

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 38

Chapter 38 Why Are Both of You Together When It's So Late?

Gigi Reece was frazzled as though she was caught in the act. In the blink of an eye, she hid her cellphone behind her back and pointed at Jean Eyer in an unbelieving manner. "Edgar, it's so late. Why are you with her?"

After the wedding was postponed, this was the first time the two women were seeing each other. Whenever she looked for Edgar Royden, Miles would tell her that Mr. Royden was busy.

A few hours earlier, the calls she made to Edgar Royden were rejected. But now, he and Jean Eyer were actually at the same hotel. "Why are you here?" Edgar Royden swept his gaze over the bathrobe on Gigi Reece.

The search of his eyes made Gigi Reece's heart constrict. Jean Eyer didn't understand what was going on. She looked at them like she was watching a show. "But... but aren't the both of you here together?"

Gigi Reece's face turned pale immediately. "Does it concern you?"

Jean Eyer shrugged. "You're right. It's none of my business, but didn't your Reece Group interfere with my family's bankruptcy? Does that concern me?"

"You..." Gigi Reece clenched her nails tightly into a fist. "The tables will turn, we'll see."

Jean Eyer laughed, "It's not early, I won't disturb the both of you." She promptly turned and went back to her room. In the corridor, Edgar Royden held back his anger. Looking at the tightly shut door, he felt more irritable.

When he turned around, he saw that Gigi Reece was clinging on to his body. He asked in a low voice, "Why are you here?"

He had yet to let it go.

"I..." Gigi Reece paused for a moment and concocted a lie with an unchanging face. "Ever since that day, mom and dad have been scolding me every day. I couldn't take it anymore at home, so I snuck out. Edgar, I really miss you. Please come in and stay with me for a while, alright?"

Edgar Royden was unmoving when faced with the woman's imploring.

It wasn't until Gigi Reece covered her lower abdomen with her hand. "The baby really misses you."

The child was the only card she had left, and she had to play it well.

Sure enough, the man's eyebrows moved slightly when she mentioned the baby.

"Stay with his mom for a while... Okay?" asked Gigi Reece, striking when the iron was hot.

She took Edgar Royden's ice-cold palm, and with her dragging him, he took a few steps forward. Edgar Royden's gaze swept over every inch of the room. When he intuitively felt like there was no one else in the room, he stepped into the VIP suite before sinking down into the couch.

"I brewed some tea. I'll get you a cup."

With her back facing Edgar Royden, Gigi Reece sent out a text message before she poured the tea. 'He's here. Don't come up under any circumstance, it'll be awful if we get caught!'

She leaned over gently and squeezed the man's shoulders. "Edgar, here."

Edgar Royden sat on the couch and drank the tea in one gulp after looking at it.

Somehow, his heart was in a frenzy when he thought of Jean Eyer and Ben Ludwig in the same room. Along with Gigi Reece's fragrance, he had a splitting headache.

"Edgar, although I lied to you at first, the feelings I have for you aren't fake. We even have a child together. It's all Jean Eyer's fault. She was the one who appeared out of nowhere and disrupted our plan. Dad said that we should have the wedding soon when I'm still not showing too much yet. We can't be the laughing stock of the other noble families in Yorktown."

This was an idea that Sam Reece and Winnie Campbell came up with. The only way to protect the child was to coax Edgar Royden to carry out the wedding.

She could then live out a good life for real.

Before she finished, she noticed that her hand on Edgar Royden's shoulder had been pushed away.

"I don't want to." Those few words said flatly carried no hidden meaning.

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"You don't want to?" Gigi Reece's voice was shaking slightly as she tried to figure out what he was thinking. "Edgar, do you want to break up with me?"

She still remembered how it was like when Edgar Royden and Jean Eyer were getting married. It was a jaw-dropping affair filled with glamour and prestige. The dowry was brought over by multiple cars, and among them were expensive jewelry of priceless value.

But when it came to her, he didn't want to have a wedding? At any rate, the child inside her was "his"!

Gigi Reece resented that but didn't dare voice out. All she could do was mumble her grievance. "If you insist on not wanting a wedding then... I'll go with your wishes."

Gigi Reece hung her head and pretended to wipe her tears away.

Edgar Royden was troubled by her sobbing. Since she was pregnant, his icy voice warmed up slightly. "After what happened at the last wedding, having another one won't look good for both families. Furthermore, you're pregnant. You shouldn't tire yourself out."

"Do you mean I can keep the child?" Moreover, Edgar Royden's tone sounded like he still cared for her.

A smile swiftly reappeared on Gigi Reece's face. She held on to Edgar Royden's arm and said, "I knew you didn't come back for Jean Eyer. She's no longer important to you, right?"

Edgar Royden's arm stiffened and he didn't speak for a while.

Gigi Reece said flirtingly in a self-absorbed manner. "Let's not have a wedding for the time being, but to compensate, you have to take a few days off and go with me to fashion week! This is the new itinerary the company planned for me and I want to go."

"Didn't you previously say that you'd leave the entertainment industry?" He asked in a low voice.

Gigi Reece replied coyly, "Please let me go, I want to go. I need to have my own career before I can be worthy of you! Likewise, the fashion week is especially important to me."

His mind flashed back to the night before he and Jean Eyer got married.

She tucked away the letter she just received from the design school and laughed, "Since you like me staying home, I won't further my studies. After getting married, I'll let go of my affairs at the company to just become Mrs. Royden. Don't worry too much about my dad, I'll convince him."

She really did it.

From the wedding preparations to leaving the workforce, everything Jean Eyer did was very efficient. Edgar Royden never had to say more which also made him look good in front of others.

This even made him think about how if the two families didn't have such an intense feud, would they have been able to spend a lifetime together?

Every decision Jean Eyer made prioritized their marriage. With just a word from his mouth, she could let go of her dream opportunity to study abroad in order to plan a home that was their own.

Even if he neglected her for two years, the text messages and gifts she sent were full of warmth.

He wasn't speaking but Gigi Reece was still going on. "Being pregnant at home is actually very boring. Do I really have to be a housewife?"

Edgar Royden didn't respond.

Gigi Reece panicked. She was just testing him but the man shook her hand off. He got up suddenly to leave. "It's your life. You decide."

"Really? So, you agree to let me stay in the entertainment industry." Gigi Reece was overjoyed.

She didn't notice at all how Edgar Royden was acting differently.

The man just said, "Mm."

The mirror reflected his chiseled side profile. The only person who he could control in the past was Jean Eyer. There would never be another one.

"Edgar, the sky isn't bright yet. Do you want to stay here with me?" Gigi Reece made a move to take his hand. "Do you not want to stay with our child?"

Edgar Royden pulled his hand back and said flatly, "No."

With just that one word, he left.

Memories were surging in his mind. The day Jean Eyer miscarried, he heard her cries in the hospital corridor.

That was his child, too.

He sat in the car and smoked one cigarette after another. What played on the radio was static from early morning broadcasts.

It was almost dawn when he turned the steering wheel and drove to the office.

A few minutes later, a car stopped at the elevator. Gigi Reece was wrapped in a windbreaker as she got in the car.

“Why did you just come!” She grumbled coyly as she shut the car door.

The car was dark, and the man who was driving moved the corner of his mouth. “I wanted to come earlier, but I would’ve bumped into Edgar Royden. Aren’t you afraid?”

Gigi Reece pouted her lips. “I didn’t know he was coming here. Are you jealous?”

The man laughed in a low voice, and his husky tone asked her coldly, “Send you home?”

When he was saying that, his hand was caressing Gigi Reece’s thigh.

Gigi Reece stopped his hand readily and laughed alluringly. She said, “Sure, there’s no one at home anyway.”

“You’re inviting a wolf in.”

He tossed his shades aside. As soon as he turned around, he pinned Gigi Reece onto the backseat.

“Ah!” Gigi Reece cried out. “Andy Shaw, you hurt me.”

The man’s actions showed no regret, and he kissed her hard. “Don’t you like playing like this, you little slut.”

“Oh, you’re so bad.”

The car was filled with the creaking noise of the car seat.

...

It was ten in the morning.

Jean Eyer left the hotel with Ben Ludwig. All was well last night. Ben Ludwig stood on the stairs and looked at Jean Eyer for a while.

He knew exactly what time she left, came back, and slept. How could he sleep with her in the same room?

He just didn't want to make things awkward for her.

The cellphone in his pocket rang.

It was a text message from Mr. Coleman. "Mr. Ludwig, you must be sure to attend the cocktail party tonight. Otherwise, Mrs. Ludwig is really going to get angry."

Ben Ludwig looked at his cellphone screen and didn't say a word.

"I'm leaving. I'll get in touch the next time there's a competition." Jean Eyer waved and left after she flagged down a cab.

Ben Ludwig stood where he was thoughtful. It seemed like there was no place for him in Jean Eyer's heart.

At least, not for now.

Jean Eyer withdrew money from the bank. There was no problem with the amount.

She divided the newly received cash prize into two. One for rent, the other for the debt collection company.

She received a reply quickly.

"Ms. Eyer, you're a woman of your word. It's just that this sum isn't enough to cover the interest. We hope you work harder, Ms. Eyer."

Jean Eyer silently cursed as she held her cellphone.

Why was this company so annoying? And where did they get their employees from? The way they spoke was so irritating, but there wasn't a single rude word. It bothered her for an inexplicable reason.

As she turned to leave the bank, a few young men caught up to her as soon as she took a few steps.

Jean Eyer felt that something was wrong and quickened her steps.

But she wasn't familiar with that stretch, and she was trapped in an alley with them. "You're Jean Eyer, right? When are you going to pay us back?"

"Pay you back? I don't know you!"

Jean Eyer wrinkled her brow as her gaze traveled back, looking for an opportunity to escape.

The leader among them had yellow hair, and he reached out to grip her wrist. “Ms. Eyer, the precious daughter of the Eyer Group and the ex-wife of Mr. Royden. How could we have the wrong person? Your dad owes our boss more than three million. Tell us, when are you going to pay us back!”

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Chapter 40 Debts

“My father’s debts are taken over by Opulence Financial. Where are you from?!”

When she was in the bank, Jean looked through the information that Ben had sent. Opulence Financial was a debt collection agency founded a few years back. The head of the company had a large influence. Those in the same field called him Draco.

The agency first started with illicit dealings. But they have turned over a new leaf for a while now. They no longer use violence in their work but functioned the same as any other collection agency.

These men must have other intentions for approaching her.

While they were distracted, Jean reached into her bag. She took out her pliers, the one she packed before the competition, and held it fiercely towards them.

“Don’t come near me!”

The ruffians smirked. “She’s a fierce one. We didn’t come for nothing today.”

“Man, I’ve heard that she served at Luminance Villa a while ago. Must have been pretty hot.”

“Edgar Royden’s lucky. A feisty ex-wife, and now he’s with Gigi Reece, the woman with that great body.” They leered at Jean every now and then.

Jean gripped her plier, trying to stop her hand from shaking.

Her heart was pounding out of her chest.

The yellow-haired leader raised his hand. “Come on, boys. Remember, treat her gently.”

“Stay away! Don’t come near me!”

Jean was on edge as she aimed for the weakest one in the center. She clenched her jaw and sprinted towards the man with her pliers in hand.

Although she was relatively weaker, she dashed as fast as she could. The man was caught off guard.

She hit him in the abdomen before he could dodge.

He doubled over with a shriek. Jean took the chance and ran with all her might.

She couldn't turn back nor stop.

As she went nearer the shops, tears began to flow down her face. The men gave up when she ran into the crowd.

Jean crouched in the middle of the street. Her hands trembled uncontrollably.

She cried softly. Her fingers were bent, spasming out of fear.

Somewhere on the second floor.

Edgar stood next to a window wall. His eyes were fixed on the crouched figure.

His phone rang, and he picked up the call.

A man's low voice came through the speaker. "It's settled. Those kids are not aware of the rule. I have sent some men to give them a lesson. But it's obvious that they were paid to do it. Should I continue investigating?"

Draco was the man talking to Edgar.

Draco wasn't keen on social events and rarely made an appearance. Edgar acknowledged him in all circumstances. But those men that had attacked Jean were of low rank. They were not told of the specific rule.

Edgar had helped Draco in the past. Not only that, but they also had relations in business too.

Miles was instructed to hand over Jean's debt collection to Draco's agency.

Edgar averted his gaze and replied coldly, "Thanks for the help. There's no need to investigate any further."

Draco laughed. "Sure. I'll report to you from time to time about the debt. There shouldn't be a problem with your request."

Draco hadn't expected a high-status man like Edgar to worry over his former wife.

Miles approached Edgar after negotiating with the other side. "Mr. Royden, Mr. Jansen has arrived at the café downstairs."

Edgar must head over to negotiate right away.

Edgar's eyes were still fixed on the slim figure.

He replied after a while. "Get someone to protect her. Make sure she's safe. And..."

Miles tilted his head and waited.

"Investigate the Reece family. See if there's any unusual movement there."

Miles was shocked. "Do you suspect that Ms. Reece is involved with the ruffians harassing Jean?"

As Miles finished his words, he quickly spoke again. "I apologize for being nosy, Mr. Royden. I'll inform our men immediately."

Edgar turned towards the elevator.

He hoped that Gigi wasn't involved in it. If the Reece family had done something to Jean behind his back, he wouldn't turn a blind eye toward them.

Edgar hadn't considered them as family.

They would've violated his principles if they had secretly meddled in his affairs. Plus, with Gigi's lie toward him, their marriage would be out of the window.

Miles followed Edgar into the elevator and felt the tense air.

Ms. Reece, don't be foolish.

Back in the street, Jean stood up slowly. She took a deep breath.

Don't be afraid. The worst time has passed. No one can stop you now.

She was still jittery when she reached her home. Her chest wasn't as tight after she took a hot shower and drank cups of water.

Her phone rang.

Her heart thumped when she saw it was an unknown number.

The ringing stopped when she didn't pick up. The phone began ringing again seconds later.

Jean bit her finger and accepted the call gingerly. "Hello?"

"Hello, Ms. Eyer. I'm Zane Garner, the customer service manager of Opulence Financial. I'll be in charge of your debt from now on. If anyone approaches you about your debt, feel free to contact me anytime. Our agency will deal with any unscrupulous competitor of ours."

Jean stayed silent.

"Ms. Eyer?"

She pressed the record button noiselessly. "What did you say earlier? The line was bad. I couldn't hear you."

The man repeated his words patiently. Jean racked her brain. "Do you mean if I'm harassed by those people again, your company will handle it for me?"

"Yes, one of our services is to guarantee our debtors' safety."

Jean thought it was reasonable.

If anything were to happen to her, there wouldn't be anyone left to settle her family's debts. Perhaps that was one of the struggles in the line of work.

She bit her lip. "Have you received the money I've sent today?"

"Yes, Ms. Eyer. We hope you'll work hard and clear your debt soon."

She felt that something wasn't quite right.

"How much do I still owe you?"

"There's 32.88 million left excluding interest."

As Jean placed her phone down, she felt that her future was bleak.

While she was looking through job postings online, Ben called. "There's a dinner in the evening, free of charge and buffet style. Do you want to come along?"

A free meal?

She glanced toward her empty kitchen. "Give me the address!"

At eight in the evening, Jean met the Ludwig family's secretary at the front door.

He was wearing a neat suit and had a bag embossed with a designer clothing logo in hand. “Ms. Eyer, please change into this.”

“What is that?”

“This is the ticket for this evening’s reception,” he said in a low voice. If Mrs. Ludwig found out that Ben had brought Jean along, she would flip out again.

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Chapter 41 Take a Guess, What Will I Do

Jean looked at the evening dress tentatively. Her stomach growled. She pushed the thoughts to the back of her mind and went to the ladies’ room with the clothes.

All the attendants of the evening were Yorktown’s celebrities in the entertainment industry. There were a few producers and directors, but most of the guests consisted of female stars and models. The banquet hall was filled with beauties in all directions.

Jean was dressed in a light-colored mermaid dress. It was perfect for the occasion. Her bare shoulders, boasting her clavicle, highlighted her slender neck. She was striking even amongst the gorgeous stars.

“What did your family plan for you? I’ll eat at the other side. Stay away from me.” She didn’t want to be dragged into any arguments. Her priority was to fill her stomach. “Don’t... I’ll stick with you wherever you go.”

He smiled cheekily. He was dashing—one couldn’t take their eyes off him. However, Jean saw through him. “You want to use me. Am I right?”

She was right. When a few stars came to flirt with Ben, he used Jean as an excuse to leave. He smiled and placed some food on her plate. “There’s no such thing as a free dinner in this world.”

Jean was probably the only person eating in the hall. She looked at the food on her plate and gritted her teeth. “Forget it. I’ll let you go this time.”

She treated it as payment for the meal. Ben smiled and watched her tenderly, never leaving her side. “Gigi, is that Jean?” A person on the second floor noticed. “She’s right next to Ben Ludwig. Are they really actually dating?”

Gigi was chatting about fashion week with her friends. Her face darkened at the remark.

“Dating? Could she date a Ludwig with her standing? She’s the one chasing after him. They even went to a hotel last night,” Gigi revealed. She found out about it after calling the hotel.

Jean had only left prison for a few days. They must have started the relationship earlier on. She was just a reject of the Royden family. But Gigi was envious of Jean, standing next to Ben dazzlingly.

“Is it really a one-sided relationship? I heard that Ben Ludwig had placed an order for a diamond ring from Cartier for her.” “So what?”

Gigi yelled. She tried her best but couldn't win over Edgar's heart. Yet despite being divorced and entering prison, Jean could entrance Ben. What did she have?

If Jean managed to marry into the Ludwig family first, would Gigi still have any dignity left?

“Gigi, don't be angry. Jean has nothing on you. She's a divorced woman, after all,” her friend said while grinning. “If she's with Ben, you won't have to worry that she might get back with Edgar.”

Yet the news of Edgar ending his wedding with Gigi had spread through the city.

Gigi couldn't stay in her seat. She excused herself to the ladies' room and made a call to Andy. “You said that Edgar paid off Jean's debts. Is that true?”

“Of course. Why?”

“Tell me, why would he do that?” She was uneasy. Andy comforted her. “He probably plans to destroy her himself. Edgar hates the Eyer family. He left her alone just to toy with her, crushing her in his own sweet time.”

“Is that true?”

Gigi was relieved. Jean walked into the toilet and went into a cubicle, acting as if she didn't see Gigi. Gigi spotted her through the mirror.

“Alright then. I'll hang up now.” She walked toward the cubicle.

Gigi didn't care what relationship Edgar had with Jean. All she wanted was to pay back the humiliation she experienced on her wedding day!

If I lock this door on the outside and pour a basin of cold water...

A devious smile formed on her face. As she lifted her hand, the door opened. “Argh!” Gigi slipped as Jean dragged her into the cubicle. Splash! Jean kicked the bucket of cold water on the step all over Gigi.

“You lunatic!” Gigi screamed, glaring at Jean. She was drenched while Jean was spotlessly dry.

Jean watched her with amusement. "You were staring at me and talking about me with your friends on the second floor. Do you think I'm as blind and dull as you are?"

Gigi gritted her teeth. "But you can't just pour cold water over me!"

"Am I supposed to wait for you to lock the door and pour water on me instead?" Jean shoved Gigi, pushing her against the wall. Jean had been on her guard ever since the incident with the thugs.

She noticed someone's gaze boring into her and went to the toilet to draw them out. She never expected Gigi to be so spiteful. Gigi struggled. "You maniac. I'm carrying Edgar's son. If anything were to happen to us, Edgar wouldn't let you go!" "Edgar's son?"

Jean muttered and lowered her eyes to Gigi's midriff. Do they have a child now?

But of course, they were divorced such a long time ago. He would have had a new love already.

Gigi's eyebrow twitched as she noticed Jean in low spirits. She smirked. "Kneel and apologize to me now. Find a way to dry my dress. If I feel any better, I'll say a good word or two to Edgar. Or else, just wait for your death. He could do anything for me and my child. Getting rid of you will be a walk in the park."

"Huh." Gigi heard a snort of contempt from Jean. She glared. "Jean, are you listening to me?!"

"I did, and I've heard it clearly." Jean bent down and picked up the broom from the corner, waving it at Gigi. She didn't seem to be affected by Gigi's words at all.

As Jean strode toward her, Gigi took a few steps back. She couldn't figure out Jean's thoughts. "You madwoman, are you trying to die? I'll scream for help!"

"Scream as much as you want. It will be amusing if those directors come and see the state you're in." Jean continued toward Gigi with the broom in her hand. "You! What are you doing?"

Gigi spoke and was hit across the face. She held her stinging cheek and retreated with alarm. Jean's gaze was terrifying, like a demon from hell. Her dark eyes were filled with hate.

Thunk. The broom hit the stairs. Jean raised it in the air. "Ms. Reece, let me remind you, so that you won't just get hit without realizing the reason." "You dare to hit me?"

"I have nothing but hatred for Edgar. A deep-rooted hate. You told me that you're pregnant with his child. Take a guess. What do you think I will do?"

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Chapter 42 A Suffocating Pain

Gigi stared blankly. She was only going to intimidate Jean. But now she was helpless in Jean's hand.

"I don't have much tolerance. I've always believed in an eye for an eye. I lost my child because of you all. It's only right if you were to receive what I did back then, no?"

Jean smiled sweetly, yet her gaze was hair-raising. "I will gladly enjoy watching Edgar lose his mind." "Don't be foolish now. Whatever grudge between the two of you has nothing to do with the innocent child!"

Jean stared and muttered, "That's true. The child is innocent." What about the child she lost?

Did anyone care at the time?

"No, don't come near me! Help! Is there anyone around!" Gigi shrieked in a panic. She took a few steps back and lost her footing, falling onto the toilet bowl.

Her dress was soaked through. Jean continued walking towards her, staring coldly at Gigi's pale face.

"NO!" Gigi's loud scream could be heard outside the ladies' room. Ben, who was waiting outside the door, finally went in and pulled Jean away.

At the same time, some guests heard a scream from the toilet and saw Ben leading Jean away, leaving a person sobbing in the toilet.

They peeked inside.

Gigi sat on the toilet seat looking like a drowned rat. She was drenched and a revolting stench came from her. But the highlight was the used toilet brush tied on her head.

She looked as if she had crawled out of a trash can. The others turned their heads, repulsed at the sight. "How does a lady turn into such a sight? What an embarrassment."

"Such a disgrace. What's that smell..."

Gigi trembled with anger. "Jean, you fox. I won't let you get away with this!" Ben led Jean to the garden at the back. "Are you hurt?"

Jean shook her head while frowning. "You came in too early. If I had a bit more time, I'll..."

His eyes dulled. "Enough already."

His face was filled with worry. Jean looked away without a word. The next moment, she was pulled into his embrace. His heartbeat was loud in her ear.

"Don't force yourself. I'd prefer it if you had hit her until she has a miscarriage. Whatever may come next, I will cover for you. But you have to admit, you couldn't do it to the child."

"I'm sorry for the trouble."

Jean took a deep breath. "There are so many reporters around. The news of you entering the ladies' room might be spread throughout the city. Your reputation will be affected."

Ben's expression relaxed.

"You..."

Before he could continue, he heard footsteps. He turned to look and Mr. Coleman was heading toward them. "Let's go. You didn't even get to eat much earlier. Let's go and eat something nice."

When Ben mentioned more food, Jean hesitated before following him. Half an hour later.

Gigi had changed into fresh clothes in a room above the banquet hall. Her agent, Linda, and Mona, her friend, didn't dare to enter as Gigi smashed the things in the room in an outrage.

Linda stared at her phone, awaiting a phone call when it finally rang. She answered it immediately. "Hello? Yes, I'll head down right now to bring you up, Mr. Miller."

Mona watched as Linda left and knocked on the door. "Alright, Edgar's here to see you now. I'll leave first while you prepare yourself. I think he cares more for you. His ex-wife definitely has nothing on you."

Gigi, who was cursing at Jean, stopped and stared around her. Fragments of a broken vase lay around her feet. At the end of the corridor, Edgar was hurrying to the room. His gaze was especially cold.

The conference of Project S with the overseas partner wasn't successful. He was going to work overtime that day. But when Gigi kept calling him, he couldn't focus on his work.

“Open the door.” “Yes, Mr. Royden. Gigi’s in here.” Linda opened the door quickly, hoping he would comfort the spoiled woman. He entered the room stiffly.

“Edgar!” Gigi was sitting pitifully on the carpet in a slip dress. There were bloodstains on her wrists and ankles. “What happened?”

Edgar turned her wrists and observed. There were some light wounds on it. But what’s that smell on her?

“It was Jean. She heard that I was here and came to hurt me. She even... threatened me to get rid of my child or else she would kill me.”

Gigi wailed and dived into Edgar’s arms.

“I don’t care what happens to me, but why does my child have to be cursed by her in such a way? Edgar, what did I do wrong? Was it wrong of me to fall in love with you?”

She lifted her head slowly. “Jean did this to me. She wanted to get rid of my child, saying that it’s revenge for the one she lost.” It didn’t matter if Jean had said those things.

Nothing else mattered as long as Gigi’s story made sense.

The guests at the banquet had seen her in that terrible state in the ladies’ room. As to whether there were injuries to her and what Jean had actually done to her, her statement as the victim should be more than enough.

Edgar’s face turned black. Gigi wiped the tears from her face. “Maybe I should go and beg her to let me go.” Edgar frowned as he stood up. “Did she really say those things?”

Gigi’s heartbeat quickened. Did he see through her lies?

She bit her finger and nodded. His face was darker than before. “Where is she?”

“She left with the Ludwig boy.” Gigi added, “Who could compete with her when it comes to seducing men?”

She shut her mouth immediately when Edgar gave her a chilling look.