

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 401

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 401-Not Interested

His cold behavior was what Gigi had expected. She wasn't the least bit concerned. She even looked at the cameras and waved. "There's been too much to do at Royden Group, and he's exhausted over work. Don't take too many photos of him, everyone."

She caught up with him from far away after that. The reporters discussed it one after another. "It seems like Gigi hasn't given up on Edgar. He doesn't care about her, but she's sticking to him!"

"There's no other way. Although Royden Group is in trouble, they still have a firm standing in the finance circle. Gigi is probably thinking that Royden Group can provide her with many resources."

"Let's catch up with her. I think Gigi is going to reveal many interesting things today." Gigi would go all out to grab hold of a man.

Before the press conference started, she acted gentle and considerate. The scene of both of them sitting side by side was broadcast on various big entertainment television stations.

Jean had just finished a meeting at Eyer Group and was on the way back.

She had just stepped through the doors when she received a call from Rachel. "Ms. Eyer, I think you should turn on the television."

Rachel panicked, and Jean knew that it wasn't anything good.

But she made her way over and picked up the remote control. Some things she couldn't avoid.

When a man and a woman appeared on screen, she couldn't help but frown. Didn't Edgar need to settle Royden Group's affairs? Why was he with Gigi, as she caused trouble?

Maybe people would change.

Rain pattered outside and fell on the window, making the whole world seem fuzzy.

Gigi's voice rang from the television, along with the sound of rain.

"I'm sorry, everyone. I took up public resources for personal reasons. I'm here to talk about everything today. The entanglement between Jean and I isn't because of Edgar. It's because... she is my biological elder sister."

Edgar's expression grew cold, and he immediately stood up.

Elisa and the bodyguards went over to stop him, but he reproached them coldly. "Get lost."

A perceptive reporter immediately said, "It seems like Edgar knew about their relationship beforehand!"

Gigi sat there and wept in a grieved manner. "When I found out about it, I wanted to withdraw and help them reconcile, but I thought about how our child needs to be nurtured and cared for."

"I never imagined that Jean misunderstood me and picked on me in all aspects. She even schemed against my adopted father's company."

"The publisher of La Laux wants to terminate my contract and replace the model because Jean was jealous that I was coming out of retirement, so she played tricks behind my back. How can she be so vicious when we share the same blood? She insists on taking me down."

Gigi started crying on stage.

Elisa controlled the crowd off-stage. She took out her walkie-talkie and said, "She's feeling it. Let the fans in."

The door opened, and the fans that had been arranged for rushed in and shouted, "Don't be afraid, Gigi. We support you!"

"A woman like that isn't fit to be your sister. Cut her off!"

The clamor came in waves, one after another. The crowd grew more difficult to control.

As the manager, Elisa immediately went on stage to fill the stage as Gigi was led away while dissolved in tears.

“We apologize. Gigi has been diagnosed with mild depression because of this. She won’t accept any jobs any time soon. Thank you for your understanding.”

She left without turning back.

The reporters came across a huge scoop. As it turns out, Jean’s true colors were disgusting.

The live broadcast was disconnected.

Jean’s cell phone vibrated non-stop. It wasn’t phone calls to harass her. It was Edgar.

She smiled in contempt and rejected the call.

No matter what he wanted to say, it wasn’t important.

Late at night, in the Royden’s family Villa, Nathan made a few calls and sighed. “The news is spreading too quickly. It will take some time to cover it up. Most importantly, you were there at the time. The reporters won’t let go of such amusing news.”

Everyone wanted a peek into the private life of the finance circle’s big shot.

Edgar had only made an appearance, but it was enough for the reporters to concoct all sorts of stories.

Edgar’s eyes were serious and cold. There was faint anger spreading in his voice. “What do I need to do to shut out Gigi?”

He wasn’t quite skilled with ‘business’ in this area.

Nathan’s eyes widened. “You’re throwing caution to the wind for Jean. The problem now is that if Gigi disappears from public view overnight, everyone will think that you did it.”

“I don’t care.”

Edgar turned his head to the side, and his gaze was firm. “Do you think that Gigi is a pawn in Uncle Edbert’s game?”

Nathan was dumbfounded.

When Edgar mentioned it, Nathan started to ponder carefully.

In the past, when Gigi chased after Edgar relentlessly and played her tricks, it could never spark anything.

When she gave birth, Edgar had even seen through it that she had cheated on him.

Now, she came out of retirement and made a comeback in such a short time. She smeared Edgar and Jean's reputations and made it impossible for them to reconcile in public. Other than ruining Jean's design career, she had also pinned down Edgar's attention. Gigi couldn't think of such proper and comprehensive plans with her brain.

Nathan let out a sigh. "You mean to say that he ruined her acting career and ignored the fact that she's Jean's sister?"

Killing two birds with one stone. If Edgar solved this matter, he could keep his guard up against Uncle Edbert.

Edgar answered indifferently, "Mm."

"Sorry for troubling you. I'm going to go out for a while."

"It's so late. Where are you going?" Nathan glanced outside. "It's still raining."

"To say sorry. To apologize."

A chilly morning came after a rainy night.

Jean didn't sleep well the whole night. She kept dreaming, and when she woke up, she felt tired. She looked at the time and dragged her feet to the kitchen to look for food.

She couldn't turn on her cell phone today.

Otherwise, Gigi's rabid fans would blow her phone up.

The curtains at the full-length windows in the living room weren't drawn. When she went downstairs, she saw an indistinct figure that swept past. From the looks of it, it was a man.

Jean was stupefied.

Have they gone mad?

They were hiding sneakily outside her house.

Jean gritted her teeth fiercely and looked around for something to defend herself. She was about to walk around the living room and report it to the police on her landline behind the couch.

But she was walking over when she noticed that the indistinct figure looked a little familiar.

An average man's figure wouldn't be so stiff and upright, and fans wouldn't wear a high couture suit to throw eggs at her house, would they?

A name appeared in her mind.

Jean slowly sighed and made her way over. She knocked on the glass. "You have such wide interests these days, Mr. Royden. Do you like climbing through people's windows?"

Edgar was frightened by the sudden noise.

He was afraid that there would be people harassing her at her house, so he braved the rain and kept guard outside her house the whole night, but he was met with such a comment from her.

Edgar was upset.

But after all, he had been used to hurt her. He explained guiltily, "Listen to my explanation before you condemn me, alright?"

"I'm not in the mood, and I'm not interested," Jean said before shutting the windows.

If she saw it correctly, there were traces of rain that hadn't dried on Edgar's shoulder. How long has he been standing outside...

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 402

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 402-Face to Face but Far Apart

Edgar smelled the faint smell of mud in the courtyard. He pressed on the bridge of his nose in exasperation. It had been a long time since he established Royden Group that he had been in such a tight spot.

He took out his cell phone and called Miles. "Send two sets of break... lunch here."

Hearing the address that Edgar told him, Miles flew down the stairs. His boss had gone to apologize and ask to reconcile. He had to plan the logistics well.

Otherwise, it would be the end of his job as an assistant. "Don't worry, Mr. Royden. I'll be there right away." Miles grabbed breakfast and a bouquet of roses quickly.

When he arrived hurriedly, Jean hadn't opened the door for Edgar. "Why did you buy flowers?" Edgar's voice deepened, blaming Miles for being meddlesome.

Miles said at once, "Even if Ms. Eyer has a cold personality, she's a woman after all. All women love flowers." Edgar looked at him half-disbelievingly.

"Leave the things. You may go." Miles nodded immediately. "Good luck, Mr. Royden. If there's anything, call me any time." Two minutes after Miles had left, the door opened.

"Bring it in." Jean's face was cold, and her tone was unhappy. She had been forced to stay at home for a few days. She was about to go out for groceries yesterday, but she couldn't because of the press conference.

There was now nothing to eat at home. Edgar's face lit up. He held on to the things and walked in, but the big bouquet of roses in his hands was flashy.

"Throw that away." Jean walked in without turning around. The man walked up the steps and did as she said. They ate quietly. Although Edgar sat across from her, Jean treated him like air.

The air was too still. Edgar wanted to say something a few times, but he couldn't think of anything to say and admitted defeat.

She put down her cutlery, and the food in front of her was wiped clean.

Jean was quite pleased with the food.

She raised her eyes to look at him. "I don't care what you have to say. I don't want to hear it. I'll pay you back for this meal."

"Are you angry at me?"

Jean wrinkled her brows and looked at the serious gaze on his handsome face. She wanted to scold him.

If he hadn't gone to the press conference, it wouldn't have turned into such a big deal.

"Mr. Royden, you should be very busy now. Royden Group is in such difficult straits. Do you have the time to make idle conversation with me here?" Jean couldn't understand him.

He was completely different from the Edgar she knew in the past.

"You understand what I mean. Jean, how long are you going to hide for?"

He could indulge her.

Once or twice was fine.

But he had already done so much. Wasn't she going to give him a chance to talk nicely?

"You know that I didn't go to the press conference for Gigi's sake, I did it..."

"For me, right?" Jean turned around. Her eyes were bright and beautiful yet indifferent. She enunciated each word. "I'm guessing that someone blackmailed you or reached some sort of agreement with you, which was why you went. When you left on the spot, I knew that Gigi broke the promise with you."

As expected, she was very smart.

Edgar's suspended heart fell to the ground. If that was the case, he didn't need to waste time explaining.

"Yes."

“So you should be able to understand that I don’t want to see you not because I want to avoid you but because there is so much on my plate. I’m not in the mood to play games with you.”

Jean laughed in a rage.

“Royden Group isn’t in as bad a state as you and Nathan say it is, right? You said that you’re not feeling well, but in actuality, you’re healthy. Otherwise, you wouldn’t stay outside and get drenched for half the night, like someone who has nothing to do.”

When Jean closed the windows, she came to her senses.

Edgar and Nathan had worked together to trick her.

News about his company being on the verge of bankruptcy and his upper gastrointestinal bleeding were nonsense!

She had gone to the hospital to see him like a fool.

Edgar’s expression sank.

He had been in a rush to explain things to her but neglected that.

It was too late for him to pretend to be ill.

“So I don’t dare trust what you have to say. Please leave. There’s nothing that we can talk about,” Jean said calmly. There was no trace of hesitation in her voice.

Edgar was dumbstruck.

At that moment, it was as though there was a void in Edgar’s heart as he looked at her thin yet steady figure.

His explanation came too late, and he had put on a show for too long. It had upset her.

Opportunities only came once.

He didn’t let her walk into her room. He walked up to her and grabbed hold of her. “You still have me in your heart, which was why you let me in. I was there that day when you came up with the design. I can be the person who

understands you the most in the world. What's done is done. Let us start again, alright?"

Jean took a deep breath in.

She pushed him away forcefully. "How do you understand me? Do you think you know me well by seeing me come up with my design draft or keeping Eyer Residence's furniture for me? Edgar, other than scheming in relationships, can you be a little more sincere?"

"Back then, when you schemed against my dad and planned for us to get married, you were very diligent indeed. But I don't appreciate anything that you've done."

Jean turned on her cell phone after that.

A stream of messages scolding her flooded in. Jean opened a few and showed them to Edgar. "I'm tired of living like this as an ordinary person. Stop making things difficult for me."

"If you're not going to leave, I'm going to call the police."

After all, she didn't mind appearing on the news again.

In the end, Edgar didn't say anything and left in a desolate manner.

But the thin figure standing in the living room was sobbing silently.

In the afternoon, Gigi was having a good sleep. She had just woken up when she decided to look at comments scolding Jean so that she could feel happier today.

She never thought that her personal account had been restricted.

Then, she received two messages on her cell phone.

The first was from Elisa, telling her to rest and not go to work or other schedules.

The second was a message from La Laux sent personally to her. "Ms. Reece, the letter of termination has been sent to your talent agency. Please sign it as soon as possible."

Gigi held onto her cell phone, and her fingers trembled uncontrollably.

“It’s impossible. This is impossible...”

She did as Edbert had instructed, and Jean was taking all the blame now. La Laux was supposed to back her as the cover model to retain their reputation and extend the contract.

Perhaps her schedule would be affected, but not so much that she had to rest at home. Wasn’t that a lie to the reporters?

Gigi called Elisa, and Elisa only answered after a few tries.

But she was rude to Gigi.

“The message I sent to you is clear enough. What else do you want?”

“How long do you want me to rest for? I just came out of retirement. I still have many schedules waiting for me.” Gigi was distraught. “Can you afford to compensate me if you ruin my career?”

“Pfft. Ms. Reece, stop dreaming. If not for the money supporting you from behind the scenes, do you think you would be able to do it? You have to wait for further instructions regarding your rest period. From the looks of it right now, it should be indefinite.”

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 403- Ask Your Biological Elder Sister to Help You

Gigi was livid, and her body trembled. Before she could say anything, Elisa said, “People of no value will be abandoned. If you have the time to argue with me, you better use it to ask your bankroller.”

Gigi could come out of retirement all because of the power of money. It was normal to be shut out when she had no value of use.

But to Gigi, this was a deadly blow. She immediately rushed down the stairs and ran out of the house. The servants wanted to stop her, but Sam called them back.

“Let her go.” The servants hung their heads in panic and didn’t say a word.

“She has to make Edgar change his mind so that all the years I’ve raised her won’t be in vain. If this drags on any longer, she will single handedly destroy her life.”

At that moment, in the Yorktown airport, a stylish and beautiful figure appeared at the arrival terminal. The bag she was holding was small and exquisite but cost millions. A pair of black shades covered her beautiful eyes.

“Ms. Summer, please get in.”

The people who picked her up were respectful and stood on both sides of the luxury vehicle.

Sherry Summer’s hand loosened, and she got into the car. When the car shut automatically, she took off her shades. Her voice sounded elegant and intelligent. “Where is Mr. Edbert?”

“He is waiting for you at home.”

“Let’s go quickly. I can’t wait.”

She wanted to meet a certain person and do a certain thing.

Gigi went to meet Mr. Boyle but was refused at the door, so she rushed to Edbert’s villa. She got through the doors, but Edbert didn’t mention a word of this.

“Your body is weak, and you need rest. It’s good to use this time to rest properly.”

“But didn’t you give me two months? How do I have the time to rest?” Gigi gazed at him fiercely. “Or do you mean to say that you think I have no more value of use?”

Could abandoned good-for-nothings only wait to die?

No. She refused to accept it.

Edbert looked up and saw animosity flashing in Gigi’s eyes. It was directed at him, Sam, and even her biological sister, Jean.

This was what Edbert wanted.

His lower lip curved meaningfully. "I'm not going to hide it from you. I've chosen a new target for Edgar. She's about to arrive."

"What?"

Gigi was surprised. "Are you kidding me? You've fallen out with Edgar. He knows that you're the one operating behind the scenes. He will never accept someone you introduce to him."

Edbert was playing with a teacup in his hands and seemed to click his tongue in astonishment.

"The fact that you can think about this is beyond what I expected."

Half an hour later, Gigi watched as Sherry walked in. Every move she made was elegant and proper. She was truly a daughter from a noble family. Gigi and Jean might not even be able to beat her.

And Sherry looked more pleasant the more people looked at her.

Even when Sherry knew who Gigi was, she smiled and extended her hand to Gigi. "Thanks for your trouble in taking care of Edgar. In the future, I hope that you can completely disappear from his side."

She openly and brazenly asserted her dominance.

"Who do you think you are? You don't have the right to say this to me!" Gigi was flustered and exasperated. She said ferociously, "Edbert, I will tell Edgar all about you blackmailing me and everything you ordered me to do. At worst, I'll take you down with me."

Edbert stood up indifferently. "I'll leave this to you."

"Don't worry, Mr. Edbert." Sherry smiled. Her smile was incredibly bright and beautiful, and she looked very pretty.

The next moment, she walked in Gigi's direction.

She reached out her fair hand and lifted Gigi's fallen hair. "I saw the news about you on the flight. Were you shut out by the company? It must be

Edgar's doing. So, you shouldn't come here. You should go to Eyer Residence."

"Ask your biological elder sister to help you."

She knew what had happened here like the back of her hand!

Gigi looked at the beautiful face before her and felt a chill run down her spine. This woman was a knife that Edbert had hidden, and she had been waiting in the wings.

Sherry's fingers slowly slid down.

She suddenly clutched Gigi's neck.

Her sharp fingernails dug into the flesh. It hurt so much that there was blood.

"Let... go..."

"I'm not a very patient person. I can help you think of ways if you are obedient and listen to me, but if you look at me like that again, I will make you disappear completely."

Sherry's smile deepened. "Vanish in that sense. It will hurt a lot."

'Smack'

Her hand loosened, and Gigi trembled as she hid behind. Her eyes were filled with fear.

Sherry looked at her fingernails and shook her head discontentedly. "How did Mr. Edbert choose someone as dumb as you? You've wasted so much time."

Gigi's hand trembled as she covered her neck. She didn't dare to look up.

She only ran out in a panic when Sherry took off her coat and went upstairs.

"If you tell anybody about this, you will die."

Gigi's legs were weak when she walked out of the villa. She walked aimlessly along the street alone until a passerby recognized her.

"Are you Gigi Reece?"

She covered her face and hailed a cab in a panic.

“Where to, miss?” The driver turned to ask.

Gigi told him the address of Eyer Residence in a cagey manner.

Jean had just settled the specifics with a lawyer. She wanted to use legal means to defend herself. She had to protect her reputation in the design industry. Otherwise, she had no way to stay in this industry.

A series of panicked knocks interrupted her thoughts.

“Who is it?”

She looked at the figure standing at the door, and her brows wrinkled tightly.

Through the surveillance camera, she asked, “Why are you here?”

Gigi felt guilty and kept crying. “Save me. I really... I have nowhere else to go!”

Jean turned off the surveillance screen.

“Jean, you can’t treat me like this. The whole world can ignore me but not you. If you were the one who had been taken away back then, you would be the one going through all the pain that I’m feeling now.”

Gigi knocked on the door and cried out loud incessantly.

The more she shouted, the less energy she had. Her voice was becoming hoarse.

After a long time, the door in front of her opened.

“Come in.”

Jean furrowed her brows and looked at Gigi. Her sorry state was on par with roadside beggars. “I’m not letting you in because I’m softhearted. It’s so that you won’t disturb the peace of Eyer Residence.”

Gigi bit the corners of her lips and didn’t say anything.

“Weren’t you crying out loud just now? Have you turned mute?”

Gigi looked down and suddenly sneered.

“I ended up here today because of my own doing, but don’t be too happy. It will be your turn sooner or later.”

She looked up, and the red bloodstains on her neck were a ghastly sight.

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 404-“What happened to your neck?” “None of your business,” Gigi said viciously. She seemed like a different person from the one outside who had been begging Jean to open the door.

She looked around and sized up the Eyer family’s villa. “Now that everyone knows that I’m also an Eyer, I have the right to inherit half of Eyer Group’s properties and everything in this house, right?”

Without waiting for Jean to say anything, Jean went up the stairs to the second floor. She sized up the decorations and furniture as she assessed the value of the house.

Jean shook her head in a self-deprecating manner. She poured away the glass of water that she had poured out for Gigi.

If not for the fact that Jean was afraid that Eyer Residence’s peace would be disturbed, she would have chased Gigi out right away.

She didn’t care if Gigi lived on the streets or if she was sold off by Sam to whomever!

Hearing footsteps walking down, Jean asked coldly, “Are you done counting?”

“This house is too old, and upstairs is too small. It’s not in a good area, and it can’t go for much.” Gigi clicked her tongue.

Jean laughed lightly. “Is it very different compared to Reece Residence? Why don’t you go back now and continue being a Reece? No one is begging for your return here.”

Gigi’s expression froze.

She gritted her teeth and said fiercely, “Fifty million. Give me what I deserve.”

Jean looked at her seriously for a while. "I don't have the money."

If Gigi had a smaller appetite, perhaps she would have agreed. But under such circumstances, Jean had extended a helping hand. Not only was Gigi unrepentant, but she also trampled all over Eyer Residence.

"Then I'll play this game with you."

Gigi took out her cell phone to contact the paparazzi and reporters.

After all, her life wouldn't improve, so she would drag Jean down with her.

'Slam'

Jean smacked her cell phone away and said coldly, "Leave my house."

"No! I am also part of this..."

"Have you asked about mom and dad since you walked into the house?"

Gigi's gaze dulled completely. She held onto the branded bag in her hands and mumbled, "This is what you owe me. You must satisfy me no matter how much I want."

She recognized the reality of things. Edgar would never want her, and her reputation had been destroyed. She couldn't return to the entertainment industry.

She could only escape after she took assets from the Eyer family that belonged to her.

She picked up her cell phone and glared at Jean reluctantly. "Wait and see. I will make you understand the consequences of abandoning me."

She ran out without turning around.

The door closed, and Jean frowned in frustration. Her cell phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Edna.

Ever since rumors broke of her plagiarized designs, Edna and her assistant had been avoiding Jean, but she was now calling Jean of her own accord?

“Ms. Eyer, can you come to the office if you have the time? Some things are better said in person.”

Jean gripped her cell phone and slowly agreed.

Under the circumstances, she didn't have any expectations about the design of La Laux's cover.

When she arrived at Edna's office, a signed and sealed letter of termination was in front of her.

“Ms. Eyer, the company has investigated, and most of the dirt on you is false. We have contacted the people in charge at MON & Co., and they were willing to testify for you. We had quite a poor attitude previously, and I apologize.” Edna played down what had happened as she talked about the matter.

Jean was amused. She looked at the letter of termination and didn't say anything.

Edna coughed lightly and signaled to her assistant, who immediately shut the door.

Jean looked over, and her tone was serene. “Is there anything else, Ms. Jadot?”

Under such circumstances, she knew that La Laux wanted to draw a line with her.

Clarifying misunderstandings and apologizing was just talk.

“Ms. Eyer, I regret not being able to work with you, but I think that your design is quite good, so I want to give you an invitation as part of a personal apology.”

Edna took out an envelope and pushed it to Jean.

“The godfather of the fashion industry, Mr. Kalel Cordova, will be holding a private party tomorrow night. Perhaps you may find an opportunity to make a comeback there.”

Why is she being so kind?

Jean hesitated. If she could get into that private party, maybe there would be some kind of miraculous opportunity.

It was Kalel. He was a legendary figure who could hold up the entire fashion week. He had a very high standing in the areas of fashion and jewelry design as well.

“I admire your talent. You shouldn’t fall into oblivion here. Furthermore, Mr. Ludwig introduced us to each other. I hope that we can stay friends in the future.”

Jean blinked and took out a pen before signing her name quickly.

“There’s no need for that.”

She smiled and pushed back the signed letter of termination. “Ms. Jadot, you shouldn’t stay in magazine publishing. You should be a businesswoman instead.”

Edna was disgraced. Her smile was a little awkward. “What do you mean? I’m trying to help you out of the kindness of my heart. You should know how hard to come by this invitation is!”

Jean looked down. “It isn’t just hard to come by. It’s more difficult than climbing to heaven. If I turn this down, I might never meet Kalel in person for the rest of my life.”

“It’s good that you know.”

Edna folded her shoulders and revealed a haughty smile. “I’m doing it for Mr...”

“But I’m also aware that there is no such thing as a free lunch. You rejected my calls a few days ago, but you’re taking the initiative to express goodwill to me today while telling me that I’m talented. I think that you have your eye on that design, don’t you?”

Jean had been inspired by Edgar and sketched that design.

It was breathtaking, and it was enough to hold up an entire season’s jewelry line from a high-end luxury jewelry brand.

As soon as she said it, Edna's expression was nasty. At that moment, Jean knew that she was right.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Jadot. I've applied for patent rights for the design draft. If La Laux makes any modifications to the base of my design, it will be considered plagiarism. I will ask my lawyers to get to the bottom of it."

"You... you don't have to go so far, do you? With your current circumstance, you will never make a comeback. The design will never see daylight in your hands."

"That's right. I would rather it become ash than let it get exploited."

Jean got up and looked at her coldly.

"Everything started because of Gigi, but La Laux's indifferent attitude seeped into the outside world and silently pressured others. Perhaps you wanted to devour my design as your own from the start."

Edna was dumbstruck.

The truth of the ruse was always bloody.

Edna couldn't put on an act any longer. She said fiercely instead, "So what if that was the case? Although your design is good, without a good reputation and financial backing, it's just a useless piece of paper!"

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 405-Before Jean could say anything, Edna threw dozens of design drafts on the table. "There are so many good designers in the world. I have my eye on yours because you're lucky. Furthermore, your design draft still needs to be tweaked and modified. It's not perfect."

She was gaslighting Jean so that Jean would think the design draft wasn't worth anything. That way, La Laux could buy the draft at a low price. "Your current financial situation isn't quite..."

"Ms. Jadot, thank you for helping me understand how deep the water is in the industry. My thoughts won't change because of my circumstance. No one can

use my design draft without my permission. Otherwise, you can wait to receive a lawyer's letter."

Jean was straight to the point.

She opened the door and left without hesitation.

Edna's assistant, Molly, mumbled at the side, "Why are you being so pretentious? The earth can still revolve without you."

But Edna's expression grew sinister. "Shut up. What do you know? The boss has settled on the design draft. I have to get it."

"But Jean seems so stubborn. I'm afraid it's useless no matter how much money we offer her." Molly's voice grew softer as she sized up her boss' expression.

"Everyone in the world has something that they care about. As long as we find her weak spot, she will have to comply."

"Do you have an idea, Ms. Jadot?" Molly's eyes lit up.

Edna's gaze fell outside the full-length window. She smiled indifferently, "Of course."

Jean walked out of La Laux angrily. When she calmed down, she was standing on the side of a busy road.

Gusts of cold wind made her sober.

She took out her cell phone and wanted to call Ben, but she thought of how busy he must be recently, so she decided not to trouble him with matters like this.

She was furious, but she had nowhere to vent.

Seeing that she wasn't signed with any design company and had no reputation, La Laux was taking advantage of the matter with Gigi to reap the benefits of the fisherman.

Although Jean had been vicious with her words, she knew better than anyone that if she went up against La Laux, she might lose in court even if she had a smoking gun.

Unless she could stand firmly on her two feet in the design industry in a short amount of time.

What Edna had said drifted into her mind.

But the invitation to the private party... It wouldn't be easy to get her hands on it.

Far away, the driver of a black limousine spotted her and drove over after consulting with his boss.

The car windows slid down. Hugo's long and narrow eyes were shining with warmth. "Are you waiting for someone, Ms. Eyer?"

"No. I just finished work." Jean smiled.

"Where are you going? Let me send you." It was as if he knew that Jean was going to turn him down with the excuse of it being too troublesome, so he added, "I want to talk to you about the specifics of the partnership project that I previously discussed with your assistant."

Jean opened the car door. "Sorry to trouble you."

The smile between Hugo's lips deepened. "Let's go."

"I've been busy with other matters lately and haven't been to the office much. Are there any problems with the project?" Jean didn't like to beat around the bush, and she felt that Hugo must be busy. She didn't want to take up his precious time.

"Are you busy with your design career?" He wrote down an address on a piece of paper before he handed it to his driver.

He turned his head to the side to look at Jean, and his eyes were deep yet shining brightly.

"How did you..."

"I surf the internet too." Hugo joked with a straight face, but at the next moment, his tone grew serious. "If there's anything you need help with, let me know any time. I know a few friends who are pretty good in the legal industry."

He said it in a courteous manner.

In reality, he was worried that Jean would be heavily outnumbered. If she went up against La Laux, she didn't have much power.

"Thank you, but it shouldn't go that far." She would try hard and look for a way to get into the private party.

She had a nervous expression, but she also looked like she had a card up her sleeve. It was intriguing.

Soon, the car stopped at a department store.

Hugo quickly said, "It's Ellie's birthday soon. Can you help me choose a present for her? It's hard for me to make sense of what little girls like."

Thinking about how Mason Residence was decorated like a fairytale castle, Jean couldn't hold back her laughter.

"Do you know Ellie told me last time that she doesn't like the color pink?" Jean said gently.

The man smiled slightly bitterly.

"I thought that she did." He gestured to Jean in a gentleman-like manner. "Sorry to trouble you today."

He deliberately imitated what Jean had said. The mood between the two was amicable as they walked into the department store together.

But what Jean didn't know was that the department store was taken over by Royden Group half a year ago.

Five minutes later, Edgar's car drove into the parking lot. He had publicly implied for a week that he was sick. It was time for him to make an appearance.

And Edbert said that he wanted to talk to Edgar today.

As soon as Edgar got out of the car, the department store manager welcomed him with a smile. "Where would you like to go, Mr. Royden?"

"Anywhere."

As the man was speaking, the manager beside him started to sing his praises, but his sharp eyes stared straight at two figures in the children's area through a full-length glass in the corridor.

Miles observed Edgar's expression and immediately noticed something odd.

"To the third floor, Mr. Holt."

"Third floor? Isn't that the children's clothing section?" Mr. Holt was baffled. He thought that the section was the last place Edgar would choose to go to in the building.

Edgar didn't have children. Why would he go there?

But as a subordinate, he had to immediately obey his boss' instructions.

The employee who was entertaining Jean and Hugo received an order and immediately stopped the two of them frantically. "I'm sorry, this section is closed for the time being. Please head to the other floors."

"What?"

Jean was perplexed.

Hugo, who was standing next to her, looked in the direction of the elevators. A few people were walking over aggressively.

The figure at the front was more than familiar.

Edgar's gaze was fixed on Jean. His voice was icy and cold. "Why are you here?"

Jean understood in an instant.

This department store was his, but she couldn't understand why Edgar wanted to clear the area.

"I came to the department store because there's obviously something I want to buy."

The coldness in Edgar's eyes grew. "You came to buy children's clothing?"

Jean was flabbergasted.

She felt that he was deliberately finding fault, so she looked at the man next to him, who seemed like the manager. "Do you have some sort of rule in your department store? Do you not sell things to people with a certain last name?"

"No, there's no such thing." Mr. Holt came to his senses at that moment. Isn't the person before him Mr. Royden's ex-wife?

He was done for.

This was the first time that Mr. Royden had come to inspect since he took over the department store, and he met his ex-wife, who was shopping at the children's clothing section with another man...

Mr. Holt said a silent prayer for himself, hoping that he still had a job the next day.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 406

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 406- Nice to Meet You, Mr. Royden

Edgar's face was cold. Behind him, Miles was nervous but didn't dare to go forward.

He understood his boss' temper well. It was going to be hard to walk away from this.

"It seems like Mr. Royden has something to do. Let's go somewhere else," Hugo said gently. There was still a polite smile on his face, but his eyes revealed his displeasure.

Jean treated Edgar like air and immediately agreed. "Alright. The things here aren't extensive anyway. I don't like anything so far."

The two of them walked past Edgar and into the elevator.

As the doors closed, Edgar looked away. He wasn't in the mood at all.

After a long time, he moved away. "Miles, to the office."

"What about your meeting with Mr. Edbert..." Miles reminded him in a low voice. They had agreed to meet at a restaurant on the first floor of the building.

The emotion in Edgar's eyes was hard to discern. From where he was standing, he could see Jean and Hugo walking out from the hall on the first floor.

She was in off-white sportswear, and it suited her demeanor. It was simple and natural.

He didn't know if he had bad eyesight, but he felt that when she turned sideways to look at Hugo, the corners of her mouth were curved.

"To the first floor."

Edgar said in the end as he moved his feet.

In that one week, there had been great commotion internally in Royden Group. He had readjusted the three big departments of the company and fired a few discontented high-level managers.

Some of them were Edbert's confidants from overseas branches.

It was Edgar's way of officially declaring war on him and also a reminder.

After all, they were related. If Edbert repented sincerely, he wouldn't go overboard. No matter how viciously he treated others, he was still sensitive to the Royden family.

And Edbert had taken advantage of this.

Edgar walked into the restaurant, and the server led him to a seat by the window. A beautiful woman was sitting there.

She wore an exquisite dress that revealed her shoulders. Her long hair was tied behind her head, and she seemed very gentle and elegant.

Edgar's gaze didn't stop on her. He looked at the server next to him instead. "That's not the right seat."

As soon as he said it, the woman smiled and stood up. "It is, Mr. Royden. Please have a seat."

She instructed the server after that, "Serve the food."

Edgar's searching gaze fell on her.

She wasn't hasty. She was polite as she said, "I was feeling a little hungry just now, and I don't know what you like but I ordered food. I'm sorry about that."

"It's alright."

Edgar's tone was indifferent. "Where is Uncle Edbert?"

He knew that Edbert had agreed to meet him here, but he couldn't recognize the person before him.

"Uncle Edbert isn't feeling too good, so he left and asked me to stay to meet with you." She seemed to come to a realization. She took out a name card from her leather clutch and handed it to him. It was pure white and had a simple design. Her name was on it, Sherry Summer.

As part of social etiquette, Edgar received it, but the company name behind it made him do a double take.

"Pinnacle Group?"

Sherry smiled gently. "Yes. I've been working there for five years, and I just returned to the country."

Pinnacle Group was an overseas investment company that was run by a powerful family. They had just appointed a female president lately. It was very likely that she would be the future successor of Pinnacle Group.

Edgar put the name card down, and his gaze on the woman before his eyes deepened. He wasn't curious about her. There was a sense of warning instead.

He was afraid that Edbert had other intentions for introducing this girl at a time when Royden Group was internally messy.

"Is this how you treat women, Mr. Royden?" Sherry's expression sank a little. "We're meeting for the first time, but I waited twenty minutes for you. I thought about it, and there's nothing I did wrong. It's very rude how you look at me with your guard up."

Her voice was clear and cold.

In a trance, a fleeting scene flashed across Edgar's mind.

It seemed like Jean had also been like this the first time he knocked on Eyer Residence's doors...

He clenched his fist and said slowly, "I'm sorry. There was traffic."

Sherry smiled and shook her head.

"Why are you smiling?"

"You don't know how to lie at all. I saw you and your assistant upstairs just now. This building is under your company, isn't it? The brands brought in are quite good, but the management is lacking." Sherry instantly switched to a professional tone, as if the brief interlude had never happened.

"If there are amusement activities for children on the second floor, this can spur the merchants on the third floor..."

The topic had switched to work unknowingly.

When the food was served, every dish was up Edgar's alley. There wasn't any exception.

Sherry knew her limits. She said what she needed to and kept quiet if not.

When they got up to leave, she took the initiative to tell Edgar why they had met. "Mr. Edbert hopes that the two of us can keep in further contact. After all, if both our companies can join hands in strength, it will be a win-win situation."

What she meant was obvious.

Edgar smiled lightly. "I'm sorry, I'm not interested."

He would always explicitly turn down partnerships that wouldn't happen.

Sherry raised her head and imitated his voice. "What a coincidence. I'm not interested either."

Her clear eyes reflected the man's slightly serious face. "Married life with an ice-cold man like you must be very unfortunate because you don't know how to respect women at all."

After that, she smiled at Edgar. "But I felt that this lunch was quite pleasant. I hope that we don't have to be awkward around each other the next time we meet."

Edgar watched as she walked out of the restaurant.

He took out his cell phone and called Miles. "Find out about Pinnacle's developments."

...

On the other end, Jean and Hugo went to another children's department store. She looked at a huge panda plush in the corner. "How about this?"

"There are many toys like these at home." Hugo disagreed with her.

Jean went up to stroke it, and a shop assistant came up to explain, "The manufacturer was very attentive and included a music button on the bear's ear for this range of items. It can also record sounds. Children love listening to it."

"How long can it record for?" Jean turned her head to the side and asked.

There were many details about Ellie that Jean seemed to know more about than Hugo. But how long had they known each other?

Hugo stood at one side and he noticed the light shining in Jean's eyes. It made him yearn for her.

"Wrap it up," he said, interrupting their conversation.

Jean looked over, bewildered.

Hugo smiled and said, "We're almost late. Ellie is about to get out of preschool."

"Alright. Let's go with this. I think it's quite good." Jean was satisfied with it. She even wrapped it together with the shop assistant.

On the way back, she sat in the backseat and hugged the huge panda plush.

Hugo sized her up from the rearview mirror from time to time. He turned on the heater and said, "Rest for a while. Thank you for today."

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 407

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 407-Jean was indeed feeling tired. The car slowly drove forward, and she fell asleep in a daze. She had an unhappy dream. Her forehead was filled with cold sweat when she opened her eyes.

And in front of her was a wet towel from Hugo. It was still warm. "Are you alright?"

Jean swallowed and nodded. "Are we at your house?" When she raised her head, she saw an extravagant children's playground outside the car window.

Slight awkwardness was revealed in Hugo's eyes. "You were sleeping too deeply. I called you a few times, but you didn't respond, so I decided to bring you here."

He continued, "Dinner is prepared. Eat before you leave."

After he said it, he didn't give Jean a chance to respond. He held on to the big panda plush and walked into the villa.

He didn't tell Jean that today was his daughter's birthday party.

With one glance, Hugo knew what she was thinking about. He patted Ellie's shoulder.

The little girl immediately smiled sweetly as she ran into Jean's arms. "Jean, I asked Daddy to invite you. I celebrate my birthday with only Daddy every year. Can you stay this year?"

She blinked and looked innocent.

Her little hand grabbed on tightly to Jean's clothes as if afraid that Jean would turn and leave.

Looking at the small face, no one could turn her down.

"That's great!"

Ellie cheered happily after Jean nodded. She went to the kitchen and took out the cookies that she had made with her nanny to share with Jean.

“These cookies are her treasure. I only got one.” When Hugo talked about his daughter, his eyes were filled with gentleness and warmth.

Seeing Jean being plied with cookies, he picked up his daughter indulgently. “Go upstairs and put on your new outfit. We’ll wait for you here.”

Ellie blinked and nodded furiously. “Okay!”

He watched as Ellie went up the stairs before he turned to Jean. “I’m sorry for not telling you earlier. If you have something to do, you can...”

“It’s alright. If I knew beforehand, I wouldn’t have come empty-handed.” Jean felt a little embarrassed and suddenly glanced into the kitchen. “Why don’t I make a dessert for Ellie? Do you have milk?”

“You...” Before Hugo could say anything, Jean opened the fridge.

She took out eggs and milk from the compartment and repeated to herself, “Butter and strawberries!”

Hugo stood at the doorway, and his tall figure was in a daze.

Other than servants, no other woman had used the kitchen before.

At a certain moment, his heart stopped drifting indefinitely. He thought about starting afresh seriously instead.

He stood under a beam at the doorway of the kitchen. He seemed to say sorrowfully to himself, “There hasn’t been a sign of life in this house for a long time, but everything seems to have changed after you came today.”

At that moment, Jean turned on the kitchen exhaust hood.

She pushed the frying pan and glanced at the doorway before she raised her voice, “What did you say?”

Ellie’s shouts happened to come from upstairs. “Daddy, come quick.”

Hugo’s voice deepened. “It’s alright. I’m going upstairs to take a look.”

“Alright.”

Jean's gaze returned to the stove in the kitchen. The hand that was holding the eggs stopped.

Her clumsiness revealed the truth. Why did she need a frying pan to make desserts?

In that split second, she didn't know how to deal with it.

Ellie was ecstatic that night. After the cake was cut, she gave Jean a huge slice and kept clinging to Jean. She refused to let go and let her leave.

Hugo had to bring Ellie upstairs forcefully.

It had been a long time since Jean had been so joyful.

She took off the paper crown on her head. The scenes of her birthdays that she had spent at Eyer Residence appeared in her mind. At least back then, she still had her dad. She was a girl who had someone to rely on when she was in trouble.

But now, she could only bear it on her own.

Footsteps rang out behind her. Jean immediately got herself together and looked up.

"I should be going. I had fun tonight. Thank you for inviting me."

She had been happy, but the sadness and disappointment that she felt at that moment were real.

Hugo stood across from her, but he didn't intend to send her back. "Do you want to stay and have a drink?"

Jean looked up at him, and there was a trace of confusion in her eyes.

"I think you must have been exhausted recently." His voice was casual and gentle. It gave others a strong sense of security. "If you need someone to talk to, I'm always available."

The feeling of having no one to rely on seemed to disappear.

She looked down and hesitated for a moment. "Maybe next time. Thank you."

Because of her moment of hesitation, the smile in Hugo's eyes deepened. She was still unwilling to open up. He would wait for her for the day that she was willing to understand another person.

Hugo sent her out as Jean insisted on getting a cab back.

Before she got into the cab, Hugo gave her a small gift box.

"What is this?"

"Just a small gift in return. Good night." He opened the car door and waved to Jean.

His tall figure was elongated by the streetlights.

Jean weighed the box in her hands. It wasn't an expensive gift, was it?

She yawned as the car drove her home.

On the other end, Hugo lulled Ellie to sleep. Nothing was coming from his cell phone and his brows furrowed. "Has she not seen it, or does she not need it?"

He held his cell phone and was thinking about calling Jean.

At this time, her call came in.

He answered the call and heard her delighted voice. "Mr. Hugo, am I disturbing you? Thank you so much for giving me this invitation!"

What was in the box was the invitation to Kalel's private party.

Jean was about to go to sleep when she remembered her cell phone in her coat pocket. That was when she opened the box.

"I'm glad you like it." Hugo let out a sigh of relief as he held his cell phone. "So tomorrow night..."

Before he could finish, Jean kept thanking him.

"I'm too excited, so I took the liberty of calling you. I won't disturb you anymore. Goodbye."

Before he could ask to pick her up and attend the party together tomorrow night, he was interrupted by the dial tone of the call being disconnected.

Hugo patted the chair in the study room.

He mumbled to himself, “Jean...”

Jean put down her cell phone and held on to the invitation. She was so excited that she couldn't sleep.

There was an opportunity for her to make a comeback!

The next evening, Sherry knocked on the door of Royden's family Villa.

“Mr. Royden, something came up for my friend at the last minute, so I have an extra invitation. I don't have many friends here, so I thought of you.” Her voice paused. “Maybe it's a second chance for the both of us.”

“I'm not interested.”

Edgar's face was cold, and he was going to shut the door.

Sherry stuffed the invitation between the cracks just in time.

The man's cold gaze fell on her.

Sherry steadied herself and pretended to be calm. “This is an exclusive party in the design industry. Are you sure you don't want to go?”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 408

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 408-I'm Sorry, I Already Have It

One hour later, Sherry sat in Edgar's car, heading to Kalel's private party. But she was alone. Edgar took an extra invitation with him.

Sherry bit the corner of her lips. Thinking about Edgar's cold demeanor, her heart went crazy with envy. That man only cares about his ex-wife! She had put so much thought into it, but she still couldn't approach him.

She turned her head to the side to look at the street view outside the window. The gentleness in her eyes faded completely. That's right. This will make the game more fun.

Edgar rushed to Eyer Residence with the invitation. The car had just stopped when he saw Jean. She was in a pretty pink dress, and her hair was draped behind her head. Her back was facing him as she locked her doors.

When she turned, her fair face was revealed to the man. She had light makeup on, and there was an independent yet gentle air about her.

At that moment, he lost his mind.

"Where are you going dressed up like this?"

He didn't compliment her. When he thought about how he had seen her with Hugo in the department store the day before, his heart slowly swelled with anger.

Jean didn't answer him. She looked at him with her guard up instead.

It was getting late. She had to leave soon.

"No matter what it is, please step aside. I have something important to do today."

Edgar's hand beneath his suit tightened abruptly. He grabbed her wrist.

"Didn't you say that you have your heart set on starting your career? Are you rushing to be someone's stepmother instead?"

Jean was dumbstruck.

She pushed his hand away in frustration and said rudely, "It's none of your business!"

"If you take one more step forward, Jean, you'll regret it."

He stood on the steps, and for the first time, he realized how powerless he was when he was with her.

"My greatest regret has long been..."

“Kalel Cordova has a private party tonight. This is an invitation. Get into the car. If not, I’ll burn it.”

Hearing what he said, Jean stared fixedly at his hand.

Her change of expression was shown clearly on her face.

Edgar held onto the invitation and felt ridiculous. He was using such a way to ask her to stay.

Just as he was about to redeem himself from his confrontation, Jean laughed magnanimously. “It’s fine. You can burn it if you want to because I already have an invitation.”

Edgar’s heart suddenly tightened.

He didn’t expect it.

Isn’t this invitation hard to come by? How did she get it?

“Next time before you want to blackmail others, think about if your bargaining chip is strong enough.” Jean turned and got into a cab. She would rather pay for a cab than get into his luxury car.

The man stood on the steps and didn’t move for a long time.

When Jean arrived, she was almost too late.

She showed the invitation at the entrance before calming herself down and walking in.

A lavish and dazzling crystal chandelier made the entire hall shine brightly. Guests were talking to each other everywhere, and everyone was a big shot in the design industry.

Jean saw MON & Co.’s founder, Mr. Hansel, but it was a shame that she didn’t see anyone else she recognized from MON & Co.

She leaned next to the bar alone, waiting for an opportunity.

She needed a chance. An opportunity to meet with Mr. Cordova alone.

“You must be Jean, the intern in MON & Co. who plagiarized?” Someone walked over and sized her up with a disdainful expression. “You couldn’t even come up with anything after working with La Laux. Pfft. You’re like a bedbug that crawled here. How pathetic.”

Jean wrinkled her brows. She knew that other people had been sizing her up and paying attention to her since she walked through the doors. There were also people discussing her behind her back.

It could only be the news about her plagiarism.

She had been prepared for it, and she thought that it didn’t matter, but she had never imagined that someone would come up to her to provoke her.

After all, this was a high-profile private venue.

By doing so, it was clear that the other party wasn’t holding back for Mr. Cordova’s sake, or maybe he had been incited by certain people.

Jean was pondering how she should deal with it when she heard a woman’s graceful voice that came to her rescue. “Can you trust unsubstantiated news on the Internet? I remember when I met Mr. Hardy from La Laux overseas last week, he complimented Ms. Eyer’s design draft.”

This broke the silence of the scene.

The person who had come to pick a quarrel was about to retort when he noticed that it was a gorgeous woman.

“Who are you? Do you have the right to lecture me here?”

Sherry’s lower lip curved. Someone at the side couldn’t bear to look on any longer and said, “This is the general manager of Pinnacle Group’s Athutia region, Ms. Sherry Summer.”

She had endless resources and connections within her grasp.

The whispers grew after that.

But it was talking about Sherry’s great background. She was pretty and capable. If she succeeded Pinnacle Group, the person who married her would marry into boundless wealth.

“Ms... Ms. Summer, I’m so sorry. I’ll leave right now. Right away.”

He apologized at once and slithered away with his tail between his legs to another corner.

Sherry said, “I don’t know how these low-quality people managed to come in.”

She raised her brows and looked at Jean before taking the initiative to give her a name card. “It’s been a long time, Ms. Eyer.”

Jean was slightly surprised at this.

She put aside her words of thanks for the time being and thought hard about it, but she had no recollection of Sherry.

“Have we met before, Ms. Summer?”

Sherry’s smile deepened. A server happened to walk past with drinks, and she took a glass. “Let us talk over there.”

Jean took the name card from her and nodded.

After talking for a while, Jean found out that they had met when they were young. They were even neighbors for a short while, but Sherry migrated abroad with her parents, and they lost contact.

Under Sherry’s lead, Jean recalled many things that had happened when she was young. A smile slowly appeared on her face. Her memories from back then were beautiful and worry-free.

As they spoke, the air around them became friendlier.

“On the flight back, I saw the news about you and your younger sister...,” Sherry said tactfully. “are you alright?”

“Hmm?”

Jean was slightly baffled.

“If it was me, I wouldn’t feel good after a private family matter was suddenly exposed. There’s an uneasy feeling of being seen through by the whole world.” Sherry patted Jean’s wrist in a gentle and friendly manner. “If you need me, let me know any time.”

Jean suddenly felt warmth in her heart.

After it happened, no one was able to empathize with her.

“Also, there’s something I want to tell you.”

Jean saw her hesitation and was perplexed when a figure walked in. His sharp gaze swept past the crowd before landing on Jean.

“Come with me.”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 409

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 409-Sherry looked up. Just as expected, she was absorbed by Edgar’s deep and cold gaze. She smiled gently and didn’t say anything. Jean furrowed her brows and struggled. “What are you doing?”

She tried her best to lower her voice to avoid attracting the attention of people around them. Could it be that he flew into a rage out of humiliation because she turned down his invitation, so he wanted to chase her out?

“What did she talk to you about?” “Sherry?” Jean was momentarily startled. She never thought that the two of them knew each other.

“No matter what she said to you, forget it all.” It seemed like there was something he was implying. He stared at Jean with a particularly complicated expression.

At this time, Kalel’s assistant walked out. Jean immediately shook Edgar off and went forward. The man wrinkled his brow and reached out to pull her back, but his hand grabbed at air.

Seeing Jean push her way forward, his cold expression intensified. Would he always look at her from afar like this?

“I knew that you would come. It’s because of her, right?” Sherry appeared silently on his right. She ignored his animosity and smiled indifferently. “Don’t worry. I’m good friends with Jean. I won’t fight over you with her.”

Edgar’s eyes shivered, but he didn’t say anything. His gaze was fixed on the figure not far away.

“We’ve known each other since we were young, and we talk about everything. We just lost contact for the past few years that I’ve been living abroad.” Sherry didn’t pause and continued, “I was planning to tell her about our blind date.”

Blind date?

Edgar sneered.

“Ms. Summer, you must be mistaken. It was just a business meeting.”

Sherry couldn’t quite maintain the smile on her face.

She knew that Edgar was hard to approach, and she knew that he had a short temper, but she never thought that he would disgrace her to her face.

He didn’t look at Jean with the same icy expression.

“Furthermore...”

Edgar suddenly leaned close to her.

Staying within the boundaries, what he said to her was as cold as a blade. It made Sherry completely stunned. Her hands grew cold, and she couldn’t come to her senses for a long time.

Jean walked around and only heard Kalel’s assistant’s opening remarks.

The general meaning was that Kalel was stuck in traffic and would arrive in half an hour, so they asked the guests to keep calm.

Jean could only turn and walk back.

She didn’t see Edgar’s figure, only Sherry standing alone with a pale face, as if she had been frightened by something.

“Are you alright?”

Sherry nodded furiously. The smile between her red lips was awkward and helpless. “I... I suddenly have something to do. I’m going to leave now. Have fun.”

It didn’t hit Jean for a while.

“Ms. Eyer.” A voice rang beside her. Hugo had walked past other people to come to her.

Jean was bewildered, and it was shown on her face. “I thought you gave me the invitation because you’re not interested in parties like these.”

Had she taken advantage of him?

There was an exasperated smile on Hugo’s face. “Did it ever occur to you that I wanted to invite you to come with me?”

“What?”

Music started to play at that time and blocked out what Hugo said.

While they were speaking, Sherry held her bag and quickly left the lavish banquet from the side.

She had just walked out of the door when Edgar’s car was waiting there.

Sherry walked down the steps one at a time in heels.

She reached out her trembling hand and looked into the car. She gritted her teeth as she opened the car door.

“When did you find out?” Sherry felt indignant. No one else knew that she was the illegitimate daughter of the Summer family!

Edgar’s family background couldn’t compare to the Summer family, but he held up Royden Group alone. What he needed the most was a woman with a background.

And it just so happened that she could fill in that gap and bring his career to another level.

This was the reason that Edbert took the initiative to look for the Summer family.

But Sherry never imagined that Edgar had seen through it all.

“The Summer family’s business power has always been overseas, but in the last three years, they’ve pivoted to the domestic market. I just instructed people to pay a little more attention to it.”

He looked at Sherry from the side, but he couldn't muster any sympathy for the pretty face.

He hated being tricked.

"With the support of the Summer family and Pinnacle Group, no one will stop you from doing anything. But there's one thing you can't do. You can't lay a finger on Jean."

Sherry grasped the branded bag in her hands.

The smile on her face disappeared completely.

With the last sliver of arrogance, she said fiercely, "Aren't you going overboard, Edgar? Even if you found out that my personal history is tainted, you can't baselessly accuse me! Why would I deliberately approach you and Jean? You're divorced, and your uncle introduced us to each other. Do you think you're the only one I can marry?"

"You're quite self-absorbed."

Sherry pushed the car door open and got out after speaking fiercely.

Under the night sky, she looked quite pitiful as she stood on the steps alone, but Edgar's car drove away without stopping.

In the car, the man's ice-cold gaze swept past his cell phone screen.

"Mr. Mason gave Ms. Eyer her invitation."

Edgar turned out to be one step slower.

The ferocity hidden in his eyes slowly surfaced. "To the company."

"Are you going to the company at this hour, Mr. Royden?" The driver was momentarily baffled.

Although Edgar had always been a workaholic, it would be almost midnight if they went to Royden Group now, even if there was no traffic.

There was silence in the back seat, and the driver immediately stepped on the gas as the car sped off.

Sherry was in an evening dress as she was abandoned on the steps. When the driver came to pick her up, she had a cold.

The driver opened the door at once and asked something that he shouldn't have.

"Ms. Summer, why are you alone?"

Everyone could tell that Sherry wasn't there just to attend a private party. She was there for a date. Otherwise, she wouldn't have put so much effort into dressing up.

But now, there was a man who abandoned such a pretty companion like her!

Sherry bit the corners of her lips.

"Let's go."

"Ms. Summer, Mrs. Summer just called. Do you want to call her back?"

Sherry's eyes dulled. She clenched her fist tightly but still made the call obediently. She instantly hid the ferocity in her eyes and called out sweetly, "Good evening, Mommy."

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 410

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 410-A Sudden Chance

Venus asked coldly on the phone, "Have you met the Royden boy? Is he pleased with you?" Sherry answered sweetly, "He was pretty pleased with me. I chatted a lot with him and..."

Venus interrupted her, "That's good. All you have to offer is your pretty face, so you must secure your relationship with him quickly. Your father and I will return next month. We will discuss the details then. You have better not cause any trouble for us."

"Yes, Mommy, I understand." Sherry's hands shook slightly. Ever since Sherry was little, she was always made to feel inferior in the Summer family. Thus, she believed marrying Edgar would redeem her.

It seemed Edgar had guessed correctly. The Summer family implicitly allowed Sherry to collaborate with Edbert so that Pinnacle Group could borrow Royden Group's market influence to return to the domestic market successfully.

That way, they would be able to develop further in the future. If she failed to marry Edgar, the Summer family would deem her worthless.

Then...

"All right. That's all," Venus said sternly and hung up. The car continued to travel ahead. Sherry's gaze gradually dulled. "Edgar is my final hope. I'm sorry, Jean."

Half an hour later, Kalel Cordova entered the event hall, holding his partner Judy's hand. Their presence immediately sent the venue buzzing with excitement.

As it was a private gathering, there were no reporters, and everyone could speak freely.

Since most of the guests were involved in the design industry, everyone's conversation centered around the next step of Kalel's plan after returning to the county. Everyone hoped he would collaborate with someone notable and create gorgeous masterpieces.

Jean stood before the stage and watched Kalel speaking charismatically. She suddenly did not know what to do.

Hugo stood beside her and whispered, "Are you not going to approach him?"

He knew she had been doing everything she could to attend this banquet so that she could put down the rumors.

Now, the opportunity was finally before her. If she did not grab it, she would miss the chance.

"He is beyond my reach."

The eagerness in Jean's eyes gradually faded. She turned around dejectedly and walked to a corner.

Everyone here had collaborated with Kalel before or was someone notable in the design field.

On the other hand, she was embroiled in a plagiarism scandal.

Thus, going to him recklessly would only incur humiliation.

She had no way to refute the doubts and suspicions people had. Moreover, she could not produce any evidence.

Hugo saw her standing quietly at the back and went to her. "Didn't you come here to prove yourself? Are you not going to do anything?"

Jean pursed her lips. "I'm sorry for wasting your invitation."

"That's not the point."

Hugo frowned and did not know how to comfort her.

Suddenly, Kalel pulled out a design draft. "I have no idea who sent this design to my studio. It's a gorgeous piece of work. I'm looking for the designer who did this."

The lights dimmed, and the design draft appeared on a large screen.

It was the design draft Jean gave to Edna.

Then, someone said, "I see a logo on the paper. Isn't that La Laux?"

"It must be them who sent it."

Jean froze. That's my design draft!

Even though Edna did not use it commercially, exposing it this way meant Jean could no longer use the design.

If Jean had not witnessed this with her own eyes, she would have had a hard time believing that such a shameless person existed.

Someone said, "If you ask me, the design doesn't seem like La Laux's designer's style. Furthermore, there's no signature on it."

Kalel nodded. "I feel the same. Therefore, I have a bold idea. My company will organize a fashion design competition reality show. Anyone interested is welcome to participate!"

"A fashion design reality show?"

The guests at this banquet had made some name for themselves in the design industry. Thus, they only smiled upon hearing the news.

They had other ways to make their names known and did not have to join a reality show.

If they embarrassed themselves on the show, they would be a laughingstock among their peers.

"The investor is a long-time collaborator of my studio, so everyone has nothing to worry about."

"As for the first prize, I'm considering organizing a fashion showcase for the winner or offering a handsome sum."

"Whoa!"

"If I get to have a fashion show with Kalel..."

Everyone began to show interest.

Kalel's studio had ceased all collaboration in recent years. Ever since the fashion show three years ago, he barely appeared in the design scene.

This showcase may be his last before retirement.

The crowd buzzed with excitement again.

Jean stared at the screen. Is this my chance? Kalel liked one of my designs and gave it a high rating. But... I'm not sure whether I can create something like that again.

I drew that in a sudden flash of inspiration.

"All right, everyone. Let's enjoy tonight's party to the fullest!"

Jean held a champagne glass, but her mind was busy thinking about the design draft. Hugo noticed how distracted she was and asked, "Would you like me to send you home?"

Jean thanked him softly and said, "I would like to stay a little longer."

She was not her usual self.

Hugo followed her line of sight and looked at the design draft on the screen. "It's yours, right?"

"How did you know?" Jean was surprised.

Hugo answered confidently, "I can see from how you look at it that it's something precious to you."

He understood that kind of feeling.

"Why didn't you claim it?"

Hugo narrowed his eyes and looked at Jean curiously. While she kept a low profile, she would not let others take advantage of her.

"I will claim it only after I win first place." Jean's heart burned with determination.

She wanted to win.

It was unlike when she was at MON & Co. At the time, she wanted to win to seek revenge against Edgar.

Now, she wanted to win for herself and obtain a new start.

Meanwhile, at Royden Group.

"Mr. Royden, this is Pinnacle Group's investment trend in the past three years and the projects they took part in. I couldn't find any problems. Everything's perfect."

Edgar did not bother to look at the folder Mr. Gibson, the project manager, gave him.

He looked at Mr. Gibson sternly.

“Have you ever seen a perfect performance since you started in this industry?”

Mr. Gibson answered immediately, “No.”

Even Royden Group had never achieved such perfect results.

Edgar tapped his fingers on the table. “Bring me the documents for the projects Pinnacle Group proposed to collaborate with us.”