

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 98

### Chapter 98 The Lottery

Sally giggled and nodded, "Of course, this is all for you." The elevator doors opened, and they all walked out. Behind them were several interns.

"Wow, that's impressive. She hasn't even been a designer long, and she already has followers. Sally Lance and Kellan Lincoln have such nerves. Once someone hits it big, they will come running like a bee to honey."

"Be quiet. What if she hears you? Brittany Cook was sent home after having a misunderstanding with her."

"Must be different to have someone backing her, but she is divorced, why would her ex-husband help her?"

"We can't understand the ways of the rich."

Their voices were not inaudible; Jean, Sally, and Kellan could hear some of what they said. Kellan's face was emotionless as she said nothing. Sally, on the other hand, was spirited, "Let me go talk to them."

She was about to go over when Jean held onto her arm, "How about we go check out my office?" Jean's eyes were shining as though she had not heard a word.

"Jean..." Sally felt sorry for Jean for she knew that it was because of her hard work that she had come this far, and yet people talked bad about her. At the same time, she also respected her. There aren't many people that could have patience like Jean.

"They don't bother me. It actually makes me think that I should work harder to further the gap between me and them." Jean laughed.

The higher she goes, the colder it would be, but at least she could look down at the insignificant beings below her.

She pushed the door open, and all three were stunned by the view before them.

Jean couldn't remember the last time she had stood in a place with such a good view. The floor-to-ceiling windows were covered with beige gauze curtains, and there was a faint fragrance in the air. At that moment, she felt like she had been transported back to her old life.

Sally rushed over to the window and exclaimed, "This is great! Are all the offices for MON & Co. designers this good?"

Kellan shook his head with envy, "Mine's on the inside. All I see are buildings, not this beautiful scenery."

The two then looked over at Jean and asked at the same time, "Can we come here often?"

Jean looked over at the spacious couch and coffee table and answered as she ate her biscuits happily, "Of course, you can."

That afternoon, all the MON & Co. designers were in a meeting. Sally, who was still an intern, was not able to attend. When Jean and Kellan arrived, the room was already filled with people.

"The front row is reserved for the chief designers. The other two of the four are Ingrid Bell and Sky Wilton. They have probably just returned for next week's fashion magazine cover shoot." Kellan whispered to Jean.

"Fashion magazine?"

"Yeah, the top fashion magazine, Aveline is inviting twelve celebrities to be models. They will be shooting a special jewelry edition. They will probably have the four designers be in charge of three volumes, but they will sure need helpers." Kellan told Jean.

Jean's eyes brightened.

I do love these opportunities.

She looked through the crowd, and besides Hansen Young and Monica Weller, who she had seen before, she saw a woman dressed in a black skirt suit, who was probably Ingrid Bell, and to her side was probably Sky Wilton.

She had history with Sky. Sky and she had both trained under the same teacher back when she was applying to study abroad. It could be said that she and Sky were classmates. However, she wasn't able to go abroad, and she couldn't force their history on him. Sky had won many international awards and was now the one with the most influence and power among the four chief designers.

Someone went over and talked to them. Jean squinted at them and saw that person taking a microphone and heading to the stage.

"Everyone, settle down. We will soon be choosing twenty of you here to participate in the jewelry shoot for Aveline Magazine." Xander Quade's had a velvety voice that it caught everyone's attention, "All designers are eligible to participate."

"That's great. It would be even better if I get the chance to work under Mr. Wilton."

“I want to assist Mr. Young.”

The announcement incited everyone’s excitement. Only Jean stayed calm as Xander had not announced the most important thing. How were they going to pick those twenty people?

This wasn’t a fair circle. All the designers here had their own opinions and style; the chief designers did not need an assistant’s opinion or thoughts. They needed one that would listen. Jean was not averse to that; compared to many other people, she was quite sure of her standing. She was no longer the princess from before. Though she was calm, the people around her clamoured in excitement as if they knew they had a shot at one of those twenty places.

“Mr. Young said hi to me this morning.”

“I was in Mr. Young’s team last night, surely this year…”

The comments kept coming.

Kellan lowered his head and did not make a sound.

Jean looked at him and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Kellan gave a bitter smile, “I’ve never been chosen. I know that those chief designers are picky, so I probably won’t have a chance this time too. This isn’t an even playing field.”

Jean completely agreed with what Kellan said, but she wouldn’t give up before even trying.

Jean did not comment on that and looked back to Xander. Xander was announcing the rules. “Real simple, we’ll do it by drawing lots.”

What kind of choosing process is that? Jean’s eyebrow’s creased slightly.

When it was her turn to draw the lot, Xander was looking at her with a queer smile. Before she could think anything about it, she had drawn a piece of paper.

“Congratulations, you will be working with Mr. Wilton.” Xander loudly announced.

Jean had not expected this turnout at all. There were sounds of envious admiration from the crowd below, but she felt as though it couldn’t be real. She looked to Sky Wilton, then to Monica Weller. If she could change her fate, she would want to be with Monica.

“Go.” Monica gently pushed her.

Jean hurried over to sit behind Sky.

“You don’t seem too excited to be in my team. If you want to go to another team, I’ll help you.” There was no emotion on Sky’s face, and it was hard to tell if he was happy or sad.

Jean shook her head.

“You were my first choice.”

It sounded as though she was flirting with him.

Sky was stunned by her response and turned to look at her. When he saw the serious expression on her face, he asked, “Have we met?”

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 99**

Chapter 99 Done With It

Now it was Jean’s turn to be shocked. They had indeed met before, although that was two years ago at one of her teacher’s houses. Back then, she had not spoken to him.

“We did, two years ago, at Mr. Salvador’s house.” Jean told him truthfully, but Sky merely nodded. It seems, he doesn’t remember. Jean lowered her head and did not say another word.

There were already rumors of her entering the company with her connections. She did not want another rumor to spread. Very quickly, the selection process ended.

The team she was put into had four other MON & Co. designers. It seemed like they all knew Sky well, but that they were all afraid of him. Jean knew she was a newcomer, so she decided to observe quietly. Having not said anything, the other four quickly assigned her the heavy-duty work.

“So, you’re okay with moving the equipment at the site tomorrow, right?” Zoe Hardly ordered. Zoe wasn’t too senior in age, but she spoke with authority.

Jean gave the badge on her chest a glance.

Design section. She must know what she’s doing.

Jean nodded her head, “Got it.”

The four of them came together again and started to discuss the pieces and how to coordinate them. Very obviously, Jean had become the errand-runner.

All the other teams were in similar situations, some had split into twos and threes, and some were just doing individual work. That was the thing about designers; they were boastful and hardly yielded to others.

Jean had seen many of these kinds of people at school and was used to it. She sat quietly to the side, thinking to herself. Then, she felt a piercing gaze on her.

She looked over and saw Xander Quade.

He was talking to Sky Wilton outside in the hallway. She couldn't hear anything as the door was closed, so she looked at them through the mirror. She wrinkled her brows as she thought about his smile during the selection. She watched as they walked back to their own offices.

Once Jean pushed open the door, she saw Kellan and Sally waiting for her.

"Congratulations on being chosen, Jean!" Sally greeted excitedly. "Can I bring you food tomorrow? I want to see how a shooting goes, who knows, I might even see a celebrity!"

Jean could tell that she was sincerely happy for her.

"I'll send you the shooting location later. If there's a lunch break, I'll let you know, then you won't have to rush over."

Jean took her phone out and saw a receipt for a payment. She squinted at it.

Winnie was pretty quick, but this number isn't right.

On the other hand, Kellan was looking at Jean with eyes full of envy. "The people Mr. Wilton heads usually moves quite quickly in the industry. Maybe, you too, will soon have people working under you."

Jean sent the location to Sally and put her phone back while clearing her things to get off work. She did not even look up when she asked, "Are you jealous?"

"Of course."

"Then you shouldn't just sit around and wait for the opportunity to come. Do you think that lottery was all based on luck?" Jean said slowly and deliberately, her face calm.

Jean left Kellan speechless as she left the office.

Sally wasn't there, so she did not know what had happened. She went over to comfort Kellan, "You know how she is, don't think too much about it."

Kellan stood stumped for a bit before realization hit him, "I'm gonna go."

He quickly ran to Hansen's office. He knew he couldn't just wait around after hearing what Jean said. Those people that were selected today were all experienced designers that had power in the company. It was only Jean who was different to them. Could that really be a coincidence?

Ten minutes later, Kellan left Hansen's office, his face relieved of the nervousness from before. All the designers with power had gone off to be helpers, but there were still some product proposals to be dealt with. He had gone to Hansen's office to promote himself and had gotten a small brand's business proposal. Although it did not pay well, it would be the first project he headed. Kellan's hands were shaking as he left the office.

Sally was waiting for him by the door. "Are you okay? Were you shocked by Jean?"

"I'm okay! I'm going to bring you two out for a meal when Jean finishes her work. No, not just one meal, I'll buy you dinner all week!"

Sally could not understand why he was acting like that but laughed along, "If Jean knows she can save on a week's worth of food, she will be delighted."

On the other side, Jean was still in the company and bumped into Xander. She stopped her steps and boldly asked, "Why did you put me in Sky Wilton's team?"

She wasn't stupid. It was obvious that the other four had worked under Sky before. They worked in tandem and did not need directions. Zoe Hardly led the group, and they all listened to her without questions. She even decided on the shooting flow without consulting Sky.

It was either that the team was missing an errand runner, or that Jean was replacing someone that had been pushed out.

Either way, Jean felt like she was at the mercy of someone. It displeased her, especially since that someone was Xander Quade.

"No wonder all the professors at school liked you. You are very smart." Xander looked as though he was analyzing her with his long and narrow eyes.

"Just say it, what are you trying to achieve?" Jean was not being patient at all, and she did not want to waste her time on meaningless things.

"Since you did not accept my proposal, I could only do things my own way."

Jean raised an eyebrow and slowly stepped toward him, "You're just a teacher for the interns. Don't make me disclose your dirty tricks."

If it were to go out to the public, the higher-ups would definitely fire him. If not, those thirsty for a position would surely do something about him.

“Don’t push me, I don’t have time for your meaningless games.” Jean threatened and walked into the elevator.

She did not expect Xander to be so brazen as to stop the doors of the elevator. He squeezed into the elevator and stared at Jean. “I told you, I just want to work with you. Didn’t you enter MON & Co. so that you could return to your world and take revenge on Edgar Royden? I can help you achieve your goal in the shortest time possible. You may not trust me, but surely you can trust my family. Anything would be a hundred times better than your situation now, right? He smirked, sure that Jean would work with him.

It made her uncomfortable. She gritted her teeth, “I’ve said before; I don’t want to say it a third time.”

Xander frowned and looked at her. A sudden thought came across his mind, “Surely you don’t think that you can bring Edgar down by yourself?”

What does Jean have now? She has nothing, and even her accommodation is in the slums.

“One word from Edgar Royden brought you into MON & Co. What do you have to use against him? You can’t even seduce him with your body.”

Jean did not think twice before kicking him. The sound of a shoe hitting something sounded before an ear-piercing scream rang through. By the time people arrived to see what happened, all they could see was a pale-faced Xander Quade cowering in the corner, in so much pain that he couldn’t even stand up straight.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 100**

### **Chapter 100 Apologizing Is an Option**

Half an hour later. In the president’s office of Royden Group. Edgar had just taken care of the banned goods – he had made sure to destroy all of them, leaving no traces of evidence behind.

“Sir, the board members are unsettled, Mr. Negreanu has expressed his concerns about the wastage, and he’d like to know who is going to fill that gap?”

Edgar lowered his eyes as he started drumming his fingers on the desk. “Are we sure that Andy was responsible for the goods?”

“Mr. Shaw went overseas to get the purchase done, and the price was much lower than before.” Miles reported. Moments later, Edgar uttered with a deep voice, “That is enough.”

Miles raised his brows, waiting to hear what else Edgar had to say. Edgar remained silent for a long while, then said, “She tried to instigate a conflict within the company, hilarious.”

Edgar would never allow it. But Miles responded hesitantly, “Mr. Royden, I heard from MON & Co. that Miss Eyer beat someone up at the company.” Edgar was not sure if he should believe it, “She beat someone?”

In his eyes, Jean would never do such a thing. “Why?”

“The other person offended her by bringing up your relationship with her, and she lashed out.” Miles conveyed what he was told.

As soon as he finished his sentence, Edgar’s face turned as dark as they come.

“Take care of it, Oprah Group is sending someone over next week, I do not want them to hear anything about this.”

“Yes, Mr. Royden.”

...

Meanwhile, at MON & Co.

Jean sat firmly on the couch and refused to break her silence, no matter what Anna and Hansen asked.

“You’ve barely been promoted to designer after we made an exception for you, and now you put your hands on the intern’s instructor? What on earth do you think you’re doing? Are you out of your mind?!”

Anna gaped her eyes as she paced her room with her rather plump figure, pointing at Jean’s face disappointingly. “Look, Sky found out about it already, just you wait, your career is over.”

Hansen rubbed his temples, “Enough, it’s too late to say anything now. Xander has gone to the hospital for an injury assessment, I don’t think it’s that concerning.”

“Mr. Hansen, as you know, Xander... Is the only son of the Quade family. Who is going to be held accountable if he is seriously injured?”

When Anna heard about the news, she was quick to put the blame on Jean.

She was tired of the troubles Jean brought along – first she crossed the daughter of the Sans, and now she had physically assaulted the son of the Quades.



Hansen took on a frown.

Their conversation had been recorded in the surveillance footage.

And it was clear that Xander had been provocative throughout the exchange.

Nobody would have been able to hold themselves.

But...

He looked at Jean reluctantly, "Why don't you go to the hospital and apologize to him?"

Jean's eyes became soulless, and she no longer wanted to retaliate, "Okay."

An apology? Sure.

But nobody is to blame me if anything happens after.

She was somewhat restricted by what she could do here at MON & Co. But if it were a public space like the hospital, she would be able to do as she wished – as long as she was willing to bear the consequences.

Jean grabbed her bag and headed for the exit.

While Anna blinked a few times confusedly. "Mr. Hansen, don't you think she looked a little odd when she left? Why didn't she fight back?!"

It made no sense.

Jean had always been a troublemaker since back in the days when she had to travel a lot for work. Besides, she had such a strong personality. Why would she yield without a word today?

Anna's sixth sense told her that something was not right.

While Hansen said casually, "Although Xander is the young master of the Quades, his words were not only insulting to Jean, but also damaging to Mr. Royden's reputation. I'll leave it to you to strike the balance between the two."

It finally dawned on Anna.

"Right, you're right, we must not cross Mr. Royden!"

Besides, Jean was already on her way to the hospital to apologize to Xander. It would be wise to let the matter rest instead of making it worse.

It was simple for them – to let the past stay in the past.

Alas, it might not be so simple for the Quades.

Xander was sent for multiple injury assessments and had every part of his body looked at.

After getting the report, Mrs. Quade asked the doctor anxiously, “My son isn’t married, are you sure he is fine? Can he still have children?”

The doctor smiled helplessly, “Don’t worry ma’am, he is okay.”

But it was not enough to put Mrs. Quade’s mind to rest. When she returned to the ward, she saw Jean approaching them.

“It’s strange how thick-skinned people can be these days; how does one not allow others to speak the truth? I mean it’s clear how some women offer themselves to men like a free sample at Costco.”

Although she appeared to be talking to the air, she made sure Jean could hear every word that had left her lips.

Jean glanced at her coldly, eyes filled with apathy.

Mrs. Quade straightened her back and cleared her throat, “Look at my son’s current state, thanks to you. We will never let the matter rest until the assessment report is released.”

Meanwhile, Xander lied on the bed silently.

Jean scoffed, “Are you okay?”

The question was directed at Xander.

There was a tinge of reluctance in Xander’s normally obsidian eyes. The hefty kick from earlier hurt him so bad that at one point, he thought he might not live to see another day.

He then gritted his teeth, “So rude! It’s surprising to know that you are an Eyer!”

Putting her hands on someone?

No one would have imagined that she was born to a once-wealthy family.

No wonder her reputation was tainted. Not even the gods could redeem her, and it was no surprise that Edgar Royden had dumped her.

“Well, it’s also surprising to me that toxicity runs in the Quade family.” She uttered coolly, “You pretended to want to work with me on the surface but were only trying to use me as a steppingstone to take over the market shares of Royden Group. How could you be so despicable?”

“What about putting in the brains and efforts like everyone else? Pfft, people like you disgust me.”

Xander became green and blue in the face as his ploy was exposed.

“What now? I wasn’t born yesterday. I made it clear to you when we first met that I’ll never work with you, but you never stopped pestering me, and even transferred me to Sky’s team. Please, don’t take me as a fool, I can read you like a book.”

Jean chuckled, “Xander, this is your final warning, stay away from me, or I will turn you into a eunuch.”

‘Bang.’

As soon as she finished what she had to say, she slammed the door and left.

Miles was standing by the door throughout the exchange, and he barely managed to hide himself before Jean noticed him.

He had spoken to the doctor about the injury assessment and coincidentally overheard Jean’s words while making his way to the ward.

So, the Quades are coming for Royden Group?

Miles quickly made a call to the dean of the private hospital.

He was greeted with an obsequious voice, “Good day Miles, what can I do for you?”

“Xander Quade is staying at your hospital, isn’t he?”

“That’s right, he’s just been admitted today.” The Quades were considered one of the more reputable forces in the city, so the dean was informed about this.

But the Quades were not powerful enough for him to make his way to the hospital.

The best he could do for them was send one of his consultants to overlook the case personally.

On the other hand, Edgar Royden was on a different level!

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 101**

## Chapter 101 Easy Peasy

Royden Group was the hospital's biggest shareholder. Thus, no one could disobey him. Although the hospital director was shocked by Miles' instruction, he still nodded. "Understood! Don't worry. I will get it done now."

After Miles hung up, the hospital director rushed to the ward and made Xander Quade leave the hospital.

"How can you do this to my son? He is a VIP patient in this hospital, and he hasn't fully recovered!" Mrs. Quade shouted agitatedly.

But no matter how she scolded the hospital staff, they stood firm on their grounds. "I'm sorry. You can't stay in this hospital."

Xander changed out of his hospital gown. He had a cold expression as he pushed open the hospital's main door to leave.

On the other hand, Mrs. Quade still wanted to argue with the hospital staff. Thus, Xander grabbed hold of her and said, "Mom, don't you understand? Someone instructed them to do this."

"Who? Who dares to go against our family?" Mrs. Quade was bursting with fury. "I'll call your father now and tell him to punish that b\*tch, Jean."

Mrs. Quade saw that Jean and Ben were close at the Ludwigs' birthday banquet.

But the Ludwigs businesses were on a similar level to the Quade family.

Thus, Ben would not have enough power to go against the Quade family.

Mrs. Quade was furious as she called her husband to complain and exaggerated what had happened.

Since Xander was their only son, Mr. Quade was furious to hear what was done to Xander.

"I understand. You should bring Xander home first. Let me deal with this. I'm curious to see who this b\*stard is!"

Mr. Quade proceeded to plan how he could cause trouble in the hospital.

However, the manager of the marketing department rushed in and said, "Mr. Quade, bad news. Royden Group offered a higher price, causing a few of our business partners to jump over to Royden Group. They even paid the fine for breaching the contract."

“What?”

“They rather pay a fine for breaching the contract to distance themselves from us!”

Mr. Quade slammed his hands on the table. “Edgar, you crazy bastard! Can Royden Group afford that many supplies?”

“I heard Royden Group cleared two batches of goods from the warehouse yesterday and left us in desperate need of supply. Furthermore, they seem to target us deliberately. The business partner’s manager told me that Royden Group specifically asked for Quade Group’s supply.”

Mr. Quade felt a sudden discomfort in his chest.

He was elderly and could not bear to get too upset.

“What is their reason?”

“I asked people from Royden Group and was told it was a special order from the president.” The manager wiped the sweat from his brow before continuing, “Mr. Quade, I’m afraid we need to figure out a way soon.”

Mr. Quade sat slumped in his chair. His mind turned busily.

He suddenly recalled his conversation with his wife. “No way...”

Is Edgar willing to go through so much trouble for that woman?

“Quick, help me contact someone in Royden Group. I need to meet Edgar Royden.”

...

It took less than a day for the upper-class circle to find out that Jean had beaten up Xander.

Many people waited to see Jean being humiliated. However, they were left disappointed because the Quade family did not do anything. Instead, it was rumored that Xander took a long leave to recuperate at home.

Thus, no one dared to discuss anything concerning Jean in public.

Winnie and Gigi heard about the matter from Sam. They reacted with different expressions, but both were shocked.

“The Quade family doesn’t dare to do anything to Jean?” Gigi snorted angrily. “What a bunch of useless fools.”

Sam took a bite of his food and reminded, “You can try to ask Edgar about it. His company made drastic moves recently and took advantage of the situation to oppress the Quade family. I’m not sure whether it is a coincidence.”

“It must be a coincidence! Don’t tell me Edgar is helping Jean?” Annoyance appeared in Gigi’s usually charming demeanor.

After dinner, she rushed out of the house and traveled to Ludwig Residence. Why is Farra so slow?

Meanwhile, Winnie was helping Sam with his bath when she received a call from Jean.

She glanced at the caller ID and closed the door in a panic.

Jean’s cold voice sounded on the phone. “The sum is incorrect.”

It was supposed to be five million, but the sum Winnie transferred was missing a zero at the end.

She had only transferred five hundred thousand.

Winnie explained urgently, “Jeannie, please give me more time. I don’t have that much money. You know the situation in the Reece family, so you should know I’m not doing well here too.”

“Is that so? Didn’t you go to an international department store with Gigi yesterday?” Jean scrolled the photos on her phone.

She bought them at a cheap price from the paparazzi.

Gigi was not very popular, so the paparazzi could not be bothered to chase after her. She was only newsworthy when she was with Edgar.

Thus, Jean easily got her hands on the photos.

“I had no choice but to go. Jeannie, please give me a bit more time.” Winnie softened her voice as she feared Sam would hear her from the bathroom.

At the same time, she did not dare to ignore Jean’s call.

She feared Jean would expose her ugly past to Sam and Gigi.

After wrecking her brain, Winnie had an idea. "Please give me a month. I will pay you all the money latest by the end of one month, okay? Jeannie, please understand my situation."

Jean wanted to laugh at Winnie's words.

She rolled her eyes and replied, "That won't do, Winnie. While I understand your situation, my creditors are not so forgiving. Three days. I can only give you another three days."

Jean hung up right after saying that.

Winnie must be desperate right now. I believe she will rush to sell jewelry and gifts Sam gave her.

Let's wait a little more.

The following day, Jean went to the photo session site early. It was in a private villa on the outskirts. Aveline Magazine rented it for two months for the photo session.

Jean got ready to move the furniture in as Zoe Hadly had instructed.

However, she came to the villa to find a row of large containers. Jean couldn't move the things inside alone. Even if there were five men to help her, it would still take considerable time and energy.

"You're here by yourself?" The mover frowned. "We have told your company a long time ago that there are many things, and we don't have time to help you move them in. You figure out what to do yourself."

The movers were too busy with other tasks to help her.

Jean weighed on what the mover said and sighed. Although she managed to get rid of Xander, she could not escape the trap he dug for her.

However, before she could come up with a solution, she received a call from Zoe. Zoe ordered the instant Jean picked up the call, "The photo session is about to begin. You need to move the furniture in as soon as possible."

"But..."

Zoe hung up without waiting for Jean to speak.

Jean took a deep breath.

These people are merciless. What should I do?

Jean glanced at her surroundings and noticed a construction site nearby. She ran to it quickly.

At the same time, a few male models had gotten ready and stood waiting in the studio. Linda brought Gigi to the doorway and pleaded with Fred Lance, the assistant director.

“Please let Gigi model for the photo session too. It doesn’t matter if you decide not to use her photos in the end!” Linda pulled out a card and stuffed it into Fred’s hand.

“This... It’s not that I don’t want to help you, but Director Quince is the lead director. You must have heard how bad-tempered he is. I really can’t help you this time.” Fred shook his head.

“If there is no other way, can you let Gigi accompany the other models in the photo session? Later, I will introduce you to more of my company’s new artists to you. They are all gorgeous.” Then, Linda lowered her tone. “Furthermore, Mr. Royden might be coming here later. I believe you won’t want to anger him with such a minor matter.”

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 102**

### **Chapter 102 A Coincidence**

Edgar’s company was not involved in the entertainment industry. However, since he was in a relationship with Gigi, everyone in the entertainment industry knew not to anger him with minor matters.

Thus, Fred accepted the card Linda offered and let Gigi in. “Gigi, you must grab this chance and see whether you can trigger Edgar’s jealousy,” Linda said through gritted teeth. “If he gets jealous, it means he has feelings for you.”

Gigi sighed. She walked in and saw many half-naked male models, causing her to gulp. At the same time, she could not help but imagine how nice it would be if Edgar stood half-naked like them before her.

She was so engrossed with her imagination that she did not respond to Linda calling her name. “Gigi! Stop standing there and go change your clothes. Later, I will try to get you a bracelet or some jewelry to wear. If you pose well, they will use your footage.”

Linda kept urging Gigi. She planned to give Gigi as much exposure as possible before Gigi’s pregnancy became obvious. Since Gigi had Royden Group as her financial backer, Linda believed Gigi had a good chance of getting popular.

Gigi nodded and rushed to the changing room at the back.

However, she could be heard screaming a few seconds later.



“Argh! Perverts!”

A few workers came in with the background boards. They were not photoshoot staff but workers Jean hired to move things. Thus, they did not know the back of the villa was a changing room.

Gigi screamed and ran out of the changing room in a panic. She looked like a mess.

“What’s going on?”

Director Quince glanced at her and saw that she was a small-time actress that he did not know. Then, he frowned and shouted, “Can you model for the photo session or not?”

“Someone deal with this quickly! Who’s in charge?” Zoe’s expression turned stern, and she immediately noticed Jean at the back. “How can you let them move things in?”

“Are you expecting me to move those things myself? How can I move them alone?” Jean did not idle as the workers moved things in. She was carrying a box of props.

Zoe had expected Jean to argue back. Thus, she snorted and said, “It is a task the company assigned you. If you can’t do it, you should have informed us earlier. Now, look at the mess you’ve made and the delay you caused in the photo session. You are the only one to blame.”

Jean retorted, “You only informed me to move these few thousand pounds of things by myself five minutes ago.”

Then, she glanced at Gigi, crying profusely at the side. Why am I so unlucky?

“Jean! You arranged this, didn’t you? You deliberately got men to look at me while I’m changing! How can you stoop so low?” Gigi gritted her teeth and trembled all over.

Linda saw something. She quickly went to hug Gigi and comforted her loudly, “Gigi, don’t cry. That woman is an ungrateful scoundrel. You and your husband were kind enough to let her work in MON & Co. Yet, she did not thank you but plotted against you.”

Jean received a false accusation out of the blue before she could even say anything.

However, Gigi’s mind was not as quick as Linda’s.

She looked up in confusion only to see Linda glaring at her.

Then, Gigi glanced ahead and saw Edgar walking into the studio with Miles. She immediately ran to him and latched onto his trench coat.

“What’s wrong?”

Edgar frowned and looked intimidating with his cold expression.

Everyone gasped fearfully.

Oh no, things are getting out of hand.

Everyone looked at Jean with pity. They did not fully understand what was going on and believed Jean was seeking revenge against Gigi. Unfortunately, she chose the wrong time and was caught by her ex-husband.

Meanwhile, Zoe did not dare to make a sound. She waited quietly at the side to watch the scene unfold.

After all, no one cared what truly happened anymore.

On the other hand, Fred feared he would get in trouble because he had let Gigi into the photo session. Thus, he rushed forward and smiled apologetically. “Mr. Royden, I’m sorry. It’s our management’s oversight that leads to this misunderstanding. Please be assured that we will deal with this properly and make sure nothing gets leaked out.”

Gigi kept holding on to Edgar’s shirt and cried profusely.

She looked as if she had suffered the greatest injustice.

Soon, the workers were chased out of the villa.

Jean tasted bitterness in her mouth as she watched Edgar covering Gigi with his coat. At the same time, Jean met Edgar’s gaze fearlessly.

They regarded Jean as the perpetrator, but Jean did not care.

No one could be sure whether it was Jean’s reaction that influenced Edgar’s thoughts.

Edgar raised his hand. Thus, everyone left the studio except for Jean and Edgar.

Before leaving, Gigi held Edgar’s hand and said pitifully, “Edgar, you must punish her for me. Otherwise, my reputation will be ruined.”

“I didn’t expect you to stoop so low.” Edgar’s tone was cold and filled with disdain.

His words reverberated throughout the empty studio and pierced through Jean’s heart.

The pain caught her off guard. She did not expect her frozen heart to hurt as if someone had torn out a chunk of it.

"If you seek revenge against me or scheme against Royden Group, I don't mind playing along with you. However, Gigi is pregnant. You are not allowed to harm her."

After saying that, he stared at her and sneered, "It seems Gary managed to raise his daughter to be more despicable than him."

Jean burst into fury after hearing him talk about her father. She charged at him without thinking and raised her hand. It did not matter whether she could hit him. All she could think was to use all her might to slap him.

Unfortunately, their height difference was too great.

Furthermore, Edgar was an astute man. He instantly guessed what she wanted to do.

Thus, he immediately grabbed her wrist.

He looked at her with hatred and disdain before shoving her away. "Reckless fool."

Jean staggered back a few steps and accidentally hit her elbow against the nail on the background board. The nail pierced her skin, causing her to gasp in pain.

However, the pain could not compare to the hurt Edgar caused her heart.

She looked at him with eyes full of hatred.

"Did you even care when I had a miscarriage?"

Jean knew he would not show any reaction, so she sneered and continued, "Edgar, you better keep her close all the time. Otherwise, I will make her suffer a miscarriage and experience my pain!"

"Don't you dare!"

Edgar's expression distorted with fury.

"You will see for yourself whether I dare!"

There was not a hint of a tear in Jean's eyes. She stared at Edgar and felt her hatred overpowering any feelings she had for him. Furthermore, she never felt as alert as she was now.

Then, she raised her other hand and said, "I have been recording since just now. Soon, the whole of Yorktown shall find out other men had seen Gigi naked. Aren't you powerful? You should get ready to spend a lot of money to stop the news from trending. Otherwise, everyone shall know that your wife had exposed her naked body to other men."

Jean gritted her teeth. She hated such a despicable mean and hated having to stoop so low.

She believed she could have easily won if she were to bankrupt Royden Group.

However, Gigi and Edgar forced Jean's hands.

"What makes you think I will let you publish the recording?" Edgar took a step forward and reached out to snatch the phone from her.

As his hand was about to touch Jean, she suddenly let out a smile and hooked her arm onto his neck.

"Edgar, you have been tricked."