

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 657

It was nearly fifteen minutes before Emilio came out of Kian's office.

His expression hadn't changed at all—just as calm as when he went in. No one could tell whether the meeting had gone well or not.

Naturally, everyone started speculating.

"I bet it didn't work out. You all know Mr. Paterson. He doesn't make a move often, but once he sets his sights on something, he never backs down."

"Who knows? What if it actually worked?"

"Tsk! Let's make a bet on it."

Until Kian made an official announcement, the employees could only guess.

But Ophelia was different—she could ask him directly.

In the office, an unopened document sat on Kian's desk. Next to it was a pen that looked like it had just been used.

Ophelia's heart skipped a beat.

Could it be... had the deal actually gone through?

"Kian, did you agree to cooperate with Emilio?" Ophelia took a breath and asked plainly.

There was no point in guessing. She'd rather face the truth than be consumed by doubt.

If they really did partner with the Fletcher Group, she'd just have to deal with occasionally running into someone she never wanted to see again.

Kian followed her gaze to the document.

Without saying a word, he picked it up and tore it in half.

Ophelia froze. “You... you tore it up?”

“Yeah. That was the land transfer agreement for South Craggaville,” Kian replied calmly, like he was talking about a weed in the yard instead of a multi-billion-dollar deal. “I didn’t accept it.”

Ophelia was stunned.

She’d heard all about how valuable that piece of land was. The company had just held a meeting to discuss expanding into South Craggaville, calling it a crucial growth point. Everyone had agreed that acquiring land there was essential.

It was a guaranteed win—maximum return, minimum risk. The only downside was that the bidding would be fierce and the cost high.

And yet, Kian had turned down a direct transfer. Without hesitation.

Looking at Kian’s composed expression, Ophelia felt a dull ache in her chest.

She knew exactly why he’d done it.

Before she could think twice, she turned and said, “I’m going to find Emilio. I’ll ask him to draft a new transfer letter.”

“Ophelia.” Kian stopped her.

She turned back—and without saying a word, wrapped her arms around him.

“You don’t need to do that,” Kian said softly. “Our team is already working with the auction house. We’ll hear something soon. We don’t need his land.”

Ophelia didn’t respond. She just hugged him tighter.

Just then, Kian’s phone rang. Ophelia moved to release him, but he gently held her back.

With one arm still around her, he answered, “Mom.”

Ophelia froze.

Kian rubbed her back soothingly, silently trying to calm her.

But just as she began to relax, Mrs. Paterson's sharp voice cut through the phone.

"Kian, when are you going to divorce Ophelia?"

Ophelia felt like someone had dumped ice water over her. Her whole body went cold.

Kian frowned. "Mom, why are you still talking about this? The rumors have already died down."

"I don't care if the public talk's gone. The photo is real. Don't tell me it was photoshopped. I've lived long enough to know what's real and what's fake. Besides, one of my students said it didn't look doctored at all. So that clarification you posted? Clearly fake. Just end things with Ophelia. Got it? Don't make me come to your office. You're never home these days..."

Her rant went on and on.

Ophelia, still in his arms, suddenly collapsed and slipped to the floor.

Kian ended the call immediately. "That's enough, Mom. I'm hanging up."

He hung up quickly and crouched to help Ophelia to her feet.

"Ophelia, don't listen to her. She doesn't know the truth. She doesn't understand you."

"But she's your mom. Can you really go against her?" Ophelia asked, staring up at him.

Kian paused, locking eyes with her.

"I can."

Ophelia was stunned. She hadn't expected that.

Kian pulled her back into his arms and kissed her forehead gently. "Don't think about any of that. No one is coming between us. Right now, you and the baby are what matter most to me."

His gaze dropped to her still-flat stomach, and there was a softness in his eyes that melted her fear.

Her anxiety began to ease in his embrace.

But Ophelia wasn't about to let Mrs. Paterson's words slide.

She couldn't expect Kian to carry the weight of everything. She was pregnant, not helpless.

So, while Kian was busy with company matters, Ophelia made up an excuse to stay home—and quietly went to the Patersons' house.

She rang the doorbell.

"Who's ringing the bell like that?" Mrs. Paterson grumbled as she opened the door.

The moment she saw Ophelia, her face turned cold. She immediately moved to shut the door.

"Oh, it's you. Miss Labrie, our humble home can't handle someone like you. Why don't you go back to wherever you came from."

"Wait! Aunt Paterson, please don't close the door!" Ophelia quickly blocked it with her hand.

Mrs. Paterson slammed it harder.

The iron door caught Ophelia's hand, and she gasped in pain. Her eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Paterson paused but didn't apologize. "See? That's what happens when you mess with a door like this. It's iron. I bet your family's never even seen something so cheap. You don't belong here. You force it—it ends badly."

Ophelia winced but held back her tears.

Thinking of Kian's warmth and kindness, she gathered her strength and pulled the iron door open. "If you think that, I'll just go home and have one installed myself."

"You—" Mrs. Paterson was at a loss for words.

"Aunt Paterson, please let me in," Ophelia said, voice soft but steady. "I actually came to tell you something important."

Mrs. Paterson gave her a suspicious look but, after a moment's hesitation, stepped aside and let her in.

She thought Ophelia would get straight to the point—but instead, Ophelia walked directly into the kitchen and opened the gift box she brought.

“Hey! What are you doing? We don’t want any of that!” Mrs. Paterson tried to stop her.

But Ophelia calmly pulled out two bottles of *Feitian Moutai*, placing them on the table, followed by two boxes of *Dahongpao* tea.

Mr. Paterson, hearing the commotion, came over. The moment he saw the Moutai, his eyes lit up.

He picked up a bottle and examined it. “Is this the real *Feitian Moutai*?”

“I know Uncle Paterson likes it, so I brought some for you,” Ophelia said, lips curling into a faint smile.

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Seeing how pathetic Mr. Paterson looked, Mrs. Paterson felt disgusted and jabbed him with her elbow.

“Seriously? You’re acting like you’ve never seen Moutai before. Didn’t your old classmate give you a bottle last year?”

She wasn’t trying to point out anything extravagant—just reminding him not to act like he’d been bribed.

Mr. Paterson thought for a second and corrected her earnestly, “This is *Feitian* Moutai. That’s different.”

Mrs. Paterson’s face turned dark.

Seeing that, Mr. Paterson finally clammed up, albeit reluctantly.

But even so, Mrs. Paterson couldn’t bring herself to ask Ophelia to take the gifts back. She just gave a light cough and said, “Well, we’ll shamelessly accept them. Kian’s father doesn’t have many hobbies, but this is one of them.”

As she spoke, she gave Ophelia a meaningful glance, her face plastered with a smile.

“You really did your homework.”

Ophelia’s expression froze. Even if it came from a place of good intentions, it felt uncomfortable to have her gesture misunderstood.

She clenched her palms and replied, “I just figured... if you’re visiting someone, it’s polite to learn what they like.”

Mrs. Paterson scoffed.

Maybe the gift had touched him, because Mr. Paterson couldn’t stand to watch his wife keep icing Ophelia out. He spoke up: “Alright, no matter how unhappy you are, the fact is they’re getting married. They came all this way—at least don’t treat her so coldly.”

Mrs. Paterson glared at him. “Whose side are you on?”

Mr. Paterson shut his mouth instantly. It was clear who wore the pants in their marriage.

Still, his words weren’t completely useless. At least Mrs. Paterson didn’t throw Ophelia out—she even let her stay for dinner.

But that was it.

After the meal, Mrs. Paterson walked her to the door. Before Ophelia could leave, she said coldly, “If there’s nothing important, please don’t come again, Miss Labrie. Our home really isn’t fit for someone as precious as you.”

With that, she slammed the door.

Still, Ophelia didn’t give up. She visited the Patersons’ house several more times, but never managed to see Kian’s parents.

She came back each time feeling worse, her mood low and her mind scattered.

Eventually, Kian started noticing something was off. He didn’t say anything right away, but he did his own digging—and quickly found the reason behind Ophelia’s sadness.

One day, Ophelia went to deliver a document to the office. Just as she reached the door, she heard Kian’s voice from inside.

Unlike usual, his tone was filled with anger.

“I told you—I won’t be with anyone except Ophelia,” Kian said coldly. “So Mom, stop pushing your old classmate’s daughter on me. I’m not interested.”

“Kian! Why are you so stubborn? What’s so great about Ophelia that you’d act like this? Let me tell you, she could go sleep with some random guy right now, and you’d never know. What if you end up raising someone else’s child?”

That was the last straw. Her words lit a fire in Kian’s chest.

His eyes burned with fury, his voice low and dangerous. “And what if Ophelia and I already *have* a child?”

He glanced at the screen—he was still on the call—and then hung up.

“What? Wait! Don’t hang up! What do you mean ‘already have one’?! Explain it to me clearly!”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Kian didn’t pick up when his mother called back.

He just tossed his phone aside, switched it to Do Not Disturb, and ignored the endless stream of calls that followed.

“Vice President Labrie, why aren’t you going in?”

Ophelia was startled. She turned and saw a coworker behind her. Forcing a smile, she said, “Oh... nothing. Actually, can you take this in for me? I just remembered something urgent I have to handle.”

She handed over the documents and quickly walked away without waiting for a reply.

Ophelia ran out of the administrative building, heart aching.

She walked aimlessly down the street, not knowing where to go.

People bustled past—cars, white-collar workers, all with places to be. But to her, it all felt distant, like she didn’t belong anywhere. That realization hit her hard, leaving her empty.

Just then, her phone rang.

She picked up without checking the caller ID, and to her surprise, it was Mrs. Paterson.

“Miss Labrie, are you free right now?” Mrs. Paterson’s tone sounded... neutral. “If you are, I’d like to take you somewhere.”

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Fifteen minutes later, Ophelia stood stunned in front of the entrance to the hospital’s gynecology department.

It was a weekday, so the hospital was relatively quiet. Even fewer people were in gynecology. Soon, the nurse called her name.

“Next—Ophelia.”

Ophelia stood but hesitated.

Mrs. Paterson gently took her bag and, wearing a forced smile and a surprisingly kind tone, said, “Go ahead. I’ll hold your things.”

Ophelia couldn't figure it out.

Why did Mrs. Paterson bring her here all of a sudden? And why had her attitude shifted so drastically?

Still, Ophelia didn't ask.

The test results came back quickly.

The doctor glanced at the report, then smiled warmly at Ophelia. "Congratulations—you're pregnant."

Mrs. Paterson's expression shifted instantly. A complex mix of emotions—joy, disappointment, and something in between—crossed her face. She frowned and asked, almost unwillingly, "Doctor, are you sure?"

The doctor simply handed her the ultrasound report. "See for yourself. You can clearly see the shape of the fetus. Everything looks great."

Mrs. Paterson stared at the image, speechless.

After leaving the hospital, Mrs. Paterson insisted on taking Ophelia home herself. She even stopped to buy a bunch of nutritional supplements and offered to cook for her.

Ophelia politely refused.

"Auntie... you don't have to do this," she said carefully.

Maybe other people could accept it when someone who hated them suddenly started acting overly nice—but Ophelia found it hard to swallow.

Mrs. Paterson seemed to understand. She didn't force it and just said, "That's alright. Just take the supplements. Have the servants prepare them for you to stay healthy."

"It's getting late. I'll head back now."

Ophelia watched her leave, then struggled to carry the two big bags of supplements back into the house.

Later that evening, when Kian came home and saw the mountain of supplements, he asked who had brought them.

Ophelia hesitated. "It was Aunt Paterson. She went with me to the checkup today."

Kian froze, his brows immediately knitting together. He didn't want to speak ill of his mother, so he just said, "If it makes you uncomfortable, you can say no next time."

"I'm fine," Ophelia said, shaking her head. Not wanting him to worry, she forced a smile. "Don't worry. I think... Aunt Paterson was actually pretty nice to me. I mean, look at everything she brought."

Kian glanced again at the pile of supplements, and his expression finally softened.

Ophelia kept her head down, quietly eating her meal—but her heart wasn't in it.

The next morning, Mrs. Paterson showed up again.

When the servant answered the door and saw her, she froze.

"Excuse me... who are you?"

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"I'm Kian's mother. Is Ophelia home?" Mrs. Paterson glanced inside.

The servant froze, quickly wiped her hands, and looked a little embarrassed. Kian's mother had never visited before.

Ophelia happened to be off work that day. Hearing the voice, she came out right away. Seeing Mrs. Paterson standing at the door, she was surprised. "Aunt Paterson? Wait—Aunt Chun, open the door and let her in!"

She rushed inside to tidy up.

They rarely had guests, so it took her a while to find the tea.

Ophelia, not being much of a homemaker, didn't know how to make tea at all. She fumbled around for a long time but couldn't figure it out.

When she finally brewed it, it didn't taste like tea at all.

"Aunt Paterson, please have some," she said, carefully handing over the cup.

Mrs. Paterson glanced at her, concealing the disdain in her eyes.

Both she and Mr. Paterson were teachers, and Mr. Paterson was a tea connoisseur. When it came to brewing tea, no one knew more than he did—so one look, and she knew how bad it was.

Without a word, Mrs. Paterson gently pushed the cup farther away. "No need to be so formal. I mainly came to see you. Oh, right—you haven't eaten yet, have you?"

Seeing Ophelia nod, Mrs. Paterson stood up, ready to show off her cooking skills in the kitchen.

Ophelia panicked and rushed to stop her. The servant quickly joined in to help.

After some effort, they finally stopped Mrs. Paterson, who had for some reason gotten excited about cooking.

Though she smiled and joked, she clearly wasn't thrilled. "Wow, can't even cook a meal nowadays. Oh well—there'll be another chance."

Mrs. Paterson chatted with Ophelia for a while before finally leaving in the evening.

As the servant cleared the table, she recalled the visit and said, "Madam, I think Mr. Paterson's mother is really nice. She's so easy to talk to. You're lucky to have such a good husband and mother-in-law. You're going to be very happy."

"Thank you for your kind words," Ophelia said with a soft smile, her heart warming at Aunt Chun's words.

Maybe... Mrs. Paterson really had changed?

Later, when Kian came home, Ophelia told him everything.

Kian was surprised too—and genuinely happy to see the change in his mother.

But at the Paterson house, when Mrs. Paterson got back, Mr. Paterson asked, "Where have you been all day?"

Mrs. Paterson, taking off her shoes at the door, answered flatly, "I went to check on Ophelia."

"Huh? You've always had an issue with that girl. Why now...?"

"She's pregnant," Mrs. Paterson said coldly.

Crash!

The cup in Mr. Paterson's hand dropped to the floor.

He was so stunned he couldn't speak. After a long pause, he finally found his voice. "What—what? When did this happen? Why didn't you tell me?!"

Seeing that his reaction mirrored hers when she first found out, Mrs. Paterson sneered, "I just found out recently too."

The old couple sat down in silence, weighed down with worry.

They'd always had grudges against Ophelia, but now she was carrying a child—and like it or not, that child was a Paterson by blood.

Mr. Paterson was at a complete loss. “So, what are you going to do?” he asked his wife.

“Hmph. What can I do? Kian went and got someone pregnant without saying a word. What can I do?”

Mr. Paterson was speechless.

Neither of them said anything for a long while.

Mrs. Paterson lowered her head—but deep down, she had already made a decision.

This child could not be allowed to be born.

The next day, Mrs. Paterson visited Ophelia again. This time, she brought a thermos.

She handed it to Ophelia with a serious expression. “Ophelia, take this. It's good stuff. I got it from an old classmate—it's made from *Rhodiola rosea*. Very nutritious. My classmate said it's great for pregnant women.”

“*Rhodiola rosea*?” Ophelia frowned.

She'd heard the name before, but never that it was especially beneficial during pregnancy.

Still, Mrs. Paterson was overly enthusiastic, urging her again and again. Unable to refuse, Ophelia gave in and drank it all.

Watching her finish, Mrs. Paterson finally looked satisfied. She pulled Ophelia aside for a casual chat.

Ophelia had been getting very sleepy during the afternoons ever since she got pregnant. Around three or four, she usually had to nap—so Mrs. Paterson didn't stay much longer.

After she left, Ophelia went to her bedroom as usual for a nap.

She fell asleep quickly, but not long after, a sharp pain suddenly tore through her lower abdomen—growing stronger by the second.

The pain jolted her awake.

As her eyes flew open, she was horrified to see red spreading across the bedsheet beneath her.

She cried out in panic, her voice hoarse and trembling.
“Someone help... Aunt Chun, it hurts so bad, hurry...!”

The door flew open.

Just before she lost consciousness, Ophelia felt herself being scooped into a warm embrace—fresh air wrapping around her like cedar.

She didn’t know how much time had passed when she finally opened her eyes again.

The white ceiling above her and the sharp smell of disinfectant told her immediately—she was in a hospital.

She moved slightly, and the small motion woke the person beside her.

Kian leaned over quickly and helped her sit up. His eyes were red and tired—he clearly hadn’t rested at all.

“Ophelia, you’re awake. How do you feel?” he asked, holding her hand tightly.

Still groggy, Ophelia blinked slowly.
“Is this... a hospital? Why am I here?”

It was a simple, instinctive question—anyone waking up in a hospital would ask the same thing.

Especially since she didn’t feel any pain or discomfort at all.

Why had she been brought here?

Kian didn’t respond right away. His eyelashes trembled, eyes darkening as he avoided her gaze.

“You just woke up... your body’s probably still adjusting. Get some rest. Don’t think too much.”

“Wait... Kian, are you hiding something?” she asked, her voice low and uncertain. “I remember my stomach hurting so badly before I fainted. But now... I don’t feel anything?”

A sinking suspicion formed in her mind. Her heart dropped.

Her fingers hovered over her lower abdomen. She wanted to touch it—wanted to know the truth—but she was too scared to face it.

“My baby’s still here, right?”

Kian’s body flinched. A flash of pain crossed his eyes.

It felt like a blade sliced through Ophelia, leaving her in pieces—numb, cold, and broken.

She grabbed his arm in desperation.
“My baby’s still alive, right? Tell me, Kian—*say it’s true!*”

She stared at him, wide-eyed.

Like a child refusing to face the truth, clinging to one answer, no matter how impossible it seemed.

But all Kian could do was pull her into a hug.
“I’m sorry... Ophelia. This is all my fault.”

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Ophelia didn’t say a word. She closed her eyes.
“I just need some time alone.”

All Kian could do was respect her wishes.

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Back to Kevin.

He had the early shift today.

With Kian and Ophelia running their own business now, Kevin was the only one left handling things at the Edwards house. That made life especially hectic.

Norah felt bad for him, so she took over all the household responsibilities. The kids were well-behaved too—Reina didn’t fuss, and Cooper helped out however she could.

But Kevin didn’t want things to stay this way. Instead of pouring all his energy into work, he wanted to spend more time with his family. So when he had the rare chance to leave early today, he rushed home without hesitation.

And of course, he didn’t forget to bring gifts for everyone.

Soon, his car pulled up, and he knocked at the door, bags in hand.

“Who is it?” Norah was in the living room with their daughter. She quickly got up to answer the door.

There stood Kevin, holding a bouquet of flowers.

“You’re home so early... and flowers?” Norah smiled. “We’ve been married forever.”

“Even old married couples need a little romance,” Kevin said, placing the bouquet in her hands.

He had picked each flower himself—vibrant, beautiful, and full of meaning.

Cooper heard his voice and came running. “Daddy! Pick me up!”

Kevin dropped the bags, scooped Cooper up, and spun her around the living room before setting her down again. “I brought you a present—want to see if you like it?”

“I like anything you give me, Daddy!” Cooper answered instantly.

Then she spotted the latest Ultraman figure in his hand—exactly the one she’d been dreaming about.

Before she even had a chance to tell her parents about it, her dad had already gotten it for her.

She hugged the toy and refused to let go. “I love you so much, Daddy! This is the best gift ever!”

“I’m glad you like it,” Kevin said with a smile. “I got something for your sister too—one for each of you.”

He pulled out two small Abebe dolls from the bag.

Reina laughed out loud when she saw them. She couldn’t talk yet, but the joy on her face said it all.

Kevin gently picked her up and kissed her cheek. She was so adorable he didn’t want to let her go.

He felt incredibly lucky—blessed with a loving wife and two sweet kids. This was what real happiness looked like.

He rocked Reina in his arms until she got sleepy, then gently put her down.

“What do you want to eat tonight? I’ll make it,” Norah offered softly.

But Kevin shook his head.

He’d been busy with work for too long. Now that he was home, there was no reason Norah should have to cook.

“You stay with the kids. I’ll handle dinner,” he said, heading into the kitchen and tying on an apron.

Since Reina only drank milk and there were just three of them eating, Kevin planned to make four small dishes and a soup. Cooper didn’t eat much, so he kept the portions light.

As he was chopping vegetables, the kitchen door opened and Norah stepped in.

"I'll help. Cooper's sleepy too—he's napping with his sister."

She didn't want to wake the kids, so she came in to lend a hand.

Working together made everything easier.

Norah prepped the vegetables while Kevin cooked. Before long, dinner was ready.

Just as Norah was about to bring the food out, Kevin suddenly wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

"Norah, you've been working so hard lately. I've been too focused on the company, leaving everything else to you."

"Don't say that. We're married—there's no keeping score in a family," Norah turned to him. "Besides, you've been out working hard for us. As your wife, I should understand and support you. I can't always be giving you a hard time."

Kevin had a huge responsibility running the company, and she knew it.

She didn't want to nag him after a long day, asking him to do more when he was already exhausted. That would be unfair.

Looking into her eyes, Kevin felt warmth swell in his chest.

"I'm so lucky to have you."

He leaned in closer—closer still—and their lips were just about to touch when—

Bang, bang, bang.

A sudden knock shattered the mood. Norah quickly straightened her clothes and hurried to open the door.

"Cooper, you're awake?"

"Yeah!" Cooper nodded. "I can help you wash the veggies!"

"No need. Dinner's ready. Just grab some chopsticks and come to the table." Norah gently patted her son's head.

He was such a sweet, thoughtful kid. She could already tell he'd grow up to be a great guy.

"Then I'll help bring the food out!" Cooper stretched up to reach a plate and carefully carried it to the table.

Before sitting down, Norah checked on Reina in the living room. The baby was sound asleep, clutching the Abebe doll in her arms, smiling and smacking her lips now and then.

She must've been dreaming of candy.

Norah tucked the blanket around her daughter and returned to the table.

As they ate, Kevin shared some happy news.

"The weather's been great lately—how about we go on a little spring outing tomorrow?"

"Really?" Cooper's eyes lit up. "That's awesome!"

She had wanted to ask to go out and play, but her dad had been so busy lately that she didn't want to bother him.

She never expected him to bring it up on his own.

Norah smiled, though a flicker of concern crossed her face. "But what about the company? With Kian and Ophelia gone, everything's on your shoulders now. You can't do the work of two people."

She didn't want him working during their outing—answering emails, taking calls, stressing out the whole time.

She couldn't bear to see him like that.

Kevin noticed the worry in her eyes and smiled. "Are you worried about me, Norah?"

"Of course I am. But don't change the subject. If we go out tomorrow, who's handling your job? Do you have anyone who can cover for you?"

Norah wasn't going to let him off with a few sweet words.

Cooper quietly set her chopsticks down.

Even though she really wanted to go on a trip with her parents, she wanted her dad to be healthy and less stressed even more.