

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 10

### Chapter 10 Do Me a Favor

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Sitting casually in the Michelin restaurant, Gigi was cutting into her rib-eye sirloin as she said, "Edgar, I ran into Jean and her boyfriend."

Edgar placed down the knife and fork and raised his eyes apathetically, "Boyfriend?"

Gigi was not intimidated by his sudden change of attitude, as she replied softly, "Yeah, I've looked into it, his name is Ben Ludwig, and he is from a rich family. I mean it shouldn't really bother me, but I can't bear with it anymore. After what the Eysers did to you, Jean doesn't deserve to live a happy life."

Gigi pretended to not notice the look in Edgar's eyes. She continued in an exaggerated tone, "Ben seems to be madly in love with her; making sure that she is warm by offering her his jacket."

The more Gigi said, the gloomier Edgar became, and it peaked when she said, "Besides, they say that they have moved in together."

'Clink!' Edgar tossed the cutleries on the table, and the air around him quickly turned dense and chilly.

Gigi then took on a surprised expression, "Edgar, have I said something wrong?"

After all, she had intentionally worded it to challenge his pride as a man.

Hardly moments after getting a divorce, his ex-wife had plunged into the embrace of another man. This felt like nothing but insult to Edgar.

"Nothing," after a few seconds, Edgar realized that he had overreacted. He promptly hid the exasperation in his face and uttered coldly, "I'm done, just waiting for you." Then, he wiped his mouth with a napkin, trying his best to act normal.

"Sure," Gigi smiled and lowered her head – as if she was helping herself to the last of her steak, but conveniently hid the despair in her eyes.

Jean used to be a superstar, and Gigi had always been envious of her accomplishments in the entertainment industry. After all, Gigi was light-years behind what Jean had achieved.

Gigi was secretly happy to see the sad state of Jean today, and she never wanted Jean to be successful again.

After dinner, Edgar rose to his feet and headed straight for the exit, almost in a stormy fashion. Meanwhile, the valet had brought his car around and was waiting for him by the door.

He reached for his keys and circled around the car for the driver's seat before stepping into the car indifferently.

Gigi was about to enter the car, when Edgar looked at her with a pause, holding the seatbelt in his hands. "Miles will be picking you up in a while."

Gigi was startled for a brief moment. She said with bubbly eyes, "Edgar, are you planning to leave me here alone? It's so dark out here."

"Listen, be good." Edgar put up a patient look, but he was on the verge of losing it, evident by his deepened and hoarse tone.

Gigi was smart enough to not challenge his patience. She had hardly stepped out of the car when the door closed behind her with a thud.

Before she could turn around, the car had taken off with a squeak of the tires.

It was the first time Edgar had treated her as such.

Gigi looked at the car, obsidian in color, as it disappeared into the dark. She stood, gritting her teeth furiously.

She understood that Jean was about to get in trouble, but Edgar's actions were worrying to her.

Edgar zoomed across town. He wound down the window as the wind whipped violently with the speeding car. The words 'they have moved in together' echoed in his head unceasingly.

Move in together...

Hoho, your father just died, and you've lost everything, but you would hook up with another man like nothing is bothering you.

Jean Eyer, seems like I have underestimated you.

He clutched onto the steering wheel with one hand, and put on the Bluetooth earphone with another, then made a call. "Do me a favor."

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Meanwhile, Jean was not defeated by the barrage of upsetting events that had happened lately. Instead, she told herself that the first thing she would do when she woke up, was to look for a new job on the Internet.

Three days later, she received a call which she thought was from a hiring company.

She answered the call and heard a voice that belonged to a middle-aged woman, "Hello, am I speaking to Miss Jean Eyer? I'd like to arrange for a meeting."