

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 501

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 501-Thirty minutes later, Miles came with a doctor.

The latter conducted a thorough examination of Jean.

“Did this woman just have an abortion surgery?” Edgar squeezed a word through his teeth, “Yes.” “Her vitals are weak.

She needs ample rest.

Avoid herbs and supplements.

Her diet should be light for the time being.” The doctor gave a prognosis.

Edgar’s heart sank at the doctor’s prognosis.

Ben and Rachel heard about Jean’s condition and hastily rushed to Eyer residence.

“Why didn’t you watch her when you knew she was pregnant?” Ben bellowed and seized Edgar by his collar, “What did you tell me before? You promised you’d look after her and the child in her womb.

Is this how you looked after them?” ‘Poof!’ Ben furiously punched Edgar.

The latter soberly endured the series of onslaughts.

Blood oozed from the corner of his mouth.

“F*ck off now! Do you have no shame at all?” Ben bawled mournfully, “She even tried to...” “Mr. Ludwig, Ms. Eyer doesn’t want insignificant people to know about it” Rachel stood by Jean’s bed with red eyes, “Let him go.

Ms. Eyer will not be happy when she wakes up and sees him.” Edgar was anxious and clueless.

He couldn’t do anything but resignedly be chased out of Jean’s ward by Ben and Rachel.

Ben warned Edgar before he closed the door on Edgar.

“You’ve hurt her enough.

Settle your mess with Royden family, or | won’t let you near her again.’
Edgar’s eyes dimmed.

He was caught in a daze for a long time.

Then, he slowly retreated his feet.

Susan coaxed, “Mr. Royden, you should go back first.

There’s nothing you can do here.

| will stay back and cook for Ms. Eyer.

| will let you know if there’s anything” Susan thought it would be best for Edgar to leave Jean’s ward, but she was diplomatic in dealing with Edgar’s delicate feelings.

Edgar slumped his shoulders helplessly.

He dug his fingernails into his flesh and obligated, “Okay.” He was left with no choice.

Miles came back to the ward after sending the doctor away.

“Mr. Royden, | have sent someone to the hospital to investigate the incident.

Except for immediate family members, otherwise, we are not allowed to peruse Ms. Eyer’s medical records.” Miles explained.

Edgar’s hands were cold and clammy.

He felt suffocated.

He bobbed his head and let out a bitter sneer.

“Karma is a b*tch.

Perhaps | deserve it.” He had made irreversible mistakes from the get-go.

Now, he had to suffer the consequences of his vices.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Royden...

Ms. Eyer is in stable condition now.

Everything will be fine.” Miles didn’t know how to comfort him.

Looking at the disconcerted Edgar, Miles was apprehensive for him.

Unlike his usual self, Edgar looked bizarre and manic.

“Car key.” Edgar reached out his palm.

Miles was confused.

Then, he quickly handed the car key to Edgar.

Edgar grabbed the car key, got into the car, and drove away.

Meanwhile, Ben stood at the window, watching Edgar from Jean’s room.

He turned around and walked to Jean’s bed when Edgar had driven away.

“Rachel, go down and get Susan to prepare some food for Jean.

She would be starving when she wakes up.” Ben was concerned about Jean’s well-being.

At present, and after what had happened, Ben no longer just loved Jean.

He felt more than just love.

He was sympathetic to Jean’s choices.

He sincerely hoped that Jean would wake up soon.

No matter who she chooses in the end, she deserves a second chance.

“Alright.” Rachel promptly stood up, walked to the door, and closed the door.

Ben sat idle for a while.

Subsequently, he slowly reached out his hand and caressed Jean’s forehead.

Then, he leaned forward and whispered by her ear, “They are gone now.’ As soon as Ben finished his words, the person on the bed slowly opened her eyes.

She was claspng the bed sheet tightly to prevent herself from making any sound.

The bed sheet was wrinkled from overexertion.

The sun was too glaring, and she couldn’t help but furrow.

Ben hurriedly got up and drew the curtains.

“Edgar had just left with his assistant.

He will find a way through the hospital administration and get ahold of your medical record if he still cares about you.

But your record has been deleted.

He won’t be able to find out anything anytime soon.’ He paused, turned around, and asked Jean, “Are you really going to leave?” Leave this place and start anew somewhere with her supposedly perished child.

Jean feebly hovered her hand over to the lower abdomen.

“Edbert is inhuman.

He will do anything.

He even gave up his Royden Group shares to induce sympathy from other people.

Plus, he has wide connections and resources we don’t know about.

If he finds out that Edgar has a child, he will definitely...” Unrepressed coughing shattered her words.

Ben quickly handed her a glass of water.

“Your acting was so convincing.

| would have been frightened by you if you didn't inform me beforehand." Ben furrowed.

He stared at her and said, "Have you contacted your aunt?" Jean nodded.

"| haven't been in contact with my relatives after my mother's passing.

| didn't expect they would still welcome me as part of the family, but the situation is, in fact, more favorable than | could ever imagine.' She held the water glass.

The heat from the warm water relieved the tension in her body.

Her eyes glimmered, "Ben, please ensure Eyer Group is sold to Ludwig Group after | leave.

| owe you a big one again: Ben shook his head in negation.

"What have | done to help you? You wouldn't end up in this predicament if | had been helpful" Ben nagged at Jean tirelessly.

As Ben was nagging at her, she was dozing off.

She knew it must be the sedative at the hospital that was making her sleepy.

She was there for a routine checkup to ensure the baby in her womb was healthy.

She wasn't there for an abortion surgery.

However, that hospital was fraudulent and unethical too.

The doctor who treated her had resigned.

Jean reread the previous analysis report and noticed there was no complication with her pregnancy at all.

Now, she had to find a way to ensure her child's safety.

Jean had no choice but to devise a plot to deceive Edgar in order to make the incident look believable.

Her existence would vacillate Edgar's judgment and threaten his well-being.

There was no way for them to predict Edbert's next course of action, and they might end up losing the battle if they were not careful.

She reckoned it was best to nip the problem in the bud.

"Holler me once you get there." Ben pursed his lips.

He had many things to tell her, but they ran out of time.

Jean nodded gently, "I will" Ben exited the room as he saw her getting drowsy and dozing off.

Meanwhile, Rachel and Susan were busy whipping up a fish dish, a healthy mixed vegetable dish, and millet porridge in the kitchen.

Susan quizzed Ben when she saw Ben, "Is Ms. Eyer awake?" "Not yet." Ben said while picking up his coat, "Rachel, I will leave this to you.

I have something to deal with." "Sure.

I understand" Rachel nodded.

After Ben left, Rachel went to Jean's room and stayed by her side.

"There's a silver lining in every cloud, Ms. Eyer.

You will live a full and wholesome life after this snag.

This too shall pass'

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 502

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 502-So In the meeting room at the hospital.

The expert representatives from each hospital watched Edbert's operation.

They could see that there were many problems throughout the entire process.

The operation wouldn't have failed if the doctor hadn't accepted the bribe.

"The main surgeons of Edbert Royden's have handed in resignation letters.

They denied that they received money, but we have evidence.

We can file in a sue any time." The director pushed a document toward Edgar apologetically.

"Mr. Royden, | apologize for not keeping my word about this treatment.

All of this happened due to my poor supervision.

I'll hand in my resignation after dealing with this matter: All in the room rose to their feet and bowed apologetically.

"We admit that, as the hospital, we are responsible for this matter.

We will do our best to coordinate and solve this issue." Before they finished speaking, they heard a knock on the door.

As the door opened, George pushed Edbert, in a wheelchair, into the room.

His face was pale as he hadn't completely recovered.

He raised a hand weakly.

"It must have been tiring dealing with this matter.

| thank all of you for your efforts." Edgar, sitting on the right, looked on frostily.

Edbert didn't seem to notice his expression.

The wheelchair rolled forward.

He spoke slowly to the people in the room.

"I'm already this old.

Anything could have happened on the operating table.

I...

have no intention of looking into this anymore.” It was a generous statement.

The doctors sighed in relief.

If the patient didn't want to pursue the matter further, there was nothing else to do.

It was beneficial for them, as their reputation wouldn't be affected.

Their expression looking at Edbert was like that of one admiring their gods.

“Mr. Edbert, we thank you for your consideration!” He coughed a few times before putting on a faint smile.

“It's alright.

I'm aware of my situation.

It's good enough | survived the operation table.” Edgar swept his eyes across the room stonily.

The hospital representative thought Edgar was trying to get justice and compensation for his uncle as a nephew.

“Even though Mr. Edbert says so, we will still give our best for the rest of the treatment.

We will also pay for all of the fees.” The hospital would do anything to keep the news under wraps.

Edgar stood up as the representative finished speaking.

“Edgar, everything's over.

There's no point in pursuing who's responsible for this.” Edbert spoke up for the hospital.

In truth, the media was aiming for Jean.

If Edbert didn't want to investigate the matter, no one would shed light on the truth.

George stood next to Edbert.

“Mr. Edbert, it’s time for your drip.” The hospital staff surrounded Edbert worriedly when he coughed again.

“Mr. Edbert, you must take good care of yourself.” With how they reacted, it was surprising they didn’t escort him back to his room.

At that moment, only a few doctors noticed Edgar’s expression.

They shot each other a look and hurriedly turned around.

“Mr. Edgar, next time we will.” “No.

Royden Group’s lawyers will be in touch.

This issue must be investigated thoroughly.’ He refused to compromise.

He couldn’t let Jean’s reputation get stained by the rumor.

Edbert heard the conversation through the door.

A sneer stretched across his pale face.

“Humans just never learn to be patient” George quickened his steps while pushing the wheelchair.

They had only been in the room for a while when Edgar arrived.

“George, we have something to discuss.

You can wait outside.” Edbert waved a hand indifferently.

George hesitated before nodding.

“Yes.” The door shut behind him.

Edbert and Edgar were left in the room, eyes fixed on the other.

“I’ve seen the news.

Those are all just gossip and rumors created by reporters.

Everyone would forget about them in no time.

You don't need to worry about it." Those words were...

Harsh to him.

"Would you be as gracious if you were the one being slandered?" Edgar's eyes were dark.

His voice hardly contained his raging emotions.

Edbert slowly spun his wheelchair around.

"Edgar, I'm your elder.

I've let Jean go and decided not to pursue this matter.

Do you want me to continue?" Edgar only stared at him coolly.

Edbert's breath quickened as his anger mounted.

He slammed his fist on the wheelchair.

"I'm the one who has to depend on this thing for the rest of my life!" "Do you mean that I should thank you for your grace?" Edgar's voice quietened at the end of his words.

He had never imagined that there would be a day when he would confront Edbert in these conditions.

"You returned the company to me to control the public's opinion.

Back then, when the company had troubles, didn't you use the same method to push all the responsibilities onto my father?" The issue had been in his mind the whole time.

He still remembered the time when rumors were all over the place.

When Edgar was lost, Edbert was the one who approached him on his own and gave him a place to settle down.

Edgar wouldn't have been in the dark for years if it hadn't happened.

He had always trusted Edbert.

“How could you think that?” Edbert’s expression changed.

“I’ve helped you all these years to take a stable position of president in Royden Group as your parents’ last wish.

I didn’t even remarry for you.

But you!” ‘Cough!’ Edbert started coughing uncontrollably.

His face turned deathly pale.

Xena barged into the room.

The bag in her hand split, and fruits spilled all over the floor.

“What are you two doing?” She hurried over to help Edbert.

While patting his back, she gave Edgar a few careful glances.

“Edgar, hasn’t the hospital given a solution to this situation?” Edbert gripped Xena’s arm tightly.

“You, send him out.

I don’t want to see him.” Edgar gave the father-daughter duo an icy look before walking out without hesitation.

He had only stepped out of the room when Edbert glanced at Xena and said curtly, “Why are you not going after him?” Xena quickly followed despite being confused about the situation.

She couldn’t hide the fear in her eyes as she ran out and grabbed Edgar by his suit.

She followed him into the elevator.

“Edgar, I... I’m...” She had a lot that she wanted to say.

Even though the words were on the tip of her tongue, she couldn’t speak them.

She was only aware of a small portion of Edbert's plans.

If she told Edgar, Edbert would do away with her! "Let go." Edgar flung her hand away.

She had never seen such coldness in his eyes before.

"I don't care if we knew each other before this; I don't want to have anything to do with you.

Get out of my sight if you still want to live."

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 503-She felt a chill go down her spine as she watched the elevator doors close.

I can't believe Edgar will be this cold to me.

"Edgar.." Where did the man from my youth go? George found Xena staring at the elevator doors.

"Mr. Edbert is asking for you,' George said and woke Xena up from her reverie.

"What?" "You've already gone down this route; you can't go back on your words now.

You know too much for Mr. Edbert to let you leave." George grabbed onto her wrist and coldly reminded her.

Xena chewed on her lip angrily and stepped back, "No...

I haven't decided yet.

Edgar will surely help me if I tell him." Her hand shook as she reached for her phone in her bag.

"I have a recording as evidence.

I will show it to the world? her voice was weak with panic.

George furrowed his brows and snickered, "You are a clever girl; why would you do something so stupid?" Xena did not understand what he meant.

In the next second, he snatched her bag and phone.

"Anyone who betrays Mr. Edbert will not end up well.

Sam Reece is a living example.

You're an adult; there's no free lunch in this world, George said menacingly.

If it weren't for Edbert Royden, Xena would still be a typical college student.

She would never have had the chance to intern at Royden Group or to be interviewed by reporters.

Neither would she have had the opportunity to wear branded clothes or carry branded bags.

This whole situation had sprouted from a scheme.

She knew about their unethical behavior yet chose to help them due to her greed.

It was all her fault that things had come to this point.

George brought her back to her hospital room and warned her again, "I won't tell Mr. Edbert about today, but you should watch yourself next time.

He pushed her into the room before she could say anything.

"I couldn't catch up to him; she blurted out in a panic when she saw Edbert waving to her in the room.

The strewn fruits were still on the floor.

Edbert did not blame her; he simply told her, "Get ready.

I'm taking you to Royden Residence tonight." "But Edgar doesn't want to... see me,' Xena said in a small voice.

Her whole personality became timid and restless.

She bit her lip and lowered her head, "I understand.

I'll go get ready" Edbert smiled, pleased.

He looked at her with twinkling eyes and said, "It's been tough on you these few days.

Don't worry; the sun will shine again." The way he spoke sounded like he was playing chess with people.

Xena's hair stood on end when she met his gaze.

Edbert did not shy away from the public's scrutiny nor hid from the reporters.

He spoke to them like he had solid evidence and was able to persuade them with his serious demeanor.

He blamed all the problems on Jean.

"Please take into consideration this is a matter of the Royden family" He painted himself as a kind and respectable adult to the masses.

The public speculated that he might've been threatened by Edgar.

Meanwhile, at the detention center, Gigi was in a tight spot.

All her 'friends' had distanced themselves from her.

They would give her the dirty eye whenever they saw her after her counseling session.

"What are you going to do?" Gigi's face was full of annoyance.

She was quickly surrounded by a mob of people.

The head of the group, Sheena Bowler, sneered at her, "You're a heartless b*tch.

No, you don't have a conscience.

Your sister treats you so well, yet you are blinded by hatred" Gigi's eyes turned icy, "Do you know Jean?" The crowd snickered.

“Surely, she must know.” “If Jean had not begged Sheena, do you think we’d care if you died?” “Let’s just throw her out, Sheena” The crowd threw swears at her.

Gigi frowned; how is it that I’m still in Jean’s care? She slowly slid down the wall.

‘Pang’ Sheena started throwing marbles at Gigi, but Gigi could only retreat further from the pain.

“How about you reconcile with Jean the next time she visits you? Don’t pull her down with you,’ Sheena sneered at her.

“What do you know? She’s so self-righteous! She never asked my opinion when she did things, apparently for my good.

Why do I have to be thankful to her?” Gigi shouted at Sheena.

She couldn’t contain the rage in her heart.

Sheena was prepared to leave but turned around when she heard Gigi’s outburst.

She glared at Gigi with cold eyes.

Gigi had never seen someone with such intimidating eyes.

“You two sisters are totally different.

You do not sympathize with people like she does and cannot let go of your hatred.

The more you call her your sister, the more guilt she will feel.

But you? You’re feeling hurt for your common enemy.

How do you think she feels?” “You have no idea what’s going on! Who are you to judge me?” Gigi questioned with a low voice as she bit her lip tightly.

The people around her were going to restrain her, but Sheena stopped them with a wave of a hand.

She stared at Gigi and said darkly, “You’re quite similar in this.

She acted just like you did when she first came here.

She was full of thorns.' Gigi's eyes shone with unshed tears.

"Don't compare me to her." Why does everyone think it's my fault? Why do they all stand with Jean! "Sure, | don't know what happened between the two of you.

But | have eyes; | can see.

You should have a good think about it.

She doesn't owe you anything.

Sheena scoffed.

At this moment, it was like the last threads holding her mind together snapped.

She shut out the world and slowly lifted her hand to stare at the lines on her palm.

She thought about the day Jean pulled her.

The person who caused all this travesty was not Jean.

It was me who couldn't escape the pits of hatred.

That's why | placed all my anger on Jean.

Even an outsider like Sheena could see this; how was | so blind? Gigi kneeled on the floor and cried for a long time.

"What can | do?" The following day, Robert Martin, a lawyer, came to look for Gigi.

He placed a demand letter in front of Gigi.

"According to the plaintiff, Jean Eyer's, request, we will be withdrawing all accusations against Sam Reece.

| will apply for your bail after you sign this letter.' "What?"

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 504-Gigi was in shock when she heard what the lawyer said.

“Ms.Reece?”

The lawyer tapped on the table, “You can sign here.”

Gigi slowly lifted the pen and signed her name.

After that, Robert dealt with her bail, and she was released in the afternoon.

No one paid any attention to her.

Her heart was distraught as she walked out of the iron gates.

Even though she was free, she felt like she was still in there mentally.

“Where is Jean?”

Robert opened the car door and told her, “I don’t know.I can send you to the city center.Get in’ Robert couldn’t let Gigi walk down the streets herself; she would be too eye-catching.

After all, she was a celebrity.

Also, someone had entrusted her to him; it was part of his job.

On the way back to the city center, Gigi made more than ten calls.

Few people picked up, and even fewer held a conversation with her.

Most did not even bother to pick up and denied the call.

Gigi stared at her phone silently.

Robert could see the betrayal Gigi was feeling.

“Whatever! I don’t care if they don’t want to talk to me!” Gigi scowled.

She put down her phone but quickly picked it up again.She stared at two numbers before finally giving in and tapping on Ben’s number.

“Where is Jean?”

“I don’t know.”

The voice was colder than Gigi had expected.

Ben was about to hang up but was interjected by Gigi.

“I have something to pass to her. It’s about the situation with Sam. Should we just forget about it?” Gigi said through clenched teeth.

This was the only way to get them to pay attention to her.

“She has already decided to drop the charges and let go of everything. Whatever evidence you have is useless.” Ben replied to her coldly.

‘Click’ He hung up.

Ben slowly let his hand fall. He looked at Jean sitting on the couch and whispered, “Have you really decided?”

Jean shut her eyes.

She knew the person on the phone was Gigi. She could even guess what she had said, and she was probably correct, seeing how Ben was angry.

But she had nothing to do with that matter anymore.

“Ben, what I’ve learned from this matter may be what my father had intended when he agreed to marry me off to Edgar. There are many things to care about in this world, yet at the same time, many things to lose. I can’t force Gigi to live like me. But I can choose to let go.”

Jean seemed to be iridescent. It was captivating.

She put down the mug in her hands.

“I should get going. Rachel’s already at the airport. Let’s meet again someday: She reached out her hand toward Ben, toward the past she was leaving behind.

“I will take your whereabouts to my grave.” Jean giggled.

“Yeah.”

Five hours later, news of a plane going missing spread in Yorktown.

The plane was en route to Louisville when it lost contact with the radio tower during a storm.

During the descent, a passenger was flung out of the plane.

They identified her as a twenty-something woman named Ms.

Eyer from her passport in her belongings.

Ben had just gotten home from work when he saw the news.

He was still reeling from the shock when someone banged on his front door.

Edgar stormed in and demanded with raging eyes, “Where is she? Your secretary booked her tickets. It was that flight, wasn’t it?”

He pointed at the TV.

It was.

Ben opened his mouth but couldn’t say anything. He quickly recollected himself and ran out.

Edgar followed behind.

“The plane landed in Louisville. Do you think she’s alive?”

He wished she was.

“I don’t know!”

Ben shouted angrily.

He wouldn’t have let her go on that plane if he had known. Ben’s phone suddenly rang. He picked it up and heard Rachel sobbing.

“Mr. Ludwig, what do I do... Ms. Eyer’s plane... What do we do?!”

Ben’s hand tightened around his phone.

“Was she really on the plane?”

There weren't many casualties on the plane, and they only knew they had found the fallen documents.

There weren't any new updates either, so they did not know if Jean was alive.

There was still hope as long as there was no body.

“Yes, I sent her luggage in myself. The passport..”

Rachel sobbed uncontrollably.

“I'll go over right now.”

The only thing Ben could do now was confirmed it with his own eyes.

Edgar's car followed closely behind.

They reached the airport at almost the same time.

“There's no point in you going. Jean wouldn't want to see you even if she was alive,”

Ben warned him stoically.

Edgar reached into his pocket for his wallet and identification card, but his hands shook so hard he couldn't even pay the fare.

“Let me help you, sir”

The airport staff quickly helped Edgar with the procedure.

He seemed unbothered by everything around him.

He only hoped this was one of Jean's ploys to avoid him.

Ben side-eyed Edgar.

“It's too late to regret now.”

Jean wouldn't have left the country if it wasn't for him.

Edgar closed his eyes sorrowfully.

“Yes, it’s all because of me.”

He tried to control the shaking by clenching his fists.

At the same time, Joseph arrived at the airport in a flurry.

He hurried over to Edgar and Ben when he saw them.

“The woman who went missing. Is it.”

“No!”

Edgar answered vehemently.

Joseph had an inkling something was wrong when he saw the look in Edgar’s eyes.

“This is under our jurisdiction. We will be joining the investigation. Let us know if you have any intel”

Edgar’s brows tightened further. He turned to look at Ben.

“Who else knew she was going to take this flight?”

“Me and Rachel” Ben answered quickly.

He had helped Jean deal with Eyer Group, but Rachel was the one who planned Jean’s route to Louisville. She had even departed at the same time as Jean to avoid any tails.

However, things had gone south.

“No, it can’t be her”

Ben denied earnestly.

The thought that it might be Rachel who planned Jean’s demise was chilling to the bone.

“It better not be”

Edgar's glare was fierce and piercing.

His phone rang as he was about to stand up.

"Edgar, you must not go to Louisville. You absolutely must not!" Xena's voice rang out.

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 505-Edgar briefly glanced at the screen before turning his phone off and boarding the plane.

Meanwhile, Edgar had locked Xena up in her hospital room.

Xena pressed against the door, trying to listen to the voices outside.

She could hear George saying, "We've contacted our men over there. They will move out once Edgar arrives' Xena clutched her phone tightly; she didn't dare make a sound.

Edbert had his back to the door and was looking at the scenery outside.

He seemed unbothered by the situation, "Prepare the news manuscript and contact the board of directors. We have to file a missing person's report once we get news of my nephew's disappearance' Then, I'll be able to take back Royden Group without even lifting my pinky.

"Yes, Mr. Royden."

"The initial plan was to go after that brat. But since the b*tch decided to leave on her own accord, I'll let her live. At least she has more sense than her stubborn father."

Edbert sneered and glanced at the hospital room behind him.

"Keep an eye on her."

"Got it., George nodded and went into the room. There was no time for Xena to hide; she quickly pretended to be asleep in bed.

The door closed, and George whispered menacingly at the woman in the bed, "I warn you. Do not do anything."

Xena was so nervous she felt her heart was going a mile a minute. She dared not make a sound. It was dark.

Jean was walking by the shore with a bag pack.

After the emergency landing, the flight attendants ushered the passengers away from the crash site.

They walked for a few kilometers but did not see anyone, not even the people of this country.

Their phones had no signal, so they had no idea of their actual location.

All they knew was that they were in an isolated area.

“Hey, it’s getting late. How about we camp here for the night? Please make groups of two or three and stay together. Refrain from going too far since we’re not sure of the danger around here.”

The crew instructed.

Jean looked at her watch; it was at least five hours to sunlight. We can’t sleep in a place like this.

However, she felt weak.

If she did not rest, she would not be able to keep up with the group.

She went to sit under a tree, lit a small fire, and caught two fish from the river.

“What is this? Man Vs. Wild?”

“I bet the crash has been reported on TV. Our family must be so worried! And we have no way to contact them. Family? Jean’s head drooped even more. Ben had told her to contact him when she arrived. She frowned as she looked at the battery on her phone; there wasn’t much left.

As everyone was settling down, they heard someone complain, “I can’t sleep in a place like this. It’s all because you guys used a sh*tty old plane that we’re in this situation. I’ll sue you!”

“Sir, it was out of our hands’ “Is that all you guys are good for? Apologies?”

The group of men stood up with their luggage and walked toward the east.

“Once I get a cab, I’m heading straight to the embassy...Jean watched their slowly disappearing figures and heard a whisper beside her, “It’s so dark.They might run into some animals”

Her heart jumped, and she quickly looked over at the speaker.He looked about twenty years old, but his eyes shone with maturity.He felt Jean’s gaze on him and turned to her.

“Miss, don’t worry.I’m just running my mouth.The world is such a safe place; how can it be?”

He giggled.

Jean hummed at him.

Sometimes, people are scarier than animals.

There was no news of the group of people.

The following morning, the remaining people divided the last bit of food and headed toward the east.

Not even a kilometer away, they chanced upon the bag packs of the group that left the night before.

There was blood on it, and a rotten stench came from that direction.

“Is that a hand?”

Someone screeched.

The crowd scurried backward.

No one had heard any weird sounds or human cries last night.

No matter how tired they were, they couldn’t have just left their personal belongings, right? They must have gotten into some trouble.

“Guys, stay with the group.Let’s keep moving forward.We just need to get to somewhere with signal.If something had happened last night, it’d be best if we did not stay here.Otherwise...”

The crew looked at each other and said, "Okay, let's keep moving."

Jean watched as the young man from before walked toward the objects. He seemed to be taking pictures of it, but after that, he pretended as though nothing had happened. He kept walking with the group.

There was another thought in Jean's mind.

Was the crash really an accident? At the same time, Edgar and Ben arrived at Louisville Airport.

The airport was under lockdown; people could come in but couldn't leave.

Joseph was sent by Westburgh to investigate the matter, but they couldn't get any information even after meeting with the local police.

They could only confirm that they hadn't found any bodies.

"No news is good news."

Edgar clenched his hands and looked upward at the blue sky.

How can a person be fine after falling from the sky? His heart ached, but he needed to be strong for Jean.

"Ben, I'm going to rent a car. Let's start searching around here: "What use are you going to be? Even the police and rescue team couldn't find them; Ben frowned at him.

"I can't sit around and do nothing, Edgar said and quickened his pace. I don't care if this is all for naught. I won't give up if there is still a glimmer of hope.

"Mr. Royden.."

Joseph said but realized Ben and Edgar were gone.

"Officer Bunnings, they've left. They even left their belongings here."

An officer told Joseph.

Joseph slapped his forehead, annoyed, "Fine.

Let them do what they want.

Let's go interview the rescue team: Edgar drove along the shore toward the west.

"How do you know to go this way?"

Ben crinkled his forehead as he looked around him.

It was empty fields before him.

They looked like they were leaving the city.

"It's been twelve hours since the accident.

Since the rescue team and police can't find them, one of two possibilities is they have no signal and are in an uninhabited area. I've searched the map, and only one place matches those points; Edgar said calmly while clutching the steering wheel. Ben frowned and asked hesitantly, "What about the other possibility?"

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 506

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 506-"Nothing"

Edgar's eyes glinted, and he stepped on the accelerator harder.

Ben looked at the increasingly empty roads and slowly exhaled. He was being realistic by not writing off the second possibility.

The possibility that the people on the flight, including the crew, had met demise.

Three hours later.

There was still a little ration left in Jean's bag pack.

We haven't seen a soul! Not even an animal! What happened to those people last night?! Jean walked slowly but not slowly enough to be separated from the group.

Some people started to get impatient as they could not see an end to their walking.

“Is there no one looking for us? When will we reach the end?”

“Yeah! We haven’t had a drop of water to drink”

People started grumbling; their reasoning was clouded by primal desires.

“You guys fly in and out for a living; do you not know what kind of place this is?”

The people glared at the flight attendants.

“We don’t. It’s hard to guess since there are no specific landmarks around us.”

The passengers looked at each other and scoffed, “If this goes on, we’ll probably die from exhaustion or thirst. We still have a little food left, but I bet no one has water”

There was a thump in everyone’s hearts.

Jean chewed on her lip. She had emptied her bottle a while ago.

The others wouldn’t carry water with them either.

Those words caused a ripple or rage through the crowd.

While everyone was bickering, they heard the sound of a Car.

“People! Over there!”

The crowd started to run toward the car, but the closer they got, the more suspicious they became. It was a car, and there were people who weren’t typical citizens.

The vehicles were dark green camouflaged trucks and jeeps.

Everything around them was quiet, and they could see barbed wires in the distance.

Is this the border? Or a quarantine camp? Before the group could react, there was a helicopter hovering above them.

“Who are you? You need to leave!”

It was an army base, but they weren't Louisville's troops.

The passengers were a group of people that consisted of old and young ordinary people.

They were all exhausted, and some had even fainted from the fright.

Jean looked up at the helicopter.

I think I've seen that emblem before...

She raised her hand to block out the sun's glare.

Where though...

At Royden Residence! On Edgar's bookshelf! She inhaled sharply.

Soon, a convoy of about ten jeeps came, and they were ushered into it.

"What's going on?"

"Quick, explain to them. Can't you speak their language?"

Some passengers pushed the flight crew.

"It's."

It will be hard.

Jean thought about it after listening to their conversation and stepped forward.

"I will try? She waved at someone opposite to them and shouted loudly, "We were involved in a plane crash. We didn't mean to trespass! We're all ordinary civilians."

The group opposite them heard her and glanced at each other.

The head of the group surveyed Jean before stepping forward, "This is the army's stationed area. We need to identify you. Please form a line and move accordingly"

Jean conveyed his instructions to the passengers.

They slowly nodded and said, "They'll take us to the embassy as long as we cooperate with them, right?"

"Not really, the young man from before piped up as he fiddled with his luggage, "if they find any weapons or prohibited items, they might.."

He made a gesture.

Those that heard him turn pale in the fast.

"Don't worry, Miss.I was just joking" he giggled.

Jean and the two flight attendants kept cool and thought about the situation.

He wasn't entirely wrong.

But we're not sure of their affiliation.

If we don't cooperate with them, they might really off us.

"You know their language.You go first! We'll learn from you."

Jean looked up and saw them looking at her with an expectant glimmer.She could only nod and agree.

We can't just keep going on like this.

I have to give them a little hope.

Their way of verification was simple yet intrusive.

Jean walked into a dark room.

She followed their instructions and took out her belongings.

They let her out with a gesture after sieving through them.

Jean stood up and looked at the emblem on their uniform.His expression darkened when he noticed her staring at him.

"You can leave now."

Jean turned away and left.

The next person to go in was the young man. He came out with a bruise on his face. He must have fought with them. He did not seem afraid, though. He clutched his bag and laughed, "This is my baby; I can't let them see it."

Jean frowned at him. She walked over after a moment of contemplation.

"Are you.."

The young man was drinking straight out of a tap.

When he heard Jean, he looked at her and spoke through a mouth of water, "I'm majoring in history. I've done some research on the aborigine's culture here, so I can speak a little of their language."

"Do you know what the vulture on their emblem means?"

She couldn't help but ask. She felt uneasy.

The place seemed more like an international self- organization.

The young man looked at her differently.

He wiped his mouth and whispered after glancing around him, "They've governed this place for more than ten years.

All they have is stolen, including their assets and women.

It will be hard for us to escape unscathed."

He pointed at the drone above them and continued, "They can't afford anyone spilling the secrets of their location. But don't worry. They treat pregnant women well because of their religion."

He laughed.

Jean gasped quietly.

They were in a tough bind.

Once their identity had been verified, they split their group into two.

Some started to protest, "Why...

They were silenced when one of the men raised his fist.

One group was brought away, and Jean and her group were brought to a meeting tent.

“Write down the details of your family and contact details. We’ll contact them and send you back.”

Is it that simple? Jean glanced at the pen and paper and then at the people standing to the side.

They wore no emotions.

None of them moved.

The man opposite them slammed his hand on the table and shouted, “Now!”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 507

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 507-‘Crash..’

The road up the mountain was covered in debris, and the rain was coming down in buckets. It was far too dangerous to force their way across.

Edgar stopped the car. He frowned at the windshield wipers doing their best to brush the rain aside but failing terribly.

Ben piped up from next to him, “Maybe it’s best if we stop for now...”

Before he could even finish his sentence, Edgar had gotten out of the driver’s seat.

“You drive” Ben used to be a racecar driver, after all.

Ben froze.

“I can’t guarantee that we’ll get there safely. Are you sure you’re fine putting your life in my hands just to find her?”

Edgar stood outside in the pouring rain.

There was no sign of hesitancy in his eyes.

“Jean trusted her life with you.And I trust her judgment”

It didn't matter who they were to each other.He trusted her no matter where she was.

“Okay then” Ben replied.

They swapped seats and continued onward.

Ben was fully focused on the road ahead.

After a few maneuvers, they arrived at a flat plain.

But it was still dark out, and the rain was still pouring down around them.

They drove on slowly.

“Wait a minute’ Edgar stopped him urgently.

He rolled down the window and looked at the sky to see a flashing bright red light.

“Did you see that?”

Ben affirmed that he did.He had been paying close attention to the road and weather conditions.

It was normal for a racecar driver.

The two of them kept their eyes on the light.

There was another flash of light.

They could make out that it came from a drone.

Edgar smiled in relief.

“She must still be alive.”

“What?”

“Just continue in that direction.They must have detained her inside”

Ben was at a loss for words.

“How could you laugh at that?”

Edgar’s fist finally relaxed. He had been beside himself with worry for the past two days.

The tightness in his chest finally loosened.

The car continued moving.

After driving for about eighty kilometers, they were stopped by what looked like guards in uniforms.

They were all clad in green raincoats.

Their eyes showed a certain ruthlessness to them.

“Who are you?”

“They don’t look like Louisville’s military.” Ben frowned.

He was confused.

Edgar opened his door and slowly stepped toward them.

Ben watched Edgar talk to them from inside the car. He was shocked to see them open the gates for them! Ben stepped on the gas and drove in.

“What is this place?”

“They have at least five guns pointed at us right now. Don’t make any sudden movements or say anything.”

Edgar muttered to him. He looked deadly serious.

Ben felt a chill run down his spine. He clamped his mouth shut.

Meanwhile, Jean was in a stalemate.

Jean refused to write her details no matter how they threatened her. She had two reasons; for one, she did not know their intentions.

For two, whose name should she write? She did not know who else she could ask this favor of.

Someone entered the room and whispered something to the head honcho.

Someone else was also brought in.

Jean kept her head low until someone stood next to her and placed a hand on her shoulder. She stiffened. She was about to shove the hand away.

“Let..”

The word had escaped her mouth when she saw his familiar eyes.

Jean could not describe the emotions that ran through her at that moment.

Savior.

The word popped into her mind when she saw Edgar.

Here, standing next to her.

“Can I take her with me?” He spoke their language.

Jean was still frozen in shock when suddenly Edgar pulled her up and out of the room.

“But they... “ She quietened when Edgar’s hand clamped down on her shoulder.

“Quiet.”

He muttered into her ear.

Jean pulled herself together and followed him out.

To her surprise, Ben was there too!

“Get in the car and tell Ben to head west.”

He instructed her.

Jean stiffened and turned to him.

“What about you?”

Edgar smirked at her.

“I’ll catch up”

Once she was in the car, Edgar turned and walked away without turning back.

Jean fumbled for the door handle, but Ben had locked the doors, and the car was already moving.

“Wait.He’s still inside.And what about the people that were on the plane? What will happen to them?”

“Trust in him.”

That was Ben’s only response.He had never felt calmer.He finally understood something.

Edgar loved Jean deeply.He just wasn’t one to express it verbally.

“You’re pregnant.You need to eat, drink and rest.”

Ben gripped the steering wheel hard.His eyes were troubled.

Jean faltered.He was right.

Who could she save in her current state? She watched the place disappear from view in the rearview mirror.Her eyes were bloodshot, and her lips were drawn tight.

“Edgar seems like he knew someone there.Something similar happened at Royden Residence.This can’t be a coincidence.”

“If that’s the case, he’ll be fine, won’t he?” She asked in a shaky voice.

“Yes”

Ben suppressed what he was feeling.

“You must be tired.How about taking a nap first?”

Jean was extremely alert, but the soothing movement and the low hum of the car beckoned her to sleep.

An entire day and night had passed when she next woke up.

They were in a small hotel in the suburbs.

Jean frowned at the piece of stale bread and water before her.

“Has he returned?” She asked in a hoarse voice.

Ben, who was rolling the window down, stiffened.

“Not yet.”

Fearing that Jean might worry, he added, “I drove a long time to get here. It’ll take him equally as long, if not longer, to get here.”

Jean stared at the bread in front of her in silence. She reached for it.

It was hard to know how precious life and freedom were until it was taken away.

At least now, she and her unborn child were safe.

“Ben, could you tell me how you came here?”

Ben was prepared for her questions. He briefly explained what the news had reported to her.

“I thought that they had blocked the news from getting out.” Jean said through a mouthful of bread.

It was dry and hard to swallow.

Ben sat across from her.

They were silent for a long time before he asked, “You said that the Roydens recognized some of the people there. Could Edbert have something to do with the plane crash?”

Jean froze.

That had not occurred to her.

Knock, knock, knock.

Someone was knocking on the door.

Ben gestured for her to stand behind him.

He reached for the large stick behind the door and called out, "Who is it?"

The answering reply sounded exhausted.

"It's me?"

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 508

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 508-Ben opened the door to Edgar standing in the doorway.He looked exhausted, but at least he seemed somewhat unharmed.

Jean looked him up and down.

Edgar smiled at her, "I'm fine.She sat down and turned away from him.Ben handed Edgar the stick.

"She hasn't eaten much today."

He opened the door and strode out.

The door closed behind him.

Edgar carefully approached her.

"We can't go home for the time being.Please bear with it.Ben and I will figure something out' Jean did not respond.

He was gentler than usual with her.

From Jean's understanding of him, he wasn't one to act this way unless something big was really going down.He was afraid that she'd worry herself sick.

"For the time being? How long will that be?" She cocked her head to one side.

Before he could say a word, she said, "I have no intention of leaving now that I'm here."

She had applied for a temporary visa before entering the country.

Edgar frowned. His throat felt like it was closing up; it took him a while to speak.

"Are you planning on giving birth here?"

Jean's eyes grew dim.

"I aborted it a long time ago."

She thought that her plan was foolproof.

"Is that so?"

He stared at her disbelievingly.

Finally sighing, he said, "I'm going to get you some food. You'll need some energy to talk or, in your case, argue with me."

He didn't say a word about that place or the people there.

Neither did Jean ask. She took out her phone and found a local news website.

They were covering the latest news about the plane crash. She grew grimmer the more she read. She had found herself entangled in a conspiracy.

This seaside town was quaint and remote.

There weren't any tourist attractions, and not many people visited.

Jean opened the window and saw Edgar and Ben chatting with the hotel owner downstairs.

The three of them seemed to have a mutual understanding to not mention anything about what had happened.

But choosing not to talk about it didn't mean it didn't happen.

That night, someone pounded on Jean's door. She woke up in fright. She stayed quiet, hoping that whoever it was would go away.

There was a cry and then silence. She slipped on her slippers and carefully made her way to the door when a voice called out, "Go back to sleep. I'll keep you safe."

Her mind went blank.

She didn't respond.

Slowly, she reached for the doorknob and forcefully pulled it open.

Edgar was leaning against the doorframe on the other side.

He frowned when he saw her.

"Go inside and rest. Leave these..."

"Do you think I'll be able to sleep?"

Jean retorted.

"Just tell me what's happened"

Edgar gave in. He called Ben over and borrowed a map from the hotel owner.

"The organization you met before... is complicated. Basically, it involves people from four different countries, and they are based somewhere the governments cannot regulate." Ben frowned.

"Then you..."

"My father used to have some business with them. And I've also had some contact with them. Which is why I understand the way they do things."

Edgar pointed to the map.

"They mainly conduct their business around this area. I'll find us a car within these couple of days. After we cross this road, we should be able to head straight for Louisville."

We'll be fine once we get there.

“Did they have anything to do with the plane crash?’ Jean was much more interested in if this had anything to do with Edbert.

“No.”

Edgar looked at her and answered confidently. He rolled up the map and put it away.

“Both of you know how complicated our situation is right now, so please just stay put” He sounded angry.

Jean turned away from him and mumbled her acquiescence.

She just wanted them all to be safe.

She was never one to put herself in harm’s way.

In any case, compared to someone who is more than capable at handling such things, she had no choice but to give in.

Everything was quiet for the rest of the night.

However, Jean suddenly remembered something Edgar had said.

What did he mean when he said that he had contact with them? If he had business with them...

It’ll explain how he was able to get out of there so easily.

But how would Edbert not know about this? Meanwhile, back at home.

“You didn’t catch her?” Edbert stiffened in anger.

“You idiots! With the money I’m paying you, how difficult could it be to kidnap a pregnant woman?!”

The timid voice of the interpreter replied, “It was completely impossible, Mr. Royden. Mr. Robles had sent people to find the plane as soon as it crashed. However, there was too much area for them to cover.”

“And what about my nephew? He must be there!”

Now that the plan had failed, Edbert could only settle for the next best thing.

“Get rid of him quietly in that godforsaken place’ That way, he could move forward with securing his position as president of Royden Group.Erm..”

The interpreter sounded like he had more bad news.

Edbert continued to instruct him.His face grew redder with every passing second; he was furious.He threw his phone to the side and bellowed, “Idiot!”

George picked up the phone and spoke to them before hanging up.

“Mr.Royden, it’s best if we move on to the next step of the plan if they’re both alive.Delaying it might bring on more complications”

Edbert placed both hands on either side of his wheelchair.

He frowned.

“Edgar has made his choice.He chose that woman over the company.If that’s the case, we can’t allow him to return”

George nodded in agreement.

“Find a way to get rid of Jean”

Edbert maneuvered himself to the window.His brow slowly smoothed out as he stared at the moving traffic outside.

“My carefully laid out plans shall not be ruined by her.

How extremely foolish of Edgar to give up his career for one woman.However, this was all in Edbert’s plan.

“I’ll take care of it.But...Things will be tricky if Mr.Edgar has already found Jean.He has connections there, after all.”

George was always one to consider all options and consequences before acting.

But sometimes, Edbert would get annoyed by how long he took to get things done.

“Do you think he has a chance of turning this around?”

George caught the glint in Edbert's eyes.

He immediately bowed and said, "I spoke out of line. I'll make the arrangements right now"

As he turned to head out, Edbert added, "There's that girl as well. Keep an eye on her"

George left the hospital and returned to the office.

It had been three days since Xena started her internship with them, and not a day had passed that her supervisor did not end up fuming.

"If you can't even handle this small assignment, then you might as well forget about coming in tomorrow!"

Xena stood in the doorway. Her head lowered.

"I'll take care of this, Mr. Jenkins"

George said and led Xena out.

As they walked, Xena could feel the eyes of her colleagues staring at her with judgmental eyes. She bit her lip.

"Mr. Carlson, you're making things worse"

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 509

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 509-George reached for the elevator button and turned to look at her.

Once they entered the elevator, George couldn't help but sneer at her, "I told you to watch what you say and do, but that didn't mean that you should just lie down and let people walk all over you. You're the heir-to-be of the Royden family. You don't need to be that cautious"

Xena stayed silent. She heard what they said at the hospital the other day. She had plenty of evidence. But she could not speak out.

Rather, she did not dare to.

How would she survive if this came to light? “I don’t want to intern here anymore.Can’t I just leave?”

She looked up at George hopefully.He had helped her plenty of times in the past.

She should be able to trust him.

George’s eyes grew hard like flint.

“What do you think?”

He had shown her mercy before, but if she continued to play dumb, there was no need to keep her around.

While the elevator was still moving, he turned and pinned her against the elevator wall.

“You sent Mr.Edgar a text before he left, didn’t you?”

“I did not!”

Xena immediately denied it.

George narrowed his eyes at her.

“I gave you the phone you’re using.I know where you’ve been, what you’re doing, and who you’re talking to.”

The blood in Xena’s veins ran cold.

“Naiveté.”

George turned away.

“Are Edgar and Jean alive?” Xena asked meekly.

“Maybe.”

After receiving a call from Edgar, Joseph immediately sent someone to escort them back.He began interrogating them as soon as they met.

“What happened after the plane crashed? How many people survive the crash? How did the three of you survive for the past four days?”

“She needs rest” Edgar said.

He led Jean around Joseph and the police officers that came with him, completely ignoring them.

Ben was no different.

Joseph frowned, “What is going on? Stop messing around. You have to...”

“Same here. No comment.”

Edgar had instructed Ben to do so before they left the hotel.

They couldn’t say a word about what had happened to keep Jean safe.

If not, the consequences would be too much to bear.

However, an hour after they arrived at Louisville, the tabloids started reporting news on the private organization, Swarm.

“According to professionals, it is an aggressive and highly dangerous private military located around the border.”

“As of this moment, the police have not intervened. It is unknown whether this could be political.”

Ben and Edgar exchanged glances.

Their eyes flashed with cold certainty.

Jean was much more at ease than the both of them.

Having suffered a plane crash, she had experienced far more than any average person had in ten lifetimes.

People would rely on their natural survival instincts and self-preservation skills to calm their troubled minds when faced with an uncertain future.

“The Louisville police force are going to interrogate you. It is all routine.”

There was no way Joseph could stop them.

A few hours later.

Jean and Edgar were both in the same interrogation room. She had long gotten used to such 'routines: "Don't say anything no matter what they.."

"That should be easy. I have no idea what's going on."

Jean eyed the camera in the corner of the room.

"I'm not going to lie. It's better for me to tell the truth anyways."

Her words had a double meaning to them.

"It came as a surprise to me when I found out that my ex-husband had connections to a private military organization." She suddenly blurted out.

Edgar stiffened. He opened his mouth to say something.

But Jean beat him to it.

"You've always told me to not ask so many questions. To not get involved. But not once did you think that maybe I could be of help. To you, I'll always be someone that needs your protection"

Jean cocked her head and said emotionlessly.

"I'm just overreacting"

Her voice was barely louder than a whisper. She sounded so sad and lonely in that enclosed room.

Jean looked down at her knees.

"How did you know that I did not abort the child?"

"You wouldn't do that."

He sighed softly.

Who would have thought they'd finally be honest with each other in such circumstances? "You have a sense of responsibility. Everything you do, you

put your heart and soul into it. Unlike me, all I know how to do is threaten people to get my way.”

Jean blinked.

Was he actually reflecting on himself or just placating her? “Everything I do is for your safety”

Jean was quiet.

This she admitted to herself.

If he hadn't appeared like a knight in shining armor, she might still be locked up in that place with the rest of the passengers.

And she wouldn't need to be interrogated either.

After everything she had been through, she still couldn't get rid of him.

The door opened, and a Louisville police officer walked in.

Joseph followed behind.

“Let's get cracking.”

They were asked about their personal information.

Nothing that couldn't be disclosed.

Toward the end, Edgar would butt in and take over whenever Jean tried to say something.

It gave people the impression that he was trying to hide something.

Jean frowned at him.

“Tell me the truth!”

“I am telling the truth.”

He spread his hands out as if showing that he was fully cooperating with them.

Edgar looked calm as ever when in fact, he was signaling Jean.

They needed to muddy the waters a bit.

They were telling the truth but nothing of use.

Anyone listening would think of them as a pair of innocent but unfortunate run-of-the-mill citizens.

“Never seen him before.”

Jean shook her head at the photo they showed her.

In the end, the police had no choice but to break out the polygraph.

Joseph could not stop them.

But it was useless.

Edgar and Jean were on the same wavelength.

The policemen threw their earphones to the side when they heard the interpreters answer.

They swore and slammed the door when they left.

Joseph scratched his head in confusion.

He stared at the two of them.

“Are you telling the truth?” He asked.

“Of course.” Edgar smiled faintly at him.

“Okay. Then, would you like to remarry her?”

Joseph stared hard at Edgar’s face. He was testing to see if the polygraph was working.

“Yes. Anywhere, any time”

Jean pursed her lips tightly when she heard the sincerity in his voice. The polygraph suddenly beeped. It echoed loudly in the small room.

Joseph leaped to his feet.

“I knew something was off! This machine is broken!”

“I’m sorry, Officer Bunnings, but the battery is just running low. See, the light didn’t go off.”

The police officer standing next to Joseph nudged him.

Joseph was stumped “Stupid machine!”

The Louisville police had no choice but to hand them over to Joseph.

They had twenty-four hours to leave Louisville.

They also could not reenter the country for five years.

“Don’t worry, Officer Bunnings”

Edgar reassured him once he heard the order.

“We’ll never return to such a dangerous place on our own accord.”

“Damn it”

Jean muttered under her breath.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 510

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 510-On the way home, Jean would speak only when spoken to. Ben was stuck between the two of them.

It was the most uncomfortable he had been in a long time. He received a call from home when they touched down at the airport.

“I’ll be heading off now. Let’s figure out some options on how we can fix this.”

He had no say in Jean choosing to stay or leave.

“I’m sorry for causing you so much trouble.”

Jean felt incredibly apologetic.

“Your company must have suffered some losses because of me’

“We’re fine. Your safety is much more important. Okay then, don’t hesitate to contact me if something comes up.”

Ben glanced at her as if signaling something.

Jean nodded, understanding what he meant.

Their interaction was not unnoticed.

To him, it felt like there was something more between them.

“What were you guys talking about?” Edgar frowned.

He helped her lug her suitcases.

“It’s got nothing to do with you. Jean spat out and walked out.

“But...Hadn’t he gone to Louisville to save her with Ben? How could she treat both of them so differently?! Edgar caught up with her. He wanted her to explain.

But when he reached the entrance, he saw Rachel hugging Jean tightly, sobbing uncontrollably.

“Ms. Eyer! You scared me to death! I thought something terrible had happened to you. I was so afraid that...I’m so sorry!”

Her eyes were bloodshot. She clutched at Jean, refusing to let her go.

“I haven’t been able to eat or sleep these few days. I was so afraid that something had happened to you.”

“I’m fine. Don’t I look okay to you? Not a scratch on me. Besides, there was no way you could predict this happening when you booked the tickets for me. Don’t cry now. We’re in public. Aren’t you embarrassed?”

Rachel’s face was covered with snot and tears.

“Next time, I’m going with you! I’ll never let something like this happen to you ever again!” She sobbed.

Her concern warmed Jean's heart.

"As you wish."

It was at that moment that she realized there was no way she could leave this city.

Cold and cruel it be.

"That reminds me, Ms. Eyer, your aunt is back. She's staying at your house right now"

"My aunt?"

Jean paused before asking, "Was it because of news of the plane crash?"

"Yes."

Rachel nodded. She couldn't believe it when she received news of it over the phone.

But once she saw Julia Horton and the way she carried herself, she was convinced that Julia had to be Jean's aunt.

There were just too similar.

While all this was happening, Edgar had already moved the luggage into the car's trunk. He opened the door and got in the car.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"She's your aunt. It's only polite for me to meet her."

Her aunt was just a convenient excuse. He was not about to let Jean go home by herself. He planned to stick to her during this sensitive time.

"You'll regret it" Jean frowned.

She was saying this out of the kindness of her heart.

But Edgar ignored her, refusing to get out of the car.

Jean had no choice but to get into the car.

“You asked for it”

The car started to move.

Miles followed behind in another car.

They arrived at the Eyer’s residence to see a lady in a long dress standing in the garden.

She was supervising the cleaning up of the yard. She pointed while drinking tea, all so elegantly.

Jean glanced at Edgar, who was admiring her aunt’s elegance, and urged him, “There’s still time for you to go. My aunt is not someone to be trifled with”

But out of all her aunts, Julia Horton was the kindest to her mother.

Back then, her mother married her father against her family’s wishes.

After the wedding, they cut off contact with her.

Julia was the only one Jean had met when she was a child.

She had received the worst scolding of her life from Julia.

But the rest...

Had completely disowned them.

Jean took a deep breath.

She mustered up some courage and approached her. She’d never want to meet this aunt of hers again if she had a choice.

“There and over there. Make sure that it’s spotless. Honestly!”

Julia lectured the servants. She spun around when she heard footsteps behind her.

Their eyes met.

Julia looked Jean up and down.

“You’re just like your mother.Sloppy as always.”

She snorted.Her words were harsh, but she reached for Jean to give her a hug.

“Were you afraid?”

Jean was fine until this moment.

Julia’s concern drove her to tears.

“Yes.”

She buried herself into her arms.

Julia looked somewhat disgusted.She patted Jean on the back.

“There, there.What’s there to be afraid of? Even if the sky were to fall, I’d stand in front of you to take the brunt of it.It just wasn’t appropriate of me to interfere now that you’re married.How have you been?”

Her throat was thick with tears.

They held each other tightly.

After a while, Julia held Jean away.She looked indifferent, as if they hadn’t just been hugging and crying together.

“That’s enough.You’re a sobbing mess.Was this how your mother raised you?”

She glanced at Edgar, who was standing behind Jean, impatiently.

“Who is he?” She asked Jean.

“How do you do, ma’am? I am...”

“Was I talking to you?”

Julia cut him off.She pulled Jean to the side, preventing Edgar from intervening.

“Speak up.Jean felt like a misbehaving child.

“He is my ex-husband.”

Ex-husband? Julia arched an eyebrow. She looked Edgar up and down.

Without a single word, she hauled Jean into the house.

Edgar was sensible enough to bring down the luggage from the car. But the door slammed in his face. He could hear Julia telling Jean off inside.

“You’re divorced! What are you thinking, traveling with him? Do you have no sense at all?”

Jean took it without talking back. She had no intention of letting Edgar in. He stood at the door, waiting helplessly until one of the maids opened the door.

“I’ll take care of the suitcases. It’s best if you leave.”

Edgar held on tight to the suitcases. He did not want to hand them over.

“I need to speak to Jean” The maid was not in a position to make this decision.

“Mr. Royden, don’t make things difficult for me.”

“Fine.”

Edgar looked disheartened.

Before the maid could react, Edgar squeezed in from the side.

“Huh?”

Who would have thought that Edgar Royden, the president of Royden Group would lie and be so untrustworthy?! It just so happened Jean was upstairs in her room.

Julia came downstairs and glared at Edgar warningly.

“The both of you are divorced. Stop bothering her. You’ll just hinder her chances of finding a boyfriend.”

There was a pause, and Edgar laughed bitterly.

“Ms.Horton, you may not be aware of it, but Jean is pregnant Liaple all with my child”