

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 158

Chapter 158 Uncontrollable Tears

Jean tutted seeing Gigi getting into a car. Tightening his grip on the steering wheel, Edgar stepped on the accelerator and tailed the car. Jean was not bothered by Edgar as she was excited to see the upcoming show.

Soon, Gigi's car stopped at a middle-class neighborhood, but the house she went into was a three-story villa. This is getting interesting. Jean smirked.

She turned to the side to look at Edgar. Sure enough, his expression was extremely gloomy at that moment while his gaze was fixated on the direction in which Gigi was headed to. "Are all you women like this?"

Edgar's voice emerged in the tense atmosphere. Jean furrowed her brow. "What do you mean?"

The next second, she perceived the extreme coldness in Edgar's eyes. Gritting her teeth, she retorted, "You're the one having bad taste. Don't assume that everyone is like Gigi. It's not the first time she deceived you anyway."

Jean never gossiped behind others' backs, but she was truly annoyed by Edgar's gaze just now. Edgar turned his head aside with a frown. Then, he got out of the car to make a call.

A few minutes later, Gigi ran out of the villa crying while Linda chased her from behind. Following that, both of them got into the car and left.

Jean cast a glance at Edgar, who wore a straight face. Nevertheless, she could sense that he was at the edge of losing his cool, so she decided not to provoke him further.

With that, she turned her head to the side as she was not interested in continuing looking at Edgar. While on the way back, Jean closed her eyes and fell asleep.

When she woke up, she was left alone in the car which was parked in front of Edgar's villa while Edgar was nowhere to be seen. How can he ditch me in the car just like that?! I could've been frozen to death! Jean cursed inwardly.

After that, she got out of the car and walked toward the villa. Suddenly, she saw two figures in front of her. Upon taking a closer look, she realized they were Edgar and Gigi.

She secretly followed them along the bushes.

"Please trust me, Edgar. It was just an ordinary dinner. I didn't cheat on you." Gigi whimpered while tugging at Edgar's hand.

On the other hand, Edgar remained silent with a stone-cold face.

“They knew I’m married to you. Now that I’m your woman, who in Yorktown would dare to mess around with me?” While saying that, Gigi leaned her body against Edgar’s arms. “Besides, I’m pregnant now. The baby is growing in my belly. Of course, I’ll be more mindful!”

“You’re mindful?”

Edgar’s eyes were as cold as ice. Lowering his head, he grasped Gigi’s wrist and hissed, “Do you think that I don’t know how you dress up normally? Are you really mindful enough for the sake of this child?”

Truth was, Gigi often wore high-heels, heavy makeup, and all kinds of accessories.

Not only that, she frequently visited nightclubs and wasn’t like someone who genuinely cared about the infant.

“I…” Gigi whined even louder as if she was utterly wronged. “I don’t wish to give up my acting career. I don’t want to be a housewife after getting married to you.”

Give up her career and become a housewife?

Edgar was reminded of Jean. Back then, she gave up the opportunity to study overseas for the sake of their wedding, but he was absorbed in the pleasure of seeking revenge.

He was a little flustered when he heard Gigi saying these words in front of him now. Because of their short-lived marriage, Jean sacrificed her youth.

“Edgar, please stop being mad at me, alright?”

Edgar was not moved even after Gigi continued crying relentlessly. So, she had no choice but to give in. “I’ll stay home from now on, prepare meals for you, and wait for you to come home. Okay?”

She lifted her head. Her makeup was ruined by the tears, but she actually looked cleaner than her usual look with heavy makeup.

But...

Edgar shoved her hands away and blurted, “Go back to your home. Don’t come and find me before I figure out how to settle our relationship.”

The statement was like a death sentence to Gigi.

“No!”

Gigi dashed up and grasped Edgar's coat like a lunatic. "Edgar, please put yourself in my shoes. In this era, no one will give up their own life for the sake of marriage!"

Just then, Jean accidentally touched a thorn from the bush, causing blood to ooze out from her skin.

Frowning, she heard a cold voice come forth in the night breeze, yet it was pleasing to her ear. "But Jean did it!"

Jean gazed toward Edgar and saw him standing at the villa's entrance with his hands in his pockets. His expression was difficult to read, but Jean could tell that he harbored no hatred toward her when he said that.

Instead, his tone was tinged with empathy and regret.

Jean's hand trembled. How would Edgar possibly say something like that? Does he even care about my safety and my sacrifice in the past?

Jean lowered her head as she sunk into deep thoughts.

On the other hand, Gigi was startled. "Until now, you're still thinking of that woman, aren't you?"

"She's my ex-wife. If you want to become my wife, you have to accept that comparison is inevitable." Edgar blurted coldly and walked toward the car.

Gigi stood at the spot and allowed the cold wind to blow at her. After some time, Edgar still didn't return, so she stomped in anger and left in the van.

Meanwhile, Jean only regained her composure after Gigi left. When she wanted to walk out from the bush, it was too late.

"Come out," Edgar ordered gloomily as he stared fixedly at the bush.

Jean pouted. "I'm just strolling around because I'm bored."

She wouldn't admit that she was eavesdropping on their conversation.

To her surprise, Edgar didn't reprimand her. Instead, he hummed in response and pulled her out from the bush.

When he touched Jean's hand, he frowned and put a jacket on her. "Didn't I put this on you in the car just now? Why didn't you wear it before getting out of the car? Don't you know the temperature can be very low at night?"

Jean was dumbfounded at the series of questions.

A faint scent of men's perfume from the jacket wafted into her nose. "I didn't notice it. I thought you wanted to freeze me to death." She mumbled.

Edgar was rendered speechless. "Let's go in." He said in resignation.

When they walked side by side back to the villa, Jean stopped bringing Gigi up to provoke Edgar.

Even before Jean slept, Edgar's words were still lingering in her mind. "But Jean did it."

Her heart ached. She shrank her body under the blanket as tears rolled down her cheeks.

She hated her old self more than anyone else. She was obsessed with Edgar and only came to her senses after Edgar caused her family's bankruptcy.

She couldn't recall what was on her mind back then. Nonetheless, her father wouldn't force her to marry Edgar if she didn't agree. So, Jean thought she only had herself to blame.

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 159

Chapter 159 | Refuse To

The next morning, the villa was extraordinarily quiet. It was a rare morning that Jean didn't have to see Edgar's annoying face in the morning. Suddenly, she received a message from Monica.

'Perles is going to shoot an ad soon.' Jean was startled for a moment. 'So?'

Monica was at a loss for words. Five minutes later, she replied with a message. 'Don't tell me you don't know that you're the main actress for the shoot.' Jean's mind went blank as she stared at the phone screen. Of course I don't know!

Following that, she received a call from Sally. "Hey Jean, I bet you don't know that everyone is talking about you in the company group chat. They speculated that you've jumped to Perles. Some even accused you of being a business spy from Perles and claimed that Mr. Wilton left the company thanks to you." Sally exclaimed agitatedly and became more stirred up as she continued. She almost wanted to pick up a fight with the others to defend Jean!

"Jean might not even know about that." Kellan whispered next to Sally.

Sally gritted her teeth and said, "You have the freedom to choose where to work. Who are they to point their fingers at you? Besides..."

Jean was no longer listening to what Sally said subsequently.

Moments later, she asked slowly, "Am I the only cast in the shoot?"

She had a hunch that the matter was not as simple as it seemed. Before this, Edgar and Gigi were the spokespeople for a series of exclusive diamond jewelry from Perles.

"It's you and Mr. Royden. Don't you know about that?" Sally was confused too.

Jean gasped. No wonder I had such a peaceful sleep last night. It turns out that terrible news is waiting for me. God granted me a peaceful sleep to prepare me for this misfortune!

"I have some stuff to settle."

After saying that, Jean immediately called Edgar, but the call was not answered.

Just as she was about to call Miles, she received an incoming call with an unknown caller ID. "Hi Miss Eyer, I'm Harley, the chief designer from Perles. I'm calling to check if you've run into any issues because we haven't seen you at the shooting site yet. We can send someone to pick you up if there's a need."

Harley addressed Jean courteously, but Jean turned her down without hesitating. "I'm sorry. I'm not sure how I became Perles' spokesperson all of a sudden. I'm not aware of this matter at all, and I'll not show up for the shoot."

She would be severely criticized if others from the industry found out that she became Perles' spokesperson immediately after she resigned from MON & Co.

At that moment, Jean had calmed down after gathering her thoughts. She was almost certain that this incident was Edgar's plot against her to force her to quit the design industry.

I won't give in! I'm going to make him embarrassed!

"Please consider the offer, Miss Eyer. The remuneration is decent."

The remuneration of an ad shoot for such an exclusive product was expected to be rewarding, but Jean disdained on earning money at the thought of having to collaborate with Edgar.

"I refuse to."

After hanging up the call, Jean knitted her brows as she pondered what Edgar's next step could be.

However, she had not received any news or messages after some time. Neither did Perles' staff call to persuade her again. Everything was uncannily calm.

It was so calm that Jean thought something was off the more she thought about it. Finally, she was stupefied when a few lush MPVs drove into the resident's yard.

"Hi Miss Eyer, since you refuse to participate in the shoot, we have no choice but to come here. We're targeting to start promoting this series of jewelry next week, so the ad shoot must be finished as soon as possible. Please cooperate with us. Otherwise, our legal department will request you to fulfill your responsibility as stated in the contract."

"Contract? You guys must have made a mistake. I've never signed any contract!" Jean struggled as the staff seized her but to no avail.

She was forced to sit down before the makeup table and was forced to change into an outfit thereafter.

"Please take a look at this, Miss Eyer. This is the set of jewelry that will be featured in the ad shoot today. This series is named Glory of the Moon." Harley lifted her hand and signaled for the staff to present the jewelry in a display case.

The set of jewelry consisted of three bracelets, two necklaces, and a 10-carat diamond ring.

Jean was dumbfounded at the sight of the gems.

This series of accessories looked so mysterious yet gentle that Jean couldn't take her eyes off them.

"This jewelry is designed by Enva, a newly hired designer in our company. How do you like the design? I heard that you're working as a designer too. Do consider our company if there's an opportunity." Harley said with a smile.

Then, she passed Jean a name card and promised, "If you join our company, I can guarantee that you'll be able to design a set of jewelry on your own within half a year."

The offer was extremely attractive.

If Jean became one of the main designers in Perles, she would be able to establish her position in the jewelry design industry, and that would open up more opportunities for her.

Jean took a deep breath. Stay calm and rational, Jean! There's no such thing as a free lunch!

"It's okay. I don't plan to join any company for now." Jean frowned as she looked at herself in the mirror.

Startled, Harley did not keep the name card away but gently left it on the table.

"Mr. Royden will arrive soon. I'll go and check out the shooting crew."

The ad shoot would take place in the backyard of Edgar's villa.

While Jean was led downstairs by a staff member, Edgar walked into the house. When his cold gaze met Jean, his eyes lit up as he was impressed at her appearance.

The next second, Jean accidentally twisted her ankle.

"Be careful, Miss Eyer." The staff quickly supported Jean.

Jean was frustrated at her carelessness. It had been some time since she wore stilettos and an exquisite gown.

On the previous occasions of ball parties and banquets, the height of the high heels she wore was within a comfortable range.

However, the ad this time required the model to be extraordinarily exquisite and ostentatious. In fact, Jean felt like the accessories she wore weighed more than ten pounds!

She became more resentful the more she thought about it. When she stood in front of Edgar, her eyes were filled with disgust.

"Does it make you happy seeing me in this state?" She stared daggers at Edgar.

Edgar wore an indifferent expression. Any other woman would be overjoyed to be invited for an ad shoot like this. Moreover, given Jean's situation now, she had no right to be picky.

"Aren't you financially tight? I'm just trying to help you." Edgar answered coldly while the staff helped him put on the jacket and jewelry.

Jean sneered coldly. "Thank you, but I can't accept your kindness. By the way, you should know this series features couples' jewelry. I can't believe you still want to shoot this ad with your ex-wife after marrying Gigi. Tsk..."

Jean was already planning how to expose the news to the paparazzi as she was determined to ruin Edgar's reputation.

However, to her surprise, Edgar was not annoyed by her provocation.

Instead, he strode forward and placed his arm around Jean's waist in front of everyone. "I have no choice. Gigi is pregnant now, so I don't want her to be too tired. Your face won't be captured in the shoot anyway."

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 160

Chapter 160 A Perfect Match

Jean furrowed her brows. She should've expected this man to be more cunning than anyone else. "We can start now, Mr. Royden." Harley walked up to Edgar and said politely.

"Okay." Wearing a light smile, Edgar held Jean's hand and walked to the backyard.

From afar, the photographer was attracted to the harmonious, pleasing scene when he saw Edgar and Jean walking side by side toward him. The inspiration for the design of this series originated from gods from the galaxy.

The publicity director of Perles had been searching for a suitable candidate among models and celebrities from both domestic and international circles, but to no avail. Later, they fortuitously met Edgar during a business meeting. Immediately, they decided that he was the best spokesperson for this jewelry series.

As for Gigi, they had no choice but to take her on board because she was Edgar's partner. Previously, Gigi had been bragging to everyone how much Edgar doted on her, which caused Perles to assume that Edgar wouldn't agree to shoot with other women.

Surprisingly, they received a last-minute notice from Edgar, saying there would be a change in the female candidate. At first, both Harley and the publicity director were worried, but they changed their mind after they saw Jean.

An ordinary person without acting experience could be a potential model material too! All the staff thought this beautiful couple was a perfect match. Besides...

Satisfied with the progress of the shoot, Harley sent a message to the public relations department. 'Get ready with a news draft. Perles is having a mysterious spokesperson for the latest exclusive jewelry series.'

The collaboration between the divorced couple would surely cause a sensation in the city! Harley was confident that Perles' products would become trending topics once the news was released.

Suddenly, Harley had a bold idea. She walked toward the photographer and murmured to him. The photographer was stunned. "Is that possible?"

“You won’t know unless you try. If we win this bet, our year-end bonus will definitely be doubled!”

The photographer bit the bullet and went forward to talk to Edgar and Jean. “The pose just now was rather stiff. Can both of you act more intimately?”

Intimate?

Jean almost wanted to stomp out instantly. Are you kidding me?! I won’t possibly get intimate with Edgar. Besides, the ad is going to be released all around the country. Even if my face is not captured, I can’t bring myself to do it! “I don’t...”

“What about this?” Edgar reached his hand behind Jean’s back and gently pulled her into his arms. Then, he tightened his hold on Jean’s arm and drew close to her.

“Great. That’s perfect!” The photographer did not expect Edgar to take such initiative. He quickly took the camera and captured more footage of them. However, when he checked the playback, he lifted his head awkwardly and asked, “Miss Eyer, can you wear a more cheerful look?”

Jean looked elegant in the video clips, but she had zero eye contact with Edgar.

Besides, she looked as if she repelled being touched by Edgar.

Her expression was discordant with the desired style of the ad.

Jean wore a sulky look. “Didn’t you say that my face won’t be captured? I don’t have to force a smile if only the body movements are captured, do I?” She retorted nonchalantly, but her intention was obvious.

At once, the atmosphere became tense.

“You’re right. Let’s take five. We’ll prepare the scene for the next shoot.”

The photographer wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead. When Harley came to check on the progress, he mumbled, “Mr. Royden’s ex-wife has a sharp tongue...”

Not only did she disregard them, but she also couldn’t care less about Edgar.

I bet many women out there are dying for a chance to meet Edgar. This woman here is totally ungrateful!

Harley shook her head in resignation. “Just mind our own stuff. Don’t try to pry into the wealthy family’s business.”

The photographer thought Harley had a point, so he quickly got down to work.

On the other hand, Edgar took a cup of water and was about to drink it, but someone snatched the cup away from him.

Jean chugged the cup of water and plunked it on top of the table.

“That’s my water.” Edgar wore a gloomy look.

“I know.” Jean shot a deathly stare at Edgar. “I’m afraid you poisoned my water.”

He arranged for me to become the model for this ad shoot out of the blue. God knows what scheme he is plotting against me!

Edgar glanced at Jean’s delicate face and blurted coldly, “I don’t intend to kill someone in my house.”

“Who knows?”

After saying that, Jean ignored Edgar’s irritated expression and continued rattling on while walking away to change.

Edgar retracted his gaze in resignation and pressed his temples. Suddenly, he received a call from Miles.

“Mr. Royden, Miss Recce became aware that she was being replaced for Perles’ ad shoot. She’s heading to your villa now.”

“Alright.”

Edgar’s eyes were filled with extreme coldness.

Although Gigi did not stay long at the director’s place last night, Edgar had sent someone to investigate her and found out that she had frequently attended appointments to ‘socialize’ with others from showbiz.

Sure enough, some of the people she met were up to no good.

Edgar’s patience had reached its limit, which was one of the reasons why he replaced Gigi with Jean in this ad shoot. He thought Gigi would be more sensible. If she obediently stayed at the

Recce residence and reflected upon herself, Edgar wouldn’t completely ignore her.

But now, he did not intend to give Gigi a second chance.

Half an hour later, Edgar and Jean were shooting for the second set when Gigi barged into the villa with a few other people.

Edgar's white blouse perfectly matched Jean's white dress.

The two of them were leaning against the fence, forming a picturesque view with the scenery behind them. Besides, they were wearing Perles' latest couple's jewelry on their fingers with their hands placed close to each other's.

The jewelry that they were wearing was a pair of pure gold rings. The rings had no complicated design but they exhibited a simple and pure beauty, symbolizing a lifelong, genuine promise.

"Jean Eyer!"

Gigi scowled and was about to dash up to Jean but was stopped by Harley and another few staff.

"I'm sorry, Miss Recee. You're not allowed to go in. We're in the midst of the shoot."

"Shoot my foot! I'm the model for this ad shoot. Quickly get the b*tch out of here!"

Gigi was burning in anger. If Andy didn't inform her about the news, she would have been clueless about it until now!

Staring at Jean's calm face, Gigi was mad enough to chew nails.

"I'm sorry, Miss Recee. We've signed another contract with Mr. Royden, so you're not Perles' spokesperson anymore." Harley replied politely. "That's impossible! That shameless b*tch bewitched Edgar. I'm Edgar's legitimate wife! If you guys dare to release this ad, I'm not only going to sue you for breaking the contract, but I'll also..."

"You'll also what?"

Edgar signaled for the shoot to pause. Then, he stared at Gigi while suppressing his anger.

"I..."

Gigi was so aggrieved that she almost broke out in tears in front of everyone.

Just as the atmosphere turned awkward, Jean took down the ring from her finger and threw it toward Gigi. "Take it since you like it."

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 161

Then, Jean took off the accessories on her hair in front of everyone and said, "Remember to transfer my remuneration to my bank account."

Since she had already done the job, she was determined to receive the money. More importantly, she disdained to compete with Gigi. "Stop there." Standing aside, Edgar blurted coldly. Jean was not an obedient pushover, so she had no intention to do what she was told.

When Harley heard Edgar's holler, she noticed something was off, so she stopped dissuading Gigi and walked toward Jean instead. She leaned close to Jean and said softly, "Miss Eyer, if you leave now, our company will hold you liable for breaking the contract." "What?"

"Which means you'll need to pay a huge amount of damages." Harley wore a courteous smile. Jean was infuriated. What rotten luck!

She glanced toward Edgar resentfully and had an idea all of a sudden. "The shooting progress is affected, or might even be terminated, due to Mr. Royden's personal affair. Since that's the case, shouldn't he be the one paying for damages?"

Stunned, Harley answered reluctantly, "You're not wrong."

The entire spokesperson contract was signed by Edgar, so he was held responsible for the publicity effect of the advertisement.

Nevertheless, due to his prominent identity, it was assumed that a big shot like him wouldn't eat his own words, so some terms and conditions were merely implied in the contract.

Jean's statement hit the bullseye and caught Harley off guard.

Everyone had a bad hunch as soon as she said that.

The next second, Jean put the accessories back on her hair, walked to Edgar's side, and initiated to hold his arm.

Edgar frowned and subconsciously pressed her arm.

Jean batted her eyelashes and said in an innocent manner. "Go ahead and continue with the shoot then."

Then, she leaned her body against Edgar's like a fragile flower, which made them look like an intimate couple at once.

In addition, the elegant outline of her hand and wrist accentuated the classiness of the ring.

The photographer was intrigued immediately. "Excellent! Give me another pose."

The other staff too got back to their work. The atmosphere of the scene was even more harmonious than before this.

The photographer nodded in satisfaction. "Perfect. You guys look like a real couple."

Meanwhile, Gigi was totally ignored, standing at the side.

Linda tugged at her arm and said, "Forget about it, Gigi. It's just an ad shoot."

"You know nothing! I'll become everyone's laughing stock if this ad is released!"

If that happened, she wouldn't be able to garner any benefits in showbiz using her title as Edgar's wife.

Just then, Gigi had a brainwave. She stuffed her phone into Linda's hand and said, "Open the camera and record us."

Before Linda realized what was going on, Gigi had already stomped up to Edgar and Jean.

"Edgar, you can't do this to me! You can't be bewitched by this woman. She's clearly a two-timer! She's leading Ben on while seducing you."

Jean raised her brows as contempt flashed through her eyes. Sure enough, Gigi could be utterly unreasonable and outrageous.

Oh well...

Jean smiled and pulled Edgar tighter into her arms. "We're just working. You have no idea what's going on, so go and sit at the side."

"Shut up! I'm talking to Edgar. You're no one to meddle with the affairs between us."

The frustrated Gigi grasped Edgar's hand and asked, "Edgar, if this ad is released, what is going to happen to me?"

Jean countered by pushing Gigi and retorting with a provocative smile. "You're pregnant now. You should leave the chance to those who need it."

In fact, the last sentence had a double meaning.

The 'chance' was referring to the ad shoot on the surface, but it was also implicitly referring to Edgar.

Sure enough, Gigi flared up and threw a tantrum.

She burst into tears and wailed, "Edgar, how can you do this to me?"

Jean's grin widened. Great. Continue making a scene.

As the situation got out of control, she pulled her hand back from Edgar and feigned a helpless look. "Miss Harley, given the situation now, there's nothing I can do even if the shoot is forced to stop. It's their responsibility."

Everyone was tongue-tied. They witnessed the scene, and Jean was right.

With that, Jean effortlessly denied her responsibility, leaving Edgar behind. The latter stood at the spot with a cold face as Gigi continued pestering him, yet there was nothing he could do.

Finally, Edgar blurted furiously, "Stop the shoot."

Gigi thought she had won the argument, so she gloatingly followed Edgar into the villa. "Edgar, let's have a talk."

On the other hand, Jean finally escaped from Edgar and could have a peace of mind.

Suddenly, she lifted her eyes and noticed a figure leaving in a hurry from afar.

She narrowed her eyes. Ha! Are you here to laugh at me?

...

The person who received the news and came with the hope to see Jean being embarrassed was none other than Winnie.

Truth was, she followed Gigi to Edgar's villa, but she saw through Jean's trick in advance, so she left immediately and thought how stupid Gigi was.

If Winnie was caught by Jean, she would be doomed because she still owed Jean a huge sum of money.

Winnie even had an evil thought. Only if she vanishes from this world like her short-lived father. But alas, Edgar is protecting her all this while although he seems to be treating her ruthlessly on the surface.

Winnie couldn't make a move on her own because her identity as the mistress of the Reece family would be threatened if Jean fought back.

She was distressed whenever she thought of Jean.

Is there no one else in this world that can handle that woman? It would be awesome if she disappears forever.

Just then, a posh car stopped beside Winnie. The driver was Andy.

“Hey Mrs. Reece, get in. I’ll give you a ride.”

Winnie was overjoyed at the way Andy addressed her.

She recalled seeing Andy during Gigi’s wedding. She knew he was the deputy president of Royden Group. Although he was not as wealthy as Edgar, he was indeed a talented young man.

Suddenly, Winnie had an idea.

“Hi Mr. Shaw, sure. Thank you!”

Not long after Winnie got into the car, she wasted no more time and announced her ‘plan’.

Holding the steering wheel, Andy remained silent for a while before asking, “Mrs. Reece, are you asking me to woo Mr. Royden’s ex-wife?”

Winnie observed Andy’s expression and perceived that he was not annoyed, so she smiled and continued, “Actually, Jean and I are no strangers. Although her last marriage had failed, she and Edgar divorced peacefully. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have attended Edgar and Gigi’s wedding. I think you’re a talented, handsome man, Mr. Shaw. It’ll be a pity if you remain single. If you are willing to, I can help you pull strings with Jean.”

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 162

Chapter 162 It’s Her Fault

As soon as Winnie Campbell’s words faded away, Andy Shaw slammed the steering wheel, and the car came to a screeching halt by the side of the road.

Winnie Campbell’s eyes widened. She was so frightened she didn’t dare utter a word. Andy Shaw smirked coldly. He looked at Winnie Campbell. “I only called you Mrs. Reece seeing as how you’re Mr. Reece’s second wife, but you’re driving a wedge between me and Mr. Royden?”

“I… I’m not.” Winnie Campbell tried to explain hurriedly. But Andy Shaw already turned his head. “Please get out of the car.”

Winnie Campbell was like a person who lifted a rock only to drop it on her own toes. She could only silently get out from the car. Once the car door shut, Andy Shaw

stepped on the accelerator and sped away. Winnie Campbell cursed silently. "What bad luck."

This was Jean Eyer's fault. In the car, Andy Shaw took out his cellphone and dialed a number. "Check on Ben Ludwig's racing team, and..."

Chase after Jean Eyer?

Andy Shaw's brows raised slightly. Not long after Jean Eyer left, she was found and taken back by Edgar Royden's bodyguards. The people from Perles had already left. Gigi Reece was also nowhere to be found.

"You want to escape after creating trouble for me?" The man sat on the couch. His eyes were gloomy and cold but veiled by flickering flames of anger.

Jean Eyer immediately shook her head to deny. "I'm not. I was being so cooperative. Remember my actions at the end."

The next second, Edgar Royden waved her over.

Jean Eyer frowned. "Just say it where you are. I can hear you."

"Come. Here."

Jean Eyer was frustrated and had to take those few steps. "What I said was the truth. No matter how many times you ask, it'll be the same."

She'd always been stubborn and had no tears until she saw the coffin.

Edgar Royden stared at her. He said slowly, enunciating every single word. "From now until the Perles advertisement shoot is done, you have to stay here and be on-call. Otherwise, the fifty million fees for breaking the contract will be on you."

"What?"

Jean Eyer was stunned for a moment. "What does it have to do with me? I..."

But Edgar Royden clearly stopped listening to her. He'd walked away.

Soon, Susan came to work and saw Jean Eyer in the living room. She shook her head helplessly before turning around to lock the door and put the key in her pocket.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Eyer. These are instructions from Mr. Royden."

Jean Eyer said through gritted teeth, "Susan, I want to eat lobsters tonight. Ten of them."

Susan was startled for a moment but quickly nodded. "Alright. No problem."

Edgar Royden instructed that as long as Jean Eyer had the appetite, she should get what she wanted.

But Susan couldn't understand why he had to use this sort of approach when he clearly wanted her to stay by his side.

The dinner table that night was filled with a variety of dishes.

Jean Eyer was about to dig in when she felt an overturning of rivers and seas in her stomach. She ran to the washroom and threw up all over the place. She rubbed her stomach with a confused expression. Delicacies of every kind were in front of her, but why did she feel nauseous?

"What's wrong, Ms. Eyer?" Susan immediately gave her a cup of hot water. She helped Jean Eyer sit down when she saw Jean Eyer's pale face.

Jean Eyer shook her head weakly when she smelled the aroma of the dishes. "I don't know either. Suddenly I just don't have the appetite, and I feel like throwing up."

"Throwing up?" Susan was astonished for a while.

"I'm going up to sleep. I won't be eating." Jean Eyer made her way up the stairs weakly.

Susan saw her figure disappear and immediately sent a text message to Edgar Royden.

On the other end, the man was sitting in a booth at a bar while listening to Nathan Knox ramble on about work.

He lifted his eyes to look at the contents on his cellphone. His brows were locked.

Nathan Knox leaned over nosily. He saw the words on the screen and said, "Could it be that she's pregnant?"

Edgar Royden was momentarily surprised.

Nathan Knox listed it out one by one. "No appetite, nausea, feeling alright in the morning but not feeling well at night, this sounds like the symptoms of being pregnant."

Edgar Royden clenched his cellphone tight.

He frowned doubtfully. "Is it possible she's playing some kind of game again?"

He believed that Jean Eyer would do anything to escape from his side.

He only used fifty million to threaten her, and she was putting on a show for him?

With one hand on the table, Nathan Knox was slightly tipsy and mumbled, "What if it's true?"

He shook his head. "Forget it. Let's drink."

But the figure of Edgar Royden beside him was long gone.

By the time Edgar Royden had rushed back to the villa, Jean Eyer had already slept. The man saw the lavish dinner on the table and the wrinkle in his brows deepened.

It was unlike Jean Eyer's personality to not finish all the food.

He now believed that she was truly not feeling well.

He took off his coat and made his way up the stairs slowly. He tried opening her bedroom door but found it to be locked from the inside.

Edgar Royden pressed the bridge of his nose. The precautions she took against him were impenetrable.

Thinking about what Nathan Knox said, he immediately turned and went into his study room.

The next morning, Jean Eyer was surrounded by two doctors once she woke up. She looked at them warily, "What's going on?"

A holistic practitioner and a general practitioner held her down and started to examine her.

Susan explained in a small voice at the back. "Ms. Eyer, you weren't feeling well last night. After Mr. Royden found out, he sent these doctors here to take a look at you."

"I... I just didn't have the appetite, he didn't have to do this. It's not like I have any infectious disease. Did he really need to make a mountain out of a molehill!"

Jean Eyer threw her hands and struggled before running out.

"Nobody touch me!"

She was barefoot. When she looked up, she bumped into the man's deep eyes.

He held her hand with slight force. "Go get checked."

"I don't want to. Who are you to tell me what to do?" Jean Eyer pushed him away hard. She gritted her teeth and said, "If you're afraid that I have an infectious disease, let me leave immediately. With you here, I can't even eat a meal in peace."

"Is that true?" Edgar Royden's thin lips curled lightly.

He remembered very well that a few days ago, Jean Eyer didn't have much of an appetite.

Jean Eyer started to panic with his gaze on her. When she was about to retort, her cellphone rang.

She picked up and glared at the man's face.

"Edgar Royden, you went back on your word!"

"What?"

"You're still pretending! You promised to let the Racing Association change their decision, but they still sentenced the Black Horse Team to a half-year suspension from the races!" Jean Eyer gnashed her teeth in fury. As expected, she couldn't trust what this man said.

He was a liar!

She stepped on Edgar Royden's foot ruthlessly before putting on a coat and sprinting out.

"Mr. Royden, should we chase after her?" The bodyguard came up to ask.

The man gestured, and they backed off to the side instantly.

After Edgar Royden made a few calls, he drove to the Racing Association. He said what he did previously on purpose only to let Jean Eyer hear it. He didn't deliberately interfere in the Racing Association's judgements.

Around ten minutes later, Jean Eyer reached the Racing Association.

The Dark Horse Team, including Ben Ludwig, had already arrived inside and were discussing with Mr. Hoffer.

"According to the results of the previous investigation, although the Dark Horse Team had nothing to do with this, it still caused a bad influence. I need to do this to ensure that the racing circle is fair." Mr. Hoffer said while chuckling and holding a luxury cigar in his hands.

“What bad influence did we cause? Ben Ludwig and Jean Eyer almost died on the race track. How can you still sit there all relaxed when they nearly lost their lives?”