

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 28

Chapter 28 She Is My Co-driver.

At the practice track, Ben stepped on the accelerator, and the car rushed forward like an arrow shot from a bow. It flew past the starting line at the fastest speed.

According to the internal monitoring screen, Jean navigated the car so wonderfully that one could not bear to look away.

By the time Ben's car sped through the finishing line, Sonny could not help but clap and shout, "Bravo!"

Then, he ran to the car to receive them.

"Ben, that's amazing. Where did you find such a brilliant co-driver?"

Ben got out of the car, took off his helmet, and answered in high spirits, "She is my treasured ace."

"Be sure to win. You guys are lucky. While you were practicing, I received a notification that the competition organizer received additional investments. The top three prizes are all doubled! If you win, the prize money alone is an unbelievable sum."

"Damn! Which company is so kind to give us this much money?"

"It's Royden Group. It's their first time investing in a motor race."

Ben was rendered speechless. He immediately turned to Jean.

Jean was stunned as it was completely unexpected. After all, Edgar was never interested in motor racing.

Still, since it was money from Royden Group, she felt it would be a shame if she did not take the chance to grab them.

Thus, she fastened her helmet again and indicated to Ben to return to the car. "Ben, I wish to race another two rounds."

Sonny saw how determined Jean was and praised her, "Wonderful! She's beautiful and motivated."

On the other hand, a hint of concern appeared in Ben's expression.

After this, Jean kept practicing without any rest.

She finally got out of the car exhaustedly when the racetrack closed for the day. Ben waited for her all this while and handed her a bottle of mineral water.

“You should go home and rest. It’s not good for you to overwork yourself.”

Jean was a little absent-minded. She grunted in response and walked beside him with her head down.

That caused her to nearly collide with an electric pole.

Thus, Ben wrapped an arm around her shoulder to steer her to the safe path.

Unknown to them, a luxury car was parked in the distance where a man watched them with cold eyes.

He knew Jean was practicing on this racetrack, so he came to watch her.

Unexpectedly, that was the scene he saw.

Edgar narrowed his eyes and asked sternly, “Is she living with Ben?”

“It’s likely...” Miles suddenly sensed a threatening chill behind him as he spoke.

He coughed and quickly changed his words. “Probably not... I think not.”

He shook his head frantically at the same time.

Thankfully, the chilling aura behind him dissipated. He quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, Edgar looked straight at Miles and asked, “When is their competition?”

Miles replied, “I think it is three days from now.”

After saying that, he suddenly remembered something and turned around from the front passenger seat. “Mr. Royden, we have an important tender in three days...”

He instantly saw Edgar’s sharp gaze, which seemed to pierce through his heart. Thus, Miles added softly, “But if needed, I will talk to the other side and ask them to change to another date...”

The car fell into silence.

After some time, Edgar tugged his tie and replied, “No need.”

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Three days later, the preliminary race for Yorktown district finally kicked off.

By eight o'clock, all of the candidates were ready in their position.

The organizer also arrived early at the site.

“Mr. Lane, I heard you have a new investor.”

A middle-aged man in a suit replied with a grin, “Yes, I was lucky.”

“It is because you organize the competition well. I heard it’s...”

“Mr. Lane!”

Mr. Lane’s expression turned tense, but he had a charming smile by the time he turned around.

“Oh, Mr. Miller, you’re here. Welcome.”

Miles nodded and went to Mr. Lane.

Mr. Lane noticed that Miles was alone and asked, “Mr. Miller, are you here alone? Is Mr. Royden...”

Miles glanced at Mr. Lane calmly.

“Mr. Royden has other matters to attend to, so I’m attending on his behalf. The sponsor doesn’t have to do anything during the preliminaries, right?”

“Yes, that’s true. Mr. Royden’s schedule takes priority.” Mr. Lane smiled charmingly. Even though Mr. Miller is only Mr. Royden’s assistant, I still need to flatter him.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 29**

### **Chapter 29 Stay Away from Her!**

Jean and Ben arrived at the racing venue ahead of time. After changing into their attire, they strolled into the fields but were greeted by loud screeching as two bright-colored cars revved into the arena.

Jean watched the cars warily as Jonathan and Brad got out of the car. These men were at the Luminance Club when I went to talk to Edgar. They must be his men. Are they here to participate in the race?

Jean felt uneasy in their presence, but more than ever, she felt someone’s gaze upon her. Who was it?

After checking their cars a final time with Ben, Jean stood in the warm sunlight, which caressed her like a mother's embrace. Suddenly, she shuddered when she felt the chilling gaze turn stone cold like a blade.

Unsettled, she scanned the crowd around her, then up the balconies and froze in shock when she saw the person glaring at her.

Fear gripped her as the world around her melted away, deafening her from Ben's calls.

"Jean, let's go!" Seeing her staring into the skies, he called out to her again in concern.

"Jean?"

Jean gasped, as if she was pulled out of the waters. She turned towards Ben slowly, then nodded.

They got into their car as the countdown began. Upon the bang of the starting pistol, all the cars at the starting point roared into life and dashed away.

However, Jean, who was seated in the passenger seat, stared blankly at the tracks as her mind lingered upon Edgar's steel cold face.

"Jean, where is the obstacle?" Ben yelled nervously, startling Jean into action.

When Jean's gaze focused, her hands flew to her mouth in shock as she realized that the obstacle was too close for comfort.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to instruct Ben without showing her nervousness. "The obstacle is to our left. Slow down and set your steering wheel straight ahead."

Ben reacted to the situation perfectly, but the side of the car scraped against the obstacle, showering sparks.

At the same time, they saw a car roar into view in the rearview mirror. Jonathan and Brad caught up with them and overtook them at a corner!

"Jean! Keep your eyes open!" Ben growled unhappily as he glanced at the brightly-colored car, shocking Jean into alertness.

"Turn."

"Speed up."

Under her keen instructions, they roared ahead, snatched the lead back from Jonathan and was the first car to cross the ending line. As Jean and Ben stumbled out of the car, she wiped the sweat off her forehead and out of her eyes.

“I’m sorry, I was...”

“Don’t worry, we won! Come on!”

As he raised an open palm to high-five Jean, he was aware that Jean was zoning out again.

Jean smiled a tight smile as she stared at one of the balconies.

“You’re here, Edgar! Did you see me? I could’ve won! If only I managed the last leg of the race!” Jonathan boasted boisterously as he jumped over the fence.

“But you lost, in the end.” Edgar replied sternly.

Jonathan groused, but Edgar’s attention was upon Jean.

She was amazing.

Jean scowled. Why is he still here?

Grabbing Ben’s arm, she dragged him to the changing room, but it was too late – he saw Edgar too.

“Why is he here? Why not stay in the VIP room?”

Jean pressed her lips together.

“Do you think he’s here to repay you for your kindness?”

“What?”

“He might want to thank you for saving him at his wedding. Why else would the Roydens invest so heavily into races?”

“Don’t joke about that. It’s impossible.” Although she knew that he was joking, she could not help but feel unhappy as she walked towards the changing room.

She was unaware that Edgar’s cold eyes were locked onto her as she walked into the changing room.

He was on the way to the auction venue when he changed his mind and came to the race.

“Did you expect to see your ex-wife at the race?” Brad asked when he saw Edgar staring at Jean.

Edgar looked away from her receding back and glared at Brad.

Sensing something dangerous roiling around him, Jonathan patted Brad's shoulder. "You better not say anything else, buddy. She is a marvelous co-driver, performing better than I could. She is doing better than before too!"

"Stay away from her."

Edgar muttered as he began to walk towards where Jean went.

Jonathan frowned. "Did he tell me not to respond to Jean, or was he warning me off chasing her?"

Brad turned away with his helmet under his arm. "What difference does it make? Stay away from her all the time, buddy."

"Why would I pursue a woman that Mr. Royden tossed aside?" Jonathan seethed.

Jean left the changing room half an hour later, only to run into Edgar, who was leaning against the arch.

Most women would swoon if they saw him in his casual wear, which made him even more attractive than he was in a suit.

Jean sighed and focused straight ahead as she tried to pass him, but Edgar grabbed her arm as she was passing him.

"Let's talk."

"I don't know what we have to talk about, Mr. Royden." Jean tried to shake him away.

Edgar caught a whiff of her sweet shampoo, but he also witnessed the hatred and alarm in her eyes, to his disdain. "I didn't know you could race." Edgar tried to break the ice between them, but Jean merely scoffed at him.

"Mr. Royden, you don't know a lot of things about me. In fact, let me remind you that you have a wife. We have nothing to do with each other anymore."

After their altercations, she was not fond of him anymore.

The sunlight spilled through the arch, casting their shadows on the walls like the scene of a horror movie. Edgar's Adam's apple bobbed, but he was able to keep his temper even, to his surprise. "When did you realize I made a mistake?"

"I've made it clear at your wedding, Mr. Royden. I'm not interested in indulging in your nostalgia." Jean mumbled as she walked away from him.

“You should’ve told me earlier. You wouldn’t have had to stay in prison for a year.” Edgar called out as he watched her stride away. He would let her go because of the pendant.

However, his words broke her peace like a stone being thrown into a still pond, and fear rippled out of her heart.

Does he think that he holds my life in his hands? What a joke!

She stopped with her helmet in her hands. “Did it slip your mind that I requested to be sent to jail when we were in court?”

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 30**

### Chapter 30 Pretending Noblesse Oblige

“Would you let my family and my father off the hook if I told you the truth? Would you forgo your plans to ruin my family?”

Jean snarled as she stepped towards him menacingly. Edgar had never seen the smile on her face before – a smile was like a slash across her face that never reached her eyes.

The thought of saying ‘Yes’ crossed his mind, but he felt the words clump in his throat like a piece of stubborn phlegm. “Hah! You don’t have to pretend.” Jean smirked as she turned away from him.

Jean is so different. Edgar thought as he watched her walk away from him. When he went to his car, Edgar tore his baseball cap off and threw it on the passenger seat.

Just as he planned to drive out of the venue, he saw Ben holding Jean by her wrist towards a car. “Are you okay? You look pale. I’ll send you back.”

“I might be low on blood sugar as I skipped my breakfast.” Jean mumbled. “I’ll treat you to a meal then!” Ben said as he stomped on his accelerator. Jean leaned back as the cool evening breeze scattered her short hair. “The trophy will be ours!”

...

Once Edgar arrived home, a servant brought him a towel before informing him that the staff would be leaving. This had been how the Roydens ran their family affairs, making him the only man in the house.

Edgar wagged his hand to dismiss his servant before going to his study with his phone in hand. Gigi sent him a voice message and some photographs.

“Edgar, I’m taking care of myself in my confinement period. I just had some nutritious food. When will you be coming to see our child?”

Our child? She goes on and on about the child, but she has never indicated that she was remorseful.

Edgar did not try to meet her, and he was a stickler about not changing his decision, especially since he decided to teach Gigi a lesson on the methods of the Royden family. It was high time she learnt not to push his buttons.

He slumped into his sofa and shut his eyes to rest, but all he saw was Jean.

He tiredly opened his eyes and turned the television to watch the preliminary competition. I’m sure that they will have a rerun for the competition.

As he had predicted, there was a rerun of the competition. However, he had eyes for Ben’s car only.

Once the occupants of the car leapt out of the car, he watched Jean and Ben high-five each other. His eyes raked all over her face and her body, and he was astounded that he had never seen such joy on her face before.

How could she never tell me anything about her experience in racing? Based on her performance, she must have invested a lot of time into learning the craft of racing well.

“Why am I surprised? She is an Eyer! They never wear their emotions on their sleeves.”

He massaged his temples in frustration as he switched the television off.

He hated how Jean could play him like he was a fiddle.

Soon, it was the day of the competition!

“Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the Goblet of Flames! Take your seats! The competition will begin soon. Here, we have the first car on camera...”

With the announcement, all the drivers geared up for the competition.

Jackson stared at Ben’s car and at Jean and snarled. “It was my mistake in the preliminaries that allowed them to win, but did they think that they would win?”

He hacked and spat rudely as he glared at them.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 31**



Before Jean got into the car, she glanced at Jonathan, whom she realized was staring daggers at her. Despite her discomfort, Jean took a deep breath and calmed herself down before getting into the car.

Within the car, Jean found peace as the windows muted the loud cheering. She took a deep breath as she put on her helmet, but her eyes were set on one thing: the finishing line.

“All the other racers might drive off the arena if they saw you like that, Jean.” Ben jested, but Jean merely smiled. “I sure hope they do.”

A whistle rang out, indicating that the competition was starting soon. “I have something to tell you if we win, Jean.” Ben uttered as he gripped the steering wheel, his mind resetting into competition mode.

“We will.” Jean replied, missing his intentions entirely. As the countdown began, all the cars moved to the starting line.

“Keep an eye out for this competition! The organizers included muddy paths and winding roads, which will be a great challenge to the racers! Even Mother Nature wants to be part of the competition with the beads of rain falling upon the tracks! Who do you think would come first? Look! Number four is ahead!”

“Watch as Dark Horse pulls through the muddy paths! Come on! Watch it fly down the tracks! What a marvelous mechanical beast! And look at the beautiful co-driver here! Shall we await the birth of a beautiful miracle today?”

The announcer’s voice broke with emotions as the crowd began to chant. “Dark Horse! Dark Horse!”

Meanwhile, there was a man dressed in black seated in the VIP section, who had attendants waiting upon him. Despite their keen attention, Edgar was untouched as he stared at the large screen.

“Mr. Royden, I think we have a strong influence on this competition, which will be wonderful for our public recognition. Would you kindly announce the winner after the end of the competition?” Despite his babbling, Mr. Lane’s final comment elicited a response from Edgar.

“Will they win?” He uttered as he indicated on the screen. Who are ‘they’?

Mr. Lane watched the cars whizz by. “Do you mean car number four?”

Edgar remained silent, but Mr. Lane made a calculated guess. “Yes, they would most likely win.”

Mistaking Edgar's interest, Mr. Lane began to explain about Ben. "Dark Horse has been in the running as a winner. Furthermore, they have a beautiful and competent co-driver."

Edgar's grip on the handrest of his chair tightened.

The shrill voice of the announcer stunted their conversation. "Number two and three are riding on Dark Horse's tails! Will they be able to overtake them now that they're coming out of the winding roads? Could they do it?"

Edgar squinted at the screen when he noticed car number four was decelerating while the other cars caught up with them. Taking a deep breath of satisfaction, he leaned back with a smile tugging on his lips.

"Ben, slow down!"

"What? No!" Ben yelled as he steered the car along the precarious path. The other cars are catching up with them. Now was not the time to slow down.

"Listen to me."

Jean was unusually calm despite having Jonathan and Brad on her heels as she pointed at a side path. "There is a path to your nine o'clock. Enter through it at low speed."

The path was the steepest part of the winding path and was the least popular path that drivers would take.

Jonathan, who was in car number 2, caught up with them and tried to bump them off the road, forcing Ben to swerve out of the way.

A screech rang out as one of the tires ground into some rocks.

Although the audience was not able to see it, Ben was feeling every single crash. In fact, it was the fifth time Jonathan was trying to run them off the road.

Jonathan was not only trying to disqualify them from the competition, but he was also trying to disqualify them from life!

Jean stared at Jonathan's car. What a despicable move.

"Ben, trust me. I will not let you die. Where there's a will, there's a way." Jean assured Ben, who gripped the steering wheel tightly.

"I'd follow you even if you lead me to my death..." Ben whispered as he suddenly spun his steering wheels to swerve into the narrow path, cutting his speech off.

Jean felt her heart drop slightly. That was so close!

The announcer jumped to his feet when he saw Ben's maneuver. "What is the Dark Horse doing? Is he trying to push his lead ahead by taking the hard way? That's suicide! Send the ambulances to stay on standby. Is it a calculated strategy, or will they run off the road? It is such a winding road that ends with a cliff. What will they do?"

'Boom!' A loud crash echoed through the arena, silencing the crowd and, at the same time, spurring Edgar to his feet. "What happened?!"

"Mr. Royden! Car number four lost control and flipped! What would happen to the Ludwigs? Their young master is in the car?" Mr. Lane rambled on, unaware of Edgar, who was staring shell-shocked at the screen. Is she okay?

"Save them." "Yes, Mr. Royden." Miles responded as he dialed the emergency number. Meanwhile, Mr. Lane was sweating bullets, all the while praying for Ben's safety.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 32

Chapter 32 Marry Me, Jean!

"What's that?!" Suddenly, the announcer yelped as a car burst forth from the dusty paths.

"The Dark Horse lives! Look at it gallop! This is the highlight of the competition. No! This is the highlight of the season! Watch them overcome this dead-end road! The Dark Horse has conquered both the lands and the hills!"

How did they manage to overcome this dead-end path?

Edgar stared at the car on the screen. Despite the wonky back tires and the terrible dents on the body of the car, the Dark Horse burst through the final line as the winner, earning a deafening cheer from the crowd.

The cold look in Edgar's eyes melted away as he stared at the screen.

Stumbling back to his seat, he raised his head and growled. "Did you ask me to award them just now?"

Mr. Lane turned to Edgar, awestruck flushing his cheeks. "Yes, if that pleases you."

Ben and Jean removed their helmets at the ending line as they drank the cheers of the crowd around them.

“We won!” Ben yelled as his team crowded around him and Jean, embracing them in relief and joy.

“Ben, you nearly gave us a heart attack!”

“Are you alright, Jean? Your brains and his brawn are so compatible!”

Ben let out a cackle and gave Jean a one-handed hug around her shoulder. “I’ll go through the fire for Jean!”

Jean surveyed her surroundings to find Jonathan stomping around in anger, but she was quickly distracted by a tall figure within the crowd.

Did he send Jonathan because he was afraid that I would win? Such a despicable move.

Jean gritted her teeth in disgust. They would have died even if they made a slight mistake just now.

She could not imagine what would happen if she was not with Ben, whom she had been working with a long time.

The only reason they had to go through the narrow path was due to Jonathan and Brad’s malicious actions! And perhaps, they were spurred on by Edgar.

Brad grabbed Jonathan’s arm as he strode towards Jean. “We…”

Jean interrupted him before he could explain his actions. “Tell Edgar not to drag other people into our bad history. It reflects badly upon him.”

Rolling her eyes, she took her helmet off as she stomped towards the stage for the prize-giving ceremony.

Ben chased after her, only for both of them to meet Edgar and his entourage.

“Jean!” Ben frowned as he pulled her aside, knowing that he had one chance only.

“Yes?” Jean turned towards her partner only to see a scrape on his forehead and felt her heart throb with sorrow.

He was hurt because she was in his car.

Ben saw the pain in her eyes when she saw his slight wound and looked down. Steeling his resolve, he grabbed her wrists. “I told you that I had something to tell you if we won.”

Jean nodded.

"I wanted to say..." Ben began as he rummaged through the pockets in his pants. "Congratulations, Mr. Ludwig." Edgar's voice cut through the moment.

Edgar was standing behind them in his black suit, looking elegant and prideful as royalty. Addressing Edgar, his intention was to grab Jean's attention. His eyes traveled from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, ensuring that she was safe and sound.

The anger in his voice melted away momentarily as he suddenly saw Ben grasping her wrists. "I didn't expect the competition to be so exciting."

Jean's smile was tight as she stepped between the men. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but we won! Your prize will be mine soon."

Edgar sighed and added bluntly. "Ten thousand isn't much to me. If poverty is something you're concerned about, we have a charity organization."

He's obviously trying to rile us up.

Jean smirked. "Mr. Royden, I'd suggest for you to increase the cash prizes then. You wouldn't mind, right? Since ten thousand isn't a lot to you."

What a blatant challenge!

Jean saw a vein pop on Edgar's temple but chose to turn away as she and Ben went to the stage.

The crowd's screams finally came clearer to her. "You're amazing, lady! You look so good! Are you two together?"

Jean and Ben stood on the stage, allowing the cheers to wash over them in their celebration.

Edgar, on the other hand, was glaring at them with bunched-up fists.

"Mr. Royden, here you go." An assistant pulled him back into reality as she handed him the prize.

The reporters hurried to have the momentous scene on camera as Edgar rarely ever appeared in public, especially for low-tiered events like this.

"One moment! I have something to say!" Ben called out as he took the microphone from the host.

Getting on his knee, he presented a diamond ring to Jean. "Jean, I love you. Would you do me the honor of marrying me?"

The crowd went wild.

Jean stared at Ben and at the ring in shock. It did not cross her mind that he was going to propose to her!

Meanwhile, Edgar, who was going to present them with the prize, froze on the spot. The people around him could clearly see his displeasure on his face.