

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 48

### Chapter 48 Home Delivery

Jean spent considerable time preparing herself mentally for what she was about to do. She pulled out her smartphone and logged onto the official MON & Co. website to locate Ms. Weller's contact number.

This is her last-ditch effort. Calling Ms. Weller at the spur of the moment could backfire on her.

As a result, her future state in MON & Co. will be considerably more challenging.

But after some thought, she decided to bet with those odds.

The person on the other line picked up the call, and there was a sound of water in the background. "Who's this?" drawled the recipient.

"Good evening, Ms. Weller. I didn't mean to interrupt your time, but I'm the new intern in the company and..."

"Luminance Villa. Room 305. You have fifteen minutes," interrupted the woman. She hung up before Jean had any time to process what had happened.

When it finally clicked, Jean was out the door. She hailed a cab —no short of a miracle.

A group of front desk personnel gathered over the scene.

"She's a real lunatic, isn't she? Who on god's green earth works this hard under Ms. Weller?"

"By the way, Ms. Weller didn't show up at the company today. She must be out having dinner with the golden boys," said an employee. "Jean isn't hard on the eyes, so she probably couldn't resist tonight."

"Someone might just take her place."

The personnel who introduced Jean to the members added, "Let's see how long that optimism lasts in that girl."

Jean arrived at Room 305 of Luminance Villa —just within fifteen minutes.

Bursts of laughter and the sound of collided wine glasses were the first things Jean heard.

She hesitated. Am I late? Barely.

But intruding into a party will undoubtedly destroy the atmosphere inside. Her presence would be invasive.

Two waiters caught Jean's eye as they walked over with dinner plates.

The private lounge was intoxicated with the smell of wine. In the middle of the room, a woman with short hair was draped onto an armchair. Her sultry eyes as she held were half-lidded onto a cigarette bud with her right hand.

Besides her, the rest of the people in that room were men. Each one was worth a fortune to their name.

Jean concealed herself behind a waiter holding dishes. She moved stealthily towards a spot on the table where a bottle of red wine was placed.

Nobody noticed her while the feast went on.

Jean observed the people in the room. A spectacled man was busy complimenting a man with a gray suit. But what interested her was the woman beside them in the main seat—that must be Ms. Weller.

She ought to be Monica Weller, one of MON & Co.'s lead designers if Jean had it right.

Insider rumors claim that her personal life is a complete mess. Monica was known to enjoy spending extended amounts of time with business leaders at parties.

But it was Monica Weller's works that initially caught Jean's attention, not that tabloid news. Each is flawless and deserving of the epithet masterpiece.

Someone with such artistic talents wouldn't divulge herself in such a lowly setting.

At least, that was what Jean Eyer assumed.

She happened to notice Monica Weller's cigarette bud was burning out. Jean swiftly put out the cigarette bud with a napkin.

Monica Weller was a bit taken aback. She lifted an eyebrow and gave Jean a glance.

"Jean Eyer?"

"Yes, Ms. Weller," she replied.

"Sit," directed Monica. She smiled at the intern.

Although briefly startled, Jean followed her instructions. Without anyone noticing, the others kept on drinking.

The vibrant atmosphere at the wine party was then interrupted when Monica raised her wine glass for a toast.

“I would like to introduce someone to you all. Her name is... Luna, my new assistant.”

“Ms. Weller has a great vision for choosing applicants. Miss Luna will unquestionably excel in the design sector!”

“Yeah, come! Let’s toast.”

Jean’s palms had grown clammy with a glass of red wine on hand.

Wine connoisseurs are nothing but phonies. They mask themselves with lies and flattery to keep the party going. Jean however had no choice but to go along with their antics.

After a few glasses of wine, Monica confessed that she was dizzy and ordered Jean to help her out.

“Next time, let’s make an appointment,” slurred Monica. She leaned her body on Jean as they walked to the door. Jean continued to help her into the elevator that went down the parking lot.

She fished out her handphone to hail a cab for Ms. Weller.

“Ms. Weller, I have gum if you need it?” queried Jean.

It was expected of interns from large companies to carry out chores.

Monica wrapped her shawl around her body and looked at Jean with interest.

“Why did you come to MON & Co.?” she asked. There was no hint of drunkenness as she spoke.

Jean answered frankly, “I need the work and money.”

Monica couldn’t help laughing. “You’re not like what the rumors say. Okay, then you can follow me. Money is easy to earn.”

Jean pondered the meaning behind her words before the driver arrived.

Monica threw Jean a key to an apartment.

“I’ll use it tonight, so go clean it up.”

She left Jean alone after getting inside the vehicle with the driver.

The size of the Luminance Villa's underground parking lot was enormous. Jean had no alternative but to return the same way back through the elevator.

With a lowered gaze, she waited for the elevator doors to open back up. As she was about to enter the elevator, Jean noticed that the people inside weren't budging.

I realized they were all my acquaintances.

A cold gaze fell on Jean. She didn't say a word and stepped aside to give way.

Edgar Royden frowned in displeasure. He did not move.

Brad White found that the situation was not right and directly pulled Jonathan Jackson, who wanted to speak.

"Did you have to go to such a cheap place to make money?" mocked Edgar.

Jean looked toward Edgar with a smile. "Pot calling the kettle black. Fancy seeing you in the same lowly place as I am. Did you have fun in these deprived parts of the villa?" retaliated Jean.

"You know, without the patronage from the stupidly rich like you, Luminance Villa would not be this grand," said Jean as she gestured to the parking lot. "you should have been at the party. You would have fit right in with those lot."

She didn't give any mind to how they would respond and went straight into the elevator.

"You know, the elevator goes both ways. You should step out once it's your floor," gleaned Jean.

Jean pressed the button for the first floor. As the elevator ascended to the floor, she fished out her phone and searched the address that Monica had texted her.

It was only Edgar and Jean left in the elevator. Curiosity took hold of Edgar and glanced over at the handphone. He smelled alcohol on Jean and frowned.

Not only did she have a rendezvous at the Luminance Villa with someone, but she also received a text from someone that said, 'deliver this at the door'?

It was Jean's stop out the floor before she caught a glimpse of Edgar's disgusted expression.

She felt heartbroken but walked out of the elevator without a second look at him.

Before the elevator door closed on him, Edgar ran out with clenched fists.

Everyone in Yorktown knew that Jean was his ex-wife. If they were to find her in such a place, he would definitely be involved in the newfound scandal.

With that thought, Edgar chased after Jean.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 49

### Chapter 49 Doesn't Swing that Way

“Edgar!” It was Gigi Reece. She appeared beside him and called to him sweetly. Jean glanced towards the source of that call. If Edgar’s disapproval wasn’t enough, looking at his new lover broke her heart.

“Why are you here?” scowled Edgar. His eyes narrowed onto Gigi for a response. Gigi replied with a smile, “I needed to meet up with my father to discuss things. I just happened to bump into you here.”

Naturally, she received word of Edgar’s location from Andy Shaw. She put on her makeup and rushed over. I happened to observe Jean and Edgar exiting the elevator together, which was unexpected.

That tramp must have come to seduce him. Luckily, I caught them in time! Gigi smiled and took his arm. “You promised before that you would accompany me to dinner tonight. Didn’t you say that you would also be a guest at my house?”

When Edgar turned back to find Jean after ignoring Gigi’s words, her silhouette was gone. “Edgar, it’s just for one night. All right?”

“Not tonight. Some other time.” Edgar turned around and went back to the elevator.

...

Jean had hailed a cab to travel to the designated address from Monica. It didn’t take too long before she realized the driver was going in the wrong direction.

“Sir, did you take the wrong turn?”

The driver was wearing a face mask. Without warning, he stomped onto the accelerator and drove into a small alleyway. There were about three to five men that grabbed Jean from the car.

She didn’t have time to run before being restrained by her kidnappers. A few curse words were exchanged before someone sedated Jean with a napkin, and she fainted.

“Well Dumont, these girls are a looker!” “Really outdone yourself...”

“Zip it. We’ll discuss it back at the place,” scolded Mr. Wilson. “we have a lot of money on the line.” Mr. Wilson spat on the ground and sent a photo of Jean to Gigi Reece.

Back at the parking lot, Gigi was with Edgar —deliberate in getting him back for dinner. The notification bell rang, and Gigi fished out her handphone. She almost laughed with joy.

She was worried Edgar would see the picture, so she stifled her smile. However, Edgar caught her in the act and glared a cold expression at her.

Coincidentally, Edgar’s phone rang in turn. He picked up the call, and it was Draco on the other line. “The person you told me to spy on got herself into a hairy situation. Again,” said Draco. “so, what will you have me do?”

Edgar’s eyes darkened and recalled Jean smelling of alcohol in the elevator. She was drunk.

“Send my people to the hotel.”

Gigi overheard his conversation and became anxious. She needed to do something.

“Edgar did something happen?” questioned Gigi. She played out her best crocodile tears in front of him.

Anyone could have been fooled by Gigi’s display of theatrics, but not Edgar.

As he continued to hear the voice on the phone, Draco grinned and remarked, “I already know about this issue. It has to do with your precious Gigi, somehow.”

To put it plainly, it’s just two women squabbling over a man.

Hearing this, Edgar frowned. He put down his phone and looked at Gigi Reece, who was wrapping herself on his arm like a boa constrictor. “I ought to have requested Miles to tell you, so you could raise your child at home in peace.”

Aware of his displeasure, Gigi immediately explained.

“Edgar, I came here today to see my dad here. If... If you don’t like me going out, I’ll head back immediately!”

She had this look of devotion —only for Edgar.

In the end, the man remained calm. For some reason, Gigi in front of him brought up memories of Jean from a few years ago.

After some time, he pressed the car door, "You're going back to have supper, yes? Then, let's leave."

"That great!"

Gigi was ecstatic. She pulled Edgar with her into a car.

If only she were Jean, she would have known that Edgar's contemptuous look was a precursor to his impending rage.

Unfortunately, Gigi wasn't aware of this.

Elsewhere in the night.

Jean Eyer felt a sharp pain in her head and rubbed her temples. She struggled to sit up straight with the smooth bedsheets beneath her.

She scanned around the unfamiliar environment. Is this a hotel?

Jean tried to recall the events before losing consciousness. Did those devils shout a name? Draco, wasn't it? Who on earth is Draco?

She slapped her head in frustration but couldn't recall anything else.

Thud

She instantly lay down and pretended to sleep as soon as she heard the sound of the card being swiped from the door.

Jean froze. She squeezed her fist under the quilt as she felt footsteps approaching from behind her.

Undoubtedly, Jean will fight back vehemently if they do anything out of line.

Strange, they're just standing there?

Jean tried her best to act like she was asleep.

"Sorry to trouble you at a time like this, Draco. Fortunately, everyone is safe and sound," said the stranger.

As he spoke, he walked toward the bathroom door.

Jean heard the sound of the door closing and got up angrily. "Edgar!"

He found someone to keep her here.

The nerve of this man...

This barbarian!

Jean clenched her teeth in resentment as she heard the sound of water flowing from the bathroom. She carefully got out of bed and quietly snuck out of the room while she looked at the clothing hanging outside the door.

Well, a barbarian doesn't need clothes!

Ten minutes later.

Edgar finished his shower and reached out for his bathrobe.

He frowned, realizing something was wrong.

Edgar looked back at the bed to find the person that once was asleep had gone missing.

Immediately, a storm of people rushed through the door with cameras and handphones in their hands.

Someone from the corridor shouted that the famous movie star, Mr. Royden, was in this hotel room.

I don't see any movie star. It's just a sopping man with a towel. He looks like he just took a shower.

He's attractive, but he's not a movie star.

Edgar slammed the bathroom door and clutched the bath towel around him. "Jean! You brat!"

What he didn't anticipate, though, was that this wasn't the end of the charade. After the mob had left, the news was anonymously released.

"Edgar Royden, famous business tycoon of the city, was found partying late at a hotel."

An image of the hotel room and a picture of him wearing a towel was included with the report.

Edgar's eyes were cold when Miles picked him up from the hotel.

"Mr. Royden, the news is already released," Miles stated as he shut the automobile door.



Edgar had a grisly expression painted on his face.

...

Gigi received a call from Linda at home. "Gigi, did you and Mr. Royden go to the hotel? Did you read the news?"

"What are you talking about?"

Gigi frowned in confusion.

"Did you go to a hotel with Mr. Royden?" queried Linda. Linda finally realized what was going on and exclaimed, "Edgar went to the hotel for the buffets since you were pregnant."

"Forget I said anything."

The phone disconnected, but Gigi knew something was wrong. She turned on the TV and surfed through the news channels. When she found the news Linda was referring to, her eyes widened with dismay.

Winnie knocked on the door. "Gigi, what's going on? Is the person on the news Edgar? He was so rude to your father just now that he left without even finishing his meal. Did he just go to see him farewell?"

Edgar was really in an affair.

But with, a man?

"No, this is the real reason why he divorced Jean Eyer in the first place!" exclaimed Winnie.

## **Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 50**

Chapter 50 If You Could, You Would Have Killed Me.

From the living room, came Sam Reece's stern voice, "Who does that Royden man thinks he is? Do you believe my kid is a nasty person?"

Gigi instantly grabbed a portion of Jean's clothing and said, "My dad listens to you very well. Please, help me convince him!"

When Winnie Campbell considered the situation involving the Eyer family, she became terrified. Jean might find her.

She must protect the Reece family. Both father and daughter!

“Forget it, I’ll go find him!” said Gigi.

Winnie quickly grabbed her and said, “Mr. Royden must be furious right now that the situation is in the news. In my opinion, you shouldn’t go there in case reporters stop you.”

Winnie was being considerate, and providing advice made Gigi hate her less.

“Then what should I do?”

Winnie smiled and whispered to her ear.

She may let Gigi clean up instead of doing it herself.

Gigi gritted her teeth. “I see!”

After Winnie left, Gigi dialed to Dumont’s contact. “Is the matter done?”

There was a very unfamiliar voice over there.

“Miss Reece, this is the end of your business with Mr. Wilson.”

“Who are you?”

Gigi stood up abruptly.

“You will not make this call again, and my name is Mr. Garner. There won’t be any more Mr. Wilson in the future.” After saying this, Zane Garner hung up the phone.

He threw the phone into the sea.

A younger man stepped forward behind him. “Zane, everything is done.”

A small boat with a man unconscious on board silently drifted in the nearby sea.

Zane Garner yawned. “It’s been long, let’s go back. Draco and Royden might think we’re up to no good.”

On the other side of the phone, Gigi was slumped on the carpet. A sense of helplessness had overcome her.

What now?!

Could it be that Edgar found out?

Half an hour later.

Edgar was sitting on the sofa in the hotel room. Miles stood in front of him and reported, "I have contacted the media on major websites. They will immediately remove all relevant headlines. By the way, those photos taken in the hotel were released by Jean Eyer."

Miles then carefully stated, "Those photos are expensive."

Edgar frowned and pinched his eyebrows.

He hired Draco to rescue Jean, only to have her bite the hand that feeds.

Very well then.

"Where is she now?" said Edgar. His tone was brimmed with frustration.

"At Watergate Apartment."

Miles reported truthfully.

Edgar went straight to the parking lot. He had half a mind to hang Jean to a tree like a Pinata.

Seventeenth Floor, Building nine. Watergate Apartment.

Jean was on the ground with gloves, wiping traces of oil paint in a room. The entire floor of the apartment was covered with paint that Monica Weller had used for her previous design.

When she arrived here just now, Monica Weller didn't blame her for being late. She asked her to clean up the place. She left her after that instruction.

Jean wiped the floors and thought to herself. How funny Edgar's reaction must be being surrounded by a mob like that.

"I should have stayed and watched the whole fiesta unfold."

In the middle of her thoughts, Jean's handphone vibrated. It was Ben.

"Are you all right? Where are you now? I'll come to get you!" Ben said anxiously.

"I'm fine. Just working overtime," Jean muttered. She needed some air, so she removed her gloves and took a walk.

"If you have something to tell me, say it. It won't help to keep it all to yourself," argued Ben.

Jean hummed. She was focusing on a car out the window.

“Don’t worry, Ben. I know what I know.”

She put down her phone and just watched Edgar get out of the car. He marched right into the apartment building where she was. She sneered and dialed another number.

Immediately, she went to open the door and waited until the angry man had arrived.

Jean tutted. “Your men are so efficient,” teased Jean.

“Now, do you still think it’s funny?” said Edgar. The tall figure lifted her and pressed her whole body against the wall. She could feel his breath on her face. “I knew I shouldn’t have left you to your own devices.”

“But aren’t you still helping me pay off the debt?” Jean chuckled.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 51

### Chapter 51 Fragility

“Opulence Financial is under you, isn’t it?” Jean Eyer raised her head defiantly and boldly accused Edgar Royden. She had had her suspicions since overhearing Edgar on the phone in the hotel room.

Why would the whole Eyer’s family debt be managed by one single company? Also, how was she able to enter MON & Co. as an intern; besides Edgar having a hand in it, it wouldn’t make any sense.

Edgar looked at her pale face, not acknowledging nor denying it. “I don’t know what kind of games you’re playing, but trust me, I will pay you back in full!”

Edgar clenched his fist and coldly retorted, “You’ve got years in interest to pay off that debt. You’ll forever have to live in the dark and will never be able to get out of it.”

“So, this shall be my grave?” Jean bit her lip and continued to challenge Edgar, “I don’t believe in that fate; I will get out, and I will climb above you!”

“Alright... try then.”

In the midst of their heated argument, a few police officers arrived on their floor. Looking at the man holding the woman to the wall, they immediately rushed toward them.

“We’re the police! Sir, please step away from the lady!”

Edgar let out a shaken breath but released his hold on Jean and let the police search him. After making sure he had no dangerous objects on him, they asked, "Who called the police?"

"It was me." Jean's voice was hoarse, and her throat hurt from being held by Edgar, "He entered my house without permission. Please take him away!"

At the police station, Miles had just finished dealing with Edgar's release papers.

"She's too good, sir. She's the first person to send you to a police station!"

A cold breeze blew past, and the man with a stoic face brushed against his shoulder as he walked toward the car outside.

...

Jean was leaning against the wall when she heard the sound of heels clicking. She immediately opened her eyes and glanced at the watch to realize that it was already morning.

"You cleaned up not bad. But, how about you go wash your face first?" Monica Weller suggested as she chewed on a piece of gum.

As she headed to wash up, Jean thought about the events that transpired last night. She yawned and continued to wash her face. Monica gave her a towel as she left the washroom and left to start on her designs, not even asking Jean about what happened last night. Jean let out a sigh of relief and stood to the side quietly, not bothering Monica. After a moment, Monica spoke up.

"What are you doing standing around? Don't you know how to design?"

"No... that's not it."

Jean had studied jewelry design in school, but she did not suit Monica's style of working. At this moment, Monica was half kneeling on the floor and was using paint to draw on the floor. Jean had spent most of last night working to get paint off the floors, and now it had turned into a mess again. However, when Jean looked at the drawing carefully, she was shocked by what was before her eyes.

The chain of the necklace split into three and wrapped around the amethyst, giving it a seductive charm.

Wow, I didn't know drawings could have such texture!

Jean's eyes twinkled with delight. I definitely chose the right person to follow!

“This is a spare key; come practice when you have time in preparation for next month’s competition.” Monica frowned and thought for a bit before saying, “If you get first place, you might be able to sign a full-time contract with the company.”

Jean’s eyes shimmered with ambition, “I will try my best.”

“Yeah, I can see it, I know you will try your best.”

Half an hour later, Monica dropped Jean off at the front MON & Co. and told her, “Do well, call me if anything happens.” After saying that, she put on her sunglasses and left.

Jean turned around and entered MON & Co. To a side, Monica pressed on her Bluetooth earphone and connected to a call, “Miles, please tell Mr. Royden that his wife is comfortable in MON & Co. and that he can relax.”

...

Jean found a seat by the window. Not long after, she heard some interns gathered together boasting about the designer they were following and how much they learned from them.

Jean was lazing around when she heard someone beside her, “Jean, what a coincidence, are you here to intern too?”

Jean raised her head and realized it was the girl that was with Ben the other day.

Ally Sans was pretty and dainty and had a good figure. She looked good with Ben.

“Jean, you’re interning under Ms. Weller, right?” She asked again, seemingly raising her voice a bit more.

Jean just gave a short hmm of acknowledgement.

“Then, has she brought you to those places?” Ally asked with her eyes glistening with pretend innocence.

Hearing this, everyone around them quieted down and looked at Jean.

Jean cocked an eyebrow and asked, “What places?”

“I heard she used to go to Luminance Villa with some higher ups, and would even stay overnight. Otherwise, how would she get to be MON & Co.’s chief designer at such a young age?” Ally said with her eyes narrowed.

“But I know, Jean, you’re not that kind of person. You wouldn’t go around with people like her.”

Ah.

Jean looked at the people surrounding them. It was clear what they were thinking.

“Ally, come over here, don’t sit with her, she’ll lead you astray!”

“Yeah, come sit with us.”

Jean squinted her eyes.

Yup, something is definitely on.

Some other people called for Ally to go over while looking at Jean with contempt.

“I don’t know what you mean, but I did go to Luminance Villa last night. Is there anything wrong with that?” Jean gave a slight smile, her eyes bright and clear. Her bold acknowledgement rendered the people there speechless.

Ally swallowed her retorts, as she did not expect Jean to react this way.

The crowd approached to take Ally away, all the while glaring at Jean.

“She’s never been to that dirty place! Don’t think other people are like you! Disgusting!”

“Dirty place?”

Jean cocked her head to a side and looked at them, “I was wearing this when I went last night. It should still have the scent of the alcohol from Luminance Villa. Since you guys have smelt it, does it mean you’re dirty too?”

The ladies in the group stared at Jean, aghast, “You’re so shameless! It’s no wonder Edgar would rather marry an actress than you.”

“And who told you that? Did Edgar Royden tell you directly?” Jean’s line of sight went pass them to the quiet instigator.

Ally felt Jean’s gaze on her and she quickly tried to defuse the situation, “That’s enough, Jean’s a friend of a friend, she wouldn’t do those kind of things...”

Ally deliberately gave a vague comment as she wanted to make Jean the target.

Jean laughed at their comments and provoked them even more, “So, does going to Luminance Villa make you dirty? A lot of your parents do business, right? You don’t think they’ve been to Luminance Villa?”

Hearing those words, the crowd could not say anything to retort her.

Ally realized that the situation was not going the way she wanted and sheepishly said, "Alright, let's not quarrel anymore. Jean says nothing happened, so nothing must have happened. The meeting is about to start."

Jean's smile deepened.

Ben's mother did not approve of me, but found this sneaky snake for Ben.

## Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 52

### Chapter 52 Quota

Jean went back to her seat and sat facing the door with her palm supporting her chin. Since their altercation, there has been someone looking at them from the outside. As expected, Edgar had probably received updates of what had happened. Not only from Monica's spying but also because he had received an invitation from Perles, MON & Co.'s rivalling company.

They had asked Edgar and Gigi Reece, as a couple, if they were interested in being the brand ambassadors for a high-end jewelry collection. Honestly speaking, they were planning on using Edgar's identity for clout and was hoping that they could break into the market with that.

Normally, these types of invitations would have been turned down. Miles had already penned a reply when Edgar agreed to it, "Let's do it,"

Although shocked, Miles replied immediately, "Understood, sir. I will go organize it."

Edgar swiped his phone on to look at the news, 'This autumn, two major jewelry companies go head to head, the fight between MON & Co. and Perles continues...'

So, Jean wants to get big at MON & Co.? Alright, I'll let her. In return, she will know how cruel the world actually is.

...

That afternoon, the news of Edgar Royden and Gigi Reece endorsing Perles was leaked to the masses.

Jean fell into deep thought as she saw the news on the top searches.

Anna stood in front of all the interns and announced, "I've called all of you here today to plan next week's fashion week. We will be appearing with several other big names in the industry; per se, our old rival, Perles."

The crowd went into a frenzy when they heard this.



“You will all come pick a theme from this box, and you will have to design something with that theme in mind. The top three selectees will be able to participate in fashion week.” Anna smiled and signaled the staff to bring out a lottery box. After placing the box down, she and the staff left.

Once the door closed, everyone clamored to the box, fighting to pick first. Jean and Ally were one of the last to pick their theme.

Ally opened her piece of paper and on it was written ‘beautiful smile’. She was troubled and hesitated for a moment before going over to Jean, “Hey Jean, what did you get? How about we...”

She could not even finish her request to exchange when Jean very openly shared her paper, on it was one word, ‘red’. Ally immediately pocketed her piece of paper and scurried away, giving an excuse of going to have a drink.

Jean was uncaring of her antics and left to get some paper. When returning to the room, she saw two interns going at each other and grabbing each other’s hair. It was truly an interesting sight.

Jean couldn’t help but pipe up, “Only fifty-five minutes left, aren’t you going to design?”

Ally saw the situation and quickly hurried over to help the one that was hurt more. “Alright, everyone, let’s calm down and do our designs.”

Jean settled down and concentrated on her work. Quickly fifty-five minutes went by. She took up her pencil and drew according to what she had envisioned. In this moment, she was living in her drawing and had momentarily put down her hatred for Edgar.

Even without revenge, I have to live and revive the Eyer family! What more, I will show Edgar that sending me to MON & Co. was a stupid decision with my own hands and skills! This is going to be my stepping stones to success! Just you wait! Edgar Royden, one day you will...

“Jean, your design’s so good!” Ally suddenly appeared by Jean’s side. At the same time, many of the other interns looked over as well. Upon seeing Jean’s design, many of them were stunned.

‘Splash’

Someone standing behind Jean had knocked over her cup of water, splashing her design. The oil-based stencil immediately melted and mixed into a pool of black water. Her design was ruined. Everyone was stunned.

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry!” It was one of the interns who was in a fight with Sally Lance, Brittany Cook.

“There’s only five more minutes till we have to submit our designs, what are you going to do?” Ally muttered.