you so much!” The old lady was so touched that tears flowed down her cheeks.

As soon as Bruno saw her, it ran toward her excitedly and leaped into her arms.

“There’s a small wound on its leg, but it doesn’t seem serious. I’ll take my leave first.” Jean smiled.

“Wait.”

One of the men who looked older than the rest called out to her. “Thanks for helping my mother out. To repay your help, you can tell me anything you want.”

Jean was momentarily stunned after turning around.

People really take promises lightly nowadays. If I asked for hundreds of thousands, would they agree?

With a pure heart, she shook her head. “There are many priceless things in this world. If I set a price, it would be an insult to Bruno.” As well as an insult to the old lady’s feelings.

Then, she waved to them and left decisively.

However, she regretted her decision as soon as she entered the hotel lobby.

The hotel manager brought all his employees to the beach. “Those few people are from the Oprah family. We must find Old Mrs. Oprah’s dog!”

The Oprah family?

Jean wanted to slap herself after hearing that.

Let alone hundreds of thousands, even if I asked for hundreds of millions, it would be nothing for them!

She went back to her room in disappointment. When she received a call from Ben, her voice was quite weak.

“What’s wrong? What happened?” He was anxious when he heard her odd voice.

Gritting her teeth, she thumped on her chest. "I'm an idiot. I threw away Aladdin's Lamp."

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 60

Chapter 60 Know Your Limits

Ben did not understand at all what she was referring to. "Jean, definitely let me know if there's anything I can help with. Apart from that, that day I met..."

He just heard from his mother that Ally was also an intern at MON & Co., and she was helping out at during fashion week as well. He called Jean mainly because he was worried about her.

"I'm not in the mood to discuss this. I want to go to bed." Without even waiting for his reply, she hung up the call and dived into her bed. However, she did not know that her confrontation with Rebecca at the beach had been sent back to the local news of her country.

The public relations manager from MON & Co. was very dissatisfied with Jean after seeing that. When she reported the news to the higher-ups, the reply she received was 'Don't interfere with this'.

Usually, for such cases, any intern who brought bad press to the company would be fired. I don't understand. She's abandoned by Edgar, and she's just a fallen socialite whom everyone in Yorktown looks down upon. Does she even have a chance to turn her life around? Shee frowned.

Right at this moment, Monica passed by. She took the report from her and tore it up before returning it to her.

"She is now my assistant, Luna, and she's one of the newbies that our company is planning to train. If you have so much free time, feel free to smoke a cigarette in the washroom and stop plotting against my people," she said harshly, out of annoyance.

"Yes, Ms. Weller. Please don't be mad. I'll leave right away." With that, the public relations manager quickly walked away from her.

Monica frowned at the shreds of paper on the ground before leaving.

When Jean woke up, she saw a message sent by Monica that only contained a line.

"Someone in the company has their eyes on you. Be careful."

Her spirits perked up instantly after seeing that.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Weller,” she replied.

After that exchange, she put on the red dress and went to Intercontinental Hotel.

She was unafraid of being someone’s target in MON & Co., as many people had tried to frame her behind her back. Since I’m already in the company, no one can chase me away.

Instead of hailing a cab, she walked to Intercontinental Hotel conspicuously and felt that someone was following her along the way.

Nevertheless, she smiled as she walked up the stairs. At the same time, a car stopped at the entrance. It was actually Kennedy Oprah, Mrs. Oprah’s eldest son.

When he noticed her, he waved to her amicably, and she also nodded in response.

Out of politeness, she waited for him before walking into the hotel together.

“I didn’t get a chance to get your name last time. May I have the honors?” Kennedy was mix-raced. Even though his English was not the best, it was sufficient for a conversation.

Jean knew that he was a powerful man, being the current CEO of Oprah Group.

“Hi, I’m Jean Eyer.”

From afar, Gigi wore a cap and a mask. She dressed up so beautifully to meet this man who seems rich? On top of that, he looks too old for her age.

Hence, she quietly took out her phone to take a picture of them together.

When I return to Yorktown, I’m going to send this to the media and the paparazzi. Just you wait, Jean – you will be known as the shameless b*tch by everyone in town! I’m already looking forward to that day!

Little did she know that she was slowly walking into Jean’s trap.

“I’m waiting for a friend here, so I shan’t disturb your plans any further.” She smiled at him, and quietly apologized to him in her thoughts, as he was part of her plans.

Before coming to the hotel, she had already looked into Oprah Group’s latest business direction and knew that Edgar wanted to secure a S-level project with Oprah Group.

I’m his ex-wife, so of course I should ‘help’ him.

“No problem. See you around, then.”

With that, they split ways and sat on different couches in the hotel, a table away from each other.

Gigi stood at the entrance and peeked into the restaurant. At this moment, an aloof figure appeared at the main entrance – it was Edgar with Miles, and they were heading in Jean's direction.

She quickly hid behind some ornaments as he walked into the restaurant.

In that instant, she broke down completely.

They are really having a date here! Is it because of my pregnancy that his desires are not satiated? His feelings for her must have rekindled after seeing her again, so he asked her out on a date at a nearby hotel. Her mind turned completely blank, as she lost control of herself. I can't lose to her!

She barged into the restaurant aggressively, forgetting the advice Winnie had given her.

"Why do you do this to me?" she yelled in public, just as Edgar was about to take a seat opposite to Kennedy before they proceeded to talk business.

Gigi's appearance interrupted what he was about to say, and she attracted everyone's attention.

Sitting behind them, Jean smiled. "It's starting."

Usually there wouldn't be any rude customers at such a luxurious hotel.

In that instant, many annoyed glances darted toward Gigi, but she had completely lost her cool. She charged over to Edgar and pulled his clothes. "You told me that you're working, Edgar! You lied to me!"

His face darkened instantly as he stopped her. "Go out."

"I won't!" She used all her energy to struggle against his grasp, almost falling down in the process.

Suddenly, she fell forward and spilled the tea cups on the table, stirring up the displeasure in both Kennedy and Edgar.

Meanwhile, Jean was looking at the scene with her hand under her chin. At the right timing, she asked, "Ms. Reece, aren't you pregnant? Be careful."

As soon as Gigi heard her voice, she immediately turned around. Something's wrong. Why isn't Jean at the same table as them? Did I get it wrong?

However, it was too late of a realization.

“Get out, now.” Edgar could hardly contain his anger; he could not wait to shove her away.

“Y-You’re mistaken, Edgar. I-I... I was fooled by Jean! She tricked me!” Her chest heaved up and down from the anger within her, and her face was flushed red as she mumbled, “I thought you were hooking up with her, and I didn’t expect things to turn out this way. Who is this?”

She pointed at Kennedy without any manners.

“Mr. Royden, this is?” Kennedy cleaned the stain on his suit in annoyance.

Edgar pulled Gigi behind his back immediately.

“I’m terribly sorry about this, Mr. Oprah. She is my fiancée.”

The last word was squeezed through his gritted teeth. What transpired moments before had already crossed his line. He was beyond disappointed with Gigi.

At the same time, Jean was enjoying herself behind them. With a wink, she thought, He lost his cool because of this? Edgar, you should train your patience!

Kennedy sighed regretfully. “It’s okay, and I think there’s no need to discuss the project any further.”

If this is how the CEO’s fiancée behaves, how could I have high hopes for this company?

With that, he turned around to leave, and Edgar quickly abandoned Gigi to chase after him. “Mr. Oprah—”

“I can explain.” Gigi finally comprehended the situation and quickly blocked Kennedy’s way. “I was fooled by that woman!”

Edgar held her wrist as he spat harshly, “Shut your mouth up.”

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 61

Chapter 61 Can’t Take the Challenge?

Jean met Edgar’s conflicted gaze before she explained to Kennedy, “I have some complications with both of them – he’s my ex-husband, while she’s his current fiancée.”

When Kennedy understood the relationship between the three of them, his gaze lingered at them for a second. Edgar's face darkened. No matter how much I say now, it's going to be useless. Our collaboration with Oprah Group is going to be terminated again!

While Jean chatted with Kennedy, Edgar quickly pulled Gigi aside.

"Edgar, they knew each other beforehand," Gigi mumbled as she turned around to look at them. "Why is that man so friendly to her? I bet she—"

"Go back to the hotel right now. I'll make you disappear from my sight forever if you say another word." He cut her off with a cold stare.

Tears flooded Gigi's eyes when she heard his harsh words. This was the first time she saw such detest in his eyes, but she felt sorry for herself. What have I done wrong? I just simply hate Jean, so I followed her. I didn't know such a coincidence was going to happen!

Edgar informed the driver to send her back. However, when he returned to the restaurant to salvage his partnership with Kennedy, he had already left.

Looking at his anger, Jean smiled. The drama today is very exciting indeed.

"Stop."

Edgar shoved her to the cold wall, but she remained calm.

In fact, there was even a smile on her lips. "Why? Don't you like this drama, Mr. Royden? In my opinion, the female lead played brilliantly."

"You... have been planning to land me into trouble?"

At this moment, he wanted to choke her to death. He regretted going soft on her – it gave her an opportunity to retaliate.

She blinked at him, showing no fear on her face.

"It's just a joke. Can't you take the challenge? Your fiancée plotted to kill me by drowning me." She winked.

He was aware of this, so he let her go with a heavy look in his eyes. "She doesn't have the guts to do so. Perhaps she only mentioned it by passing, but others took her words seriously."

Jean could not hold herself back anymore and snorted out laughing.

Even so, sharp pain was apparent in her eyes. “Anyway, now that Mr. Oprah won’t work with you anymore, I consider myself the winner of this round.”

Taking advantage of his preoccupation, she shoved his hand away and walked to another table to bring a piece of cake over.

“Actually, I have another goal today – to thank you for letting me join MON & Co.”

With a smile on her face, she placed the cake in front of him before leaving.

She would never tell him that it was their wedding anniversary today.

Perhaps he would never remember that.

After walking out of the door, she felt the sea breeze on her face and took a deep breath. I’ve officially started a war with him now. From now onward, I have to be constantly vigilant. Otherwise, I might not even know when he finishes me off.

When she returned to the hotel, she met Ally, who was wearing a beige dress with her hair tied in plaits. As soon as she saw Jean, she ran over to her. “Ms. Eyer, they asked us to bring the accessories for the fashion week. Should we go now?”

“Are we doing it together?”

Ally nodded with a smile. “Yeah. I already hailed a cab.”

Do we need to drive there just to take some accessories? It seems like the place is quite far away.

Jean’s eyes narrowed. “Let’s go.”

Ally smiled brightly, and she even opened the car door for Jean. “I always get motion sickness in cars, so I’ll take the front seat.”

The cab only had doors in the front of the car, and the windows were only located at the door.

Jean shot a glance at her and took something from her bag while no one was paying attention to her.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was called into Gigi’s room. As soon as she entered, Gigi gave her a piece of her mind.

“You’re an idiot! I got into deep trouble because of you! Why can’t you handle such an easy thing?” With that, she was about to throw the glass in her hand.

Following Jean's instructions, Rebecca quickly said softly, "Ms. Reece, it's my fault, but please don't be angry. It might affect the baby."

The baby?

Gigi instantly returned to her senses and mumbled, "Oh, right. I'm still pregnant."

I bet Edgar's anger will be short lived. It's also possible that he's just putting on a show in front of Mr. Oprah. As long as I follow what he said and take good care of myself, I'm sure he will marry me. As long as I whine about it, he will definitely organize the wedding.

With that thought in mind, her mood took a turn for the better.

She shot a glare at Rebecca before saying, "Keep an eye on Jean and let me know about every single action she takes."

For this fashion week, it's my first time appearing in public ever since the scandal at our wedding. I can't let Jean destroy it this time.

Rebecca quickly said, "Okay, I got it."

Then, she quietly exited the room. After she closed the door, she muttered, "Even if you are ten times better, you still can't win against Jean."

With Jean's plan successfully carried out, the collaboration between Royden and Oprah Group had completely failed.

Edgar asked Miles to contact Kennedy, but all attempts were rejected.

"Think of a way for me to meet him again within this week." With that, he loosened his neck tie. The table was full of his meeting notes from over the past few days.

For the S-grade project, he had already put in his all. As long as he had a chance to speak to Kennedy, he was confident that he could convince him.

Everything was well-prepared for this day, but Gigi ruined everything.

As soon as he recalled how she threw a tantrum in the restaurant, he felt anxious. Will that be my future wife?

Meanwhile, Miles had come to a conclusion after doing some investigation.

"Mr. Royden, Mrs. Oprah has been invited to fashion week. Perhaps Mr. Oprah might also attend." He nudged his glasses. "If you attend fashion week as Ms. Reece's partner, you might be able to meet him."

After a moment of silence, Edgar waved. "Arrange it for me."

He only wanted to see the results.

"Yes, Mr. Royden." With that, Miles was about to walk outside, but when he recalled something, he turned around again. "Mr. Royden, you asked me to keep an eye on Ms. Eyer. She seems to have encountered some troubles today."

A sharp glint flitted across Edgar's eyes as he arched one of his eyebrows.

"What is it?"

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 62

Chapter 62 Die Together

Jean sat in the car silently. She looked at her phone and glanced out of the windows several times before asking nonchalantly, "Aren't we there yet?"

Ally quickly replied, "I think we are almost there. I'm not familiar with the region around here. Let me look at the map – oh no, I forgot to bring my phone with me." "I see." Jean passed her phone over. "You can use mine."

"Can I? Can you tell me your passcode then?" Ally asked innocently. "There's no passcode at all." Jean cocked her head toward the window. "Just go ahead and use it to check our location. Let me know once we've arrived."

"Sure. Just take a good rest while I handle this." Ally smiled widely. As soon as Jean closed her eyes, she immediately unlocked the phone.

Around ten minutes later, with several stops in between, Jean mumbled, "We should almost be there, right?"

She opened her eyes after that, but she realized that only she and the driver was left in the car. Ally had disappeared with her phone and her bag.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! How was she brought up by the Sans family? So what if she's highly educated? She's still an idiot after all."

She turned around and gazed at the darkened surroundings. It was late evening now, and mist started to seep into the air around her. For a foreign traveler, it was easy for her to lose her way.

Ally must have thought that I can't speak the local language, so she took my phone away and bribed the driver and some fighters. Unfortunately, I'm Jean – I'm not an idiot like her.

“Hey, send me back,” she instructed in French, sounding like a native speaker.

As she once prepared to study abroad at this place, she had learned the language here. Unexpectedly, it came handy on this day.

The driver froze for a brief moment after hearing her voice, but he quickly swore and slammed his foot on the accelerator pedal.

This is my turf, and she is just a weak woman. What can she do to me?

Thinking about the money he was about to get, and Jean’s beautiful face and body, the driver became even more excited.

However, a second later, a cold and sharp knife was pressed against his throat. It was not just a mere threat from Jean; she slid the knife across his skin harshly.

“You’re nuts!” the driver yelled.

She gave a little smile before replying calmly, “Send me back to the hotel. You will get every cent she promised you. Otherwise, we shall both die here.”

He looked at the rearview mirror and saw her vacant, cold eyes. Then, he gulped and turned around.

“Let go—”

As soon as he opened his mouth, she pressed the blade closer to his throat. With a cold chuckle, she warned, “You’d better not play any tricks with me and drive faster. Otherwise, you might die from blood loss before even reaching the hotel.”

The driver’s fingers trembled as he forfeited his thoughts of getting away from her assault.

When they were just two turns away from the hotel, Jean asked him to call Ally. “Ask her to come out, and I’ll let you go.”

As more blood flowed from his neck, he begged her fearfully, “Can you let me go to the hospital first?”

“You’d better pray that Ally comes out soon. Once she enters the car, I’ll let you go.”

Her voice was void of warmth, as though she was not afraid that he might die in the car.

The driver closed his eyes in agony and held on until Ally entered the car. It was only then that he got a handkerchief from Jean.

“Use it to cover your wounds. You’d better not die in front of me; you would dirty my sight.”

The driver had no energy left to retaliate. Instead, he leaned against the chair. As soon as Ally got into the car, he immediately jumped out and hailed a cab to the hospital.

Since it was quite dark, Ally could not make out the figure.

“What else—” she began her question in French in annoyance.

Before she could finish speaking, she saw Jean holding the driver’s phone, and the blood on her hands.

“Aaah!”

She shrieked and stumbled out of the car, and almost got knocked by an incoming car.

Jean stuck her head out and smiled at her coldly, with a tinge of ruthlessness on her beautiful face. “A coward like you actually dared to bribe others to kill me?”

“N-No, I didn’t! You must have misunderstood the situation! Jean, I also met a bad guy just now. It took me a great deal of effort to escape from him!”

“Is that so?” Jean yawned and dragged Ally up from the ground. With every word clearly enunciated, she asked, “How come you have the mood to change into a beautiful dress then?”

Ally trembled as Jean shoved the blade that she had used to hurt the driver into Ally’s hands.

Though injured, Ally did not dare to yelp in pain. Instead, she looked at Jean with great trepidation as she broke down into tears.

“Jean, I’m sorry. I know my mistakes now. I didn’t expect things to turn out this way. I-I-I’m just envious of you and Ben’s relationship. Please forgive me just this once. I will never do it again!”

Jean blinked at her. “I don’t believe a single word from you.”

Ally shook her head in fear. “No, please believe me! How would I dare to attack you again?”

Her gaze shot to the car. In a trembling voice, she asked, “Where did the driver go?”

“I have no clue, but you can ask the nearest hospital if anyone died on the road because they had lost too much blood.” With a smile, she wiped the blood on her hands on Ally’s dress.

Then, she gave a clear warning. “I’ll let you go just this once on Ben’s behalf.”

With that, she walked into the hotel.

Even though her clothes were quite crumpled, she had already wiped the blood from her hands away.

On the other hand, Ally, who was still standing outdoors, had blood on her dress with a blade in her hands, looking as though she had been through hell.

Not long after Jean returned to her room, Anna went to knock on her door.

“What’s up?”

Anna looked at her in surprise. “Ally said she couldn’t find you, so I came here to take a look.”

“Oh, I lost my phone.” She smiled back at her. “Is there anything I can help you with?”

“We are responsible for shooting the videos for several female celebrities, and they are also staying in this hotel. Please go verify with them the jewelry type and amount. Here’s a name list.”

If it weren’t for the lack of staff, such an errand that would expose her would never land on Jean.

After taking the name list, her gaze fell on the last name.

“I’ll do my best. Thanks, Anna,” she replied with a smile.

Looking at her taking the name list into the elevator, Anna frowned. “Why do I have a foreboding premonition?”

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.

...

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.

