

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 173

### Chapter 173 Boundaries

It wasn't that she didn't dare to touch Gigi. Gigi was only a minor character in her revenge plans. It just wasn't time for her yet. But since Gigi couldn't wait for it. Then she would just do as she hoped.

Jean stepped toward the training ground. Hiring a lawyer? How unmeaningful. She put on her helmet and went straight into her car. When everything was ready, the car sped out at its fastest speed. Mud splattered into the air.

All at the scene watched her closely. Some were worried, and some were amazed by her. "Jean's maneuver at the bend is phenomenal!"

"She didn't even slow down the tiniest bit!" "She's almost at the line." The car approached the slope where Ben had the accident. Ben furrowed his forehead. His palms were sweaty. "Jean, you must, you must..."

Sonny appeared behind Ben. "Ben, have you seen Zackie?"

"No, what happened?"

Sonny looked at the car. "Jean told me that the car was tampered with a few days ago. She suspects that it was Zackie. I've checked his account. There's something fishy going on."

"Zackie was the one who checked the car too today!" Franklin rushed over when he overheard them. "It can't be..."

They were on edge. Edgar, dressed in a sleek black suit, stood watching coolly on the stands. His eyes were focused on the car.

"Mr. Royden, he spilled the beans," Miles reported. Edgar raised his hand. He wanted to watch Jean finish the race. Jean was a flower blooming in a greenhouse. Now, she was a wild rose blossoming in a desert. She was captivating.

Miles stood at the back, trying not to disturb Edgar. The car sped across the tracks. She was the focus of the audience.

The Racing Association had sent people down to observe the race. When the manager of another crew saw Jean's performance, he approached Sonny. "You better take good care of that gorgeous racer. I think in a few days, many famous teams will be here trying to steal her away."

The number of racers in recent years had dwindled. Female racers that are as skillful as Jean was even rarer.

Her outstanding performance on the day had surpassed most male drivers. She had endless potential.

Sonny's eyebrow twitched. "Mr. Jenkins, don't even think of stealing Jean away. She's a part of the Black Horse Team."

"Is she? Let's wait and see. I don't think your crew can hold on to such a talent." Mr. Jenkins laughed and left.

Sonny gritted his teeth. But he couldn't refute him.

There were countless other crews that were better than Dark Horse. Besides, Ben was thinking of retiring. He would have a press conference next week to announce his retirement.

Dark Horse would be in the past.

Some trainee racers came to watch when they heard the engine. They were amazed by Jean's impressive maneuvers.

"That's so cool! Is that a candidate racer from one of the national teams?"

"I heard she's stunning!"

"Wow..."

"Did she break the record just now?"

Peter was sitting in his office. He felt anxious when he heard the unending exclamations.

"What's the situation?" His hands were quivering. He had a bad feeling as his eyelid twitched.

"Mr. Hoffer, Jean has completed the race. She broke the record by twenty seconds."

"We're done."

Peter patted his head as he headed out of the office. He remembered something halfway out the door. "Send that box of cigars to Mr. Edbert of Royden Group as a gift. Then prepare an extravagant gift and come with me to the Ludwig family to beg for their forgiveness!"

If Jean hadn't completed the race or had an accident halfway through, the racing association could do as they liked and make sure that things wouldn't be put in the limelight.

But Jean had single-handedly crushed Peter's manipulation.

He rushed out but was blocked by the Black Horse Team.

"Mr. Hoffer, you must keep your word. Jean has done as you requested and even broke the record by twenty seconds. You can tell the truth now!"

"Who colluded with the crew at the checkpoint and tampered with Ben's car?"

Peter's expression was stiff. "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

He laughed dryly and pushed his secretary between them. "Here, you can explain it to them. I need to go to the toilet."

He turned to make a run for it.

Ben and Sonny placed their hands on his shoulder.

"Mr. Hoffer, we're not done talking yet. Where are you going?"

Peter felt helpless. He went back to the office with them quietly. He issued a statement of clarification. He wouldn't dare to ban Black Horse Team from participating in races in the future.

"Where are the two of them? Where are they now?" Ben frowned.

"I really don't know! They signed a contract with the association and went with them."

At the same time, on the training ground.

Jean stopped her car on the racetracks. She took off her helmet. Her mind was blank from the jolts in the car and the thunderous engine.

She didn't notice the man next to the car.

"Have some water."

Jean was startled by the water bottle in front of her face.

When she saw Edgar standing by her window, she turned her face away.

She didn't want to accept any of his kindness.

Edgar expected her reaction and tossed the bottle into the car without a word.

“I’ve reported Gigi to the police.” Jean stuck her head out of the window and yelled at the man’s retreating profile. “There’s no use even if you try to protect her!”

He stopped in his tracks. “I know.”

She was dazed, and her ears started ringing.

Edgar seemed to have said something, but she couldn’t hear him clearly.

He left through a side door and went into Nathan’s car.

“Are you actually handing Gigi over to the police?” Nathan knew that he was merciless.

But he expected that Gigi would be an exception.

Edgar watched stonily as Jean disappeared from his sight. “Let’s go.”

Nathan nagged as he turned the steering wheel. “If you had known that things would come to this, you would have acted differently.”

If he had let his hatred go and lived with Jean peacefully, things wouldn’t have turned out that way.

He peeked at Edgar.

He changed the topic, knowing that Edgar didn’t want to hear it. “I won’t say anything else. Should I send you back to the company?”

Edgar didn’t reply to his question.

“I regret it.”

But there was nothing else he could do. He could only do Jean a small justice.

He wouldn’t protect Gigi this time.

But he would also step out of her life and stop disturbing her.

“Nathan, help me with something.”

“What do you need?” Nathan felt that Edgar’s words meant more than he said. He wasn’t like his usual self.

"I want to return the Garrison Group to Jean. Her debts are dealt with. Please help with whatever procedures that needs to be completed."

Perhaps she would accept it if it wasn't him.

Nathan widened his eyes.

"Are you sure?"

Edgar didn't reply and closed his eyes slowly.

He thought about it for days, and that was the conclusion he came to.

When Edgar saw her earlier, he checked her wrist. He was relieved, knowing that it had healed.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 174**

### **Chapter 174 A Softhearted Person Is Weak**

When Jean went to Mr. Cooper's office, the others were there. "Ms. Eyer, I've said everything I could. You must believe me." Mr. Cooper held his black eye. "I really don't know where those two are now!"

"Maybe he really doesn't know," Sonny whispered. "calm Ben down. I'm not sure what happened to him, but he's not in a good mood today."

There would be trouble if things continued. They would be accused of being unreasonable. Jean scanned through the things Mr. Cooper had written down. "That's about it. He won't know about the rest of it."

Gigi wouldn't be able to do things that flawlessly. She must have someone helping her behind the scenes. It didn't matter who was helping her. As long as Gigi receives her punishment.

"Ms. Eyer, the police are here." Miles knocked on the door. "Zach Boyle, who had tampered with the car, is already at the police station. Ms. Reece is in the next room, ready to cooperate with the investigation."

Things were going unexpectedly smoothly! Ben's face darkened. He pulled Jean closer. "This could be a trap." Why would Edgar willingly let Gigi go with their relationship?

After giving it some thought, Jean believed Ben was reasonable. Miles waited quietly by the side without trying to explain himself. "Did you make the report?" When the police officers came, they began questioning.

They could hear Gigi's screams from time to time. But when she heard that Zach was caught, she immediately admitted and tried to beg for forgiveness.

She yelled through the door. "Ben. Jean, I didn't do it on purpose! I was tricked! You have to believe me! How could you treat me in this way when I'm still pregnant!"

A crew of Dark Horse snorted. "How can you be a mother when you're this vicious." Gigi was sobbing as the officers escorted her to the car. But no one pitied her. Jean approached the officers. "I have a few words to say to her."

Gigi's eyes brightened, and she grabbed Jean's hand. It happened to be the arm where the wrist was injured before. "I won't do anything against you anymore. Please, can you tell the officers?"

Jean looked at her quietly. She spoke after a while. "Man has always only feared when they arrived at the gates of hell."

"..."

Jean leaned toward her and whispered in her ear, "You should have known that this day would come when you used my pendant to deceive Edgar. He's heartless."

Gigi's face turned white.

She felt a stabbing pain in her heart at those words.

If Edgar hadn't sent her there, she wouldn't have been caught. She might even have time to make up a statement for the police.

Yet he worked with Jean to trap her.

Gigi held on to the car handle and mumbled, "I'm carrying his child. Why would he do this to me?"

"Why wouldn't he? He caused my family's death. There's nothing he can't do in this world. Gigi, remember, it was Edgar Royden who sent you to prison today."

Jean turned to leave.

She reminded Miles, "Please pass on what I said earlier to Edgar."

She couldn't bear this delayed kindness of his.

Jean was aware that if Edgar hadn't helped, Zach and Gigi would have escaped.

But why did he do it?

Is it an apology?

Or is it to atone for what he has done?

Jean was deep in her thoughts as she stepped into the car.

Ben buckled his seatbelt. "Where are you going? I'll send you there."

Jean's phone rang before she could reply.

It was Susan.

She hesitated before accepting the call.

Susan was calling for help weakly.

"It hurts..."

Jean immediately asked Ben to drop her off. She hailed a taxi and rushed to Edgar's villa.

Her feud with Edgar had nothing to do with Susan. She couldn't ignore her cry for help.

Not a single light in the villa was on when Jean arrived.

"Susan?"

Jean yelled as she entered, but there wasn't any response.

She hurried in and found Susan unconscious at the corner of the stairs.

She called the emergency response service and accompanied Susan to the hospital.

"It's fortunate that she was sent here on time. The patient has gastroenteritis. She will undergo surgery for an hour. Are you the family? Please pay for her fees."

Jean nodded and headed to the first floor.

She ran into Edgar at the elevator.

Frowning, she repeated the doctor's words to him.

"I'll leave now."

She took a step forward but was pulled back.

Edgar said in a low voice, "You're the first person Susan will hope to see when she wakes up."

Jean peeked at him. "I have something to do."

She entered the elevator without turning back.

The elevator moved slowly. Jean tried to push the thoughts out of her head. Edgar is here. He will make sure she's fine.

She reached the entrance of the hospital but found herself turning back.

She decided to wait for the operation to end in the corridor, just to make sure that Susan was doing well.

Three hours passed.

Jean sighed in relief when the operation light finally switched off.

She hid in the emergency exit so that Edgar wouldn't see her.

The doctor said to Edgar, "The patient needs to rest for some time. It's best if someone takes care of her all the time. It's good to hire a caregiver if you can afford it."

Edgar's eyes strayed to the emergency exit. He entered the room. His assistant followed behind him.

"Send her back."

"Yes, Mr. Royden."

After all, she was there for Susan.

He was just returning the favor by sending her back home.

Susan opened her eyes slowly. "Mr. Royden, I've troubled you. This is just an old sickness of mine." She coughed.

"Rest well. I'll hire a caregiver to take care of you." He moved a chair next to the bed.

Susan smiled. The corners of her eyes were red. "You know that I don't have much time left. It has been my pleasure to serve you for the last time. I can finally breathe in relief when I meet your parents later."

Edgar furrowed his forehead.



He choked out after a moment. "Susan, now that I can afford it, I'll find the best doctor in the world. You must become better."

She smiled. "We have to leave sooner or later. Live in the moment. Don't keep chasing after the past. The most important thing for you now is to hold on to those that are before you. God won't keep giving you chances."

She coughed again.

He patted her back and called for the nurse. Susan drifted off.

He stood next to the bed with a wry smile. "God has never given me a chance."

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 175**

### Chapter 175 Ruthlessness

The next morning, the incident of Jean breaking the record was reported in the news. Reporters tried to find out Jean's address to obtain first-hand information from her.

However, when they crowded up at Jean's apartment, they were told that Jean was not staying there.

"She can't possibly vanish into thin air."

"I heard that she was previously working at MON & Co. Could she be staying near that area?"

The speculation was soon dismissed by another person.

"That's impossible. She can't afford to stay in that neighborhood."

As far as they knew, Jean was deeply in debt and was fortunate enough to stay alive.

"Since she's not here, let's wait at the police station. Gigi Recce is still under detainment."

Meanwhile, Jean wore a hat and was hiding at the other side of the corridor. It was only after the reporters left did she scurry into her apartment.

Although the apartment was narrow with poor lighting, to Jean, this was a much more peaceful place than Edgar's villa.

She threw herself in bed and slept the entire day.

When she woke up, there were countless missed calls on her phone. She ignored all of them and went downstairs to eat.

The moment she opened the door, Ben came into sight.

“I’ve handled the reporters out there. It’s unsafe here. You should change a place to stay.” Ben passed a key to Jean. As an efficient man, he had already helped Jean rent a place in a neighborhood with stricter security control.

“I don’t…”

“Gigi would surely come after you after she is released. If you feel bad, you can pay me rent every month.” Ben didn’t give Jean a chance to reject the offer and directly stuffed the key into her hand.

Jean pouted and followed behind Ben. “It seems like the Recee family has spent a huge sum of money to fix the incident.”

“Zach took the rap for Gigi.” Ben opened the door with a disappointed look. He didn’t expect Zach to be a disloyal punk!

“Aren’t there any clues in the bank account?” Jean thought something was off.

“The bank refused to cooperate with us.” Ben thought someone must be playing mischief in the dark. Not only that, the person was one step ahead of them. Ben stepped on the accelerator indignantly and headed toward the highway.

Buildings flashed past the car window as Jean muttered, “Gigi is not a shrewd woman. She would surely get back at me. We just have to wait for her to come.”

“No way. Who knows what that mad woman would do!” Ben dismissed Jean’s suggestion instantly.

Jean snorted. “I’m looking forward to it.”

Sure enough, the Recee family could pull some strings and get Gigi out of the police station. They could even do all that they could to delay the court trial. No matter what, Jean was determined to take them down because Gigi was not the only one in the Recee family she was going after; Winnie was a troublesome opponent too.

Ben brought Jean to the newly-rented apartment. He was worried that Jean would turn down his offer, so he rented an apartment in a middle-class neighborhood. It was a medium-sized apartment with two bedrooms and one living room.

Looking at the bright space with minimalist design, Jean felt the gloominess that had been enveloping her was hugely alleviated.

“How much is the rent?”

“We can talk about that later.” Ben answered ambiguously. “Many things were postponed while I was hospitalized back then. There’s one thing that I’ve been wanting to tell you in private.”

“What is it?” Jean asked casually while touching the texture of the tea table.

“I’m thinking of retiring.” Ben fixed his gaze on Jean’s face as he anticipated her reaction. He was hoping to share with her the reason behind his decision.

However, out of his expectation, Jean was merely startled for a moment and nodded. “I support your decision.”

“Are you upset?” Ben asked with a serious expression.

Jean lifted her head. “Not at all. I know you must have thought about it thoroughly before making this decision. As a friend, of course, I’ll support you.”

There was nothing wrong with Jean’s reply, but Ben was tongue-tied and stood at the spot like a soulless toy.

“I’ll pay you the rent on time every month. I’ll move out once I get bored of here.” Then, Jean went to check out the bedrooms.

Ben heaved a sigh. She would throw a tantrum in front of Edgar, but she’s always so calm with me.

At that moment, Ben was actually jealous of Edgar.

Thanks to Ben, Jean didn’t have to handle the reporters anymore, but she soon received Farra’s call.

Farra insisted on inviting Jean over to the Ludwigs for dinner and was excited to introduce a few friends to her.

Jean rejected the offer with the excuse that she wasn’t feeling well.

Farra then asked Ben for Jean’s address and sent her two experienced chefs to handle her meals. They would come every day to prepare meals for Jean and leave immediately without interrupting her routine.

However, Jean thought the food they prepared tasted rather bland.

Whenever she ate, she was reminded of Susan and her exhortation. “Miss Eyer, please have some more pumpkin soup. There are more desserts here.”

Jean was worried about Susan, so she changed and went to the hospital.

As soon as she entered the hospital, she could hear people discussing among themselves.

“Have you heard that Gigi Recee, the actress who was sued a few days ago for intentional murder, had a miscarriage?”

“Really? Remind me who’s her husband.”

“He’s the president of Royden Group. He’s a very handsome guy and has been looking after Gigi Recee at her ward in Zone C every day.”

Jean pressed her hat lower and entered the lift.

After enquiring the staff, she was informed that Susan’s ward was located opposite Zone C.

She detoured around the corridor to prevent bumping into Edgar. Then, she quickly scurried into Susan’s ward

The ward was filled with the odor of disinfectant. Susan was reading on the bed. When she heard the ruckus, she lifted her head and was surprised yet overjoyed to see Jean. “Miss Eyer! I heard the footsteps and was guessing if it could be you. I guessed it right!”

Jean looked at the medical devices beside Susan’s bed and frowned. “Do you still need them?”

Susan put the book aside and answered, “Not really, but Mr. Royden insisted on using them because he’s worried that I won’t listen to the nurses. I haven’t been able to sleep well because of the noises from these machines.”

“You should listen to the medical staff. Keep using them if they think it is necessary.” Jean sat down by the bed.

Susan stared fixedly for quite some time before holding her hand and said, “I saw the news. Car racing is a dangerous activity, isn’t it?”

Thereafter, she remained silent but comforted Jean with her actions.

Jean felt a lump rising in her throat when she met Susan’s concerned gaze. “It’s not that dangerous. Don’t worry about me.”

“Nonsense. They even tampered with the racing car. How can it not be dangerous? You have no idea how anxious Mr. Royden was after he became aware of the news. He

even ignored Mr. Recee when Mr. Recee came to kneel down before him, and he insisted for the Recee family to be held responsible for the incident.”

Edgar actually did so?

“I’m not lying. Miles and the others witnessed it too. You can ask him.” Jean was amused by Susan’s honest look.

“I’ll ask him when I meet him then.”

Despite saying that, Jean wasn’t bothered by Susan’s comment. She couldn’t care less about Edgar’s attitude toward the Recee family. She didn’t believe that Edgar would ignore Gigi because of her because, after all, Gigi was pregnant with his child. So, he wouldn’t possibly leave her to stew in her own juice.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 176

Chapter 176 There’s No Such Thing as Free Lunch

Jean stayed with Susan for some time and was about to leave after the latter fell asleep. As soon as she stood up, she heard a familiar voice emerging from the outside.

“Go and investigate which woman it is that made Edgar always come to this zone!” Gigi placed her hand on her abdomen and ordered arrogantly.

Truth was, she had headed straight toward this zone after she got out of the bed. Jean’s eyes darkened. She didn’t want to awaken Susan. Just as she was thinking of a way to get out, someone entered the ward. Edgar frowned when he saw Jean. The next second, he pulled her into the washroom. “What are you doing?”

“The others will misunderstand if they see you here.” Edgar’s voice was cold and emotionless. Jean tried to keep a distance from him and said sulkily, “You can go out.”

Edgar glanced at her and did not respond. Soon, the door was flung open. Gigi led a gang of people and barged into the ward, hoping to catch the ‘mistress’ red-handed. However, the only person she saw was Susan. She glanced around the ward and squealed, “It’s only her in this room?”

Susan was awakened. “Miss Recee?”

Gigi had met Susan in Edgar’s villa, so she knew the latter was merely a servant at Edgar’s residence. Gigi was annoyed that she drew a blank after spending a great deal of effort. Biting her lips, she scowled, “Use your common-sense next time! How could Edgar possibly have an affair with her?!”

Thereafter, she walked out of the room with her hand on her abdomen. Meanwhile, Edgar blocked Jean's body with his arm in the washroom. The space was narrow, so they could only stand close to each other to avoid the light that shone through the door.

Smelling the scent of Edgar's perfume, Jean furrowed her brows sulkily and was about to push Edgar away when he warned all of a sudden, "Stay still."

Hearing Edgar's voice, Jean lifted her head to retort, but when she met his deep-set eyes, she could perceive the mixed emotions in them that she couldn't comprehend. At the same time, she could clearly feel Edgar's breath hasten.

She wanted to dodge Edgar, but it was too late. The next second, Edgar leaned close to her and kissed her neck uncontrollably. "I've been trying hard to control myself. Why did you still appear in front of me?" He moaned in a hoarse voice.

What does he mean?

Jean shuddered subconsciously and fumed, "Get away from me!"

I came here to visit Susan. There's nothing to do with you at all!

Edgar gulped, but he stopped making any move and walked out after releasing Jean.

On the other hand, Jean stood in a daze as darkness enveloped her. She took a few deep breaths before opening the door.

Susan, who was talking to Edgar, was surprised to see Jean coming out of the washroom too. "Miss Eyer, I thought you've left."

Jean placed her hand on the door handle and answered, "I'm leaving now. Rest well, Susan."

After she exited the room and closed the door, the smell of disinfectant wafted into her nose once again. She put on her hat and went downstairs through the lift.

Not far away, Linda captured pictures of Jean. She wanted to immediately show the pictures to Gigi to prove that her hunch was right – Edgar was indeed meeting someone secretly, and that woman was none other than Jean, the woman whom Gigi hated the most.

Alas, before Linda could show Gigi the pictures, Miles and a few bodyguards stopped her the moment she turned around.

"Mr. Royden hopes that Miss Recce can take enough rest before the child is delivered, so don't arrange any schedules or social events for her during this period. Do you understand?"

Linda squeezed a smile awkwardly and hid her phone behind her back. "The activities are arranged by the company. There's nothing much that I can do."

"I see. Perhaps Mr. Royden will get the company to change an agent who is more obedient for Miss Recee." Miles gave the bodyguards a look. Perceiving Miles' signal, the bodyguards went forward to snatch Linda's phone and deleted the pictures.

Linda was freaked out and frustrated, but there was nothing she could do.

"If someone deliberately investigates Miss Recee, do you think she can stay peacefully in the hospital until the child is born? One who commits murder can be imprisoned." Lastly, Miles blurted coldly, "Hope she's aware of her situation."

This was what Edgar originally said; Miles merely relayed the message.

When Linda heard that and perceived Miles' gaze, she didn't dare to defend herself anymore and scurried to Gigi's ward. In order not to lose her job, she had to keep an eye on Gigi. Besides, she naturally didn't dare to arrange social appointments for Gigi anymore.

Nonetheless, only Linda was intimidated by Miles, while Gigi was not threatened at all.

Gigi sneered. "My father already found the best lawyer to defend me. He has made necessary arrangements with the police too. Nothing can go wrong. I claimed to feel unwell and have a risk of miscarriage to get Edgar's attention. Why are you making a big deal out of nothing?"

Gigi changed into a branded suit that she normally wore and stared at herself in the mirror in satisfaction. "Let's go. I'm meeting Director Lewis this afternoon to discuss the new role."

Linda muttered, "Uhhh... Gigi, what about we turn down the meeting lest Mr. Royden is annoyed?"

"Don't you know that all men have the desire to control? I want to make him think he can't control me. Before this, I used so many ways to obtain his attention, but he still gave me the cold shoulder. He should be jealous this time if I go and socialize with other people."

Gigi smirked. "All men are the same, including Edgar."

...

Little did Gigi know that as soon as she left the hospital, Jean hailed a cab and tailed her.

When Jean realized where Gigi was heading, she quickly called Nathan, who contacted her yesterday.

“Mr. Knox, I’ve sent the address to you. Let’s talk when we meet.”

Then, Jean kept her phone in her pocket.

On the other hand, Nathan was startled for a moment when he saw the address Jean had sent. “Ha! I can’t believe this woman chose such an expensive hotel.”

Without hesitating, he quickly took the documents and went to the hotel.

When Jean saw that Nathan was led into the restaurant by a waiter, she waved at him. “Hey, over here!”

Gigi and the two male directors were seated at the table across from her, but there was a curtain between the two tables, and Gigi was focusing on the two directors, so she didn’t notice Jean’s presence.

“What is it, Mr. Knox?” Jean asked while stirring her drink.

“These are the documents related to the transfer of ownership of Garrison Group. Please take a look at them. If there’s no issue, you may sign the papers, and the company will be transferred to you by next week.”

Garrison Group?

Jean had thought of various possible reasons for Nathan to find her, but she had never expected the reason to be this.

“What tricks is Edgar playing again? Is he setting me up because he is annoyed that I sued Gigi?” Jean glanced at the contract and wore a half-smile.

“Miss Eyer, Edgar had no such intention.”

“He wouldn’t have dragged the matter until now if he really planned to marry Gigi.” Nathan sighed.

Jean was silent, her eyes downcast.

Nathan’s right. But that’s none of my business.

She couldn’t be bothered by Edgar’s concern, but she was indeed wavered by the offer.

Jean clenched her hands. Retrieving Garrison Group signified the first step to restoring the glory of the Eyer family.



But Edgar can't possibly be this benevolent. There's no such thing as free lunch.

"What are the conditions?"

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 177

### Chapter 177 Time Won't Wait

Nathan hesitated for a moment. He believed Jean's response was within Edgar's expectations. Therefore, he followed Edgar's instruction and answered, "Garrison Group must not change its name for a year and shall not compete in any business with Royden Group."

Jean sneered and asked, "What about one year later?"

"That's up to you, Ms. Eyer." Jean glanced at the transfer document. "Royden Group has already robbed Eyer Group of all its business. Now, Edgar still refuses to let me change the company name or take back what was mine. What use is an empty shell of a company to me?"

Edgar is toying with me. Or, he is trying to distract me so that I won't disturb Gigi for a year. That way, Gigi can give birth to their child in peace. What meticulous planning.

Unfortunately for him, I'm not as gullible as I was before. While my father made a mistake in trusting Edgar, I won't do the same. "Ms. Eyer, you mustn't think of it this way. It is good news for you. Otherwise, this company will likely..."

"Mr. Knox, my grudge with Edgar is not something that can be resolved with him giving me this company." Jean interrupted him and looked at him with eyes cold as a frozen lake. "What I want is to destroy his reputation and wealth and make him disappear from Yorktown forever."

Nathan sighed helplessly. "Must you go down this path?"

Jean's eyes became shrouded with sadness. She got up and said indifferently. "Alternatively, he can turn back time and bring my father back from the dead."

I will never accept a compromise. Everyone who commits wrong must be punished. "Can't you be sensible?" Nathan tried to stop Jean from leaving.

He rushed after Jean as she circled past a neighboring table and accidentally saw Gigi and Director Lewis. Director Lewis even wrapped his arm around Gigi's shoulder like it was the most natural thing. They seemed intimate.

"Jean? Nathan..." Gigi's face turned pale, and she stood up immediately. "Mr. Knox, please don't misunderstand. We are discussing business."

“You... Argh.” Nathan did not know what to say. By the time he looked away from Gigi, Jean had already left. He turned around to leave. At the same time, Gigi quickly put on her coat and followed him.

“Mr. Knox, can you please not tell Edgar about this? I’m here to negotiate a film role.” Gigi was so anxious that she nearly cried. She kept promising that she would never attend such a gathering again.

Nathan glanced at Gigi and looked away helplessly. “There is no point telling me this. Compared to Jean, you are still lacking a lot of things.”

Before Gigi could react, Nathan had already driven his car away.

“Why did Nathan and Jean meet? Could it be...” Gigi’s phone rang as she was thinking. It was a call from Andy.

She glanced at it and rejected the call in frustration.

Meanwhile, Jean smirked as she watched the scene from a distance.

“Mr. Royden, your household is a mess.”

Then, Jean left and strutted back to the hotel.

She sat at the table opposite Gigi’s and ordered a table full of delicacies to treat herself. The food in this restaurant was all costly.

When Jean returned to the restaurant, Gigi explained to Director Lewis that she had just met a friend.

“Is that lady your friend?” Director Lewis could not stop staring at Jean’s beautiful face and was instantly attracted to her.

Gigi noticed his longing gaze and thought of a plan.

“Yes, she is a close friend of mine. Do you wish to know her? I’ll talk to her now.”

Gigi came and stood before Jean. She watched Jean enjoying the food and sneered, “Are you gorging yourself on food because you failed to seduce Nathan?”

Jean glanced at Gigi before taking a look at Director Lewis. “What about you? You came here and cheated on Edgar. Aren’t you scared that someone could see?”

“Shut up! I’m here to negotiate business. Don’t you know who he is? He is the most popular director in the film industry this year. Moreover, he thinks you look okay and would like to meet you.”

Gigi seemed excited, as if she had become famous all over the world.

She spoke to Jean as if she was giving Jean a pittance.

“You should go and greet him now. I’m only introducing him to you for Edgar’s sake. You should know ordinary people do not get such a chance.”

“What kind of chance? Is it a chance to dine or sleep with him?” Jean’s voice was clear and loud enough for people at the surrounding table to hear.

The director’s face immediately blanched.

“You...”

Jean glanced at Gigi indifferently. The coldness in her eyes caused Gigi’s expression to falter slightly.

“I’m telling the truth!”

“Sure, I’ll head over to have a look.” Jean put down her cutlery and headed toward the director’s table. As she passed by Gigi, she warned, “You have better not regret this.”

Gigi panicked. She tried to drag Jean back despite not knowing what Jean would be up to.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Jean came to Director Lewis and smiled at him.

She was far more elegant and noble than Gigi. Furthermore, she had a gorgeous appearance that put Director Lewis in awe.

“Ms. Eyer, have you considered being an actress? I’m still looking for the third female lead. You should consider this opportunity, Ms. Eyer.”

Gigi’s eyes widened in shock.

“Director Lewis, didn’t you say there’s only the fourth female lead role left?”

She spent a lot of effort and socialized with Director Lewis for a few days to only get the fourth female lead role. Yet, Jean, who was never an actress, easily got a better role than her.

Jean chuckled to herself. Gigi is blinded by fame and fortune. How can she be this stupid to trust this kind of person?

The director cleared his throat unhappily. "That role is more suitable for you. I assign roles based on a person's appearance and suitability to a role."

In other words, it meant Gigi had an unremarkable appearance.

However, Gigi refused to give up. "Director Lewis, since the third female lead role is vacant, can't you give it to me?"

Jean listened to Gigi's coy words and took the chance to refuse the offer. "Thank you, Director Lewis, but I know nothing about acting. Gigi, on the other hand, is born an actress. She puts up convincing acts."

Those words sounded like a veiled mockery.

Gigi glared at Jean furiously.

"Anyway, I'll take my leave and leave you to dine in peace." Jean got up and swept her hand under the table to grab the recording device she had placed there earlier.

The device had been recording everything Gigi and Director Lewis said while Jean was meeting Nathan.

Director Lewis could not stop at Jean even as she walked away.

Gigi knew all too well the significance.

Thus, she pretended to recall something suddenly. "Last night, Jean invited me to a hotel for a poker game. I've almost forgotten about it."

"A hotel?" Director Lewis became interested.

"Yes, we have a few friends from outside the city who are visiting. Director Lewis, are you interested?"