

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 213

Chapter 213 An Overdue Compensation

His sudden enraged manner intimidated the board members. They slowly hung their heads and didn't dare make a sound.

Only Bryce spoke as he was armed with experience from working in the business world for many years. "Mr. Royden, it was for the good of the company. Your personal matters with the Eyer family should not influence the development of the company." "When did I ask for your advice?"

In an instant, the rage that he emitted engulfed all of them. Some board members were afraid, so they laughed as they tried to smooth things over. "Mr. Royden, Mr. Hart didn't mean that. Your position in the company is absolute."

"That's right. Mr. Hart only wanted to give that girl some advice. We never thought that it would turn out like this." "Miles," Edgar called out.

Miles immediately brought a few managers in before counting out ten account statements and report files. Then, he handed it over to the board members.

"Mr. Royden has made plans from the beginning. The partnership with Eyer Group wasn't an impulsive decision. Your rude and ignorant actions left Mr. Royden with no choice but to mitigate the relationship with Reece Group and make the company suffer damages."

"What!" A few of the board members were speechless. That was not what they had intended to do. "What Mr. Shaw told us back then..."

Before they could finish, Edgar threw them a vicious glare. "Who makes the decisions in Royden Group?" "You, sir! Of course, it's you, sir."

The board members immediately hung their heads. They didn't care about their reputation and repeatedly promised, "We won't interfere anymore from today onwards. Please forgive us, Mr. Royden."

Bryce didn't want to bend his head down, but he was forced by one of the board members near him. Edgar's cold gaze swept past them before signaling to Miles.

Miles pulled the door open. "Everyone, Mr. Royden just came back from a business trip, and he needs to rest. You may leave." "Yes, yes. We won't disturb Mr. Royden."

They rushed out. When the door shut, Edgar slowly closed his eyes. He hadn't slept in a day in order to rush back. If it weren't for those old men causing trouble, he wouldn't have lost so much. There came knocking from the outside.

Edbert's secretary walked in with a smile. "Mr. Royden, these are concert tickets from Mr. Edbert. He means to tell you that your work schedule is too tight. You should take some time to relax. You can go watch the concert with Ms. Reece."

The secretary put the tickets on the desk before leaving silently.

Edgar wrinkled his brow. Gigi never liked things like that. Moreover, he didn't want to watch the concert with her.

Looking at the tagline on the tickets, he vaguely recalled Jean liking that band a lot.

By the time Edgar was done with matters at the office, and he got back to the villa, it was past dinnertime.

He walked through the door and heard Jean and Susan talking happily about something in the kitchen.

But when they heard the sound of Edgar's footsteps, they immediately stopped.

Jean put her cup down and went back to her room.

The man's eyes flashed. He never expected Jean to have such a nonchalant response. He would have felt better even if she had made a scene.

Susan rushed to speak. "Mr. Royden, should I heat up some food for you?"

Edgar nodded indifferently. "What did she do after coming back?"

"The same as always. She read and made some food with me in the kitchen. Ms. Eyer baked the bread in the oven," Susan said as she prepared his food.

He inhaled. There was a faint aroma of bread in the air. She was extremely at ease in the villa.

He didn't see Jean again for the whole night.

The next morning when he woke up, Susan was bringing Jean's breakfast to her room.

Edgar came out from the study room. Before he could even see a corner of her clothes, the door of her room was shut.

The coldness between his brows intensified.

Susan turned around to see Edgar standing there and was startled. "Mr. Royden, are you looking for Ms. Eyer?"

“No,” Edgar said before taking quick steps down the stairs.

He knew that Jean wasn't avoiding him, but that she didn't want to see him because she hated him.

It made him very uncomfortable.

He put on his coat at the door and suddenly felt the concert tickets in his pocket. He put them on the table. “If she wants to go, get the driver to send her.”

Jean came out of her room after hearing the sound of a car drive away.

“The oatmeal this morning was delicious, Susan. Thank you.” Jean had mentioned in passing that she liked it. She never imagined that Susan would remember and make it for her.

Jean was a lot more innocent than Edgar thought.

She would find a way to repay someone if they treated her well.

“As long as you like it.” Susan smiled as she walked over. “That's right, Ms. Eyer. This is what Mr. Royden left behind before he left. Do you want to go?”

Susan felt that this was Edgar's way of apologizing.

Jean wasn't interested until she saw the name of the band.

She hesitated.

“Susan, why don't you go with me?”

“I don't know these things. I don't want to go.”

Looking at the two tickets, Jean's eyes darkened.

She recalled a time before she was married. She had invited Edgar to a concert, but he had stood her up.

This was overdue compensation. How irritating.

Holding the two tickets, Jean said, “Since it's free, it'll be a waste to not go.”

Furthermore, the tickets were VIP tickets.

Jean hesitated for a moment before calling Ben. There were some things she wanted to say to him in person.

At seven at night, Edgar's driver sent Jean to the venue of the concert.

"Ms. Eyer, I'll wait for you here until the concert ends."

Jean replied, "Mm."

She knew that she couldn't escape. As long as Edgar said the word, she would be found even if she ran to the ends of the earth.

Instead of doing that, she would rather enjoy herself at the villa.

Ben was waiting at the entrance. Seeing her, he walked over with a face full of worry. "Gigi is out of the hospital. Did she make things difficult for you?"

Jean smiled as she shook her head. "She's a high and mighty daughter who has been pampered and spoiled since young. What can she do to me? If I can't beat her, won't I run away instead?"

Although she did in fact endure two slaps.

But compared to the pain she inflicted on Gigi, it was nothing.

Looking at the unconcerned expression on Jean's face, his eyes sank. Jean used to be cherished by everyone, but now...

"Alright, it's about time. Let's head in." Jean wrapped herself in her coat. She was freezing.

Ben followed. He attentively took off his coat and draped it across her shoulders.

The two of them walked side by side into the concert hall.

There was a black limousine parked not far away. The man in the car witnessed the scene.

Good, very good.

She was going on a date with Ben with the concert tickets from him?

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Chapter 214 Malice

"Mr. Royden, will you still be going to the office?" The driver asked in a low voice as he could clearly feel the drop in temperature in the car.

“No,” Edgar said and opened the car door. When the concert ended, Jean wished that it could go on forever.

Her liking of the band used to be because she admired them. After going through so much, it was a different feeling when she listened to those songs again.

Ben was beside her. “Let’s go.”

Jean said, “Mm. There’s a café downstairs. Let’s go there. I have something to say to you.”

“... Okay.”

Jean sat on a seat by the window, and she smiled a little. “During this time, Ludwig Group has developed quite well under your leadership. I saw it on the news.”

Ben felt that she was a stranger when she acted like this.

He pushed a cup of coffee to her. “Reporters like to exaggerate.”

Jean rubbed her fingers against the cup of coffee and said, “Mm. I think that I should take some responsibility for the incident that happened, so I...”

“Jeannie, stop.”

A dark expression swiveled around in Ben’s eyes. He interrupted Jean and said, “No matter what you have to say, I don’t want to hear it today. Just let me be for this one time, alright?”

Jean frowned. “Don’t be so childish. What needs to be said has to be said sooner or later.”

“You haven’t seen how I will become after today. I will make Ludwig Group better. Then, no one will dare to bully or threaten you.”

He had never been so sure of anything before.

Even with racing, Ben had always had a playful attitude. But now, he was serious.

Edgar was just another person.

As long as Ben was willing to learn, before long, he could be a worthy opponent of that man.

Jean’s lips twitched. “There are some things that I don’t want you to get involved in. Edgar and I...”

Before she could finish, her gaze was fixed on a figure behind the door.

There was a coldness coming from him. His black coat was dotted with snow from the night. He looked around the lounge emotionlessly and walked to Jean at a fast pace when he saw her.

“It’s time to leave.”

Seeing the two cups of coffee, Edgar found it very unsightly.

“Jean isn’t going anywhere.” Ben stood up and was head-to-head with Edgar.

“Really?”

Edgar smiled scornfully. He glanced at Jean. The light in his eyes was dark and cold, like an indication of a blizzard that was about to come around.

Jean’s hand fastened on the surface of the desk.

She understood Edgar’s expressions too well. He always showed an expression like this whenever he was about to lose his temper.

If she didn’t want to involve Ben, she could only obey Edgar.

“Ben, let’s talk about it next time.” Jean stood up and looked down as she walked behind Edgar.

“Jeannie!”

Ben panicked. He rushed forward to drag her back.

But as soon as he reached out his hand, it was blocked by Edgar.

“Don’t demand what isn’t yours,” Edgar said before leading Jean out.

The snow outside was getting heavier.

Jean’s coat seemed very thin. She took a few steps forward and saw that Edgar had stopped.

He turned around and his eyes were cold. “Don’t think that I’ll give you my coat my coat, like he did.”

Jean frowned. “I never expected you to.”

She strode forward and walked to the car across the street.

When she reached the car, she realized that it was locked. Did it mean that Edgar personally drove and waited for her here?

Jean looked at the man who was getting into the driver's seat, confused.

She thought Edgar was crazy. Otherwise, why would he waste so much effort on her?

Or perhaps he was mulling and planning something in advance.

"Get in."

The man glanced at her with his cold eyes. His voice was cold as well.

Jean gathered her clothes. She only felt some warmth when she got into the car.

Far away, Ben had just left the café.

Jean only glanced in that direction before Edgar stepped on the gas. She couldn't react in time. The car sped and braked at an intersection. Jean was shaken violently.

Her face knocked against the window.

"You..."

She gritted her teeth in fury. She was about to scold him when Edgar's cell phone rang.

His face was cold as he answered the call.

"Mr. Royden, the partnership plan with Eyer Group has been drafted. Should I send it directly to Ms. Eyer? From the looks of it, she's the only person in Eyer Group. There's no actual office location. It will be hard to carry out the follow-up work," Miles reported.

Jean gripped her seatbelt. That was what she was most worried about.

She could attach herself to Royden Group without much thought about her reputation. As long as she finished the project, Eyer Group would have the funds to make a comeback.

But before that...

Where could she employ talents in that area? And how would she rent an office?

Reality was like a sharp knife. It unknowingly shattered all her hopes.

At the next intersection, Edgar looked ahead and said indifferently, "Let's talk about it tomorrow."

“Alright, Mr. Royden.”

The call ended after that.

Edgar only slowly turned his body to the side when the car stopped at the entrance of the villa. His eyes were chilling to the bone. “I can destroy Eyer Group, but also give it the hope to live. Can Ben do all these?”

Jean furrowed her brow and didn’t say anything.

“Beg me, and I’ll let Eyer Group survive. Otherwise, if the partnership comes to nothing, Eyer Group will be drowned by dust,” Edgar said as he slammed the car door and left.

The temperature in the car was cold, just like her feelings, which had fallen into a valley.

Jean walked up the steps. Every step was like the tip of a needle.

“Ms. Eyer, why are you standing at the door?” Susan brought over a coat in a hurry and draped it on Jean.

But even the warmest room couldn’t thaw Jean’s heart.

She looked down as she changed her shoes. “Susan, no matter what you hear in a moment, you don’t have to come up.”

Before Susan could even react, Jean was already making her way up the stairs to her room.

Edgar heard the sound of footsteps making their way up the stairs. When he looked up, he saw Jean standing there. There was no sign of movement in her bright eyes. She looked like a puppet with no feelings that could be fiddled with to one’s content.

“What do you want me to do, Mr. Royden?” She asked lightly as she raised her eyes and looked him over.

There was a light, unruly smile on his face that looked as good as a carved statue. He walked to Jean and extended his hand to grab her chin mercilessly. With some force, he clutched it, and she was in pain.

“Have you never begged before? Are you begging with such an attitude?” Edgar sneered. His fingers rubbed over her lips. “Also, don’t you know what men want?”

“ . . . ”

Both of Jean’s cheeks were boiling. A humiliating sense of shame engulfed her whole body.

“Let go of me!”

The next instant, the man’s hand moved away mercilessly. He said coldly, “It’s fine. Eyer Group’s survival has nothing to do with me.”

After that, he went into the bathroom holding his towel.

The faint sound of water running came from inside. Jean’s heart slowly dropped.

She wanted to defend Eyer Group.

Was this her only option?

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Chapter 215 Work Extremely Hard

The mirror in the bathroom was obscured by a layer of vapor. The man lifted his hand to wipe it. The reflection revealed his thin and cold side profile. There was no sound outside the room.

His eyes sank. The image of Jean and Ben together kept swirling around in his mind. Wearing his bathrobe, he laughed gently at himself.

If he had known earlier what it was that he wanted, he wouldn’t be so tortured at the moment. The door of the bathroom opened. Vapor drifted out and as expected, Jean was nowhere to be seen in the room.

He couldn’t explain the feeling in his heart.

His eyes darkened. As he was taking off his bathrobe, the door was pushed open.

Jean was startled. She turned around in a rush. “Wear... wear your clothes!”

She didn’t think that he would come out so quickly.

She had witnessed such a scene.

Edgar hurriedly put on a sweater. His Adam’s apple rumbled. “I’m done.”

Jean placed coffee and tea on his desk. She hung her head and said in a light voice, “Mm. Can we change the conditions?”

Her fingertips that were holding onto the tray tightened.

“Even if it’s being a servant in Royden Residence or cleaning the toilets in Royden Group, I’m willing to do everything except...”

Other than the way of begging that he mentioned, she was willing to put down her dignity and pride.

Saying that, she shut her eyes in pain.

Edgar’s gaze fell on her. It was filled with anxiety, conflict, and hesitation.

Jean kept looking down. Her brow wrinkled deeper when she didn’t hear a response from him.

If he didn’t agree, she didn’t have any other way.

“Can you at least give me a few more days? I’ll find a way to free Eyer Group from that predicament. One week at most. If I can’t do it, Eyer Group can be found in breach of contract. When the time comes, I will shoulder all responsibility.”

The air was still for a long time.

“How are you going to assume all responsibility?” He suddenly said.

His voice was near her. It was almost at the top of her head. “With Ben?”

Jean frowned. “Can you stop bringing him up?”

It was a matter between them. Why did he have to bring other people into it!

When she raised her head, she bumped into his shoulder.

When she looked up, she saw his extremely overcast black eyes. He slowly said, “Then stay by my side and work extremely hard until the partnership ends.”

Jean did not hear the first part of what he said. She only heard him agreeing to her negotiation, so she nodded immediately. “Alright.”

“I’ll get Miles to pass you the contract later,” Edgar said before picking up the cup of tea on the desk and finishing it in one mouthful.

Jean breathed a sigh of relief. The sound of the footsteps was further away but her heart was still pounding non-stop.

One hour later, Miles came by.

“Wasn’t it a proposal for a partnership? What is this?”

Jean frowned as she looked at the papers in front of her.

It was clear that the contract had just been drafted. The content had nothing to do with the partnership between Eyer Group and Royden Group. In fact, it was unfair clauses Edgar was using to restrict her freedom.

“This is the contract between you and Mr. Royden. If you break the contract, the partnership between Eyer Group and Royden group will be nullified immediately. Royden Group will also look into the responsibility of Eyer Group.”

Jean clenched her teeth.

She flipped to the last page and signed her name.

“Ms. Eyer, aren’t you going to read it carefully?”

“There’s no need.”

As soon as she said that, Susan came over. “Ms. Eyer, Mr. Royden gave instructions just now that he wants to have a roast for dinner.”

Jean was dumbstruck for a moment. “I have to prepare it?”

Susan nodded cautiously. “Yes.”

Jean took a deep breath in and forced out a smile. “Alright, I’m coming.”

After all, it wasn’t like she had never been ordered around by Edgar.

As Jean was busy in the kitchen, she didn’t notice the figure that walked past the living room and the kitchen after Miles left.

“Mr. Royden, I better help Ms. Eyer.” Hearing sounds coming from the kitchen, Susan worriedly stretched her body forward to look in that direction.

“No.”

Edgar sipped a mouthful of coffee. He frowned and placed the cup on the surface of the table. “Jean, come pour coffee.”

Jean was busy cutting vegetables. When she heard a sound, she walked out with a knife in her hands. “What?”

There were some herbs and spices stuck on her face.

The man’s gaze fell on her. He tapped the table unhappily. “Coffee.”

“Alright, coming.”

Jean adjusted her attitude as she poured water and brewed coffee at one go.

She turned and went into the kitchen after that.

What came next was a series of sounds.

The man picked up the cup of coffee and gently took a sip. A trace of a smile couldn't help but appear on his lips.

Susan, who was at the side, was wiping down furniture in the living room. She shook her head, frustrated, and mumbled in a soft voice. “You obviously want her to stay by your side and see her every day, yet you don't want to tell her.”

Edgar heard it clearly. His smile vanished in an instant.

Susan realized that she had been too meddlesome. She hung her head as she focused on what she had to do.

But she suddenly felt a wave of dizziness. Her wrist trembled and a vase in the living room toppled over.

Smash.

Hearing the sound, Jean rushed out.

Seeing that Susan's hand was cut by the fragments, Edgar's face was cold as usual. He stood at one side without moving.

“Mr. Royden, I'm fine.” Susan apologized as she cleaned up.

“Don't move, Susan. I'll clean up. Deal with your wound.” Jean rushed over to pull her up. Looking at Edgar, who was startled at one side, she wrinkled her brow. “Mr. Royden, please move out of the way if you're not going to help!”

He was really cold-blooded!

Jean dragged Susan to bind her wound. Fragments had pierced her flesh. Jean looked down as she picked it out. “It might hurt a little, Susan. You have to endure it for a while.”

Susan smiled and said, “It's fine. There's no feeling in this hand of mine.”

Jean's hand stopped abruptly.

Susan sighed indifferently. "It's thanks to the mercy of Mr. Royden that I can survive until this day. My only hope now is that I can do something meaningful with whatever time I have left."

Jean had never seen Susan look so sorrowful.

In that moment, she didn't know what to do.

"Ms. Eyer, do you really think that Mr. Royden is cold?" Susan suddenly asked.

"Actually, he used to be a cheerful and lively kid. But his days were too painful and there were thistles and thorns everywhere, which made him colder."

Susan gazed out the window as she vaguely recalled what had happened a long time ago.

Jean looked down to deal with the last fragment before she disinfected the wound and put ointment on it.

Susan wasn't in pain at all. In fact, she told Jean a lot about what happened when Edgar was young.

"Back then, Mr. Royden loved reading fairytales..."

Jean listened expressionlessly.

Susan turned her head sideways. Unknowingly, the whole of her wrist had been bound up.

She smiled bitterly. "You don't have to go all out. I can't work."

"I'll do it."

Jean put the first-aid kit back in its place. "Susan, no matter what he's like in front of you, he's not like that to me."

Jean didn't want to understand the past of a person she once loved deeply, but now hated.

Who didn't have a past full of thorns? With how she was at the point, she didn't have the time to empathize with others.

"But..."

"At least he can do as he pleases and own everything he wants, right?"

Jean opened the door and went downstairs into the kitchen.

At the corner of the door, Edgar's dark and deep eyes kept following her figure until he could see nothing.

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Chapter 216 Regret What Happened in the Past

Susan came out and saw Edgar outside. "Mr. Royden... you heard it all?" Susan was upset at herself. If she hadn't said all that it wouldn't have invoked disgust in Jean.

She had done it with good intentions and wanted to act as matchmaker, so that the both of them could reconcile. Or at the very least, they wouldn't hate each other so much.

Edgar looked away, and his tone was aloof. "Take care of yourself. Don't think about other things." Susan nodded. Other than herself, Edgar was the only other person who knew her condition the best.

Susan let out a breath silently. At her age, she was indifferent about life and death. That night, Jean was about to sleep when she was called to the study room by Edgar. He made her type out documents.

She frowned. "Mr. Royden, these are project proposals from Royden Group. It's not appropriate for an outsider like me to type it out."

She didn't want to be criticized by others in the future. Moreover, it would be the wee hours in the morning when she was done with it. The man looked up at her. He didn't say anything, but his sharp expression conveyed his meaning.

Jean flattened her lips and sat down, frustrated. After two hours, her eyelids were putting up a fight. "Go on." Edgar tossed another file in front of her.

Jean was dizzy and her vision was blurred. When she took it, she almost overturned the cup of tea on the desk. At that moment, the sound of shattering pieces suddenly came from outside the door.

"It's not me." Edgar immediately stood up and went in the direction of the living room. Jean chased after him only to find Susan, unconscious, beside the couch. "Get the driver, we're going to the hospital!"

"Okay." Jean could see for herself the worry on Edgar's face. He picked Susan up and took big strides out the door. Jean's heart tightened as she followed hurriedly.

The hospital corridors in the early morning were very quiet. The light in the operating room was on. Jean curled up on a bench while Edgar sat across from her. Their eyes met but they said nothing.

What Susan said to her in the afternoon rang in her ears. Edgar wasn't born devoid of emotion. He was forced to become like this by the circumstances of life.

Jean put her head down.

It seemed like she had never investigated why Edgar treated the Eyer family as enemies.

What was the resentment they kept mentioning...?

Bang.

Susan lay on a hospital bed as she was pushed out by doctors.

Since it was a patient Edgar brought in, the primary surgeon was the vice hospital director who was on duty that night.

"Mr. Royden, let's talk in my office." The doctor's face was frozen with worry.

It was as if Edgar had already anticipated that outcome. He followed with no emotion on his face.

Holding both their coats, Jean shifted her steps as she walked behind them.

"After our effective critical care, the patient will regain consciousness quickly. The cancerous cells in her body have taken over and spread. You and the patient have worked hard for the past few years. It's very regretful."

Edgar clenched his fists. A sadness that wouldn't go away spread in his eyes.

Jean was alarmed.

She opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

"How long does she have left?" Edgar asked after a moment's silence.

The vice hospital director sighed and said guardedly, "One month at most."

It was hard to tell what Edgar was feeling from his expression as they left the office and walked to the hospital room. It looked like sadness or indifference.

He finally stopped before they reached the hospital room.

Jean looked up. She saw that he no longer had his usual arrogance and coldness. The rims of his eyes were slowly reddening.

“Let me stay with Susan.” Jean wanted to do her part. “If you’re there, she’ll worry.”

Edgar glanced at her deeply and didn’t move for a long time.

Miles heard the news, and he rushed over. “Mr. Royden, should I cancel your flight at six in the morning?”

Royden Group did have a lot of matters to deal with at the time. He glanced at Jean and after a while he said, “Contact me at any time if anything comes up.”

Jean nodded her head in response and watched as the man turned to leave.

The light in the hospital room was still on. Jean got herself together and walked in. “Susan, you’re up? How do you feel?”

She was still nervous but tried not to show it.

Otherwise, Susan would feel even worse.

Susan smiled as she sat up. “I’m fine. It’s just a chronic illness.”

She glanced in the direction of the door. Although she never said anything, Jean knew what she meant.

“Edgar has gone to the office. Maybe he doesn’t want to see me.” Jean forced out a sliver of a smile. “What a coincidence. I didn’t want to see him either. Susan, what do you want to eat in the morning?”

Jean tried her best to act normally.

Susan smiled and said, “Let’s go back and eat. I’ll make pancakes for you, alright?”

But she can’t leave the hospital!

“Susan... the hospital said that Edgar must sign for you to leave. But he’s not around now. We can’t go through with the discharge procedure.” Jean explained as she thought of an excuse.

Susan was startled for a moment, and it seemed like she believed it.

“I’m going to the hospital restaurant to take a look. Rest. I’ll be back shortly.” Jean smiled and waved before quickly leaving.

She didn’t know what to say to Susan at all.

Her cell phone vibrated. It was a text message from Edgar.

The message explained in detail what Susan liked and what safeguards should be taken for her sickness.

Jean's pupils trembled slightly. That man wasn't cold and indifferent. He was just taking care of Susan in his own way. Too much care would scare Susan and get turned down by her.

That was why he maintained his usual indifference.

Jean held her cell phone and replied, 'Okay.'

She hesitated before sending it out then added, 'Don't worry.'

At that moment, the man looked at his cell phone screen in the car on the way to the airport. The corners of his lips curved unknowingly.

Scrolling up to the previous messages, Jean's manner of speaking was never kind.

As he scrolled, he reached text messages from two years ago.

'Edgar, are you coming back for dinner tonight?'

'Edgar, I think there's some problems at Dad's company. Can you help him out?'

'Edgar...'

He never replied to a single message.

Edgar's heart suddenly plunged into ice. When Gary got into trouble, she must have been so helpless. He had also been through the pain that she felt at the time.

The man gripped his cell phone tightly. The thrill he felt from the plan succeeding back then vanished in an instant.

He used their marriage to reach his goals but also completely ruined Jean's whole life.

How could she not hate him?

Edgar's throat choked with emotion. It was as if there was something pressing on his chest, making him unable to breathe.

Jean stayed at the hospital with Susan the whole day. When she went out at night to buy groceries, she bumped into Farra.

Only Mr. Coleman was behind her.

Seeing Jean, Farra walked up to her immediately. “Jeannie, why are you at the hospital? Are you not feeling well?”

“My... my friend is in the hospital.”

Jean continued, “Why are you at the hospital, Mrs. Ludwig?”

“I haven’t been feeling well recently, so I came for a check-up.” Farra held on to Jean’s hand and refused to let go. “Benny has been busy with company affairs recently. He hasn’t abandoned you so don’t take it to heart. He won’t be like this once he settles everything.”

Of course Farra could feel the coolness Jean had toward her.

It was far from the friendliness and warmth that Jean had when Ben was in the hospital.

Hearing that, Jean shook her head. “Mrs. Ludwig, it’s not like that. Maybe Ben didn’t tell you. We...”

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Chapter 217 Wait for Him to Come Back

Before Jean could finish, Mr. Coleman went over and interrupted them. “Mrs. Ludwig, it’s getting late. It’s time to attend the banquet.” Mr. Coleman smiled and looked at Jean meaningfully.

His expression was one that pleaded for her to not continue speaking. Jean furrowed her brow. “Mrs. Ludwig, go ahead. I need to get some groceries.” “Alright, since I have something on today. Come visit me with Benny next time, alright?”

Jean smiled but didn’t say anything. Through the full-length window, Jean watched plainly as Farra got into the Ludwig family’s luxury car. With her attire, the jewelry she wore, and the bag she was holding, nothing on her was what Jean could afford.

She still had to think of how to revive Eyer Group in this period of time. To her, love was a luxury.

...

As soon as Edgar’s plane landed, he received pictures and text messages from Jean. Her manner of speaking was calm as usual. There was even an unfamiliar feeling. He could feel her distance and aloofness just from those few messages.

‘Susan has taken some soup. The doctors came to check on her and instructed her to take her medicine on time.’ ‘Susan just fell asleep. The nurse’s aide is here.’

Every message was like a robotic report. But Edgar stared at the messages and pictures for a long time. "Mr. Royden, it's time to get down." Miles reminded him. Edgar kept his cell phone and walked into the hotel.

After the meeting ended, the first thing he did was take out his cell phone, but there wasn't any news. The man wrinkled his brow tightly. He found a quiet spot and dialed Jean's number. "Hello?"

Jean had just fallen asleep. She groped in the dark for her cell phone and went to the corridor. "Susan is asleep."

Edgar was startled for a moment. He had forgotten that there was a time difference.

"I..."

"You don't have to worry. I asked the doctors and they said that she can leave tomorrow. I will handle everything." She thought that he was worried about Susan.

Hearing her voice that was as calm as water, it was as if Edgar's feelings were soothed.

"We might need to look for someone to cook after leaving the hospital tomorrow." Jean was thinking about how to take good care of Susan.

Edgar's attitude was a lot gentler than usual. "Alright. I'll take care of it. You rest well, too."

Hearing Edgar say that, Jean's eyes shook.

She never imagined that Edgar would say something like that to her in her lifetime.

A busy signal came from the phone.

Jean's hand fell. When she got back to the caregiver's bed in the hospital room, she couldn't fall back to sleep.

When Edgar was away, Jean received quite a number of calls from Mr. Collins at Royden Group. He wanted to discuss with her specific matters regarding the partnership proposal.

She could only drag it out. She only wanted to make decisions once Edgar was back.

She never imagined that while waiting, another person from Royden Group would come along. It was Andy.

He appeared in front of Jean with his assistant and secretary and said, "The partnership proposal between Royden Group and Eyer Group must be implemented within a week. Otherwise, Royden Group will hold Eyer Group responsible for breaking the contract."

"But Mr. Royden had promised to extend the deadline."

The face of the secretary behind Andy immediately turned cold. "Ms. Eyer, Mr. Shaw didn't come here in person to hear about your personal matters. What relationship you have with Mr. Royden has nothing to do with the company's matters! Mr. Shaw is in charge of this current item. Do you understand?"

Jean wrinkled her brow. Of course she knew that she couldn't keep dragging it out.

But Edgar had, in fact, promised her.

"Furthermore, Ms. Eyer, you should be aware of how this contract came about. Why don't you submit a request to terminate the contract to avoid other issues arising? Once we go the legal route, you'll have no chance of winning."

The other party was being aggressive.

It was as if they were dangling the contract termination document in front of her.

"Theo Simpson," Andy said coldly, stopping him from what he was about to say. "This is Mr. Royden's ex-wife after all. Take note of what you're saying."

The secretary named Theo only kept quiet after that.

His eyes and expression said everything.

It made Jean uneasy.

"Leave. I want to speak to Ms. Eyer in private." Andy raised his hand. His expression was hard to make out.

The door shut.

A trace of a smile appeared on Andy's face. "Ms. Eyer, you don't have to listen to the nonsense of those subordinates. I believe that Mr. Royden thought it through before giving you these items. Moreover, I don't want to get involved with the partnership between the two of you."

Jean silently listened to him. She felt that it wasn't as simple as it seemed.

"But Royden Group's growth today was not because of the ways of the world. Some things must be done in accordance with the rules. Mr. Collins has contacted you a

couple of times, but you deliberately drag it out. I have reason to believe that Eyer Group has no capability to take on this item at all. Which also means, Mr. Royden made an error of judgment this time.”

The wrinkle in Jean’s brow deepened. “No...”

“What?” Andy suddenly leaned over and invaded her personal space.

In that moment, all the excuses that Jean had thought of were stuck in her throat. She needed that opportunity. The opportunity that Edgar came up with on a whim to use her and torment her.

She couldn’t give it up.

Edgar was right. He was the only person who could resurrect Eyer Group.

Jean made up her mind. She raised her head, and her smile was bright, beautiful, and firm. “Some things can’t be decided by me or you. As far as I know, Mr. Royden will be coming back tomorrow. Why don’t we wait for him to come back before we meet and discuss it in detail?”

Andy immediately scratched the tip of his brow. “Even if Edgar comes back, can you guarantee that he will stand on your side?”

Jean replied, “I will only discuss it with Mr. Royden. I’m sorry, I still have a patient to take care of.”

After saying that, Jean stood up and walked to Susan’s room.

“That servant is an old servant from Royden Residence, and she does, indeed, have a deep relationship with Edgar. But if you want to curry favor with her to reach your goal, I’m afraid that it’s not quite possible,” Andy said with contempt. “You should know better than me how cold and ruthless Edgar is. It’s better for you to discuss this transaction with me.”

Jean stopped abruptly. She asked him while enunciating each and every word. “Let me take a bold guess. You want me to let go of this item so that you can turn this partnership proposal over to Reece Group, am I right?”

Andy’s eyes narrowed.

After a while, his smile deepened. “Ms. Eyer is indeed a clever woman. But sometimes, it’s not a good thing when women are too clever.”

“I’m sorry, I’m not a pretty face like Gigi.” Jean glanced over.

She wasn't wrong.

Andy came on behalf of the Reece family. Sam probably couldn't sit still, so he asked Andy for help.

Or perhaps, there was a deal between them.

But all that had nothing to do with her.

What she wanted to do was wait for Edgar's return, but she couldn't guarantee that he would stand on her side when he got back.