

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 656

Kian said the company was in trouble, so naturally Ophelia asked a few questions. But he wouldn't say a word.

Finally, Ophelia had to give in. "Okay, then just come back early."

After hanging up, a sudden knock came at the door, followed by the concerned voice of the servant outside.

"Ma'am, I made some chicken soup. Would you like some?"

Ophelia opened the door and told her to put the soup on the table.

The servant was about to leave but hesitated, seeming like she wanted to say something.

"Auntie Chun, what's wrong?" Ophelia asked.

Auntie Chun paused. "Just now... someone called me. When I picked up, I asked who it was, but they hung up."

"Maybe it was a wrong number," Ophelia suggested.

"If it was just once, it wouldn't be a big deal. But he called several times." Auntie Chun looked at Ophelia with concern. "I think he might be looking for someone."

Ophelia's eyes flickered.

Kian hadn't come back. She was the only one in the villa besides Auntie Chun. Could he be looking for her?

But who would know the landline number here?

She couldn't help but think of Emilio and instantly frowned. Emilio was now on her blacklist; even thinking of him spoiled her mood.

She said coldly, "If he calls again, don't answer. Just unplug the phone line."

The villa's landline was old-fashioned and connected by a physical telephone line; unplugging it would stop the ringing.

Auntie Chun nodded and quickly went downstairs, probably to unplug the line.

After taking a bath, Ophelia drifted into a restless sleep.

Suddenly, she felt an itch in the middle of the night. She opened her eyes and realized the sky outside had gone completely dark—darker than ink.

While half-asleep, she felt a hand gently touch hers. Startled, she pulled her hand away shyly.

She clearly saw the outline of the person beside her and whispered hoarsely, “Kian? Why didn’t you call me when you got back?”

“I saw you were sleeping soundly and thought you needed rest. Didn’t want to wake you,” Kian said gently. “But I guess I woke you up anyway.”

Ophelia adjusted her posture and laid her head on his knees.

Kian indulged her, helping her get comfortable.

They sat quietly like that for a while.

The faint scent from Kian gave Ophelia an unprecedented sense of peace.

After a moment, she asked, “How are we going to deal with the public opinion online?”

“I sent lawyers’ letters to several uploaders, demanding they clarify the pictures were photoshopped,” Kian replied.

“Do you think they’ll believe it?” Ophelia hesitated, feeling uneasy.

She knew better than anyone those pictures were real.

Emilio had manipulated public opinion to trap her—and there was no way he’d use something as childish as Photoshop.

Everything was planned—every step designed to ensnare her.

Kian’s hand gently pried open Ophelia’s clenched fist without a word.

Only then did Ophelia notice the faint crescent-shaped mark on her palm.

She didn’t feel any pain.

“Don’t hurt yourself, no matter what,” Kian whispered, brushing her hair aside. “I’m here.”

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The next day, Ophelia returned to the company.

The public opinion storm had calmed, and the strange looks she'd been getting had decreased.

Employees greeted her with smiles. "Hello, Vice President Labrie."

"It's been a while, Mr. Fletcher. Welcome back."

Ophelia smiled in return.

But when her eyes swept across the lobby, her smile froze.

Emilio and his men had just arrived at the front desk. Their eyes locked—his gaze deep and intense.

Her heart started racing. She quickly looked away.

Someone noticed her discomfort and asked, "Vice President Labrie, is something wrong?"

Ophelia shook her head weakly. "Nothing. Let's go."

On the way back, the scene kept replaying in her mind.

Emilio had become like a nightmare she couldn't escape.

Why was he here again?

It wasn't enough that he had hurt her—what else did he want?

These questions swirled in her mind, making her restless and irritable.

She unconsciously started walking faster and faster, leaving everyone behind.

"Vice President Labrie, please don't walk so fast..."

Before the words finished, Ophelia twisted her ankle and fell.

Right before she hit the ground, regret flooded her.

But a hand caught her just in time.

The familiar sense of safety came rushing back as Kian carefully held her.

Ophelia could feel his heartbeat—his concern obvious.

"Ophelia, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she answered just as footsteps approached.

She lifted her pale face—and saw Emilio.

Dressed in a sleek handmade suit, his short hair made his face look sharp and cold, but only Ophelia knew the beast hidden beneath the polished exterior.

He had deceived her with false tenderness, inching closer to seduce her.

Every time she thought about that night, fear flooded her—leaving a permanent shadow on the man standing before her.

Emilio's eyes scanned her face, then slowly landed on Kian.

"Boss Paterson, can I have a word with you?" he said.

Kian looked up at Emilio.

Their eyes met—and nobody knew what passed between them.

Soon, Kian released Ophelia's hand.

Instinctively, she wanted to grab him, not wanting him to face Emilio alone.

"Kian, don't go."

He glanced back at her. His warm palm held silent power.

"Wait for me."

Ophelia watched them disappear into the office.

She sat quietly, her face paler than paper.

Those around her were so worried they considered sending her to the hospital for a check-up.

"Vice President Labrie, are you really okay?" someone asked.

She shook her head again, pausing before explaining, "The man who just went in is from the Fletcher Group. I heard they want to discuss a business deal. That's what they said... but I think they came to bow their heads."

Ophelia was slightly stunned.

“Vice President Labrie, if you hadn’t come here a few days ago, you wouldn’t know that President Paterson has been fiercely targeting the Fletcher Group, snatching many of their orders. I think the Fletcher Group must be in a panic.”

“Otherwise, their President Fletcher wouldn’t have come forward with this cooperation proposal.”

At the same time, in the president’s office:

Emilio slid a contract across the desk. “The transfer rights for the land in South Craggaville are yours once you sign.”

Kian didn’t even glance at it and pushed it back.

“What’s the meaning of this?”

Emilio smiled coldly. “I agreed to meet you just to say one thing.”

Kian’s eyes sharpened. “Don’t try to hurt Ophelia again.”