

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 647

The assistant met Kian's gaze—silent, yet burning with anger—and seemed momentarily at a loss for words.

Without saying anything, he took the box and walked back the way he came.

Ophelia looked at Kian carefully. "Are you mad?"

"No." Kian paused, then noticed the worried look in her eyes and added, "You don't have to act like this around me. Just say whatever you're thinking. I won't hold it against you."

But he still didn't explain what had just happened.

After the auction ended, Ophelia noticed him glancing back.

Whether he was looking at Emilio, she couldn't tell.

Still, she had a strong feeling there was something going on between the two of them—something she wasn't aware of.

The cruise ship had already set sail by the time the auction started. Per the schedule, it would circle at sea and return to port the following morning.

Which meant all the guests had to spend the night on board.

The organizers had thoughtfully arranged private rooms.

Kian and Ophelia were given separate rooms, spaced several dozen meters apart.

Ophelia didn't mind.

But Kian, worried about her being alone, kept reminding her not to open the door to anyone or leave the room at night. He told her to wait for him in the morning—and repeated himself several times.

Ophelia, mid-step, suddenly stopped and turned to him with a teasing look. “If you’re that worried, why don’t you just stay in the same room with me? You’re married now. Surely you don’t still care about that?”

Kian coughed lightly, the tips of his ears turning red. “It’s not that.”

“Then what?”

“I’m afraid... I won’t be able to hold back,” he muttered, turning his head. “And you’re not exactly safe right now.”

Ophelia had only been trying to tease him. Ever since she got pregnant, Kian had been overly anxious, and she worried that his nerves would eventually get the best of him. But she hadn’t expected him to say something like that.

She stood frozen for several seconds, then her face turned beet red. “You... You actually said that out loud? You jerk! Just go to sleep!”

With that, she took off running.

Kian tried to go after her but was blocked by a man who accidentally knocked something over. All he could do was watch her disappear around the corner.

Ophelia ended up on the opposite side of the deck.

The night air was cool, and the breeze carried the sharp scent of the sea.

She finally stopped to catch her breath, her cheeks still burning. When she had calmed down enough to realize where she was, she noticed the area was completely deserted—just an empty corridor and a lone storage box nearby.

Her heart started racing. She turned to head back the way she came, but before she could take a step, she bumped into a waiter.

Just as she opened her mouth to speak, the waiter quickly raised a spray bottle and misted it in her direction.

Ophelia’s vision blurred instantly.

She went limp.

The waiter caught her before she collapsed, wiped his sweaty palms on his uniform, and dragged her into a nearby room.

Later, the same waiter met with the assistant.

After confirming the job was done, the assistant handed him a card. "There's no password. The rest of the payment—half a million dollars—is on this card. Take it and go."

The waiter's eyes lit up. He took the card and left without a word.

The assistant turned and sought out Emilio, leaning in to whisper the update.

A short while later, Emilio abruptly stood up at the banquet.

"Excuse me," he said.

"Leaving already, Mr. Fletcher?"

"We haven't even started Monopoly yet. Don't you want to keep the chips you won?"

Emilio didn't respond. Without looking back, he casually left all his winnings to the bystanders.

He headed straight to the room where Ophelia was being held.

Just as he reached for the doorknob, Kian showed up, his face stone-cold.

"Did you take Ophelia?" Kian asked, voice icy.

Emilio paused, let go of the doorknob, and slowly turned around, a smug smile curling at the corners of his lips. "Why would you say that? Isn't little Ophe with you?"

"Little Ophe?"

"A childhood nickname," Emilio said smoothly.

Kian's face tightened. He'd had a bad feeling about Emilio from the start. In their world, clean hands were rare—but Emilio was in a class of his own.

Even the corrupt feared him.

That kind of man, showing this kind of interest in Ophelia, had Kian on edge from day one. And now, at this charity event, Emilio had finally made his move.

Kian took a deep breath and stepped forward, grabbing Emilio by the collar. “If you really care about her, don’t do anything to hurt her. If there’s a problem, come to me. Be a man about it.”

Emilio raised a hand, motioning for the bodyguards to stay back.

“Come at you?” he echoed, slowly, with a dangerous undertone. “What gives you the right? Ophelia and I go way back. By first-come, first-served logic, I got there first. You’re just a thief.”

A shadow passed over Emilio’s eyes, as if all pretense had evaporated.

The two locked eyes. The tension between them was thick enough to choke on.

The waves crashing in the distance mirrored the storm building between them.

Kian’s knuckles clenched so hard they cracked. He threw a punch.

Emilio staggered backward.

Bodyguards swarmed in instantly and restrained Kian.

He didn’t go down easy. He fought back—blow for blow, flesh against flesh.

“Ophelia!” Kian shouted at the door.

He didn’t know for sure if she was inside. He was acting on pure instinct, driven by fear and desperation.

He hoped she wasn’t in there—but he also hoped she was.

Because if he just walked away and something had happened... he would never forgive himself.

Inside the room, on the large bed—

Ophelia was still unconscious. Somewhere in her daze, she heard someone calling her name.

She tried to open her eyes, but everything was a blur. She could sense someone approaching—the sound of clothes rustling—then someone started undressing her.

She couldn't move, couldn't speak. Tears streamed down the sides of her face.

The man paused.

Then, slowly, he stopped.

After a moment, she felt a gentle hand brush away her tears.

“Don't cry,” a voice said. “I won't touch you.”

Emilio walked out of the room soon after.

Kian shoved the guards aside and landed another punch on Emilio. “You're nothing but a predator who kicks people when they're down.”

He pushed open the door and rushed to the bed, scooping Ophelia into his arms.

Emilio glared at him with cold eyes, but didn't stop him. In his mind, he'd already won.

He gave them one last look, then turned and left.

## **Chapter 648**

Ophelia was woken up by Kian. Groggy and dazed, she blinked up at him, catching the worry in his eyes.

“Kian? Why are you here... My head is killing me,” she muttered, clutching her forehead.

It felt like her skull was splitting apart.

As she tried to recall what had happened, everything blurred. The last thing she remembered was seeing a waiter—everything after that was a fog. She had no idea how Kian found her.

She asked him, but Kian looked conflicted.

He hesitated, like he wanted to explain but ended up swallowing the words. “You're not feeling well. Don't stress about it. It's already morning—time to pack up and head back. The cruise is docking soon.”

“Let's go.”

His refusal to say more made Ophelia feel like he was hiding something, but her throbbing head left her too weak to push for answers. She set the issue aside for now.

After disembarking, Kian immediately took her to the nearest hospital and insisted on a full check-up.

His tone was unusually firm—enough to make Ophelia feel something was off. But she stayed quiet.

Luckily, the test results came back showing no major problems.

“You’ve only inhaled a small amount of anesthetic,” the doctor said with a frown. Then, looking disapprovingly at Kian, he added, “This kind of drug is extremely harmful to pregnant women. What kind of husband lets this happen to his wife?”

“Anesthetic...” Ophelia echoed, confused. Then, realizing how it looked, she quickly stepped in to defend him. “Doctor, this isn’t what you think. I must’ve come into contact with it accidentally.”

The doctor gave her a look but didn’t argue.

On the way back, Ophelia couldn’t help asking, “Kian, are you hiding something from me? I remember running away last night... but I woke up back in that room. And you looked so worried...”

“It was Emilio’s people who took you,” Kian finally admitted, realizing he couldn’t keep it from her.

Ophelia froze, stunned. Then, like a switch had flipped, a memory she had forgotten suddenly resurfaced—a voice she had heard while unconscious. It hadn’t sounded like Kian.

If it had been Emilio... it all made sense now.

But it also made things more disturbing. Why would Emilio do this?

Kian seemed to sense her thoughts spiraling. “Emilio isn’t a good person,” he said flatly. “You need to stay away from him.”

“I know.” Ophelia frowned. “What I can’t understand is why Aunt Fletcher is helping him. And why he’s changed so much...”

She had always told herself she and Emilio only shared a childhood friendship. That time was long gone.

Still, their families had been close, and she clearly remembered the boy Emilio used to be. Because of that, she hadn’t been as guarded as she should’ve been.

And now he'd taken advantage of it. What hurt even more was that Mrs. Fletcher—who had always cared deeply for her—was involved in all of this.

Seeing how overwhelmed she looked, Kian gently urged her to rest.

Too much had hit her at once. Ophelia couldn't even begin to sort it all out. She nodded blankly.

After that, she started avoiding the Fletcher family altogether. Whether it was Mrs. Fletcher calling or Emilio sending things to her office, she either made excuses to dodge them or refused outright.

She even called Mrs. Fletcher directly and made herself clear: "Aunt Fletcher, I don't know why you didn't show up that night, but I hope that's the last time. Please tell Emilio—I want nothing more to do with him."

Mrs. Fletcher seemed like she wanted to argue.

But Ophelia was too shaken to hear it. She hung up without hesitation.

For the next two days, Ophelia checked in with the front desk personally.

"No unknown deliveries," the receptionist confirmed.

"Good. Keep an eye out, and if anything comes, just toss it."

Relieved, Ophelia left after giving clear instructions.

Without the daily stream of unwanted deliveries, things finally quieted down. Ophelia actually started to relax. For the first time in days, it felt like the Fletcher family had backed off.

But just a few days later, everything unraveled again.

She arrived early at the office one morning—earlier than usual—and immediately noticed a group of employees whispering near the entrance.

"Hey, is it true?"

"Vice President Labrie... and Mr. Fletcher from the Fletcher Group..."

"It must be. The photos are all over the internet. Poor President Paterson."

"What are you gossiping about?" Ophelia's voice rang out suddenly.

The group jumped and looked up, guilty and startled.

A woman in the group tried to play it off with an awkward smile. “Vice President Labrie! You’re early today. Don’t you usually come in around 8 or 9?”

Since becoming pregnant, Kian had insisted she not overwork herself. She normally didn’t arrive until after nine, but she’d gotten up early today and came in with nothing else to do.

She hadn’t expected to walk into a storm of gossip—and it sounded like the rumors were about her.

“Just answer me. No games,” she said coldly, her eyes sharp.

The staff froze. They had never seen this side of her—calm but commanding.

“If you don’t talk, I’ll cancel this month’s performance bonuses.”

“Please don’t!” someone pleaded.

The pressure worked. Finally, someone stammered, “We saw a news post on Moments this morning. It said... you have a close relationship with Mr. Fletcher.”

“When have I ever been close to him? That’s ridiculous!”

“If you don’t believe us, take a look yourself.” One of the women handed her a phone, its screen showing the trending post.

Ophelia’s brows furrowed.

She expected something stupid—but when she saw the headline on the trending search, her blood turned cold.

She froze, then snatched the phone and tapped on the image.

It was a photo of her, asleep on a bed, clothes messy and disheveled. Her face wasn’t fully visible—only a side profile—but that made it even worse, leaving too much to the imagination.

The image looked real. Too real.

The comments were flooded with speculation about whether the photo had been taken without her knowledge.

The account that posted it was a major influencer, and instead of denying the speculation, they’d captioned it with an ominous line: “There’s no such thing as an impenetrable wall.”

Ophelia’s fingers trembled. She nearly dropped the phone.

A rush of blood went straight to her head. Her vision blurred. Her knees buckled slightly, and she swayed, on the verge of collapsing.

The nearby employees panicked, rushing to steady her.

## Chapter 649

“Vice President Labrie, are you okay? Do you want to go to the hospital or call President Paterson?”

“Stuff online isn’t always true.”

“Yeah, Vice President, try not to take it too seriously.”

It was like everyone around her had suddenly switched sides. Just moments ago, they were all gossiping together, but now they were acting overly concerned.

Instead of feeling comforted, Ophelia felt a chill settle in her chest.

She didn’t ask for their sympathy. Ignoring them, she grabbed someone from the Planning Department and asked, “Where’s Mr. Paterson?”

The Planning Department was right next to Kian’s office.

The employee told her he was in his office.

Without another word, she left the crowd behind and rushed over.

When she got there, she found the door locked. Even Kian’s assistant was standing outside, unable to get in.

“Vice President Labrie, you’re here, but we can’t get in. I’m not sure what happened. President Paterson looked at his phone, then kicked us all out.”

“He looked at his phone?” Ophelia muttered.

“Yeah, he’s never like this.” The assistant frowned. “I really hope he opens the door soon. Whatever it is, it’s better to talk it out.”

“There’s a big meeting in half an hour. If he doesn’t show up, how are we supposed to hold it?”

Ophelia took a deep breath, stepped forward, and pounded on the office door.

“Kian, come out! If something’s wrong, let’s talk face-to-face. It’s not what you think!”

She kept banging until her hands turned red.

The assistant watched, concerned. “Vice President Labrie, please stop. Look at your hands. President Paterson wouldn’t want you to hurt yourself.”

But Ophelia didn't listen.

Just as the assistant began to worry, the door suddenly opened.

Kian stepped out and gently took her hand, a distressed look in his eyes and a soft scolding in his voice. "Why do you always end up like this? If I won't open the door, you shouldn't keep knocking."

"No way," Ophelia shot back. "I'll knock as much as I want."

Kian led her inside, pulled out some ointment, and carefully applied it to her hands.

He didn't say much, just asked if it hurt while tending to her. She couldn't tell if he'd seen the rumors online—he didn't mention them, and she had no idea what he was thinking.

She felt like she was thrown into a pot of water that hadn't started boiling yet.

And now she was stuck, struggling, suffering with every second of uncertainty, waiting for an answer.

Finally, she said, "Kian, you've probably seen everything online."

Kian hesitated before nodding.

"So... what do you think of me?"

Ophelia stared straight into his eyes. What she really wanted to ask was whether he believed her—but at the last second, she couldn't bring herself to say it.

Maybe she was scared. Scared of hearing something she couldn't handle.

So she asked in a way that felt safer, less painful.

"I believe you," Kian said, meeting her gaze without flinching. "I was the one who brought you off the cruise ship. I was the one who took you back from Emilio. Don't you remember?"

"Even if none of that had happened, I'd still believe you. You'd never do anything to hurt me."

"Kian!" Ophelia threw herself into his arms.

She sobbed, but her heart felt warm, like it had been soaked in honey.

As long as Kian believed her, that was enough.

Kian immediately instructed the PR team to deal with the rumors online, doing everything they could to contain the situation.

But it was clear someone was pushing this behind the scenes. The PR team spent hundreds of thousands to silence the trolls and even sent out cease-and-desist letters.

Everyone in the company was scrambling.

But the results were minimal.

After a few days of viral chaos, even Ophelia's parents heard about it.

She got a call right away. It was Paloma, but she was clearly speaking on behalf of someone else.

"What's going on with you and that Fletcher boy? Didn't you say you didn't like him?" Paloma asked, curious.

"I don't like him." Ophelia's fingers tightened, her eyes dimming. "That's why I want to know who's behind all this."

Paloma wasn't dumb. Despite marrying into wealth, she had a sharp mind.

And she knew Ophelia better than anyone.

She knew her daughter would never do something like this.

That thought calmed Paloma down—at first. But then she got angry.

Paloma snapped, "This is disgusting! She invited you out just to set you up for her son. It's obvious!"

Ophelia said nothing. Finding out that her beloved aunt had betrayed her hurt more than anything else.

Paloma noticed her daughter's mood drop and quickly softened her tone. "It's okay. Your dad and I are here. The family business hasn't taken a hit. Don't worry."

"I'm calling Josephine right now to ask what the hell she's thinking."

Josephine was Mrs. Fletcher's real name.

Ophelia quietly agreed. Paloma, sensing her daughter's fragile state, didn't push the conversation.

She hung up a few moments later.

But Ophelia wasn't holding her breath. The Fletchers had gone too far—they weren't the kind of people who'd be scared off by exposure. Even if Paloma called, they'd likely just act innocent and play dumb.

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“Get someone from Legal to come here,” Ophelia told Kian’s assistant.

The assistant blinked but didn’t question her. Given everything going on, he figured it was important.

Ophelia sat down with Legal for half an hour.

The next day, she filed lawsuits against the biggest online troublemakers.

Her aggressive move silenced the internet—for a while.

But a few days later, things blew up again. This time, it was worse because she had dared to sue.

People claimed she only took legal action because she was scared the rumors were true. They ignored the lawyer’s letter entirely.

While the entire company was tense, Kian got a call from his parents, asking him to bring Ophelia home for dinner that evening.

Ophelia was stunned. “You mean... we’re going now?”

## **Chapter 650**

Kian was also curious why his parents suddenly wanted to meet Ophelia, but he didn’t overthink it—he just figured they wanted to meet their daughter-in-law.

He reassured her gently, “We haven’t seen my parents since we got our marriage certificate, so let’s just treat this as an introduction.”

“All right...”

“Don’t worry. They won’t give you a hard time.”

After Kian comforted her several times, Ophelia finally felt a bit more at ease. She reminded herself that it was only natural for a wife to meet her in-laws.

Meeting them after getting the marriage certificate felt long overdue.

Kian didn’t come from a wealthy family.

His background was pretty average—they lived in an old apartment along the Second Ring Road.

Their company was downtown, not far from there, but with traffic, it still took longer than expected to get there.

As they drove, Ophelia looked out the window at the rows of aging buildings and asked, “Why haven’t you moved your parents into a better place? With your income, you could’ve bought them a place in the First Ring Road a long time ago.”

Ophelia’s parents never thought highly of Kian. To them, he was just a lowly assistant.

But that wasn’t the truth.

From what Ophelia knew, Kevin paid Kian generously—at least a six-figure monthly salary. That kind of money could easily afford a home in the First Ring Road. Maybe not for others, but definitely for him.

Still, Ophelia didn’t think he was holding back on purpose. She figured he had his reasons.

“The old place was given to my dad by his company when he retired,” Kian explained while driving. “My parents are sentimental. They don’t want to leave.”

Ophelia’s eyes softened with understanding just as the car rolled to a stop.

They had arrived at Kian’s parents’ apartment.

Ophelia stepped out and walked to the trunk, reaching for the gift bags.

Before she could grab them, Kian gently wrapped his arm around her and firmly took the bags from her. “I’ve got it.”

Soon, they were at the door.

Kian’s mother rushed out as soon as she heard the doorbell. But when she opened the door, her eyes immediately landed on Ophelia.

“Hello, Auntie. I’m Kian’s wife, Ophelia,” she said with a warm smile.

“Oh... hello, son. Why are you carrying so many heavy things? Poor boy, no one’s even helping you.”

Mrs. Paterson only gave Ophelia a cold glance.

When she saw Kian carrying all those bags, she looked heartbroken. She immediately called for her husband to help.

But Kian waved them off. “Dad, it’s okay. I’ve got this.”

“How can that be? We live on the fifth floor—it’s not easy carrying all that. It’s just a few steps. Let your dad help. It’s not like he’s disabled.”

The house grew loud with chatter.

Even Kian, who was usually calm and quiet, seemed completely different at home.

Ophelia watched Mrs. Paterson wipe the sweat off Kian’s forehead and fuss over him. Their family felt so tight-knit, so close... she suddenly felt like an outsider.

She didn’t know why that thought crept in, but she couldn’t shake it.

Her hand gently rested on her stomach—even though she wasn’t pregnant yet, the motion made her feel stronger.

“Don’t stand outside—it’s windy. Come on in,” Kian said as he reached out and took her hand, guiding her into the warm apartment.

The moment she stepped inside, the chilly air on her skin faded away.

Kian poured her a cup of warm water. “I checked the temperature. It’s just right.”

Ophelia took it from him.

Sure enough—it wasn’t too hot, just perfect. He had tested it for her. She looked up at him and saw him peeling roasted chestnuts for her. Her heart softened.

She was sensitive to heat and cold.

People often said she was pampered. Even her parents sometimes had no patience for it. But Kian never complained.

He always took care of her—willingly.

Steam billowed from the kitchen, and the sound of a sizzling wok mixed with the aroma of home cooking. In the living room, Kian and Ophelia chatted casually.

From the smile on Ophelia’s face, it was clear Kian was trying to cheer her up.

This whole scene didn’t sit well with Mrs. Paterson.

Watching her son dote on Ophelia made her dislike the woman even more.

“Watching our son behave like this... it’s hard to believe he’s really ours,” Mrs. Paterson muttered under her breath, rolling her eyes at Ophelia—making sure she didn’t see it. “I don’t know what spell that girl’s cast on him.”

Mr. Paterson responded mildly, “You’re the one who invited them here. Why are you complaining now?”

“I only called her because of those rumors online! Did you not see how disgusting some of those comments were?” she snapped.

Mr. Paterson nodded halfheartedly.

After years of marriage, he knew exactly how to handle his wife.

Rule number one—don’t argue with her.

He kept quiet, and Mrs. Paterson eventually settled down. But deep down, her dislike for Ophelia hadn’t faded one bit.

“No, I can’t just sit back and watch her keep confusing Kian. Married or not, they need to get divorced.”

“How could someone with that kind of past ever be good enough for our son?”

A while later, the food was ready, and everyone sat down to eat.

Kian sat very close to Ophelia, blocking others slightly.

Mrs. Paterson frowned. “Kian, why are you sitting like that?”

Without missing a beat, Kian picked up a piece of stuffed eggplant and placed it on Ophelia’s plate. “This is how I usually sit at home. It’s easier for me to serve Ophelia.”

Mrs. Paterson fell silent.

The room grew tense.

Ophelia wasn’t sure if it was just her imagination, but she felt like Mrs. Paterson didn’t like how attentive Kian was being. She quickly spoke up to ease the mood. “It’s fine. I can do it myself.”

But Kian ignored her and continued serving her food.

Two more dishes.

Finally, Mrs. Paterson couldn’t hold back any longer. She set down her chopsticks and looked Ophelia in the eye. “Miss Labrie, may I still call you that? There’s something I need to make clear.”

Ophelia stared blankly at her, stunned by the cold expression on her face.

That uneasy feeling she'd had since stepping through the door was now crawling up her spine. Mrs. Paterson's next words confirmed everything.

"Miss Labrie, you come from a rich family. We're just ordinary folks. We can't afford someone like you," Mrs. Paterson said flatly. "Kian told me you two just got your marriage certificate recently. That's great. Now's the time—get a divorce before you have kids."

Kian shot up from his seat, the warmth gone from his face.

"You never discussed this with me."

"Why should I have to?" Mrs. Paterson fired back.

"Did you really think we wouldn't find out what's being said online? What kind of woman with a past like that thinks she belongs in this family?"