

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 6

Chapter 6 I Dumped You, Edgar

Edgar was furious. "Jean, what are you up to? Are you degrading yourself because the Eyer family has gone bankrupt? Do you know what this place is and whom you are stripping for?"

Jean glared at Edgar and sneered. "I thought you wish to see me degrade myself. Aren't you happy that I've fulfilled your wish?"

Then, she struggled to free herself from Edgar's grip and tried to get back on the stage.

"Don't you dare dance before me." Edgar swept a threatening glare across her face.

The music stopped and plunged the room into pin-drop silence. Everyone watched Edgar and Jean in trepidation.

"She... She isn't Lina!" One of the hostesses shouted.

Everyone exchanged glances and could not figure out how Jean had infiltrated the group of hostesses and impersonated Lina, the lead dancer.

The real Lina had rashes all over her face as she led the nightclub madam and bodyguard into the room. "Madam, this is the woman that broke into my dressing room!"

The madam was in a hurry to regain control of the situation. Thus, she instructed the bodyguard to grab hold of Jean.

Jean remained unfazed. Her aristocratic demeanor made others hesitant about interrupting her.

"That's right. I'm not Lina but Mr. Royden's wife. But from this moment on, I am no longer his wife. Edgar, I declare here and now that I am divorcing you! It is I who dump you, Edgar."

Even in the face of divorce, Jean refused to appear defeated. Since Edgar caused her pain, she was determined to repay him many times more.

That was the real Jean.

Jonathan gasped. "She dares to divorce Edgar, the most feared man in the business world?"

Brad scolded Jonathan, "Shh! Shut up."

Edgar tightened his grip on Jean's wrist. His eyes burning with fury. "Do you know what you have said? Are you asking to die?"

Even so, Jean refused to cower but stared straight at him. She pulled out a document from her bag and grinned. "Edgar, what makes you think I'm scared of death? Didn't you cause my downfall and push me to the dead end? You gave me no choice but to resort to this to see you."

"I've been wanting to do this since two years ago. Edgar, I am divorcing you. Thus, we have nothing to do with each other from now on. So whether I do striptease or perform in a nightclub, they have nothing to do with you."

Jean tossed the document onto the carpeted floor and continued coldly, "After this, I don't care whether you marry someone else, have children, earn a fortune, or die. I wish you a long but lonely life."

Everyone was stunned.

No one expected a beautiful woman like Jean to spew such harsh words.

"Jean, it doesn't matter what you say." Edgar's cold voice sounded in the private lounge.

He glared at Jean's alluring face and threatened, "Don't you believe I can easily make you disappear from the face of Westburgh?"

"Yes, why would I not believe you?"

Jean nodded with a smile and replied mockingly, "So what? What makes you think I care?"

Then, she tried to twist her wrist from Edgar's grip. He refused to let go, so she pulled harder and finally wrenched her wrist away from him. However, it left her with so much pain that it felt as if her shoulder had dislocated.

Then, she retreated a few steps and ignored Edgar. She smiled as she turned to the people in the private lounge. "Sorry for disturbing your party. Bye."

After saying that, she smoothed her hair and clothes before dashing out of the room, leaving behind a stunned crowd.