

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 168

Chapter 168 Who?

The whole car reeked of Jean's perfume. Andy smiled, "I've told you Edgar still cares for his ex-wife." Gigi glared furiously, "Can you send someone to mutilate her pretty face?"

Andy raised his eyebrow and remarked slyly, "What a shame to ruin such a pretty face?"

"Don't tell me you like her pretty face too." Gigi bulged her eyes and slapped his groping hands on her body. Andy leaned over to comfort her, "Don't be an over-scrutinizer. I'm not a player like Edgar. I only like you."

Hearing his affirmation, Gigi calmed down a bit. But in the next second, Andy pinched her chin rather forcefully, "Yet you are so eager to marry Edgar Royden. Will you still submit to me after marrying him?"

His eyes were instantly covered with hostility; his firm grip hurt Gigi's chin. She glowered in pain and, in a distressing manner, broke away from the man's captive, "Of course."

Her relationship with Andy was raveled confoundedly. Not to mention he possessed their explicit intimate photos, even the child in her womb belonged to Andy.

Andy loosened his grip on her chin. "Come along with me on a business trip; I will eliminate Jean from Edgar's sight."

"Really?"

Gigi was delighted. She hopped on Andy, "Then do it right away. The news I spread won't hold much longer."

The Garrison Group belonged to Edgar currently. The Royden family would definitely find ways to hold the news down.

The situation would go out of control once the news traveled.

Andy embraced the woman in his arms, "Sure. Kiss me then."

"Naughty....."

Gigi protested coquettishly while obliging his demand.

Jean had arrived at the training ground, but Ben hadn't made his appearance yet.

She didn't think much of it. She hopped into a car and drove two laps until she realized that something was wrong with the car.

"Sonny, how's the car condition?" Jean summoned Sonny to a corner and asked inquisitively, "Who inspected the car today?"

"It was Santos. What's wrong? Is there any problem?" Sonny asked while recording the data.

Jean glanced at the person leaning against the door in the distance and smiled like she used to, "Nothing, just asking. Gotta check on the inspection personnel as well."

"Don't worry, I'm on it personally."

Jean reciprocated with an affirmative, went back to the training ground, and drove a few more laps to confirm her observation.

"Not bad. The speed has improved!" Sonny was thrilled looking at the data board.

Meanwhile, as Jean was driving the car, her hands started shaking and sweating. Her car malfunctioned in passing a moment ago.

If she hadn't secured the steering wheel and redirected the car in time, she would have hit the fence or worst, the car would have completely flipped itself over.

She drew a deep breath before she entered the locker room. She didn't remove her helmet because she didn't want to let her team member notice her anxiety and fear.

"Sonny, is Jean okay? Why does she keep wearing the helmet?"

"She's probably trying to keep her image in check. Don't wanna expose her messy hair. Go on and do what you do, don't be nosy." Sonny shoed away the curious boys.

Immediately afterwards, he received a message from Jean.

Sonny was shocked reading her message. He grabbed his phone and walked over to Jean immediately.

Jean freed herself and sat on the floor against the lockers. She removed her gloves and exposed her sprained left wrist. The excruciating pain prevented her from moving her wrist.

With cold sweat on her forehead, she wrapped her wrist with a towel while taking short and quick breaths.

Then, she heard approaching footsteps outside the locker room.

Jean furrowed. She was almost certain that the person who inspected the car today must have been bribed.

She almost stumbled into their same old trickery.

She had sent a message to warn Sonny of the peril and called Ben on his phone but couldn't get through.

Her heart skipped a beat as she saw an oncoming figure through the door gap.

Has the enemy in the dark discovered their misguided attempt to kill her and know that she's injured as a result?

Thinking so, Jean quickly looked around for a self-defense tool. She found a bag of detergent powder in a corner.

In a critical moment like this, it would be better to burst forth than staying put and risk getting caught.

She held her breath and stared at the door until the person entered the room.

Splash!

She hurled the bag of detergent powder towards the intruder.

The detergent powder strewn all over and smeared the intruder. The intruder shot his steely gaze at Jean.

"Why are you here?"

Edgar's abrupt appearance caught her off guard.

Seeing that she was unharmed, Edgar simply dusted the detergent powder off his clothes. "Let's go. The car is outside."

Jean knotted her brows, "I'm not leaving."

Why would she leave now? She had yet to find out the culprit behind the malfunctioned car and murder attempt.

Was Edgar trying to stop her from finding out the culprit?

Edgar felt belittled by her wary eyes.

His eyes turned solemn, "Don't need to wait for Ben. He won't be coming today."

“How do you know?” Jean was still defensive.

With a grave look, Edgar yanked her out from hiding behind the locker. “I just know.”

Today was the HBR Leadership Summit opening ceremony. Myer had previously announced that his son would tag along to the event. It was an official introduction for Ben to meet his business partners as well as to pave the path for Ben to integrate better into the industry.

The father and son must have been very busy socializing now. How would Ben have the time to take care of her?

Edgar had always been a lone ranger. This morning, he left the event without hesitation after receiving the news and no one dared to comment on his absence.

He narrowed his eyes to a slit, grabbed her forearm and asked coldly, “What’s wrong with your wrist?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Jean clumsily attempted to retract her hand.

But the man was faster than her. He pulled her hand and the gap between them inevitably shortened.

Jean was upset. She turned her cold face away to avoid intimate physical contact.

She knew her head would touch his chin if she looked up.

Edgar was worried that he might hurt her, so he carefully removed the towel from her wrist. And he made sure to check if she had any fractures on her wrist.

Jean can’t help but grimace in pain. She had a new discovery on Edgar.

She noticed Edgar had never smelled of women’s perfume. She had never detected Gigi’s choking perfume on him.

Perhaps Gigi is pregnant now and they rarely get intimate...

The next second, she shook her head trying to get rid of the thoughts in her head. Anyway, she had no business in their private life.

“Go to the hospital.”

He took off his jacket and covered Jean’s head. He was trying to cover her face from being exposed.

Jean pushed his hands away rather awkwardly.

“There is no detergent powder on my jacket.” He said that while grabbing her shoulder to lead her out of the locker room.

Jean mumbled but Edgar had no idea what she was saying.

After a detailed scan at the hospital, Jean’s wrist was tightly bandaged between a pair of slats.

“It may get a little sore tonight. Remember not to carry heavy objects for the time being. Come back and remove your bandage after two days.”

Jean nodded and exited the room.

On the other hand, Edgar was on a phone call with Miles.

“Mr. Royden, Miss Eyer’s blood test report is out. She is not pregnant.”

The man paused and stared at the woman in front of him. There was disappointment in his voice, “Got it.”

He balled his hands into fists when he realized his palpable disappointment.

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Chapter 169 Gone

They walked out of the hospital side by side. Jean turned around and told him, “Stop following me.” “I’m responsible of your injury. You are injured because of me,” He said frankly.

Jean sneered coldly, “Then you should send Gigi to jail. She attempted to murder me.” On the record, she can sue Gigi for the injury she sustained from her murder attempt.

She looked fierce. And her expression became contemptuous after seeing that Edgar wouldn’t respond. “Are you not willing?”

Of course he’s not willing. Gigi is pregnant with his child. An inexplicable bitterness flooded her heart. Gigi bore a child for him, and he was protective of her. Back then, her father and family were so good to him. How can he...

With tears in her eyes, she sped up her pace and walked down the street. She summoned a taxi. She opened the car door but a hand superseded and blocked her from leaving, “She’s not leaving.”

The driver looked at the two of them, "Excuse me, I am making ends meet. Please carry on your lovers dispute elsewhere."

Jean wanted to get in the car again, but he was faster than her. He didn't give her the chance. Seeing the taxi had left, she glared at Edgar furiously, "Let me go."

He said nonchalantly, "The doctor reminded you not to lift heavy objects."

Jean frowned, watching Edgar's driver drove over and stopped beside them. "Go back to the villa. I won't be around these few days."

As he said, he opened the car door for Jean, but the other hand still grabbed her steadfastly as if preventing her from escape. "You....."

"Susan said she missed you. Just tell her what you like to eat." He enticed her with food. They were on a one-way street and the traffic was paralyzed because of Edgar's car. Some drivers got impatient and kept honking at them.

Jean had no choice but to get in the car first. She looked away from Edgar when she got into the car. Edgar stood on the streetside and watched the car leave. A fragmented memory surfaced in his mind.

Three years ago, when they were still in the midst of their wedding preparation. Jean would always wait for him to leave her sight. At that time, Edgar never understood her introspection behind her action.

Now, he can finally understand. The one who waited for the other person to leave first was always the devoted one in a relationship. Besides hating me, don't you care about me at all, Jean?

"Miss Eyer, this is your favorite fried tenderloin."

"And ball soup. This is the purple potato pastry I made. You can try it. Is it inconvenient? I'll help you." Susan was very thoughtful. She prepared a wholesome spread for Jean.

The empty plates in front of Jean were the evidence of Jean's monstrous appetite. "Thank you, Susan. But I am really stuffed already."

"Eat more. Mr. Royden said you've been busy. You must have been working very hard and neglected your diet." Susan deshelled another shrimp for her, "I think you've lost weight."

Did Edgar actually say that? Jean got rid of the thoughts in her mind.

Didn't he know it was all his fiancée's malicious intentions that she had to row a tough hoe? Jean was living a hard plight because of the wicked Gigi.

The thought that Gigi bribed the crew in order to murder her got her flustered.

As a way of distraction and to lighten her anguish, she imagined herself as a grizzly bear chomping down Gigi and Edgar as she chomped down the food on the table.

“Slow down. Drink some soup.” Susan beamed a dotting smile while looking at Jean gobbling down the food.

Jean overindulged herself with Susan’s cooking. At last, she let out a satisfactory burp.

Susan cleaned up after her. Jean sat next to her, and then Ben called.

“Jeannie, I’m at the training ground. Where are you?”

“I...” Jean looked at her injured wrist, afraid that Ben would get anxious if he knew. She was the sole witness and victim, there were no other conclusive evidence for today’s incident.

“I’ll come to you.”

Jean hurriedly said, “No, I have something up at the moment. I won’t go to practice for the next two days. I’ll see you the day after tomorrow.” Jean pretended nothing happened.

But Ben could tell that something was wrong with her.

“I’ve been busy today, Jean. Don’t get angry with me if I come late.”

“I’m not, okay? Don’t wanna talk about this right now.” Jean talked briefly and hung up the phone.

The only reason she didn’t want to let Ben know that she was at Edgar’s villa was because she was worried of his reckless and impulsive behavior.

The most important thing now was to resolve the crew’s financial crisis.

Jean was bored so she turned on the TV. Today’s news was on the broadcast.

“According to anonymous reports from the masses, the Garrison Group is still heavily in debt. Jean Eyer is responsible for...”

Jean stared vacantly at the TV screen. Her mind went blank.

Edgar walked in from the door and saw Jean weeping uncontrollably like a baby.

“How.....”

As soon as he walked over, Jean looked at him.

Her beautiful eyes were full of hatred.

“Stay away from me!” She sounded hoarse and stomped upstairs.

Edgar’s heart sank. In the end, she still found out from the news.

Susan came forward and said, “Miss Eyer has been crying ever since she saw the news. She cried for a long time.”

Edgar didn’t say anything.

Susan coaxed, “Mr. Royden, if you really care about Miss Eyer, please don’t let her face this alone. She can’t shoulder everything by herself.”

Susan had witnessed how bitter of a person Edgar had become in the name of vengeance.

He had sacrificed almost his entire life for the sake of revenge.

Although he had accomplished what he wanted, she could tell that Edgar was unhappy. He was lonely even after he got engaged to Gigi.

Only when he was with Miss Eyer did he live like a normal human being.

Now, it was the same fate for Jean.

“It’s not worth it to live in the hatred of the past.”

Susan carried on her chores in the kitchen after speaking her mind.

Edgar contemplated while clutching on to the stairway handrail. He couldn’t muster up the courage to see Jean.

He admitted that what Susan said was right, but now he still didn’t deserve her.

Jean hid in the room and cried for a long time. By the time she got back to her senses, it was already nighttime.

Difficult time as such felt like an eternity.

“Dad, I miss you so much.”

She wrapped herself in the quilt and sobbed uncontrollably. She dozed off eventually.

She woke up and realized she was still in Edgar's villa. She squeezed the quilt exasperatedly.

No returning back. There was no turning back for her.

That man ruined her life. It was impossible for her to forgive him even with his belated kindness to mend things back.

Jean looked herself in the mirror, and slowly beamed an inexplicable and complex smile, "It's too late, Edgar Royden."

She was never a cruel and wicked person by nature. She finally understood Edgar's course of action all these while.

But she chose to ignore the reasons behind his doing.

That man tore down the entire Eyer family. There was no remorse nor apology from him to this day.

Jean took a deep breath, stood up, and walked out of the room.

"Where is he, Susan?"

"Mr. Royden didn't stay last night. He left in a hurry as if something urgent needed his attention."

He left in a hurry?

Yes, he should be in a hurry.

Jean put on her coat and left the villa.

Not many knew the causality on the Eyer family's bankruptcy and had the intention to tipoff on them anonymously.

About half an hour later, Jean arrived at Reece family's villa.

She pressed the doorbell without delay.

"Who..." Winnie was shocked to see Jean when she came out. She bustled to the door eager to stop Jean from entering. "Why are you here!"

"I'm not here for you. Get out of my way."

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Chapter 170 Unforgiven

Winnie was not having any of it. She tugged on Jean's arm and continued to pester her, "Jeannie, let's talk this through among ourselves, don't go in there, you'll ruin my life."

Jean glanced at her coldly as she squeezed the words through her lips, "You should've seen this coming when you decided to work with Gigi and did all the unthinkable to my family." "The Eyers?"

Winnie's heart sank, and she struggled to put together a response. "Get away from me, or I will make you suffer." Jean stormed into the room. Hearing the clamoring that was happening downstairs, Sam asked with a frown, "What's happening?"

He had hardly finished speaking his mind when Jean had slammed the door open and entered the room alone. Darkness came over his face. "Where do you think this is? Guards, throw her out!"

Jean stared at her coolly, "Mr. Reece, Quinn Snow let me in." As soon as he heard his lover's name, Sam's body was covered in goosebumps, and he could no longer keep his poise.

Jean, on the other hand, was calm as ever. "Come in."

Winnie entered the room only to catch sight of Jean and Sam entering the study room. Her heart skipped a beat, and she hurriedly reached for her phone to make a call to Gigi. Gigi was rehearsing for the next shot, and she was fussed by the interruption. "What the h3ll do you want?!"

"Jean's here at home, hurry, you need to come back."

"What?!"

Gigi gaped her eyes and jumped to her feet. What has Andy been doing? Didn't he tell her to wait for his good news? D@mn it, to think that I spent the night with him. Gigi felt as if she had been scammed.

She quickly left the studio and headed home. On the way, she tried to reach her father, but he did not answer any of her calls.

Gigi was flustered. She felt pain radiating from her tummy and started sweating bullets. When she arrived home, she needed someone's help to find her balance.

"Make a call to Edgar, tell him that I'm experiencing tummy pain and get him to come here as soon as possible."

“Sure, right away.” Winnie responded without hesitation. In her eyes, they still had the upper hand. Jean was nothing but a pipsqueak to them, and the biggest chip she had was her connection to the Ludwigs.

Winnie had figured it out in her head – the Ludwigs were no match to the joint venture between the Roydens and the Reeces. They waited at the lounge for a long moment, but nobody had left the study.

Besides, there seemed to have no sound coming from the room. “What is she doing with my dad in there?! If she ever does the unthinkable with him, I will make her pay.” Gigi muttered grudgingly.

Then, the door was opened. Jean stood by the stairs on the second floor and scoffed, “Don’t you worry, Miss Reece, unlike you, I’m not so ignorant, and I don’t put a price tag on my body.” “You…”

Gigi could not move. Any movements would worsen the pain in her tummy. Jean then walked down the stairs with an apathetic look. Following behind her was Sam, who looked furious.

“Miss Eyer, please wait.” An idea seemed to have dawned on Sam as he pointed at Gigi, “Apologize to Miss Eyer, right now!” Gigi gawked her eyes at him, “Dad, what are you talking about?!”

“You’ve publicly shamed her multiple times, just because I didn’t do anything doesn’t mean that I know nothing, apologize, now!” Sam roared across the stairs commandingly.

Gigi refused to succumb to his loud voice. “Why would I do that? She is the one who’s been seducing Edgar with her pretty face, I didn’t do anything wrong.” Gigi bit her lips and started throwing a fit.

“Edgar? All you ever think about is that @sshole. You work all day, all night, even when you’re pregnant, and what is he doing for you?! Let me tell you, I will not agree to your marriage! You’re going to the hospital tomorrow and getting an abortion.”

Sam yelled at the top of his lungs, leaving no room for negotiation. Winnie was dumbfounded as she looked at Jean astonishedly. She was scratching her head, wondering what she could have done to instigate a fight between Sam and Gigi.

Sam fumed when he saw tears streaming down Gigi’s cheeks. He slapped her across the face, “Do you want us to end up like the Eyers?”

Gigi covered her face and started wailing on the ground.

Winnie was shaken by everything that just happened. It took her a few seconds to come back to her senses, and she hurried over to help Gigi up. "Sam, Gigi's pregnant, it's normal for her to be acting up a little. Don't take it to heart, alright?"

"She's spoiled our reputation by getting pregnant before marriage, she deserved what she got!" Sam shouted with bloodshot eyes.

In the past, he would spread the news ostentatiously, thinking that he would soon become Edgar's father-in-law.

But Jean's words had reminded him how big of a mistake it was.

She had a point. If the Royden Group had not stolen all the Eyer's wealth, they would never have grown to what they were today – at least not that quickly.

And since Gigi and Edgar's wedding, the revenue of the Reeces dropped significantly.

Besides, he somehow got involved in the accident with the Jacksons, and the culprit had yet to be found.

For that reason, the Royden Group had distanced themselves from him.

What if Edgar was behind all of these?

Everything started making sense to Sam, and Jean showed up with evidence – the auction record of the land in the west of town.

The record showed that Edgar's final price only beat the Reeces by a mere ten thousand!

At this point, Sam had known all he needed to know.

Jean stood in the middle of the lounge area to watch the drama unfold. She smirked, "It seems like you have personal business to take care of, I shall excuse myself then, Mr. Reece."

Gigi sobbed unceasingly, and it did not help soothe Sam's anger.

He nodded his head in response to Jean.

Alas, the moment Jean walked out of the house, she saw Edgar coming in her direction.

They exchanged looks. Jean had a faint smile on her face as if she was rubbing it in his face. She admitted that she did not have the capability to uproot the Royden Group, but she was adamant about making Edgar's life a living hell, bit by bit, little by little.

“What are you doing here?” He asked with a frown, and something quickly dawned on him.

He threw his sharp gaze at the living room but, to Jean’s surprise, forewent the idea of entering the house.

“Come with me.”

He seized Jean’s wrist with furrowed brows. “You’re still injured, why aren’t you resting right now?”

Like a puppet, Jean was dragged forward as she asked, feeling like she was floating in the air, “Aren’t you going to check on your fiancée?”

He ignored what she had to say.

Jean decided to push further, “Edgar, you cold-blooded monster, are you seriously leaving your pregnant fiancée behind?”

“Jean, enough.”

He chose not to stay at the villa so she could have some space to herself while Susan took care of her, not so she could run around town making trouble.

Definitely not so she could come to the Reeces’ home and cause a stir.

Edgar clasped her by the arm and somehow squeezed her into the car.

“From now onwards, you are not to leave my sight until your arm is recovered.”

He got into the car and slammed the door close.

“Are you trying to make it up to me right now?” Jean chose to confront him to his face instead of beating around the bush, “Edgar Royden, quit daydreaming, I will never forgive you even if you reach the ends of the earth for me.”

Besides, that was not possible in her eyes.

He was nothing but a selfish being, and everything he did was for the benefit of his own.

Jean glared at him; eyes filled with indifference.

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Her words made Edgar feel a pang of pain. There was a wave of emotions clashing at each other deep in his eyes, something that Jean noticed.

But she did not care. She leaned against the door, seemingly trying to get as far away from him as possible. She was adamant not to talk anything about forgiving, at least not until Edgar died anyway. So, everything that Edgar did was in vain. She did not care.

“Sure, you’re right.” There was a tinge of exhaustion in his voice. He turned his head away only to see Gigi running at the car from the house.

He ordered the driver to start the car with a frown. Then left the car alone. Meanwhile, Jean did not move a muscle, and when the car had been driven far enough, she planted her head in between her arms.

What was supposed to be a good day somehow felt quite upsetting – and she did not know why. “Miss Eyer, shall I drop you off at Mr. Royden’s villa?”

Jean kept mum. Where else could she go?

...

Meanwhile, Nathan received a call from Edgar, and by the time he arrived at the Reeces’ to pick him up, he could immediately tell that Edgar was not in a good mood. “You stayed here all night?”

Nathan was surprised, as he thought it had never happened. Edgar rubbed his temples, “Sam thinks I am behind the accident involving the Jacksons.”

“What?” Nathan almost broke into a fit of laughter, “Your soon-to-be father-in-law is quite a funny man. Why would you do that? Unless you’re out of your mind.”

Edgar continued massaging his head. Humans and their greed... That’s why he gets fooled by mere words. Jean took advantage of Sam’s greed and convinced him to turn against Edgar without much effort.

“I suppose losing the support of the Reece’s Group doesn’t hurt the Roydens that much, only that it really damages your reputation,” Nathan lowered his voice, “then what are you going to do to salvage the situation? Organize a wedding reception?”

“Nah.” Edgar rejected the idea without much consideration. Winnie mentioned about this earlier at the Reece’s residence, but Edgar deflected the topic.

“Because of Jean?” Nathan was not afraid to make a bold assumption. Edgar gradually shut his eyes and did not respond. Nathan tutted at him and slammed on the gas as they raced across town towards the dinner venue.

Halfway through dinner, Edgar received a call from Susan. "Sir, Miss Eyer hasn't been home until now. Do you think she's okay?"

"Don't worry about her." Edgar was starting to lose his patience. This was when he realized that his emotions had been fluctuating based on what that woman had done.

I must be out of my mind. Just like what Jean said – he had nothing to do with her, alive or dead! "Mr. Royden, I'd like to propose another toast to you." Another man rose to his feet.

He had drunk not fewer than ten glasses of wine tonight. It was not as strong as spirits, but Edgar would normally politely refuse a toast as such. But he would accept all the toasts tonight, and it was clear that he was trying to numb himself with alcohol.

"Enough, Edgar." Nathan grabbed the glass from his hand in a timely manner. "Let me drink this on your behalf."

He knew very well how much Edgar could drink. Edgar was pushed back to his seat, and he took his phone, staring at the time and date for a long while.

Suddenly, he seemed to have remembered something, and he jumped to his feet and stormed out of the restaurant. "Hey, Mr. Royden, are you okay?"

"Let me check on him, please go on." Nathan chased after him, "Where are you going?"

"Looking for her."

Thunders roared in the sky, and rain soon followed.

Edgar had too much to drink, so he could not take the wheels. All he could do was to tell the driver to go faster.

"Sir, we can't go any faster than this, it's too dangerous to speed in this weather."

Edgar rubbed his temples.

He thought he was supposed to forget what today meant.

It was Gary Eyer's death anniversary; the same day the Eyer Group went into liquidation. It also marked the day when he called for the divorce with Jean.

The car came to a halt outside the cemetery.

He held a black umbrella in his hand and went up the narrow stairs.

Nobody in their right mind would burn joss papers in this weather.

He scanned the area briefly and found a woman standing coldly before a tombstone. Tear marks could be seen on her face.

“Dad, I am so helpless.”

“Dad, I’m sorry.”

“Dad... I miss you.”

Jean was never one to reveal her sad emotions. She stared down at Gary’s tombstone for a long while and could not say anything else meaningful.

After what felt like hours, an umbrella came over her.

She turned around and yelled, “You don’t deserve to be here, go away!”

Edgar chose to stay silent. He put the umbrella in her hand and turned around to leave.

Jean refused to accept his gesture and tossed it to the ground without hesitation.

‘Clap!’

Lighting filled the sky, accompanied by the listless rumbling of thunder.

Rain continued splashing on their bodies as both planted their feet in the ground.

Jean’s legs were starting to numb when she slowly moved away from the tombstone, and she noticed Edgar had not moved an inch, looking away in the distance.

“You won’t get a cab at this hour, are you planning to walk home?”

“None of your business.” She shook off his hand, and the injured wrist started twinging in pain.

“You have a race in a few days. Are you planning to represent Ben’s team with a fever? You’ve fallen far behind in the numbers, at this rate, you’re not breaking any records.”

Edgar continued as he followed closely behind.

Jean gritted her teeth as she stepped onto the slippery stairs and then roared disgruntledly, “Can you stop lecturing me? You’re in no place to tell me what to do! If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have ended up in this state!”

“I know,” he continued down the stairs, eyes filled with an enigmatic void. “but it doesn’t matter how much you hate me, you must live, or you will never get your revenge.”

The sound of his words instantly muted Jean like a magical charm.

He took a couple of large strides to catch up to her, then wiped the water off her face.

“If you’re looking for revenge, you must do whatever you can and get to my level, instead of crying and resenting the past. You’re wasting time.”

He sounded even more apathetic than he usually did, and each word struck Jean’s heart like a nail to the coffin.

She opened her mouth, but words would not come out.

Edgar dragged her down the rest of the stairs and brought her to the lounge area nearby the cemetery, then poured her a cup of hot tea.

“What are you waiting for? Drink, or you’ll catch a cold.”

He put the cup into her hand and turned around to stare at the rain.

It felt like time had come to a pause.

Jean lowered her head and felt the steam from the tea splashing on her face.

The clock chimed at twelve o’clock sharp.

Edgar grabbed a set of clean mattresses and blankets from the shelf and placed them next to Jean. “Nobody will be coming this late at night. This is provided for free, just take a rest here tonight. We’ll leave first thing in the morning.”

Looking at Jean’s unappreciative look, he added, “Are we going back to the rain or leaving tomorrow?”

Jean fidgeted with the sheets unwillingly.

As thick as the blanket was, it was barely enough to make her feel warm.

Edgar then went to the other room, grabbed a hot water bottle, and went through the cabinets to find a pot to boil water with.

Jean sat looking at him, wondering why he was familiar with the place.

Despite having her eyes fixed on him, she did not end up asking the question.

“I lived here for a while when I was little.” Edgar started boiling some water, and she could tell from his voice that he was reliving his memories.

Living in a cemetery?

Jean clutched the cup firmly. She knew nothing about this.

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Chapter 172 No One Will Die

All that she knew about him was after he had founded Royden Group, people said that he was commanding and prompt at work. Jean had tried asking around about him in the past. But no one could offer up information.

Even when Jean's father agreed to the marriage between Edgar and her, he hadn't said anything. She realized that Edgar was more mysterious than she had thought.

The lights shook. Jean lowered her eyes. She didn't want anyone to see through her emotions, especially the man before her. They sat silently, each with their own thoughts.

The air was still. The storm had stopped some time ago. Yet the cemetery was more hair-raising than before. Jean shut her eyes tightly, hindering her line of sight from straying to the open space outside.

Her heartbeat quickened. She was afraid. "Hold this."

Edgar's cold voice broke the silence. Jean felt at ease at that moment. She raised her head and took the hot water bottle from him. "It's hot."

He furrowed his eyebrows. He pulled a blanket from the side and wrapped the bottle in it loosely. He handed it to her again. It was cool enough to touch.

He moved to the other side of the room, leaving enough space between them for Jean to feel safe. Jean closed her eyes slowly. The memories of her past came to mind. She remembered her father, her family and...

Drip.

Drip. Jean was jolted awake by the noise. When did she fall asleep?

The day was bright. She had fallen asleep under the blanket. Her legs were covered with the windbreaker Edgar had worn the night before.

She frowned and searched for the man subconsciously. The door opened.

"Ms. Eyer, I'm here to pick you up." Susan covered her with the thick coat she had brought. "Yorktown's mornings for this month will be rather chilly. I've cooked some soup. Let's go home." Home?

Jean's eyes dulled. She didn't have a home anymore. She pulled her hand away. "It's alright. I can walk on my own."

Susan watched as Jean stubbornly tried to open the door. She sighed and walked up to her. "Aren't you going to the training ground today? You should take a good rest."

Susan was unusually forward. Jean tried to refuse her numerous times, but Susan insisted on bringing her back to Edgar's villa. "Take a bath. I'll prepare breakfast, including the buns you love." Susan shut the bedroom door behind her.

Jean hadn't moved from her spot. She drew a deep breath. The room no longer had Edgar's scent. Taking a look at the time, she went into the bathroom.

The wounds on her wrist were almost fully healed. She didn't need to go to the hospital since Edgar had sent for his personal doctor. "The car's ready. You can leave whenever you want." Susan cleared the plates and served the fruits on the table.

"Thank you, Susan." Jean's head was lowered, seemingly full of thoughts.

Susan turned back to look at her and sighed. "These kids."

...

After the heavy rain from the night before, the dirt on the training ground settled as mud.

The racetrack was soaked from the starting point. The ground was slippery, which would take them more time than usual.

"What to do? This..." Sonny slapped his legs helplessly. "Even God is making fun of us."

Ben observed the ground and said slowly, "Let her decide."

He knew how stubborn Jean could be.

At the same time, in the restroom at the training ground.

A man in a black uniform was on his phone. "Everything's done. She won't survive if she gets in the car."

His voice was low. When the other person replied, he hung up immediately.

He turned around.

A few guards in black surrounded him.

“Zach Boyle?”

“Who are...” The guards muffled his mouth and pulled him out before he could finish his sentence.

Jean had expected the situation at the training ground since the rain from the night before was heavy.

“It’s fine. I’m on.” She beamed.

A car drove toward her.

It was Nathan and Gigi.

Gigi had a designer scarf wrapped around her neck. She yawned impatiently. “Mr. Knox, why did you bring me here early in the morning?”

She spoke and looked at him warmly, as if they were close.

Nathan averted his eyes and replied coolly, “Edgar told me to.”

If Edgar hadn’t told him to, he wouldn’t even have let her be in his car.

Gigi’s smile widened when she heard Edgar’s name. But she quickly realized that something wasn’t quite right. Did Edgar discover something?

She pressed her lips together. “I need to go to the toilet.”

She left in a hurry.

Jean noticed her. She handed her helmet to Ben and followed her.

“What are you doing?” Ben stopped her.

“No one will die.” She patted his hand and quickened her steps.

The toilet door was locked.

Jean didn’t knock and waited outside.

When she heard footsteps, a smile appeared on her face. She shouted, “Jean’s car is overturned!”

The door opened at once.

Gigi dashed out from the inside.

“Argh!”

She almost fell over when she came face-to-face with Jean.

Jean looked at her grimly, “You’re the one who tempered with my car, right?”

Gigi stared daggers back at her. “I didn’t!”

“So why were you in such a hurry just now? Isn’t it because you can’t wait to see if I’m dead?” Jean took a step forward and grabbed Gigi’s hair. “Isn’t it boring to play the same trick twice?”

Gigi was scared stiff.

She hid her phone behind her back with her trembling hands. “You’re accusing me without any evidence. I... Am I not supposed to come out of the toilet when I’m done using it?”

“Oh, really?”

Jean released her grip and snatched the phone away when Gigi was distracted.

“Give it back to me!”

Jean stared at her frostily.

“You called your lover just now to make sure that his man had done their work, right? I just need to check your call log.”

Gigi’s face paled. She began trembling.

“Give the phone back to me.” Her eyes were red. She lunged to grab the phone.

Jean tossed the phone into the air, and it landed in the sink.

Gigi rushed to pick up the phone while cursing out loud.

Jean stared at her back and warned her. “Gigi Reece, you’re getting on my last nerve.”

Gigi hadn’t realized the meaning behind her words.

She refused to back down. “Jean, now you’re accusing me without any evidence. If you slander me anymore, I’ll get a lawyer to sue you.”

“Huh.”

Jean smiled wider. "Then I'll show you how sinister this world can be."