

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 291

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 291-Tear

“I’d suggest you go visit Ms. Reece in the hospital if you have the time. It’ll give her some peace of mind and help with the delivery. Rather than doing something that would upset Mr. Royden.”

He had finished what he came to say. Sam called for Winnie after Miles had left. “Reading between the lines, has Gigi done something to upset Edgar recently?”

He had already decided to ‘sell’ his daughter to Edgar. Gigi’s feelings were the last thing on his mind. Right now, he was more focused on how he was going to change Edgar’s mind.

“Say something! Royden Group may have lost the auction, but Edgar is not the type to let this hold him down for long. He will bounce back without any issues. When the time comes, I’ll need to take advantage of Royden Group. Nothing can go wrong.”

The longer he spoke, the more conflicted Winnie felt.

She refused to speak for a while but finally broke after Sam continued to prod her. “Gigi wanted to speed up the marriage process. Edgar probably felt that she was being too pushy.”

This was the plan Gigi had thought up with her friends.

In Sam’s opinion, she had no one to blame but herself.

“I need you to go check on Gigi every day from today onwards until she delivers the baby. Should anything go wrong, consider yourself fired.”

Before Winnie could respond, Sam had left and gone upstairs.

She stood unmoving in the living room. Winnie took a deep breath and sneered, “The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. Both father and daughter use me as an outlet for their anger! Don’t even dream about going up against Jean and Edgar.”

Based on how Gigi returned unsuccessful the other day, Winnie knew that Jean must have received her news.

After hesitating a little, she called Jean.

But it went unanswered.

Did Jean know that she was the one who tipped her off?

Winnie frowned and went back to her room.

...

Jean slept all night and well into the next day.

She found her entire body to be sore when she woke up.

“You’re awake!” The nurse exclaimed happily. “Let me get the doctor.”

Jean looked around. She was the only one in the room.

Good. Edgar wasn’t there.

That meant that she had the time to hide it from him.

Gritting her teeth against the pain, Jean got down from the bed and stood on the cold tile floor. The chill from the floor was a shock to her system, and she let out a light gasp.

She tugged at the drawers next to the bed to hide the jewelry box in.

When the door suddenly opened.

She wanted to hide, but it was too late.

“You’re awake?” The man frowned.

He hurried over and noticed what she was trying to hide.

He stared at her with penetrating eyes.

Jean shivered.

She had witnessed his unpredictable temper more times than she could count.

Edgar had always been full of pride and was decisive. He hated lies and secrets.

When he found out that she had lied to him about losing her memory, he...

Jean straightened up. “I was afraid that I had lost it. My mother left it for me.” Her voice was hoarse and cracked.

She had no intention of explaining further.

The creases on Edgar’s forehead smoothed out.

He was about to say something else when the doctor rushed in to check on Jean. Edgar was pushed to the side.

“She seems to be recovering well, Mr. Royden. There shouldn’t be any lingering issues.”

Edgar nodded.

“Would she…”

His phone rang, interrupting him. It was Gigi.

Jean leaned against the headboard. She caught his expression just before she closed her eyes.

“The patient needs more rest. We should leave her to it.” The doctor and the nurses left the room.

Edgar stood at the door. His phone rang incessantly. He looked conflicted. “You should rest.”

The door closed behind him.

Jean opened her eyes and smirked at herself. She was no longer afraid of Edgar’s confrontation.

Her solution was foolproof.

Soon after, Gigi came looking for her. The loose-fitting hospital gown did nothing to hide her massive stomach.

This was probably something that Jean may never experience in her lifetime.

“I knew it was you!”

Gigi barged into the room and came at Jean, wanting to tear at her hair and scratch her face.

However, her movements were clumsy and bumbling as she was close to giving birth.

Even Jean, who had just woken up from a deep sleep, was able to dodge her easily.

“The good die young, but the wicked live forever! Why didn’t you just die in that fire already!”

Gigi was spitting mad.

She had called Edgar multiple times when she heard that he had come to the hospital. To her chagrin, he wasn't here to visit her.

Jean's eyes were cold.

She watched Gigi go on her rant without saying a word.

"Are you mute?"

In her anger, Gigi knocked down a vase on the table. It crashed onto the floor.

She clenched her teeth and deliberately stepped onto the broken glass.

Her foot was covered in blood.

The door crashed open, and Winnie ran in with nurses trailing behind her. The timing of it all was too perfect for it to be a coincidence. And if that wasn't enough, a tall, slim figure stood behind the nurses. He surveyed the room with cold, calculating eyes.

"It hurts..."

"Jean, I know you hate me, but how could you harm a pregnant woman?"

Instead of getting angry and defending herself, Jean chuckled.

The blood seemed to drain from Winnie's face. She hurried over to help Gigi stand. "Gigi, are you okay? Quick, call the doctor!" She cried worriedly.

Edgar frowned. He stared at Jean. "When did you..."

"Just then."

Jean held his gaze and answered him. "I remembered everything just right before your fiancé came in calling me a bitch."

She stared back at him without wavering. Her eyes were filled with hatred and resentment.

"Edgar, I think you should go with Gigi. Look at all that blood. This must not be good for the baby." Winnie deliberately exaggerated the situation.

Jean knew what she was doing. "Yes. Make sure the doctor takes a good look at it. I don't want her to blame me." She sneered.

How badly could Gigi have hurt herself when she was the one who chose to step on the glass?

It was probably just minor scratches. It served its purpose in catching Edgar's attention.

He frowned, but in the end, followed Winnie out.

Just as he was about to leave, Jean called out sarcastically, "Congratulations, by the way. You're about to be a father."

He had obviously been cheated on.

It was too much trouble for Jean to expose Gigi's lies. Besides, Edgar went into this knowingly. Why should she interfere?

Edgar clenched his fists and closed the door.

They would no longer have anything to do with each other.

In the days leading up to this, he had put his heart and soul into acting and making sure things went well. He didn't expect things to end this quickly and for his dream to shatter.

His chest was tight as he stumbled into the elevator.

He could not shake the look Jean had in her eyes.

Winnie had sent Gigi into the delivery room and was waiting for Edgar, but he never came. She grabbed the doctor in her concern, "How is she?"

"The patient wanted an epidural. She has been moved to the delivery room, and now all we have to do is wait."

Counting backwards, Gigi had to give birth now so as not to arouse Edgar's suspicion.

Winnie clasped her hands together and begged, "Please, god. Let it be a boy."

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 292- The First Step Towards Revenge

Jean didn't have much to pack. She changed her clothes and snuck out of the hospital. She made her way straight to the Eyer Residence. Brigid was shocked to see her. "Miss, did you come back alone?"

She noticed the wound on Jean's forehead. "What did you do?" Jean smiled at her. "Brigid, I need you to fire everyone for me." "What?"

"I'm all on my own now. There's no need to keep so many people on just to take care of me. I'll support your decision if you choose to find work elsewhere as well."

Brigid shook her head vehemently. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here with you." "Then you'll just need to remember one thing. From now onwards, Edgar Royden is public enemy number one."

Once she was in her room, she called Ben. "It's about done. I've leaked the news."

"Jean, have you really thought it through? Everything's pretty much settled on my end. This will be a major blow to Royden Group if we are successful. But Edgar will surely be affected as well." Ben wasn't afraid of doing it, he was more worried that this would come back to hurt Jean.

"It was bound to happen sooner or later." "Okay then. Leave it to me." Jean sighed, "Thanks, Ben. I'll make sure your family doesn't get dragged into this."

Ben frowned. "What nonsense!" "I'll treat you to a meal." Jean smiled.

Following that, she invited Rachel over. Jean handed her the project request documents and whatever information she had accumulated.

"Ready yourself. The company will launch the new project tomorrow." Rachel took the documents from Jean in surprise. "Ms. Eyer, we've never done this before. Our people might not be..."

"Don't concern yourself with this. I've hired a new department manager. She and her team will be joining us shortly." Jean had painstakingly prepared for this day to come.

She had to publicly announce this project before Royden Group had the chance to.

"Okay, Ms. Eyer. Leave it to me." Rachel collected all the documents and got to her feet. She suddenly thought of something and turned back around. "Ms. Eyer, what about Mr. Rocher?"

Jensen had not been to work these few days.

Jean was aware and had prepared for this. "I'll handle it. Just focus on what you have to do."

Once Rachel had left, Jean also left via the backdoor, heading for Knox Residence.

She met Nathan as soon as she arrived at their entrance.

"Jean..." Nathan frowned when he saw her.

Instead of slowing down, Jean strode towards him. "I'm sure Edgar will tell you even if I don't, but I've regained my memories. I remember everything."

She made sure she was facing him. "I'm sure that it wasn't easy for you to look after me during this time."

She knew that Edgar didn't have many people he considered friends, and Nathan was one of his dearest friends.

Nathan was taken aback. "It was nothing." He shook his head earnestly.

"If you'll excuse me, I need to see Mr. Rocher." Jean went up the steps.

Nathan stood frozen. He frowned. Jean was like a completely different person. She was so cold and frigid.

He immediately called Edgar. "Edgar, has Jean recovered her memories?"

He continued talking to him while he drove to the hospital.

Jean sat waiting in the living room. She smirked to herself when she heard his car start up and drive off.

Jensen arrived just in time to catch that expression on her face. The air she had about her was different. He gathered himself.

He had heard from Ben that Jean had planned everything.

He didn't think that behind Jean's gentle and kind demeanor was a cunning fox! Even Edgar had fallen for her schemes.

Jensen frowned when he remembered the dodgy things he did.

"Did you come for revenge?"

Jean froze before laughing loudly, "Of course not. I came to see your father, Mr. Rocher. Meeting you is just a bonus."

Jensen felt the weight lift from his shoulders when he heard how she referred to his father.

"That's right. We're old family friends. I'm sure you understand what my intentions were no matter what I did."

Jean smiled without letting on to what she was thinking. "I want your company's project team." She delved straight in.

"What?"

Jensen was immediately going to refuse her.

To his horror, Jean showed up with blackmail material. She placed evidence upon evidence of him colluding with Royden Group's executives as well as proof that he was the one who spread rumors about them being in a relationship on the table.

"This is blackmail!" Jensen shifted his weight anxiously.

"I wonder what would happen if news of this got out. Do you think you'd be able to stay a celebrity? The excitement of your returning from your studies abroad would undoubtedly fade as well."

Jean took a sip of her coffee. She had proof backing her up. "Time is of the essence. I suggest you make a decision quickly."

Jensen finally understood what they said about a woman's scorn.

He didn't need to say a word. Jean knew by his expression that she had won.

She smirked. "Have them report for duty first thing in the morning. I'll match their salaries."

She was poaching them, not destroying their futures.

Jensen stared somberly at the evidence on the table and clenched his fists.

"Jean, did you know what I was doing all along? Instead of stopping me, you wanted me to do it?"

He had always thought they were going to end up together. Who knew that she was playing him all along.

Jean paused and looked at him. "You made the choice to do those things and gave me the means to blackmail you. You only have yourself to blame."

"You should be grateful that all I'm after is your project team. I'm being way more generous than Edgar."

Jensen trembled in fear. What else did she know?

He stared at her back and sighed. He chuckled bitterly, "And my dad wants me to marry you. Hah. You're already too much for me to handle now."

Zenith was reading in the study when he heard of Jean's arrival. His heart sank. He didn't know how to face her.

After all, Jensen had done so many unforgivable things toward her.

“Mr. Rocher. I’ve put everything between Jensen and I to rest. It’s all water under the bridge now.” Jean held onto the box. “I’ll always see you as an uncle and a good friend of my father’s.”

Zenith’s eyes filled with emotion. His voice shook. “My dear child, you’re too generous and kind. Don’t worry about Jensen. I’ve taught him a lesson. He’ll never contact those horrible friends of his ever again.”

Jean beamed at him. She wasn’t worried about that.

“Mr. Rocher. I came because I needed your help. Do you recognize this bangle?”

She offered him the jewelry box.

“This is…”

Zenith was about to shake his head when he saw what was etched into the bangle.

“Doesn’t this belong to your family?” He murmured to himself. “I think I saw your father wearing it before.”

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 293-Tolerance

Jean listened as Zenith recalled memories he had long forgotten. Even though he couldn’t remember anything of use to her, it confirmed her suspicions. This bangle belonged to the Eyers.

Someone was selling her family’s belongings right under her nose. Who else besides Edgar would have the gall to do such a thing? Jean left the Rocher Residence with more questions than answers.

Meanwhile, Gigi was crying in pain while delivering the baby. They had injected her with an anesthetic, but it didn’t work. She waited for hours while in pain and was pushed back into her room to wait until she was fully dilated.

The doctor suggested for her to deliver naturally after checking up on her to avoid any unnecessary injuries to the body. Gigi was covered in sweat. She leaned against the pillow, all out of sorts.

“Where is Edgar? Has he arrived yet?” She asked in a weakened voice. “Something came up at work. He’s in a meeting.” A lone tear escaped the corner of her eye. “Why… Why doesn’t he feel sorry for me?”

Winnie sighed helplessly. "Just endure it a bit longer." Gigi smiled bitterly. "Endure it?"

She had been enduring by herself all this while. "Leave. I want to be alone." Why didn't she see Jean the last time she went to Royden Residence? Gigi stared at Winnie's side profile. She no longer trusted Winnie.

After Winnie had shut the door behind her, Gigi made a phone call. "I promise that I'll work together with you as long as you promise me one thing. My child needs to be the heir to the Royden empire."

Meanwhile, Edgar was still in a meeting at the company. Miles was reluctant to hand over the report that said that Eyer Group was about to break into the smart intelligence industry and had already formed their own team.

This was obviously aimed at the Royden Group. "Mr. Royden, Eyer Group's designs and concept are extremely similar to Project A's. However, they have announced it ahead of us..."

Which meant that Royden Group could no longer use Project A. An entire year's worth of labor gone just like that.

Sighs echoed around the table.

First, they had lost the bidding. On top of that, they had also sold it for a million less than they had hoped for. And now, their project was stolen.

"How did Eyer Group find out about Project A? Someone in the company must have leaked it to her!"

While everybody was busy suspecting each other, Miles coughed when he saw the expression on Edgar's face.

It was most likely that this was stolen right from Edgar's home office.

Edgar grew somber. He studied the faces of his employees. "I'm going on a business trip to regain the company's reputation. Right now, our focus needs to be on finding another project that will rival Project A. You have three days."

"Three days?"

They were all baffled.

The project manager gathered his courage and said, "Mr. Royden, Project A is the fruit of a year's worth of work. There is no way we can complete it now."

Edgar nodded. He understood where he was coming from.

A few seconds later, his voice was heard.

“I’ll multiply your year-end bonus by five.”

Their morale immediately increased.

“Thank you sir!”

Edgar left the meeting room. He worked nonstop during the day and into the night. He was exhausted.

“Mr. Royden, you should take a day off.”

Edgar raised a hand. “What’s going on at the hospital?”

“Ms. Reece has not given birth yet. She is now waiting in her room.”

Edgar rubbed his temples. “Ready the car. I’ll need to be back here tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir.”

He would not break his promise to Gigi. He’ll take responsibility for his actions, but he’ll need to attend a ceremony if Royden Group were to recover from their losses.

In a town about eighty kilometers away, there was a newly built primary school. It was called Hope Elementary School. Royden Group had sponsored it.

Edgar had to attend the ribbon-cutting ceremony. Charitable events like this would help to save Royden Group’s reputation.

He was a generous man. He never held back from donating.

However, he didn’t expect to bump into Jean at the town station.

She was holding a photo and looked to be searching for something.

“Mr. Royden, do you want to talk to her?” Miles asked.

“It’s fine. Let’s go.”

She probably wanted nothing to do with him. What was there to say even if they met?

He suppressed the sadness he was feeling. He no longer had the right to talk to her.

Jean had circled the town for an hour but still couldn’t find the address on the back of the photo.

Someone had sent her a letter with the photograph in it. It was a photo of her dad when he was young. There was also a man that looked like Edgar in the photo.

She had to come to see for herself.

“Miss, you’re not from around here, are you? Do you need help?” Two rough looking men approached her. They cornered her in so she couldn’t escape.

“We grew up here. We can take you wherever you want to go.” One of them pulled her over to him.

He was strong. His nails were caked in dirt.

It was evening, and the sky had started to darken.

Jean glared warningly at them. “Stay away from me.”

She shoved his hand away and ran into an alley, trying to escape.

She made a mistake. It was a dead end.

The men sneered at her as they leisurely made their way toward her. “She’s feisty. We like a bit of fight in them, don’t we?”

“We’ll have lots of fun together,”

They quickly closed the distance between them.

“Don’t come near me!” Jean screamed. “Help! Anyone...”

The men snickered as they leered at her. “It’s no use. You had better save that energy for us.”

Suddenly, they heard the voice of an old man call out, “What are you doing? Leave her alone!”

Another yelled, “I’m calling the police.”

The two men swore and fled over the fence.

Jean breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you.”

A man in his sixties stood before her. He had a bad leg and limped when he walked.

“Are you okay?” He reached out to help her. He smiled kindly at her.

Jean shook her head. "Thank you for your help."

The old man sighed and shook his head. "Youngsters nowadays are filled with such evil thoughts. A young girl like yourself needs to be more aware of your surroundings."

He pointed in another direction, "There's a police station a couple of blocks that way. You can talk to them if you need any help."

"Thank you, mister."

Jean thanked him gratefully. She suddenly remembered the photograph and caught up with him.

The police officers may not be from around here. Besides, her father looked to be quite young in that photo. This photo was taken about twenty years ago.

The old man may know this man if he was from around here.

"Excuse me, do you know these people?"

Jean didn't really think he would know. She just thought she might as well ask. To her surprise, his expression changed when he saw the photo.

His eyes filled with fear as he stared at her.

He shoved the photo away from him.

"I don't know them! I've never seen them before!"

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 294- Not Giving Up Any Chance

But his response obviously had a different meaning. Jean increased her pace and chased after them. "Uncle, one of them is my father. He has passed away."

The old man stopped for a moment. But he immediately picked up his pace. "I've told you already. I've never seen him. Neither do I know him!"

Jean did not give up. "I came here alone. I don't have any money with me. Can you please help me?" The old man stopped walking after a few steps. He turned around and looked at Jean.

He let out a slow sigh. "My neighbor has a hotel. You can go have a look at it if you don't mind." "Great, thanks!" Jean smiled and quickened her pace so she could keep up with the old man.

She held the old man's arm and asked gently, "You've stayed here for a very long time, haven't you?"

The old man was still wary of her. He did not answer her question.

He left right after he brought her to the hotel.

Jean eventually inquired about the name of the old man from the hotel owner and found out that his name was Paul Jevin.

"Did he injure his leg before?" Jean tried hard to obtain more information about the old man.

The hotel boss looked at Jean and asked, "Who are you? Why are you asking so much? I don't attend to customers like you. You should leave if you don't intend to stay here."

"No, no. Mr. Jevin saved me just now. I wish to thank him." Jean quickly passed over her identification documents.

The hotel owner nodded because Jean seemed kind and well-behaved.

"Paul was injured when he went to the cities in his younger days. He received some amount of money as compensation, so he came back to town for retirement."

The hotel was small. There were only five rooms.

After Jean was brought to her room, she was relieved to find it quite clean.

But there wasn't any kettle in the hotel room. So when she went downstairs to ask the boss, she met Edgar and Miles on the first floor.

"We have only one room left. I don't think the both of you can squeeze in it, can you?"

Miles glanced at Edgar silently.

Edgar's eyes darkened. He spotted Jean coming down the stairs from the corner of his eye. He replied quietly, "We will take that room."

Jean frowned. She turned around and left.

She did not expect Edgar to grab her by her wrist.

"What a coincidence, Miss Eyer."

Jean was still displeased with their earlier bouts, so she did not want to see him. She shook her wrist twice.

When the hotel owner saw this, he stepped forward and spoke firmly, "Who are you? Why are you bullying a little girl? This isn't something anyone would expect from a well-dressed person like you. Don't you dare have any evil thoughts, or I'll call the police to arrest you."

Jean quickly escaped and hid behind him.

She knew for sure now that the people in this town had a strong sense of justice.

She smiled triumphantly. But she relented and explained to the hotel owner. "I know them."

However, the hotel owner still reprimanded them a bit.

It was the first time Jean saw someone dare reprimand Edgar.

She went back to her room, satisfied. She washed her hair. It was dark and raining outside.

The hotel building was old, so the sound of the raindrops hitting the window panes was loud. It sounded as if she was sleeping on the streets.

Jean tossed and turned as she could not fall asleep. In the end, she decided to get up and walk around downstairs.

As soon as Jean arrived on the first floor, she heard people talking.

"No wonder the first time I saw you, I felt..."

Was it Mr. Jevin?

Jean increased her pace. She saw Edgar sitting with Mr. Jevin at the tea table. They looked as if they knew each other.

"That was ages ago! I think you were just this tall when I last saw you." Mr. Jevin smiled affectionately.

Jean stood in the shadows behind the stairs and listened quietly.

It turned out that Mr. Jevin could smile happily.

"I did not expect that you would move back here and change your name too." Edgar sounded a little sad.

“Sigh. I couldn’t stay in the city any more after what happened back then. I lost my legs too, so I have to stay here as my retirement plan.” Mr. Jevin smiled bitterly. “Your father would’ve been so proud to see you grow up so well.”

Jean held the stair railing and frowned.

She was so engrossed in listening to their conversation that she did not notice her footing.

Suddenly, she accidentally stepped onto an old creaky board on the stairs. It was loud enough that anybody around could have heard it.

“Who is that?”

Edgar turned around quickly, but there was no one at the stairs.

Mr. Jevin leaned forward and looked. “This is an old house. It’s normal to hear some strange noises.”

Edgar frowned slightly. He walked around, sat down, and took out a card. “This is to show some little appreciation from me. Please take it.”

“How can I accept this? You’ve already sponsored a school and done a huge deed for this town. I can’t take your money.” Mr. Jevin waved his hand.

“Don’t worry. I won’t ask you about what happened in the past. This money means nothing to me.”

He placed his card down, then headed upstairs.

He stopped for a while when he reached the outside of Jean’s room.

He stared at the door with a complicated look in his eyes. He was sure that someone was at the stairs just now. Miles definitely wouldn’t do that. Only one person would.

He raised his hand to knock on the door.

But he took back his hand after a moment of hesitation. She would know about some things sooner or later.

The next day.

Jean went straight to Mr. Jevin’s house as soon as she woke up, just to find out that he had gone out to attend the school’s opening ceremony.

Jean hesitated for a bit.

That school was sponsored by the Royden Group. So Edgar will surely be there.

She walked out of Mr. Jevin's house reluctantly. When she raised her head once more, she spotted Edgar's car heading towards her.

He wound down his car window and gave her a meaningful glance.

"Get in."

Jean did not answer him. She continued to walk on.

Edgar did not give up. He spoke coldly, "Eyer Group cannot afford to take project Plan A. But there is still a chance if you work with me. What do you think?"

"You cannot fight me even if you work with Ben Ludwig."

"I can put an end to your project with just a few phone calls. Do you want to see Eyer Group go bankrupt once more?"

Indeed, it was no mere threat. Edgar was powerful enough to command people to do his bidding with a lift of his finger.

Jean's face turned cold. "Edgar, I have the ability to do it myself. You don't have to threaten me."

"Ability? By stealing information about Royden Group from my room? Is that what you call ability?"

A tinge of disappointment flashed across his eyes.

He thought that she would at least use a smarter method.

Jean gritted her teeth. "Wasn't this how you treated my father? Do you really believe me to be ignorant of the fact that all of the development plans for Royden Group have become similar to the Eyer Group's since our marriage? After Eyer Group went bankrupt, you took away all of its market shares. Everything you have now belongs to the Eyer family.

The man's face darkened. There was anger in his voice. "So that's what you think."

He ordered the driver to start driving with a cold voice.

Jean stood alone at the side of the street. She watched as his car left her sight. She did not feel happy after speaking her thoughts. Instead, she was left with mixed feelings that she could not put words to.

Why didn't he explain himself?

What did he mean?

No, she could not be wrong. They were all facts.

Jean gritted her teeth, and headed to Hope Elementary School, determined.

When she arrived, Edgar was already surrounded by the town's residents. They were all praising him and thanking him.

"Mr. Royden, if it wasn't for you, my son wouldn't have the opportunity to go to school. You are a kind Samaritan."

"He is a philanthropist!"

"Thank you so much. Those who give will surely be more blessed than those who receive."

Jean stood in a distance. She sneered. Edgar? A philanthropist?

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 295-Stop Asking

She stared at the man who was surrounded by the villagers. She felt repulsed by his hypocritical behavior. He ruined someone's family. Yet he was still living a respectful and reputable life. What right has he got to enjoy this?

Jean bit her lip, and walked over. "Mr. Royden, you really are a kind man. Can you tell us why you came for the opening ceremony today? Didn't you come just to save your company's face and reputation, rather than for the sake of these children?"

Her words caught the people's attention. Jean's smile widened. "Everyone, it is true that the Royden Group has sponsored Hope Elementary School. But he has used your gratitude as a tool to make more money. That's a fact too. Don't you feel any shame or guilt seeing their sincere and thankful eyes?"

She wanted to expose Edgar's act of pretense and make it known that he's a hypocrite! The best talent this man had was putting on a show.

The villagers were puzzled. "How can you say that, miss? Mr. Royden has always been our savior." "This deal is really good. Just a few hundred thousand and Royden Group gets a good reputation." Jean gritted her teeth with hatred.

How can he deceive these guileless people? As soon as Jean finished speaking, Mr. Jevin came. He grabbed her and scolded, "What do you know? You're just an outsider! Now scram!" Then Mr.

Jevin shouted loudly, "Mr. Royden is the one who made it possible for the children in our village to attend school. That way, they will be able to earn money to buy food in the future! We must thank him!"

"Thank you!" The shouts drowned out Jean's words earlier on.

She looked at Mr. Jevin with disbelief. Before she could open her mouth and continue, Mr. Jevin had already pulled her aside angrily.

"It's the opening ceremony of this elementary school today. I shall not tolerate any trouble from you if you dare cause any." Mr. Jevin's face was red with anger.

Jean was even more puzzled. "I heard everything last night. You've known him for a very long time, so naturally, you would think fondly of him. I'm not here to cause trouble for no reason. I'm speaking the truth." "That's impossible. He....."

"She's indeed speaking the truth." Edgar walked towards them sternly. Jean tried her best to remain calm. "Mr. Jevin, you see. He has just admitted it himself."

Mr. Jevin glanced at Edgar. "Do you know this girl?"

Edgar smiled and nodded. "I know her very well. So you don't have to worry that I would bully her."

Jean was taken aback.

So Mr. Jevin had pulled her away just now because he was afraid that she would suffer injuries after bluntly pointing out the truth in the past.

"Well, you should have told me earlier. I'm too old for your games." Mr. Jevin waved, "Time's almost up too. Hurry up and go in."

Jean cast Edgar a look, then quickened her footsteps. She whispered something into Mr. Jevin's ear.

Edgar followed slowly.

Soon, the opening ceremony started. Jean quickly found a corner and stayed there. She tried hard to find those who had similar looks to those in the photo. At the same time, she chatted with Mr. Jevin from time to time, not forgetting to make a good impression on him.

After all, he was her greatest hope now.

Mr. Jevin waved at her impatiently as he chewed on some seeds. "Stop bugging me. I don't know anything. I really don't remember anything at such an old age."

Jean patiently handed over the seeds she had peeled to him.

"It wasn't an easy journey for me to make it here alone. I don't wish to go home empty handed. Please don't mind me. I will not force you."

"You....."

Mr. Jevin took his stool and sat on the other side of the stage.

Before Jean could follow him, she was stopped.

She turned around and looked. She frowned. "Let go of me."

But she failed to break free. Edgar brought her to the back. "Miles has invited some reporters for an interview session. Do you want to go out in front of all the reporters or stay here in the back?"

Jean was startled. She wouldn't be able to explain herself if she was captured in the same photo as Edgar again.

She stood against the curtains and hid behind them.

A small grin formed on Edgar's face as he watched her cautious appearance. But he did not tell her that the reporters were not able to capture what was backstage.

Jean hid carefully. "Are they gone yet?"

Edgar looked at her and shook his head gently. "Not yet."

Jean gritted her teeth. Her legs were already numb from squatting.

The sound of loud applause from the outside seemed to indicate that what happened outside had ended. She leaned forward to look, but lost her balance and fell.

Luckily Edgar managed to pull her back in time.

Both of them managed to catch their balance, but the temporary platform collapsed.

Its red curtains fell and covered them both.

Then many voices were heard. "There seems to be someone underneath the cloth. Please come and help them."

He held Jean in his arms. She could not move.

She could only hear his voice in her ear. "Go from the back. There are reporters in front."

Jean did not doubt Edgar's words. She quickly stood up and left. But when she got up, the photo in her bag accidentally dropped out and fell onto the ground.

Edgar brought her to the back of the elementary school. The cool breeze made her feel so much more refreshed instantly.

The field was new and clean. There was a row of Poplar trees at the back, and there were handwritten words on the wall. Its design was clearly thought out carefully.

Jean could not help but regret her speech earlier on. Perhaps Edgar really did a good thing here, just like the villagers thought he had.

If not, where would these children be able to get their education?

"Mr. Royden!"

A boy holding a windmill ran over. His face was flushed from the cold breeze. He raised his hand nervously and passed the windmill to Edgar nervously. "I made this myself. Thank you for coming! My mother said that you are a successful entrepreneur. I will study hard and work for you in your company in the future."

A smile lit up on his usual stony face when the child's voice sounded.

He squatted down in front of the child and said, "No, you will do many greater things when you grow up. You will succeed as long as you are willing to work hard."

The child nodded.

Then, he looked at Jean, who was standing on the side. Then, he glanced at Edgar again.

Then he grinned, revealing his two little canine teeth.

He glanced at Jean solemnly and gave her a bow. "Thank you, madam."

"Madam?"

"I don't....."

Before Jean could explain herself, the child was long gone. She could only clench her fingers and stood further away from Edgar.

When Edgar saw her distancing herself from him, the look in his eyes darkened a little.

Miles was headed towards them with a fast pace. "Mr. Royden, the reporters are ready to give you a private interview."

Jean understood, and left quietly and immediately.

But just as she walked around the other side of the building, she found out that the picture she had brought was gone.

"Oh no."

She headed back to the stage where they had the opening ceremony to look for the picture. But she did not see it.

A farmer with a bulky frame had the photo in his hands. He asked coldly, "Are you looking for this?"

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 296

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 296- A Narrow Escape from Death

His voice was deep and he was wearing a hat, so Jean could not see his face clearly. But his voice alone induced a menacing chill. Just as Jean nodded and answered yes, she was hit from behind. She passed out.

After sometime later, she finally regained consciousness and opened her eyes. She could feel herself being tied up to firewood with a rope.

The place she was at was dark. But she could still see faintly that it was a store room. There were voices of people talking outside the room. "Are you sure it is her? Don't get the wrong person and hurt someone innocent."

"I won't be wrong. Little Tiggy called her madam at the back of the school. She must be Edgar Royden's fiancée, and that person's daughter. I've waited so many years to get my revenge. I must burn her to death, and avenge Pascal!"

"So many years have passed since. Why don't we forget about it? After all, Mr. Royden has helped us a lot over all these years." The more Jean listened to their conversation, the more confused she was.

She moved her legs slightly. The branches under her rustled, catching the attention of the men outside the door. "Is she awake?"

He entered the room, and took off his hat. Jean could see half of his face under the dim moonlight. It was covered with scars. It looked scary. Jean was so frightened that she could not speak.

The man had a beard too. He looked like a messenger from hell when he smiled. He lowered his head and poked at the burning firewood. He spoke slowly, "Don't worry, you will lose your senses soon after the fire starts burning."

Jean immediately shouted, "Let go of me! You murderer!" "Murderer?"

The man's eyes widened. "You are paying your father's debt. You should place the blame on your father. He has committed too many evil deeds, and as his daughter you need to take this retribution today."

Jean shook her head hard when she saw him approaching her with a torch.

"No... Don't come over!"

He was about to light his torch when Jean suddenly thought of their conversation just now. She shouted immediately. "I'm not Gigi! You have got the wrong person! Is the person you are looking for Sam Reece?"

The man was startled. "What?"

"I'm not Gigi Reece. I'm not Edgar Royden's fiancée. You've gotten the wrong person. Let go of me."

The man stared at her for quite some time. Suddenly, he took out the photo that she lost from his pocket and held it up. "This is yours, isn't it?"

Jean did not know how she should answer him.

"Hah! Do you think you can still fool me? Go to hell!"

He waved his hand and lit the torch in his hand.

The room was full with dried branches, so the fire spread quickly.

Jean struggled desperately. Her eyes were seared by the smoke. "Help!"

Suddenly, she heard Mr. Jevin's shouts. "Rambo, you have got the wrong person. Her last name is not Reece."

Then, Mr. Jevin rushed into the fire and carried Jean out.

The storeroom collapsed as soon as the two of them escaped. Flames engulfed the site, and heavy plumes of smoke billowed from the fire.

Jean was still in shock. Her body shook uncontrollably. The last time when she was caught in the fire at Edgar's house, she could at least find some water and escape from the side door.

But this time, her legs and feet were bound, so she could not escape. The fear from being tied up for so long engulfed her. She felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Little girl, are you alright?" Mr. Jevin bent down to help her.

But Jean dared not trust them anymore.

What secret are the villagers hiding? Why would an ordinary farmer know Sam Reece? Why did he hate Sam to the extent that he was willing to face a lifetime sentence just to kill his daughter?

An eye for an eye. What horrible acts did Sam commit to earn wrath from the villagers?

Jean was still in shock. Mr. Jevin took a deep sigh and dragged the bearded man over towards Jean. "Hurry. Apologize to the kid."

"I'm sorry. I mistook you for someone else." That man sighed dejectedly.

Jean did not know what else to say.

She hesitated for a long time before asking, "Where is my photo?"

The man pointed at the completely burnt down storeroom. "It's gone."

Jean did not know how to respond. The heavens must be playing with her!

She watched as the last flames died in the night. She suddenly thought of something. She quickly grabbed the man's arm. "Do you know those in the photo?"

Mr. Jevin immediately grabbed her arm and stared at her with widened eyes. "You stupid girl! You almost lost your life! Why are you still bothered about this?"

Mr. Jevin pulled Jean away before she could explain herself.

Although he was limping, he was strong. Jean had no chance to speak at all. He kept muttering non-stop.

"You don't even know this place. How many times have you encountered danger? Yet you still continue asking!"

“This matter is in the long past. Moreover, it does not concern you.”

He pulled Jean back to the hotel. “Go in. Leave first thing in the morning tomorrow and never come back.”

Mr. Jevin turned around to leave as soon as he finished speaking.

“You know my father, don’t you?”

“I’m just a poor old man. I don’t know anyone.” Mr. Jevin snorted, then left quickly.

“His name is Gary Eyer.”

If Mr. Jevin knew Edgar, it would be because of his father.

Her father was standing beside Edgar’s father in that photo. So something must have happened between the two.

“I’ve compared before. I’ve identified that you and the bearded man from before are the same two people in the photo. But there’s one more man in the photo whom I don’t know who he is.” Jean took a few more steps closer to Mr. Jevin and asked solemnly, “I only want to know what happened back then.”

Perhaps she still wanted a clue.

A clue that can solve the puzzle which her father had left behind. And also to find out why Edgar hated the Eyer family.

Mr. Jevin bent over and gave a huge sigh.

“Why are you forcing me to tell you about it? Can’t you just let it go and forget about it?”

Jean’s eyes reddened. “Mr. Jevin, what if this matter was what made me lose my family? Will you still ask me to let go of it?”

“You.....”

Mr. Jevin sighed.

“Wait for me here.” He walked into his house slowly.

Jean felt a glimpse of hope when she saw the lights lit up.

Perhaps she might finally get to know what happened in the past.

But before Mr. Jevin came out, the walls of the hotel shook violently. The stairs began to crumble...

The old hotel collapsed within just a few seconds.

“Earthquake!”

There were screams and shouts everywhere. People were running around for their lives. Cries of babies were heard clearly.

Jean’s arm was crushed. It hurt so much that her arm went totally numb.

Someone pulled her from underneath a wooden plank.

She raised her head and look straight into his deep dark eyes.

Her hands were icy cold. When her fingertips touched his palm, she could feel the warmth of living.

The streets were in chaos. There was debris everywhere, and some aftershocks from time to time.

The whole place was in a mess.

Screams were heard everywhere. “Help! Someone! Hurry! There are still people here.”

Miles helped the innkeeper out. Both of them were covered in dust. The innkeeper coughed profusely. Suddenly, he pointed at Mr. Jevin, who was being carried out.

Jean immediately pushed Edgar away and ran over toward Mr. Jevin.

“Mr. Jevin!”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 297

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 297-Was He Injured?

Mr. Jevin was still alive. He was just unconscious and needed immediate treatment at the hospital. Unfortunately, both his legs might be crippled after this.

“How...” Jean could not control her tears anymore. Edgar pulled her from the back and held both her arms. “Enough.”

“He just went in. He was going to come out to see me. It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have pestered him.” Jean’s body shook non-stop. “If I hadn’t pestered him, he wouldn’t have gone in, and this wouldn’t have happened.”

Mr. Jevin had helped her so many times. Yet she made him suffer like this. Jean could not help but cry. The man's shirt was soaked in her tears.

He frowned hard and pulled her into his arms. He held the back of her neck with his fingers. His voice was low as he spoke, "It's a natural disaster. It's not under your control."

Jean sobbed hard.

The village was covered with debris from the earthquake that night.

At the break of dawn, everyone came out to help. Some helped others take care of the children, while the rest helped move things.

Jean stood in front of Mr. Jevin's house. Her eyes reddened as she looked at the ruins.

"Miss Eyer, please go there for breakfast."

The whole village was separated from the outside world because of the earthquake. Even the rescue teams and their vehicles were stuck at the foot of the mountain.

The village hospital was overcrowded with patients. Those with minor injuries could not receive treatment and could only squat by the streets. The whole scene was heartbreaking.

Jean turned around and answered Miles, "No, thanks. I don't have any appetite."

"Miss Eyer, I think you should go." Miles lowered his voice and spoke into Jean's ear.

Jean frowned and started moving. She walked towards Edgar slowly with determination.

Miles took a deep sigh of relief.

Jean walked faster and faster until she reached Edgar. "Why did you help these people here over the years?"

Edgar put a bowl of porridge into her hands. "Have some food first."

"Tell me first!"

She spotted the bearded man as she spoke. He was bringing two children over. One of them was the boy who gave Edgar a windmill yesterday.

The bearded man still had a hat over his head to hide the scars on his face.

He avoided Jean's gaze.

The child, however, smiled at Jean. The innocence in his eyes was captivating.

Edgar's face was cold. "After this incident, the only thing everyone wishes is for everything to get better as soon as possible. If you have anything else to ask, you can ask when we get back."

Jean held her bowl of porridge and kept quiet.

She clearly knew that the hatred must be all-consuming for him to commit murder.

Jean could no longer bring herself to ask anything more in this situation.

"Bad news! The bridge has collapsed!"

Jean followed the people's gaze. The trucks with food and medical supplies were all stuck.

This meant that everyone was trapped here. They will run out of food and medical supplies soon!

"There was a problem with the signal tower since last night. What should we do now that the only route into our village is cut off?"

Everyone panicked.

They were losing hope as they looked at their ruined and barren village.

Those that were helping others stopped too.

The human nature is most real at such dire times.

"Mr. Royden, our phones have no signal at all." Miles thought aloud. "But according to the strength of the earthquake last night, the damage shouldn't be so severe."

Moreover, the rescue team should have arrived long ago after the earthquake.

A scent of a bad premonition was lurking in the stuffy air.

"This is plotted."

Edgar frowned hard. "There is no way we can make it back soon."

The situation got worse and worse. There was no place for the people to sleep at night.

As the skies darkened, the villagers found their own places to sleep.

But most of them dared not return to any buildings in fear of another earthquake.

Jean had nowhere to go. She rested in a temporary tent set up near the hotel.

She could see Edgar heading toward her from a distance. The moonlight stretched his figure. He looked tall and long.

“Take this.”

He handed a can of coffee over to her.

Jean froze for a moment. She did not stretch her hand out to take it. “I don’t want it.”

“You haven’t had any water since morning.”

Jean continued to shake her head. “I’m not thirsty.”

Edgar opened the can of coffee. “Drink it up, or I will pour it away.”

“You...”

Jean had no choice but to take the can of coffee from Edgar. She took a sip and fell silent.

“You don’t have to worry about Mr. Jevin. The doctor said he’s just unconscious. His life is not in danger.” Edgar spoke as he watched a group of children in a distance gloomily.

He sounded melancholic and not his usual self.

Jean turned to him and frowned. “You seem to care about Mr. Jevin a lot.”

Edgar nodded. “He is Susan’s brother.”

Only then, Jean remembered that it was of no wonder Mr. Jevin looked so familiar to her when she first saw him. It turned out that it was because Susan and he were related.

“So the both of you have known each other for a very long time.” Jean pursed her lips. She felt even guiltier now. She had acted too rashly last night to have spoken to Mr. Jevin in that way.

If he didn’t gain consciousness ever again, she would have to bear with the guilt for the rest of her life.

“Ask whatever you wish to know.”

His voice was deep yet clear. Every word he articulated hit Jean's ears and tugged her heartstrings.

"I have no more questions." Jean bowed her head. The photo was burnt. Edgar was not someone from this village either. What information can she get by asking him?

There was no more noise around them.

It was getting late at night. Edgar suddenly got up and pulled Jean up too.

"Where are we going?"

"I have no objections if you want to sleep in the open."

Jean slowly moved and followed him when she heard his words.

A figure, who was hiding in the shadows behind the hotel, watched them.

Edgar brought Jean to the square behind Hope Elementary School. There were already some villagers gathered there. Some had brought useable quilts along with them.

Edgar's car was parked at the corner.

He opened the car door. The bedding was already prepared in the car. "You sleep in the car. I will stay outside and watch."

He would protect her if the aftershocks persisted.

Jean frowned. "I don't..."

Before she could finish speaking, Edgar had pulled her over. The distance between them got closer. His voice was low and seductive. "Or would you prefer to sleep with me inside?"

Jean pushed him immediately. "Stop talking nonsense."

She was mistaken for Gigi because of him. Something was not right, but she could only ask Mr. Jevin about it after he wakes up.

It was just a slight push. But Edgar did not move for quite some time. There was a painful expression on his face.

"Mr. Royden!"

Miles ran over from the side. He spoke worriedly, "Your back is injured."

Was he injured?

Only then Jean remembered seeing him moving awkwardly when he saved her from the hotel incident.

“I’m alright.” He raised his head and looked at Jean. He managed to force a smile.

But the next second later, he collapsed.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 298

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 298-Disappointed

After Edgar collapsed, he kept having a recurring fever. His fever was so serious that he even started talking nonsense while he was unconscious.

They tried everything they could think of to make him better. But he still stayed unconscious. “There isn’t any more Paracetamol.” Miles sweated anxiously.

Jean looked at the face in front of her. Her emotions grew more and more complicated. Why did it turn out to be like this?

“Madam, these are herbs from our village. It can be used to relieve fever. It might work.” The boy who gifted Edgar the windmill came over with a handful of grass in his small hand.

The bearded man chased after him and picked him up in his arms. “What nonsense are you spurring about? This is just our village’s local and traditional method. What if something happens to Mr. Royden after he takes the herb? Are you able to take responsibility for that?”

The boy was frightened. He cried aggrievedly.

Jean looked at the scratch marks on his hands. She got up and walked over.

“That’s the only method we can try now.”

The boy’s tears stopped immediately. He whimpered, “Mr. Royden will get better!”

The bearded man studied Jean carefully and muttered, “Are you his fiancée?”

Jean was thinking about how she should feed Edgar the herbs. When she heard the bearded man’s question, she could not help but smile bitterly. “I used to be his wife.”

This man’s fiancée was still waiting for him to return to the hospital.

Jean's heart broke a little. She accidentally cut her finger with the knife that she was using to handle the herbs.

When blood oozed out of her wound, she did not feel any pain. After a long time, she finally finished feeding him with the herb.

"Whatever. I'll just try whatever I can do." She looked at Miles, who was standing at a side quietly. "Go and have a rest. I will keep a watch first for the first half of the night. If not, both of us will be exhausted."

Miles opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out of his mouth. He turned around and sat in a corner.

It wasn't the time to act heroic.

Nobody knew when the rescue team would come. The medical supplies and food...

Were all things they were unsure if they would receive it in time.

At this critical moment, they had to try hard to persevere.

The car door was half open. Edgar lay inside the car. Jean sat outside. She looked up at the starry sky, and recalled many things from the past.

She had looked forward and was so elated to marry this guy before everything came crashing down.

But after she got married to him, she was only left with disappointment and sadness.

Later, after her father passed away, all the happiness she felt from their marriage disappeared.

But now she was looking after her enemy.

Jean took a deep breath and muttered to herself. "Dad, you must think that I'm useless, am I not?"

She did not wish to have anything to do with this man anymore. She did not want to...

Suddenly, she felt a hard grip on her shoulder.

Jean turned around to look. Her distance from him suddenly became nearer.

The tip of their noses touched each other. He was still in a daze, but he managed to mouth a word, "Sorry."

...

It was just dawn.

There was commotion all around.

Just as Jean opened her eyes, she was pulled into his arms. He spoke coldly, "Don't look. Don't talk."

His voice sounded soft as it rang in her ear.

Jean froze. She struggled for a bit but failed to break free from his embrace. She leaned forward slightly and looked out.

Only then she saw a few people wrestling with each other. The scene was a chaotic mess.

"The food is mine!"

"Stop fighting. You are relatives too. You shouldn't fight for just food."

"What do you mean by we shouldn't? If this goes on, we will starve from hunger! Do you still want history to repeat itself? Do you wish to see people starving to death like what happened 20 years ago?"

They yelled and argued non-stop.

"Enough! Mr. Jevin is still unconscious now. Don't you feel sorry for him for making such a fuss?" The bearded man stood up and pushed those people apart. "Embarrassing!"

Those people felt dissatisfied. "Rambo, you too, were..."

Bang.

That person was punched as soon as he opened his mouth.

"It is all in the past now. Don't blame me for being rude if you mention it again."

At last, the commotion ended like that.

Jean raised her hand and tapped her fingers. She blinked hard. She would die out of breath if Edgar did not let go of her any sooner.

The man frowned and smiled weakly.

The next second, Jean put her hand on his forehead and said, "Your fever is gone."

She could not help but feel relieved.

“Are you afraid that I would die?” He suddenly asked. The look in his eyes was gentle. “Don’t worry. Even if I were to die, I would only die at your hands.”

But his words sounded inappropriate at this moment.

Jean felt confused. She pushed Edgar away and he fell to the other side of the car. “I shouldn’t have pitied you.”

She muttered as she left. Edgar’s smile widened as he looked at her leaving.

Miles took out the only food they had left. “Mr. Royden, this is all we have.”

Edgar looked at the villagers and said coldly, “The route out of this village was blocked as soon as we entered this village. Although this earthquake was most definitely not man-made, all the other incidents before this must have been executed by someone.”

But he had no idea who would risk the lives of the whole village just to hurt him.

Or could it be...

He looked at Jean, who was at a distance. He spoke slowly, “Leave her some.”

On the second night after the earthquake, help finally arrived. But the supply that the truck brought was too little. After Mr. Jevin got into that car, Edgar told Miles to stop it.

“What are you doing, Mr. Royden? We have to send Mr. Jevin to the hospital in the city now!”

“Yes! Mr. Jevin had suffered fatal injuries. It will not be good if his treatment is further delayed.”

The villagers intended well for Mr. Jevin, but Jean could feel something amiss.

The medical facilities here were indeed not satisfactory, but who would take responsibility if anything happened to Mr. Jevin on the way to the city?

Moreover, he had no children by his side anymore.

“There is no one to take care of him when he gets to the hospital. It will be best for him to stay back.” Edgar said coldly, and went to the car to help Mr. Jevin down.

None of the villagers went up to help, including the bearded man.

Although Edgar was a strong man, it was still difficult for him to move an unconscious man. Luckily, someone helped him when he got to the car door.

“Careful.” Jean looked at Mr. Jevin’s feet and said patiently, “Move slower.”

Edgar looked at her meaningfully. He moved faster.

“Mr. Royden, I think we should send Mr. Jevin out first.” The bearded man gritted his teeth and continued, “He is old. He might not be able to make it.”

The person he cared about the most in this village was Mr. Jevin.

Edgar looked at him, then at Mr. Jevin once more. He spoke in a low voice, “That uncle did not return after he left twenty years ago.”

He finally realized what was wrong.

Whatever happened to the village now, was history from twenty years ago repeating itself.

Jean and he were also involved in it, like how their parents were. They were unable to free themselves from this fate.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 299

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 299-The Shocking Truth

Jean was puzzled when she heard his words. She looked at the bearded man. He looked shocked. Edgar, on the other hand, looked terrified.

“You, do you know about it?” Edgar did not reply him. He told the innkeeper and Miles to carry Mr. Jevin out. When he opened the door of the truck once again, he realized that the driver had run off and was out of sight.

“The truth will be revealed as soon as we find the driver.” The whole village searched for the missing driver. But this person seemed to have vanished into thin air. There was no news of him.

That night, Mr. Jevin regained consciousness. But he refused to see anybody. He only called the innkeeper to let Jean come over. “Me?”

“I’ll wait for you outside. Don’t worry.” Edgar stood beside her and spoke to her in a low voice. These words gave Jean some strength and courage.

She nodded, and walked forward. The room was very dark. Mr. Jevin leaned against the bed head. When he saw Jean, he flashed an apologetic smile to her. "Come closer, girl."

Jean did not hide her confusion.

Mr. Jevin sighed slowly. "You look very much like your father. I should have noticed you sooner. You have his eyes."

"Do you remember now?" Jean got a little excited.

Mr. Jevin shook his head and smiled bitterly. "How could I forget something engraved deeply in my mind?"

He reached his hand underneath his clothes and took out an old wrinkled photo. His hand trembled as he handed it to Jean. "Look. Is it these five people?"

Jean looked at the photo. The same five people were in the photo. But the photo was different from the one she had.

Jean frowned hard. "Will you tell me what happened that time?"

Mr. Jevin gave a deep sigh.

"The story will torment you if I tell it. Do you still want to know?"

Jean paused for a while but quickly continued, "There is no way my life will be more difficult than it is now."

She had a feeling that she could perhaps solve all the doubts that had been accumulating in her head.

"Twenty years ago, a company took up a construction project on the east side of the village..."

The project was delayed for three years before it was completed. The manager in charge was Gary Eyer. He was a friendly and earnest man. All the materials had to go through him first.

It was a project that brought benefits to the village. The local economy was boosted because of this project.

But the building turned into ruins on the day of its handover.

Two people died.

One was a villager named Pascal, and the other was Edgar's father, Ethan.

Jean was completely stunned.

"How could it be..."

She had never known how Edgar became an orphan. He was already living alone when he went to the Eyer family to ask for her hand in marriage.

Jean slowly clutched her fist. "Mr. Jevin, was it an accident? Or was it man-made?"

Mr. Jevin looked into the distance. He coughed twice, then slowly closed his eyes. "It was an accident. But because only one person was in charge of the materials, there was no way to escape the blame. Perhaps God was the one at fault then?"

Mr. Jevin coughed again as he spoke.

He hunched his body. The pain in his body forced him to stop for a moment.

Jean immediately stepped forward to help him. She patted his back lightly and calmed him down. "Take your time."

Mr. Jevin's cough lasted for quite some time before it stopped. His eyes were teary in the dim light as he caught a glimpse of Jean's face. "I didn't want to tell you about this because I didn't want you to live in regret and guilt over the older generation's deeds. No matter who was in the wrong at that time, it is all in the past!"

The more he spoke, the more disconcerted he became. "Girl, listen to me. It is all in the past now. There are people who paid a painful price for this. Please don't pursue this matter anymore, okay?"

Jean could not bring herself to refuse Mr. Jevin when she looked at his earnest expression.

Mr. Jevin's hands shook uncontrollably. "It has been such a long time now. There is really no need to pursue this matter anymore. Don't trap yourself in hatred forever like the kid from the Royden family."

As soon as Mr. Jevin finished speaking, he leaned back against his pillow and waved his hand weakly.

"Leave when the road is clear. Don't ever come back, and don't look for me anymore."

Jean took a deep breath. "Mr. Jevin, please tell me one more thing. I promise that I will not bother you anymore again after this."

Mr. Jevin nodded slowly. "You may speak."

"Who took these two photos?"

Although there were five people in the photo, someone must have been holding the camera at that time. The person who wasn't in the photo was definitely the culprit!

Surprised covered Mr. Jevin's wrinkled face.

"If you don't want to say who he is, at least tell me his last name."

Why did the bearded man hate Sam Reece so much?

He did not even hesitate to burn down his own storeroom just to burn Sam's daughter to ashes!

Mr. Jevin shivered as he grabbed Jean's hand. He stretched out his trembling fingers, and wrote a word slowly in her palm.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

"I, I was too short-sighted when I was young. I took his bribe. I will feel guilt and shame for the rest of my life. I owe Royden family and your father....."

Jean only left Mr. Jevin's room after about ten minutes.

She looked at the man at the end of the corridor. The side profile of his face looked so cold under the dim moonlight.

Jean suddenly remembered Susan's words. Edgar was originally not a cold person. It was because he had experienced unimaginable pain that made him what he was today.

He was indeed cold. Painfully cold.

When he heard the sound of her footsteps, the man turned around. Jean's head was bowed. She was wiping her tears away. He walked towards her. "Have your questions been answered?"

Jean nodded.

She lowered her head. Mr. Jevin had told her one more thing just now, which Edgar didn't know. The culprit behind all this.

He had made his last request—she shall not tell Edgar the truth.

If he knew, the Reece family would suffer like the Eyer family.

And everything he did towards the Eyer family will become a permanent scar in his heart.

An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.

Edgar frowned hard. He opened his mouth to speak, but Jean moved away from him.

“It turns out that my father had wronged your family.”

Her soft voice filled the entire corridor. There was cold determination in her eyes as she looked at Edgar once more. “Edgar, I hope that you will never forgive me.”

The man froze in his spot for a long time as he watched Jean walk away.

He wanted to chase after her, but his heart hurt so much that he could not move forward.

The day has finally come.

Jean had discovered the truth. The last secret they withheld from each other had disappeared forever.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 300

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 300-Natural and Man-made Disasters

Jean kept running forward until she reached a corner where there was no one. She covered her face and wept helplessly. Tears covered her entire face at that moment. “Daddy...”

“Why? Why?” Mr. Jevin had told her that the person in charge of purchasing the construction materials was Sam Reece, and not her father.

But when the incident happened, her father was punished as he was the person in charge. He was instructed to bear all the consequences and responsibilities.

Ethan’s insurance was handled by her father too. In other words, her father had long known about Edgar.

It turned out that Edgar had married her for that purpose. The only people he had in mind when he saw her was his father’s death, and the only feelings he had for her were just hatred and exertion.

But she had married him eagerly. Jean cried until she could not move.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of rustling footsteps behind her. Just as she wanted to turn around to look, a hand covered her mouth. "Don't make any noise. Or else....."

She could feel a cold dagger against her waist. Jean nodded tremblingly. Then, she was taken into a van. Her head was covered with a black hood.

She had never heard this person's voice. Jean suddenly remembered about the missing driver. He had hidden somewhere quietly for two days. He must be either a local or was working with someone in the village. So he knew where to hide and had someone to cover up for him.

"Don't blame me. I'm paid to kill you. I'm just doing them a favor and earning some money for myself."

For a moment, Jean gave up the idea of struggling. She did not even think of running away.

Where could she run to?

Could she really help Edgar take revenge?

When the man saw Jean so obedient, he sneered. "What a pity. You are quite pretty."

He whistled and stepped onto the accelerator.

The road was muddy. It made the journey bumpy.

Jean was about to pass out from carsickness when she suddenly heard the man talking on the phone. "Don't worry. As long as you do as you promised and transfer money to my account, the woman will never get out of this village alive. She will be dead."

But the person at the other end of the phone did not seem satisfied.

The man spat on the ground. "Reece, don't you dare play tricks with me....."

Reece?

Jean opened her eyes. She peeked through the gap from the head cover and saw the man outside.

The word Mr. Jevin had drawn on her palm just now was Reece.

Sam Reece was the one who caused Edgar's pain and hatred. He had also made her lose her family!

Jean's abductor had his back facing the car. He was still bargaining on the phone with Sam Reece.

It was of the least of his expectations that Jean would break free from the rope that had tied her. She climbed towards the driver's seat.

Only when the sound of the car engine was heard did the abductor turn around. But it was too late. The car was headed towards him at full speed.

"Ah!"

The man screamed. He ran away in panic and threw away his phone.

Sam, who was at the other end of the phone, was startled by the noise. He clutched his phone hurriedly and looked at the person sitting opposite him.

"What should I do? It seems like they have made a mistake."

The person did not respond. He only took a sip of tea.

Sam was too nervous to sit tight. He sighed and rubbed his hands again. "How about I get some men to go over?"

But recently, it has been hard to find people willing to do shady business if their reward wasn't enticing. It was difficult too for him to find this driver.

If the driver made a mistake, it would startle his targets and arouse Edgar's suspicion.

As soon as he thought of this, Sam felt regretful. He wouldn't have done this if he knew that this would happen.

"They could escape after experiencing both natural and man-made disasters. Well, my nephew is indeed not an ordinary person, isn't he?" The man sitting opposite Sam spoke. It was Edbert Royden.

He was the one who instigated Sam to send a hitman to kill Jean and Edgar.

Sam feared him.

"Look, Mr. Royden. I have done what I ought to do. I have no other choices. Please let me go." Sam looked depressed.

He had been eyeing Edgar to be his son-in-law. He couldn't bear seeing Edgar hurt.

But Edbert had found out about his embezzlement of a project fund twenty years ago. And those costs that he had cut had led to the collapse of the building.

Nobody knew about this for years. How could he let this news spread?

How would he continue his business if it spreads?

His daughter will be shunned off too by the others. Sam did not want that to happen.

He had no other choice but to obey Edbert.

But he did not expect Edbert to be so cruel, that he would resort to even hurting his own biological nephew.

“Mr. Reece, you are mistaken. I have planned this especially for you so you can live a happy retired life later. Have you ever thought about what would happen if Edgar came back alive and found out about what you did? What would become of you?”

“That Gary Eyer, is a living example of what would probably happen to you.”

Sam’s face darkened after hearing Edbert’s words.

His hands shook as he poured the tea. He suddenly frowned and begged Edbert, “I beg you. Please! Show me a way!”

He did not want Edgar to hate him.

It was hard for him to get Gary to help him cover his crimes in the past.

If the truth were revealed, everything he had worked for till the present would go down the drain.

Edbert sneered when he saw Sam’s response. “I remember that your daughter is going into labor soon. Perhaps they should get married after the baby is born. Your daughter should have a title, after all.”

After Edbert finished speaking, he leaned onto his walking stick that was embossed with gold and jade, and walked out slowly.

Sam’s forehead was covered in cold sweat. He could not regain his thoughts for a long time.

Winnie Campbell came in with some fruits. When she saw Sam sweating in fear, she quickly walked near him. “What happened? Why are you so afraid of him? Is he not Edgar’s uncle?”

Sam did not answer her. He sat on the sofa in a daze.

Winnie helped him wipe off his sweat as she comforted him. "Gigi will definitely go into labor the day after tomorrow at the latest. Our whole family will be fine."

"No!"

Sam stood up immediately. "Change and follow me to the hospital. She must go into labor tonight, no matter what. And it must be a boy."

Winnie was shocked.

She put down the fruit platter and asked in a low voice, "What if it isn't?"

Sam glared at her fiercely. "Hurry!"

He had to win Edgar no matter what means he had to use.

When they arrived at the hospital, Andy Shaw was there too to see Gigi.

Sam immediately chased him out. He knew about the scandal between Andy and Gigi.

"Get lost! If I see you harassing Gigi again in the future, I will break your leg!"

Gigi was shocked too to see her father's reaction. She could not help but speak up for Andy, "Dad, he came as a friend. He's just concerned about me. You don't have to be so rude."

Winnie saw Sam's face turn ugly. She quickly pulled Gigi's arm. "How can you talk back at your father? He's doing this for your own good."

Gigi was unhappy. "Well, I didn't do anything wrong! Both of us are innocent. How can he shout at Andy like that?"

Slap.

Sam raised his hand and gave her a slap.

"You shut up! Get ready and go into labor now! If you do not give me a grandson, you are an ungrateful wrench who refuses to repay my kindness for raising you after so many years!"