

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 128

### Chapter 128 Will You Take Responsibility

Jean kept silent. She left the room after listening to Myer's advice. Farra sighed as the door shut.

"Will Benny be happy if she does this? If he finds out that it's because of his amputation that Jean only agreed to... He will be dejected." Farra seemed to have aged after going through the events.

She had seen Jean's actions and determination in the past few days. It was undeniable that she had prejudice against Jean because of the Eyer family's problems. "Then he mustn't find out the truth!"

He lowered his voice. "Benny just managed to survive this accident. We should fulfill all that he wants. We can make it up to him later. The most important thing now is his life."

Farra mumbled, "You're right. He is our only son." Even if the world ends, Ben must survive! ...

At the same time, reporters swarmed around Edgar in a corridor. "Mr. Royden, has your company launched an investigation into the accident at Thunderbolt Cup?"

"There are rumors that it might be a set-up. What are your opinions?"

"It seems that your former wife, Ms. Eyer, has a close relationship with Ben Ludwig. They might be in a relationship. Is it a coincidence that the two of them were in the car together?"

They swamped him with questions.

"Besides, Royden Group is the largest sponsor for the Thunderbolt Cup this time around. Your company has suffered great loss now that there's such a scandal. Will you still be sponsoring these races in the future?"

Edgar was stony-faced. The reporter's questions were infuriating. He was about to speak when another person spoke. "They are not in a relationship. Their problems have nothing to do with the Royden Group. Besides, it was just an accident. Talk to Jean Eyer if you have questions."

Gigi stood behind the reporters, frowning.

As the cameras turned to her, she continued, irritated. "There's nothing for us to explain. Anything may happen in these races. The investigation is still ongoing. Who knows if the two of them were the ones who had made a mistake!"

With her words, Edgar and Royden Group were clear of any responsibility. Jean exited the elevator with a nurse when she heard Gigi's words. She spotted Gigi standing next to Edgar, refuting the reporters.

There wasn't a problem with their standpoint and explanation. But the investigation wasn't even concluded yet. How could they say that they had nothing to do with it?

Jean clenched the bottle of medicine in her hand. Edgar, you are worse than I thought.

Seeing that the reporters were taken aback, Gigi felt smug. She held on to Edgar's arm. "Edgar has stayed here in the hospital for a few days out of his sense of responsibility. He has done what should be done. If anyone else says things behind his back, it's their problem."

Is she talking about the Ludwig family and Jean?

Edgar glanced at her. He wasn't going to say those things. But the reporters would have recorded everything. It was difficult to take back the words.

He was about to stop Gigi when he caught sight of Jean walking past. He felt a frosty gaze on him. His heart sank. Gigi clung to him tightly and whispered, "Edgar, I didn't come alone. Uncle Edbert is here too. Let's go meet him." "Uncle Edbert?"

He swallowed his anger. He had instructed that Edbert mustn't hear about the incident. Edbert had just returned from overseas. Edgar hoped that he could take some time to rest.

But the news had travelled to him. "Edgar, the reporters are watching us," Gigi reminded him. She leaned on him, displaying their intimacy.

He glanced at her. He didn't push her away and just walked away toward the first floor. In the hospital room, the nurse changed Ben's medicine and reminded Jean again. "This has to be changed at eleven tonight. You just need to press the bell to call for the nurse."

Jean nodded. She was familiar with things since a few days had passed. Farra was watching them from the other side of the room. Disregarding Jean's debts and her failed marriage, even Farra had to admit that she was perfect as a daughter-in-law.

"Mom, don't stare at Jeannie. She'll get shy," Ben joked. He didn't know what had happened, but his mother could interact peacefully with Jean after he woke up.

Their family even cut off all relations with the Sans family. The problem he had been worrying over for the past month was solved.

He felt he was in heaven despite the pains in his body.

“Do you want some apples?” Farra changed the topic with a smile.

When Jean sent the nurse out, she saw the reporters heading in her direction. With the microphones in their hands, they seemed imposing.

Jean’s face darkened. Ben had just had his first surgery. His body hadn’t healed yet. He needed time to rest.

How could Edgar send the reporters here?

She turned toward the room. “I’ll deal with the reporters. Don’t come out.”

She shut the door behind her.

Ben was worried and wanted Farra to help him out of the room.

“She said, don’t go. You’re not healed yet!” She pressed him down on the bed.

Ben struggled. “Mom, you don’t know that Jean hates reporters. When her family was in trouble, she hadn’t had peace in prison. How could I let her deal with those people for my sake?”

Farra gradually loosened her grip.

She couldn’t tell Ben that Jean was caring for him out of guilt, not love.

But who else could offer up their life for another person just like so?

Farra approved of Jean at that moment. “Benny, I’ll lift you up.”

On the other side of the door, Jean held on to the doorknob, refusing the reporters’ entry.

“Ms. Eyer, we’re here to interview Mr. Ludwig. Please let us in!”

“You can just interview me then.” Jean observed the reporter. “Are you from the municipal television station? I know that your director, Ms. Wagner, was sent to jail due to her corruption. I was her cellmate.”

The reporter shut his mouth.

The other reporters directed their microphones and cameras toward Jean.

“Ms. Eyer, can you talk about your current relationship? Are you in a relationship with Mr. Ludwig?”

Jean contemplated. "That's a private part of my life. I don't have to reply to you."

"Then are you..."

"Aren't you curious about the accident?" Jean asked them. "The investigation by the Racing Association hasn't been concluded yet. We are waiting for them as well. But I can tell you, as a participant, that we had done a complete inspection of the car before the race. There weren't any problems at the time. As to who was in charge of the car after the inspection, that requires investigation."

Jean's firm words reverberate in the corridor.

"Ms. Eyer, do you mean that someone has tampered with the car? Will you take responsibility for this claim?"

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### Chapter 129 Pointless to Apologize

"So, do you have any proof? Miss Reece claimed that you were at fault." "Tell me," Jean scoffed. "does Gigi Reece have any ounce of knowledge to drive a race car? Why do you believe anything from that woman?"

"..."

The journalists stopped their questioning. However, there was still a stray journalist who was adamant about getting a scoop. "Ms. Eyer, The Royden Group is the competition's largest investor. This accident will definitely come as a great shock to them, so what are your feelings on this scandal?"

Just by that question alone, Jean felt violent. "I'm that witness to the accident. We discovered that there was a brake issue after we had passed the first turn," said a voice. A person in a wheelchair moved in front of Jean — Farra Emilio was seen pushing Ben on a wheelchair.

"If you have any questions, come to me," ordered Ben. Jean was shocked. "Ben..."

He reached out his cold palms for Jean. His hand tightened around hers. Jean did not break her eye contact.

The reporters were ecstatic when Ben showed up. They raised their microphones in his direction, hoping to get any news from him. "Mr. Ludwig, is it official? It was rumored that you are going to be engaged to the daughter of the Sans Group. Is the news true?"

Ben smirked. "The truth is the truth. We'll wait for the Racing Association on their comments. Take your photos and leave. I do not wish to disturb the other patients."

Once the reporters had their fair share of photos, they left the ward immediately. Ben let go of Jean's hand as they assisted him in getting into the hospital bed along with the nurse.

Ben had this contented smile on him as he stared at Jean. Jean frowned, "You haven't recovered from your injury, what are you going to do? You could have..."

"I'm worried about you." He made no secret of what was in his heart, even in front of Farra Emilio. Farra Emilio coughed next to him. "The doctor's called. They mentioned Benny's test results came out, so I came."

Not long after Farra had left the ward, someone knocked by the door. Jean braced herself for another reporter from a TV station.

"Ben," said Ally. She barged into the space without mentioning a word to Jean. Besides her rude attitude, she brought along a fruit basket.

Ben listened while Farra and the others talked about what transpired during his operation, and his feelings for Ally grew progressively colder.

Ben's voice grew colder, especially after he noticed Ally ignoring Jean. "I find Miss Sans' favor to be intolerable."

Ally's smile froze, and the corners of her lips twitched awkwardly. "Jean, I need to talk to Ben. Alone." insisted Ally. "You can..."

"She can't do that."

Ben grabbed Jean Eyer close to him and said coldly, "She can't leave me. Not even a second."

Ally wanted to laugh incredulously. "Do you really want to treat me this way, Ben? I've been worried about you ever since the accident that day. I couldn't sleep for a few days. Uncle Ludwig forbade me from visiting you. I came regardless," she cried.

Tears fell from Ally's cheeks.

"If you want to cry, do it outside," said Ben with a bored expression.

"Ben, I really miss you very much. I know you must have misunderstood me. I... I'll go back first. I won't disturb you," said Ally. "we can talk once you leave the hospital."

She left feeling resentful as she said this.

Jean frowned, "She will definitely be blocked by reporters when she goes out like this."

Ben continued to hold her hand. "I don't care. I anticipated today when I was playing that day. Sonny and the others will undoubtedly check thoroughly before playing. It is difficult to make such a simple error."

Jean kept quiet.

She had given this much thought and confirmed with Sonny that everything was possible on the field—apart from brake failure, which was extremely uncommon.

The likelihood that they were met by such a coincidence was almost one in a thousand.

"Although the Motorsport Association will investigate this matter, I don't think they can find out the truth." Ben smiled at Jean, "So, don't think that it is your responsibility that I am injured."

He didn't want her to be burdened.

Jean's heart pounded, and she looked down at the kettle. "There's no hot water, I'll go get it."

Ben sighed deeply as he saw her leave the ward.

As soon as Jean turned the corner, Ally, who was waiting there, stopped her.

"Step aside," leered Ally.

Jean grew irritated.

Jean didn't have time to engage with her childish games and crocodile tears.

"I've heard that you're looking after Ben right now. Yes, you did him such a disservice that you ought to make amends. You don't have to show up again starting tomorrow," ordered Ally.

"This is out of your control," Jean said, giving her a casual glance. "This is between me and Ben."

She would avoid Ally, as she had already stated.

Ally grabbed her arm and said, "That day, my parents were too anxious to say anything about breaking the engagement, but I'm here today to tell Aunt Ludwig that I want to keep dating Ben, so..."

"Ally Sans, what qualifications do you have to stand here and order me around?" Jean avowed. She cast a cold look at her and said, "When Ben needed someone the most, where were you?"

If Ally really likes Ben, Jean won't say anything and will certainly avoid him.

But the truth was that Ben was simply seen as a pawn by their family.

Ally went frigid. "You are not the hero in this situation. Would Ben have a crash if you weren't in the car?" argued Ally. "Common sense would have told you that an accident would occur."

Jean' frowned. Ally knew she had struck a chord in her and shouted, "You should be having fun in secret and turning around in front of Ben every day because the Ludwig family did not hold you responsible. Do you intend to murder him?"

"Miss Sans, we need to discuss the evidence." Farra listened in on their talk while taking the report from the doctor's office.

She went straight to Jean and didn't look very enthusiastic when she saw Ally "I am familiar with your Sans family's approach. Please return, Miss Sans. I cannot allow my child to be high."

"Mrs. Emilio!" Ally panicked. She apologized, "My father stated it as he was in a haste that day. Please don't take it to heart."

Farra Emilio grumbled, "Oh, only Jean was there for my son at his most trying moments. You rushed over to apologize now that he was awake. Do you believe that our Ludwig family is easy to deceive?"

"I... Aunt Ludwig, you misunderstood me!"

Ally, who was in a panic and had no idea what to say, pulled at the hem of her skirt.

She anticipated that the Ludwig family would welcome her as soon as she turned back, but she didn't anticipate...

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 130**

### **Chapter 130 Cultivating feelings**

Farra grabbed Jean's hand and solemnly said, "From now on, it's best for our two families to stay away from each other."

When she had delivered her ultimatum, Farra took hold of Jean's hand and walked back to the ward. Jean was shocked by the turn of events —she noticed that Farra's eyes were red.

She hesitated but finally offered, "Aunty, do you need a tissue?"

Farra paused for a moment and turned to face Jean. “Why didn’t you say anything back to her? Letting Ally berate you like that,” sighed Farra. “you’ve been with Benny’s side this whole. God knows he doesn’t deserve you. I can’t believe that child had the audacity in her to say such things!”

Jean made an archaic smile from Farra’s words. She handed the tissue to her. “It’s pointless to tell her that,” Jean consoled. Those criticisms and accusations —they were not worth mentioning in the conversation.

She lowered her gaze towards Farra’s hand. “How were the test results? Do they still need to...”

Jean paused. She decided to stop herself from bringing up the subject. She knew Farra had always been worried about the amputation.

“No, no!” Farra smiled tearfully and held a report, “The doctor said that Benny has been recovering well for the past two days. There will be no need for an amputation,” smiled Farra. “all planned operations have been cancelled. Although, there are two more operations required. Both operations are of low risk. He just needs to recover slowly...”

Bang. There was a loud noise from the ward. Jean’s instinct kicked, and she rushed into the ward.

Ben was on the ground with an anguished expression. Pieces of broken glass that originally formed a drinking glass were scattered all over the floor. Ben looked at Jean in a daze. “Just now, what were you talking about with my mother? What amputation? What surgery?” He gasped.

“You’re injured,” said Jean as she grabbed his bleeding hand. “Aunty, call the nurse over.”

“Alright,” responded Farra. She hurriedly ran out to the reception. Ben seemed to be falling in and out of consciousness. He kept asking Jean, “Tell me who is having an amputation!”

Everyone was hiding something from him. Ben was limping towards the water dispenser when he overheard the conversation by the door. He collapsed out of panic. Jean cursed with gritted teeth. Eventually, this secret will be exposed.

“Ben, there was treatment proposed by the doctors. It’s been called off,” consoled Jean. “Don’t worry, you will be able to race again. Definitely.”

Jean didn’t know how to calm him down. Her words seemed to lose integrity as she spoke. Jean focused on Ben’s hands. She brushed away the stray fragments of glass and gently blew on his hands —all she wanted was for him to feel comfortable. Yet...



Ben gasped, "So, this is just your way to cure your guilt, isn't it?" He grabbed Jean's shoulder to anchor her down and cried, "What if I can no longer drive? H3ll! If I can never walk again, will you even be here?"

He laughed hysterically. Ben babbled, "I'm such an idiot. You would think I would know you by now. I've been chasing a ghost, hoping to be loved. You wouldn't agree!"

"Ben," murmured Jean. Jean met with his gaze. She grasped onto his wrist. The man stared into his paramour. Neither of them exchanged words for the moment.

There were so many things Jean wanted to say —to confess. Maybe she did feel guilty. Was it a crime to feel those things?

"Ben, if it was me on that road, I would have done the same," exclaimed Jean. "I'm a person of my own Ben, I know what I'm doing," she smiled with an ache in her heart.

Suddenly, the door behind them creaked open. Jean immediately released Ben's hand.

This was a failed marriage. There is no way to salvage what has been destroyed.

Ben is in a good place with his family, it would be best if she didn't interfere. Perhaps God, or the universe, or maybe karma, needed them to cross paths to learn a lesson. Jean needed to understand that she could not break his heart again.

As Ben watched Jean exit the door, he wore a weary expression.

A nurse entered the room and helped Ben to dress. Farra Emilio paced around as she grew worried.

"Where is Jean? She went out for so long. I'll give her a call."

"No. Don't let her," stopped Ben. "I don't want to see her."

Farra, with a puzzled look said, "Did you two just quarrel? Jean is a good person." She sighed and continued, "I've reflected on this well enough, and you two are good for each other. In fact, me and your father support the two of you together."

"No."

Ben was confused. Definitely. He just didn't know what to say after that moment.

Farra looked at him and then focused back on the report. She commented, "Emotions are fickle. However, you can learn to cultivate your feelings. There is a long way to go."

He collapsed onto his hands and made a frustrated sound. "I don't want Jean to be with me out of pity."

Initially, Jean exited the building to clear her head. She just had a meaningful moment with Ben and needed to process it.

Suddenly, Sonny called her on the phone.

The conversation led her to hail a cab straight to Edgar.

She needed to meet Edgar in person and find out who tempered the investigation results of the Racing Association!

But for what? To publicly admit that it was all an accident.

Jean was immediately stopped by security as she entered the front desk.

“Ms. Eyer, you can’t see Mr. Royden without an appointment.”

“Step aside!”

Jean gritted her teeth. “If you don’t let me in today, you will regret it.”

“Ms. Eyer, please don’t embarrass us.”

“Jean Eyer?” Someone came from behind and recognized her.

The individual was dressed in a handmade suit, with a kind smile. His bright eyes did not reflect his current age of a fifty-year-old.

Edbart Royden, Edgar Royden’s second uncle. He was the current vice president of the Royden Group.

The vice president supposedly had no real influence, though. Just last month, he was moved back to Yorktown.

The fact that he was one of Edgar Royden’s few relatives and gets along well with him further contributes to Jean’s opinion of this individual. Edbert was also there when they got married.

They first met at that time.

Edbert smiled broadly and said, “I’ll simply say, I’m not old-fashioned yet.” Jean turned to face him.

“Let go,” he scowled at the security people who grabbed Jean’s hand.

“But, Vice President...Ms. Eyer has no appointment. We can’t let her in,” said the staff with embarrassment.

Edbert frowned and immediately helped Jean out of the siege. "She does have an appointment with me. Now, if you mind, unhand her."

He waved his hand and gave Jean a wink.

They both entered the elevator.

Jean was confused by the whole turn of events. "Why are you helping me?"

"It doesn't matter why you and Ben separated. You were still once family. Kids these days need to cherish family, or they'll come to regret," sighed Edbert.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 131**

### **Chapter 131 Men Are All The Same**

Jean never anticipated running across Edbert in this location. He looked to be transported back to more than a year ago as she continued to converse with him.

"Thank you for bringing me here, but the past is the past," she exclaimed. Edbert sighed, "Kids these days..."

Jean was the first to exit the elevator when it opened. Edbert's assistance could not erase her anger towards the Royden's. Miles received news of her arrival and stopped her outside the office.

"Mr. Royden is with a guest, so please wait at the lounge."

He urged her politely. Employees from the Royden Group congregated as news spread of Jean's appearance. Edbert was behind Jean and suggested, "If you're ever bored, you can visit my office for a cup of tea."

The employees started talking amongst each other. "Why is the vice president being chummy with Jean Eyer? Is he trying to shoot another shot with her?"

"I think I read that somewhere that they were together before. Some time ago, Mr. Royden was caught on the street with her..."

Upon hearing these words, Jean's expression darkened.

"Miles, get out of the way. If I make trouble here, the scene is going to get more ugly," threatened Jean.

"Jean," exclaimed Miles. "Mr. Royden is with a guest now. It's useless to intrude."

"Fine, I'll go to the lounge. You lead the way."

Miles got up from his seat and proceeded to guide her. However, Jean sprinted past him and slammed open Royden's office.

He really is meeting with guests.

The guest turned out to be Sam Reece and his wife.

Jean's presence left the whole conversation at a standstill. She ignored Sam's berated cries and glared towards the man behind the desk.

She had an intense look in her eyes.

When their eyes met, Edgar turned cold.

Edgar replied, "Miles, what is the meaning of this?"

"Sorry, Mr. Royden."

Miles stepped forward and was accompanied by bodyguards.

She was overwhelmed and struggled to escape.

Sam was happy with Edgar's actions and smiled. "Some people just don't know their boundaries. I can't believe her mother raised a stalker. Such a shameful person."

Jean stared at the ground and said nothing.

As he heard this, Edgar pursed his lips. "President Reece, where were we?"

To this day, he still addresses Sam Reece as such. His attitude towards him has not changed in the slightest.

No matter how angry Reece was, she had to tolerate it. You would be a fool to upset the Royden Group. "I just said that Gigi and you should have another wedding. Even if you don't, at least take her to live with you!"

She held her hands.

She nodded in agreement and smiled, "You and your spouse should also establish a solid relationship." She continued, "Yeah, Gigi's body is in need of care right now, but sometimes, as parents, it's not simple for us to intervene."

Edgar grew irritated and asked, "Is this what you mean as business? Didn't Mr. Reece mention he wanted to discuss the matter before he came?"

He was sick of people robbing him of his time during working hours.

Edgar was aware of Gigi Reece's motive. She consistently told lies, particularly towards her favor.

"This is business. If Gigi is onboard, your relationship will be last. The cooperation between our two companies will last longer!"

Edgar's eyes betrayed his composed stance. He held his pen and answered.

"Okay, I'll consider it. Please leave."

"What are you thinking about? Tell me the address, the villa or apartment to send her to, and I'll send a car to take her there in a moment!" the man said.

Sam Reece had a fake smile the entire time. He looked like he was plotting this whole event.

Was he marrying his daughter or giving her away?

Edgar rose from his armchair. "I will think about it. I'll contact you shortly, but right now, I have a guest to attend to."

Sam Reece said from behind him, "You just left to see that woman?"

He might have chased after him to talk to Edgar Royden if Jean hadn't pulled him.

Edgar still insisted on talking to Jean, even with that bombshell of a proposal.

Realization dawned on Sam, and he stormed out of the office in anger. However, Jean grew restless.

What now...

Jean Eyer was not in the mood for coffee.

As soon as the door opened, she stood up and marched right into Edgar's office. "There is something wrong with the decision of the Racing Association. The situation at that time was definitely not an accident, it must be man-made."

Edgar calmly said, "And where is your evidence?" He sat down on his chair and crossed his legs. There was this dark expression on his face, "You can blindly trust Ben's judgement, but I don't. The Racing Association has no room for that."

Jean and Ben were the only two individuals in that car.

Ben's feelings played a huge role in her judgement.

Jean replied coldly, "Ben is injured. Why would he fabricate such a lie?"

Edgar grinned. "Well, for one thing, you were involved in the accident too."

"You..."

Jean clenched her fists. "Not everyone plays dirty like you."

Edgar sneered, "Dirty?" He walked towards Jean and grabbed her shoulder. "Isn't he guarding you day and night? Why do you think that is? You're property, nothing more," whispered Edgar. "That's his motive. All men are the same. What they want is to get into your pants."

Jean raised her hand to strike him.

Edgar caught her wrists and held her down.

His heart was filled with emotions that he shouldn't be feeling. He continued to look into her eyes.

When he spoke again, there was a growl in his voice.

"As an investor, I can ask the Racing Association to re-judgment. On the condition that you stay with me overnight."

"Are you crazy?"

Jean's eyes widened. She struggled hard but couldn't escape his embrace.

"Ah..."

His torso cast a shadow on Jean. He leaned down and drawled. "Why, are you afraid? Didn't you hear me? I want you."

Jean's throat was strangled by his hand.

Her dignity and pride were all trampled on by this man.

"Jean, you brought it to the door yourself," he warned. Edgar continued, "Besides you, do you even have any bargaining chips to negotiate with me?" He threw her away like a ragdoll, and Jean slammed into the coffee table.

Ben to negotiate with him?

Edgar had this feral look in his eyes. This girl had the nerve!

Anger bubbled in Edgar.

He was about to exit the office before Jean's words stopped him.

"I'll do it."

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### Chapter 132 Satisfy Him

Edgar became furious as he turned around and glared at the ash-faced Jean, "What did you say?"

"Mr. Royden, your ears must be failing you. I said, I agree. Do whatever you want as long as the Racing Association comes to a new agreement." It took all of Jean's bravery to say this out loud. She was betting; betting on the chance that Ben Ludwig would take a better turn.

Whatever! What's happened has already happened. Even if Edgar is a pervert, I can just deal with it; it's only one night anyways.

Jean clenched her hands tightly together behind her back, afraid that it would tremble in front of Edgar.

Edgar took quick strides and came to stand in front of Jean. Jean bit her lower lip and tried not to show him that she was afraid. With a quiet voice, she asked, "How about tonight, Mr. Royden?"

"Okay, tonight it is."

Edgar left as soon as he said. Once the door shut, all the strength in Jean seemed to leave her, and she stood in a daze, breathing in deeply, "He wouldn't, no matter how things go, he wouldn't..."

She could also plead in this way as she knew deep down that she had no idea how Edgar would treat her.

However, Edgar was the only person that could change Ben's fate and give him a clean slate. Jean closed her eyes. I can only do this much.

A few minutes later, Miles knocked on the door, "Ms. Eyer, Mr. Royden's car is waiting for you downstairs."

"Okay."

Jean forced herself up and stepped toward the elevator.

When she got to the car, there were no signs of Edgar, but without questioning anything, Jean got into the car. She had turned her phone to silent but was unconsciously clutching at it.

Miles opened the door and instructed the driver to head to Imperial Hotel, but he did not get into the car.

Jean frowned as the car slowly left the parking lot.

Edgar Royden, you just can't be satisfied, can you.

Imperial Hotel was one of the top-rated hotels in Yorktown. It was exclusive, and those that had access to the VIP lounge were probably highly influential in Yorktown.

The moment Jean arrived at the lobby, one of the hotel managers came over to welcome her. "Ms. Eyer? Please follow me."

As Jean walked into this opulent place, every step she took felt like she was walking into battle. The manager brought her to a door on one of the upper levels.

"Please enter."

Jean could not tell what the smile on the manager's face meant. She slowly reached out her hand and pulled open the door.

It wasn't just a hotel room. It had a place for entertainment and drinks too. In the room, it wasn't just Edgar, but several of his friends and business partners were there too.

Is he entertaining guests?

Everyone turned to look at her with her sudden appearance in the room.

Jonathan Jackson even snickered and mocked her, "Isn't this Ms. Eyer? Haha, I can't believe you came all the way here for our dear Mr. Royden.'"

To them, Jean was the one that was taking actions and not letting go of Edgar.

Jean followed the light, to see Edgar sitting on a couch alone and holding a wine glass, looking like a king overseeing his subjects. In front of him, Jean was in no place to bargain. She ignored Jonathan's taunts, took a deep breath and walked to stand before Edgar bravely.

'Crash'

The glass in Jonathan's hand fell to the ground. "Oh, sorry, my hand slipped. Ms. Eyer, could you...?"



The muscles in Jean's face tensed and she looked up at Edgar. He gave her a look, and she understood what he wanted her to do. Like a trained servant, she used her hand and some napkins to pick up the glass shards. While she was doing this, she could hear snickers and giggles on the couch.

"Haha, the service really is different from a once convicted princess, she cleans up quite well."

"I think Mr. Royden is still the best. They've been divorced for so long, yet she still lowers herself in front of him."

Lowering myself? Jean closed her eyes and did not respond. When she had cleaned up the glass shards, she went back to stand by Edgar's side. Edgar was annoyed by her indifferent attitude and downed his glass in one go.

Jean was an opportunist, as soon as she saw that Edgar's glass was empty, she reached over, wanting to pour him another glass.

I need him happy. As long as he is happy, there will be a chance for another outcome regarding the races.

She did not expect Jonathan to stop her before she could even touch his glass.

"That job isn't for you." He said and whistled toward the door. Immediately, the door opened, and in walked several tens of beautiful women with glamorous bodies with smiles on their faces. They called out endearments as they walked into the men's laps. The smiles on the men's faces increased tenfold. One woman even pushed Jean away in attempt to get closer to Edgar.

"Mr. Royden, let me pour you a glass." The beautiful woman did not dare to call him Edgar. She approached him with wine in between her red lips.

Is this how they entertain? Jean avoided looking at the scene and turned her head around. Her attitude of avoidance attracted Edgar's attention. He coldly pushed the woman away from him and beckoned Jean, "Come here."

Jean could feel the jealousy rolling off the two beautiful women.

"Mr. Royden, do you want a drink?" She asked in an exasperated voice while walking over.

His eyes narrowed as he gestured at the scene, "Look at how they are accompanying us."

Jean looked around at the tantalizing and intimate scene.

She forced her lips to move as she replied, "Apologies, Mr. Royden, I only know how to serve drinks."

Edgar threw his glass at the wall in anger, and shattered glass fell to the floor. He swept a glance at his watch and said with a voice that could freeze the North Pole. "You have seven hours until the news of the Thunderbolt Cup is announced tomorrow."

If I don't satisfy him, the Racing Association will release the fake results to the public. Then, it will be hard for the Black Horses to make a comeback, and worse, the culprit will go unpunished.

Jean gritted her teeth as she was being pushed to the edge of a cliff.

Edgar released his tightly clenched fists, and he was elated at heart. It seems, Jean doesn't really like Ben.

However, Jean suddenly drank from a cup and walked toward him with the liquid in her mouth. She showed no signs of hesitation as she closed the distance between them. She leaned an arm on the couch, then pressed her lips to his, letting the wine flow from her mouth to his. Her action captured the attention of everyone around them.

Jonathan's boisterous laughter rang out as he mocked, "The princess of Eyer Group still lowers her head to Mr. Royden."

"Stop talking. Let's go, Edgar doesn't look too happy." Brad White advised him.

"Go?"

Jonathan could not say anything else before Edgar lifted Jean up and walked into a bedroom.

Jean felt like her world had been turned upside down. She lay on the bed, and in the next second, Edgar had taken off his tie and was pressing against her body. His eyes burned like pits of fire.

"You'll do anything just for him?"

Jean tried to push him away as he held onto her chin forcefully.

"It was you who..."

Jean tried to explain when she was interrupted by his lips on her. Jean struggled against him, but he was too powerful.

"You'll do anything I ask? How did you become so pitiful after divorcing me?"

