

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 43

### Chapter 43 Lay All the Blame on Her

When Edgar closed the door behind him, Gigi released the breath she was holding. She couldn't hold in her delight. She didn't make a mistake earlier. Edgar must have believed her words. He would take revenge on Jean for her.

She only needed to wait for the good news. "Gigi, why did Mr. Royden leave already? Is he mad that you attended the reception?" Linda entered the room and asked worriedly.

Edgar was a crucial backer for Gigi. If their relationship was strained, Gigi would have trouble receiving offers for brand endorsements and shows.

Gigi raised her slender wrists and blew on her wound lightly. Joy shone from her eyes. "He wouldn't be angry at me."

...

Jean twisted off the last crab leg and finished off the meat. She leaned back in her seat and washed it down with a swig of beer. Ben, sat across the table, wasn't surprised when she let out a burp.

"How's the food? Is it to your liking?" he asked amusingly. Almost all the food on the table was finished by Jean.

"It's not too bad." With a hand under her chin, Jean pulled out a card and placed it on the table. "I feel bad for always eating at your expense. I'll buy this meal."

Her phone on the table vibrated. She picked it up and stared blankly at the number flashing on the screen. "Who is it?" Ben asked when she didn't pick up the call.

"It's no one, just a spam call." She forced a smile and rejected the call without a moment of hesitation. "Let's leave. I have things to do tomorrow."

She picked up her bag and headed outside. The phone number was seared into her heart ages ago. She wouldn't be able to forget it for the rest of her life.

Jean shivered as it started to drizzle. She waved to Ben from afar. "There's a taxi there. I'll leave first!" Ben hurried out after paying up, but she was already gone.

He sighed while standing on the steps outside the place. At the same time, four men in black suits stood before Jean with umbrellas, blocking her way like a tall wall.

Jean smiled as she looked behind them, observing the black car stopped at the roadside. "Mr. Royden is so gracious to invite me on the car in such a grand manner."

Jean felt more comfortable with the leather carpet under her feet and the warm air from the air conditioning in the car. But the man next to her was an eyesore. "Are you here to take revenge for Gigi?"

Edgar, leaning back in his seat, snuffed out the cigarette in his hand. "It hasn't been long since you left prison. Don't cause trouble. If the reporters notice you..."

"Save your energy." Jean leaned back in her seat as well. She smiled brightly, but her smile was hollow. "You don't need to act in this way. You're supposed to loathe me just as much as Gigi does. I've lost more than just a child. Could she not even take that small incident?"

The rain fell heavier outside the car. "Mr. Royden, are you not here to avenge your dear wife? If not, I'm getting off." She reached for the door.

Before she could respond, a large force pulled her back. She raised her head and met Edgar's cold eyes. She couldn't help but back down at his penetrating gaze.

He stared at her wordlessly. Even his breath that fell on her face seemed cold. A cold sweat broke out on her back. She tried to break free. He lowered his head abruptly and devoured her lips.

"Mmph!" But the man reached for the zipper on her clothes without pausing. Jean struggled against him. "Let go!"

Edgar stopped and looked into her eyes. "I thought you wanted to make me pay. Is that all you can take? What's the point in these meaningless small fights, huh? Jean?"

His voice was as cold as ever, yet the words were stinging. "I can make you disappear in Yorktown with just a word. Just stop this meaningless struggle, Jean. Can't you be good?"

Jean clenched her fists. He had always humiliated her offhandedly. "Yes, I want to take revenge on you. But I haven't thought things through. These are all just appetizers. Please be patient, Mr. Royden."

The tension in the car was palpable. Their breaths intermingled in the tight space.

"Why? You invested in the racing competition, then followed me to the hotel, and now you are stripping my clothes. Are you deprived of women, Mr. Royden? Does Gigi not satisfy you? Or..." she paused. "Did you fall for me?"

Jean's clothes were in disarray. He glanced at her alluring collarbone and suppressed his impulse, staring at her dazzling face.

Did I fall for her? She's absurd. Yet those words had pieced his heart, causing him pain and irritation.

"Get out." He suppressed his emotions to the end.

Noticing his anger, Jean hummed in agreement. She didn't want to stay in the car for another moment either. She took her time fixing her clothes and left the car in the rain.

The freezing muddy water swirled around her ankles. But she didn't seem to feel it.

Edgar watched her as she disappeared from sight.

"Miles, do you have the security recording?"

"I've sent it to your phone, Mr. Royden."

Edgar played the recording.

The security recording would tell the truth.

As the video came to an end, his eyes darkened. He looked toward the direction Jean had disappeared and ordered wearily, "Drive to the company."

She didn't even bother explaining. What a stubborn woman.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 44**

### **Chapter 44 PTSD**

The next morning, Jean was still fast asleep when her phone began ringing. She was drenched from the rain the night before. Her head spun as she turned on her phone to see the messages and missed calls.

Jean, stop sleeping. Yesterday's incident with Gigi is all over the news. Don't head out these few days. If you need to, tell me and I'll take you out. Reply to me if you've seen my message.

All the messages were from Ben. She looked through her missed calls. There were some from the debt collectors. She tossed her phone aside and buried her head in a pillow, hoping to get more sleep.

Her phone rang again. The ringtone was muffled between her bedsheets. Irritated, she snatched up the phone and answered without a glance at the caller. "Are you done yet? I don't have any money! I'll pay as soon as I have some."

After a moment of silence, a low voice came through the speaker. "I can get you a job if you need money." "Edgar?"

Jean was jolted awake. She glanced at her phone and did a double take. It was five minutes past seven in the morning. She couldn't believe he would call her that early in the morning.

She put the phone back to her ear. "No thanks. Goodbye." Before he could say a word, she ended the call. At the other side, a tall figure stood next to a window wall. Edgar stared at his phone, gripping it tightly.

This obstinate woman. His temples began to throb as he recalled Jean's tone of voice in the call. His mood was ruined.

He picked up his jacket and headed downstairs in the elevator reserved for the president's use. The company's car door opened. Jonathan and Brad entered the car with Edgar. "Everything's prepared, Edgar. This project proposal will definitely satisfy the business partners."

They were aiming for the Level S project. Edgar's face was black. "Drive the car." Jonathan tapped Brad with astonishment. "What happened? Wasn't he fine earlier on? Did Gigi argue with him again?"

"I don't know." Brad peered at the backseats. Jonathan looked through his phone, bored. He pressed into the trending news and sat up straight in surprise. "Edgar, have you seen the news? Jean beat Gigi up!"

Edgar replied with a light hum. "Should I get someone to deal with this?"

Edgar looked at him. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"Of course, I'll get some people to... No, never mind. I was just saying." Jonathan took back his words at Edgar's cold gaze.

The incident was clearly recorded by the security cameras. Although Jean did push Gigi and made fun of her, she didn't cut Gigi with a knife, nor did she hurt the fetus Gigi was carrying.

Gigi took the chance to hurt herself and laid all the blame on Jean. In the makeup room at Star Media. Gigi, with her hair done, turned on her phone hurriedly. She couldn't wait to see how her fans and other netizens criticized Jean.

But the truth caused her disappointment.

Only a small number of people condemned Jean. Most people were worried, saying that Gigi shouldn't have attended the reception when she was pregnant.

Some even laughed at Gigi's appearance after the incident. "Damn it! Ben Ludwig must have paid people to tamper with the comments."

She frowned and swore. "That hag. My image is ruined!" She made a call to Edgar. When he didn't answer, she was forced to call Miles.

Before she could speak, Miles said, "Ms. Reece, Mr. Royden has boarded the plane. He can't talk to you now." "Is he on a business trip again? Why was I not told about it?"

Gigi's anger mounted. "Tell Edgar, the incident of Jean hitting me has been exposed by the paparazzi. I feel awful now. My stomach hurts!"

"Mr. Royden knows about it, Ms. Reece. He hopes that you will take good care of yourself and the child. He instructed you to stay out of the spotlight. He also said not to participate in the fashion week event."

"What?" Gigi's face darkened.

"The reporters these days are a hassle to deal with. Mr. Royden can't do anything at the moment. He hopes that you will watch your behavior. Try not to make more trouble for him. That's all."

Miles was only passing on Edgar's words.

But Gigi was furious.

If the wedding wasn't stopped because of Jean, she would have moved into the Royden family's residence by now.

As the call ended, Gigi realized.

Edgar is mad at me!

She gritted her teeth. "Why were you released from prison? Why did you appear before Edgar?"

She opened her call log. At the end of her contact list was a number saved as 'X'. It was a friend she met before her debut.

He was now an infamous minor leader in the underworld.

I remember that the Eyer family still has a lot of debt left.

Gigi smiled flirtatiously as she called the number. "Dumont, it's me, Gigi."

...

Miles placed his phone down as he reported the incident to Edgar.

Edgar lifted his hand for a moment, tiredly. "Well done."

Miles nodded and left the business class quietly.

The plane glided through the sky.

Edgar leaned back in his seat with his eyes shut. His hands grasped the armrest tightly.

His breath quickened.

Edgar had always had trouble flying in airplanes ever since his parents were involved in the accident. When a plane took off from the runway, he would feel a dreadful sensation in his heart. It was as if he couldn't breathe.

Every time he had a business trip, he would have to bear through it with a lot of willpower.

His psychologist said that it was post-traumatic stress disorder.

That he couldn't accept his parents' death.

"Dear passengers, we are now safely in the air."

Edgar opened his eyes. Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead.

His eyes dulled.

This was a pain the Eyer family had caused him for the rest of his life.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 45**

### **Chapter 45 Just by Chance**

Jean couldn't fall back to sleep after Edgar's call. She went through the news, but the trending incident were removed. She zoomed in on the photo of Gigi sitting on the toilet and mumbled, "I should have poured more over her head."

What a shame. She didn't do her best. She cleaned up her house and headed out to look for work. She visited a few design companies, but none of them accepted her, not even as an intern.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Eyer. We are not hiring anymore." "Ms. Eyer, you have an interesting resume. However, your designs are not quite the same as our company's concepts. Please find work at another place."

To put it simply, they either rejected her because she had been incarcerated before, or were worried they might be dragged into the feud between her and Edgar.

Jean rested on a bench between the office buildings. With a cup of instant coffee in hand, she watched as the steam rose into the air. Those passing by the area were all white-collar workers.

The tallest building in her view was stunning. 'Royden Group' was written proudly on the top of it. Jean remembered the time when Edgar bought the building. She was blocked at the entrance when it underwent renovation. She couldn't even take a step into the building.

She recalled the time she left a boxed meal at the front desk, requesting the worker to send it to Edgar. But when she went back, the meal was lying amongst the trash.

She couldn't understand at the time. She wanted to treat Edgar with sincerity. He returned it not with indifference, but with hatred and bitterness. Why would he marry a woman he absolutely hated?

Jean felt her eyes drying out. She lowered her head and wiped off the tear that shouldn't be there. "Hello, are you Ms. Eyer?"

She raised her head and was met with a lean, young man. She knew that she hadn't seen the man before but felt that his voice was familiar. "And you are?"

"This is my business card. We've talked before on the phone." He handed a black-and-white-colored business card atop his phone. Opulence Financial, business manager Zane Garner. "You..."

His metal-framed glasses glinted in the sun. "If you need help, I can send a referral to the manager of the design company, MON & Co."

"MON & Co.? The top company that sends talented individuals to the international catwalk show!" Jean perked up. He nudged his glasses. "Yes, Ms. Eyer. Should I contact them for you?"

"Why would you help me?"

"Thirty million is not a small amount. I believe it might be difficult to make payments on time with your current situation." She kept silent. He was reasonable.

Zane left to make a phone call. When he returned, he gave her an address. "They happen to be organizing a program to train interns. You can report to work tomorrow morning." "It's that simple?"

Was the work she had been fussing over for a few days really solved that easily?

He nodded and reminded her, "Our boss doesn't have a good temperament. You mustn't run from your debt, Ms. Eyer."

"I know." Jean watched as he walked away. The doubt in her mind grew. She had to be extra careful ever since she left her family. No one would offer help without a motive. The debt collection agency must have had a secret of some sort.

But MON & CO. It was the holy grail for all those studying design. She gritted her teeth, determined to hold onto the chance.

Edgar finished his work. As he got off the plane, he received a call from Gigi. After hanging up on her thrice, she went crying to him at Royden Group. She said she was attending a friend's birthday party but needed new clothes as she had put on some weight.

He tossed her a black card with a spending limit of five million. But Gigi wasn't satisfied and insisted on Edgar's accompaniment. "Does this look good, Edgar?" Gigi twirled in front of the mirror with her arms raised.

He was sitting on the sofa with a financial magazine in his hand. Shutting the magazine, he raised his head and replied, "Hmm."

He never once thought that Gigi was beautiful. She was just the pretty daughter of a humble family. He was only in a relationship with her for the pendant. Now, it was for the child she was pregnant with.

His phone rang and he picked up the call. "Hello?" Zane spoke from the other end.

"Mr. Royden, I've arranged things as you have requested. Ms. Eyer will be entering MON & CO. tomorrow as an intern. She doesn't have any suspicion."

Edgar hung up the phone and leaned back on the sofa. Gigi changed into a new outfit and walked out of the changing room. When she saw that Edgar was exhausted, she wasn't in the mood to continue shopping. She told the clerk haughtily, "I don't want this outfit. Pack up the rest."

She swiveled and was heading to the front when she spotted a person entering the shop. What rotten luck. Jean saw Gigi and the man on the sofa at the same moment.

She decided to work at MON & Co. and thought that she should have outfits that would be appropriate. She came to see if there were simple yet timeless outfits that would be suitable.

Those types of clothes would have a discounted price. Yet, she just had to run into them. Jean averted her eyes, thinking of finishing her shopping as soon as possible. She pointed at an outfit. "I would like to try that on."



Gigi interjected, "Get me one in that same outfit!"

Edgar frowned wordlessly. It was a remarkable coincidence. Not only did they meet by chance, but they also had the same preferences in clothing.

Jean's slender figure would look elegant in the outfit. On the other hand, pregnant Gigi would fall short of Jean. When they received their outfits, Gigi entered a changing room arrogantly before Jean could.

She bumped into Jean. Jean stayed silent and entered the outermost room. She changed into the outfit quicker than Gigi, who was expecting. When she exited the room in the clothes, Gigi was still changing.

Edgar raised his head subconsciously. When his eyes landed on her, he couldn't avert them. He had to admit that Jean's looks and figure were incomparable.

The clerk praised, "Miss, this outfit looks like it's made for you."

Jean watched her reflection in the mirror and agreed.

She treated the man on the sofa as air the entire time.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 46**

Chapter 46 You're Well Aware of It

Gigi came out in the new outfit with the back undone. She said coyly, "Edgar, I can't reach the back. Can you help me?"

Jean glanced towards her. It wasn't difficult to reach at all.

Is she doing it on purpose?

Edgar frowned. There were a few people around them. It was graceless of her to come out in such a way. Jean could zip the top up, so why couldn't she?

"Hurry, Edgar."

He was forced to zip it up for Gigi.

Gigi acted as if she hadn't noticed the displeasure and reluctance in his face. She smiled coyly before the mirror. "It looks nice, right?"

It wasn't bad on her, but compared to Jean, she looked like she was wearing a counterfeit garment.

“Edgar?”

“Hmm, looks good,” he replied half-heartedly.

Gigi ordered, “Pack this up too. Edgar, wait for me. I’ll change back into my clothes.”

As she entered the room, she heard Jean say, “Never mind. I’ll have a look around first.”

She thought Jean couldn’t afford it.

Gigi went into Jean’s changing room and took away her clothes.

When Jean went back to change, she couldn’t find the clothes.

She looked around the changing rooms and went back out. Edgar had left with Gigi.

“Excuse me, have you seen my clothes?”

“No, miss. Our clerks never enter the changing rooms.”

Gigi must be behind it.

I was too soft on her last night!

Jean glanced at the entrance. “Can I wear this outfit and shop around for a bit? I’ll return it when I find an outfit to buy. After all, my clothes are lost in this shop.”

It was the only idea she had.

Unexpectedly, the clerk smiled. “You can just take this outfit. The man from earlier had paid for it.”

Jean was stumped. Edgar bought the clothes for her?

She furrowed her eyebrows. She didn’t want to own the same clothes as Gigi, nor did she want that man’s charity.

After a moment of indecision, she made a call to Ben.

Gigi walked around with Edgar, hand in hand. She pulled him back to the shop, saying she wanted to look around.

In truth, she was there to make fun of Jean.

Jean would have to buy the clothes since the ones she came in had disappeared.

Gigi entered and saw Jean in the shop with the same outfit on. She smirked. "Why are you still standing around here? Could it be that you can't afford to buy it?"

Edgar stared at Jean's face.

Why wouldn't she leave when he had paid for the clothes?

"Jean, give it to me."

A man's voice came from behind them. Ben strode toward Jean with a bag of garments in hand. Beads of sweat dripped off his head.

Edgar's eyes darkened.

Jean sighed. "Thanks."

She went into the changing room with the bag. She stripped the dress off and changed into the casual clothes Ben had brought.

When Jean went back out, she returned the dress to the clerk right in front of Gigi.

She smiled. "Some people may look glamorous on the outside, but they do all sorts of tricks behind others' back. Isn't that shameful? Only you and I entered the changing rooms earlier. Don't deny it. One of you stole my clothes while the other covered for the thief, pretending to be a kind-hearted person and paid for this dress. The way the two of you work together disgusts me."

Edgar's chest tightened. A flame of fire ignited in his heart.

Gigi did bring an extra bag of clothes with her as she exited the changing rooms, but he didn't realize the truth.

He saw that Jean liked the outfit and knowing that she was deep in debt, he wanted to help her.

Yet she misunderstood his intention and even called Ben for help.

Ben stood by Jean's side. "Come on. Let's not waste our energy on them."

Jean nodded and headed out, passing by Edgar's side.

A hand pulled her back.

Gigi widened her eyes. "Edgar?"

"Royden, release my hand!"

Edgar only stared at Jean. "Do you detest the things that I give to you?"

Jean felt that her wrist was in immense pain, as if her skin was about to be ripped off. She smiled. "Mr. Royden, you're well aware of it, but you still asked. Why would you do such a foolish thing?"

She didn't just loathe it. She was disgusted.

Royden Group's each and every penny was her family's assets.

When she remembered that the hand that was gripping hers had touched others while they were still married, she felt absolutely disgusted.

Edgar's eyes were getting darker by the minute. Her argumentative temperament had only grown after a year in prison.

He tugged at her. Jean's slim body was jerked nearer toward him. He warned her, "I'm trying to be nice to you but you're acting insolent."

She looked at him blankly and shoved his hand away.

"Mr. Royden, you're too kind. I wouldn't dare accept it. And I'm not the type that can be bought with money. I'm different from Gigi."

Her words struck the two of them.

Gigi was stomping in anger. Edgar's face turned black.

The shop clerks lowered their heads, scared to watch the scene.

Jean grabbed Ben. "Let's go."

"Edgar, did you hear what she said? She was over the line. Are you just going to take her insults?" Gigi fanned the flames, hoping that Edgar would stand up for her.

But he only averted his eyes from Jean.

He faced Gigi coldly.

Gigi took a step back shakily and said, "Edgar, why are you looking at me like that?"

"You know what you've done."

At least, he realized that Jean was much more honest than Gigi after the incident with the carnelian pendant.

He turned to leave. Gigi gritted her teeth and followed him. "Edgar..."

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 47

### Chapter 47 A New Start

Jean and Ben went to the parking lot. As the car door opened, a strong scent permeated Jean's nose. It was a fruity perfume fragrance, one that would be used by young women. Jean blanked for a moment before entering the car.

"If she finds fault with you again, you can tell me right away. I'll help you out." Ben seemed peeved.

"It's alright. I'll just avoid her the next time." Jean put on her seatbelt. They happened to be meeting up with Sonny for a discussion about the next competition and decided to go together.

Ben glanced at her. He opened his mouth to speak but hesitated.

With a foot on the accelerator, they headed west.

As they stopped at an intersection, a figure at the side of the road waved toward them.

It was a young teenage girl. She clutched a designer handbag. It was obvious that her family was well off. She kept staring at Ben.

Jean realized the situation.

When Jean called Ben, he came in a short time. He must have been nearby, plus he wouldn't have gone to the shopping mall on his own.

"Should I just hail a taxi?" Jean asked.

Holding the steering wheel, he muttered, "It's fine. It's just some family stuff."

Before Jean could speak, the girl was by their car.

Ben furrowed his eyebrows as he rolled down the car window. "This is the middle of the road. It's dangerous."

"I know. I just wanted to say hello. The driver will be here for me soon."

She smiled brightly like the sun at midday and waved at Jean. "Jean, I hope you will all win again in the next competition. Good luck!"

She left smiling before Ben could reprimand her.

As the traffic light turned green, he frowned. "That little kid."

Jean smiled wryly and shook her head. She looked out the window without any more words.

They managed to win first place in Goblet of Flames this time around. Dark Horse was in the spotlight for the first time in the year.

But Goblet of Flames, Thunderbolt Cup, and Arid Cup were famous racing competitions in the country. If they could win all the competitions, the racing crew's record would be significantly improved.

Dark Horse may even enter the international competition without a hitch.

Sonny gathered the crew to improve the teamwork between the members. "I plan to have a closed training in the mountains next Monday. Does anyone have any objections?"

The drivers needed to train their physical fitness while the rest of the crew would need to improve their concentration and teamwork with the drivers as their focus.

"I'm not going."

Jean had only agreed to work with the crew verbally the whole time. She just needed to be Ben's co-driver in the competition.

Ben felt that it would be a shame if she didn't join them. He pulled Jean. "The crew will pay for it. You don't need to worry about the money."

She shook her head. "It's not about the money. I have a job now. If it wasn't for the competition, I wouldn't have been able to come."

"You've found a job?" Ben was more surprised than she was.

She nodded, and Ben pulled her away from the others.

"Where's the work? When will you start?" he asked anxiously.

Jean smiled. "Why are you more excited than I am? But you'll definitely be moved if you know what company it is. Listen well. I'm working at MON & Co. as an intern."

His eyebrow twitched. "No way! How did you manage to land a job there?"

"I'm not telling you. I'm starting tomorrow. They will reveal the details of the job then."

Jean was thrilled.

She hadn't had such a feeling for quite some time. Her life had been in the dark for too long.

The next day, Jean, dressed in a simple jean and white T-shirt outfit, went to MON & Co. early in the morning.

Glass windows covered the entire first floor. Numerous famous designers' first designs were displayed. The most expensive item was worth hundreds of millions.

The front desk staff looked at Jean's resume and hesitated. "Please follow me, Ms. Weller will be meeting you."

Ms. Weller?

Jean thought that perhaps Ms. Weller was the person whom Zane had contacted.

They rode the elevator to the office on the second top floor. The style and design of the company shone through the row of golden jewelry ornaments in the office.

"That's the office. You can just wait there." The staff handed Jean a card with her name and photograph. "That's the area for the top management. We're not allowed in."

Are they really that strict just to protect their designs?

Jean accepted the card. The staff had left before she could say thanks.

She took a deep breath. Swiping the card against the security scanner, she entered the area.

She waited for some time at the office door but Ms. Weller was nowhere to be seen. Half an hour later, she received a phone call telling her to report to the third floor.

When Jean rushed to the place, all twenty interns were gathered. She was the last one to arrive among them.

She calmly accepted the disapproving gazes from the others and apologized to the person-in-charge. "I apologize for being late. I went to the wrong office."

The person-in-charge, Anna, was a plump woman of short stature.

She raised an eyebrow. "Everybody's here waiting for you. You should apologize to them."

The interns gave Jean a disparaging look. Jean apologized sincerely. "It was my mistake. I apologize to all of you."

“Is she Jean Eyer? The Royden Group’s...”

“It is her! I wonder how she managed to get a spot here. MON & Co. have always been strict when they choose their interns. It took me more than six months to prepare myself.”

“Forget it. She may be a divorced lady, but she has more support behind the scenes than we do. She must have used her connections.”

The voices weren’t loud but were clear enough for all in the room to hear.

Jean didn’t respond to those people.

Anna was astounded by Jean’s lack of reaction. Displeased, she waved her hand. “That’s enough. Be careful next time.”

She was annoyed that she didn’t get to see Jean lash out at those words.

Jean stood at the end of the first row.

She came to Yorktown to live her own life and not to please anyone she met. Besides, Anna was probably just a small leader in the company.

Anna cleared her throat. “Alright, now everyone is here. This is a timetable for all of you to train under each department. Have a look and report to your designated department.”

Other than Jean, all the others crowded over the paper fixed on the whiteboard.

They turned back at her with a mystifying sympathetic look.

“Jean, you are assigned to Ms. Weller’s group. How lucky of you.”

Jean didn’t hear an ounce of sincerity in those words.

She went back to the office through the familiar path. Not a shadow was seen in the office.

Ms. Weller wasn’t present at the company at all. Someone in the company was making fun of Jean.

She was being set-up on her first day at work.