

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 88

Chapter 88 House Pet

Lisa had just started advertising when someone purchased the necklace for twenty times that of Jean's necklace. Kellan was overjoyed and clenched his fist in excitement. But...

Lisa removed her earpiece and gestured at him, "How many more have you got?" Kellan was stumped. He just realized a fatal mistake. After all that time, he only produced a single piece!

He took out the remaining material, had a quick glance and soon slumped his head. Lisa had to divert the topic and started promoting Jean's necklace again.

"Excuse me." Jean spoke softly. "My bad." Kellan took a step sideward and observed Jean who was removing the empty box and working – she was mechanically beading her chain while scribbling on messages.

He could not help but ask, "Do you really have that many orders?"

"Yeah." Jean replied without lifting her head, "I am struggling to keep up."

Her strategy of emphasizing quick turnover left the other candidates dumbfounded.

At most, they could only prepare a dozen.

Compared to Jean's large inventory, they were simply not up for the competition. Some who were shrewd started sourcing for materials, however given the fact they had only chosen the best quality items, most of them were unable to replicate a full set. The ugly head of envy started protruding.

"She definitely knew of the topic prior to the competition, I mean come on! Out of the five judges, two were familiar with her!"

"That's right, those boxes must be prepared in advance for her!"

As Sally walked in with her bracelet in hand, she overheard all of the slandering that was going on.

She was on good terms with Jean and her brazenness had also rubbed off on Sally, thus she retorted, "The boxes were just laid in the corner, why didn't you go for it? Jean was one of the last person to enter the room but she has the highest sales. If you're jealous, why don't you buckle up and show us your strength rather than whining like a sore loser?"

"You!" Brittany was among the crowd, "Well there goes the little dog tailing and wagging behind Jean. You're trying to demonstrate your loyalty, right?"

"Stop all that libel this instant, I am friends with her!" Sally was on the verge of tears.

Brittany imitated her mockingly, "I am friends with Jean."

The surrounding crowd snickered at her deriding tone."Even if Jean is not well off now, she was once of the upper echelon. But for you? Are you dreaming? Have you ever verified it with her? I am sure that she must have treated you as her..."

The door opened abruptly as Jean carried the last empty box out.

She dropped the box on the floor and it rang hollowly. The murmurs stopped but their facial expressions remained.

Jean turned to Sally, "Why are you crying? Unless they're telling the truth?"

"No, it's not." Sally muttered between her sobs.

As she rubbed her eyes and attempted to hold back her tears, Jean was reminded of her own past.

During Jean's university days, there were lots of calumnies going on behind her, however given her family background they were still restrained. Even so she was not able to defend herself and could only wade in tears and sorrow. It was only at this stage of life that Jean understood that no one would ever empathize with mere tears.

She gestured toward Sally's bracelet, "Go in."

Sally bit her lips and darted in.

Once the door was closed, Jean inched toward the crowd with a sharp gaze that was interweaved with hatred.

"For those who were busy spouting nonsense, you better have the strength to back your words or else you might bite off more than you can chew."

The crowd's expression changed as they lowered their head and avoided her gaze. Brittany however was an exception, "Well it's not like I lied. She tails you all day long and even reserves seats for you, isn't she playing the role of a pet well?"

Jean chuckled, "I've never treated her that way. However, if it was indeed as you described, does it mean you don't even meet the rights to be a pet?"

"What do you mean?" Brittany screamed with her veins popping.

Her loud yell caught everyone's attention.

Including Xander who had just arrived on scene.

As he saw Jean in a fight, he reminisced some of the incidents during his academic years.

He frowned as he glanced at Jean with an indescribable expression. Jean once behaved like royalty, and yet now she was only someone's ex-wife with an exuberant amount of debt, she definitely...

Would not have the courage to retaliate.

But in the very next second, Jean did something that was out of everyone's expectations.

She took out her phone and started playing the conversation between Ally and Brittany.

"If you help me to dispose Jean, I will provide you with a permanent post in MON & Co. If not, with your background and capabilities, it's a foregone conclusion that you will never make it."

It was definitely Ally's voice.

Everyone could recognize it. At that moment Brittany rushed forward in an attempt to grab her phone. Jean anticipated her move and flung her phone in the opposite direction. As the phone was in midair, Brittany's voice could be heard.

"Don't you worry Ally; Jean is as good as gone from MON & Co."

So much for being a pet.

The crowd was raucous at this point as their glance toward Brittany was full of despise.

The few interns who were on her side against Jean were attempting to stay away from her.

Jean's cold gaze penetrated the depths of Brittany's heart, who was looking for a hole to hide herself.

Brittany's face was bright red at this point as she stammered, "That doesn't prove anything. I am sure that you have someone backing you up for a finalist spot and we are just here as mere spectators." "And here we are just fighting with words without facts?"

"She is merely jealous of Jean, luckily Ally is no longer competing, else..."

“Mr. Quade!”

Someone noticed the presence of Xander and greeted him.

Jean looked at him; her phone happened to be caught by him.

He solemnly demanded, “Fighting during an internship? Both of you, in my office.”

It was enough to scare anyone off. Jean did not attempt to struggle. Even though this youthful trainer was her ex-classmate, given the situation she could only accept any incoming disciplinary action.

Brittany was absolutely upset at this point.

She had an outstanding design and was confident in her chances; however, now that Jean had revealed her past, she was almost assured to be out of the game.

With that, Brittany rushed before Jean to enter the room.

“I’m going in first!”

Before Jean could respond, she dashed in and slammed the door shut.

Jean lips twitched as she stood motionlessly outside. People were willing to go to extreme depths for the sake of success.

However, they often chose the wrong target.

Jean could already imagine what Brittany may come up with in attempt to sway Xander; if it was anyone else, they may have gotten their way.

However, it was Xander...

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Chapter 89 Reject Coalition

Jean had to only stay put for a few minutes before a loud voice boomed from the room, “Scram.” Brittany was weeping as she fled. Jean was impatient as she knocked on the door and waited for a few seconds before stepping in.

The office was simple and monochromatic; Xander was seated on his leather reclining seat. As he took off his glasses, his expression was seemingly gloomy, and one could feel the frigid atmosphere in the room.

Jean calmly marched to him and waited for her fate. She kept her silence as Xander attempted to readjust his emotions and put on a bright smile, "You have not changed at all, nothing is too much for you."

The difference between Jean now and Jean of the past was that she was the daughter of a well-off family. Now, her only identity was the ex-wife of Edgar Royden and who had nothing left. Xander's point was like a cotton with a blade hidden within; it sounded innocent but could have deeper meanings to it

Jean got straight to the point, "Mr. Xander, how are you going to punish me?"

"Punish?" Xander shook his head with a helpless expression, "You are Ms. Weller's intern and have special relationships with the special judges, if I were to punish you I might as well as tender my resignation tomorrow."

Jean did not change her emotionless expression.

As though Xander could read her thoughts, he continued, "Well I wanted to get back to you, what do you think about us cooperating?"

"No." Jean was quick to reject, "Why should I trust you just based on your statement that you wanted revenge against Edgar? What if you're a spy from him?"

After Xander had finished his doctorate, he started handling his family business.

Jean had heard this piece of information from her father.

However, after Xander started handling his family business, it did not seem to develop well and in fact stumbled upon some problems.

Would Edgar happen to be the source of those problems? Jean kept silent as her mind raced through several scenarios, however she ended up with the same conclusion.

"I guess you must have applied to be a trainer after knowing that I am currently an intern at MON & Co. I definitely can't accept attention from Mr. Quade."

Jean continued calmly and yet bluntly, "Most importantly, I do not trust you."

"Hmm..."

Xander's facial expression turned frosty.

He responded with a sharp gaze, "Do you think you can afford to negotiate with me?"

"Don't you feel that Edgar must be plotting something when he sent you into MON & Co.? He was going to play with your dreams and your life, then ..."

“Yeah.”

Jean chuckled as her expression softened.

Yet, there was an indescribable, seemingly detached frost within her eyes that betrayed her emotions.

“I know that he wanted to toy and destroy my life, to demonstrate that his words can determine my life.” Jean clearly enunciated every word. “So what? I needed this chance to survive.” Xander was stumped.

Gone was the spoilt and gentle lady from a well-off family. Instead, what was here was a rose that had struggled in a desert – it may have not blossomed, but it was already full of thorns.

“For someone born with a silver spoon, I advise you not to get involved in this situation. At the end of the day, I will destroy Edgar myself, you better not get in my way.”

After Jean finished her statement, she left the room.

As Xander heard the sound of footsteps softening, a smile appeared on his face, “Interesting...”

There were five more minutes before the end of the competition. All of the interns were gathered in the meeting room. However, most of the candidates were missing as only the top twenty would make it to the next round.

Lots of them had left the venue as they knew they were far from being in the top twenty.

The large screen was projecting the top twenty candidates and sales figure.

Most of the names stayed frozen, apart from Jean.

Her sales were still ongoing!

People were starting to question, “Just how many necklaces does she have? She has sold a ton of it”

“This sales figure is remarkable!”

Sally went forward curiously, “Hey Jean, honestly speaking, how much do you have?”

“I am not sure, maybe a few thousand of them?”

“Few thousand...” Sally could not digest the info. She could only look at Jean with much envy. Her situation was now precarious as she was the 20th.

Kellan was the 19th, one position ahead of her. Kellan attempted to move forward and gathered all his courage to ask, "May I know if anyone's sitting here?"

Jean waved her hand, "The seat's not taken."

After Kellan sat down, he squeezed all of his creative juices to initiate a conversation with Jean, however all of the opening statements he had planned for was gone from his mind the moment he sat beside Jean.

All that he could gather was the unblemished face and the butter like skin of hers... And...

Kellan gathered his breath, what on earth was he thinking!

He was here to pick her brains, he should not get distracted. "Last five seconds."

With the last chime, Jean's figures froze with a final count of one thousand, three hundred and eighty pieces; her sales were twice the amount of the second candidate.

Hansen held the results in his hands as he announced, "Jean, congratulations. As part of coming first, you will directly qualify to be a designer at MON & Co. Whether you want to participate in the finals is your choice."

All attention and gazes were placed on Jean at that point.

Everyone was envious of her.

Given that such benefits were not announced previously, Jean was also taken aback as she enquired, "May I know why?"

"Excuse me?" Hansen was likewise shocked, but he recouped, "It was part of Mr. Royden's request. We agree with his decision."

Jean did not listen to the last sentence.

She only perceived the single statement – it was Edgar's decision for her to stay.

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Chapter 90 It Is Useless for You to Attempt Anything

Jean was the first to leave after the meeting ended. The other interns looked at her with envy. Meanwhile, Kellan Lincoln and Sally Lance obtained the final two placements and breathed a sigh of relief.

Kellan found Sally more approachable than Jean. Thus, he suggested with a smile, "Would you like to have dinner to celebrate? It's my treat!"

Initially, Sally planned to accept his offer, but she was concerned it might be awkward since there were only two of them. "It's better if we don't, let's have it another time with Jean." Sally regarded Jean as a good friend.

Kellan considered and nodded. "Sure, next time then." After that, they walked out of the meeting room together. Kellan asked casually, "You seem to always be with Jean. Did you know each other before?"

If it were not for Kellan's sincere gaze, Sally would have thought that he was ridiculing her like others. She blinked and answered, "I only knew her after joining MON & Co."

However, she did not say anything else. It was snowing gently outside. Sally took a deep breath and smiled as she looked at the window. She saw a car waiting for her behind the building and hurried to it.

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Meanwhile, in a penthouse on the top floor of Grand Ocean Tower. Edgar saw that the personal doctor had finished examining Andy and asked, "How is he?"

"Mr. Royden, Mr. Shaw is a little unstable after this accident. He complained of tinnitus and dizziness. Thus, I prescribed him some medication to calm his anxiety. Furthermore, he should rest for some time and avoid intensive work."

Edgar waved his hand dismissively, and the doctor retreated. Miles also left and closed the door behind him, leaving only Edgar and Andy in the room.

Andy leaned against the head of the bed. "Don't worry. It's only a minor..."

However, he felt excruciating pain as he tried to adjust his position.

Edgar's eyes turned solemn. "You should rest properly. I will get people to investigate the rest."

"Investigate?"

Andy reacted instantly. "You mean someone conspired this?"

"It is only a suspicion." Edgar looked into Andy's eyes before opening the door and stepping out.

His leather shoes trod soundlessly on the luxurious European carpet. As he rode the elevator, Miles had already sent off the doctor and was waiting for him by the car.

Miles opened the car door for Edgar and reported, "I've assigned people to investigate, but since it involves the security of two national borders, it will take some time."

"Sure, it's not urgent."

Suddenly, Edgar stared coldly at a figure some distance before him.

Miles followed Edgar's line of sight and exclaimed, "Ms. Eyer?"

He had not noticed Jean until now. Edgar's whereabouts were usually kept secret, so people would not know about them.

"It's my fault. I must have made a mistake." Miles apologized immediately.

"Let's go. She's not here to see me." Edgar waved dismissively.

A moment ago, he met Jean's gaze. He believed she recognized his car, but she only appeared surprised for a second before turning away.

The impersonal gaze made her seem even colder than usual. Edgar's expression turned stern as he ordered, "Drive."

Then, his car traveled past Jean. He could not resist turning to see her face again. However, he only managed to glimpse at the hem of her shirt.

In the past, Jean could have easily entered this establishment.

But now, the concierge will stop her before she can even step in.

Who is she meeting here? Is it Ben?

The question suddenly popped into Edgar's mind, but he immediately suppressed it.

That is her business. It has nothing to do with me.

Meanwhile, Jean frowned when she saw Edgar getting into his car.

She could not understand why she kept meeting him wherever she went. It felt like bad luck to her.

Then, she glanced at the message on her phone and was about to reply when she noticed a high-end car from afar.

Soon, Winnie, dressed in a bright evening gown, walked out of the car holding Sam's arm.

Due to Jean's position, Winnie instantly noticed her when she stepped out. However, Sam was preoccupied with something and did not look in Jean's direction. He walked into the building straight away.

Winnie panicked and sprained her foot after walking only a few steps.

"Ouch, it hurts. I... I better rest in the lobby for a while. Sam, you go in first. I will enter later."

"How can you be so careless?" Sam's face immediately turned sullen. He had put a lot of effort into tonight's event, and many big shots were attending. Thus, he had to hurry in. Winnie kept calling out coyly in pain. The sight of her frustrated Sam, and he wrenched his hand away. "You don't have to go in."

After all, he only needed Winnie to create an appearance of a happy marriage. If Carl came to this event, Sam could use the chance to explain to him. That way, he could clear the threat and resolve Reece Group's crisis.

Winnie is usually very cooperative. Why is she like this today?

Thus, Sam abandoned her and walked into the elevator grumpily.

The instant the elevator door closed, Winnie got up to head outside. However, before she could do that, Jean suddenly walked in, dignified as royalty. Winnie was shocked and called out loudly, "You! How did you get in?"

Only VIP members can get in here!

Jean looked at Winnie and laughed disdainfully. "You got in here, so why can't I?"

What Jean said at the wedding kept sounding in her head.

Furthermore, a few people kept causing her trouble recently, so Winnie could not help but panic and feel afraid when she saw Jean.

Winnie did not dare to look at Jean's face, so she looked down and smiled awkwardly. "No, I didn't mean it that way." Jean glanced at the expensive bracelet and bag on Winnie. "Sam seems to treat you well. Better than how my father treated you."

"Can you stop talking about your father?" Winnie awkwardly hid the bag behind her before dragging Jean outside.

Jean saw Winnie looking at her with a terrified expression as if she had seen a ghost. It made Jean want to laugh.

In the past, Winnie nearly became Jean's stepmother.

“Jean, the past is the past. Can you stop tormenting me? I asked them, and they said they only stalked you due to a misunderstanding, so don’t take it to heart.” Winnie spoke these words against her conscience. She had spent a large sum of money to stop Sherman Hackley from bothering her. Now, thinking about how Jean had the advantage over her, Winnie had no choice but to grit her teeth and swallow her anger.

Unfortunately for Winnie, Jean was not as gullible as before.

Don’t take it to heart?

She dares to say that.

Jean’s expression turned cold.

If I had not recognized Sherman’s underlings from that gang of people, I would probably be trapped in an underground bunker now!

Winnie would not say this to me then.

“You can stop acting. I didn’t come here to listen to you talking about these. Instead, I need you to do something. If you succeed, I promise not to mention my father before you again.”

She does not deserve to be associated with my father.

“What do you want me to do?”

Winnie widened her eyes. She was fearful of Jean, but she gritted her teeth and forced herself to explain, “Although you messed up their wedding, Gigi is now Edgar’s wife. It is useless for you to attempt anything.”

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Chapter 91 I Found You a Sponsor

“Don’t worry. I’m not as stupid as Gigi.” Jean pulled out a card and waved it before Winnie. “Does this look familiar to you?”

“Isn’t this...” Winnie widened her eyes in panic. It was the card she stole from Eyer Residence. The card originally belonged to Jean. Jean said firmly, “You are to return all the money that was originally on this card and not a cent less.”

Winnie had no idea what Edgar said to Jean or how Jean managed to recover the card. All Winnie could feel now was panic, and she did not dare to look at Jean. “Don’t feign ignorance. I checked with the bank. This card originally contained five million.”

However, within a month after the Eyer family went bankrupt, someone withdrew that five million through multiple transactions.

My father transferred five million into this card on my birthday. I don't know how Winnie got her hands on this card.

Winnie's face blanched, and she gave a dry laugh. "Jeannie, I didn't know it had so much money. It was your father who insisted on giving it to me."

Jean could not be bothered to expose Winnie's lie.

Instead, she threw the card at Winnie. "You have three days to return the money. Otherwise, I will make the Reece family suffer the same end as the Eyer family."

"Jeannie, don't be so cruel. Gigi and her father didn't do anything wrong."

Jean smirked disdainfully. She stared into Winnie's eyes and threatened. "If you say any more nonsense, I will go in and tell Sam about your past."

Her words scared Winnie into silence and made her let go of her hand.

Winnie did not dare to look at Jean and retreated helplessly.

Then, Jean turned around to leave. She glanced at Winnie and looked away with disgust.

In regards to the VIP card she used to enter Grand Ocean Tower, she borrowed it from Zane. Thus, after the meeting with Winnie, she went to Zane straightaway to return the card. Zane was surprised to see her. He did not expect her to finish using it so soon.

"Ms. Eyer, you can keep using the card a little longer." Zane looked at Jean kindly.

"I don't need it, and I don't have time to spare." Jean frowned before looking at Zane again. "Can you tell me who told you to give me this job?"

She was not sure whether Zane would know if it was Edgar or other bosses who allowed her to work in MON & Co. Jean wanted to know because she considered making a deal with the person who admitted her. She wanted to seize every opportunity she could.

"It was an order from the company's bosses. If you have any questions, I can help send them up." Zane gave the answer he prepared in advance. In fact, he thought she would ask this question much earlier.

"Never mind, there is no need to do that."

Jean waved her hand. She was not interested in matters concerning Edgar.

Soon after Jean left, Zane sent an email detailing Jean's whereabouts throughout the week and the people she met. The receiver of the email was someone named 'BOSS'.Ding!

A notification sounded on the computer.

The man seated at the desk moved the mouse and glanced at the content on the screen. His eyes darkened.

At this moment, Miles knocked on the door and walked in. "Mr. Royden, Oprah Group confirmed that they have received the agreement. They have no issues with the conditions, so we can officially start the project next week."

Edgar remained silent.

Then, Miles placed the documents on the table and hesitated before saying, "The negotiation with Ludwig Group is nearly done, but they hope we can raise the price again. They also sent over an invitation to a birthday banquet for Mr. Ludwig's wife."Edgar did not even bother to look at the invitation. "I'm not going."

He would not attend such a pointless banquet.

"Understood, Mr. Royden. I will reply to them." Then, Miles retreated quietly.

Edgar unbuttoned his collar and leaned back in his chair. A beautiful face appeared in his mind.

If Jean acted against Reece Group because of Winnie, is she planning something about Eyer Group next?

He tapped his fingers on the table before picking up the phone receiver and dialing an internal number. "Stop investigating Carl Jackson's car accident and destroy all findings."

He did not want anyone else to find out the truth.

"Yes, Mr. Royden."

Edgar decided to conceal the matter to avoid ruining his relationship with the Jackson family. Jonathan tended to act rashly. Thus, if he found out Jean was the one behind Carl's accident, he would cause an uproar.

I only did this because it is too bothersome to explain. Edgar frowned as he thought.

...

Jean received a call from Sonny as soon as she got home.

“Jean, if you have time, can you come to the racing team dorm? Ben has shut himself in for a whole day and night. We all knocked on his door, but he wouldn’t come out.”
Sonny sighed and continued, “You are our only hope.”

Jean ran her fingers through her hair and was about to reply when another voice sounded. “Is that Jean? Let me talk to her.”

Then, Ally grabbed the phone and said, “Jean, Ben hasn’t eaten for more than a day. I beg of you. Can you please come and talk to him?”

Jean hung up immediately and left the house.

Ally sobbed and said sadly, “I think I screwed up. Jean hung up on me.”

“That can’t be.” Sonny suddenly realized something and smacked his forehead. What was I thinking? Argh...”

The rest of the racing team members shook their heads.

Half an hour later, Jean brought two burgers and came to the racing team dorm. “You guys should go out. I’ll give it a try.”

Ally’s smile fell when she saw Jean.

“Jean, you hung up on me just now. I thought you wouldn’t be coming.”

Jean could not be bothered to respond and proceeded to ignore Ally.

“Let me help you.” Ally went to help Jean.

Sonny sent the others a glance, and a few people immediately blocked Ally’s way.

“Ms. Sans, there’s a café downstairs. Let us buy you a cup of coffee.”

The men blocking Ally’s path were all young and handsome. Since she could not overpower them, she had no choice but to let them take her to the café.

Soon, everyone left and closed the door. The place instantly turned silent.

Jean went to Ben’s bedroom door and shouted, “There are burgers and beer. I can’t finish them alone, so if you are still alive, come out and help me finish them.”

Then, she sat alone beside the coffee table, turned on the TV, and ate a burger.

She was halfway through her burger when the door opened.

Ben leaned against the door indolently. His eyes were dull. After starving for more than one day, he was famished.

Jean ignored him and kept watching the TV.

Ben walked to the coffee table with his head down, picked up the burger, and began eating.

After a while, Jean said, "You don't have to worry about the racing team expenses. I've found a sponsor for you. All you need to do is race well and don't give up."

Edgar and His Destined Wife Chapter 92

Chapter 92 Invitation

Suddenly, Ben felt disenchanted and lost his appetite. "You can use your money to pay the debt, Jean. I have spare." Ben lowered his eyelids and said with disinclination in his voice.

He had thought of every possible solution to the problem. But his mother insisted he get engaged to Ally first in exchange for the extension in funding the racing team.

His friends had also been notified on the same matter. He put down his chopsticks, "No matter how difficult the situation gets, I won't..."

... Accept Jean's money. The latter half of the phrase was unspoken as he met Jean's sagacious eyes. He bit his tongue despite the urge to decline her offer.

He muttered, "I've said I don't want it. Period." Jean took out an IOU from her handbag and laid it before him, "Sign it. Pay it back to me with a compounding interest when you have the money. You have to at least get through the two tournaments this month."

She had a phone call with Sonny before she came and was informed of the team's financial bottleneck.

The team would get disbanded if the funding didn't get resolved in time.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Ally said aloud, "Ben, your mom is here."

"My mom?" Ben was flustered, "How did she find out about this place?"

He sprung up, frantically clearing up the littered floors.

Jean swallowed another mouthful of noodles, picked up her bag, and exited through the balcony that was linked to next door.

When Ben finally came back to his senses, Jean was long gone. The IOU was left on the table.

Farra demanded Ben's racing team to let her in.

As soon as she got into the room, she saw that Ben was eating noodles alone.

Ally puckered her brows in confusion, "Wasn't Jean still here a moment ago?"

Ben swallowed the noodles and acted oblivious, "Mom? How did you know I was here?"

The guilt-stricken Ally, who was behind Farra quickly darted her eyes and kept her eyes down.

Nobody else would tip off Farra of his whereabouts other than Ally! It also happened exactly when Jean and him were talking in the room and away from the others.

Farra smiled, "I am here to bring you a good news. I am willing to continue funding your racing career."

Ben and the racing team were surprised by Farra's announcement.

Ben saw through his mom's façade and guised kindness, "Mom, I can't agree to what you mentioned to me."

With a poker face, his eyes traveled past Farra and locked on Ally.

Ally lowered her head and remained silent.

Farra sneered in displeasure, "Mom knows who you like. I have thought about it and decided to stop forcing you because Ally relentlessly persuaded me to drop the ultimatum. Please do not distant yourself from her hereafter. Take her as a little sister, would you?"

She knew only by giving Ben the leeway and blessing could she for trade his pliability. Only then Ben would stop despising Ally.

Ben's eyes lit up, "Really?"

"Of course, I have brought the money along."

Outside the room, Sonny and the others exclaimed excitedly, "Hooray!"

"Thanks, Mom!"

Ally pursed her lips seeing Ben warmed up and elated to the free rein. She got a lift in Farra's car when the latter wanted to leave.

"Your idea was brilliant, Ally. He has been distancing from family due to the funding issue with his racing career. I was stressing for a way to give him an out." Farra held Ally's hand. She was very pleased with Ally.

She just couldn't wrap her head around why her son would fall in love with a divorced woman.

Ally forced a smile, "Auntie, Ben is also very concerned about yours and uncle's health. Resentment and grudges are the thief of joy in a family. Furthermore, he really likes Jean. I'm willing to quit and bless them."

"That won't work!" Farra rattled upon remembering how influential and prestigious the Sans family was in the marketplace. She couldn't help but tighten her grasp on Ally's hand.

"You are the daughter-in-law I have always wanted. I got Ben to invite Jean to my birthday party, I'll show her that she is never enough for my son!"

She would have still thought so even if Jean was still the rich young lady of the Eyer family in the high society. Not to mention the doom of Eyer family had transpired, Jean was no good to elevate the Ludwig family's distinction.

Ally concealed the conceited look in her eyes.

She put forth an understanding and obedient front, "I'm honored by your support. I will try my best."

Farra had grown increasingly fond of Ally. On the contrary, she got flustered whenever she thought of Jean.

Ben sped and pulled up on Jean on her way home.

He got out of his car, pulled her out of the taxi and returned the IOU, "Take your money back. We've secured a funding."

"So fast?" Jean accepted the IOU without hesitation.

Ben kept her still, "Also, I have good news for you."

“An invitation to dinner tonight?”

Ben gagged on his saliva, “Can you stop thinking of food just for a second?”

“Well, food is important. It’s the source for survival.” Jean raised her head and looked at him, “Is there any better news than free meals?”

To her, everything came second to free meals.

Ben nodded in agreement, “You’re right. Then, you’re invited to a wholesome treat at my house in a few days.”

He finally had his mother’s blessing to pursue Jean!

By bringing her to the birthday party, he could make a public statement that Jean was no longer living in the shadow of her failed marriage with Edgar. She would no longer be bullied by Gigi. Henceforth, she would be his girlfriend and even the future Mrs. Ludwig.

“I refuse.” Jean was reminded of Farra’s pompous attitude. Farra was arrogant, and looked down on her. Jean shook her head and declined his invitation, “I’ll be busy preparing for the design competition.”

“I heard that an Australian chef will be flown in for an on-the-spot fine dining experience.”

“What time is it? I don’t have to bring a birthday gift, right?”

Ben chuckled while looking at her, “You don’t have to. You just need to show up.”

He will prepare a birthday gift on her behalf.

He just wanted her to stick with him throughout the birthday party.

On the next evening, while Jean was dragging her tired body home, she saw a large parcel lying in front of her house. Her name was written as the consignee on the parcel.

She stared at the parcel and was reminded of Ben’s text message to her in the morning.

Jean hunkered down and picked up the parcel. She candidly tossed the parcel aside and headed to the kitchen as soon as she entered the house.

When Ben came to pick her up the following day, the parcel was still lying on the ground. Untouched.

“Didn’t you try on the dress I got you?” Ben looked at her plain attire of a shirt and jeans. He hinted, “My mom is celebrating her birthday today. Most of my family members will be attending too.”

Jean blinked, “Is there a problem with my outfit?”