

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 18

Chapter 18 A Toast to You

Dressed in haute couture, Gigi stood behind Jean with a few women in similar clothing.

She looked astonished as if she had seen something that shouldn't be there.

Jean wasn't expecting to see her there.

Other than her frenemies, Gigi was accompanied by an unexpected person.

He was Edgar's friend, Nathan Knox.

In her two years of marriage with Edgar, Jean only met him a few times. As a result, she wasn't familiar with him.

Nathan frowned as he looked at Jean in her slip-dress. He hesitated.

"Jean, are you... working here?"

He spoke carefully, but Jean felt a piercing pain in her heart.

It was true that Jean Eyer of the Eyer Group had lost her position and ended up in such a place.

And who should I thank for this?

Jean kept quiet. Nathan took her silence as a yes. His heart sank as he stepped between her and the man.

"Does Edgar know that you're here?"

"Mr. Knox, I'm no longer married to him. Am I supposed to report my daily routine to my ex-husband?"

Nathan paused. Their divorce was the gossip of the day. Naturally, he would have heard of it.

Before he could say another word, Gigi interjected.

"Jean, you shouldn't work here even though you need money. How much do you need? I can lend it to you. If you work in this type of place..."

"Ms. Reece, we do not condone unscrupulous business here. What do you mean by 'this type of place'?"

The manager interrupted.

If Jean quit her job, the manager would be in trouble for spreading the word that she was working there.

Jean laughed.

“Enough with the pretense. I’m only here because you recommended it to me in the first place, Ms. Reece.”

Gigi didn’t expect Jean to reveal the fact. Her face darkened.

Gigi’s friends exchanged looks.

“Alright then. Since Ms. Eyer is working here, shall we call for her service?”

Mr. Wilson wouldn’t let the opportunity go.

“Madam Lylah, isn’t it first come, first served? You know what’s the reasonable thing to do here.”

“Mr. Wilson, we know that you should be served first. We aren’t thinking of taking Cindy away from you. What if we call for her service together?”

An unreadable expression flitted across the women’s faces.

Mr. Wilson paused before grinning from ear to ear. He was delighted at the suggestion.

“Of course! No wonder you are all Ms. Reece’s friends! Very well, I agree!”

The manager was used to all types of people but didn’t expect them to treat Jean that way. She looked at Jean, pitying her.

Jean knew that they were humiliating her.

“Are you all crazy? Don’t regret it when things turn out badly!” Nathan choked on his words. “Jean, you’ve let Edgar down...”

Infuriated, he looked at her and left.

Gigi watched as Nathan left the place. She had achieved her aim—to make everyone surrounding Edgar look down on her!

She dropped her caring act and looked at Jean with contempt.

“Cindy, isn’t it great to have two wages at a time? Take your time and think about it. Oh, maybe you can’t. Customers are king. Am I right, Mr. Wilson?”

Mr. Wilson laughed out loud. He eyed Jean, eager to start.

“Ms. Reece, you have a good head on your shoulders! You’re completely right! Come, Cindy, chat with us.” He reached out his hand toward Jean.

“Mr. Wilson, be patient. Should we get Cindy to drink a toast to you first?”

Gigi stopped him with her hand. Her words seemed to be hinting at something.

He was bewildered but quickly responded.

“You’re right, Cindy owes me a glass!”

Jean laughed inwardly at the scene.

It was obvious to her what they were thinking. She was aware of how much Gigi wanted to embarrass her.

In that case, she would grant their wish.

She rose to her feet, struggling with her weak legs. She walked slowly but surely toward the man.

All at the scene watched in amazement.

“Mr. Wilson, let me raise a toast to you.”

She raised the glass of champagne in her hand and clinked it against his glass.

Astonished, Mr. Wilson looked at her.

Jean ignored him, not waiting for him to recover.

“And Ms. Reece, I would like to thank you for recommending this place to me.”

She poured the yellow-gold liquor over Gigi’s head.