

## Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 541

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 541-Jean glowered, "I'm that descendant your esteemed Mr. Royden had personally invited."

The crowd stood silent.

She was indifferent about Edbert, "I have a message for this man." The woman said to the audience, "He can start saying his prayers. I'm here to destroy Edbert Royden, so you best believe that."

Everybody gasped.

They observed Jean exit the personnel office and board the elevator.

She added before she walked away, "You may record everything I say and direct them to Mr. Royden. I couldn't care less."

On the spot, Will exhaled with relief.

Fortunately, luck was on his side, and he completed Jean's request on time. Otherwise, he may have been added to the list of people being laid off.

Jean went back to the upper office.

The directors who were waiting outside noticed her right away and encircled her, "Please, Ms. Eyer, convince Mr. Royden! It would be disastrous if he kicks Mr. Blanc and the others out of business." "Yes, we are aware of the wrongdoings of Mr. Blanc and the others, but they won't cause issues at this time." "So?" In their direction, Jean glared, "Do you believe he should be fired from the firm after a certain point? Does that imply that the past may be forgotten if it doesn't interfere with your interests? Even if they seized the business, it would still be for nothing. Edgar would own the lost money, not you. Am I correct?" "That's not what I said, though. We do mean well!"

A few directors appeared to respond, "Could this matter be your idea, Ms. Eyer?"

The managers were exceedingly remorseful for their inquiry.

Why did you obstruct your own exit?

“I did think about the notion, yes. I also cautioned him against becoming sentimental and warned him not to abandon anyone.” Jean looked at each of their faces when she had done speaking.

The individuals who were still concerned looked defeated.

There were also far too few of those who could still look at her without feeling shame.

Jean experienced a brief feeling of remorse.

/ even feel sorry for the man sitting in the office. If these sheep didn't drag him down, his company would have gone a step further by now.

“You've gone too far, Ms. Eyer!” “You absolutely have no right to do that.”

One by one, they allied against Jean.

“The Royden Group and the Eyer Group must be divided.”

The company's prior norms would be breached with Jean around, which would negatively affect their interests.

One by one, they had their eyes focused on the money.

Jean found it intriguing the more ecstatic they were. “That can't happen. The contract makes this explicit. If you drive me away, you will have to compensate me twenty times over. Could your department even afford it?”

A head manager cried, “What?!”

The elders huffed with frustration, “How is that even possible? Where is your proof? You're obviously lying to weasel out of this.”

Suddenly, Edgar's office door opened.

Standing beside the door, he sent their direction a cold, foreboding stare.

The audience immediately became silent.

As she turned her head away and grinned. Jean seized the man by the arm, “Weren't you all lively a moment ago? Do keep talking.”

The few directors saw them go closer and knew in their hearts what was happening.

Edgar has been bewitched by this vile woman!

Let alone them, even their own Edbert was disregarded. They believed Jean to be a vixen who would bring ruin to them.

She needs to be eliminated.

As Edgar prepared to speak, he noticed Will Summer from the HR division exiting the elevator.

“Everyone on the list has finished the resignation process, Ms. Eyer.”

I appreciate it, Will.” Jean shot a glare at the managers in front of her, “They might need to leave as well...” “Mr. Royden, I just realized that I had a scheduled appointment. I’ll head out first.”

Another employee cried, “Yes! I also have a task to complete. I’m urgently needed at a hospital.”

With that threat, they departed with whatever reasons they could conjure.

Edgar left the office with Jean by his side, “What else do I require, then?”

At that moment, he paid attention to Jean. Edgar offered his complete cooperation and listened well to her justifications on the matter.

A trace of profundity could be seen in Jean’s gaze, “Why are you so attentive to me?” “Even at this point, you would still want to question a simple matter?” Edgar kissed her forehead.

He expressed remorse for their marriage each time he made the decision to show vulnerability.

He wanted to make up to her, for those rough beginning. She was now essential to his existence.

I genuinely had no idea what love was in the beginning. I had no idea how to value other people.

That is the reason I acted like such a fool.” He looked at her with saddened eyes, “If I had known earlier in this way, it wouldn’t be...”

His speech was monotone yet tinged with remorse.

Jean looked at him. They exchanged glances.

She displayed no signs of fragility, “It’s still not too late.” ‘Click.’

Edgar didn’t anticipate a response, yet there was one.

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 542-The salespeople beside him all had jealous looks on their faces as they observed Jean.

It was the stuff of dreams for a man with good looks, wealth, and ability to spend time with a woman.

She doesn’t seem to be aware of the good fortune that has come her way.

With so many people present and observing, Edgar had a stern yet kind expression on his face.

He caught Jean’s attention before the large doll.

“You carry it, then. Let’s return to your house.”

The man’s smile peaked and subsided. He grabbed the toy and sprinted over to Jean.

The notion that Edgar was beaming for his ex-wife as he hurried through the mall soon spread around Yorktown. Rumors soon developed on this incident.

Ben had just wrapped up his conversation with Mr. Mason. They both obviously grinned as they read the notification on the phone.

“Can I ask you a personal question, Mr. Ludwig?” Mr. Mason said in a quiet voice and lifted his eyes to face him, “Do you find it difficult to let someone go?”

“No.”

Knowing that he was inquiring about Jean, Ben swiftly inquired, “What about Mr. Mason?” “We’re not the same. I started off with a point deduction.” Mr. Mason stood up and went away while hopelessly grinning.

Even if everyone in a relationship is on an equal footing, when you meet a nice person, you always want to give them the best version of yourself. Nothing except remorse enters your mind when you are unable to give them that.

Ben looked blankly at Mr. Mason’s back.

I turned around to observe his father, Myer Ludwig. The man approached, “Royden’s and Eyer’s Group joined forces, and that acquisition was just Edgar’s move. You don’t want to deal with individuals from Royden’s Group anymore.”

Ben grimaced.

His father gave him a look, “What’s up with that expression? You don’t listen when forming opinions. Do you really lack confidence in yourself?” “No, Dad. The things you tell me...” Ben sighed, “Were you attempting to warn me, or was someone else trying to?”

Ludwig was momentarily surprised, “What are you speculating? Keep up the work.”

Ben witnessed him dismissing his secretary.

He pulled out his smartphone and messaged Jean.

A response arrived quickly: ‘I see. Appreciate it.’

The two of them were greeted with much fuss as they entered Edgar’s home that evening when Jean returned.

Edgar immediately slipped the doll into Jean’s arms after shutting the door. “Go rest, I’ll cook for you.”

He marched and didn’t look back.

Her gaze softened, and she gripped the corner of his shirt, "Let's wait a little while."

She wrapped her arms around his waist.

That's not it. There is also something else."

Under the intense gaze, there was repressed emotion. Edgar's eyes flashed with confusion, and he quickly pressed her wrist, "You're expecting."

His speech was hoarse, and his throat was dry.

After chuckling, Jean released his hand, "I'm talking about you and Mr. Oprah having a video conference."

She took a seat and watched the TV show. Jean sat holding the doll.

The man in the kitchen frowned.

I'll mentally note this amount in private.

She had to take care of herself after giving birth and make up for what she had lost.

In the meantime, at Edbert's home.

Department managers and several directors led by Mr. Blanc were invited here. They were all uncertain about Edbert's mental state.

George turned in a report on his findings.

"The personal shares of Mr. Royden have changed.

He gave Ms. Eyer five percent of the shares in secret.

In other words, Royden now owns shares..."

Some justification.

"You mean we may remove Mr. Royden as president as long as we transfer our shares to Mr. Edbert." "Yes, and at that time, Mr. Edbert will return all the shares,"

When Edbert was seated in the wheelchair. He coughed twice, "They can only be stopped from playing around in this way. After this situation is finished, you can be confident that I will choose a competent new president. I won't let you down. The Royden Group is subject to high expectations from everyone."

Everyone exchanged blank looks of shock with one another.

## **Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 543**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 543-Jean gained a lot of weight while under Edgar's care for the last three days.

He had to inquire in surprise when Rachel Sander arrived to deliver the documents. "Has your morning sickness subsided, Mr. Eyer? You have a really strong hunger recently."

Jean scowled and became silent.

As soon as Miles noticed this, Rachel was dismissed.

"Mr. Eyer, don't worry. I won't let her out again."

Miles was taking care of Rachel Sander ever since she recovered.

Another strategy to safeguard Rachel was to ensure that no one else, aside from the two of them, would be aware of her current residence.

Her brother's business had also been taken care of. Every time Rachel writes to Jean, she would unintentionally compliment Miles, "I really didn't realize before that he is so careful in doing things, and previously..."

Jean yawned and looked at the phone screen.

The moment she released his grip, the person in front of her grabbed the phone.

Edgar winced a little, "Don't worry, I'll talk about him later. Arguing comes as second nature."

He was referring to Miles.

Before Jean could explain, he had already turned off the light. He took her hand and walked to the bathroom, "The water is warm enough. I'll be outside if you need me. Just call out for me."

Jean looked up to meet his gaze.

Edgar hummed subconsciously, "Don't worry."

With a yank, she was directed to the bathroom.

"But I want a bath..." "Women who are expecting are not allowed."

Silently sighing, Jean turned to face the empty bathtub.

Edgar appears to be more knowledgeable than Jean when it comes to prenatal care. The phrase 'women who are expecting' has been thrown around quite frequently in the last few days.

Jean counted the days in her head.

Jean submitted to her fate and used the shower.

Edgar remained outside during the operation. Despite the bathroom in front of him, his ears seemed to be acute to the noises. He continued to be alert to what was going on.

When he noticed that water had stopped running, he moved a few steps closer and took a towel in his hand.

He came in, startling Jean.

"The milk is ready, it's time to go to bed."

Jean cried out, "But I haven't even watched my show!"

She considered the timing and listed each justification in turn. "I have to be up to date. What time is it anyway? I'm not even sleepy."

The man just stared at her.

She pursed her lips and realized he won't budge, "Okay, I get it."



While lying on the bed, Jean kept thinking: This is like being kept hostage! And this breaches my personal privacy.

But when she awoke the following morning, she discovered that she felt at ease.

This might be an advantage of getting to bed early.

When she went back downstairs and smelled food, she became infuriated once more. Habits are dangerous. Edgar was able to acclimatize her to his presence in a little more than a week.

He made her rely on him organically.

That man is unquestionably a cunning sociopath.

As Jean descended the stairs, she pondered on something. When Xena called his brother, what had happened to them?

Immense jealousy overcame her.

“Madam, the food is ready.” Susan grinned as she stood at the kitchen entrance.

She now calls Jean ‘madam’ since yesterday.

Jean got chills being addressed as such.

She casually questioned while seated, “What happened to him?”

There, Susan seemed momentarily surprised and grinned oddly. “We’ll have breakfast first,” she replied, “Mr. Royden mentioned he had matters to deal with at the corporation.”

Is there a problem with the business?

In a typical situation, Edgar would have breakfast. Today, he had to leave early in the morning because of urgent matters.

“The fresh bread is still baking. They will be ready soon.” When Susan spoke, her eyes appeared to be apprehensive of Jean.

Jean mumbled as she devoured the scone, "What's wrong with the company?" 'Clack.'

While holding the plates, Susan nearly stumbled.

"Susan, you know I won't feel at peace for the whole day if I don't ask." Jean set her butter knife down, "Or should I just give him a call?"

Susan turned to glance around and felt abhorrent shame.

"When he went, Mr. Royden instructed me to keep it a secret. I can't tell you, or..." "No, he says things for his own means. Without a doubt, that man will care for you until your retirement. You won't be evicted, so, be at ease." Jean turned to face Susan, "Are the Roydens related to this?"

After a pause, Susan nodded. "Yes, I heard that Xena had been located by the police." She gulped, "They found her at the foot of a mountain."

## **Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 544**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 544-The two men looked at each other, and only then did they realize Jean saw through their facade.

Edgar walked over a few steps, "Susan told you?"

Jean blinked, "I threatened Susan. Don't blame her."

The man held her fingers, "I didn't intend to hide it from you." "I understand that you are worried about us."

She was referring to her and the child.

While beaming, Jean withdrew her hand, "But keep in mind that I'm not delicate. The more information you withhold from me, the more I'll want to know, and the sooner I need to figure it out on my own. Why not tell me right away?"

Nathan was thrown into an awkward third-wheel situation.

He coughed for attention, "This is too much public display affection for my liking. I'll leave you two some room."

“About that lawyer, I’ll handle it,” Nathan said as he left.

Lawyer?

It appears that things are going bad to worse. Again.

Edbert genuinely wanted Edgar to experience some consequences, exactly as Jean had expected.

“Let’s chat,” she spoke softly, her fingertips grazing the back of his hand.

Edgar’s eyes somewhat darkened.

He explained to Jean, “A villager was collecting firewood when he heard a woman sobbing nearby at a mountain. He went by and discovered Xena there.”

He paused momentarily.

What a scene it was...

Edgar was unwilling to disclose the next information. “Officer Bunnings contacted me, and he said that Xena had been calling my name,” he sighed.

Briefly, Jean could see the repressed rage in Edgar’s eyes.

She understood that he wasn’t acting this way because of his overt admiration for Xena, but rather because he believed the girl’s predicament was tragic. In this entire situation, she was innocent. All Xena wanted was a wealthy father who could truly adore her.

An escape from the status quo.

“She made the decision herself. She had multiple chances to walk away,” Jean spoke softly, “whether it was Uncle Edbert’s doing, she would travel down the same road.”

Avarice hoards itself poor; charity gives itself rich.

It was no one’s doing, only human nature.

Edbert’s offense was in another, if he is to blame.

He gave his pawn no opportunity to prove herself.

‘You’re right, I shouldn’t be too forgiving,’ Edgar replied.

Jean caressed his cheek, “We can send her somewhere or call her relatives. There is always a place where she can start again.”

It’s alright.”

For the following several days, they saw sporadic visits from reporters and attorneys.

All eyes were on Xena.

They weren’t sure what type of proof they held, but they all insisted that Edgar was somehow involved in this situation.

In particular, the reporters’ questions were becoming rather absurd based on unsubstantiated rumors.

Edgar was forced to formally request that the security guard escort them out.

Jean dressed herself and said, “Let’s go. I’ll accompany you.”

He stated he would visit the legal office today to resolve Xena’s issue when he called late last night. Although Jean was aware of it, she pretended to be uninvolved in the issue.

“You’d best relax at home, I’ll go alone,” the man said with a frown.

I’m a bit concerned. I’m scared that if you hit someone in public, you will truly be on the headlines tomorrow,” she said as she bowed her head to change her shoes.

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He had to let her follow since he was powerless to stop her.

Someone came to meet the two of them as they arrived at the entrance of the legal office, “Mr. Royden, your uncle has arrived. The location has also been vetted, and each employee has signed a confidentiality agreement. Nothing that took place today will be revealed. Be rest assured.”

The work they perform is excellent.

However, when she stepped inside the elevator, Jean deliberately investigated the surroundings.

Even though it looked like a fire escape, the door didn't seem to be accessible. It was a direct connection from the passage to another structure.

There were still unknown risks in this situation.

Please enter, Mr. Royden.”

The conference room door was opened, revealing Edbert seated in a wheelchair with sorrowful eyes. A thermos was in George's hand as he stood next to the man.

Charlie Melchoir, the plaintiff's attorney, stood in opposition to them with the same grave expression.

And Robert Martin, Edgar's attorney.

Both parties were present.

“I'll cut the long narrative short in this situation.” Although Charlie was in awe of Edgar's notoriety, he was currently filled with justice and felt like he was avenging Xena. Charlie stared at Edgar.

“We will formally launch a case against you, Mr.

Edgar. The following points are...”

Jean sneezed loudly just as he was about to conclude.

“I apologize. Perhaps the air conditioning is too chilly. Since I am pregnant, may I perhaps ask you to turn it off?” Jean softly tapped her lower abdomen as she spoke.

Despite putting on a lot of weight lately, her body was still very well-proportioned. If she did not mention anything, no one would know that she was pregnant.

“Jason, turn off the air conditioner.”

Charlie recommenced while seeing the staff enter.

“First, about Ms. Xena...” “How is Xena now? I heard that when she was discovered, she had some mental problems. I have a friend who is an expert in this field. I can help her take a look.”

Jean seemed quite serious in what she stated.

Charlie and his assistant, though, couldn’t help but feign a little displeasure.

“Miss Eyer, this situation is serious. Please wait until I finish speaking before expressing your views. Otherwise, we will think that you do not want to resolve this matter reasonably.” “You’re right about that.” Jean’s soft expression altered, and her eyes grew frigid, “You are going to sue Edgar now, thinking that he hurt Xena, right?”

Charlie was even more annoyed by her sudden change of attitude.

“Yes, if you have this attitude, I can take coercive measures now.”

Initially, they still had some hope for Edgar, but it seemed that they put too much thinking into it. Nothing could be done to reverse this situation. Edgar was inhumane and just driven by greed. He didn’t hesitate to harm his sister.

As lawyers, they must advocate justice for the plaintiff.

But as soon as the words were spoken, Jean’s laughter filled the space.

Alongside her, Edgar exuded hostility the whole time.

“Mr. Melchoir, I once had the same abhorrent treatment from the plaintiff you were defending. I had both audio and physical proof in my possession, but I gave them all up. Do you know why?”

It’s not that the court is unwilling to accept it, nor the lawyers, but because the man sitting in the wheelchair next to you is a vile monster. Someone who treats stepdaughters as disposable assets to maintain prestige and wealth.” “As far as I know, he has taken at least six lives in the past ten years.” “But he can still control the Royden Group. How terrifying is such a person, and you still have the nerve to defend him? Aren’t you afraid that if you know too much, he will murder you in the end?”

## Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 545

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 545-Robert Martin shifted their focus, "I have a request for dismissal of the lawsuit right here. You are welcome to take a look."

The court was initially prepared to accept the case, but Jean's response changed this appeal.

Considering the recent changes, the lawyers appeared a little nervous. Although they had been in the sector for a long time, they had never seen a situation quite like this one. The tables have turned.

After looking at Jean, Charlie turned to face the defendant standing next to him.

"Now, Mr. Royden."

Edbert leaned forward, holding the wheelchair's handle with displeasure.

"My apologies, Mr. Melchoir. Initially, I believed that the ugly nature of my family should not be made public. My niece and daughter-in-law are worse than my nephew, which I neglected to mention." Edbert simpered, "She bribed off the attending doctor, that's why my legs are..."

"Spreading rumors is entirely up to the individual." Jean smiled indifferently, "There is no legal consequence. You are free to say whatever you want. I can also call the newspaper now and spread facts. How about that?"

Jean gave them a direct look.

She expressed, "It doesn't matter. The deal is that if you sue me and I pay you back, I won't believe the lies you fabricate for that man." Jean looked at Charlie, "Besides, with your experience, do you really think you can win this case?"

She made it clear that she was playing the rogue.

But when they were made to examine them, those lawyers were rendered dumbfounded.

If what she said was untrue, the indictment might be amended to include defamation and gossip in this trial.

What if she was telling the truth?

After exchanging glances, Charlie and his assistant stood up together. "I have some documents in the office to retrieve, so I'll excuse you for a few minutes."

Jean tilted her head.

She asked openly. "Mr. Melchoir, are you fleeing in despair, or are you verifying what I just said?"

Charlie's eyes darkened, "Miss Eyer, don't get me wrong, I'll be back soon."

"Well, preferably soon. I can't sit for too long."

Robert Martin suppressed a smile beside her.

He watched Mr. Melchoir stride off with a scowl.

This was the first time Robert Martin had witnessed Mr. Melchoir rendered speechless by people outside of the courtroom.

Robert stood up.

"Mr. Royden, I'm just outside."

As he raised his finger, Edgar's focused gaze turned to the two individuals across from him.

"Uncle Edbert, do you have to take it this far?"

Edbert coughed heavily, "I just want to seek justice for Xena. The child had a hard life growing up. She finally came around and recognized me, but... I am rather upset."

"Upset over?"

"We can be frank," said the old man. He turned to



face her, "We are the only four people present. There are no reporters and no recordings. So, why do you still behave pretentiously? Are you worried that you won't survive the push?"

Since knowing Edgar's attitude towards Edbert, Jean couldn't bear it any longer.

In any case, there was no point in being patient toward a despicable individual.

"Please be understanding. Stop your nonsense," George remarked coldly.

"Are you qualified to talk here?"

Jean scrutinized George, "Your position does not warrant interference in the eyes of the firm. You don't have the right to interfere in the activities of the Royden family from the standpoint of personal interests." She scoffed, "Take heed, you best avoid working under such a cruel man. Instead of a girl, you'll find yourself in the mountains soon enough."

George's eyes became dark.

Edgar reached across and took Jean's hand.

"Enough."

However, Jean didn't understand his stance on this.

"Everyone wants to resolve this, but if he keeps playing dirty tricks, nothing gets right! It is now a game of ethical limbo!"

'Cough, cough, cough!

Edbert coughed a fit once more.

Jean sprang to her feet and grabbed Edgar's hand,

"Let's go. I can't stand that he coughs himself to death while he blackmails the two of us."

Edgar was promptly removed by her. She swung her head scathingly as she went down the stairs.

“Was that too much?”

The man furrowed his brows.

“Ample.”

“Well, you didn’t stop me!” She crossed her arms, “Besides, I still had more to say.”

Jean murmured and scamped down the stairs.

Edgar smirked. He followed her, demonstrating his lack of objection Jean’s decisions.

Edbert coughed in the conference room as they left the office. Edbert didn’t stop till Charlie and his assistant arrived back.

“How are you speaking, Mr. Royden?” Charlie enquired. “The countermeasures we previously described are not, in my opinion, essentially worthless.”

“Plus, I believe it’s preferable to make amends given Miss Eyer’s attitude.”

Edbert’s eyes expressed disdain.

“Do you think what she said is true?”

“No, no. I didn’t mean it at all. Just a few things that could harm your reputation and the firm.” Charlie grinned and presented Edbert with the letter of contract termination. “If there is an opportunity in the future, our law firm will serve you wholeheartedly.”

After obtaining Edbert’s signature, Charlie dismissed himself.

George was next to him.

“Will you still attend Mr. Blanc’s appointment, Mr. Edbert?”

“Go, I want to watch how they dig up my history,” Edbert gritted.

In accordance with Edbert’s strategy, Edgar would be under pressure from the outside world’s public opinion. His lack of abilities would certainly cause him to veer off course in his task.

At that point, everything can be easily returned to its initial state with a little prodding.

But Edbert was troubled by Jean's approach. "George, tell me about all the issues that remained after purchasing the Eyer Group."

George nodded and replied, "Yes." George checked the caller ID, "It's the hospital."

Xena was admitted to the psychiatric hospital ten hours ago. It was rather late for a phone call.

Edbert grimaced, "Head there now."

Half an hour later.

As soon as they arrived outside the ward, they heard conversations inside.

"Miss Eyer, we have tried our best." The head of the department looked ashamed, "Her present state is rather severe. She shows no sign of cognition."

"In other words, it is impossible for her to identify anyone. Her testimony would be deemed invalid, right?" Jean looked at Xena, who was pacing around the ward. She felt pity for the girl. The doctor nodded.

"Yes, that is a valid conclusion." "Okay, thank you." Jean got up and opened the door of the ward. The lady came face to face with Edbert. "No need to ask. You're too late." She sighed, "Xena has lost it. She won't be useful to you at court."

## **Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 546**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 546-Jean opened the scoring. She would strike first.

Before Edbert arrives, get the hospital's contact details.

Even in the hallway, he challenged Edbert directly, "Do you still intend to file a lawsuit despite the fact that she is insane? To enable her to recall the number of times she had suffered. Do you experience any remorse at all as a father?"

Edbert's eyes widened.

Even as a seasoned actor like Mr. Royden, there was a limit on how much he could tolerate.

She played the role of his villain to the fullest.

Jean didn't mind if all the nurses in the hallway gave her furious and perplexed looks.

"Unless you can provide additional proof, I'll state the obvious. If you continue, continuing to be negligent of Xena's life will put you directly with my lawyers under defamation.

Since he wanted to put pressure on Edgar, Jean would break the matter.

She did not worry about ruining her reputation or turning into a laughing stock among Yorktown locals.

She simply wanted to keep her ex-husband safe, no matter who showed up.

"I tell you, you are a horrible woman!"

Edbert was able to expel his contempt.

Jean had already left the elevator next to him. She turned to respond, "Really? I get the impression that the bad guy is using others to blackmail me in this situation."

She remarked before promptly boarding the elevator.

Edbert, who was seated in a wheelchair, scowled.

He had been sending spies to keep an eye on Jean and Edgar's whereabouts. He was aware that Jean had been attacked in the hospital, of course.

George was a little perplexed as well, "They appear to have already put the blame for this event on you, although our units did not do it."

"Will someone impersonate you?"

Edbert had a frigid smile on his face at first, but towards the end, all that was left was cruelty. "First try, then fight with me."

He went into the ward with George.

The hallway became quiet again.

Their backs were observed by unscrupulous spies in a distance.

Jean took a big breath after heading downstairs. She felt both refreshed with the drizzling rain.

Eventually, Julia arrived to pick her up.

"Madam, why can't you just relax? Why do you stay outside to fool around every day while you are pregnant? Your due date is approaching." The lady huffed, "Anyway, I've heard on the radio that you are now the new center of attention for Yorktown. You're becoming quite a celebrity with Edgar as your baby daddy."

Julia handed the phone to Jean after a long chat.

"Look, pictures of the two of you are all over the Internet."

Jean snatched it up, "It isn't awful. I seem slim even though I'm actually overweight."

Julia's hands tightened on the wheel, "Do you consider yourself to be an adult? Even if you're a kid, you still need to have a strong personality and act like the family's leader."

Jean's heart felt warm.

She turned her head, peered out of the car window.

"Auntie, I want to taste your cooking."

Julia shook her head, "My meals? Would you dare to? I wouldn't. I used to think of your mother as a spoilt child, so I..."

She realized her passenger was quiet as she monologued on about a childhood story.

She came to a stop at the traffic signal and checked on her silent passenger. Julia let out a deep sigh and covered her with a flannel.

“You are not alone Jean. Everyone has their own path to thread. Yours is especially rough.”

Jean was asleep.

Julia was accurate about one thing at least-she did become drowsier as her pregnancy wore on.

They spent a lot of time in the car together without Julia bothering her.

The sun had already fallen when the lady awoke.

With her eyes still closed, Jean opened them, “Julia, why didn’t you wake me?”

“Your Mr. Royden informed me long ago that you wake up quite mad, so I must take caution,” Julia put the phone to her ear, “We should leave since Dr.

Walterson has been waiting for a while.”

The two walked upstairs together after Jean nodded.

Gigi Eyer and Andrew Walterson appeared to be arguing in the ward. They both remained silent as they entered.

It was Julia who smoothed things over first, “Are there any updates on the donor you previously mentioned, Dr. Walterson?”

The mood, however, felt much tenser once the words were spoken.

There was no other option for Andrew Walterson than, to be honest. The doctor groaned, “They stopped answering my calls. I’m going to take a look at them when I’m off work tomorrow.”

There was just so much he could do as an attending physician.

However, Gigi Eyer didn’t seem to appreciate his decision.

“You shouldn’t do that, especially for someone like me who is on the edge of death”

Andrew grew angry, “I haven’t given up on you, so why do you always feel defeated? Were all of our efforts for you so unimportant in your eyes? Am I wasting time on someone who is adamant about dying?”

After he finished speaking, he opened the door and walked out.

The nurse who arrived to give Gigi Eyer the medication seemed perplexed. “Since I started my career, I have never witnessed Dr. Andrew become upset,” said the nurse.

Gigi closed her eyes.

“Leave. I don’t want to see anyone today.”

For a while, there was no activity in the ward. She held the corner of the blanket and couldn’t stop sobbing, thinking that Jean and Julia had already departed.

She appeared to yell out all her frustrations as soon as tears began to form.

However, as she continued to sob, a conversation began next to her.

“What about this?”

Alongside her, Jean echoed, “Let’s have Sichuan food since I prefer spicy food more recently.”

The two of them scrolled their phones while they looked for takeout options.

Under the three-person entree, Julia remarked for confirmation, “Okay, I’ll get a set lunch for two because she’s probably not hungry due to her constant wailing.”

Half an hour passed.

They carefully set up a table in the ward and ordered a variety of hot, flavorful meals.

“Try this, Jean.” The only thing Julia could do to stay cool was to keep drinking water.

“Auntie, do you dislike spicy food?”

Jean was confused. She had the sense that her mother could handle spicy meals rather well.

“I am not, however, your mother. I dislike hot meals. She used to include chili peppers in practically all her meals before, you know? It was sour and hot, she claimed. How did she manage to have you two brats?”

On the hospital bed, a lady popped her head out.

Frowning and with bloodshot eyes, she observed the two feasters.

“Why can’t you lower down that chewing? I’m hungry now!”

The chicken nugget was still in Julia’s hand, “So why are you still there? Look away.”

## **Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 547**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 547-Reluctantly, Gigi Eyer rose from her hospital bed and continued to grumble, “You didn’t come to see me at all. You’re just here to aggravate me.”

She looked dissatisfied, but her hands were honest to grab the fried chicken on the table.

Jean observed her hand.

“Dr. Walterson said I can eat it!” Gigi Eyer directly stuffed the fried chicken into his mouth.

Julia forced a sideways smile. “Just leave her alone. She wants to die and has no desire to live. It would relieve us of stress and effort, as well as save us money, to no longer be responsible for covering her medical costs.”

Gigi Eyer had the odd impression that the fried chicken she was chewing wasn’t all that tasty.

Her face lowered.

Jean chuckled, “Don’t make fun of her, everything will be alright. Eat now, I’ll question Dr. Andrew about your ailment later.”



“There should be alternatives to transplantation.”

For a while, Gigi Eyer didn't say a word and listened.

Her wrist scar had only recently healed, and even a small amount of forceful movement would rip the incision, giving her a faint tingling sensation.

She was constantly reminded of how tough it was to survive.

Just when Jean was about to summon Dr. Andrew over, a patient came from a different unit on the same level. He sprayed urine-filled water across Gigi's door.

“A lady with such a heart belongs in the lowest parts of h\*ll. She shouldn't be admitted to this hospital at all!”

“Nobody wants to do a transplant on her. Even then, I'll make sure to stop anyone who would do so.”

Awful words. One after another.

Julia covered Gigi Eyer's ears. She cursed, “Have some sense and read the news! If you come here to make trouble, I'll call the cops and arrest you.”

The desperate man took off running.

On weekdays, no one would stand up for Gigi Eyer.

It was also impossible for Andrew Walterson to stay outside her ward twenty-four hours a day. He frequently traveled to other wards, where individuals occasionally come to cause havoc without understanding what is going on.

Every time, Gigi Eyer's mood would be affected.

She averted her eyes, “It's useless, Auntie, they always...”

Dr. Andrew entered with a stern expression, “I have already reported to the hospital. He will be removed from the hospital tonight.”

“I, the attending doctor, still have this bit of power.”

Gigi was taken aback when she heard those words. She then smiled wryly, “What's the use of driving one away?”

She is the best person to understand that Edbert used this as a tiny ruse to get the better of her.

They come to her one by one, and too many had been brought low by Sam's company. For the rest of her life, she was free from any obligations.

She frequently had the thought of wanting to bury herself because of this sort of psychological strain.

"Dr. Walterson, let's focus on matters at hand."

Jean quickly recovered her thoughts, "I want to know if the previous donor was bought by Edbert?"

"This..." Andrew Walterson looked in Gigi Eyer's direction. Originally, he didn't want to talk about it face to face to avoid putting more pressure on her. Not clearing things would make the situation complicated.

"This scenario is quite likely. They made considerable promises on the phone but subsequently canceled the meeting and refused to return my calls."

Being made in such a vile manner is just irritating.

Gigi Eyer has a chance to live!

Gigi turned her head to the side and looked at the fallen leaves outside the window, "You really don't have to worry about my affairs anymore, I..."

"Edbert will be more pleased with himself the more you consider it. Is it acceptable to allow him to live blissfully and evade the law for the rest of his life?"

Jean regarded her face as she questioned her word by word: "You are now eligible for hospital discharge.

I can also offer you enough funds to let you purchase a sizable house in the countryside."

"But are you truly ready to live there the rest of your days?"

No!

She had obviously not forgiven.

They wouldn't have fought with Jean in the manner they did if Sam hadn't passed away.

Gigi tried to contain her emotions as she asked, "I haven't reconciled, so what can I do?" The patient cried, trying to keep her feelings inside.

Edbert had a solid background in Yorktown's business community because of his long tenure there. Even after engaging him several times, Edgar was unable to stop him entirely from fleeing.

Gigi was aware of her limited time, but she didn't want to burden Jean.

After all, she was expecting a child and had a chance to get back together with Edgar.

Gigi intended to draw Edbert into the ocean using Xena, but she had no idea that Edbert would be more brutal than she had anticipated. Even his own daughter could be mercilessly left behind.

"There will be a way."

"At least, I won't let you die like this, and I won't allow Edbert to rest in peace," Jean said, turning to face the person on the bed.

She turned on the wall-mounted TV after confirming the time.

Just in time for tonight's business news.

"Everyone, there is word that Xena, the former vice president of the Royden Group, has psychological issues. Her father, Mr. Edbert, is avoiding reporters," the reporter announced as she waited outside Edbert's door with a microphone.

"Our reporter will continue to follow up..."

"He did it all by himself." Gigi Eyer stared at the TV screen, "I'm sure!"

Jean and Julia exchanged glances.

"I agree, but none of the attorneys are interested in taking the case. They do not wish to interact with the Royden family or the Group. Through an earlier personal connection, Edbert was able to persuade the police to put the inquiry on hold."

“We’ll just have to explore... other creative approaches.”

Gigi, Julia, and Andrew Walterson looked at Jean at the same time.

“How do you want to do?”

“Let him also taste the cost of betrayal.”

That night.

Edbert Royden was sitting at home and George rushed over to report. “The police are getting nervous. It is said that Xena confessed everything to them.”

“Impossible. She is ruled out as insane. The police and the court would not accept what she claimed, even if it were true.”

Edbert played with the rosary in his hand.

George said with a frown, “However, Jean brought a defense attorney with her.”

Of course, Edbert could not remain still and took George to the hospital overnight.

At the side door of the hospital, he was worried that this was a trap. The sly man ordered, “Head to the company with the driver, and I will go myself.”

George hesitated a bit, “But sir... You will be alone.”

“What are you worried about? I am miserable enough to act like a loving father.”

Edbert believed he was unassailable, even if a reporter arrived.

After all, Jean was the reason why his legs were paralyzed. He had that as collateral.

If you really wanted to pursue it, he would let them know that it would be the end of the fight with him.

**Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 548**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 548-Edbert manipulated the electric wheelchair and entered the hall, only to find that the lights of the entire building were dimmed.

The lengthy corridor appeared unusually quiet at this time, with the exception of a few chandeliers in the corner that were still glowing. The hospital ought to have workers on duty even at this late hour.

Edbert frowned, then sneered. "This is a stage prank."

He kept a close eye on his surroundings before heading straight for the elevator. The door opened, but the interior was incredibly light.

He entered and waited.

But as soon as the elevator door shut, there was a huge crash. All of the lights quickly went out.

There was no sound outside, and he was trapped in the elevator.

"Anyone there?"

He spoke hoarsely, "Is the electricity out?"

The elevator dropped more than one meter as soon as he slammed the door.

Edbert almost fell out of the wheelchair.

His palms began to ooze with sweat.

All sorts of chaotic wails started to sound outside. Among them was a raspy croak, "Edbert?"

"My wife and children needed that money!"

"The money you promised for that false testimony..."

Who did you give it to? You heathen...didn't you promise?"

Edbert sat in the elevator's dim interior.

His back was stiff like a cornered animal.

He stared at the closed elevator doors, pretending he didn't hear anything.

"The elevator is broken! I'm trapped!"

It was challenging to reach the emergency call at this height since he was wheelchair-bound.

I can only shout for help...

After more than half an hour, there was still no movement outside.

Although Edbert's patience was increasingly wearing thin, the yelling voices persisted in demanding a response from him. "Mr. Royden, why won't you answer me?"

The phantom persisted. Again and again.

Edbert finally snapped, "I'll burn you that money. You spend its ashes down there!"

Jean sat in the monitoring room upstairs.

I find it exceedingly absurd as I watch Edbert's every move on the elevator. Such a person is the one who broke so many people's trust for the sake of fame and money.

To this day, Paul Jevin is still alive.

They have spent their whole lives regretting and blaming themselves for the choices they made back then, but the mastermind behind the scenes can be so cruel.

She clenched her teeth and turned up the volume all the way.

A long-planned ghostly cry suddenly sprang from the void.

"What..."

The entire structure resounded with screaming.

Even Edbert, who was in the elevator, was startled to the point of breaking out in a light sweat.

“The hell? Stop pulling pranks now. In my whole life, I have never owed anyone. I have a clear conscience! I have nothing to be afraid of.”

“Mr. Gibson didn’t shut his eyes when he died.”

As instructed by Paul, Jean had previously ordered recording technicians to capture every word.

Only individuals who were present when the event occurred may have known these facts. They are realities that have been dormant for a very long time.

The sole survivor, Paul Jevin, also passed away.

It seems sensible that no one should be aware of this, but when the voice really rang out, Edbert started to become alarmed.

“Impossible, who are you!”

He cried, “Get out!” while gripping the wheelchair handle hard with both hands and his face distorted into an exceedingly violent grimace. His eyes were a searing red from his fury.

But the moment the voice stopped; the lights turned on.

Immediately, the elevator doors opened.

A reporter who had heard the rumor was waiting outside the elevator entrance.

Edbert’s voice was audible to everyone.

“You guys, don’t get me wrong, I was shut up by the elevator for half an hour, and I was a little annoyed,” Edbert whispered as his chest heaved.

The reporters were even more puzzled and looked at each other.

“However, the elevator has been running, and it just came down from the third floor.”

“The third floor?”

Edbert suddenly looked behind him.

He obviously stopped on the first floor and fell.

“How is this possible!”

“Mr. Royden, are you under too much mental pressure because you are too worried about your daughter?” A reporter immediately stepped forward, “I heard that Ms. Xena has made a statement with the police today. I think the truth will come out shortly.”

“But without your guardian’s permission, we can’t interview Ms. Xena. Can you please allow us to interview? The public has been concerned about this, and there will just be a few really straightforward questions.”

“No!”

Edbert immediately steered the wheelchair and rushed to the ward as fast as possible.

“He went quite quick. I’m really worried about his daughter. Caleb, what do you say? This time, your guess was wrong.”

“No.” The reporter who pushed Edbert just now was named Caleb Spruce. He was sure that Edbert had something to hide, and it was definitely big news.

“I’ll keep running in Royden’s tracks.”

Here, Edbert broke into Xena’s ward directly. He yelled at the girl, “Get up! Tell me, what did you tell those policemen?”

“What are you going to say, you’re not...”

Halfway through the conversation, Edbert found that the patient was unresponsive.

He hurriedly went to check on her, only to find her lying there. She was pallid and completely unconscious.

The so-called statement with the police was a farce.

Edbert cursed excessively.

Upon thinking of the words in the elevator, his face turned sour, “Are you trying to force me, Jean?”



Time passed. Seconds turned into minutes.

Jean observed the man who had been staying in Xena's ward.

She believed that after discovering the ruse, Edbert would leave right away and lose interest in Xena's affairs. Unexpectedly, he was being careful.

He not only thoroughly discussed Xena's situation with the doctor, but he also offered to fly her out of the country for medical care.

Rachel Sander stood behind Jean. She donned a hat and mask.

"Mr. Eyer, if he takes Xena abroad, he will definitely murder for personal gains."

There was no doubt about this.

Because Edbert was self-assured enough to maintain his anonymity, he was able to get away with it for so many years.

He would use a variety of brutal tactics to completely eradicate anybody who knows his secret from this world, in addition to employing interests to win over the hearts of the greedy.

Only in this way can he sit back and relax.

"He is Xena's guardian now. The doctor has no right to interfere with what he proposes."

Jean stared at the screen in front of him and turned around, "Let's go, the rest is Xena's fate."

"But..."

Rachel Sander's discomfort increased as she observed Xena's sickly face.

Jean stood at the door, "Rachel Sander, they didn't hesitate at all when they attacked you."

**Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 549**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 549-Rachel stood at her spot and didn't move.

After a while, she ground her teeth and said, "Ms. Eyer, don't you think it's a shame?"

Jean looked at her indifferently. "No."

Pathetic people had hateful aspects.

She had previously pitied Xena, but in the end, she understood that perhaps some people didn't need your pity at all.

No matter how much you said to them, they would think you were going against them.

Xena was in such a state because of the consequences of her actions.

"If I could help her, perhaps I would consider it, but now, it's better not to interfere." Jean looked straight at Rachel. "Let's go. We still have a lot to do."

Rachel nodded slowly and followed her into the elevator.

Edbert had a guardian consent form in his hands after he left Xena's hospital room.

He sneered as he walked into the elevator.

He sent people to deal with Xena's hospital transfer procedures early the following day.

When the police received the news and rushed over, the hospital room was empty.

"Officer Bunnings, the hospital said this was requested by Xena's guardian. They could only make recommendations and not forcefully execute any measures."

Officer Bunnings gritted his teeth viciously.

"There's been no progress in Sam's international smuggling case. Those at Royden Group are part of the suspect list. Do they even care about the law?"

The other police officers hung their heads. They didn't dare to say anything.

"Dismissed."

Officer Bunnings left the hospital in a fit.

When he was in the parking lot, he received a call from Edgar.

"Officer Bunnings, about Xena's case, I can provide some leads. I don't know if the police are willing to go through all this trouble."

Officer Bunnings opened the car door at once.

"Where are you?"

When he arrived, he realized that Edgar wasn't there.

Officer Bunnings ordered a drink and frowned silently. He stared at the booth at the side, and when his patience was about to be exhausted, he saw Edbert's assistant, George, walk in.

Officer Bunnings raised his brows and shifted his gaze to where it was dim.

When Jean arrived home, dishes were abundant.

Only the two of them were eating. It was a waste to have so much food.

But she had just started muttering when the man across from her retorted, "Do you see how much I usually get to eat? If I don't make more food, would there still be anything left for me?"

Jean went silent.

She mumbled, "Are you saying that I overeat?"

"No!"

Edgar had a great desire for survival. "I think you should have a balanced diet at this stage, as should

I. So, it's no problem for me to eat the leftovers."

"This is a win-win situation."

Jean blinked and picked at the food. "I can leave at any time if you have any complaints."

"No complaints!"

"Really?"

She glanced over, and the man was cool and calm. "Of course."

"Actually, I want to eat some watermelon. Chilled watermelon." Jean squeezed out a smile. "Is that too much to ask for?"

"No, but you have to eat your food first. Let's talk about it after you're done."

Edgar gave her more food as he spoke.

As Jean was enjoying being fed, she kept thinking about chilled watermelon. An hour later, they went off to buy some watermelon.

But it was a little hard to get chilled watermelon at a time like this.

As they walked down a slope, Jean got impatient. "It's fine. I don't want to eat chilled watermelon anymore."

"How can that be?"

He turned his wrist and his hand locked onto her fingertips. "You must eat chilled watermelon today."

She was dumbstruck.

He didn't have to be so earnest about it.

The two of them had rushed out and didn't bring their cell phones. When they bought some watermelon and returned to Royden's family Villa, they saw Nathan speeding into the compound.

"Are you alright?"

He stared at them. They had relaxed expressions as they held hands. They were also holding ice cream and watermelon in their hands.

They looked just like a newlywed couple.

Nathan gripped the steering wheel and sighed heavily. He had been wrong in the end.

Edgar was quick-witted and immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

"Take a look."

He took out his cell phone. It was an anonymous encrypted message.

The content was straightforward. "Edgar will disappear from this world tonight."

"Just like last time, this has no heads or tails. I can't find out who sent this, as the number has been encrypted. Even if I get someone to crack it, we'll end up with disconnected phone numbers."

"It doesn't sound like this person is threatening you. It sounds more like they're tipping you off."

Nathan looked in the direction of Royden's family Villa. Dozens of gang members ran from that direction, followed by dozens of motorbikes...

There was also the sound of police sirens.

The people who lived in that area were respected figures of Yorktown. Security had always been tight.

How could these people simply enter?

"Nathan, can we stay a night in your family's hotel?"

"Do I have the right to say no?"

After all, Edgar was a VIP guest at his family's hotel.

Half an hour later, Jean huddled up on the hotel couch. The guest room was virtually reserved for Edgar all year round. At this time, Jean also found out that in the three years that they had been married, he would stay here when he returned to Yorktown.

There were even documents he had looked through back then, along with signatures.

“Lana?”

Edgar was cutting watermelon. He looked at her in confusion when he heard her voice.

The small woman huddled on the couch with her toes stuck out and clicked her tongue. “Amanda?”

“Her phone number is 15...”

Edgar carried over watermelon slices and saw her holding a stack of name cards. Some were gold, and some were pink. He had never seen most of it.

“Mr. Royden is famous for being a reserved man in the business world, but it seems like that’s all it is. A well-kept secret.”

Jean snorted.

She slammed the name cards on the table. “Tell me, is there some deeply moving story behind this?”

The man had a wronged expression on his face.

“I don’t know who they are. I don’t know if they’re tall or short, thin or fat, or even men or women!” He insisted with a fawning smile.

Jean took a bite of the watermelon.

She sneered. “Really? I think that this is your secret hideout. Perhaps only important people have the right to come here. Lana? She sounds...”

“My important person is in front of me, eating the watermelon that I cut,” he said with a piece of watermelon in his mouth.

Without allowing her to speak, he kissed her lips.

Their lips collided.

In the next instant, sweet watermelon juice slid into the corners of her lips.

“You! Mmph...”

He viciously deepened his kiss until she couldn't fight back and stopped struggling. Her face was flushed as she gasped raggedly in his arms.

The man had a profound and cold expression.

"Sometimes, I can only use such ways with you."

## **Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 550**

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 550-He wouldn't have stopped if he wasn't worried about her pregnancy.

In the end, Jean was left to rest in the room. Edgar walked around for half an hour before returning to the room.

The person on the bed was sound asleep.

There was some gentleness in his eyes. This was never before seen when he treated others.

When Jean woke up, Julia took care of her in the room.

"Don't look at me like that. I don't know where the Royden fellow went. He got the driver to pick me up in the morning and instructed me to make you rest properly today before you go for a prenatal examination tomorrow."

"Didn't I go for one just a few days ago?" Jean was suddenly baffled.

Even if Edgar was concerned about the child, he didn't need to...

Upon second thought, another idea appeared in her mind.

"Aunt Julia, can you go out with me?"

As soon as she said it, she saw Julia shaking her head candidly. "No."

Julia turned her down crisply and cleanly. "Although I'm still not satisfied with the Royden fellow, he managed to grab me a concert ticket. I must help him since he helped me. You won't blame me, right?"

Jean was dumbfounded.

Has she been betrayed by a concert ticket?

Jean gritted her teeth.

She never thought she would have to fight with a concert ticket and be jealous of it.

She thought about it for a while and made her way forward to act coyly. “Don’t get the wrong idea, Aunt Julia. I’m not going to make trouble. I just want to buy something for my child.”

“What else do you want to buy?”

Julia’s eyes were wide open. “There are three floors to the house. You’ve filled almost all the empty rooms. Even if the Royden family is rich, they can’t afford it. Quickly rest and stop thinking about impossible things.”

There was only one door in the hotel room.

Jean couldn’t think of another way to walk around Julia and go out even if she cracked her head.

It seemed like Edgar had anticipated this.

Jean sat quietly on the couch. After a while, her voice was quiet. “Let me be honest with you, Aunt Julia. I’m slightly worried about him. He might have gone to Royden Group to get this revenge on them.”

“Okay.”

Julia didn’t take it to heart.

Jean’s brows furrowed again. “I just want to take a look. I won’t meddle in anything.”

“But you’re meddling just by saying such a thing.” Julia finally looked at her in exasperation. “Do you know why your relationship hasn’t been going smoothly?”

Jean was startled. “Because of the hatred from back then.”

“No. You’re completely wrong.”

Julia stood up and drew the curtains. The sunlight outside spilled into the room in that instant.



Jean subconsciously used her hand to block the sun.

But Julia was handing her a sunhat.

“Do you understand? The biggest problem between the two of you is that you are too considerate of each other. Royden Group didn’t go bankrupt in the few years you were separated. Even in jail, no one bullied you to the point of helplessness.”

“Everything you see and worry about is just your assumptions.”

“At this time, he needs you to be obedient and stay under his protection. If you love him, you should put down all your desires and go along with his protection. This is a way of showing love as well.”

Jean had been given a talking-to for no good reason.

There was a slightly lonely expression in her eyes.

Julia could naturally see it, but she didn’t soften up. “You should reflect on it. You don’t have to be responsible for Edgar or Gigi. What you need to do is follow your path.”

“My own... path?” Jean mumbled.

Since trouble befell the Eyer family, she had never considered her standpoint and situation. She had been set on taking revenge at first. After that, she started thinking of burying the hatchet with Gigi. And now, she was worried about Edgar.

Other than entering the design competition, she did nothing else for herself.

Even when she was pregnant now.

It seemed as though it had been a long time since she had a seat in her life.

Julia saw that she didn’t say anything and sighed secretly. “Jeannie, sometimes when you care about others, you must think about whether you’re happy. Otherwise, people like us who love you will feel bad too.”

She couldn’t be so strong that she had to carry everything herself.

“You can protect him, but you must accept his protection.”

“I understand, Aunt Julia.”

While Jean was at home, Edgar was at the office terminating the contracts of seven directors.

They had withdrawn all their resources and capital out of Royden Group. Three of them were senior figures who had watched the company grow one step at a time when it was first established. It was a relatively significant amount of profit by now.

But no matter how much Miles persuaded them, they insisted on withdrawing their shares.

They only had one reason when asked.

“We unanimously think Mr. Royden isn’t capable of continuing to run the business at this time.”

This was the funniest joke Miles had heard all year.

If even Edgar hit a bottleneck in investing, wouldn’t it mean that other companies had fewer chances to invest?

But under Edgar’s signaling gaze, Miles restrained his impulse to argue with them.

The formalities were settled quickly.

The directors left with smiles.

Before they left, someone warned Edgar. “This generation is still in our hands. Young people must sometimes admit that they failed to do their duty.”

Did he fail to do his duty?

When Miles turned to look, there was a thick layer of ice in his boss’ gaze.

“Mr. Royden, everything is done.” He stepped back and waited for subsequent instructions.

“Ever since Andy left with the technical team, Royden Group laid off two groups of employees, and these senior figures withdrew their shares today. The departments will be readjusted, and capital will be reclaimed. We will

participate fully in follow-up partnerships with Oprah Group. The contract has been signed.”

Edgar raised his brows. “Make it look good.”

He wouldn’t suffer in silence for no reason.

He would’ve fought them to their deaths if not for Jean’s pregnancy.

But now, it wasn’t the time to hold a grudge.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Royden. I will do everything well.”

Miles immediately went off and got busy.

The office resumed its silence. Edgar’s cell phone lit up and darkened. He did not want to pick up, but he frowned when he saw the note that flickered across in a flash.

He picked up his cell phone. It was a text message from Jean.

“I want to eat the salmon that Susan makes tonight. When are you coming back?”

In a blink of an eye, he felt at home. The corners of his mouth curved lightly as he picked up his coat and walked out.

Those directors hadn’t walked far. They saw Edgar drive away casually.

“My vision isn’t blurred, is it? How can he smile at a time like this?”