

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 268

Chapter 268 Old Friend

The moment Zenith saw Jean, his face lit up with happiness. "I remember that you used to like these dolls when you were young. Do you still like them? I'll buy them for you."

"Uncle, I'm not a child anymore. But I will gratefully accept it if you were to get me one." Jean replied to him with a giggle.

"Jean, you really know how to please your elders. With your dad..." Zenith's face fell. He slapped himself on his thigh and changed the topic.

"I'll go get you something to drink." Zenith pushed himself up and walked to the kitchen.

Jensen had been listening to their conversation at the side. He quietly said to Jean, "My dad has always talked about Mr. Eyer. He never imagined Mr. Eyer leaving us so soon. I hope you don't mind Jean."

Jean shook her head.

"I don't. I'm sure my dad in heaven would be pleased that people remember him."

Her phone rang. She checked the caller ID and frowned. She declined the call without a second thought, but the caller kept calling.

"I'll go help my dad."

Jensen noticed what she was doing and quickly excused himself.

Jean chewed on her lips and when the phone rang again picked it up.

"What do you want?" She asked in an annoyed tone.

"Where are you?"

"Mr. Royden, I am my own person; I don't have to report to you."

She had said all she wanted to say to him, so she had not expected him to call her after that.

"There are a lot of reporters eyeing the relationship between you and Jensen Rocher. I advise you to keep a distance from him, and also fire him."

Jean bit her bottom lip.

“I think that should be my call to make.”

“It is, but I’m being nice enough to remind you.” Edgar rubbed his temple. If it wasn’t for that phone call just now, he did not want to interfere either.

There were some things he couldn’t say straight to Jean. If he did, it might do more harm than good.

“Edgar Royden, shouldn’t you be watching over your pregnant fiancée in the hospital? I don’t think you have the time to worry about me.” Jean said after a deep sigh.

“You…” He couldn’t finish his sentence before she hung up on him.

The man stood in the hospital’s corridor and heaved a deep sigh. His hand clutched at his phone until his hands turned white.

Right, I shouldn’t meddle in her business.

“Mr. Royden, there’s a problem with Ms. Reece’s agency.” Miles walked over and reported. “It seems their rivalling agency is trying to drag them through the dirt. They’ve been spreading fake news.” He continued in a low voice while watching Edgar’s expressions. His face darkened as Miles spoke.

“Mr. Royden, how about we find Ms. Reece a new agency?”

It wasn’t a hard thing for Edgar to do.

“Buy it.” Edgar commanded in a deep voice and then walked into the hospital room.

Miles stood stunned for two seconds before taking his phone out to act upon Edgar’s command.

That night, the news of the president of Royden Group spending a large sum of money to buy a management agency in order to protect his fiancée spread like wildfire.

Jean was on her way home when she heard the news on the radio. She gave a light scoff.

This sure is like Edgar’s way of doing things. Overbearing and arrogant. As long as he wants something, he will use any means to get it. But he doesn’t know that the way he does things will cause other people to suffocate from his overbearingness.

Jean was glad for this piece of news as it took away the attention the public had on her and Jensen’s relationship. However, it was too late, as all her potential partners had run away. Jean could only strengthen her heart and start from the beginning once more.

The next few days passed by without any drama.

Jean went around with her staff to look for business partners. It was three days later when she received Ben Ludwig's call.

"If you'd just agree to partnering with Ludwig Group, you wouldn't be this tired." Ben said while grasping his steering wheel. He was looking at Jean from across the road.

"I want to make this work with my own abilities. I'll only take up your offer as a last resort. I don't want to take you down with us if things go bad."

She had risen from the ashes. She could see a lot of things clearer than Ben could.

Jean would remember anyone that offered her an olive branch, but she would not bring them any trouble if she had a choice.

"Okay, I'll wait for your decision." Ben said after a long sigh and hung up the call. He then watched Jean enter Ranford International. Ben pressed on the accelerator and drove toward a crossroad.

Now that Ben thought about it, he had to admit that Edgar knew Jean better. She wouldn't just accept anyone's help. It was one of her protective mechanisms, and she was so stubbornly independent that it hurt him to see her like that.

The moment Jean expressed the reason she was at Ranford International she was brought straight to the manager's office. The person that greeted her was a young and beautiful woman.

Ms. Hertz offered her hand and greeted Jean, "I've been hearing about the capable princess of Eyer Group for a long time. At last, I get to meet you."

"Did you know my father?" Jean asked after a moment of shock.

"Yes, I did." Yvonne Hertz smiled and invited Jean to take a seat. "I had just entered the business then. I crossed paths with Mr. Eyer quite a few times. He was a very attractive gentleman and also very attentive."

For a first meeting, Ms. Hertz was being too warm, and it put Jean on guard. She kept mentioning Jean's father. To make things weirder, the way she described their relationship was as though she was hinting that it was more than a business relationship.

"I'm quite interested in this partnership. But our chairman is overseas at the moment. I will need time to liaise with him. How about we schedule a meeting for next week?" Yvonne said warmly.

“That is fine. I will wait for your call.”

“It’s getting late. How about we go get something to eat?”

Jean was thinking of rejecting her, but she knew that it was important to create an interpersonal relationship with potential business partners, too. Also, she didn’t have to worry because they were both females.

“Sure.”

They stood side by side in the elevator.

“Ms. Hertz, were you... friends with my father?” Jean blurted out after a moment of contemplation.

“I wouldn’t say we were friends.” Yvonne said with a bitter smile. After a few seconds, she continued softly, “I admired your father, but he rejected me.”

Ms. Hertz does not look a day over thirty. She must’ve been twenty years younger than dad!

“I can see the shock on your face. Do you not think your father is attractive?” Yvonne did not mind Jean’s reaction. “It’s all in the past anyways. I’m just sorry that he left us so early.”

The elevator doors opened, and Yvonne walked out. Jean recollected her thoughts and quickly followed her.

“Then...”

“Don’t worry. I’ll tell you all you want to know. Let’s go eat first, okay?” Yvonne’s smile deepened as she pressed a button on her car key.

She drove an expensive imported car. It was a silvery white car that was very striking against the dark night sky. Jean couldn’t help but be amazed and admire how charming and proud Yvonne was.

How could dad reject such a woman?

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Chapter 269 At A Blockade

The most important thing was that Jean had never heard about this. She only knew about Winnie Campbell. Between Winnie and Yvonne, no one would choose the former!

Yvonne had brought her to a stylish French restaurant. She was even following the latest food trends. "Coffee?"

Jean was lost in her own thoughts. She nodded her head slowly. "Thank you. Just those first." Yvonne passed the menu to the waiter, and then placed both hands on the table.

She faced Jean with a smile. "I never thought about running from those memories. But two years ago, I was a more soft-spoken person, I could not do anything to help."

Yvonne's sincerity melted the ice around Jean's cold heart. "If what you said is true, then I've got to say that my father did not have an eye for women." Jean joked.

The smile on Yvonne's face fell. "Yeah, he did not." After a moment of silence, the two broke out in laughter.

"I've been wanting to contact you for a while. But because of the situation, I did not have the courage to face you, and I was scared that you would think badly of me." Yvonne said frankly.

"I toast to your future success." She said and lifted her wine glass.

"...Thank you." Jean had an indescribable feeling in her heart, but meeting Yvonne soothed her exhaustion from the past few days.

She inhaled the scent of the red wine and drank a few sips. She quickly became drunk.

Ten minutes later.

Yvonne hauled her into the backseat of her car.

"Phew, Missy, you're heavier than you look."

She closed the door but did not get into the car. She glanced around her and then dialed a number on her phone.

"She's drunk. What should I do?"

"Understood." Yvonne replied after hearing the response on the other end.

Then, she drove her to a hotel opposite the hospital. Just as a certain person walked into the hotel, Yvonne supported Jean in.

"Is there anyone that can help us? My friend's drunk." Yvonne shouted.

The man that was at the reception desk glanced at them and then furrowed his brows. He walked over to them and then gave Jean a once over.

“What happened to her?” He asked coldly.

“You’re... Edgar Royden.” Yvonne said, surprised.

The man narrowed his eyes, “Since you recognize me, you should leave. I’ll handle her from here.”

With one move, he took Jean over from Yvonne.

Thank goodness, she doesn’t smell too strong of alcohol.

Yvonne hurried behind him, “No, I can’t leave her to you! Aren’t you guys divorced? You’re not her guardian.”

Edgar did not respond to her. He stopped in his steps and pressed the floor button. Yvonne was shut out of the elevator.

“Everyone from the Royden family is the same. Heartless.” Yvonne harrumphed.

...

As Jean slept, she could smell a familiar scent. It was like sandalwood, yet also musky.

“Edgar Royden.” She subconsciously whispered a name.

The man had just put her down on the bed and was about to leave when he heard his name. He stopped in his steps and turned around. But she was still in deep sleep with her brows knitted together.

“You b*stard.”

The light from the sunset shone on her face and emphasized her delicate red lips and fluttering of her eyelashes.

“Why didn’t you accept the partnership with Ben Ludwig?”

Jean mumbled something he couldn’t hear. He moved closer to her.

Jean grasped his shirt.

“I...”

He dipped his head toward her, but the person under him suddenly lifted her head up and violently vomited all over him.

Edgar clenched his hands on the headboard. His eyes were as cold as the arctic.

After emptying the contents in her stomach, she felt slightly better. She opened her eyes and was dumbfounded by the scene in front of her.

She waved her hand and said, "Why are you appearing in my dreams? That's such sh*t luck."

Edgar clutched the bed sheets. He was so angry he was lost for words. But the woman in front of him did not even care and went back to sleep.

The man got up and took off his shirt to take a shower. After his shower, he took a clean towel and wiped Jean's face and shirt collar. He accidentally brushed her skin. Desire flared in his eyes, and he swallowed.

"I won't let you go this easily next time." He said and then quickly left the room while suppressing his desires.

The next morning.

Jean was still sleeping in the room when she was awoken by a noise. She got up groggily and tried to recollect what had happened the night before, but she could only remember up to the point of drinking with Yvonne Hertz. She remembered nothing after that.

"It's all your fault! Why did you drink?" She knocked on her own head. She heard a commotion outside and got up. She got changed and went to open the door. The second she opened the door, she was bombarded with cameras in her face, and also trying to take photos of the room behind her.

"Are you alone?"

"Ms. Eyer, we heard you spent the night with a mystery man. Could it be Jensen Rocher?"

"I'm going to report you if you keep doing this!" Jean said through gritted teeth.

She didn't understand why the paparazzi kept following her, it wasn't like she was a celebrity! She did not understand what they were saying about a mystery man. She was obviously alone in the room, and she wasn't even drinking with a man last night.

She closed the door with a bang.

All of a sudden, memories from last night flooded her mind. It seemed she had vomited all over Edgar, but when she looked back at the bed, it was clean.

Jean giggled, "It can't be him."

He should be beside Gigi Reece, waiting for the birth of his child.

There was an unexpected bitterness in her heart when she thought of that. She quickly suppressed it and gave the hotel front desk a call to get them to chase the paparazzi away.

Meanwhile, Edgar was in his car after barely escaping the reporters.

“What’s up with those reporters?”

“They had received an anonymous tip about Jean and Mr. Rocher...” Miles said, exasperated. He did not continue as he saw Edgar’s face getting darker.

“My apologies, Mr. Royden. I’ll get someone to deal with it right away.”

“No need.” Edgar replied unexpectedly.

Saying this was a coincidence would be pushing it.

“Have a look into who was the woman that brought Jean to the hotel last night.”

Gigi was bored out of her wits at the hospital. Edgar was rarely there, and even when he was there, he was always dealing with work. He never stayed at night at the hospital. Rather, he would go to the hotel across the road.

Gigi was feeling bold, so she decided to video call Andy Shaw.

She hid under the blankets and told him coyly, “My dad will be back in a few days. It was only a few million. I’ll pay you back when he comes back, okay?”

Her face was bloated from her pregnancy, but her voice was just as tempting as before.

Andy snickered, “Where’s Edgar? Aren’t you scared of being caught calling me?”

“I miss you. Once I get out of the hospital, I’ll bring the child over.”

The door opened, and Edgar walked in.

When he saw Gigi hiding under the blankets, he asked with a frown. “Are you up?”

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Chapter 270 Bargaining Chips

“Edgar!” Gigi immediately jumped out from under the blankets. Her face clearly showed how excited she was.

“How come you’re here so early?” Gigi asked with a shaky voice and a blush on her face. She forced a smile, and her heart was beating a mile a minute. She did not know if he had heard what she said.

Edgar was holding breakfast in his hand. When he saw her reaction, he frowned, “I came to see you before going to the office.”

No matter how he felt, Gigi was still carrying his flesh and blood. Although he did not feel the responsibility and love a father should have, he would do what was required of him.

Gigi clutched the blanket and stealthily hung up the call. After recollecting herself, she hid her phone and got out of bed. She reached her arms out and slowly encircled the man’s bicep. She leaned on him.

“I knew I had a place in your heart.”

“Take your time. I have a meeting to go to.” Edgar said as he looked at the dishes.

“Edgar, if you have time, why don’t you think of a name for our child?” Gigi’s smile was innocent, as she fluttered her eyelashes at him.

“I think our baby will definitely like the name you give him.”

The ice in Edgar’s eyes seemed to melt a little.

“Okay.” He said and left.

Gigi immediately dropped into a chair the moment the door closed.

“That was close.” She sighed a sigh of relief.

She was about to lock the door to prevent anyone else from coming in when Winnie pushed the door open with a bright smile on her face.

“Gigi, you could never guess what Edgar just told me.”

“What is it to make you so happy? Gigi said nonchalantly. “He came to bring me breakfast.”

“No no no, you’re thinking too shallow. Edgar told me that he’s going to get his assistant to come to deal with some property paperwork this afternoon. He’s giving you a house!”

“A house?” Gigi’s eyes lit up.

Wasn't this what she has always wanted? To be married into a rich family, and to become Mrs. Royden! No one would ever call her a fake ever again.

"I knew as long as I keep this child, all will go according to plan," Gigi said proudly. "And in a few years when I give Edgar a girl, Jean would never be able to compete with me again."

"Yes, so you should be careful. Stay away from Andy Shaw."

Winnie had a bad premonition that Andy was not a man to be trifled with.

Gigi lowered her eyes and whispered, "He is he, and I am I. We're only reaping what benefits us."

She had never gotten the care and love she received from Andy from Edgar. At least there was no chance of an accident now. As long as she was careful, Edgar would never know.

Gigi lowered her head and rubbed her pregnant tummy, "I will get whatever I want."

When Edgar walked out of the hospital, his driver was already waiting for him. Miles got out of the car and came to Edgar's side.

"Mr. Royden, we've looked into the woman. This is Yvonne Hertz's personal information."

Edgar took the folder and walked to the car.

The folder consisted of the woman's work experience, assets, interpersonal circle, and so forth.

When he saw the name 'Gary Eyer', his heart clenched tightly.

Miles was ready to receive any orders, but Edgar did not say anything from start to end.

When the car reached their office, they could see a group of reporters gathered outside. Miles immediately asked the driver to go through the back entrance.

"There's no need. Let's go in here." Edgar said stoically and then buttoned up his suit.

"Yes, sir."

The second the car stopped, the reporters started flocking to them.

"Mr. Royden, do you know about your ex-wife's new fling? Do you have any comments about the two of them spending a night at a hotel?"

“Mr. Royden, is it true that the project you are planning to invest in is facing funding difficulties? Why did Andy Shaw step down from his position?”

“Mr. Royden, Ms. Reece is near her due date; do you want it to be a boy or a girl?”

With a glare from Edgar, the reporters immediately stopped questioning him and took a few steps back. They knew that with Edgar’s temper, he could throw them out at any time, but some were still fearless enough to continue asking.

“Mr. Royden, when will Mr. Shaw come back? He was leading that project.”

Edgar smoothed the crease in his forehead and slowly raised his hand. In that instant, all the reporters quietened down.

“Royden Group does not need to consult anyone or disclose our internal affairs,” Edgar said clearly into the microphones with a voice that could freeze hell. His gaze shot straight into the camera lenses. The corner of his mouth lifted, and he continued, “Also, if you continue to gather in front of our doors, I will call the police.”

The reporters gulped in nervousness, and one person even said in a small voice, “Indeed, it’s so like Edgar Royden...”

Lastly, Edgar sent them off while saying, “If I find anyone spreading fake news, they will answer to me.”

No one had ever been brave enough to have a stakeout in front of Royden Group. These reporters had been in the field for a long time, they weren’t amateurs. They knew that where there was smoke, there was fire. Something fishy must be happening inside.

Edgar and Miles entered the building, and a few minutes later, all the reporters had left.

“Mr. Royden, I’ve questioned two reporters. Someone’s indeed been selling the company’s secrets. On top of that, eighty percent of the information was true.”

“That means that there is still someone working for Andy.” Edgar’s gaze became frigid.

The door of the office opened with a bang.

“Edgar, we need to talk.” Edbert entered and said with a serious tone.

“What’s wrong, Uncle?” Edgar said while walking over.

Edbert cleared his throat and went closer to Edgar. “I was vacationing when I heard the news about the company’s problems. What’s this about the project stopping and the funding problems?”

Edgar stayed silent.

“Don’t worry about that, it’s all irrelevant. But what are you going to do about Andy Shaw?” Edbert took a look at the door and continued, “We don’t know how many spies he has in the company. If we don’t reinstate him, it will bring a lot of internal conflicts. If he decides to retaliate, the problem will only get bigger.”

Alas, Andy had always followed behind Edgar. He had gone from having nothing to being in a high position. To add to that, he held some of the company’s stocks. Even if he was fired, he would be able to remain as a director.

“Andy is an impulsive person. If pushed to the edge of the cliff, he will push back harder. I know you’re meticulous with your work, but I was worried, so I had to come to talk to you.” Edbert’s voice got quieter as he spoke.

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Chapter 271 Agreement

Edbert had always been a sympathetic person. Edgar lowered his lids and reflected before saying in a calm voice, “Don’t worry, Uncle. I will think it through and talk to Andy. I won’t let things get worse.”

“That’s good then, we are partners, after all. Let’s not make things too complicated. He was in charge of quite a few of the company’s projects. You must think carefully about the loss and gains.”

“I understand.”

“Also, I saw the news. Are Jean and the boy from the Rocher family together?” Edbert asked curiously. “I’m not too sure.” Edgar said after a few moments.

Edbert said a few more things to Edgar before leaving. After sending Edbert out, Edgar thought for a moment before pressing a button on his landline.

“Make an appointment with Mr. Shaw for the afternoon.”

“Yes, sir.” Andy was sitting in the president’s office at Eyer Group when he received the call from Edgar’s secretary. Jean sat opposite him. There wasn’t a more apt word than unwelcoming to describe the current situation.

Jensen Rocher and Rachel Sander stood by the door. They had their ears pressed against the door to hear the movements inside.

“Mr. Rocher, do you think Ms. Eyer is in danger? Should I call the security guards up? Just in case.”

“No need, let’s just listen quietly.” Jensen frowned. The muscles in his face tensed with alertness.

In the office, Jean sat, composed. “I didn’t realize you were so free to come for tea, Mr. Shaw.”

Andy put down his phone and answered her with a laugh, “Of course, I’m here to talk business. Eyer Group is expanding so well.”

He passed over an envelope of money and a name list.

“This is a record of the bribery and corruption going on within the higher-ups in Royden Group. I need you to pass this to Edgar.” He said blatantly.

“What do you mean?”

“You can use this to threaten him and make your comeback. And I will be able to benefit from it too. Two birds with one stone.” The grin on Andy’s face grew deeper.

The atmosphere in the office became indescribable.

“No.” Jean said obstinately.

It wasn’t the answer Andy was expecting.

“Ms. Eyer... you really are different from the others.” The despise in him was showing. He leaned forward. “This isn’t your first time rejecting me. There’s a limit to my patience.”

“Not everyone wants to work with you. We do not welcome you. Please leave.” Jean answered steadfastly.

“Ha... Do you think you can take revenge on Edgar with this attitude of yours? You will never be able to do it in this lifetime!”

Jean’s expression darkened, but after a moment, she turned away from him. There was no point continuing the conversation with people like Andy.

“Whether I succeed or not is my business. It has nothing to do with you.” Jean’s fingers dug into her palm. “Rachel, please see our guest out.”

Andy smirked coldly and walked out the door.

Rachel was about to follow behind him but was stopped by Jensen. “I’ll go, stay with Ms. Eyer.”

Rachel was frightened by Andy's expression, so she nodded her head in agreement.

Jensen went up to Andy, "Mr. Shaw, what brought you here?"

"It has nothing to with you." Andy was chewing on a piece of gum. His gaze became calculative when he gave Jensen a once over. "I heard you were pursuing Jean Eyer. How's that going?"

"Please be mindful of your words." Jensen replied frostily.

Andy got into the elevator.

"Hmph, what a show." He scoffed, and the elevator door slowly closed.

Just as it was about to shut completely, Jensen pressed the down button and got in.

"I know why you're here. I can help you with your request."

"You?"

Andy was skeptical of those that offered themselves like this.

Jensen brushed aside the hair on his forehead.

"As long as we reach the goal, does the process matter?"

"I didn't realize Zenith Rocher's son was so bold."

In the office upstairs. Jean stayed quiet, and Rachel also stood by her quietly.

"Ms. Eyer, should I go make a cup of coffee?"

"It's okay."

Jean couldn't get Andy's expression out of her head. She knew that something was off, but she did not know what.

All of a sudden, her phone vibrated. It was a news alert.

'Early Celebration for Royden Group's President, A House as Dowry.'

Jean clutched her phone tightly, and iciness flitted through her eyes.

I didn't know he was so generous to Gigi.

Jean did some breathing exercises to calm herself. "Could you bring me the collaboration projects from Ludwig Group? I'm going to look through them again."

Jean threw herself into work.

A while later, she drove to Jimmy's shop as there was another design for her to look at it. At the door, she bumped into Melody Chance.

The last time they had met, Melody had already rejected many schedules. It was almost as if she had a foot out the door.

Jean saw her but was contemplating on greeting her or not.

"Jean, long time no see. Are you distancing yourself because of what happened before?" Melody greeted her first with a smile.

"No way. It's your choice to choose the lifestyle you want." Jean said.

"I'm so glad I ran into you. I have a favor to ask of you." Melody said with a twitch of her lips.

Jean listened to what Melody had to say, but when she was done, all Jean could do was shake her head.

"I don't think I can..."

"You're the only person I can ask. I've got urgent business overseas; I have to go back tonight." Melody took out an invitation for an auction and placed it in Jean's hands. "That pearl necklace is really important to me. I'll leave it to you." She said and walked away briskly after putting her sunglasses on.

Jean could only sigh in response. Melody wanted her to role-play as a celebrity to go win a pearl necklace at an auction. It wasn't that she didn't want to help; she just did not want to run into someone she knew. One of the sponsors for the auction was Royden Group.

"It's just a disguise; let me help you." Jimmy said with a snicker.

"But..."

"Melody is one of my regular customers. I'll make sure to dress you up so well, no one will be able to recognize you!"

Jean could only nod her head in agreement.

At eight o'clock that night, she arrived at the harbor and got on a yacht.

Jean wore a black off-the-shoulder dress, which showed off her figure. Jimmy had paired it with a black lace hat, which covered half of her face to protect her identity. She was sure no one would recognize her as she had makeup on and wore extravagant jewelry.

“This way, Ms. Chance.”

She was quickly led to her seat. As she walked there, she heard wolf-whistles from some men across from her. Jean frowned. She had a glance around and saw that the people here were all affluent persons; the way those men were acting was so crass. She avoided eye contact with them. She was only here to help Melody with her favor. Once she was done, she would leave. She definitely did not expect to hear a familiar name.

“Mr. Royden, I didn’t realize you would attend. This way, please!”

Why is Edgar here? Isn’t he supposed to be at the hospital with Gigi?

Jean turned her face away from him. She felt a breeze when he walked past her. She pressed her hat down, in hopes that he wouldn’t see her face.

“Is this seat taken, Miss?”

“Tell me if you see something you like. I’ll get it for you.”

Jean frowned as a few men started to surround her. Before she could reject them, someone pulled her up.

“Scram.” Edgar spat at the men.

Jean’s heart skipped a beat, and she further lowered her head.

“Why are you here? And you’re even impersonating someone.” The man said to her with a frown.

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Chapter 272 Unable to Leave

When Jean heard his steady voice, she lowered her head even further. Before arriving, Jimmy had told her that this was a VIP event. If it was discovered that she was here on Melody’s behalf, it was very likely that she would be thrown out.

“I—” She opened her mouth, but she didn’t know how to explain herself.

After hearing the news, the manager quickly smiled apologetically at Edgar. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Royden. How may I help you?"

Then, Jean felt a familiar gaze on her.

Under that situation, she made up her mind and said in a low voice, "Thanks, Mr. Royden."

Edgar looked at her hesitantly.

When the manager felt the atmosphere between them, he did not dare to interrupt and quickly left with the rest of the staff.

Jean heaved a sigh of relief. Until then, she had never spoken to Edgar in that tone. Now that they were left alone, she lifted her head slightly, showing a pair of dark eyes covered by a black satin veil, making her look mysterious and alluring.

In that instant, an unfamiliar emotion started brewing in the depths of Edgar's eyes, but she couldn't decipher it.

"I'm here on another person's behalf. Please don't expose me."

Since she had already promised Melody that she would get the necklace, she did not want to break her promise.

Edgar's gaze traveled down her body. Even though the dress she was wearing was not too revealing, the slight tease of flesh was even more tempting. On top of that, she was blessed with an exceptional figure.

She never wore anything like that before.

Realizing his gaze, she frowned and took a step back instinctively, but a waiter was walking toward them with wine glasses in his hands.

"Excuse me."

Edgar quickly wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her in. Not letting go of her, he said, "Follow me upstairs."

"I don't—"

She struggled against him, but his cold voice rang threateningly. "Should I tell them that you're an impersonator then?"

She bit her lips, having no other choice but to listen to him.

When the rest of the guests saw this, they huddled together and gossiped.

“Who’s the woman with Edgar? She has a great figure, but I can’t see her face because of her hat.”

“She looks like Melody, who once seduced a married man. This time around, it looks like she has her eyes on Edgar.”

“Gigi is due anytime soon, isn’t she? Alas, it’s difficult being married to a wealthy man.”

The seats at the auction hall were separated into inner and outer circles. According to the rules, the guests in the inner circle had more advantages.

As soon as they reached Edgar’s private room, he loosened his grip, making her fall to the couch.

Her delicate neck seemed even more alluring under the light.

When they were walking upstairs just now, she accidentally tore her stocking. Just as she was about to inspect the damages, a suit jacket thick with the smell of cologne fell on her head.

“I don’t need it.” She frowned and put the jacket away in disgust.

“Whatever.”

Nonetheless, he cocked his head and lowered the temperature of the air-conditioner in the room.

Soon, Jean started sneezing because of the cold, so she gritted her teeth and put on the jacket.

When Edgar saw that, there was a faint hint of smile playing on his lips.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the auction will officially start now!”

Through the windows, Jean could see everything that was happening below her, but the people below could not see into their room.

With her back to Edgar and both her hands on the couch, her posture showed her amazing waist, making him unable to focus at all.

He frowned and gulped down a mouthful of coffee.

She got on the cruise wearing that? Who made her wear that?

While she was looking at the auction stage, she felt a furious gaze on her and turned around with a frown. As expected, she met his gaze.

“It seems like you are in a bad mood. I think I’ll go away now.”

With that, she lowered her hat and prepared to leave.

However, just as she was returning the jacket to him, he grabbed her wrist. “Where are you going?”

“This is the VIP room; I’m not allowed to enter. And I don’t want to create any rumors with a married man.”

With that, she was about to walk away. For a man as prideful as him, I’m sure he won’t stop me.

Unexpectedly, his fury intensified. “Is it fun to have rumors with Jensen?”

“It’s none of your business!” Jean countered harshly.

A cold glint appeared in his eyes as he stared at her. Out of a sudden, he pinned her down on the leather couch crudely.

“You won’t be able to leave this room today.”

Being pinned to the couch, Jean lifted her chin to look at him, revealing a perfect jawline that would arouse any man.

Though her wrists were hurting her, she tried to endure it.

“Jean, since the beginning, you are the only woman I care about. Even if it’s hate, you’re also the only one I’ve ever hated.”

Though it seemed rather flirtatious, he spoke through gritted teeth before pressing his lips onto hers.

As the kiss deepened, she felt like her lips were being crushed by him.

“You!”

She struggled against him, but she did not dare to move after seeing his gaze.

When he was done unleashing his desires, he bit her collarbone, leaving a clear mark on her body.

She panted helplessly and shuddered when he got up from her.

There must be cameras somewhere on such a high end cruise. How many people will see how I was being humiliated just now? This dress doesn't cover my collarbones at all. How am I supposed to go out with this mark on me?

She clenched her fists so tightly that her nails scratched her palms.

To him, my dignity is something he can easily trample on.

With her head hung low, she remained silent for a while.

As he frowned at her, his annoyance slowly turned into guilt.

He walked to her, but just as he was about to stretch his hand toward her, someone knocked on the door.

Then, Miles' voice rang. "Mr. Royden, your coffee is here."

"Send it in." With that, he placed the jacket on Jean again.

Miles opened the door, and a few waiters walked into the room with coffee and some cakes.

Jean kept her head lowered throughout the entire process. The waiters did not dare to linger too long in the room, so they went out as soon as they placed the food down.

Right after the door was closed, she snorted out laughing.

"Edgar, you are such a p*ssy! Worried that others might see what you have done to me? You only dare to take advantage of me when no one is here. Are you a man?"