

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 551

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 551-“What will he gain to make war with Edbert? He knows it well, but the damage is beyond remedy now. There’s nothing he could do.”

Someone sneered, “Gotta go. I have an appointment with Mr. Lanier.”

In their opinion, Royden Group had come to its end of glory.

It was impossible for Edgar to restore Royden Group at this juncture. They reckoned it was best to sever ties with Royden Group to mitigate their losses.

Only idiots would stay.

Meanwhile, Edbert and John met up over afternoon tea.

“I wonder how it’s going there. A sizeable fund was pulled out suddenly. I bet Mr. Royden is feeling the heat, desperately trying to raise funds and regroup the team.”

“Royden Group is in peril now.”

Edbert picked up the teacup with a smile on his face.

“You’ve been helpful to me, Mr. Blanc. I’ll remember your contribution.”

John tittered awkwardly.

“It had to be done. It was for the greater good. After all, Vice President... Ah, I mean, President Edbert is wise and capable. We have faith in you. But do we really have to invest in Andy Shaw’s company with the funds that have just been pulled out from Royden Group?”

John looked at Edbert abjectly. He seemed reluctant.

“I think you knew that before this, Andy had poached lots of our employees and caused us a lot of losses and inconvenience.” John leaned back on the sofa and said earnestly, “These old friends of mine really doubted his ability.”

John and the cronies only cared about their own interest and benefit.

Edbert knew John would say that.

He took out a project proposal and handed it to John, "Take a look at this first, then you decide. I'm only the liaison. At the end of the day, it's your call to make."

Edbert ceased talking and gave John some time to browse through the proposal.

John seemed psyched as he perused the proposal. Shortly, he sprung up and blurted, "There's something I need to do. Excuse me!"

John dashed off while Edbert darted a meaningful glance at his receding figure.

George's voice sounded from behind Edbert, "Are you sure Andy has what it takes to replace Edgar?"

After all, Edgar had proved himself pre-eminent with unbeatable records in the entire Yorktown. Nobody could match or trump his excellence and records to date.

Back then, the people in the industry only respected Andy because he was the vice president of Royden Group. But now, nobody really cared about his puny start-up.

Although hooking up with Sherry, to a certain degree, had helped his business.

But Andy was nowhere adroit and remarkable compared to what Edgar had achieved.

Edbert sneered, "How do we know if we don't try?"

There was no turning back for him at this point in time.

He must stay on the course and finish what he started no matter what.

Not that the outcome would affect him anyway. If the plan came to naught, Andy would be the scapegoat.

"Keep tabs on them, George."

“Yes.”

That night, the media and peers in the field concomitantly received news that there was a dispute of power within Royden Group. The board of directors was unhappy with how Edgar managed the company.

One after another, they appealed to withdraw their capital and shares from the company.

Due to precipitous funding withdrawal, Royden Group had rammed into an unprecedented crisis.

There were rumors that most of the funds flowing out of Royden Group were transferred to Andy’s company.

Some of them believed that Andy was the upcoming hotshot in the industry.

Life was full of uncertainty. Living in an era of great advancements, you must take advantage of any possibility. If you snooze, you lose.

As the news spread, there was an influx of investors vying to invest in Andy’s company. In less than a day, his company had doubled in capital and funds.

The news had become a trending topic and was broadcasted across the country.

Meanwhile, Jean was bored from watching the same news and promptly switched channels.

She tilted her head and glanced into the kitchen.

The man was cutting fruits with his back towards her. Jean haphazardly asked, “When do we go back? Staying in the hotel isn’t a long-term solution.”

Living in isolation wouldn’t solve the problem.

On top of that, the lurking enemies were waiting for the perfect moment to pounce on him.

Sitting idle wasn’t his personality.

Jean stood up and walked over to Edgar from the other side, “What if…”

“Our partnership with Oprah Group is confirmed, and the project is set to launch next week. Don’t worry about these petty things.” He uttered casually. But only Jean knew the amount of courage and forbearance Edgar had to muster to say this.

Given a similar situation, by now, regular folks would’ve toiled away to raise funds or get loans.

“Then do you need me to help you with anything?”

Hearing this, the man paused with his hand still holding the knife. He beamed and said, “Of course, if you insist.”

He relaxed his brows from tension.

“Let me accompany you to the obstetric check-up tomorrow.”

Even when Royden Group was at stake, Edgar still put Jean and their child first.

This realization took Jean by surprise.

She grabbed a piece of watermelon from the plate and said, “Now I can see why the board of directors decided to withdraw their capital. You are too reckless with Royden Group.”

Edgar picked up the fruit platter, followed behind her, and sat on the sofa.

They snuggled with each other.

He held the fruit platter in one hand and massaged her shoulder with another. He uttered with a smile, “It’s my pleasure.”

“What if you regret...”

“Not possible.”

He glanced at his watch, “Another ten minutes until your bedtime. I will wake you up earlier tomorrow.”

Jean was coerced to bed before her favorite movie was being played.

Her biological clock had reconditioned after several days of adapted bedtime and waketime.

Tonight, she tossed and turned around all night due to Royden Group's debacle.

"Are you asleep?"

She turned around and whispered to the man lying next to her.

The dim bedside light created a veil on his handsome face.

She reached out her hand, nudged his nose tip, and muttered, "I know you're not asleep."

She waited for his response but to no avail.

"Are you really asleep?" Jean pursed her lips in disappointment.

Just as she was about to turn away and go back to sleep.

He encircled her body with his arm and pulled her towards him. In a daze, he had nestled her in his embrace.

She could feel his breath above her.

She adjusted her position to catch a breath.

"You..."

"Go to sleep. Don't worry about me." He assured me, "How can I protect you if I fail at handling petty things like this?"

Hearing his words, Jean was relieved.

"Nobody's worried about you. I'm thirsty and thought of asking you to get me some water."

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 552

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 552-In the next few days, Edgar went to work as usual while Jean continued to idle the day away at home.

Both of them deliberately steered away from discussions related to both Royden Group and Eyer Group. They refused to let mundane and complicated topics ruin their mood.

But not until Miles showed up at their door.

“Mr. Royden, there is a problem with Oprah Group’s project. The third-party investors alleged their design drawings were products of plagiarism and decided to pursue them through a lawsuit with the international court. As a result, the project has been suspended until further notice.”

Miles was having cold sweats, “I’ve notified Mr. Gary and his department to standby in the office to mitigate the situation.”

This project wasn’t a priority if it was in the past.

But the trend had changed, considering Royden Group was presently in crisis.

This project was Edgar’s last hope in reviving Royden Group. He couldn’t let this project go down the drain.

Edgar said coldly, “Let’s go.”

As he retrieved his coat from the hanger, he said to

Jean, “I may not be able to come home these few days. You should go back to Eyer Residence for the time being.”

“Alright.”

Jean chided, “I’m not a child anymore. Don’t worry about me.”

She walked up to Edgar and tenderly straightened his tie, “I’ll wait for you at home.”

Two pairs of eyes glinting with the reflection of each other. No distance at all.

His face bent to meet hers as she looked up. He kissed her forehead.

At the door, Miles sheepishly darted his eyes away from their lovey-dovey.

After Edgar and Miles left, Jean immediately instructed the media company she had an affiliation with to look into Oprah Group. To her dismay, the

response she received from the media company was the same as what Miles had told them.

Oprah Group and its future investment paths would be affected by this incident as well.

The business media from all over the world also jumped on the bandwagon, broadcasting the commercial lawsuit.

Jean browsed through the Internet and furrowed, "Something doesn't quite add up here."

She thought it was preposterous for anyone with common sense to challenge the prestigious and influential Oprah family. If this was an unfounded violation, an unvarnished explanation from Oprah Group would suffice to shut down the rumors and dissolve the lawsuit.

The same thing had happened to Pinnacle Group before.

Jean combed through the website, "Could it be..."

Immediately, she tried to dial Edgar, but the line was occupied. She couldn't wait any longer, so she hailed a taxi to Royden Group.

Meanwhile, Edgar was in the top floor conference room of Royden Group.

"Mr. Royden, our company funds are running dry. I'm afraid we won't be able to pay employees if funding isn't secured by next month." The finance manager exhorted.

Royden Group had never encountered a financial crisis before. The work in the finance department had always been the most undemanding in the entire company. It was unbeknownst that Royden Group would come to be in debt.

There were rumors among the employees.

Some of them said Royden Group was doomed to go bankrupt. As a result, a vast number of employees were dispirited by the misleading information.

"Mr. Royden, all the projects have been put on hold. There's barely anything to do for the employees.

They just sit at their desks or sort out outdated documents."

“Last year this time, the office was always empty as everyone was busy meeting clients and closing sales.”

The stark contrast had evinced the woebegone condition of Royden Group from its peak and glorious days.

Edgar narrowed his eyes and stared at them with a frigid stare.

“I will personally dispense an amount into the company’s account, so don’t worry about the salary issue. Apart from the company’s regular expenses, the finances will come in gradually. You may go back to work now, Mr. Jameson.”

Mr. Jameson stood on his feet, “Yes, Mr. Royden.

Your assurance eased my anxiety. Now, I will make sure I delegate the work and ensure operation.”

On the other side, the project department and related personnel were still in the room.

“Mr. Royden, why don’t you explore these several projects that you used to be interested in?” Mr. Gibson set out to give other projects a shot by presenting the proposals to Edgar.

Ludwig Group and three other small companies were on the list of preliminary collaborations.

But Edgar rebuffed and turned down all these projects. The proposals were binned precipitately.

To quote Edgar, “These projects were worthless.”

Edgar was a leader with acumen. The project he invested in would be surefire to success. But to profit from it required capital and manpower.

“Mr. Royden, let’s resolve what’s crucial at this exigent moment. I will personally meet them and handle the cases if you feel uneasy about doing it yourself.” Mr. Gibson coaxed, “I’m willing to strive for our last resort for the company.”

When Royden Group was still in its glorious days, it had plenty of choices to choose from. And small- scale projects were often not given consideration.

It was a blow to Edgar's pride that Royden Group had to backtrack and be servile to them.

Moreover, it was harrowing for Edgar to personally curry favor from the people he used to turn away.

"I'll go with Mr. Gibson." Miles knew Edgar too well.

It was a good sign that Edgar didn't refuse incipiently.

Mr. Gibson and Miles exchanged a look with each other. The former wanted to take back the project proposals but was startled by the man's concise instruction.

"Make an appointment with Myer Ludwig. I will go."

"Understood, Mr. Royden. I'll do that now."

Seeing Mr. Gibson leaving the room grinningly, Miles expressed his worry, "Mr. Royden, knowing Myer Ludwig's temperament, it's unlikely that he will agree to work with us."

"I know."

Edgar raised his brow and looked at Miles, "Yet projects in the field of science and technology have the highest reinvestment rate. I can't afford to wait right now."

He still had spares in his personal bank account, but it was not enough to sustain the company's operation for the next year.

"Royden Group can't downsize. Otherwise, it won't help in the long term." Jean came in from the door and said, "I won't find Ben to get you help. But you have to let me tag along if Myer agrees to see you."

"In what capacity?"

He raised his brow, and there was nuance and meaning in his eyes.

Jean was caught off guard. Then, she said, "As your ex-wife?"

Edgar scowled and shook his head, "Have you seen anyone bring his ex-wife to a business meeting?"

“It doesn’t matter!”

Jean mocked, “It didn’t occur to me that Mr. Royden cares about other people’s opinion.”

Seeing the sly smile on her face, he feigned surrender, “Okay, I’ll take you with me. But you...”

“I won’t talk too much. I won’t cause trouble, and I will never tell Ben; I promise.” She intercepted and pledged gaily.

“But we still don’t know if he’ll be willing to see me.”

Edgar raised his fingers and flicked her forehead.

Jean glowered at him furiously, “He will definitely agree to see you.”

“So confident?”

Jean grinned, “Of course! We shall see!”

After ten minutes, Mr. Gibson barged in from outside and exclaimed, “Mr. Royden, Mr. Ludwig has agreed to meet you at AOL Hotel at nine o’clock tonight.”

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 553-Jean immediately darted a victorious smirk at Edgar.

He laughed at her childish reaction, “Let’s go, then.”

Miles pried, “Mr. Royden, shall I still go?”

“No need. You should go and visit Rachel’s mother.” Edgar vouchsafed Miles a day off, “Bring some souvenirs over to make a good impression.”

Miles stood in place, watching Edgar and Jean left shoulder to shoulder.

Miles murmured, “I hope I don’t wound up in a rocky relationship like Mr. Royden.”

That night at AOL Hotel.

Jean held Edgar's arm as they walked up the steps.

The way they looked at each other was brimming with love and tenderness.

The next second, they were interrupted by the hotel manager.

"Mr. Royden, Mr. Ludwig is already waiting for you inside." The manager walked up and courteously greeted them.

The elevator ascended and stopped on the fifth floor.

"Mr. Royden, you may head upstairs and enter the VIP dining area."

Edgar strutted up the steps with confidence and poise, all while clutching onto Jean's palm.

"Be careful."

He unwittingly tightened his grip as he said this.

Jean beamed a stealthy smile at his subliminal reaction.

As they exited the last flight of steps, they saw Ben and Ally walking towards them from a distance.

Ben strutted ahead with a cold face while Ally hastily chased after him.

"Ben, you should talk to me! Even if it's only for public display!"

Prior to this, Ally had deliberately neglected Ben in an attempt to contrive Ben to think of her and ask her out. She realized, to her dismay, that her motive backfired.

Ben didn't seem like he cared or missed her at all.

On the contrary, the way he looked at Jean was discernibly fervent.

They chanced upon Jean and Edgar at the fire exit. The four of them froze simultaneously.

"What a coincidence?" Ben furrowed.

"We have an appointment." Edgar responded candidly.

Ben surmised, "Are you meeting my..."

As promised, Jean didn't say a word, nor did she leave any clues to Ben.

Ally wrapped her arms around Ben, "We should get going since Mr. Royden is busy."

She clung to Ben with a bright smile, "Take a walk with me outside. I'm feeling a little tipsy from the boozes."

Ben's eyes locked on Jean.

"Let me know if there's anything that I can help with." Of course, he had heard about the debacle within Royden Group. Businessmen and capitalists loved to hold business meetings in AOL Hotel. Ben would gladly help Edgar if he needed help.

Ally chimed in dispassionately.

"Mr. Royden is all capable. Why would he need our help? We should get going."

Then, she deliberately tugged Ben away.

Ben groaned dismissively, "Stop pestering me."

He shunned Ally and wanted to escape her relentless hassles.

"You want me to go away so you can go after Edgar's woman? You saw it yourself. They have obviously reconciled and are not afraid to be seen in public as a couple. Jean doesn't have feelings for you."

"Why do you still gush over her when you know she has no feelings for you?"

"I can't believe you'd stoop down for a woman. How pathetic."

Ally bit her lower lip. Seeing that Ben still ignored her, she chided further, "I know you're infatuated with Jean, but have you ever put yourself in her shoe? An autocratic person like Edgar will not allow other men to hanker after his woman. He is under a lot of pressure from Royden Group's recent debacle. Tremendous stress may trigger his wrath and violence."

Ally paused before flashing a faint smirk.

“You feel sorry for Jean, don’t you?”

She feigned coy and compliant by fluttering her lashes, “I can imitate her makeup and fashion style. Unlike her, I’m still single. Am I not more appealing to you?”

She draped her arms around Ben’s shoulders while hinting at him coquettishly.

“Disgusting!”

Ben shot a frigid glance at her, got into his car, and sped away.

Ally was left alone, stomping her feet in contempt.

“What’s the fuss about her?! Edgar wouldn’t have divorced her if she was really that pleasant!”

Ally recalled the romantic aura between Jean and Edgar’s just now. She dashed to the counter and said, “I’m a VIP member of your hotel. I want to see your manager on duty now.”

Ally wanted to get even with Jean for the shame and heartache she had inflicted on her.

Edgar and Jean entered the VIP dining room and realized Myer hadn’t come yet.

“It’s still early. I’ll go to the bathroom first.” Jean exited the room, searching for the bathroom. She unwittingly bumped into Ally again.

Not sure if it was a coincidence or if Ally had been following her.

Jean attempted to evade Ally, but the latter deliberately came in her way.

Jean stepped aside again, but Ally still besieged her.

“Miss Sans, looks like your goldfish brain has failed you again.”

Ally seemed to have forgotten that Jean had told her off once.

Ally gnawed her teeth and sneered, "I'm not here to argue with you but to warn you to stay on your course with Edgar and leave Ben alone. You're not worthy of Ben."

"It's none of your business."

Jean jostled against Ally's shoulder and strode away.

Ally refused to give up. She continued yelling behind Jean.

"You've already reconciled with Edgar, so stop messing around with Ben. Or are you looking for a rebound judging on Royden Group's present crisis? People like you are so disgusting."

Jean turned her head and looked away.

Her gaze was cold and ferocious.

Ally was taken aback by Jean's piercing gaze.

At this time, a waiter was holding a tray of food, lurching from behind Ally. The waiter was unaware of Ally's presence. Jean deliberately turned a blind eye to the possible collision.

The next moment, Ally was knocked over by the waiter.

The soup spilled all over Ally and stained her clothes.

Ally screamed in terror and frantically tried to remove the food scraps on her body. Jean warned her frigidly, "Mind your own business and stop poking your nose in my business. If not, karma will bite back."

"You!"

Ally was exasperated beyond words.

Jean knew the waiter would run into her, but she deliberately turned a blind eye and let her get scalded by hot soup.

"What are you looking at?"

Jean jeered coldly, "Give me that look again, and I'll let you wail in pain."

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 554-The other patrons turned to look at Ally, who was sniffing

Jean approached Ally slowly before suddenly striking her cheek. “That was for Mrs. Ludwig. I didn’t mind when you slandered me, but your words hurt Ben and the Ludwig’s reputation. Guess what? I’ll relay your comments to Mrs. Ludwig if I meet her so that she’ll know how ‘highly educated’ you are! Hah, and you call yourself a lady too?!”

People who met Jean would usually be in awe. She was dressed elegantly, and her aura spelled dignity and grace. However, Jean’s rage, coupled with her elegant response, made her much more formidable compared to Ally.

“You have no right...”

Ally’s complaint was cut off when she dodged Jean’s raised arm, but Jean surprised her with a backhanded slap.

“That was a gift from me. That slap would ensure that your face is symmetrical.”

Ally glared at her, secretly plotting her revenge. However, she was not willing to get into a catfight with Jean in public. Furthermore, her face was still stinging from the blows.

“Go away.” Jean spat coldly.

Ally felt the pain on her cheeks grow hot and prickly as it spread up to her temples and down her jaw. It would serve me well to play the victim now.

“I just wanted to remind you not to play with Ben’s feelings. It’s not good to date around, you know.” Ally commented loudly when she saw that people were watching them.

Hearing Ally’s comment, the people around them, who were initially siding with Jean, felt less inclined to support her anymore.

Ally could not resist breaking a smile when she sensed the change of mood in the room. However, in a split second, Jean retorted.

“Are we suddenly friends? Why do you care if I am dating multiple people? Are you an auditor – why are you keeping me accountable? I warned you before – try not to get into a disagreement with me.” Ally felt her life drain out of her face after Jean’s verbal onslaught.

The customers stared at the ladies, astounded that they would start a fight in such an establishment.

Ally grumbled quietly, cursing her inability as she watched Jean walk away. Aren’t you here to meet the Ludwigs for a business agreement?

“You wench. Watch out for your company. It’ll not last long.” Ally whispered with a glint of danger.

Jean expected Myer to arrive after she had returned from the loo, but to her disappointment, empty seats greeted her.

“Did something happen?” Edgar asked as he pulled out a seat for her.

She shook her head. “Sorry for the delay in the loo,” she sighed as she observed the empty seats, “they might not come.”

She had a feeling that Myer would shelve them after receiving the Roydens’ silent treatment.

“I know. These are your favorite dishes, right? Let’s not waste them! Eat up – we’ll take the rest home.” Edgar offered her a spoon.

Jean exhaled slowly as Edgar’s voice reverberated through the room.

“Are you waiting for me to praise you for foreseeing this?”

“I would be greatly pleased if you did, Miss Eyer.” Edgar grinned as he rolled his sleeves up to slice some meat up for Jean. Everything he did was consistent with the fact that he treasured Jean and wanted to take care of her.

Meanwhile, Jean was ravenous as well and did not waste any time digging in.

“Do you have any more tricks up your sleeve?”

“Not for now.” Edgar’s response was honest and calm. He had ideas floating around, but those ideas needed time to be formulated into concrete plans and further testing. Hence, they were now back at square one.

Despite chowing down on one of the best foods in town, she felt her appetite disappear when she heard his answer.

Wiping her mouth daintily, she sat back calmly and watched Edgar. “I may have a plan to solve the issue between Oprah Group and Royden Group. If you were restored to your previous position, would you make a trade offer with me?”

Edgar picked up a piece of tissue and dabbed her lips lightly to remove an invisible speck. “Give me the details.”

Edgar no longer set Jean aside so that he could ‘be a man’. Now, he treated her as an equal and wanted them to fight side by side!

With his blessing, Jean began to share her plans.

“We would have to iron out the details, but I think this would solve your dilemma with Oprah Group.

They’ve managed to figure out the model, which means that we would have to...”

She reached for her phone to peek at her notes.

Edgar watched her, initially with tenderness, but his expression matured into serious contemplation as she went on. After Jean shared her thoughts, Edgar piped up and offered his thoughts to make the plan work.

“The company is not dead yet. There is still a chance we can revive your company.” However, he would lose everything if the plan failed. Hence, banking everything on this plan was risky.

“Should we...?” Jean offered hesitantly but was intercepted by Edgar.

“Royden Group would eventually die in my hands if I don’t gamble once in a while.”

Jean felt her spirits lift as she watched Edgar return to his meal.

“We can try.” He whispered.

“If we fail, you’ll need to bear responsibility, okay? I’ll be your stay-at-home home-husband.”

A knock interrupted their banter. "Good day, Mr.

Royden. Mr. Ludwig called the receptionist to inform us that he would arrive in half an hour. He hopes that you will wait for him."

Edgar scrunched his brows together.

"Noted, thank you." Pursing his lips, he dropped more food into Jean's plate before adding, "I think you should eat more."

"I thought you would leave! His presence would not benefit anyone." She knew that Myer would be here just to drop some sarcastic remarks.

"I've had my fair share of disparaging remarks when I was developing Royden Group." Edgar's simple response announced how little he cared about Myer and purposefully delayed their meeting.

He squinted back at Jean when he realized she was staring at him. "Why? Are you surprised? Was I brash and impatient in your mind?"

Jean shook her head. "You have something on your face. Let me help you with it." She giggled as she caressed his face with her oily fingers.

"The food is delicious, I'd like more, please!"

Despite her teasing, Edgar did not lose his temper. Instead, he sighed playfully. "Okay, Your Highness."

Meanwhile, Myer delayed his arrival even more, expecting Edgar to leave already. Hence, he was astounded to hear that Edgar was still waiting for him when he arrived at the restaurant.

"I guess they are at the end of their rope too. Hah! To think that they would come begging for my help!"

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Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 555-Mr. Frost, who was trailing behind Myer, tapped on Myer's shoulder. "Mr. Ben Ludwig called just now. Should we inform him that this meeting is going on?"

“Let him come over. He’ll see why I stopped him from pursuing that woman. Young people like him need to learn from his mistakes.”

Myer had always arrived half an hour before the meeting time when he met Edgar out of respect, but also because he had to bow to Royden Group’s superiority.

He held on to this grudge, hoping that one day, he would get back to Edgar.

Although he expected Edgar to come asking for a favor one day, he did not expect the day to come so soon. He could not wait to see Edgar’s conflict and dilemma now that he had power in his hands.

And yet, he felt his heart fall when he opened the door.

He stared forlornly at Edgar and Jean, who had consumed almost all the dishes, including the dessert!

How could they? This is so rude! I wished to see Edgar on his knees, begging, but now, he only had eyes for Jean. Myer groused when he saw Edgar glance at him.

“We can serve up a few more dishes that will surely satisfy you, our best customers! I’ll get the menu now!” Mr. Frost tried to dissipate the chill in the room, but Myer merely stared daggers at him.

“No, thank you. Mr. Royden doesn’t intend to dine with me, so I’ll be going now. Thank you!” Myer replied mechanically, expecting Edgar to drop to his knees and pour apologies, but he was wrong.

Jean burped but apologized quickly. “We’re done. Send us the bill.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Edgar offered his arm to her, but his eyes were on Myer. “You and I both know what is on your mind. We stayed back because I have something to tell you.”

Myer scoffed at him. “You know you have no authority to tell me off anymore, right?”

“You’re right.” Edgar grinned wolfishly, casting Myer’s heart into a cold dungeon. He knew that the more honest he was, the more drama he could create.

“Mr. Ludwig, you have the right to choose your partners. However, if you blindly listen to slander, you will lose your way.” Edgar’s eyes seem to grow darker. “Furthermore, don’t forget that Royden Group had merely met a bump in the road. Aren’t you afraid that my company might come back from the dead?”

“Psshh, you’re spouting delirious ideologies, Mr. Royden! Everyone knows that your company is waddling in debt. Banks are hesitant to offer you loans too! Who knows, your employees might not even get paid next month!”

Jean glanced at Edgar. What should I do? What happens if they start arguing for real?

Edgar’s usual cold expression could freeze ice.

Mistaking Edgar’s silence as a sign of defeat, Myers continued to prod him. “Mr. Shaw has invited me out a few times. His products won international prizes before. On the other hand, your products...”

“You might want to look up what ‘betray’ means. You might have a change of mind then.”

Edgar commented, deducing that Myer did not know that Andy Shaw’s company comprised of capable men that he poached from Royden Group.

Jean wanted to speak, but Edgar held her hand.

“Put on your jacket, it’s cold outside.” He offered tenderly, which was a stark difference from the expression he wore when speaking to Myer.

Whenever they spoke, Jean felt like they were the only people in the world. Myer and his sarcasm evaporated like water vapor in Edgar’s burning, hot presence.

The less Edgar paid attention to him, the more Myer felt anxious, so much so that he revealed his winning card. “I wanted to hand over two of my projects to Royden Group, but now...”

“You can keep those projects. They won’t pay – in fact, they will cost me money to manage!” Edgar retorted. “I intended to cooperate with you, but I seem to fall short of your standards. If so, let’s not waste each other’s’ time. Spare me your humiliation.”

Turning around, Edgar led Jean out of the room, but not without leaving a scalding comment for Myer.

“You will never rise to where I was.”

Myer nearly exploded with anger and frustration.

Running to the door, he screamed at the couple’s back. “Rumor had it that you were arrogant, but this is the first time I’ve encountered your imprudence. Your pride will be your downfall!”

The more he screamed, the more Edgar was certain of his decision.

Edgar squeezed Jean’s hand as they descended the stairs. “I’ll make supper for you when we get home. I don’t want our meeting with him to ruin your day.”

Jean shook her head. She wouldn’t have accompanied him to this meeting if she cared so deeply about these slanders.

Jean knew that this meeting would be tough, and decided that she would speak up to Myer if he spoke harshly. However, she was calm despite hearing his numerous slanders. Myer was nobody to them. Hence, his words meant nothing to them too.

Once they alighted from the last stair, they were greeted by a familiar figure.

When Ben saw Edgar and Jean, he knew something had happened. “I’m in charge of the company. You can talk to me.”

Ben was so anxious he was sweating bullets.

When he heard that his father was meeting Edgar and Jean, he immediately turned back to the restaurant.

“We met Mr. Ludwig, your father, already.” Edgar replied coldly.

Ben paled, but before he could speak, Edgar cut him off.

“Thank you for your sincerity. I appreciate it.”

Ben tried to reach for Jean as they passed him, but before he could touch her, he paused.

/ don't have the authority to stop them. I can't stop them now, and I couldn't have done it in the past too.

Myer came down the stair, his face red with anger. “How could that brat do that to me! I'll make him pay for it!”

He intended to leave something for Royden Group, but his meeting with Edgar just now had tipped the balance in disfavor for Edgar.

“Dad, I told you not to bother the Roydens. You should stop, especially now.”

“What do you mean, you rascal?”

Ben sighed tiredly. “Have you not considered what would happen to us if Royden Group comes back to life?”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 556

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 556-Myer stared at the boss, “Do you think he can redeem himself? Royden Group will fall any day now!”

He didn't watch his words since he had broken all ties with Edgar. He also didn't care if the people around him heard what he said.

He continued angrily, “I've been in this business for so long and have never seen him so helpless. He doesn't care about others. He is not fit for this field. It was by luck that he scored all those projects. Didn't the project with Oprah Group fall through without any reason? He should be grateful he wasn't involved in the lawsuit.”

Ben's brows tightened as he listened to his father.

“Dad, how did you get all this inside intel?”

Myer frowned at him questioningly.

“What inside intel? Everyone knows about it,” he said, then left while averting Ben’s glance.

Ben stood on his spot and exhaled tiredly, “Why must you get entangled in this business?”

He had made up his mind to give Jean up as he was scared to become entangled with Royden Group again. Who knew who was going to be the winner of this game?

Meanwhile, Jean and Edgar were sitting silently in the car.

“Let’s go to Royden Group first. You don’t have to worry about me. I’ll head back if I’m tired and will eat regularly. Solving Royden Group’s problem is your utmost priority now,” Jean said as she buckled her seatbelt.

Edgar turned to look at her with an unfathomable look in his cold eyes.

“To meet someone as kind and understanding as you in this lifetime is...”

“Hurry up. It will be three hours in just a few minutes, and we’ll have to pay for another hour of parking.”

Edgar laughed at her expression. He stepped on the accelerator and drove away from the hotel.

Another person arrived at the hotel just after they left. It was Julia.

She took off her sunglasses and spoke to the concierge, “I want to see your boss.”

The concierge looked at her well-dressed attire and answered patiently, “Madam, our boss isn’t someone you can meet easily. May I ask if you have an appointment?”

“Do I need an appointment to see him? Tell him; my name is Horton. I’ll give him ten minutes; it’ll be up to him to come.”

The concierge was taken aback and quickly appeased Julia before reporting to the manager.

Julia was watching her watch as she counted down the minutes when a middle-aged man wearing a suit hurried down the staircase, shouting her name, “Julia! Julia! Is that you?”

Julia sat elegantly while flipping through a magazine. She blinked and then slightly glanced at him.

“He’s still so immature,” Julia muttered softly, but the manager beside her heard, and his face paled. No one had ever said that about their boss.

“Julia! It’s been fifteen years! I finally...” The man looked at Julia’s face with red-brimmed eyes.

“What a hypocrite.”

Julia put on her sunglasses.

“Alright. Let’s go upstairs to a quiet place to talk.”

In the next few days, Royden Group stopped all information from getting out. The board of directors on Edbert’s side could not hear what Edgar was planning. All they knew was that he spent many nights at the office with everyone involved in the project. Fortunately, these people were all willing to stay by Edgar and persevere.

“Mr. Edbert, should we...” One of the directors came to report to Edbert but stopped in his tracks when he saw Edbert’s frosty glare. He quickly changed his statement and said, “Mr. Edbert! Things have already come this far, and Andy Shaw’s company has already gotten our investment money. Regarding the project, when will we get a concrete update?”

They had invested in Andy’s new project without any knowledge because Edbert had intimidated them.

Edbert stayed calm when he listened to the man’s words. He let out a smirk and said, “I know you’re worried about your money going to waste. But with Andy and I here, what are you scared of?”

“That’s true. However, we can’t stay oblivious forever, even if we trust you.”

Edbert’s eyes turned colder, and he said, “I’ll give you a satisfactory answer latest by tomorrow.”

Royden Group would be called to the bank tomorrow, and their days of prosperity will finally end. Edbert had already prepared many reporters to

'congratulate' Edgar. Edgar was so sure he would win that he didn't even think Edgar might be able to redeem himself.

Meanwhile, in the president's office at Royden Group.

"Will this be fine?"

Although Jean did not understand what she was looking at, she knew signing a contract over the Internet while dealing with international businesses was common. She was also assured because of Oprah Group's good reputation.

"Mr. Edgar, you have a smart wife. No one, except your wife, has been able to see through our company's tricks," Mr. Oprah said through the screen with a gentle smile playing on his lips.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 557

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 557-Nathan was stunned for two seconds as he watched Jean walk toward the stairs. He looked at Edgar and asked anxiously, "Aren't you going to stop her?"

Edgar was unbothered. He answered, "It's one of her pregnancy mood swings. I wouldn't dare."

Nathan did not believe a word he said. There's nothing Edgar Royden wouldn't dare to do in Yorktown. They could even think of a cunning escape! It was...

The show that was going to happen was too exciting to miss. He didn't know when such a showdown would happen again. He hurried after them.

Meanwhile, many of Royden Group's directors were gathered in a private room. John raised his glass, and the others stood up enthusiastically.

"It's all thanks to you, Mr. Blanc, that we were able to pull out and escape the fire pit."

"Yeah. If not, we would be in the red."

“Poor Mr. Royden. How unlucky must he be? The company was doing so well until Mr. Shaw left. Then it all turned into shambles. I bet it’s that ex-wife of his controlling him.”

The door opened, and Jean stood outside looking at them.

“Don’t you know to speak softer if you want to speak badly about other people? I control him? Mr.

Jameson, do you know how to read people?”

“You!”

Jean had come uninvited; behind her were Edgar Royden and Nathan Knox.

At that moment, the directors were all lost for words.

John was the first to break the silence.

“Don’t worry. Let’s continue our celebration. This guy isn’t our president anymore,” he said, unbothered.

The cautiousness among the crowd dispersed immediately. They didn’t have to please Edgar as they weren’t part of Royden Group anymore. Also, they were only speaking the truth. Their expressions turned to disdain in that instance. They looked at Edgar as though he were a pawn.

All their adoration from before was just a pretense. It proved that one shouldn’t judge a book by its cover.

Edgar’s glare turned icy as he memorized each of the faces there.

Some of them felt ashamed but chose to stay silent. Others stood by John and readily voiced out their thoughts.

“We didn’t invite you. You’re so shameless for coming uninvited!”

“After tomorrow, Royden Group will fall and never rise again.”

The fire in Jean burned even brighter when she heard those words, “Right, I hope you’ll all come to witness it tomorrow at Royden Group. You might regret it if you don’t come.”

“Regret? Ha! Aren’t you funny? Why would we regret it? We’ve already pulled out of it.”

Laughter rang out in the private room.

Jean bit her lip and turned to look at Edgar. She wanted to get his approval. When he nodded, Jean immediately went forward and overturned their table.

‘Crash!’

“What are you doing?” They exclaimed angrily.

“I’m smashing the place. What are you looking at? I’ll throw you to the ground if you dare touch me!” Jean glared at them.

Edgar could only snicker bitterly behind her. He wouldn’t dare to let her make such a ruckus if he weren’t here and didn’t know the restaurant’s owner.

He also knew that she wouldn’t be able to sleep if she didn’t let out her anger.

Jean scowled and reached for them, “You and you! Have you forgotten how you begged Edgar to forgive you? Do we want me to look for the video recordings? Should I print out photos of you kneeling before Edgar and plaster them across the city?”

Their faces changed at the mention of that incident. They would become the topic of the town if she did that. Then, they wouldn’t be able to mingle with the upper class anymore.

Jean had gotten ahold of their Achilles’ heel and did not plan to let go.

Things had already come to this extent, so she said clearly, “You have all better come to Royden Group tomorrow at nine in the morning. If you admit your mistakes, maybe I’ll be benevolent enough to forgive you for partnering with Andy Shaw’s ridiculous project.”

She had a lot of shares in Royden Group, so she had the right to say things like that.

The directors looked at each other and burst out in laughter. Jean was like an idiot in their eyes.

“Don’t you worry. We will definitely go and see Royden Group fall with our own eyes.”

Edgar chose this time to shuffle forward and pull Jean. “Didn’t you say you were hungry? Let’s go,” he said gently. He only acted this way around Jean.

“We can’t let them off lightly. They took us for a ride. What is this...” Jean grumbled as Edgar brought her out of the room.

The people left in the room looked at them in disdain. Jean had ruined their mood to party.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 558

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 558-“He’s an old friend,” Julia said hesitantly.

Ivan went along with whatever she said.

Jean did not ask anymore. She turned to Edgar to signal him, but he was talking to Nathan and didn’t notice her. She could only listen to Ivan.

At last, he promised, “I agree to use my assets to invest in Royden Group. I do not need any shares.”

Is it that simple?

Jean gaped and kicked Edgar under the table.

Edgar got her meaning and said with a smile that did not meet his eyes, “The company is...”

Ivan stopped him before he could say anything else, “Mr. Edgar, we should’ve partnered up a long time ago. We’re only doing this now because of my indecisiveness. Let’s do our best.”

The room went silent. Nathan squirmed in his seat.

“Mr. Bolt, I’m sure you’ve seen the news about Royden Group. Do you not mind?”

It's not that he was envious of Edgar having a man that came to him on his accord to ask for a partnership; he was just worried that the situation would change or maybe Ivan was someone Edbert

had bribed to create trouble for them.

Ivan's eyes crinkled as he smiled, "I believe Mr. Edgar isn't someone bad. How would I earn any money if I invested according to rumors and followed other people's trends?"

His words convinced Nathan.

At the same time, Edgar nodded, "Now that I know you have this vision, let's find another time to chat."

"There's no need. I've..." Ivan started to say but stopped when Julia glared at him.

He shut his mouth and then put on a smile again.

"Alright, I was too impatient. Let's find a time to chat."

The more she listened to him, the more suspicious she grew.

She interrogated Julia when they went to the bathroom, "Aunt Julia, what's your relationship with Mr. Bolt?"

Julia was washing her hands nonchalantly.

"He's just an old friend I haven't seen in a while."

"Then why would he suddenly want to partner with Royden Group?" Jean asked doubtfully.

Julia cleared her throat and said, "I don't know. Maybe he found out that I came back and heard about my relationship with Edgar, so he came to rekindle our friendship." She turned to Jean and continued, "If you think there's something fishy going on, talk to Edgar. There's no need to become partners."

Jean was hesitant. Royden Group needed a powerhouse. Ivan appearing now was like a gift from the heavens. She couldn't make the decision for Edgar.

“Alright, don’t overthink it. Gigi is going overseas for treatment with Dr. Walterson this weekend. Will you send her to the airport?”

“Yeah, I will.” Jean turned the tap on, and her hands were encased in cold water.

The meeting with Ivan went too smoothly.

On the way home, Edgar was still uncertain.

“With his prestige, I’m sure he has heard the rumors. Yet, he chose to believe Royden Group. Could he have a third eye?”

“Could it be...” Jean did not continue her thought. Although she was suspicious, she could feel Ivan’s

sincerity. He was keen to collaborate with Royden Group.

“Let’s not think too much about it. You should go back and rest,” Edgar said, then covered her hands with his. They had to pass tomorrow first. His heart ached as he thought about Jean working late with him all these days at the office.

Royden Tower was filled with reporters early the following morning.

Edbert and the directors sat in several black sedans parked a distance away.

They fixed their gaze on the entrance, “Let’s see what Edgar will do today!”

“It’s funny that he still wants to struggle even when he is at the bottom of the barrel.”

“It’s all been prepared,” George reported to Edbert.

Edbert’s sinister smile deepened as he glanced at the tower. “Finally, after so many years, this day has come. Brother, your son will pay your debt.”

He lowered his eyes to his legs and broke out in manic laughter.

The sound of cars driving past sounded. Edgar’s car entered the parking lot.

Jean unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car with Edgar. The reporters rushed over and shoved their microphones and cameras at their faces.

“Mr. Edgar, will Royden Group announce bankruptcy today?”

“Mr. Edgar, what are your plans after this?”

“Rumors are saying that Royden Group came to this point because you chased Andy Shaw away. Do you regret it?”

Edgar swept his cold gaze at them and said, “I do not know what regret is when it comes to business. You should go ask Andy and John.” His words carried a heavy weight. He grabbed Jean’s hand and went in.

“I told you to stay home,” he said warmly and lovingly to Jean.

The reporters were locked out of the building. Soon after, the men in the black sedans rushed for the doors. They had all received a message.

“Royden Group managed to sign a ten-year contract with Oprah Group!”

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 559

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 559-Miles came late. When he saw John, Edbert, and the other directors, he made his way to them leisurely.

“Please come in if you have time. Mr. Edgar would like you to witness it,” Miles calmly said, then turned around and left, ignoring the furious expressions on their face.

Edbert no longer held any prestige among these people.

“How about we go and have a look, Mr. Blanc?”

These people were opportunists. They were ready to jump ship if they saw a better opportunity.

“Do you think Edgar will forgive you for how you treated him?” John said harshly. He looked at Edbert with eyes full of hate and spat, “Edbert, explain the situation. Is this all a ploy devised by you and that Shaw brat to steal our money?”

He wouldn't have believed Edbert if he hadn't been so convincing. He had taken out all his money from Royden Group and invested it in Andy Shaw. But now it was all gone.

Edbert inhaled slowly, his face stoic as he said, "Let's go." He wanted to see how Edgar would revive Royden Group.

John and the other directors shuffled behind him with crestfallen faces. All the excitement from last night had faded. They realized their childishness once they entered the meeting room.

"Mr. Edgar, what you are saying is that Royden Group is no longer in any financial difficulties with Mr. Bolt's investment. Is that right?"

"Will Royden Group be moving on to AI technology? Will you become the 'Oprah Group' of Yorktown?"

The cameramen all had their cameras pointed at Edgar and Jean.

"Please take turns. Mr. Edgar will answer all questions." Miles tried to keep the reporters' eager questioning at bay.

A few days ago, the public had been discussing when Royden Group would announce bankruptcy. They were all dumbfounded when Edgar and Jean appeared today. It was as if they were phoenixes reborn from their ashes.

With Miles' approval, one of the reporters started to broadcast live.

Those waiting for Edgar to fail miserably were forced to look up to him once again. When the public started to become slightly pacified, the reporters changed the direction of their questions toward the relationship between Edgar and Jean.

"Are you guys remarried?"

"Not yet," Edgar replied quickly and continued with a tinge of regret, "I made a grave mistake and wronged her. I will use the rest of my life repaying my debts."

"Such flowery words," Julia scoffed with her arms crossed.

Ivan timidly nodded beside her. "I agree. He should just answer the questions. Is there a need to give extra information? He's just degrading the importance of this press conference."

There was a lull of silence in the room when he said this, and several people who heard him turned to look at him. They had been paying attention to Edgar, so they did not notice a beautiful lady beside the single Mr. Bolt. From how they interacted, it seemed Ivan Bolt doted on her.

Julia glanced at the stage and Ivan. "That's my niece's future husband. Be careful what you say. No matter how extra his words are, they are more substantial than those that don't keep their promises."

The people listening to their conversation were speechless. How could someone talk like that to the 'Ivan Bolt' that shook the business world ten years ago? And he's laughing?

The directors that had pulled out from Royden Group were pale-faced. They were trying their best not to faint on the spot.

"What are we going to do now? Shouldn't you explain things to us?" Some of them started to ask Edbert.

"You told us to invest in Andy's company and said he could be the second 'Edgar Royden.' You said he would prosper like Edgar! Look at this! Do you think Edgar Royden is someone Andy Shaw can beat?"

"Investments are fickle. Did I force you to invest?" Edbert's eyes were full of loathing as he glanced at them. His eyes were like the devil, black to no end.

They had all lost everything, including John! But the angriest person there was Edbert Royden. He glared at the two on the stage. He felt a pressure on his chest and coughed out a mouth of blood. Then, his eyes rolled to the back of his head, and he fainted.

George calmly called the ambulance and pushed Edbert out.

Edgar had Jean's hand in his during the whole time. The words he spoke resonated in her ear.

“No matter what happens, I will not change my mind. She stood by me during my toughest time and never left me. Without Jean Eyer, I wouldn’t be here today.”

His statement sounded slightly hypocritical, but the cameras pictured them as a match made in heaven. They matched in appearance and values. They were like soulmates.

Jean’s face grew hot when she heard this. She tried to wriggle her hand out of his grasp, but he held on tighter. With so many cameras on them, she couldn’t do anything but fix her gaze on him.

“My apologies. We will wrap up the press conference. We still have some private matters to sort out. Let us end this now,” Edgar said, then turned off the microphone. He turned and looked at Jean lovingly.

Read Novel Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 560

Edgar And His Destined Wife Chapter 560-Julia’s eyes flashed when she looked him in the eyes. “Let’s talk about this another time,” she said softly.

Julia could finally let down the weight she had been carrying now that Royden Group was saved.

“Ivan, let me take you out for a meal to express my thanks.”

Things wouldn’t have gone so smoothly if it weren’t for Ivan’s help. She also wanted an excuse not to go home as she knew Edgar and Jean would have a lot to talk about tonight.

“Sure. What do you want to eat?” He asked happily. He was fine as long as Julia stayed and did not avoid him.

“Let’s go to a bar. I wonder if that alley bar is still open,” Julia said as she stared into the distance.

Ivan immediately knew the place she was talking about. He nodded his head and said, “It is. I was there a few days ago.”

Julia’s eyes soften. “I can’t believe you remember after all these years.”

“I will never forget the things you like.”

Ivan buckled his seatbelt and drove away.

Ivan did not know Julia had another motive when she asked him for dinner. She arrived home late at night, reeking of alcohol. She thought no one was home as Jean should be at Royden Residence. She did not expect the chandelier in the living room to light up the moment she stepped into the house.

Jean was sitting on a couch. She shot Julia a fierce look and said, "Aunt Julia, tell me you didn't stay out so late just to avoid me."

Julia's heart jumped, and she hastily shook her head. "Of course not, Jean. Why would I avoid you? I just ran into a few old friends, so we chatted till now."

Julia pretended as though nothing was out of the blue. She faked a yawn and walked toward her room, but Jean's gaze followed her. "Aunt Julia, how did you and Uncle Bolt meet?"

What was bound to come came.

Julia cleared her throat and turned back to look at Jean. "It's been too long. I can't remember."

Even at this point, Julia was adamant about not telling the truth.

Jean sighed tiredly, "Should I jolt your memory? You met him sixteen years ago and left this country because of him."

The color on Julia's face slowly faded, and unhappiness started to show.

"Why do you ask if you know about it?"

Jean rubbed her temple resignedly. "Auntie, you don't have to go do that extent for me."

Jean didn't understand why someone as free-spirited as her aunt, who advised her to let go and think more about herself and not let things hold her down, would make such a big sacrifice to save Royden Group and Eyer Group. No matter what happened, Julia had been overseas for so many years and even married. Yet, she returned single and did not contact any of her old

friends. It was apparent she did not plan to stay but made an exception for Edgar and Jean.

Julia raised her head and looked Jean in her eyes. She waved her hands casually and said, "Alright, alright. You're looking at me like I did something amazing. I just asked, and he agreed. It's that simple."

Jean did not want to pressure her.

"Aunt Julia, how about you have a cup of tea to sober up?" Edgar asked as he came out of the kitchen. He was waiting for them to finish their conversation.

Julia's eyes widened into saucers when she heard how he addressed her. "What did you call me?"

Edgar had no time to explain. Julia started to ramble, "Just because I asked an old friend to invest in your company doesn't mean I approve of your re-marriage."

Julia was drinking the tea Edgar brewed and eating the fruits he washed. Yet, she still bad-mouthed him.

"Consider yourself lucky. I wouldn't have let Jean associate with you if you became poor. You wouldn't be worth becoming the son-in-law of the Eyer family," Julia said as she fanned herself. The stench of alcohol rolled off her.

"How about you head up to your room, Aunt Julia?" Edgar suggested. He did not want Jean to breathe in the alcoholic fumes.

Julia yawned. "Alright. I won't bother you guys anymore," she said as she took the fruits upstairs.

Jean sighed wearily, "She made herself drunk just to avoid the question."

It was the only way Julia could think of.

Edgar took out the milk and fruits he had prepared and started peeling the apples. "Everyone has a hidden past. Maybe it would be better if we pretended not to know."

Jean knew that would be best, but she couldn't do that. She wouldn't have involved Julia if Ivan's ex-wife and daughter hadn't come to look for her. She had no right to dictate an elder like Julia.

“Let’s just see how things go. Don’t tire yourself over this.” Edgar placed the cut apple before her. He looked at his watch and commented, “It’s past your bedtime. You should go to bed in half an hour.”

Jean huffed.