

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 113

Chapter 113 Rekindle Old Flame

Gigi's voice sounded from outside. "Edgar, how is it going?"

She could not bear to wait anymore. Edgar and Jean had been in the room for nearly half an hour. No one knew what was going on inside. Jean looked at the man trapping her between his arms and smiled. "Mr. Royden, your beloved is looking for you."

Edgar stared at her face with cold eyes and tightened his grip. Why hasn't she called out in pain?

Why is she behaving so nonchalantly?

She is willing to ruin her reputation all to fight against me?

Edgar kept thinking about the matter but still could not understand how he felt. He rubbed the wound on her neck with his fingers, causing her to frown in pain.

Then, he let go of her. "Painful, isn't it?"

Jean ignored him and pulled open the door. "Edgar!" Gigi shouted and instantly noticed Jean's wrinkled shirt collar. She dashed over with her face flushed with fury.

"Get out of the way."

Jean immediately pushed Gigi away.

"You..." Gigi wanted to say something, but she suddenly noticed Edgar's shirt collar was opened wide, revealing a lipstick stain near his chest.

Gigi felt as if she had been struck by lightning.

She was anxious just now, but now, her mind had turned blank.

"Edgar, you..."

Edgar looked at her indifferently. "Go to your car."

Gigi did not heed his words but ran after him. "Edgar, you owe me an explanation. Why were you in the room with Jean for so long? What were you doing?"

Edgar ignored her, but she refused to give up. "Don't you know how people were mocking me just now? Edgar, stop right there!"

It was Gigi's first time lashing out at him.

Edgar's gaze turned stern. "The thing is in the car. What have you taken from the studio?"

"I didn't take anything!" Gigi frowned and suddenly recalled something. "I only asked Linda to get me some snacks."

She looked confused, but when she opened the bag, the necklace was there.

"How can this be?" Linda was in disbelief and quickly explained to Gigi, "I don't know how this happened."

Gigi gritted her teeth furiously and had an idea. "Edgar, we now have evidence. It must be Jean who framed me."

"Hmm," Edgar responded indifferently.

Gigi ordered immediately, "Linda, get Director Lewis and everyone from MON & Co. here. I must show them Jean's true colors."

"Yes, I'll go now."

However, Edgar said coldly, "It is better that you don't do this."

Gigi was stunned. "Edgar! How can you side with that woman?"

At this moment, Edgar wondered if Gigi was an idiot.

"You brought the bag to the car by yourself, and you have no evidence that Jean framed you. If you accuse her now, who will believe you?"

"As long as you are here, they will..."

Gigi suddenly paused and stared at Edgar. Her face flushed with embarrassment. "Are you telling me you are on Jean's side?"

Edgar did not reply, but his indifference clearly showed his attitude toward the matter.

"That is all for this matter."

Gigi took a deep breath and blocked his way. "No, Edgar. I won't let this matter go. She has schemed against me many times now. Why do you keep tolerating her?"

Edgar frowned and had lost all his patience for Gigi.

He pushed against his surging anger and said, "Tell me. How did Jean get the wound on her neck?"

"How would I know?"

Gigi's gaze flickered as she shouted, "She must have offended someone she shouldn't have!"

Edgar clenched his fist and replied in a chilling tone. "Previously, she caused a scene at the wedding because loan sharks threatened her with her debt. Yesterday, someone injured her so badly that she had to be rushed to the hospital. Gigi, I'm not an idiot."

Gigi panicked. "Edgar, please let me explain!"

However, Edgar got into his car and left.

Gigi kept hitting on his car window and ran after his car. Still, Edgar ignored her.

A few minutes later, the Heart of the Emperor returned to its original place. Meanwhile, Gigi claimed to be ill and left the studio.

After that, the magazine photo shoot proceeded as before.

However, tabloid news broke out on the Web.

"Mr. Royden and his ex-wife rekindled old flames and openly showed affection in the studio."

The news said someone who was on the scene claimed Edgar did not love Gigi. Otherwise, he would not have canceled their wedding twice over Jean.

Jean frowned as she read the news. Her gaze turned cold.

Although she expected the matter to leak to the press, she did not expect it to happen so soon.

Why didn't Edgar get his people to stop the news?

Jean was busy pondering on this question and did not notice Zoe coming near her.

Zoe called out, "Jean!"

"Huh?"

Zoe looked at Jean's dazed expression and sighed helplessly. "The photoshoot ends after today. Mr. Wilton has approved three days of leave for you. You should take a good rest at home."

"I'm alright."

Jean stood up and suddenly felt dizzy.

She had aggravated the wound on her neck, causing her to gasp in pain.

"Don't force yourself. You should take care. Also, if the paparazzi report on today's matter, the company will deal with it. You don't have to say anything if they approach you." Zoe looked at Jean with compassion.

Jean nodded and stopped refusing the leave.

Once the photo shoot ended, everyone began packing their things. Meanwhile, Jean carried her backpack and walked outside alone.

Suddenly, a car began to follow her.

The person in the car rolled down the window, revealing his face partially. "Hop on. I'll send you back."

"Mr. Wilton?" Jean was stunned for a moment. She could not think of any reason why they would suddenly become close.

"You are a designer under MON & Co., and you are injured. It is my responsibility to make sure you are fine." Then, he tapped on the steering wheel and urged, "Quick, get in. There's a road camera in front, and cars are prohibited from stopping along this road."

Jean hesitated for a moment before pulling open the door and getting in.

Then, the car traveled away from the junction. A few MON & Co. staff watched the car leave and began discussing amongst themselves. "Did Mr. Wilton just personally offer to send Jean home?"

"Goodness, I've been in this company for so long, but I've never seen Mr. Wilton being so nice to anyone!"

"This afternoon, Jean was in a room with Mr. Royden..."

Zoe could not help but frown as she listened to them. Then, she put on her earphone and walked to the bus stop.

On the home screen of her phone was a photo of her with a man. The man only revealed half of his face, and the photo captured them in an intimate pose.

If someone saw this, they would say the man in the photo looked similar to Sky.

Meanwhile, in the car, Jean did not speak. She was trying to figure out why Sky offered to send her home.

“You don’t have to be nervous. I don’t bite.” Sky suddenly chuckled and offered her a pack of chewing gum.

“It’s fine. Thank you.” Jean refused it.

That seemed to make Sky unhappy.

He tossed the gum to the side, causing it to hit the car interior loudly.

Jean was stunned. I only refused the chewing gum. Why is he angry?

What happened next was even more shocking as Sky asked, “Two years ago, when we were having dinner at Mr. Turner’s house, I recall you were the last person to leave.”

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Chapter 114 Pain

He behaved as if he could not remember the matter last time. Jean was stunned for a moment before nodding. “Yes.”

The car had stopped at the traffic light. Sky glanced at her with hostility. “Mr. Turner has always been nice to female students, especially the pretty ones.”

Jean narrowed her gaze. Then, Sky turned the car into a secluded path. The surrounding was dark as there were fewer streetlights. Jean keenly sensed his disdainful gaze on her. “Mr. Wilton, what do you mean?”

“Why? Are you still denying the things you did?”

He suddenly stepped on the brakes and gripped Jean’s wrist tightly, forcing her to look at him. “You stayed in a man’s house for a few hours late at night and made out with your ex-husband in public. Stop pretending you are better than everyone else!”

Jean immediately retreated from him. She tried to open the door, but it was locked. Sky looked at her beautiful face like a beast waiting to pounce on its prey. “Edgar is so blind. How could he abandon a beautiful woman like you and choose an idiot like Gigi? Ha...”

Jean gritted her teeth and met his sinister gaze. "If you do anything to me, I will destroy your reputation in the design industry."

"Oh, is that so?" Sky tut-tutted and took out a camera. "I guess you don't know yet. But people like you can never work in the design industry without my permission."

Jean searched around for something to defend herself. However, it was too late. She suddenly felt dizzy and found her vision blurred.

In her hazy state, she vaguely heard Sky chuckling. "You are quite strong. Other women would have fainted by now."

No! Somehow, Jean found the strength to shove herself against the car window.

She fought against drowsiness with everything she had. Her movements aggravated the wound on her neck. Then, intense pain assailed her, making her mind instantly alert.

The pain overpowered the drowsiness from the unknown drug. "You..."

She charged at Sky, grabbed his head, and smashed it hard against the steering wheel.

He did not expect Jean to be able to fight back and became careless. By the time he thought of retaliating, he had already sustained a bleeding wound on his forehead.

Jean moved quickly and wrapped the seatbelt around his neck before he could react. At the same time, she trapped him in his seat with her limbs. "I only need to exert a little force to kill you."

She tightened the seatbelt around his neck, causing him to start losing consciousness. "Let... Let go!"

Jean sneered and shoved his head hard against the glass window, rendering him unconscious. Suddenly, her world turned silent. Jean's palms were full of red marks, and her neck ached unbearably.

However, she did not have time to linger around. After all, she was alone and needed to escape while Sky was unconscious. Furthermore, she needed to figure out something to stop him from taking revenge against her.

Jean searched around the car for a moment and noticed the camera.

A few minutes later, she dashed out of the car.

It was now late at night. The staff had all left, and there was not a taxi to be found.

Jean panted and found her vision growing blurry.

She ran along the road in the direction of the downtown area and vaguely noticed the sound of a car behind her.

Has Sky caught up with me?

Her heart nearly jumped out of her chest.

No, I must not stop...

Suddenly, the car tires screeched loudly against the road.

Jean's legs gave way, and she fell to the floor. She no longer had any strength to move her legs.

"Stay away!" Jean mumbled these words before losing consciousness.

The wound on her neck was bleeding, staining the man's suit.

His eyes were stern as he called out, "Jean, wake up now!"

Jean could vaguely hear someone calling her name.

However, she had run out of energy and did not even have the strength to open her eyes. Furthermore, she felt unbearably cold.

Thus, she had no choice but to lean toward the nearest heat source. Her hands found a man and felt the heat of his body and his rapid heartbeat.

Jean rested her face against him.

"Wake up."

He called out to her again. His voice sounded like Edgar's, but she could not understand why the voice was gentle, as if he was afraid of losing her. The voice also seemed to be filled with concern and pity.

Jean kept her eyes shut and could not understand why she thought of him as she was dying.

"What's the point of waking up? It is better to die and end everything."

She felt unbearably tired.

A drop of tear leaked out from her eyes before she sank into oblivion in his arms.

...

At La Torrente Villa, Edgar stood by the second-floor bedroom door and listened to the doctor's diagnosis.

"Mr. Royden, Ms. Eyer's wound was not managed properly. Furthermore, she ingested a drug that caused her a high fever. I am unable to prescribe any medication for now. We can only wait for her to wake up tomorrow and determine her condition. Otherwise, it would lead to infection of her wound."

Then, the doctor looked at Edgar's stern expression and added. "Don't be too worried. If she starts to mumble nonsense from a high fever and appears to be in pain, you can cool her down physically..."

The doctor gave a few more instructions before leaving.

Edgar frowned as he looked at Jean lying unconscious in bed. Her face was pale, and her lips white. It was heartbreaking to see her in this state.

When the doctor removed the gauze to check her wound, Edgar finally saw how severe the wound was.

He remembered Jean feared pain.

During our wedding, she accidentally pricked her finger and cried from the pain.

Today, she was able to carry such a severe wound and fight with me? She even walked alone along that road for so long...

"Let me go." Her eyes remained shut as she cried out in pain.

Edgar looked at her solemnly and could not stop himself from getting close to her.

He reached out to touch her and check her fever.

However, she suddenly opened her eyes and grabbed his hand.

Edgar's eyes immediately turned cold.

I knew it. She is playing with me again.

"Jean, since you are awake, get out of my house."

Edgar was a clean freak. He brought her to his house because it was nearer than the hospital.

Unexpectedly, Jean stared at him blankly for a long while before mumbling, "Since you hate me so much, why did you marry me?"

The coldness in Edgar's gaze suddenly faded away.

Jean laughed and said, "You ruined my marriage and destroyed yourself."

After saying that, she sniffled and threw herself into the blanket beside her. "I'm useless. Why do I keep dreaming about you?"

Her body shuddered as she sobbed into the blanket.

Edgar could not describe how he felt at that moment. However, he did something he had never done in his life. He sat by her bed and reached out to pat her shoulders.

It seemed his comforting worked. Jean's sobbing gradually became softer, and her breathing calmed down.

"Don't dream about me again."

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Chapter 115 Tell Him I Am Dying

When Jean woke up, she found herself in an unfamiliar bedroom. She instantly became alert as she noticed the opulent surrounding and smelled the gentle fragrance of perfume in the air. Has Sky captured me?

Where am I? Jean sat up immediately. She ignored the soreness all over her body and decided to walk out on her bare feet. She had just gotten off the bed when a man came out of the bathroom.

"You!" Jean screamed. "Edgar, why are you here?"

Did he make a deal with Sky? Or is it...

Edgar looked at her face calmly and approached her to check whether she still had a fever. However, she slapped his hand away before he could touch her. "Stay away from me!"

Edgar's arm was left hanging in the air as his eyes turned stern. Why has she turned hostile the instant she woke up?

Edgar ignored her and went out straight away. By the time Jean came downstairs, she finally realized her being here had nothing to do with Sky. Although Sky was influential in the design industry, he would not have the means to own such a luxurious villa in Yorktown.

This villa had a total of five stories and had an opulent European design. Even the lamps on the wall were exquisite.

Jean did not see anyone as she walked down the stairs.

“This place is like a haunted house!”

Suddenly, she heard footsteps from the second floor. She saw Edgar and glared at him. Then, she headed into the kitchen without a backward glance.

She was hungry.

Edgar changed into a shirt and suit before heading downstairs. He saw Jean in the kitchen and could not resist smiling.

Jean took a slice of bread from the table and drank a mouthful of milk before complaining, “What’s wrong with him? He has such a big house, but this is all the food he has. Is Royden Group about to go bankrupt?”

Edgar realized something at that moment.

He did not seem to mind Jean cursing him.

However, he pushed the thought away and headed straight to her. He ignored Jean’s protest and pressed his hand on her forehead. “Your fever has receded. Does your neck still hurt?”

Jean frowned upon hearing him.

“It doesn’t hurt.”

She continued to maintain her distance from him as she considered some matter.

“Later, the doctor will be coming here to give you a checkup. You should take your medicine on time.” He headed outside after saying that.

Jean looked at him walk away and felt confused.

“Edgar, is there something wrong with your head?”

Since he is not working with Sky, why did he bring me here? Isn’t he the one who wants me dead the most?

The heiress of the Eyer family was found dead on the streets. Isn’t that the news he wishes to see the most?

Jean held her glass of milk and could not figure out the answer.

On the other hand, Edgar ignored her insult and said, "Let's talk once you are clear-headed."

"Talk? Do you expect me to wait here obediently for you? Are you mad? I'm not Gigi."

Jean grumbled and took two bites of bread.

Edgar sneered in response. "You can try and see whether you can escape here."

After he said that, the door instantly locked with a loud click.

"Edgar, you sick b*stard! Let me out!"

Jean ran to the floor-to-ceiling window in the living room and shouted. However, Edgar ignored her as he got into a car and left.

Ten minutes later, Jean sat helplessly on the rug.

She could not find her phone or bag. Furthermore, all the windows were locked.

In other words, Edgar had placed her under house arrest.

Soon, the doctor Edgar mentioned arrived. After giving Jean a checkup, he did not say anything and got ready to leave.

Jean stopped him. "Doctor, is there any problem with my wound?"

The doctor glanced at her and shook his head. "Ms. Eyer, you just have to rest well and take your medication on time. If you don't have a fever within these three days, you will be fine."

"Oh. In that case... Will you inform Edgar about my condition?"

The doctor nodded.

"Yes, I will inform Mr. Royden."

"Can you tell him my condition is severe and I am dying?" Jean asked earnestly.

"I..."

Jean smiled and said, "Please, you will do me a great favor."

...

At Royden Group, Edgar had just come out of the meeting room when he received Miles' report.

"Dr. Carden said Jean's condition is complicated. She may have sustained an injury to her head, and she should go to a hospital for a thorough checkup. Otherwise, she might end up with long-term sequelae."

Edgar immediately paused in his footsteps.

"What?"

Miles bowed and replied, "That is what Dr. Carden said."

Edgar frowned and strode into his office.

Miles continued to present Edgar with the work arrangements for the following week before saying, "Mr. Shaw has returned to the office, but he insists he is not in charge of the procurement case anymore. The board of directors thinks your punishment for him is too severe."

Edgar glanced up calmly. "Anything else?"

I don't need to keep consulting those old men on everything.

"On another matter, the company's vice president, Mr. Edbert Royden, would like to return to the country and work here. He explained he has grown old and would like to return to Yorktown to retire." Miles placed a transfer application on Edgar's table.

Edgar signed without hesitation.

"Since Uncle Edbert would like to return, we should get things ready for him. He needs a suitable position and place to stay. Thus, I leave this matter to you. I don't trust others to handle this."

"Understood, Mr. Royden. I assure you that I will handle the matter to you and Mr. Edbert's satisfaction."

Edgar grunted in acknowledgment and raised his hand.

Then, Miles left the office quietly and closed the door.

Edgar had a meeting as soon as he arrived at the company and was now exhausted. He had just breathed a sigh of relief when high heel shoes sounded outside his office.

"Edgar, I must talk to you today."

Gigi and her bodyguard barged into Edgar's office. The bodyguard even pushed Miles away as he tried to stop them.

Then, Gigi bit her lower lip and appeared sad.

Edgar looked at them and asked coldly, "What's the matter?"

It sounded like he was talking to a stranger. Then, he gestured to Miles, and Miles closed the door immediately.

Gigi's eyes were red and swollen from crying. Her makeup barely concealed her dark circles.

"Look at this yourself."

She slammed a few photos onto Edgar's desk.

These photos were taken by a private detective she hired. The private detective followed Edgar and found Edgar had brought Jean into his villa. Furthermore, they did not come out of the villa for the whole night.

Moreover, Jean was still there.

Edgar's expression darkened. "You hired people to follow me?"

"No, I didn't hire him to follow you." Gigi immediately toned down her anger. "I hired him to follow Jean because I'm worried she would look for you."

"Is there any difference?"

Edgar's eyes were devoid of any affection. All he could feel was frustration as Gigi kept appearing within his sight.

Gigi's tears flowed down her face.

"Edgar, why have you changed? You didn't use to treat me like this?"

"It's because I didn't know the extent of your deviousness."

One can never judge a book by its cover.

Edgar finally understood that the coquettish woman in front of him was much more devious than Jean.

Not only did Gigi conceal many things from him. It turned out she had always been putting on an act.

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Chapter 116 Passable

Gigi panicked as she sensed Edgar's cold gaze. She approached him, attempting to latch to his shirt and act coy. However, Edgar stepped away before she could reach him.

Then, Miles knocked on the door. "Mr. Royden, Mr. Shaw would like to discuss some matters with you."

"Sure." Edgar stood up and looked at Gigi indifferently. "We should stop seeing each other for a while. Let's take the time to calm down."

After saying that, he left Gigi without a backward glance. Gigi sat slumped on his office couch with eyes full of hatred. "Jean! This is all your fault!"

...

Meanwhile, Jean had a boring and uneventful day trapped in the villa. A few housekeepers came to the villa before noon. However, Edgar had likely given them instructions. Thus, they worked quietly and pretended not to notice Jean's presence.

It felt like she was invisible. "When did Edgar buy this house?"

"What's for lunch?"

"Why won't you talk to me?"

The housekeepers remained silent no matter what Jean said. Thus, Jean gave up and went to the bedroom to sleep. By the time she woke up, it was evening.

She felt thirsty and headed to the kitchen. Suddenly, she heard someone talking on the phone. "Halt that case for now. Andy, this is not how you do business." Edgar held a cup of coffee and suddenly glanced in Jean's direction.

Since there were no women's clothes in the villa, the housekeeper had helped Jean put on Edgar's clothes last night. It was a T-shirt with a round collar. The T-shirt was a little too big for her and became like a short dress on her body.

Edgar could not help but notice her slender legs below the T-shirt.

He gripped his phone tightly and looked away as he walked past her.

Jean leaned away from him as she did not want to touch him in any way. However, she did not notice the knives on the table and nearly bumped into them.

“Careful.”

Edgar extended his arm and grabbed her by her waist.

Meanwhile, Andy narrowed his eyes on the other end. He was quite sure that he heard a woman’s voice and smiled at Gigi beside him.

“Edgar, who are you with...”

“There’s no one. That’s all for now. We will continue the discussion tomorrow.”

He hung up right after saying that.

Jean could still feel his arm around her waist and pushed at him with a frown. “Thank you. You can let go now.”

Edgar looked deep into her eyes before letting go. “Be careful.”

“You should let me go then. Once I am out of this house, I won’t damage your things.”

Edgar’s expression turned cold.

“Do you wish to leave?”

Jean could not hold back her anger anymore. “Are you expecting me to live here with you? Mr. Royden, what you’re doing is unlawful detention. Do you know I can sue you?”

Edgar suddenly broke out a chuckle.

Jean glared at him and wondered if he had gone insane.

However, before she could say anything, Edgar let go of her waist and walked past her to enter the kitchen. “You can leave once you have recovered.”

Jean stood stunned to her spot.

“Are you worried I would sue Gigi if I leave?”

After saying that, Jean snorted coldly. “I’m not despicable like you.”

If I want to bring down Royden Group, I would not use such an underhanded method.

It turns out he is willing to do this much for her.

Jean swallowed down the anger in her heart and glanced toward the kitchen. However, Edgar acted as if he did not hear her.

He was focused on cooking.

Soon, he placed two plates of spaghetti on the table.

Jean arched an eyebrow and asked, "You prepared one for me?"

Edgar nodded solemnly. "I won't let you starve in this house."

"Did you poison this?"

Jean looked up and saw Edgar had already started eating his portion.

Although he is heartless, I don't think he plans to kill me. Otherwise, he wouldn't have saved me and even brought a doctor here.

It was Jean's first time tasting Edgar's cooking. She found it unexpectedly delicious. After taking a few bites, she began wolfing down the food.

"How's the taste?" Edgar finished his first and watched Jean gobbling up hers. He pushed a tissue toward her.

However, Jean mumbled with her mouth full of spaghetti. "It's passable."

Edgar's eyes crinkled with a hint of smile. He took a tissue and dabbed it at the corner of Jean's mouth. "Eat more slowly."

At that moment, his fingers accidentally brushed against her cheek.

Both of them were stunned.

Jean came to her senses first and stood up before returning to her room angrily.

On the other hand, Edgar stood still and took a deep breath. He forced desires back into his heart and did not wish to think about them. Instead, he cleared the plates alone and returned to the study.

In the late night, the villa was quiet, like a lone island in the middle of an ocean.

Jean lay in her bed and could not stop thinking about Edgar.

Why did he cook for me?

He probably had to cook dinner for himself, so he made some for me.

But why did he...

Jean furrowed her brow and could not fall asleep no matter how hard she tried. She walked to the door and saw the light in the study was still on.

Thus, she hurried there and knocked on the door. "Edgar, can we talk?"

I can promise not to sue Gigi as long as I can leave tomorrow morning.

However, there was no response from inside.

Jean tilted her head and pushed the door gently. She could not find Edgar.

Thus, she pursed her lips in frustration and was about to turn around to leave when she found herself pulled against a warm chest.

"Don't sneak up on me like this!"

Edgar looked down at her. He could not help but gulp as he looked at her standing so close to him, dressed in his clothes. Then, he gripped her wrist and pulled her into the study.

Thud!

Edgar shut the door.

Jean struggled nervously. "Let me go. I'm here to talk to you. I'm leaving tomorrow, and you must let me go."

"Huh?"

Edgar's eyes suddenly burned with indiscernible emotion.

Jean said through gritted teeth. "If you let me go, I'll promise not to sue Gigi. Furthermore, I can pretend my injury never happened."

"Why?"

Edgar felt hot and bothered, but Jean did not seem to feel anything.

"I don't want to stay in the same house as you."

That was the truth.

Edgar narrowed his gaze and looked at Jean's determined expression. He instantly gathered his thoughts.

When we were married, didn't she wish I would go home to her every night?

Now... Things have changed.

I must be tired from work. That's probably why I feel dissatisfied.

Edgar stood still and did not speak. Jean panicked when she saw him like this and pushed him away. "Since you didn't say anything, I'll assume you agree."

Then, she pushed the door and left immediately.

Her heart was beating rapidly. She returned to her room, locked the door, and dived under the blanket.

I need a good sleep!

I will be free from this place tomorrow morning.

However, things didn't go as she expected. By the time Jean woke up, Edgar had left the villa. Then, the housekeeper approached her and said, "Mr.

Royden is going on a business trip for two days. You can stay here alone."

Stay here alone?

Jean rolled her eyes and was rendered speechless.

In the end, he still insists on locking me in here until my wound recovers!

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Chapter 117 I Have One Condition

The more Jean Eyer thought about it, the angrier she got. She picked up her cellphone and wanted to spread it on the Internet.

But spreading it out there without any backup would mean that the Royden Group might pass it over to their public relations department. Once the truth was out there, there was no coming back from it.

She had to put up with it. Jean Eyer took a deep breath in and looked at the maid. "What's for lunch?"

Since she couldn't leave, she might as well 'enjoy' herself. Even if she couldn't cause a dent in Edgar Royden's wealth, she could still relieve her anger a little.

In that period, Ben Ludwig called her a few times. Jean Eyer hadn't thought of how to face him, so she just didn't answer his calls.

His engagement with Ally Sans was his business. Jean Eyer had no right to interfere. She never thought that Ben Ludwig needed to explain anything to her.

In terms of relationships, she didn't have the guts to face it anymore. She'd rather hide like an ostrich.

When she thought about it, it wasn't so bad staying in Edgar Royden's empty villa. At least she could save on a few days' living expenses by having all meals there.

After two days, Edgar Royden came back from a business trip. As soon as he walked in the door, he saw a woman feasting on crabs on the couch.

A frown appeared between his eyes. He saw that the couch was filled with snacks and tidbits.

He placed his briefcase heavily on the table and made his way over. "Eating all this instead of proper meals?"

Jean Eyer chewed on the crab. "Susan said that I can eat whatever I want. Wasn't this what you told her?"

He did in fact say that.

Edgar Royden picked her up from the couch. "Change your clothes. I have to entertain Mr. Oprah and his wife at night. You have to act this out with me."

"I don't have clothes." Jean Eyer answered calmly. She smiled charmingly, "Let me go. I have clothes at home. I'll go home and take them."

"Ha. After leaving, will you still come back?" Edgar Royden laughed coldly and pushed Jean Eyer away with one hand. "There are clothes in the bag at the door. Mr. Oprah has a good impression of you. He also places much importance on whether his business partners have a stable married life."

"Then you should call Gigi Reece over." Jean Eyer's hands were full of crab roe, and she was chomping away. Seeing him silent, she asked, "What if I don't want to?"

"Then you'll stay here for the rest of your life."

His voice was unbelievably frosty and a heavy air was emanating from him.

He wasn't kidding.

Jean Eyer ground her teeth in anger. "I have one condition."

"Speak."

Two hours later, Jean Eyer was wearing the dress that Edgar Royden brought back. It was an elegant, stylish purple dress, and she wasn't wearing any accessories. Her hair was tied in a simple ponytail, and there was an ethereal beauty about her when she was sitting there.

Edgar Royden was discussing business matters with Mr. Oprah while Jean Eyer was sitting by his side.

From time to time, she would say a few words to Mrs. Oprah.

Edgar Royden agreed to lessen the debt by one million. It was just a meal, and she could sit through that.

"I thought the person here would be Ms. Reece." Mr. Oprah laughed gently. These words didn't have any special meaning.

Jean Eyer said nothing as she cut into her steak.

Edgar Royden suddenly smiled and said, "Jean Eyer just so happened to come by, so I invited her to stay and have dinner."

She came by?

Jean Eyer's lips moved. She nodded forcibly.

This man's acting was unexpected.

"Your relationship has gotten better? You can still be friends after your divorce?" Mr. Oprah voiced out the confusion in his heart. "I'm sorry. I asked something I shouldn't have."

The word 'divorce' was stuck in Jean Eyer's heart.

But she realized that she didn't care so much anymore.

"Yes, we can still be friends after a separation." Jean Eyer cracked a smile. She didn't seem like she was acting. It was as if she was voicing her thoughts honestly.

Edgar Royden looked at her sideways.

Within the pair of eyes was hidden many things that Jean Eyer didn't understand.

She couldn't be bothered. She continued to smile while raising her glass. "Since our destiny together has ended, why cling on to the past? I believe Mr. Royden has similar thoughts, right?"

He was unmoving.

Jean Eyer looked at him, surprised. Under the table, she bumped Edgar Royden's leg.

He then turned his head slowly and said quietly, "Not exactly."

Jean Eyer was stunned. What was going on with him?

She was playing along so well, but he dropped the ball at such a crucial moment?

When she was thinking of how to explain it, Edgar Royden said something that left her in shock. "Maybe maintaining this relationship is because one side wants to save it."

After hearing this, there was a buzzing in Jean Eyer's brain.

Before she could say anything, Edgar Royden took some food for her.

"Eat more."

He created this ambiguous relationship on purpose to let Mr. and Mrs. Oprah think he was a loyal and sentimental person.

This man was willing to do anything to succeed.

Jean Eyer didn't say another word for the rest of the evening. No matter what she said, Edgar Royden could easily depict the relationship between them as slightly affectionate but ambiguous.

"Thank you so much for the dinner, Mr. Royden. We had a wonderful time," said Mr. Oprah.

His wife smiled at Jean Eyer gently. During the dinner, she implied to Jean Eyer countless times that Jean Eyer should consider getting back together with Edgar Royden if there was a possibility.

Jean Eyer moved the corner of her lips awkwardly.

If it wasn't for that one million, she definitely would've exposed Edgar Royden's tricks.

She stood at the door and watched Edgar Royden send the couple off.

For a moment, Jean Eyer couldn't help but think, if the Eyer family was still around...

Would the both of them have maintained a seemingly normal marriage like this?

Watching the car drive out of sight, Jean Eyer looked away. She went back to the room to change into her clothes. The evening dress made every cell on her body feel uncomfortable.

Edgar Royden returned from sending the Oprah couple off and saw Jean Eyer sitting on the couch, waiting for him.

“Where are you going?”

Jean Eyer went over with a poker face. She looked down and changed her shoes. “Our transaction is over. Mr. Royden, you need to be true to your word.”

She put on an act with him while he reduced her debt. Neither party was at a disadvantage.

An annoyance grew in the man’s heart. He grabbed her wrist with one hand. “You’re leaving so impatiently?”

Leaving his side to be in another man’s embrace.

Jean Eyer rolled her eyes in frustration. “Mr. Royden, if you have such a role-playing kink, look for your leading lady and leave me alone.”

She didn’t have the time to play his little games.

Jean Eyer shook the man’s hand away with force and left the villa in a hurry. She was afraid that if she stayed, something meaningless would grow in her heart again.

The man in the villa had a cold expression on his face. For a long time, his hand dropped, but his gaze fell on where Jean Eyer was sitting just now.

Leave his side?

Jean Eyer, I’m the one who decides that. You don’t have the right to decide.

After leaving Edgar Royden’s villa, Jean Eyer walked aimlessly by the road for three hours before reaching the city from the suburbs.

She silently scolded Edgar Royden thousands of times.

When she opened the door to her house, it was almost dawn. She was too tired and fell asleep right into her comforter.

When she opened her eyes the next day, she had multiple unread text messages on her cellphone.

A call from Sally Lance came in. When she picked up, there was an extremely worried voice on the other end. "Jean Eyer, are you alright? Why couldn't I locate you for two days?"