

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 83

Chapter 83 It's Not Funny

The guests were chattering in a lively atmosphere outside. Jean stood by the window and peeked outside. "Come over and sit down." Edgar had a sinking feeling in his heart.

Jean tiptoed to look outside. She looked perfect and sexy in her dress. Edgar got agitated as he had to control his desire. Jean didn't notice Edgar looking at her. She put her hands on the blinds and stared at the people outside. She looked cute when her mouth tilted slightly. Edgar had fallen for the tiny and mischievous girl.

The man was absent-minded for a while, but soon he composed himself. He gritted his teeth and called out Jean's name.

"Jean." "I'm coming." Jean walked toward Edgar while holding back her laughter. Edgar clenched his fists and asked, "Is it that funny?"

"Well, a little." Jean replied. When she stirred her coffee, the spoon made a tinkling sound. In the past, Edgar had always scolded her for her indecent behavior. When Jean thought about it, she stirred her coffee even harder.

She felt so relieved for not having to listen to anyone now. Edgar seems like a nicer person when he can't control me. "How is it, Mr. Royden? Are you satisfied with my wedding gift?" Jean asked with a smile. "Hey, you should go out now! How can the wedding go on without the groom?"

Edgar suppressed his anger. "I'm just reminding you." Jean shrugged. She stopped provoking Edgar as she could see that he was in a bad mood. Meanwhile, Ben was looking for Jean outside.

He tried to call Jean, but he couldn't reach her. Besides, he got more anxious when he heard that Jean was taken away by Edgar after she had a fight with Gigi.

After a while, Miles walked into the room and reported the matter to Edgar. Edgar stared coldly at Jean, but he didn't tell her that Ben was looking for her.

After Miles left, Edgar spoke with Jean, "I won't interfere with the conflict between you and the Reece family. However, don't blame me for being ruthless if your plans affect the Royden Group."

Jean blinked and pretended not to understand what he said. Her final goal precisely was to bring down the Royden Group! One day, I must let him bow before me.

"If you have nothing else to say, let's go out now! I still haven't congratulated you on your wedding ceremony." Jean stood up and urged Edgar, "Let's go!"

Edgar was speechless.

She finally revealed her purpose.

Edgar took her card out and threw it in front of her, "You may leave now."

She always had a way of stirring up his anger.

Jean immediately picked her card up. "Thank you. I have signed an agreement with the debt collection company to repay the money I owe on a monthly basis. So, don't expect me to use this money on my debt."

After speaking, she dashed out of the room at as quick as her legs could carry her.

She was afraid that Edgar would go back on his promise.

His bodyguards could be seen everywhere. Jean couldn't bear the consequences if he got annoyed. Her plan succeeded only because she was right about Edgar and Gigi's relationship. He didn't like Gigi at all.

He was indeed a ruthless and cold-hearted person.

The reason Edgar approached Gigi was to expand the Royden Group by merging with the Reese Group. However, after Sam was involved in Carl's car accident, the Reese Group's share price dropped significantly.

That was Jean's first plan, to stop the Royden Group from becoming more powerful.

When she walked out, she ran into Ben, who was looking for her.

"Where have you been?" Ben asked Jean anxiously. He dragged Jean and looked around vigilantly. "Did he do anything to you?"

Ben's voice was full of concern.

"I'm fine, but why are you here?"

Jean smiled and added, "I bet you haven't eaten anything yet. Let's go to the most expensive restaurant! I'll treat you!"

"Pigs might fly!"

"Hey, are you coming?!" Jean smiled and asked.

She couldn't stop laughing when she pictured Edgar's fit of anger earlier.

A man in a silver-white suit was secretly staring at her at the end of the corridor. He was moved by her sweet smile, but he managed to control his feelings for her.

“I agree to invest in MON & Co.’s next season design competition.”

Miles was surprised as the proposal was rejected by Edgar previously.

But Miles responded very quickly. “Okay, I’ll let them know.”

...

In the end, Jean was unwilling to invite Ben to a feast. So, the two of them enjoyed their dinner at a homecooked-style restaurant.

When they were eating, Ben received a call from his mom. His expression changed immediately.

He mumbled a few words in front of Jean.

“Is there something wrong?” Jean ate a piece of kelp while asking. “As long as it’s not related to money, just let me know if you need help.”

Money was really important to Jean then.

Ben’s eyes lit up.

But before he could speak, his phone rang again. He immediately pressed the reject button when he saw the caller id.

Ally had called him more than ten times.

He couldn’t come up with a perfect solution, so he chose to avoid her call.

Jean muttered, “She’s just a clingy little girl. You should be able to handle it with your past experiences.”

“It isn’t just her.” Ben frowned. “My mother said the Royden Group has been requesting for us to collaborate. My dad is very interested in this project too. However, Edgar has been forcing the price down, so they want me to marry Ally as soon as possible in order to expand our company and get a better quotation from the Royden Group.”

What Mrs. Ludwig actually meant was that they could get married first, then get divorced later. Since Ben was a guy, Ally would be the one at loss.

Ben sighed helplessly.

Jean just stared at him as she didn't know how to comfort him. She was grateful that her wedding with Edgar back then went on very smoothly as Edgar's parents had passed away a long time ago.

On the other hand, Ben wasn't allowed to make his own decision.

"The food is getting cold. Let's eat first." Jean tried to break the ice.

Jean had plenty of things to take care of by herself. So, she really had no time for other people's problems.

Ben could either compromise or find other solutions to expand their business. But no matter which, Jean knew she didn't have the ability to help him.

"Jean, can you..."

"I'll pay the bill." Jean smiled while taking out her card. "Sit still! Today, it's on me."

That meal cost a hundred at most.

Ben decided not to ask Jean for help.

He couldn't bear to see her lose her smile even though he was eager for her help.

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Chapter 84 Painfully Giving Up My Treasure

After dinner, Ben's car racing team called him again. Ben scratched his head tiredly as he really didn't want to go.

Jean sympathized with Ben's situation, plus she was on leave that day, so she suggested following Ben over there, "I'll accompany you. I haven't seen them in a while too. I'll buy some drinks for them."

"Great!" Ben finally smiled. Everyone from the car racing team wasn't in a good mood that day.

"What's wrong? I took a day off to come here. Why are you guys still unhappy?" Jean looked really stunning in her dress. She immediately caught everyone's attention when she appeared with a smile on her face.

"Jean!" "My gosh, you look so different today." "No wonder Ben didn't pick up our calls. It turns out that he was on a date!" None of them knew that Jean and Ben actually came from Edgar's wedding.

“Come here, everyone. Please help yourself.” Jean gave them the drinks she had bought just now. After distributing the drinks, Jean saw Ben following Tom into the tent.

“Why are they being so mysterious? Hey, has anyone seen Sonny?” Jean asked while twisting the bottle cap of her drink.

“Sigh, don’t even mention. Our car racing team hasn’t developed well recently. Ben had been really busy with his family business, so he didn’t have time for practice. Therefore, we didn’t manage to get any advertisements. We are running out of funds.”

Jean frowned empathetically while listening to their rambling.

Car racing teams definitely needed many sponsors in order to maintain their cars.

“Dark horse has been very popular since they first participated in competitions. However, Ben has been out of shape recently due to his family matters and personal affairs.”

“Besides, the Ludwig Group has also withdrawn its investment in our team...”

No wonder Ben was hesitant to speak just now.

Jean frowned anxiously. Is Ben going to give up his dream under all the pressures?

She didn’t want to see that happen.

On the other side, Ben seemed to be quarreling with Tom over something.

“You can rest assured that I won’t damage the reputation or cause any losses to our team. If what happened now is a big deal to you, we should part ways.” Ben shouted angrily.”

Tom shook his head helplessly, “Your mind isn’t on the team now. Sonny is the only one who holds on to the team now. If that’s the case, how far can we go? We are not working for you. We are working for the team.”

“What are you trying to say?”

“Okay, stop it. I know all of us are worried about the funds. Sonny has already gone to seek sponsorship. Maybe we’ll get a large fund today! We all know that Ben has been under a lot of pressure recently, so give him a break.”

Everyone rushed over and attempted to quell their frustrations before it rises to its boiling point.

Jean stood far away, wondering if she should stay away from the fight.

After all, she was just an outsider.

“If it weren’t for Jean, you probably wouldn’t come anymore. Are you trying to leave Sonny and our team behind so that you can be your rich young master at home? We are a serious car racing team, not a place for you to pick up girls.” Tom was so furious that he started to speak incoherently.

“I’m not that kind of person!”

Ben shouted and punched Tom.

“Don’t...”

Tom punched Ben back too. It was a scene of chaos. In the end, Jean forcibly pulled Ben out to end their fight.

Ben had wounds on his forehead and chin. He bowed and apologized to Jean, “I’m sorry for having you involved.”

Jean remained silent. She quickly ran to a convenience store nearby.

She bought a bottle of ice water and two bottles of beer.

The ice water was to apply pressure to reduce Ben’s swelling. The two bottles of beer were for Ben and Jean to drink.

Ben kept his head down. He didn’t want Jean to see him in dire straits.

“I could have helped you if you had told me sooner.” Jean comforted Ben.

Ben took a few sips of beer. He was totally heartbroken.

But after hearing Jean’s words, Ben’s eyes lit up all of a sudden.

Ben was afraid that he had heard Jean wrongly, so he asked again, “Are you really going to help me?”

“Of course.”

Jean rolled her eyes.

“You have been my best friend in Yorktown for so many years. Katie and the others are all abroad...” Jean frowned and made an important decision.

“Take it.”

“What is this?” Ben looked at the card she handed to him.

“My money! I want to invest in your car racing team.” Jean kicked the stones on the ground.

My precious money!

Ben has been really kind to me all these years. He has also helped me many times. I cannot ignore a friend’s plight. I just have to help them.

Ben looked at the card and remained silent for a long time.

Ben wasn’t excited or touched. He didn’t thank Jean either. Jean couldn’t help staring at him and said, “Don’t underestimate me. It’s a large amount of money!”

One hundred thousand.

It’s enough to pay a few months of my debts.

Ben gritted his teeth, “Do I look poor to you?”

Jean nodded seriously, “Will your mother still give you money if you don’t date Ally?”

Ben was speechless.

Jean was not wrong, but he actually hoped that Jean would help him in another way, although he was sure that Jean would refuse him.

For example, pretending to be his girlfriend and meeting his mother.

Ben lowered his head and sighed in frustration, “It’s okay. You can keep your money. I know what you’re going through. Besides, I will never spend a woman’s money no matter how bad of a situation I’m in.”

“Come on. You’ve never treated me like a woman.”

“I’ve always...” Ben choked. He couldn’t confess himself in front of the fair and beautiful face.

He knew that all Jean could think about then was revenge. Romantic feelings were the last thing on her mind.

He didn’t want her to get mad at him.

After the podium proposal event, everything became clear in Ben’s mind.

No matter if I'm her boyfriend or her husband, I just want her by my side.

After calming himself down, Ben smiled at Jean. "Don't worry. I will never fight with them again. Sonny had also just sent me a message about the sponsorship. If everything goes well, our team will have a large sum of money by then. I'll work hard to solve our current cash flow difficulties, and I won't just simply retire."

"Are you sure you don't need my money?" Jean asked Ben again.

"Yes, I'm sure."

Jean quickly took her card back.

Ben thought her reaction was funny. "Why would you give it to me if you weren't willing to?"

"Don't you understand? I am painfully giving up my treasure to you."

The two of them talked and laughed while walking to the subway station.

Jean took the subway home herself. She declined Ben's offer to accompany her.

There were only a few street lights along the street from the subway station to her home.

Some of the streets were very dark.

All of a sudden, a bright light shined on Jean.

The car didn't drive past her. It followed her all the way.

Jean frowned. She looked back a few times, trying to signal the car to leave first.

She subconsciously thought that Winnie and Gigi had sent a hitman to kill her again.

If they were a hitman, Jean knew that she wouldn't survive. So, she gritted her teeth and rushed toward the car without fear.

Jean patted the car window several times, "Don't sneak around! What is Winnie planning on again?"

After a while, the car window was rolled down.

A man said coldly, "Get in the car."

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Chapter 85 Fearless

Jean didn't expect to see Edgar in the car. If his wedding ceremony went well this morning, he should be staying with Gigi at home now. What is he doing here?

Jean frowned while looking at the man in the car. She couldn't believe what would happen if she got in the car then. "Mr. Royden, why are you here?" She forced a smile and yawned, "I'm very tired today. If you don't mind, I'll..."

Edgar got impatient, and he said in a hoarse voice. "The police have started to investigate Carls' car accident. Do you want to be prosecuted?"

Jean was shocked. So fast? It seemed that Sam had no power to stop the news from spreading. Although Jean couldn't figure out Edgar's purpose for coming here, she still got into his car. The perfume in his car smelled nice. Jean vaguely remembered that Edgar hated this smell in the past.

Edgar seemed to be a different person. Or maybe, I have never truly gotten to know him. Jean narrowed her eyes and explained, "I'm not guilty. I just don't want to be slandered by others."

Edgar chuckled. Jean's heart was beating fast. Jean knew that Edgar had no evidence of her being involved in the accident. So, she reminded herself not to spill the beans herself!

Edgar looked at her determined face and tapped his fingers on his knees. After a few seconds, he said coldly, "The Royden Group initially didn't want to cooperate with the Reece Group, so I'm here to thank you for all the fuss you made. I didn't waste a tiny bit of effort to get things done." Jean was stunned. How come...

Losing the chance to cooperate with the Royden family was equivalent to losing half of their net profit. Sam would never have given up the chance to cooperate with the Royden family.

The most important thing was that unilateral termination of the contract would inevitably damage the company's reputation. Edgar had always valued his company's reputation, so he should be apprehensive about getting rid of the Reece family.

Edgar said slowly. He was observing Jean's movement.

"Is this result different from what you expected?" Edgar grabbed her wrist and warned her. "I no longer have patience with you."

He didn't kill her just because of that pendant.

After all, she was Gary's daughter. So, he had no sympathy for her at all.

He clenched his wrists and stared murderously at Jean.

However, Jean instantly changed her expression. She shoved Edgar's hand away, "Who are you trying to scare? Call the police and arrest me if you have evidence that the car accident was caused by me."

The determined look on Jean's face shocked Edgar.

He let go of Jean's hand.

Although Jean had been one of bored indifference, she had never stared so coldly at him.

The two of them stared coldly at each other. Jean then rolled her eyes at Edgar impatiently, "If you have nothing else to say, please open the door. I'm not as free as you."

Edgar had no choice but to instruct the driver.

After the driver unlocked the car, Jean immediately got out of the car and walked away without looking back.

She quickly ran upstairs and opened the door as fast as she could. She then quietly stood by the window and looked downstairs. Luckily, Edgar has left.

She went weak at her knees and sat down on the ground.

She clenched her fists tightly, trying to recall what had just happened. She then slapped her thigh and said, "Good for you, Jean. Just treat him the same way when you see him next time!"

Jean just had to fight for herself.

She opened the refrigerator and finished a can of coke. She then hummed a song while going into the bathroom. A few minutes later, she had forgotten about her conversations with the nasty Edgar.

A week later...

All interns and designers were eligible to participate in MON & Co.'s jewellery design competition.

Jean went to the company with a notebook in her hand, only to find out that everyone was bringing a tablet with them. They sat together in groups of three to five people.

Jean went early in the morning, but she still couldn't get a seat.

Luckily, Sally had helped her reserve a seat, “Jean, this way!”

Jean quickly rushed over and began asking around about the design competition’s topic, only to realize that no one had any idea about it.

“We’ve been here since five in the morning, but until now, we have no single clue of the competition format.”

“I only got one information. The preliminary round result will come out today.” Sally took a quick glance at the people in the hall and sighed in frustration.

There are at least hundreds of designers here, but only twenty of us will be qualified for the finals.

It will be a tough match.

However, MON & Co. was one of the best design companies in their town. No matter how cruel the competition was, there would always be that one person who would fight their best to get the spot.

“I heard that several chief designers would be the judge of our design competition. Plus, I heard a VIP is the sponsor of this design competition.”

Jean wore her Bluetooth ear pods while the others were gossiping about the competition.

“All players, you may enter the arena now.” Anna called out the names of all the participants one by one. She obviously changed her tone when she called Jean.

Anna also treated Jean better than usual.

YES !

“Please be careful of the stairs in front.” Anna gently reminded.

Jean was surprised by her unusual behaviour.

“Number ninety-eight.”

Jean sat down with her bag in her hands. There were a total of one hundred participants.

She took a deep breath and looked at the person in front of her. Her heart was beating fast. She felt as if she was sitting for an exam.

Since all the participants were splitted into two rooms, there should be more than one judge.

Monica was discharged from the hospital yesterday. If she was the judge, Jean would probably be less nervous.

Jean prayed silently in her heart.

I really need this opportunity!

'Squeak'.

The door was pushed open. A slender woman walked in. Monica was coughing, but she still looked beautiful. She waved to all the participants and greeted, "Good morning, everyone."

Yes!

Jean clenched her fists in excitement.

It seems that God really listened to my prayer. But the next second, she went deathly pale.

The special judge who came with Monica was none other than her dumb ex-husband, Edgar.

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Chapter 86 Arrangement behind scenes

Jean was confident that she had been jinxed at this point.

She covered and thought to herself, why would a person like him be strolling around here? Was Royden Group running out of business for him to settle?

At this point only Jean was attempting to hide her presence; everyone else on scene was excited with the presence of the couple of judges.

Mummers could be heard around, "I heard that Royden Group invested in this competition just to raise Gigi's profile and to pave a way for her to enter the fashion world." "All right, if I may please seek your attention, let's welcome and invite Mr.

Royden for his statement." Monica's smile lit up the room as she signaled Edgar.

Edgar's gaze swept through the room.

As his vision fixed on a person, his cold voice boomed through the room, "I hope for only the best from everyone, and to express my desire, Royden Group will be adding a prize money on top of the award."

"Prize money...?" Monica was stunned.

Jubilant cheers could be heard all around.

Jean's attention was fully his at this point.

"Royden Group shall invest in the winning design and mass produce it for testing in the market. In order to have only the best design, a prize money is mandatory."

With just a few words, he had raised everyone's expectations. Jean started flipping through her bag. She retrieved her phone and activated the calculator application...

Monica clapped and cheered, "All right everyone, let's start the preliminaries. The request is simple, use the shortest time and whatever is available in our warehouse to make an accessory and pass it to one of our social media influencers who will carry out live sales on the internet. The top twenty sales will proceed to the finals."

What...

What's with this judging criterion?

Everyone froze in their tracks as they stared at the drafts they had in hand, "No wonder no one stopped us from bringing in our past works."

"How can I compete? I'm completely helpless with hands-on skills!" Sally was absolutely beyond herself at this moment. As she was about to complain, she saw Jean calmly unzipping her bag and putting on a pair of disposable gloves.

Sally was taken aback, "Jean, did you prepare for this?"

There were some stones that were too precious and should never be touched with bare hands. Sally's eyes were filled with adoration toward Jean at this point; she had chosen her friends wisely.

Jean was not only the calmest person on scene, she was also the best prepared!

"No, these were leftover gloves from the buffalo wings I had yesterday."

"..." Monica peeked at her phone, "There will be no time limit, but the live broadcast will end at five o'clock in the evening. You may start now."

"Quick! Move it!"

Everyone rushed forward, ready to tear down the door.

There was all but one person who did the opposite; rather than rushing forward and establish a good image before the judges, she fled from the scene via the back door discreetly.

She was fully occupied with the competition and was not aware that someone was tailing her. After everyone had left, Monica cleared her throat, "Mr.

Royden, I've done all that you've requested of me. Now, Jean is participating in this competition, and she is one of the favored candidates. May I now ask what your real intention is?"

She had been leaking information of Jean to Miles all these while. However, after plotting against the Jackson family, she had maintained her silence.

She did not want to betray Jean nor did she think that it was needed; even if Edgar was spying on Jean, it will not change the fact that Jean will soon be the shining star at MON & Co.

Edgar frowned, "This is my personal matter."

Monica gulped; even if she knew that Edgar would ignore her question she could not help but to ask it, "The reason why you added a prize money was for Jean's sake right?"

Edgar turned and left.

Monica stayed put and chuckled to herself, "How on earth are there such weird people around?" At the Lobby, Miles was prancing up and down. When he saw Edgar, he approached him right away,

"Mr. Royden, we received a message saying that Mr. Shaw's flight will be landing in half an hour. The plane was attacked by a certain terrorist group, but he's safe."

"To the airport."

Edgar caught something at the corner of his eye.

As he exited the room, he saw a suspicious figure escaping the scene.

Who else could it be apart from Jean?

He gave Miles a gesture and Miles pounced to action. Miles walked around the car for a quick check but he did not notice any abnormalities." Mr.

Royden, should we change our car?"

“No need for that, I doubt she has the courage to tamper with it.” Edgar reached for the handle and felt a piece of paper within. He rolled it out and saw one sentence.

‘I am winning the prize money.’

With such high tensions riding, how on earth did she convince herself that leaving a message was a good idea?

Edgar frowned as he crumbled the piece of paper. Just as he was about to toss it away, his phone rang. As his attention shifted, he dropped the piece of paper into his pocket.

“Start the engine.” He pressed on the speaker function, “How’s the talks going with Ludwig Group?”

There were three warehouses in MON & Co.

There were as many materials as the number of stars. Everyone was trying out every method in the book; they had utilized backpacks and their jackets to attempt to carry the materials with.

Everyone had only one chance of entering the warehouse.

The implication is that one must obtain all that one needed within a single trip. Even if one begged for help from other candidates, the answer would be a definite negative.

As Jean entered with a croissant in her mouth, a few stomachs grumbled audibly around her.

For the sake of getting an early spot, most of them did not even drink, not to mention breakfast.

But Jean... Not only was she late, but she entered the scene with the scent of butter, a croissant in her mouth and a cup of coffee in her hand... Everyone was envious! Sally gulped, “Jean, where did you get that?”

“The cafe next door, do you want some? I still have two pastries.” Jean replied.

Sally nodded her head, “Yes please!”

Jean unzipped her backpack, “That’s ten dollars each. Do you prefer sweet or savory?”

“What?” Sally was stunned for a second.

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As Jean and Sally had their breakfast, the others had left the room with as much material as they could physically carry. There were only a few people left in the room.

Sally had looked around just now but was about to have a second go at the materials. Jean's target was very clear, she walked towards a few boxes at the corner, got herself a trolley, piled up the boxes and turned around to leave. "Wait a minute, are you sure that you have gotten all you need?" Sally was shocked.

Most of the candidates that came in had a laborious time going through every single item. They even sifted through materials that only had differences of a few millimeters! And here was Jean, who strutted in on her own pace, did not take a look at anything else and was ready to leave within five minutes? Sally clenched her jaws and signaled toward the cabinet, "You can't be betting on your luck! Even if the judges try their best to help you, you have to help them out here."

Jean replied solemnly, "I was not fooling around, I am truly done."

She patted on the boxes, "It was a good thing that no one fought for these."

"How did you know the contents of those boxes?" Sally was puzzled.

Jean smirked as she tugged on the trolley and point at the door, "There was an inventory list."

Most of the candidates had dashed and darted into the room in order to grab the best materials, yet they did not take notice of the obvious clue.

Apart from Jean, only a handful of candidates noticed the little 'secret'.

Most of them had been held back by the crowd and could only explore the place." Jean, you are amazing!" Sally praised her from the depths of her heart.

But just as she was ready to get going, Jean's next step continued to exceed her imaginations.

She did not pursue a hidden corner like the rest who were worried of copycats.

Instead, she went directly to the broadcasting studio.

Apart from the social media influencer, no one else was inside the room.

The social media influencer went by the name Lisa; she was busy making up as she did not expect anyone at this hour. Her surprise only grew as she saw Jean and her boxes of goods."Are we starting now? Or are you an intern around here?" Lisa assumed that Jean was a worker at MON & Co. given her actions.

Jean started unwrapping the boxes while replying, "I am ready."

"You mean..."

"Start the live stream, let's start the sales." Jean replied confidently.

"Now?" Lisa was finally paying attention to her as she sniggered, "Well first off you've got to come up with a finished product right? There's only so much tomfoolery that can go around here." "Fine."

Jean opened one of the bags; it contained a gold plated chain and a pile of horoscope themed beads.

"That's it?" As Lisa turned on her phone, she saw the chain.

It was a simple chain with only a single bead, Lisa was convinced that Jean was pulling her leg at this point.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely, I have ready stock and am ready to send them all out by tonight, just go ahead." Jean got herself cozy on the sofa, "I will prepare it right away."

Lisa took a deep breath. However, upon further thought, the necklace was simple and elegant, which would go well with her black top.

"I'll do my best." Lisa adjusted her emotions, prepared her script and started her live stream. A few minutes later.

As Monica and the rest was leisurely enjoying their coffee, Anna sprinted toward them, "The live stream has started!"

"Seriously?" Hansen smiled wryly, "It seems that we have a strong pool of candidates."

He turned on his phone as he was curious of the current situation.

Monica was still giving her full attention towards her cup of caffeine when the screen came alive.

Anna could be heard murmuring to herself, "She merely moved the disposed goods from the warehouse..."

"This is pretty good!" Hansen commended by tapping on the "like" button while tuning into the interaction between Lisa and the viewers. The first order came in within minutes.

Each necklace came with a handmade wish by the seller.

It also came with a customized bead, which was a qualifiable selling point.

“However, this isn’t designing...” Anna was flustered, “This is unfair to the other candidates who are working hard, and here is Jean exploiting loopholes!” Even though Anna had changed her mind toward Jean, she could not bring herself to agree with her actions.

Monica placed her cup down and stared at Anna.

Jean was her intern; Anna’s point was a sword questioning Monica’s authority.

Anna attempted to defuse the situation, “I believe with Jean’s designing capability, she should be able to produce a much more attractive design.”

After the previous test, the higher-ups at MON & Co. were very pleased with Jean’s design and had sky-high expectations toward her upcoming performance.

Jean was visibly trying to take short cuts.

Monica smiled, “I don’t think she is exploiting loopholes, instead she is the person who understood the question best amongst all the candidates.”

Hansen nodded in agreement, “I’m fully with you. Apart from design, we are also testing their ability to fit in with the marketing trend. At the end of the day, every design is supposed to flow into the market and generate profit for the company. Without the support of consumers, the perfect design will remain just a piece of blueprint.”

It sounded sordid, but it was the truth.

Compared to the interns who were tumbling and hustling for perfection, Jean’s action fully encapsulated the preliminary’s mission.” Well, her sales don’t seem good.” Anna mumbled to herself.

It was not a staggering figure for sure.

Hansen turned off the broadcast, “Just wait and see.”

After Jean had sold over a hundred and twenty necklaces, the next candidate dropped in, “Am I the first?”

As he walked in jubilantly, Jean was busy wrapping up goods to be delivered.

“Are these... all your sales?”

The person's name was Kellan, who had been with MON & Co. over the last two years but maintained position as a junior designer. He was looking forward to this platform in order to prove and fight for a chance for promotion.

"Yeah." Jean replied without looking up and made space for him.

Out of the four boxes, two of them were empty.

Kellan frowned and looked at his own design uneasily.

Lisa waved at him and giggled, "It's your turn! What are you waiting for?"

She was getting tired of advertising only Jean's product. Kellan muttered in agreement and handed the necklace to her before sitting in a corner. This was his magnum opus; he was sure that the craftsmanship and design was flawless, with the addition of the mother pearl in the middle, it was simply phenomenal.

"Gather around, get a look at this!"