

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 258

Chapter 258 Complaint

Jean didn't care that Mr. Martin was there. She called Edgar but couldn't get through. She could only call Miles instead.

"Mr. Royden is still on the plane. He had a last-minute business trip."

"Alright. Please tell him that I have something very important to ask him." Jean hung up, annoyed.

Seeing her expression, Mr. Martin, who was at the side, didn't understand. "Ms. Eyer, we've won our lawsuit against Royden Group, and you've received the compensation you deserve. Why aren't you happy at all?"

Jean laughed dryly. "Yes, I should be happy."

Edgar had used different identities to compensate her...

Jean hit the table suddenly. The more she thought about it, the angrier she was.

Mr. Martin immediately thought of an excuse and slipped away.

In the afternoon, after Jean received the money, she immediately made a decision to expand her business.

Since Edgar gave her an opportunity to strike back, he couldn't blame her for growing her wings and striking back viciously in the future.

The partnership between Royden Group and Eyer Group was picked up by the media as they fell over each other to report on it. Opinions differed on the incident that had happened. With the involvement of the police, the investigation of the case progressed quickly.

"Mr. X is one of the operations managers in Royden Group. He admitted of his own accord that he had sold insider information of Royden Group at a high price to a rival company and planned a cluster of car accidents..."

"Furthermore, a few staff members were caught in an alley in the wee hours last night. All of them were not citizens, and they had immigrated here illegally."

The plot was revealed, and justice was restored. Royden Group had also dismissed a few staff members that were involved in it. Jean noted the names down and compared it to what she found before she realized that those that Edgar fired were those who had deep connections to Andy.

He killed two birds with one stone. With this, he dealt a serious blow to Andy.

“As compensation, Royden Group will apologize to Eyer Group and provide the necessary compensation.”

Jean had become the big winner of the affair.

She took a deep breath as she sat in front of the television. That man was really scary.

Brigid served her fruits. She said regretfully, “Ms. Eyer, are you and Mr. Royden reconciling?”

“No.” Jean picked up an apple. She treated it as Edgar and bit on it ferociously.

Brigid sighed. “That’s right. It would be hard for anyone to feel at ease with what had happened back then.”

She was only a servant, after all. She had no way to empathize with what Jean went through. Moreover, for someone ordinary like her, what she wanted the most was to live a respectable life.

“Ms. Eyer, if Mr. Royden apologized to you sincerely, would you forgive him?”

“Absolutely not.”

Jean held on to the tray of fruits and turned to go upstairs.

Brigid sighed in silence. Thinking about Edgar’s previous orders, she counted the days and went into the kitchen.

There was a blizzard that night.

The news kept reporting warnings of bad weather. “Many flights have been detained because of weather control. Thousands of passengers have to stay overnight in the airport halls.”

“The general public must take note...”

Jean had let Brigid and the other servants get off work earlier. She sat on her couch alone. She was surrounded by piles of résumés on the carpet. She wanted to choose the most outstanding people to join Eyer Group.

But all these résumés were written perfectly. Jean didn’t have any clue, even after looking at it for half the day.

She really didn’t have much experience as a manager.

Knock knock.

Jean looked at the clock on the wall unconsciously. She wrinkled her brows.

Who would it be at this time?

Snow was falling heavily outside. Jean conveniently picked up the glass bottle on the table and walked in the direction of the door.

She clicked on the screen of the security camera. A flawless side profile appeared before her.

The knocking continued.

Jean held the handle of the bottle tightly. She shouted at the door, "I can't let you in."

Edgar stood at the door. He wasn't surprised by her answer. He lifted the vacuum lunchbox closer to the camera.

A few seconds later, the door opened.

Edgar lowered his eyes and smiled lightly. He made his way in.

At the door, he saw Jean glaring viciously at him. "Why are you here?"

"I have food for you," he said as he took off his coat which was covered in snow. He changed his shoes and put the food on the table. He placed everything nicely and got out two sets of utensils.

Jean furrowed her brows.

"I'm not interested in eating with you."

Edgar nodded. "Mm, I know."

But he didn't stop what he was doing. He even looked for two stemmed glasses in the kitchen.

"Edgar, I only let you in because I was afraid that you would freeze to death at my porch step and affect my reputation. I don't care what you want to do. Get your driver to pick you up immediately. I don't want to see you."

Edgar looked down and saw the résumés on the table.

Jean immediately ran over and picked them up. "Don't look!"

The man turned his body sideways immediately. “The snow is too heavy, and it’s dangerous for the driver to come here. I’ll leave after eating, alright?”

Jean stared at him viciously. “How did you come here from the airport if the snow is so heavy?”

“I... The food is getting cold. Let’s eat.” Edgar sat down at once and opened each vacuum lunch box. They were all Susan’s specialties.

Smelling the familiar aroma, Jean couldn’t help but gulp.

She was indeed feeling a little hungry, and she didn’t want to squabble with him. She sat down, and the man passed her a set of utensils.

Jean’s face was cold the whole time. She couldn’t understand why Edgar was doing this. He braved the heavy snow just to eat a meal with her at her house?

It was clear that she had her guard up and wanted to distance herself. She would glance at Edgar after every other bite of food.

On the other hand, he ate slowly. He even went to the kitchen for warm water.

Jean would stare at him after eating a few bites hastily.

Edgar had to tell her, “I won’t stay too long. I’ll leave after eating.”

But Jean still stared at him with her guard up.

“You don’t have to treat those résumés as important information. Eighty percent of them exaggerated. Since your company is just taking off, you have to be cautious when hiring people. Prioritize their character. Also...”

“I don’t need your help!” Jean was enraged and interrupted him.

If he didn’t do those things, would she have to struggle like this?

Edgar was startled, but he continued speaking as he ate. “Eyer Group’s current funds must be invested in important items. A safeguard will be in place at the end of the year when the partnership with Royden Group is about to end. Now that you’re taking your first steps, you have to look for long-term partners. Knox Group or Warren International are good options.”

He was giving Jean suggestions seriously.

Even though she was going to resist, Edgar continued speaking, unconcerned.

Jean pressed the bridge of her nose. She didn't want to listen to him any longer.

"You..."

"If you really want to take revenge on me, listen carefully. With how you are now, how can you fight Royden Group?" Edgar raised his brows and suddenly looked over. He enunciated every word clearly. "Jean, don't waste your life away."

Especially if she was going to waste it on him.

Jean bit the corner of her lip hard. She was speechless.

Every word he said hurt her pride and dignity viciously, but in the face of absolute power, she could only chew this pain up and swallow it back into her stomach.

"Edgar, can you stop looking down on me? Even without your fake kindness, I can..."

"Yes, you can."

His deep and cold eyes suddenly looked up. The dark and gloomy light in it was like an abyss. He gazed at Jean's face. "But do you know what kind of price you have to pay?"

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Chapter 259 Too Much Is as Bad as Too Little

He used to struggle painfully in the swamp of hatred for so many years. Jean had been through a lot. He could empathize deeply.

He was making it up to her because of sympathy and regret. And also, a feeling that he didn't even want to admit. If he had to elaborate on it, it would be how unwilling he felt.

He was unwilling for her to suffer the same torture. But he would never say all of it aloud in his lifetime. Even if he did, she wouldn't believe him. "Please leave."

Jean gritted her teeth. She didn't want to be tricked and exploited by him.

"Never mind. You'll figure it out." Edgar stood up. Before he departed, he left a name card. "There's a bidder's conference next week. Contact this person. He'll sort it out for you."

When the door shut, the blizzard outside seemed to be getting stronger. Just like Jean's heart. It was swept, and there was nothing left.

She bent her head and put her arms tightly around her head. "Edgar..."

Her voice was carried away by the blizzard outside.

The man sat in the car. A layer of vapor misted the glass. He looked in the direction of the Eyer Residence living room and didn't say a word.

There came a text message from Nathan on his cell phone.

'How are you planning to celebrate your birthday this year?'

Edgar glanced at it and replied, 'I'm done celebrating.'

He braved the blizzard and rushed back to have a meal with her before twelve.

Even he himself couldn't tell if what he did was worth it.

That night, Jean didn't sleep much. She would remember what Edgar had said when she opened her eyes. She had to admit that what he said made sense indeed.

For the next few days, Jean worked fast.

When Zenith heard the news, he was happy for Jean. "This child is getting smarter. If Mr. Eyer knew about it, he could die contentedly."

As soon as he said it, he looked at his son, who was beside him. "If you have the time, talk to Jean more. She has a lot of foresight in what she's been doing in terms of operating her business."

"Dad, do you think that Jean thought of these ideas by herself?" Jensen asked hesitantly. "You saw it that day. Edgar still has feelings for her."

Zenith furrowed his brows. "What do you mean?"

His tone had a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree change. "Have you stopped pursuing Jean?"

"No. Of course, I think that Jean is great. I won't look at her like others do. I just think that Jean and Edgar's relationship is not as simple as we think it is. Furthermore, there is a disparity between Edgar and me."

Jensen bent his head down. "But I won't give up."

Zenith looked at him, satisfied. "That's right. I know that Jean needs people. I'm planning on sending a few people to help her. From the company, who do you think is suitable to help her?"

"I'll go." Jensen suddenly had an idea. "The pavilion closest to the water will get the moonlight first. I must grab this opportunity."

"Aren't you afraid that your friends and classmates will comment about it?" Zenith felt that after Jensen took Jean out that night, Jensen seemed like a different person when he returned.

Jensen laughed bitterly. "Don't tease me, Dad. I'll go look for Jean now."

At Eyer Group, Jensen walked to the entrance. The staff member at the reception asked him, "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for Jean... Ms. Eyer." He was courteous and gentle. "Is she around?"

"Please wait for a moment." The staff member immediately inquired and brought Jensen in.

Jean was in a tremendous muddle because she was joining the bidder's conference.

"You have something to tell me?"

"Yes." Jensen changed his old wavering behavior and directly told her his intention for coming.

"You want to work at Eyer Group?" Jean never imagined that he would say that. "Sure. But with your qualifications, even applying for those transnational corporations would be more than what they require. Or you can take over from Mr. Rocher instead. You would be overqualified working here."

"Are you dissatisfied with my abilities, Ms. Eyer?"

Jean put down the bidding document in her hands. "It's not that..."

Jensen glanced at it before taking it from Jean's hands. He ran through it from start to finish and marked the spots where corrections were needed.

He was about to hand it to Jean but pulled back in mid-air.

"Can I start work now, Ms. Eyer?"

Jean couldn't help but laugh. "Alright. Thanks for your trouble, Mr. Rocher."

"I promise that I'll complete my tasks!"

...

Three days later, the bidding conference was held at the top floor of Grand Ocean Tower.

Everyone present was a big shot in the business world or the boss of a corporation. Jean was in a black business dress. As she was standing in the elevator, her heart thumped.

A group of people walked over from afar and pushed her to the back.

“Mr. Royden is here!”

“They have their top-notch projects up for bid this time. We have no chance against them.”

“It would be great if Royden Group could have a lottery to choose their project partners.”

“Forget it. Are you trying to take advantage of them? You’re not that lucky, unlike Eyer Group. They were about to go bankrupt for the second time but rose from the dead because of this. They seemed to have recruited new people...”

But soon, these people kept quiet.

Because the man they were talking about had already walked to the elevator.

The doors of another elevator opened, and everyone surged in. No one dared to look Edgar in the eye.

The man didn’t move. His gaze swept toward the figure reflected on the doors of the elevator. When the doors shut, he glanced in that direction. Seeing that Jean came alone, his expression relaxed.

Jean didn’t acknowledge him or avoid him.

She walked into the elevator openly.

“Why is Jensen working at Eyer Group?”

“He is capable, and he has the qualifications. I’m hiring him like I would anyone else. I don’t need your approval, do I, Mr. Royden?” Jean didn’t understand why he always picked on Jensen.

The man snorted lightly.

“What capabilities does he have? He’s just a young fellow that just graduated.”

Jean glared back at him rudely. "I don't think it's right for you to insult my staff, is it, Mr. Royden? I never called the managers in your company wine sacks and food bags. They can't even arrange a project acceptance properly. Your taste in people isn't all that great, Mr. Royden."

Miles, who was standing beside Edgar, furrowed his brow slightly.

Why did he feel like he was being implicated?

Edgar's temple jumped suddenly. He spoke through the cracks of his teeth as he grinded his teeth. "Alright. I can't beat you."

Jean rushed out when the doors of the elevator opened.

She had only taken a few steps when she saw Ben.

"Jeannie, I just heard that you were coming, so I was going to look for you. How have you been recently?" Ben's eyes were full of concern as he looked at Jean. He pulled her as he chattered non-stop. "We have an item from our company. Are you interested?"

"Of course. Let's talk about it over there." Jean wanted to grab every opportunity.

She didn't want to give up anything that would help and benefit Eyer Group's future development.

Edgar's footsteps stopped slowly. Was she so ruthless? She chased him away during a blizzard but accepted other people's good intentions so easily.

The man's face was frighteningly scary.

Miles, who was standing beside him, didn't dare make a sound.

"Tell me, is there something wrong with her brain?"

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Chapter 260 Hint

Miles gasped. This was a dangerous question. He couldn't answer. "Mr. Royden, the bidding conference is about to start."

Edgar went in with a nasty expression on his face. Seeing his expression, his partners, who had wanted to greet him, shrank back.

With a spurt of energy, Ben stated his current plans.

"I can get them to prepare a contract now. If you agree, we can start our partnership next month." Ben saved this opportunity for Jean and turned down other companies.

"Ben, thank you so much, but I can't give you a reply now. I have to have a meeting when I get back. After all, the company has just started out, and we have limited capabilities. I can't burden you," Jean answered him seriously.

Ben's gaze dulled slightly.

"Alright. I'll wait for your reply."

Jean nodded and looked at the time. "Let's head in."

The bidding conference was very intense from start to finish. The air was suppressed to a freezing point. Some smaller companies wanted to see daylight, so they had to get a good item. But opportunities are left for those with capabilities. After the bidding war, some took risks that paid off, but many were left empty-handed.

Jean was the latter.

Even after she threw out her hard-earned capital, lady luck wasn't on her side.

In contrast, the man who was sitting a few rows ahead didn't even need to open his mouth. There were people rushing to give him money.

"Mr. Royden, we are honored by your presence today. Thank you so much for coming. These few items are the most in demand. Please take a look. If there's anything you want, Royden Group can take priority unconditionally."

This was the law of the jungle.

Absolute power could be absolutely unrestrained.

Jean was livid and kept staring at the action going on at that side.

Ben followed her gaze and looked over. He frowned and didn't say anything.

After an intense bidding war, the bidding conference declared its closing.

"Everyone, please make your way down to the restaurant downstairs and enjoy the dinner banquet. Here's wishing everyone successful partnerships and instant success."

Jean was feeling a little tired. She yawned and walked out.

As soon as she left, she heard a series of noises coming from downstairs.

“Let’s take a look?” Ben lowered his voice and asked her.

Jean wanted to turn him down, but she saw a familiar figure. She nodded. “Mm.”

Edgar was at the back, not too far away. He also made his way over.

At the moment, in the restaurant downstairs, there was a plump, obese woman. Her hands were full of rings. She raised her hand to slap the woman in front of her.

“You seduced my husband! Pfft, you shameless whore!”

“Isn’t that Mrs. Larry? The woman she’s hitting seems to be that female celebrity, Melody Chance.”

She slapped Melody firmly on her face.

Melody furrowed her brows. Fingerprints quickly appeared on her fair and tender skin.

“Mrs. Larry, please don’t do this.” The restaurant manager went up to her and tried to stop her. “Do it for me.”

“Get lost! Why should I do it for you?” Mrs. Larry’s arrogance became more aggressive. “She’s just an actress, but she has the nerve to snatch my man. Let me tell you, leave as far as you can. Don’t let me see you again. Otherwise, I’ll throw you into the river to be fed by fish.”

Melody touched her cheeks softly and smirked scornfully. “Only women with no confidence would attack the other woman. If you have the time to teach me a lesson, why don’t you go home and look after your own husband instead?”

“You!”

The plump woman became angrier. She lifted her hand to hit Melody again.

“Stop!” Jean cried out and rushed over.

Previously, Melody had helped her. Jean didn’t want to be an ungrateful person.

Ben couldn’t stop Jean, so he followed along.

At the back of the crowd, Edgar had a slightly complicated expression.

“Mr. Royden, should we intervene?” Miles asked in a low voice.

The man’s cold eyes darkened slightly. He said indifferently, “Wait.”

Once Jean cried out, it attracted the attention of many. Discussions in the crowd became louder. "Edgar's ex-wife?"

"No matter what she's done, you shouldn't hit her in public. Your actions have affected other people. Please apologize right away."

The plump woman glared, and her eyes widened. She started to berate Jean as well.

"Who are you to criticize me? Your lousy company must have been set up by that man. You don't have a single ounce of shame. The two of you are birds of a feather..."

"Miles, take action," the man said coldly in a deep voice. A trace of murderous intent streaked across his eyes.

He immediately emitted cold air. His gaze passed through the crowd and landed on Jean.

"Yes, Mr. Royden." Miles immediately gave orders, but he mentally took note of something. His company's president had always been aloof and would never interfere in things like these.

But now, he wouldn't ignore or be unconcerned if it had something to do with Jean.

Soon, the relevant people in charge of the bidding conference rushed to the scene. They quickly escorted Mrs. Larry away.

Seeing that there wasn't anything left to see, everyone dispersed.

"Are you alright?" Jean let out a breath.

Melody smiled bitterly and shook her head. "I'm sorry that you were involved. I'm already used to it."

She took out a cigarette from her bag naturally and looked at Jean. "You don't mind, do you?"

Jean shook her head. She thought it was a little strange that Melody was here.

"I heard that Eyer Group has been expanding well recently. Congratulations." Melody smiled sincerely. "Girls from wealthy families are different indeed. It makes me envious."

"I have you to thank. If you didn't recommend me to accept design orders at Jimmy's for a few days, I wouldn't have made it here today." Jean would never forget the days when she ate canned goods in the small apartment for the rest of her life.

Melody looked at Jean meaningfully.

“Did the buyer get you to do any other designs in the end?”

As soon as Melody asked Jean, the chair beside them was pulled.

Edgar acted as if there were nobody else present and sat down.

“Mr. Royden, there’s someone sitting here,” Jean called him out coldly.

“Once they come, I’ll vacate.” He wasn’t concerned or angry.

“You...”

Melody, who was at the side, tugged at Jean. “It’s alright. It’s a rare opportunity that Mr. Royden is willing to lower himself and sit at the same table as someone like me.”

The more Melody degraded herself, the more uncomfortable Jean felt when she heard it.

Although Jean was just an actor, her status in the entertainment industry was incomparable to an ordinary female celebrity. Moreover, she had worked for so many years, and there was basically no gossip about her.

As for Mrs. Larry just now, she took advantage of her position to bully Melody and said so many nasty things, but Melody wasn’t bothered about it. It was clear how charitable and kind Melody was.

And she had helped Jean out a few times.

For someone as kind as Melody, why did she have to be so humble?

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Chapter 261 Defamation Is Like a Stab in the Back

“Why do you think of everyone in such an extreme manner?” Jean frowned. From how she saw it, Sam and his family kept fighting and scheming against each other. They hid many things from Edgar, but it was as though he was blind and couldn’t see it at all.

And now, he was unconcerned about Melody being hit in public. It was simply unreasonable. Edgar’s face was desolate as usual. “You haven’t known her for long. You trust her so much?”

“In any case, I feel like I can’t sit and watch. It’s obvious that the other person is at fault...”

Before she could finish, Mrs. Larry, who had slapped Melody, barged in again with other people. This time, she pulled on a man's arm. The man had a big figure. Even though he had been getting on in years, his dignity and his good looks from his youth could still be seen in his eyes.

"Go and take a look. That wench is inside. You have to break everything off with her in front of me. Otherwise, I'm not leaving today!"

The man sighed in frustration. He just so happened to see Melody coming out of the washroom. He walked up to her and said, "Let's not meet again in the future."

By saying that, didn't it confirm that Melody was a homewrecker?

"Mr. Larry, you..." Melody choked up. Tears were flowing from her beautiful eyes. "Alright. I understand. I won't disturb you again in the future."

The crowd sighed.

They actually witnessed such a melodramatic scene.

Mrs. Larry sneered. "You've seen it now. I'm the real wife. You think women like yourself are worthy?"

Jean wrinkled her brows and didn't say anything. As compared to everyone's scornful smiles and expressions, she must be the only person at the scene that sympathized with Melody.

"Even if she really did something, it's not her sole responsibility. On what grounds do men think they can escape unscathed while she assumes the notoriety of a mistress?"

What Jean said coldly was powerful and resonating.

Many people glanced over curiously as it surrounded the hall.

Mr. Larry's reputation was tanking. "This has nothing to do with you."

"I'm just saying a few words. This has nothing to do with you either. I never mentioned names. Only those who are criticized would feel flustered."

"You!"

Mr. Larry immediately cried out furiously, "Who do you think you are that you have the nerve to interfere in my affairs!"

Melody wiped her tears and pulled Jean. "Thank you, Ms. Eyer, but it's fine."

"I'm not just defending you against injustice. I feel like these men have no accountability. When trouble arises, they only know how to push responsibility away. He wasn't forced to be aroused!"

Mr. Larry's face paled at Jean calling him out.

"You..."

A cold and extremely harsh voice rang out, stopping him from continuing.

"What are you trying to do?"

Edgar's tone was full of disdain. When he looked up and glanced over, his gaze was so cold it was frightening.

"Mr. Royden?"

Mr. Larry's expression was unbelievably awkward. He was so flustered before that he didn't notice Edgar sitting there. Now, it was too late for him to regret. He immediately smiled. "Don't think too much about it, Mr. Royden, I didn't mean anything by it. I just think that it's not good for Ms. Eyer to interfere in other people's family matters."

Edgar's face darkened a little. He raised his eyebrows. "That's true."

Mr. Larry let out a sigh of relief.

But before he could take a breath in, it was caught in his throat because of Mrs. Larry's careless remark.

"They're already divorced. What are you afraid of? Jean is also a mistress. How shameless."

She said it too quickly, and her voice was too loud.

Mr. Larry wanted to stop her, but he was too late.

Rage filled Edgar's face. He turned to look at Jean. "You said that men are all the same and they only know how to push responsibility away?"

Jean kept quiet.

She was upset at Edgar.

"Jean!"

Ben quickly walked over from behind the crowd and stood in front of her. "Ignore them."

Mrs. Larry sized up Jean from top to bottom and sneered. "How shameless, she seduced one after the other. Men like you..."

Bang.

The table in front of Edgar was overturned.

Extremely cold air came from him and instantly overwhelmed everyone at the scene. His gaze was fixed directly on Jean's hand that Ben was holding.

Mr. And Mrs. Larry were so frightened that their faces were pale.

"Mr, Mr. Royden, please don't get angry!" Mr. Larry turned around and shouted viciously at his wife. "Shut your mouth. Can't you do anything right? You're making things worse!"

"I... I didn't mean to." Mrs. Larry panicked.

No one else had Edgar's boldness and would overturn a table on an occasion like this. There was no one else who would do it.

"Get lost."

Mr. Larry nodded at once. He dragged Mrs. Larry out and berated her as they were walking. "Do you know who Edgar is? When you see them in the future, walk around them. Otherwise, I won't be able to afford it if I lose everything."

At the time, everyone else who was initially watching the scene quickly went back to their seats. They didn't dare to look on anymore.

Seeing the situation, Melody could only pick her handbag up and leave the table.

"Thank you so much for today, Ms. Eyer. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"It's not your fault."

Jean was feeling apprehensive. She had been meddling in other people's business. Otherwise, Edgar wouldn't be so furious and overturn a table.

There were already staff members who were cleaning up over there.

The manager came over and apologized profusely. "Mr. Royden, the kitchen has prepared some dishes. Why don't you move to a private room?"

Edgar only stared at Jean.

It was as though this wouldn't end unless she said something.

Jean was upset at being stared at by him. She furrowed her brows. "I don't..."

"Let's go, I'll take you elsewhere," Ben chimed in and pulled Jean away.

Jean took two steps forward. She still felt like Edgar's gaze was still fixed on her. She wrinkled her brows and walked away quickly.

She didn't want to be called a mistress.

She also didn't want to be hopelessly muddled with Edgar.

In the car, Ben noticed that her complexion wasn't looking too good. "Some people lead such boring lives. All they do is observe other people's private lives. Don't take it to heart. One day, sooner or later, I will completely free you from that kind of gossip."

Jean looked down.

"There's no way. It will only implicate you."

Jean smiled bitterly. "By the way, I'm back in the Eyer Residence. Please send me there."

"Don't you want to eat?" Seeing her upset, Ben also felt uncomfortable.

Jean shook her head. "I don't have the appetite."

For some reason, what Edgar said floated in her mind. She was feeling restless.

"Alright."

Ben stepped on the gas, and the car drove away.

Far away, Edgar stood on the steps and watched them leave. His expression was complicated.

Melody came out and giggled. "You're really different from before, Mr. Royden. Since you can't let her go, why did you let her go off with another man?"

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Chapter 262 An Astonishing Discovery

Hearing that, he stared coldly at her. "What are you trying to do by deliberately approaching her?" Melody's face stiffened. Her smile was slightly exasperated. "You still haven't changed from being so aggressive, Mr. Royden."

Edgar's voice deepened. "This is my last warning to you. Don't touch her." After he said that, he walked down the steps.

Melody smiled bitterly behind him. "You should know who I work for. The person you should be warning isn't me." She was just a pawn in that person's hand.

Edgar turned around. His eyes were like an arrow that had been tempered with ice. "Don't talk nonsense in front of me!"

There was slight frustration on Melody's beautiful and alluring face. "With my situation, do you think that I dare go up against you, Mr. Royden? Of course, I don't dare to lay a hand on your people."

What she said was the truth.

It remained to be seen if Edgar believed it.

"You better wizen up. Otherwise, you only have yourself to blame."

Melody stood where she was and smiled bitterly. She saw Edgar drive off. The cloud of dust behind his car was like her life that had been destroyed long ago. "A targeted pawn will never have a good ending."

She took out her cell phone from her branded bag and sent out a text message before putting on her sunglasses and leaving.

Edgar didn't care where Jean was going. After all, there was only one place that she would return to in the end, the Eyer Residence.

When he arrived, Jean was just sending Ben off.

"Brigid, shut the door!"

Jean's expression dulled.

"I... don't think that's nice?" Brigid felt that as long as the two worked out their misunderstandings, there may be a chance for them to continue their previous destiny.

Furthermore, Edgar was responsible for all the expenses of the Eyer Residence at the time. If Jean wanted to chase him away, in the future...

"Ms. Eyer, maybe Mr. Royden has something to talk to you about?"

"I don't care what his aim is. I don't want to see his face. Shut the door immediately. If you let him in, you don't have to come to work tomorrow," Jean said before turning and heading up the stairs.

Brigid had no other way. She could only obey what Jean had instructed.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Royden.”

As the doors of the Eyer Residence slowly shut, the man in the car revealed a faint yet unruly smile. His gaze swept to a certain window on the second floor. Good, very good.

It had been a long time since somebody had locked their doors and refused to see him.

Jean was hiding behind the curtains of the study room. She only looked away when she saw Edgar drive off.

When she turned around, she saw a familiar desk and bookshelf. She couldn’t help but start to miss her dad.

Before she married Edgar, she used to sit at the small coffee table by the window and read. Her dad would be reading and evaluating documents and wouldn’t allow her to touch anything on the bookshelf.

Also, the hidden compartment...

Jean suddenly ran to the left side of the bookshelf. This bookshelf was custom made for her dad. Although there wasn’t anything valuable in it, important letters and documents were placed in this hidden compartment.

That was if no one had noticed it!

She opened the board outside and slowly reached her hand to press the switch.

Click.

The board opened. There was indeed something inside.

Jean was surprised and joyful. She reached her hand in to take it at once. There were two letters that were covered with dust. One was thin, and the other was thick. It had been inside for a long time.

Jean opened one of them. It was a handwritten letter from her dad.

‘Jeannie, Dad doesn’t know if you will have the chance to see this letter. Maybe when you see it, a big accident has happened in our family. Dad hopes that you can face all of it in a strong and mature manner. Life is like this. You will never know what is going to happen next. I never thought that I would make such a big misstep, such an important step!’

‘Jeannie, do you remember the riddles I used to give you?’

'If you can find the riddles that I left, the Eyer family may be able to make a comeback. Don't let hatred mislead your heart. I believe that Edgar doesn't want things to be like how they are now.'

Jean's eyes were instantly blinded by tears.

"Dad!"

She hugged the letter, and her tears flowed incessantly.

At the time, her dad had already known that it was Edgar who caused trouble for the Eyer family!

Jean's feelings were in a mess. Her hand trembled as she tore open the other letter. Only the word 'Jean' was on it.

"What are you trying to tell me, Dad?"

Jean couldn't sleep for the whole night after finding these two letters. When she was young, her dad would give her riddles to solve so that she could play quietly.

Sometimes, she would figure it out, but other times, she had no clue.

What secrets could her name have?

Brigid knocked on her door. "Food is ready, Ms. Eyer."

Jean quickly hid the letters under her pillow, but she didn't feel at ease, so she locked it in her drawer.

She couldn't trust anyone fully now.

As soon as Jean went downstairs, there were two uninvited guests. Gigi and Winnie appeared at her doorstep.

"Ms. Eyer, isn't that..." Brigid cried out in surprise. She never thought that she would meet Winnie under such circumstances.

"Yes. That's Winnie, my dad's ex-girlfriend."

Jean looked away emotionlessly. "Let's eat, Brigid. Ignore them."

Outside the door, Gigi bit the corner of her lips and grumbled fiercely. "Like I said, that wench, Jean, won't let me in. I'm getting snubbed by coming here. It's all your fault that I had to come here and put on a show."

“Not so loud, Gigi!” Winnie pulled her to one side and continued to instruct her patiently. “Did you forget what your dad told you before you came here? As your stomach gets bigger, you can’t argue with Jean. You have to use your head and think of a way.”

“Is there any use? She’s not letting me in.”

Gigi’s chest felt restricted. “And Edgar clearly still has feelings for her. He’s willing to abandon the child in me for her. Even if I get on my knees and beg Jean, what’s the use of that? Would she return Edgar to me?”

“Of course there’s a possibility. I’ve thought about it. Maybe Jean is like her dad and can be persuaded by reason and not by force. You have to show her how weak you are.”

“Impossible! I will never give in to that wench!”

“Would you rather be abandoned by Edgar while you’re pregnant?” Winnie resented Gigi. “If that’s the case, you can go back now. I can’t help you.”

Of course Gigi didn’t want that. Back then, as Mrs. Royden, she received a lot of benefits.

Advertisements and film contracts came to her easily. Directors and producers tried to win her favor with smiles on their faces. But ever since Jean and Edgar got closer and their relationship was suspicious, those people were just waiting for Gigi to make a mess of herself.

It seemed as though Edgar would abandon her at any time and throw himself into Jean’s arms.

If there were really such a day, her life would be over. Gigi didn’t dare to imagine it.

She used to have Andy as a way out, but Andy had been suspended recently.

If Edgar suspected the relationship between her and Andy...

Gigi made up her mind. She tugged at Winnie. “Help me, Winnie!”

When Winnie heard that, she was quite pleased.

“Alright. Think of a way to get in. Act according to my signals.”

Gigi nodded furiously. “Alright.”

Winnie knocked again and said in a gentle voice, “Jeannie, we came here because we really have something to talk to you about. Please open the door. Otherwise, we’ll just stand here. We don’t mind waiting!”

Hearing the voice come from the door, Jean continued eating.

What did Winnie have to talk to her about?

It was probably just those so-called clichés.

Just as she was thinking of ways to make Brigid chase them away, something Winnie said floated into Jean's ear.

"I want to show you how sincere I am today. I will return everything I took from the Eye Residence."

"Brigid, open the door."