

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 611

Seeing Gloria's strange attitude, Nathan glanced at Norah and the others with envy. He couldn't help but wonder when he'd matter that much to Gloria—when he could be someone she actually counted on.

"Oh, right," he suddenly said, "From what you said earlier, it sounds like you know who did this. Tell me, and I'll help you get justice."

Nathan had been thinking about it nonstop.

Gloria gave a bitter smile and shook her head. "How would I know? I just don't get why someone would do this. What's in it for her?"

"Everything has a motive," Nathan replied. "The goal here was clearly to ruin you. What she gets from it probably depends on her relationship with you." He walked over and ran his fingers across the large words painted on the wall. "This kind of message... she's probably not a direct competitor."

Gloria gave another bitter smile and walked back over to Norah and Kevin.

Norah and Kevin were quietly discussing their theories. They both had a feeling Winnie was involved, but without catching the person who broke the glass, they couldn't confront her.

Norah had noticed footprints—clearly a woman's—and immediately thought of the person who had been following her.

Kevin suspected it was a setup. He believed only a man would have the guts to pull something like this at night, especially at an exhibition full of security cameras. He couldn't believe someone wrote so much on the wall and didn't worry about being caught.

"All I'm saying is," Kevin muttered, "this screams 'man.'"

Gloria cut in, "It doesn't matter if it's a man or woman. Whoever did it—we find them. And if they don't admit it, we expose them."

Kevin nodded slightly, about to explain his plan, when Nathan appeared.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, let me handle this. I want to show Gloria what I can do. Just give me a chance."

The couple looked at each other awkwardly. When Gloria turned away, they silently tried to reject him.

But Nathan pressed on. “Hold on. Do you know who runs this district? The South City Police Station’s chief is part of my Gendron family. If I need help or info, Chief Gendron will come through.”

Kevin raised his brows. “I wouldn’t have guessed that. That’ll definitely help. Looks like we’ll take you up on your offer, Mr. Gendron. Speaking of which, got plans for lunch? Let’s grab a quick bite.”

Norah chimed in, “Exactly. You’ve helped our Gloria so much. It’s about time we properly thanked you.”

Nathan jumped at the chance to get closer to Gloria’s circle. He quickly booked a private room at a nearby hotel.

Gloria was speechless and kept signaling Norah to cancel lunch.

But Norah pretended not to see. If Nathan handled Winnie’s mess, it would be way easier to deal with—and Norah wanted justice for Gloria. Whatever worked best.

Just as they arrived at the hotel, Gloria got a message: Johnny had woken up. But this time, it wasn’t Norah—it was Johnny himself, asking her to come see him at the hospital immediately.

When Gloria read it, she froze.

Noticing, Norah leaned in. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m not feeling great,” Gloria said, hugging her. “Can you come with me to the bathroom?”

Norah nodded, and they slipped away.

On the way, Gloria showed her the message. The tone was demanding.

“Don’t go,” Norah said flatly. “Let’s see what he’ll do about it. If he shows up, we’ve got Kevin. Worst case, Nathan can stand in the way.”

Norah didn’t want Gloria anywhere near Johnny. Her instincts told her something between them wasn’t simple—and she didn’t want her friend getting sucked back in.

Gloria didn’t want to see him either. She deleted the message without hesitation.

Back in the lobby, Nathan came in holding a bouquet of roses.

“Gloria, I hope you smile every day—and have someone like me by your side.”

He handed her the flowers, flashing a playful grin. “I’ve been wanting to give you roses for ages, but never found the right moment. After hearing you nearly died... it scared me. So now, I don’t want to wait for a perfect time. I’ll give them to you whenever I feel like it.”

Gloria instinctively tried to refuse.

But Norah stepped in, took the flowers, and pushed them into Gloria’s hands. “Just enjoy the moment. Don’t overthink it, okay?”

Gloria nodded, but in her heart, she still didn’t want to accept them.

The three sat down. Kevin and Norah took one side of the table, leaving Gloria stuck sitting with Nathan.

It felt awkward. Gloria wanted to bolt.

Suddenly, Nathan pulled out a necklace. “Ta-da! This is from a top French designer. My first gift to you.”

Gloria was taken aback, torn for a second—but just as she was about to respond, the door burst open.

Johnny stormed in. “Didn’t you get my message?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Gloria said coolly.

She was seated far from the door, with Nathan blocking the way. She didn’t think Johnny could do anything to her here.

And he couldn’t—but when he saw the necklace, rage flared in his eyes.

“Who is he? Why is he giving you a necklace?”

“He didn’t just give me a necklace,” Gloria said calmly. She picked up the roses and smelled them with a smile. “He said if I’m willing, he’ll be my lifelong support.”

Johnny’s gaze turned deadly. Nathan gave a smug smirk.

He could feel Johnny’s jealousy—but he was confident Gloria would choose him.

Nathan leaned in and whispered, “They’ve got amazing desserts here. Want to try some?”

Johnny scoffed. “If you mean it, you don’t ask. You act. Talk is cheap.”

He tried to walk around the table, but Nathan pushed his chair back and blocked the path.

“Move,” Johnny growled.

Nathan grinned. “What if I don’t?”

“Then don’t blame me for what happens next.”

Johnny lunged—but suddenly wobbled and collapsed.

“Take him to the hospital!” Gloria cried.

Kevin scooped him up and rushed out. He knew that if Johnny got seriously hurt here, Winnie would blame Gloria—and things would get even worse for her.

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Thankfully, Johnny wasn’t seriously injured, but the doctor made it clear—he needed full rest and shouldn’t be getting out of bed at all. When he said this, he looked directly at Gloria, making her deeply uncomfortable.

Norah immediately stepped between them and locked eyes with the doctor. “Excuse me, what’s with that look? The patient’s emergency contact should be Winnie, not Gloria. Maybe you got confused?”

The doctor gave an awkward smile. “I recognize Mrs. Gloria Turner. Mr. Johnny Turner kept calling her name when he was unconscious. Then I heard you call her Gloria too... I just got curious. What kind of woman gets that kind of attention?”

His words were loaded, and everyone in the room looked at Johnny in surprise.

Nathan was clearly uncomfortable. He walked over and wrapped an arm around Gloria’s shoulder. “What does Johnny’s obsession have to do with our Gloria? Maybe he’s just a creep.”

“Who are you calling a creep?” Winnie snapped as she stormed into the room.

She glanced at Johnny, then glared at Gloria.

With a twisted smirk, she added, “Wow, you sure don’t waste time, Gloria. Just a few days and you’re already cozying up to another guy. Do you ever stop and think about the damage you’ve caused?”

“Mrs. Turner, please show some respect,” Nathan said firmly.

Winnie laughed bitterly, scanning Gloria from head to toe. “You’re not even that pretty. What is it with you that makes men lose their minds?”

Gloria stayed silent. She knew no explanation would change the way this looked.

She also understood how Winnie felt. If she were in Winnie’s shoes—watching her own husband care about another woman—she’d be furious too.

The doctor, sensing the tension, made a few quick notes and excused himself.

Winnie stepped closer to the bed, and someone handed her a damp towel. She gently wiped Johnny’s face, playing the role of the doting wife.

“You’re still here, Gloria?” she said without looking up. “Weren’t you going to leave for good once he woke up? What now—changed your mind?”

Her tone was razor-sharp, cutting right into Gloria.

Just then, both Kevin and Nathan received updates about the exhibition investigation. Nathan looked thrilled. Kevin, not so much.

Gloria, standing between them, didn’t notice.

She clenched her jaw. “If someone hadn’t ruined my exhibition, I’d already be gone.”

“Oh?” Winnie raised an eyebrow. “Whoever did that—give them my thanks. They did me a huge favor.”

She handed the towel to a servant and wiped her hands with a tissue before stepping in close to Gloria. “If it were me, I’d make sure you never held another exhibition again.”

“You—”

Before Gloria could finish, Kevin grabbed her and pulled her aside.

He whispered, “The guy confessed. He sold your painting to cover his gambling debts.”

“He was involved in both exhibitions?” Gloria was stunned.

Kevin nodded. “This clears Winnie. If we bring it up, it’ll only backfire. Let it go for now. Make a new plan.”

Norah came over and took Gloria's hand. "We know you're not in the wrong. Let them say what they want."

Gloria understood, but the frustration still burned.

Winnie smirked. "Mrs. Edwards, a word of advice—you're pregnant. Maybe stay away from women like this. Who knows what bad luck you'll attract?"

Norah fired back with a cold smile, "Worry about your own man. Doctor said he shouldn't leave the bed for a couple weeks. Push him too far, and it'll affect your... pleasure."

She deliberately emphasized the last word. Winnie's face twisted in anger.

"And while you're at it," Norah added, "tell your husband to stop showing up in front of Gloria. He's getting annoying."

With that, she pulled Gloria out of the ward.

Nathan gave Norah a thumbs-up.

The whole scene had left Nathan even more suspicious about Gloria and Johnny's past. But it also strengthened his resolve to protect her.

After they returned, Nathan immediately paid to restore the exhibition. He even kept the graffiti on the wall, repurposing it to make the exhibition more unique. He hired artists to reshape the broken section into a new feature.

When it was done, Nathan waited outside Norah's house. As soon as he saw Gloria, he grabbed her and put her in the car. No matter how much she complained or threatened, he wouldn't stop.

At the exhibition entrance, he looked at her apologetically. "I knew if I asked, you wouldn't come. So I had to trick you. But trust me, once you see it, you'll understand."

The place was buzzing. People entering looked unsure, but everyone leaving was smiling.

Gloria, curious about what Nathan had done, stepped inside—and froze in shock.

You can't undo broken glass. But somehow, Nathan had turned the damage into art.

At the entrance were cartoon-style portraits of her, playful and cheeky.

Deeper inside, all her works remained—except the shattered ones. Nathan had transformed those into symbolic pieces, with a man and woman drawn on opposite sides of the cracks, like a metaphor for broken love.

The once-threatening graffiti now felt emotional, even tragic.

Gloria choked up. “How did you come up with this?”

Nathan scratched his head, a little shy. “Guess you’re rubbing off on me. I’ve started thinking like an artist.”

“Gloria! It’s really you! Can I get a picture?” someone asked.

She nodded and stepped over for a photo. But Nathan followed her.

The fan, assuming they were a couple, took the picture without asking further.

After the flash, the fan handed Gloria the photo. “You two look good together. Are you a couple?”

“No,” Gloria said quickly, dragging Nathan out of the exhibition.

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Nathan wasn’t upset by Gloria’s reaction—in fact, he found her even more adorable.

Taking her to the art exhibition was just the first stop on today’s plan. He’d arranged a full day: lunch, shopping, a movie—the kind of things couples usually do.

Gloria was a bit lost in thought and didn’t realize they were already heading to the shopping district.

By the time she came back to her senses, Nathan had already parked the car.

“Where are we going?”

She realized Nathan had planned everything for the day. But the truth was, she didn’t want to spend it with him.

Nathan smiled and opened her car door like a gentleman. “Ms. Gloria, today I’m at your service. First up is lunch. I made a reservation at a French restaurant. Hope that’s okay with you.”

Gloria frowned. "Nathan, I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong idea. Let me make things clear right now—"

"You don't like French food?" he interrupted casually, pretending not to hear what she was really trying to say.

Gloria knew there was no point in explaining further, so she called Norah and asked her to come meet her. After hanging up, she smiled at Nathan. "I'm just more comfortable having Norah around. If that bothers you, you can go ahead—I'll wait here."

Nathan had no intention of leaving. "Why would it bother me? I know Norah. I'll just order an extra maternity meal."

There was no getting rid of him.

Gloria was starting to feel frustrated. When Norah arrived, Gloria immediately pulled her aside and started talking nonstop, giving Nathan no chance to chime in.

Later in the afternoon, Nathan got a phone call and had to leave. Gloria finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Norah teased her, "I think you should give Nathan a chance. He seems like a good guy."

Gloria waved her hands. "No way. I'm not cut out for that kind of life. I'm meant to be alone."

Before Norah could respond, Gloria's phone rang.

It was Johnny.

Gloria glanced at Norah, then answered, "What is it?"

"Come to the hospital."

Short and direct. Then he hung up.

She figured Winnie must've ordered the hospital staff to keep Johnny from leaving to see her. Now, they wanted *her* to come to him.

Norah was furious. "What is up with that couple? First, he calls you trouble, then he can't stop chasing you. You already agreed not to see each other—let's stick to that."

Gloria bit her lip. "I should at least go and clear things up once and for all. Maybe then he'll stop."

Norah agreed and went with her.



When they got to the hospital room, Johnny's assistant was already there. He gave Gloria a strange look, which made Norah uncomfortable. If she weren't pregnant, she'd have given him a piece of her mind.

"What do you want?" Gloria asked coldly, keeping her tone neutral.

Johnny nodded at the assistant, who handed Gloria a report.

It listed her blood type—and a bold line that stood out: *Gloria and Johnny are not biologically related.*

They weren't siblings.

The report slipped from her hand as she looked up, stunned. "You think this is funny?"

Johnny blinked in confusion before quickly explaining. "I didn't plan this. It just happened. I was curious about your unusual blood type and asked the doctor—next thing I know..."

"You didn't expect the doctor to hand you a full report?" Gloria shot back, her voice full of disbelief.

The next second, tears spilled down her cheeks. She wasn't even sure why. Her chest just felt tight, and she needed to let it out.

Norah pulled her into a hug, gently patting her back while shooting Johnny a sharp warning glance.

Johnny ignored the look and sincerely thanked Norah for looking after Gloria. Then he nodded to his assistant, who handed Norah a gift.

Norah narrowed her eyes. "Mr. Turner, are you forgetting your place?"

Johnny gave a faint smile. "I know this may seem small to Madam Edwards, but it carries meaning. Please accept it."

"No thanks. I don't accept gifts from people I barely know." Norah turned to Gloria. "Let's go."

As they moved toward the door, the assistant stepped in their way.

Norah sneered, "What now? Trying to hold us hostage?"

Johnny sighed. "Let them go."

The assistant backed off, and Norah gave Johnny one last cold look before leaving. She didn't realize Johnny wasn't even looking at her—his eyes were on Gloria the entire time, full of pain as she walked away.

The assistant thought Johnny was feeling ill and tried to call a doctor.

Johnny waved him off and gave a new order. "Send Gloria flowers—one bouquet a day. Have the florist write different messages each time."

The assistant looked confused but nodded.

"Also," Johnny added, "go write a few notes yourself. I want to choose one."

The assistant hesitated, then suggested, "I heard Miss Turner's art exhibit was vandalized, and nearly a hundred paintings went missing. If we could get those back, she might see you in a different light."

Johnny was shocked. "What? When did that happen?"

The assistant showed him the news report, where Nathan had helped Gloria resolve the issue. Johnny clenched his fists, nearly storming out of the room.

"Track down the stolen paintings. I want to meet the thief."

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Gloria didn't want Johnny's flowers—but when the delivery guy showed up, she still went out to sign for them.

She hadn't changed her mind. She just didn't want Norah to know.

After ripping up the card and tossing the flowers in a roadside trash can, she quietly returned home.

As soon as she stepped inside, Norah greeted her with a knowing smile. Gloria gave an awkward grin and quickly headed upstairs.

"I don't care what you're hiding," Norah called out. "Whatever it is, I'm on your side. We'll always be friends—you don't have to worry."

Gloria felt guilty and licked her lips. "I know you mean well. I just don't want you to worry about me. Please trust me, and give me some time."

Norah looked concerned. "So, whoever sent the flowers... it's someone even I can't mess with?"

Gloria opened her mouth to explain, but Nathan and Kevin walked in just then and overheard everything.

Nathan rushed over, grabbing Gloria's hand. "You like flowers? I'll get them for you. Whatever you want. No—I'll just buy the whole flower shop."

Seeing how nervous he was, Norah tried to play matchmaker.

In her mind, Nathan was way more dependable than Johnny. If Gloria gave Nathan a chance, maybe Johnny would back off.

She pulled Gloria aside and said with a grin, “Every girl loves flowers. Mr. Gendron, you better back up your words with action—not just sweet talk.”

Nathan immediately ordered a bouquet of roses.

The roses arrived quickly. Coincidentally, the card had the *same* message Johnny’s had.

Gloria looked at the signatures and couldn’t help but find it funny.

The note was a love confession—nothing too dramatic—but one bouquet came from Johnny and the other from Nathan. Both for her.

Even the florist probably thought it was some kind of love triangle.

“Don’t like that kind of message?” Nathan asked. “I’ll write my own next time.”

Gloria shoved the flowers into his arms. “Mr. Gendron, I don’t want to see you. Please don’t come around anymore.”

The room fell silent.

Nathan wanted to say something, but Norah gently held him back.

As Gloria went upstairs, Nathan gave a bitter smile and quietly left.

Norah wanted to offer some comfort, but in the end, she knew it was Gloria’s decision. No one else could choose her happiness for her.

The rain didn’t let up for days, making it hard for Gloria to get around. Still, she was determined to finish handling the exhibition and leave the city.

Thanks to Nathan’s efforts, the exhibition had become a viral hotspot for influencers.

But with all the traffic, Gloria worried about people damaging her work. Every evening before closing, she went to check on the pieces.

One night, in heavy rain, she said goodbye to the staff and headed to the bus stop.

She’d booked a ride-share, but with the storm, she had to walk to the nearest pickup point.

There were barely any people on the street, and the few who passed by were in a rush. That was fine—she didn’t want to be approached by strangers in the dark.

Five minutes past the pickup time, and still no car.

She messaged the driver—no response.

Just as she was about to call Norah, a car pulled up.

The rear window rolled down. Johnny.

Gloria turned to run, but Johnny moved fast and caught her.

“I’ll take you home.”

“No need. Norah’s on her way.” She used Norah as a shield, her only lifeline.

“I swear—I’ll just drive you home.” Johnny held up his hand, revealing a needle in his vein. “I’ve been on an IV for days. I don’t even have the strength to stand properly.”

A gust of wind blew, and the rain pelted them both. Before she could respond, Johnny picked her up and shoved her into the car.

Gloria stopped fighting and stared ahead, numb.

Once inside, Johnny cradled her face. “Don’t look at me like that. Don’t shut me out. These past few days without you—I swear, I’ve never lied to you. Just believe me.”

Gloria stared back and said quietly, “Let me go.”

Johnny’s face darkened. “Drive to the hotel.”

Gloria froze.

That word—*hotel*—brought back the memory of the night she nearly jumped off a building. Her whole body started shaking.

She tried to open the door, but Johnny grabbed her. In desperation, she yanked the IV needle out of his wrist.

Johnny winced in pain and let go.

Gloria seized the moment, opened the door, and ran.

The driver slammed the brakes. “Boss, should we go after her?”

“Of course.”

But before Johnny could answer, his assistant had already taken off.

In the stormy darkness, there was no way to find her. Johnny returned to the car, drenched and defeated.

“Let’s go,” he muttered.

Gloria had been hiding in a nearby alley. Once his car pulled away, she finally emerged.

But now she didn’t dare wait for the bus. With no choice, she went back to the art exhibit.

Soaked, cold, and starving, Gloria thought about calling Norah but couldn’t bring herself to worry her. After hesitating for a long time, she dialed Nathan.

“Gloria?”

She tried to speak but no words came out. Her throat burned. She hung up.

She looked at the word “evil spirit” on a nearby wall and let out a bitter laugh before collapsing on the ground.

When she woke up, she was in a hospital room.

Panicked, the first thing she did was ask how she got there.

A nurse looked at her and pointed to the room next door. “Mr. Turner brought you. You still have a fever, Miss Turner. Please stay in bed—if Mr. Turner finds out you got up, we’ll all be in trouble.”

### **Johnny Turner.**

He didn’t leave after all.

Gloria was terrified.

She wanted to leave immediately, but her body was too weak. She had no choice but to lie back down.

She made up her mind—once she felt better, she’d check out and cut ties with Johnny for good.

The nurse pushed...

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The nurse looked embarrassed. “Mr. Turner insisted we deliver these to you. He said if you don’t accept them, he’ll file a complaint and make sure our entire department fails the

evaluation. Miss Turner, please don't make things harder for us. Besides, these nutritious breakfasts are good for your health. Just accept them."

Does having money mean you can do whatever you want?

Gloria was furious, but she couldn't bring herself to cause trouble for the nurses just because of Johnny.

After eating, Gloria texted Norah to let her know she'd been hospitalized. She hinted at wanting to be discharged.

What she didn't know was that Norah was already in the doctor's office—alongside Kevin and Johnny.

The three of them looked tense, their faces solemn.

Norah, in particular, was struggling to hold back tears, her shoulders shaking.

Kevin stood by her side, holding her in his arms, wanting to comfort her but unsure of what to say.

"Doctor..." Johnny finally broke the heavy silence, his tone serious. "I want to donate my kidney to Gloria."

Norah was stunned. She hadn't expected Johnny to make that decision.

Gloria had kidney failure, and a transplant was clearly the best option. Norah had considered spending a fortune to find a donor, but Johnny had offered his own.

At that moment, Norah realized she didn't truly know Johnny.

What exactly did he feel for Gloria?

Was it just family affection? It seemed deeper than that.

Love?

It felt like it—but he had a wife.

Even if he had feelings for Gloria, shouldn't he sort out his own life before thinking about a future with her?

“Mr. Turner, donating a kidney isn’t something to take lightly. Please think it through,” the doctor advised. Given Johnny’s status, the doctor wanted to avoid any potential legal complications.

But Johnny was firm. He told the doctor not to worry and said he’d sign a waiver if necessary.

The doctor hesitated, but Johnny had already picked up a pen to begin drafting the agreement.

Just then, the door burst open and Winnie walked in.

She immediately tore up the agreement, then smiled as she adjusted Johnny’s collar.

After straightening him up, she turned to Norah and Kevin and said coldly, “So your friend is sick, and instead of finding the best doctor, you bring my husband here? Is he a doctor now?”

Kevin chuckled. “Mrs. Turner, he’s not a doctor—but he’s more worried about Gloria’s health than any doctor would be. I told him I have enough money to find the best treatment for Gloria, but he didn’t listen. Doesn’t that just get under your skin?”

Winnie’s face turned red, then pale, speechless.

Norah chuckled to herself. She hadn’t expected Kevin to come out swinging like that—and win in one blow.

The atmosphere froze for a moment before Winnie told the servants to take Johnny back to his ward. She also warned the doctor not to proceed with any transplant.

The doctor looked wronged. He’d only asked Johnny to think it through because he’d been worried about a situation like this—but he still ended up getting scolded.

Once Winnie left, the doctor sighed heavily.

Norah quickly asked, “Doctor, if Johnny can’t donate, is it possible to find a kidney donor through the hospital?”

The doctor nodded. “It is, but it’ll take some time. Miss Turner’s condition is stable right now—as long as she gets proper nutrition, she’ll be okay.”

Norah was relieved. “Please help us find a donor. Money is no object. Also, don’t tell Gloria the truth about her condition. I don’t want her falling into despair.”

Gloria was already in a dark place mentally. If she found out how serious her condition was, who knew what she might do?

And Norah was right to worry. After Winnie left the office, she sent someone to leak the news to Gloria. That afternoon, a patient in the next room “accidentally” told Gloria the truth.

Kidney failure.

Her world shattered.

Even though she felt oddly calm, she also felt hopeless.

Afterward, she locked herself in the bathroom.

Norah rushed to the hospital after the doctor called and learned what had happened.

How did someone in the next room know about Gloria’s diagnosis? It had to be someone behind the scenes.

Norah immediately thought of Winnie—and all the frustration she’d held back finally exploded.

She stormed into Johnny’s ward, grabbed Winnie by the collar, and shouted, “Why would you do this? Gloria and I never did anything to you. Why are you hurting her like this?”

Winnie signaled to her servants to pull Norah away. Once free, she sneered, “I have no idea what you’re talking about. I know you and Gloria are close, but you’re way too paranoid. Whatever else I am, I still have a good reputation.”

“If it wasn’t you, how else would Gloria find out?” Norah tried to rush her again but was restrained.

She struggled furiously, determined to teach Winnie a lesson—forgetting that she was pregnant and couldn’t make any sudden movements.

Luckily, Kevin and Nathan arrived just in time. Kevin saw Norah being pulled and ran over, shoving the servants aside to protect her.



“You’ve got a death wish laying a finger on her. Johnny, control your wife!” Kevin barked.

Johnny sighed and was about to apologize, but Winnie spoke first. “Boss Edwards, it was your wife who attacked me first. If she weren’t pregnant, do you think I’d let her get away with it? You should thank me for not hurting the baby.”

“Nice. Real nice. Is that a threat?” Kevin, who’d been itching to settle the score for Gloria, finally had an outlet. He pulled out his phone and made a call—right in front of Johnny.

He reported Johnny for tax evasion.

Winnie panicked—but it was too late.

Kevin hung up and hugged Norah tightly as they left.

Winnie wiped away two fake tears and clung to Johnny’s hand pitifully. “Honey, I was going to tell them I found a donor, but look at them—they don’t deserve our help.”

Johnny’s eyes lit up. “You found a kidney match?”

Winnie hesitated, then nodded.

Johnny was anxious. “Tell me right now. Gloria can’t wait.”

Winnie said softly, “It’s a family in the south part of the city. They run a small business. They can’t afford college for their two sons, so they want to sell a kidney. A friend told me about it.”

Then she looked conflicted. “But don’t go yourself. My friend said that family hates us for something that happened in the past. They’re not on good terms with us—but they’re grateful to Gloria. She helped them once. They might agree if she’s the one asking.”

Johnny frowned. “So if Gloria goes herself, it might work?”

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“Of course. Think about it. They like Gloria. If they know she’s sick, they’ll want to help. But we’re not taking it for free, right?”

Winnie’s words gave Johnny hope. He found an excuse to send her away, then went to Gloria’s ward.

As soon as she saw him, Gloria's expression turned cold. "What are you doing here? I don't want to see you. Leave, or I'll jump out the window."

Johnny didn't step inside. He stood at the door and said, "The transplant's been taken care of. Also, I found those paintings. As soon as you say the word, I'll have them up at the exhibit."

"No, forget it. You don't need to worry about me." Gloria's voice was colder than ever. Any hope Johnny had instantly vanished.

After standing there for a moment, he pulled out a pen and paper, wrote down the address and phone number of the donor family, and placed the note on the sofa armrest by the door before leaving.

Gloria thought that as long as Johnny didn't disturb her, he could do whatever he wanted.

Nathan showed up and found the door open. He rushed in, panicked, but sighed in relief when he saw Gloria playing with her phone.

He noticed the note right away. "What's this? Someone trying to sell a kidney to pay for college?"

Gloria ignored him and pulled the covers over her head.

Nathan didn't press her. He went out to find a nurse.

When he found out Johnny had just left, something clicked in his mind.

He rushed to Johnny's ward to confirm if the note was legit. If it was, it could save Gloria's life.

At the door, he ran straight into Winnie.

They never liked each other—and it showed.

"What are you doing here? This isn't Gloria's ward," Winnie said loudly, clearly trying to alert Johnny.

Nathan smirked and tried to open the door, but Winnie blocked him.

When she saw the note in Nathan's hand, her expression changed.

She cleared her throat. "Looking for my husband? Well, excuse my rudeness. Please, go ahead."

Nathan shot her a cold glare and walked in.

Winnie watched him, a new plan forming. She pulled out her phone and made a call.

“Make sure everything goes smoothly. No mistakes,” she instructed.

She didn’t follow Nathan into the room—she left the hospital.

Inside, Nathan faced Johnny. “Is this note real?”

Johnny nodded. “Make sure she gets there. That family owes Gloria. If she asks, they’ll agree.”

“You told her?”

Johnny raised an eyebrow. “What, you don’t want her to live?”

“That’s not it.”

“Then why are you doubting things when there’s finally a chance?” Johnny’s smirk grew. He was clearly enjoying having the upper hand.

Eventually, Nathan left.

He called the number on the note and confirmed the donor was real. He rushed back to Gloria’s room.

When he arrived, he said, “It’s real. Let’s go. Now.”

Gloria looked at him like he’d lost his mind.

She’d accepted death. She didn’t want to go chasing false hope.

Nathan didn’t care. He picked her up and carried her out.

“What are you doing? Put me down!” she shouted, embarrassed as people stared. Her pride was wounded.

Nathan didn’t flinch.

Once they were in the car, Gloria snapped, “You think I’ll be touched by this?”

“You misunderstood. I just want you to live. Now that there’s hope, I won’t let it slip away.”

He hit the gas, blew through a few red lights, and drove straight to the address.

When they arrived, they were stunned by the shabby, run-down house.

“This doesn’t look like a small business. More like an abandoned house,” Nathan muttered.

He stepped in front of Gloria protectively and knocked.

The door creaked open.

The yard was tidy. An elderly woman was hanging clothes.

Nathan asked, "Excuse me, does Mr. Declan live here?"

The old woman stopped, turned slowly, and squinted at them for a long moment before nodding. "Declan is my husband. Why are you looking for him?"

Nathan lit up. He pulled Gloria inside.

He introduced her and explained why they were there.

The old woman got so emotional she dropped the clothes she was holding and circled around Gloria twice. "She looks exactly the same."

She called into the house, "Husband! Come quick! Our benefactor is here!"

They heard a cane tapping from inside. A few minutes later, an old man slowly emerged, hunched and shaking.

"You must be Miss Gloria," he said, tears in his eyes.

Gloria nodded.

"Thank goodness I finally get to see you. Come inside, please," he said warmly, trying to lead her in.

Nathan tried to stop him, looking awkward, but the old woman invited them in for tea.

This wasn't the time for tea—they needed to talk about the transplant.

Nathan said, "Sir, we heard you're willing to sell something. We're willing to pay any price."

The old couple exchanged a sad glance.

Nathan felt uncomfortable but pushed again for Gloria's sake.

The old man sighed. "Young man, we do have something to say. But at least come in and sit. You're young. I can't stand long."

He wobbled and looked like he might fall, so Nathan caught him.

Something felt off when he touched the man's arm, but he didn't say anything. He nodded and agreed.

The four of them entered the house. The old man asked his wife to make tea and offered Gloria a seat.

“Miss Turner, you’re probably not used to hard benches. I got two cushions for you—brand new,” he said, handing them over with a smile.

## **Chapter 617**

After they sat down, the old woman brought out tea and placed it in front of Gloria and the other guest. Two cracked porcelain bowls were set down in front of Nathan and Gloria.

Nathan observed everything in silence, watching the two people continue their act.

The old man started reminiscing about the past. Seeing the confusion on Gloria’s face, Nathan became even more certain—these two were frauds.

They weren’t selling kidneys. They had some other hidden agenda.

“Ms. Turner, you probably don’t remember. But that’s okay. As long as we remember in our hearts. Go ahead and drink the tea—it’s no good cold.”

The old man’s eyes welled with tears. His acting was convincing.

Not suspecting anything, Gloria lifted the teacup. Nathan quickly pulled her arm and whispered a warning—not to drink it.

The old man smiled kindly and urged, “Just a sip, it won’t hurt. Besides, why would I harm someone who saved me?”

Gloria hesitated, then took a small sip.

As soon as she did, the old man looked straight at Nathan.

Nathan smiled, lifted the teacup—and poured the tea onto the ground. He had no intention of playing along anymore. He turned to Gloria and said, “They’re not here to sell kidneys. They’re clearly up to something else. We’re leaving.”

“Leave? A bit late for that,” the old man suddenly sneered. His voice, once frail, now sounded young and forceful.

Nathan glared at him, shielding Gloria’s hand in his own, silently telling her not to panic.

The old woman laughed too. After a few chuckles, she looked straight at Gloria. “Ms. Turner, if you want to blame someone, blame yourself for breaking your promise. You two enjoy your time here. We won’t be staying.”

With that, both of them stood and walked away.

Nathan tried to chase after them, but Gloria held him back and whispered, “I can’t move... I don’t have any strength left.”

“It’s okay. I’ll carry you out.” Nathan tried to get up—only to realize he was stuck. The stool he was sitting on had been bolted to the floor.

Clearly, those two had no plans of letting them leave.

“I’m sorry, Gloria. I didn’t check things properly... I’m so sorry. I’ll call for help right now. Don’t be afraid.” Nathan pulled out his phone—only to freeze in shock.

No signal.

He tried dialing anyway, but the calls wouldn’t connect.

A signal jammer. Someone had deliberately cut off their way out.

They thought of everything.

Gloria was barely conscious, her head lolling as she struggled to stay awake.

Nathan scanned the room, searching for any way to escape.

Suddenly, something fell from above—first dust, then sawdust, followed by a cracking noise.

They both looked up in shock.

The roof beams above their heads were breaking—ready to collapse.

“If you still have strength, take off your pants and climb out, quick,” Gloria urged. She’d come up with a plan.

Nathan shook his head. “No. I’m not leaving you. I’m getting you out of here.”

“It’s too late, Nathan. I’m already dying. It doesn’t matter how I go... but you—your life’s just starting. You shouldn’t be buried here.”

She had sensed something was wrong when the old man grabbed her hand, but she’d gambled on a chance to survive.

She lost the bet.

More debris began falling. Clearly, those people intended to bury them alive.

Tears slid down Gloria’s cheeks. “Go, please... I’m begging you.”

But Nathan wouldn’t move.

Then—crash. A loud bang echoed as a heavy beam came down.

Nathan threw himself over, shoving Gloria away just in time—but the beam crushed his legs.

“Ah!” he screamed in agony.

“Nathan!” Gloria cried, trying to crawl to him—only to be knocked out by a falling plank of wood.

When she woke up, Gloria was back in her hospital bed. Her head was wrapped in gauze, throbbing dully.

Her first thought was Nathan. She scrambled to get out of bed and look for him.

Just then, Norah came through the door. She rushed over to hold Gloria down.

“I need to find Nathan! Is he okay? Please, tell me he’s still alive!” Gloria clutched Norah’s hands, unable to speak through the sobs.

Norah gently wiped her tears and reassured her, “You’re alive. Why on earth did you go to a place like that? That building’s been declared dangerous—there were warning signs everywhere.”

Gloria didn’t answer. Where could she even start?

Should she tell her about Johnny? About Nathan? Or her illness?

No matter where she started, it felt wrong.

Norah, thinking the two had gone off to date, teased with a smirk, “You two really picked a thrilling place for a date. Next time, try something less deadly. If you want excitement, I can take you somewhere.”

Gloria looked at her and murmured, “We were looking for a kidney donor... but we got scammed.”

They’d been tricked.

Norah’s expression changed instantly. She sat down and asked for details.

Gloria gave a quick rundown of what happened and told Norah not to contact Johnny.

Johnny had tried to hurt her again. But of course, Norah wasn’t going to just let it slide. She stayed quiet—but she had a plan forming.

Once Gloria calmed down, she made an excuse to see a doctor—and called Kevin instead.

After Gloria explained everything, Norah asked bluntly, “Can you handle Johnny?”

Kevin nodded. “You’re not in any shape to move right now. I’ll take care of it.”

“I let it go last time, thinking he’d back off. But now? If Nathan hadn’t saved her... I can’t let this go. Johnny needs to pay.” Norah kept her voice low, but her rage was obvious. “And that Winnie—she doesn’t get a free pass either.”

“Got it. I’ll take care of everything.” Kevin could tell Norah meant business. As soon as he hung up, he got to work.

That night, Johnny was suddenly dropped by multiple business partners—some even paid steep penalties just to cut ties.

He was furious, smashing his laptop and yelling at his team.

His assistant, cornered, whispered, “Boss, it looks like this is connected to Edwards Group. Should we... talk to Kevin?”

“Talk? What the hell are we going to say? Beg him to let me off?” Johnny snapped. Then something clicked. He grabbed his assistant by the collar, snarling, “What ward is Nathan in?”

“O-Orthopedic wing... across the street... top floor.”

Johnny shoved him aside and stormed out.

When he burst into Nathan’s hospital room and saw Gloria sitting by the bed, his rage exploded.

“Well, well. I didn’t think the great Master Gendron would stoop to such low tricks.” He marched to the bed, sneering—and reached out to grab Nathan’s injured leg.

## **Chapter 618**

Gloria snapped, “What are you trying to do? Haven’t you hurt us enough?”

Her words stunned Johnny. He stood there, frozen, staring at her in disbelief.

Nathan took the chance to play along and groaned as if in pain. “Ouch, that really hurts—feels like a needle stabbed me. Gloria, can you check my foot? Something’s not right.”

Johnny immediately pulled a blanket over Nathan and scoffed, “Mr. Gendron, I’ll call the doctor. Gloria doesn’t know anything about this kind of thing.”

“Mind your own business.” Gloria shot Johnny a cold look and moved to examine Nathan’s leg herself.



She handled him with extreme care, as if his legs were priceless treasures.

Johnny felt like something was ripping through his chest. The pain nearly made it hard to breathe.

He glared at Nathan, who smugly met his eyes in return.

Johnny's fury burned hotter, but he knew losing his temper would only push Gloria further away.

After forcing himself to calm down, he smiled and said, "Gloria, I need to talk to you. Come with me."

"Whatever you want to say, just say it here."

Gloria didn't even glance at him. She picked up an apple and started peeling it.

"There are outsiders here."

Johnny tried to make an excuse.

Gloria gave Nathan a small smile and said, "Mr. Gendron isn't an outsider. Who else would risk their life to save me? Even if there was someone else, I wouldn't treat him like a stranger."

Both Johnny and Nathan were caught off guard by her words.

Nathan's eyes lit up as he raised his hand and promised, "Trust me. I won't ever let anything like that happen again. I'll protect her no matter what."

Johnny sneered.

Gloria frowned and turned to Johnny. "Didn't you say you had something to discuss? If not, then leave. Don't bother us."

That pushed Johnny over the edge. He stormed over, grabbed her, and pinned her against the wall. His voice shook with anger. "What do you mean *us*? Say it again—what's going on between you two?"

"It's exactly what you think. What, is that not allowed?" Gloria forced herself to look him straight in the eye, warning herself not to get pulled in by his emotions.

Johnny grabbed her chin—but Nathan cut him off.

Nathan's voice was ice cold. "Mr. Turner, if you don't let her go, I won't mind teaming up with Kevin to crush the Turner family. If that happens, there won't *be* a Turner family in Belourvinelle anymore. Believe it or not."

Johnny had no choice but to release her. He could gamble with his own emotions, but not with his family's future.

He stared at Gloria, wounded. Then, voice heavy, he asked what he'd been dreading, "Are you two together?"

Gloria hesitated, then answered softly, "Yeah."

Johnny let out a bitter laugh, then shouted, "You think just because he saved you, you have to be with him? Gloria, are you still that naive? What are you, seventeen?"

"Yes, he saved me. So what?" Gloria snapped. "I'm not just going to be with him—I'm going to marry him. So Johnny, please don't bother me anymore."

She nearly shouted the words, then went right back to peeling the apple, completely ignoring him.

She didn't even notice when Johnny left—until Nathan quietly said, "If you peel any more, there'll be nothing left but the core."

Gloria blinked down and realized she'd peeled away almost the entire apple.

"...Sorry."

That simple word held so much.

Nathan gave her a bitter smile. "I want to take advantage of the moment, Gloria. If I proposed right now, would you say yes?"

He knew she'd said those things partly to push Johnny away, but he couldn't help asking.

When she didn't respond, he added, "If marrying me means you can finally get rid of him—would you do it?"

Gloria looked up, eyes full of tears. "That's not fair to you."

Nathan's smile turned sad. "Fair or not, that doesn't matter. I know you don't have those kinds of feelings for him. I like you. And if I can protect you by being your shield, why not?"

Gloria couldn't even speak through the lump in her throat.

And just like that, they agreed to get married—something that should've been a huge deal.

The next morning, Norah was stunned when Gloria told her.

She stared at her for a long time until Gloria gave a tired smile.

Norah gently held her hand and whispered, “Before this goes public, maybe you should talk to him and stop this. You can’t go through with this marriage.”

Gloria shook her head. “I thought it through all night, Norah. I don’t have much time left, do I? So why not experience marriage just once—before I go?”

Norah was at a loss. Her heart ached for Gloria.

Johnny was the first to hear about the wedding, which was scheduled for next Sunday.

That day, he refused all visitors, locked himself in his hospital room, and stared at the ceiling for hours.

After that, Johnny never reached out to Gloria again. But behind the scenes, he restarted the exhibition and quietly handed investors a huge payout.

Meanwhile, Gloria, the bride-to-be, was glowing with joy. She and Norah went shopping daily, having everything sent to her new home.

The villa Nathan bought for her was just one street away from Norah’s.

It felt like life was finally falling into place. Gloria loved this peaceful, happy routine. If only her health would hold out—she wouldn’t ask for anything more.

Whenever such thoughts crept in, she pushed them away, afraid God might take back this final gift.

That night, the eve of her wedding, Gloria stumbled out of a bar and saw a familiar car nearby. She walked up to it and tapped the window.

“Take me home—quick.”

Johnny, who was in the driver’s seat, opened the window and saw her. His eyes lit up.

He opened the door and smirked, “Throwing yourself into my arms now? But hey, I’m in a bad mood, so I’ll let you get away with it.”

Gloria chuckled and gave him her address. “I’m getting married tomorrow, you know? Feels good to finally have someone to count on. That kind of security—it’s priceless.”

“Oh, what a coincidence,” Johnny said, laughing bitterly. “My sweetheart’s getting married tomorrow, too. God’s really messing with me. He said we’re half-siblings—stopped me from ever confessing my feelings. Do you know how painful it is to love someone, but not be allowed to be with them? Watching her marry someone else?”

“Yeah,” Gloria replied, “when it hurts too much, I drink.”

Neither of them realized who the other really was. They just kept talking.

And in the end, their eyes met—and their lips touched.

## Chapter 619

Late at night, Winnie was frantically calling around looking for Johnny when she received a text message from a stranger. They asked for her email, claiming to have explosive news.

She scoffed and rolled her eyes.

Then the person sent a photo—Johnny kissing a woman in a car.

Winnie didn't hesitate. She sent her email.

A few minutes later, a video arrived. It showed Johnny and Gloria kissing—clear faces, professional angle. If someone didn't know them, they'd think it was a scene from a steamy movie.

Furious, Winnie hurled a vase to the ground. Still not satisfied, she began destroying everything in sight.

Glass shattered. Furniture broke. Her rage filled the room.

But once the storm passed, her mind turned cold and calculating.

She picked up her phone. "Nathan and Gloria's wedding is tomorrow, right? Where is it? Okay, come pick me up."

After hanging up, a dangerous glint appeared in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Gloria was woken by her ringing phone. She groaned and answered, "Hey, I'm home."

Norah's voice exploded through the line. "You're *home*? Didn't we agree you'd be at my place early this morning? Did you oversleep?"

Gloria's eyes widened. She'd completely forgotten. To make it easier for Norah, she'd arranged for the makeup artist to go to her house and planned to go with her to the ceremony.

But last night... she'd gotten too happy. Had a few too many drinks.

Cursing herself, Gloria hung up and scrambled to get ready.

There wasn't much time—less than an hour until the wedding. She couldn't go to Norah's first and still make it on time, especially with makeup still to do.

Thankfully, Norah had taken care of everything. Gloria just had to sit for her makeup before heading out.

Still, Norah scolded her when she arrived. “How much did you drink? You reek of alcohol. I never should’ve let you go out last night.”

Gloria grinned sheepishly. “I’ll spray some perfume. It’ll be fine.”

Norah rolled her eyes. “Listen, the Gendrons aren’t just some ordinary family. You need to keep your temper in check and play nice in front of the elders.”

Gloria’s smile faded.

She’d been to their house before. Nathan’s parents always gave her sharp looks, like they disapproved of her deeply.

“Good thing Nathan’s moving out after the wedding. You’ll be living in that new villa he bought you. No more awkward run-ins with the in-laws,” Norah said, noticing Gloria’s unease.

She added gently, “Also, try to cut ties with Johnny. If he keeps bothering you, handle it carefully. The Gendrons are powerful—don’t let anything come back to haunt you.”

But Gloria wasn’t listening. She suddenly realized—she didn’t remember how she got home last night.

Nothing. A blank.

She vaguely remembered seeing Johnny’s car... then everything went dark.

Norah noticed her silence and asked, “What’s wrong? Are you okay? Want me to tell Nathan to wait while we check in with a doctor?”

“No, I’m fine,” Gloria said quickly. Today was too important. She didn’t want anything to ruin it.

Kevin arrived just then to announce the car had come. Norah had the makeup artist finish up, and they escorted Gloria downstairs.

The wedding was grand, full of powerful guests.

Though the Gendrons weren’t thrilled about Gloria, they still gave her a respectable ceremony.

As Norah helped her out of the car, she whispered, “The Gendrons are showing you grace today. Remember this if things ever get tense in the future.”

Gloria nodded sincerely. She was no child—she understood.

Nathan stood stunned. “Gloria...”

Norah teased, "You'd better treat this beautiful bride well, or I'll introduce her to someone from the Yi tribe."

Nathan laughed and promised over and over that he would.

The ceremony began, and Gloria took Nathan's arm, walking with him down the red carpet toward their future.

Cooper tugged at her gown, looking so serious that it melted everyone's hearts.

Norah beamed. "Kevin, don't you think you should thank me for giving you such a handsome son?"

Kevin grinned and stole a kiss. "I'll reward you properly later."

Norah rolled her eyes. "Reward, huh? I want something practical."

Kevin chuckled, "What, you think I don't deliver? Where do you think those two kids came from?"

Norah just huffed and looked away.

As they passed Winnie and Johnny, Gloria caught the look in Winnie's eyes. It was icy... dangerous.

A chill ran through her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the emcee began, "today we celebrate the union of Mr. Nathan and Miss Gloria. Let's give them our warmest applause and most sincere blessings!"

Applause erupted, the energy rising.

But suddenly—

"Wait! I have something to show Mr. Gendron before the ceremony continues," Winnie interrupted, standing up.

Gasps echoed through the room. All eyes turned to her.

She was Gloria's relative, so causing a scene now was highly inappropriate.

Johnny leaned over, hissing, "Can't this wait? At least pretend to have some dignity."

Winnie looked at him coldly. "Oh, so you *do* have some shame? Funny—I thought you lost that a long time ago."

“What are you talking about? If you’re here to stir up trouble, step back. This is Gloria’s wedding—don’t make a scene.”

Johnny was clearly upset that Gloria had married Nathan, but the reality couldn’t be changed. Still, that didn’t mean he couldn’t take his frustration out on Winnie.

Winnie let out a cold chuckle, turned to the Gendron elders, and said, “Master Gendron, I believe it’s perfectly reasonable for me to interrupt the ceremony. The thing is, if I don’t speak up now, I’ll never feel at peace.”

## **Chapter 620**

Old Mr. Gendron snorted. “Hurry up. Don’t miss the auspicious time.”

A young man nearby smirked and said, “Grandpa Gendron, are you planning to raise the betrothal gift now? I heard Gloria lost a lot of money at the art exhibition. Maybe he’s trying to cover it up using our Gendron family’s money.”

As soon as he said that, the crowd began murmuring. People started looking at Gloria differently, and some whispered that it might be risky to do business with the Gendron family—no one wanted to unknowingly cover someone else’s debts.

Most of the guests invited by the Gendron family were business partners. What was meant to build connections now turned into a spectacle.

Old Mr. Gendron shot a sharp look at the young man and turned to Winnie. “Think carefully. Today is important—not just for the couple but for both of our families. If all goes well, the Gendron and Turner families will stand united. But if anything damages our reputation, don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

Wasn’t that exactly what Winnie was thinking?

She lowered her head and smiled, just about to speak when Johnny pulled her aside.

Johnny apologized to Old Mr. Gendron. “I’m sorry for the embarrassment. My wife is too impulsive. Please don’t take it seriously. The wedding will continue.”

The young man piped up again. “What’s going on, Mr. Turner? Didn’t you two talk this over? Or... could it be that you’re upset because your wife’s jealous of your sister? I heard you’re really close to her.”

It was fine to criticize him—but not Gloria.

Johnny’s expression darkened. He turned to Old Mr. Gendron. “Sir, we’re about to become family. Isn’t it a bit much for one of your younger relatives to talk about my sister like that? Once she marries into the Gendron family, she’ll be your daughter-in-law—not just some random person.”

Old Mr. Gendron's face tightened with displeasure.

Johnny sneered. "And on an occasion like this, slandering the bride? Should I take that as you not respecting Nathan?"

The young man's face turned red. "Johnny, stop stirring the pot!"

"That's enough. Sit down," Old Mr. Gendron snapped, glaring at him. Then he turned to Johnny. "Young people are reckless. Mr. Turner, please don't take it to heart. Let's proceed with the wedding."

But Winnie was still fired up. "I didn't interrupt the wedding to ask for more betrothal money. I spoke up because I believe this marriage isn't just about the Gendron family. Yes, I'm a Turner, but when it comes to what's right, I stand on the side of justice."

Johnny turned and glared at her, but Winnie ignored him and looked straight at Old Mr. Gendron. "May I go up on stage?"

Old Mr. Gendron gave a reluctant nod.

Winnie nodded back, pulled out a USB drive, and walked up the stage.

"I'll keep this brief. Just watch the video."

She glanced meaningfully at Gloria before hitting play.

As soon as the video started, chaos erupted. The room buzzed with shocked gasps and low voices.

"Turn it off! Stop it!"

"Winnie, are you trying to ruin everything?"

Gloria and Johnny shouted at the same time.

"Oh wow. First, it was about raising the bride price. Now this? The Turner family sure is... progressive," the young man snickered at Johnny. "You're a real role model, man."

Johnny tried to rush the stage, but someone held him back. "Damn it... Kevin, let go of me! I have to stop this!"

Kevin snorted and punched him.

"Kevin, what the hell? Stop this! Don't let it go on!"

Johnny panicked. He didn't want Gloria's wedding to fall apart. He had never wanted her to marry Nathan, but not like this.



Kevin grabbed Johnny's collar and growled, "You're such a great brother, huh?"

He punched Johnny again, then raised his foot and stomped on him.

Winnie ran over and yanked Kevin back just in time. Otherwise, Johnny would've taken a beating.

Kevin shoved Winnie aside and gave a cold smile. "Mrs. Turner, satisfied now? Let's see how your family cleans this up."

Suddenly, someone screamed, "Gloria fainted!"

Kevin's expression changed. A blur rushed past him.

It was Norah. Even though she was pregnant, she moved swiftly and made her way to Gloria.

"Let me," Kevin said, arriving just in time. He scooped Gloria up and turned to a stunned Nathan. "Take care of the guests. We'll deal with the rest later."

"Mr. Edwards, I love Gloria," Nathan said, voice trembling. "I don't care what happened before the wedding. Please tell her that."

He had seen the video's timestamp—it was from the night before. But even so, he chose to accept her.

He knew Gloria didn't love Johnny. It had to be a setup.

Then his gaze shifted to Winnie, now back among the guests, and a dark look flashed in his eyes.

Anyone who dared sabotage his happiness would pay the price.

The venue descended into chaos.

Nathan stayed composed. He grabbed a microphone. "The Turner family will answer for this. As for the wedding—I'm sorry. I'll send the gifts to your homes. Please forgive me and head back for now."

Even after being betrayed, he remained calm. Guests sympathized with Nathan and didn't make things worse.

Several business partners came forward to console Old Mr. Gendron before quietly leaving.

Later, at the Gendron home, Nathan knelt before Old Mr. Gendron, head bowed.

His parents and uncles stood nearby, all watching him silently.

Finally, his mother Patricia spoke gently. “Son, there are so many women out there. Why are you fixated on Gloria? If this hadn’t happened, we would’ve accepted her. But now... how do you expect us to live with this shame?”

An aunt added, “Exactly. It’s not respectable. If she joins the family, it’ll be awkward every day. Think about your grandfather—he’s too old to deal with gossip like this.”

Nathan looked up at his mother, eyes filled with tears. “Mom, it’s not her fault. She’s a victim. Why else would Winnie wait until the wedding to expose this?”

“That’s enough,” Old Mr. Gendron snapped. “Take Nathan to his room. He’s not to leave without my permission.”