

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 741

Norah respected their decision. It was their life. As his sister, all she could do was offer support.

She gently changed the subject. "Dad's been diagnosed with advanced liver cancer."

Baimo looked shocked. "What? How?"

"We just found out," she said. "He didn't want chemo—just pills. I convinced him to try treatment."

"Thank you," Baimo said. "I'll visit once I'm free."

"No rush," Norah said. "He's stable now, and the treatment plan's in place."

After hanging up, Baimo finished his tasks and rushed to the hospital. Freyja stood by the window, silently watching children play outside, tears quietly falling. She longed for that simple joy.

"I'm here," Baimo said gently, setting down a bag of fruit. He sliced some into a bowl. "Your favorite."

Freyja sat beside him, though she wasn't hungry. "You're so busy... don't overdo it for me. Just talk to me."

"Peeling fruit is nothing," Baimo said, offering her a fork. "Eat with me."

His presence lifted her mood. She took a few bites of mango.

"I'm going to visit Dad," Baimo said. "He has late-stage liver cancer."

Freyja nodded. "You should. But what about your work?"

"Video calls work fine," he said. "This disaster is my top priority. Once it's over, I'll have time to breathe."

Freyja stared out the window, sadness washing over her. Baimo noticed.

"What's on your mind?"

“Nothing,” she said softly. “Go work. I just need a little time.”

“I’m not leaving,” he said. “I know you’re hurting. Talk to me—it might help.”

Freyja leaned into him. “With you here, I’m okay. I believe... our child will return to us someday.”

She let her pain go. Life had to move forward. And with Baimo by her side, she felt safe. Their child wouldn’t want them stuck in grief.

They curled up together and fell asleep—their first real rest in days.

That night, Baimo gently woke up. “Sleep more,” he whispered to Freyja. “I’ll visit Dad tomorrow. Rest up—you might need to help when we travel.”

“Sleep early,” Freyja murmured before drifting back to sleep.

Baimo turned off the light and left quietly. He had responsibilities to face—but Freyja came first. No matter what, they’d take care of each other.

Chapter 742

Over the next two days, Baimo wrapped up his work while Freyja focused on eating and resting. Her skin looked brighter; her strength was returning.

“You look great,” Baimo said with a smile. “I love it.”

“Didn’t like me before?” Freyja teased.

“Impossible,” he said, his smile deepening. “I love you always—but I want you healthy. I want us to grow old together.”

Freyja nodded, thinking of Pharaoh. His illness reminded her that money couldn’t buy health. Taking care of herself was the first step in caring for others.

They flew to the hospital by private jet and arrived just as Pharaoh finished his treatment.

“Grandpa, does it hurt?” Cooper asked, eyeing his bald head. “Your hair’s gone.”

“Do I look scary now?” Pharaoh joked, rubbing his scalp.

Cooper shook her head. “You’re still the handsomest grandpa. Can I touch it?”

Pharaoh lowered his head. “Go ahead.”

Cooper giggled and patted his head. “You look cute like this! I love it!” Norah had told her that chemo made people lose hair, but it could save lives. “I want you to stay with me forever. When you’re better, can you come to my school’s parent-child day?”

“You’re still in kindergarten,” Pharaoh said, puzzled. “You’re not in elementary yet.”

“Not yet,” Cooper said proudly. “But soon! Mom and Dad do kindergarten stuff. You’ll come for elementary, right?”

Norah hadn’t told Cooper that Pharaoh was in the late stages of cancer, so she truly believed he’d be around. “Deal,” Pharaoh said. “I’ll wear a wig. You can help me pick it out.”

Cooper’s eyes lit up. “Can we change it every day?”

“Morning and night if you want,” Pharaoh said, laughing. Her excitement made him forget his fears.

“You’ll be the coolest grandpa ever!”

Norah watched, smiling. Reina babbled nearby, wanting attention too. Pharaoh scooped her up.

“You’ve gained weight, little one,” he teased.

Reina blew a bubble.

“Okay, not fat—just stronger,” he laughed. Cooper giggled along, and the room filled with warmth.

There was a knock at the door. Norah opened it, expecting a nurse—but it was Baimo and Freyja.

“You’re here already?” she said, surprised. “Come in. Dad will be so happy.”

Pharaoh’s eyes teared up when he saw them. With his kids, grandkids, and even Kevin planning to visit later, he felt whole again.

“She’s adorable,” Freyja said, gazing at Reina. “Norah, can I hold her? I’ve practiced—I promise I won’t drop her.”

“Of course,” Norah said, noticing Freyja’s tender expression. Losing her own child had deepened that longing. “Reina’s very friendly.”

Freyja gently cradled Reina in her arms, her face soft and peaceful. Holding the baby brought her comfort—and maybe a little healing, too.

Chapter 743

Freyja softly hummed a lullaby as she gently held Reina. The little girl grabbed onto Freyja's collar, yawned, and drifted off to sleep. Freyja froze in place, then silently mouthed to Norah, *I got her to sleep!*

Norah smiled. Freyja's gentle nature and Reina's easygoing personality were a perfect match. After a while, Freyja carefully laid Reina down.

Meanwhile, Pharaoh had just finished catching up with Baimo and tried to usher them out. "You've seen enough. Stay for dinner, get some rest, and head back tomorrow."

Baimo looked frustrated. "We just got here, Dad. You're sick, and Norah's been here taking care of you. I can't just show up and leave—that's not right."

Freyja joined in to support him, but Pharaoh stayed firm. He knew Baimo had a demanding job and didn't want to add more to his plate. "You're about to become a father too—focus on that," he said, eyeing Freyja's stomach. Then he paused. Her belly was flat. Something didn't add up.

Freyja's eyes turned red. "We lost the baby. We came here to clear our heads. Being home just reminds us too much."

Norah stepped in. "Kevin and I have to travel for work. With you two here, you can help watch Cooper and Reina. Dad's too sick to do it."

"I'll take care of them," Freyja offered right away. "I can handle it."

Pharaoh looked at Baimo. "What about your job?"

"Tech makes things easier," Baimo replied. "And I'll still ask for your advice, Dad."

Finally, Pharaoh gave in. His VIP hospital suite was big enough—it even had a kitchenette, a bathroom, and a small bed for family members. Freyja unpacked their things. They were staying for a few days.

Norah helped before taking the kids back home. With Pharaoh settled, she could now turn her attention to the Dark Night Organization. They'd hurt too many innocent people—especially children like Sophia. It was time for justice.

As Norah left with the kids, Freyja watched with a heavy heart. She didn't need a son and daughter—just one child to love. Baimo pulled her into a hug, their silent understanding clear: they'd try again someday.

Back home, Norah tucked Reina into her cradle while Cooper did his homework upstairs. Aunt Wang helped out so Norah could rest. Kevin texted: *Running late. Home by 8.*

It was a little after six. Norah took a short nap, then made dinner—three dishes, some soup, and egg tarts for Cooper. Just as she finished, Kevin walked in, the smell of food welcoming him.

Norah came out of the kitchen. “Go wash up and call Cooper down.”

Kevin hugged her from behind. “I’m so happy with you.”

“You sound like an old married couple,” she joked.

“It’s true,” he said, his breath warm against her ear. “Work’s been rough, but seeing you makes it all worth it.”

Norah nudged him. “Dinner’s ready. Grab the egg tarts.”

Chapter 744

Dinner was full of laughter. Kevin shared stories from work, and Cooper was all ears.

“When I grow up, I’m going to start my own company like Dad,” Cooper said proudly. “Make money and take care of my family.”

“You can intern with me anytime,” Kevin offered. He didn’t care if Cooper or Reina took over his business—he just wanted them to chase their own dreams.

“Nope,” Cooper replied. “I’ll build my own. If Dad did it, so can I.”

Norah smiled and gave him a thumbs-up. “I believe in you, kiddo.”

Later, while cleaning up the kitchen, Norah and Kevin talked plans. “Now that Baimo and Freyja are here, when should we leave?” she asked.

“The sooner, the better,” Kevin said. “They won’t stop coming after us. It’s time we hit them first.”

“How about tomorrow?” Norah asked. “Where’s their base?”

Kevin wrapped his arms around her. “The Dark Night Organization is based in the Yi tribe’s territory. They’ve been spreading misinformation, but I’ve confirmed it.”

Norah’s face turned serious. “That’s our home. They’re like a disease—we need to cut them out.”

“I’ve already lined up mercenaries,” Kevin said. “With Baimo’s help, we can do this.”

Norah leaned in and kissed him. “I know we can.”

The next morning, Norah called Cooper’s teacher. “Cooper will need a week off. It’s a family emergency.”

“He’s doing excellent,” the teacher replied. “Great reading and math skills.”

“Thanks to your teaching,” Norah said, then hung up.

After breakfast, she brought the kids to the hospital.

Freyja rushed over to take Reina. Norah checked on Pharaoh and then signaled Baimo to talk in private.

She explained everything. “Kevin and I are going abroad to take down the Dark Night Organization. They’re trafficking kids. We can’t let this continue.”

Baimo’s hands clenched. “In the Yi tribe? That’s disgusting.” He thought of Reina, of the kids like her being abused. “Whatever you need, I’m in. I’ll take care of Cooper and Reina.”

Norah nodded. “We leave in an hour. Kevin’s downstairs.”

Baimo walked her out. Pharaoh hated watching her leave, but he knew she had a greater mission. With Baimo, Freyja, and the kids nearby, he could rest easier.

Far away, deep in the Yi tribe’s desert, the Dark Night Organization’s headquarters stood surrounded by cages. Inside one, Sophia sat hunched, her stomach growling and water bowl empty. She reached through the bars, begging for food, missing Norah’s warm home—soft beds, good meals, and someone to play with.

“Worthless,” a masked man muttered, kicking her arm. Sophia cried out, pulling back in fear. “Please... I’m hungry...”

“Sell her,” he ordered coldly, sealing her fate.

Chapter 745

A guard yanked Sophia from her cage. She screamed and struggled, but he slapped her hard, sending her crashing to the ground. Her head spun.

“She’s too noisy,” the masked man muttered, rubbing his temples. “Ace, update me.”

“Baimo’s in the capital. Norah and Kevin are on the way,” Ace replied.

“Perfect,” the man smirked. “What about the woman I asked for?”

“She’s ready.”

His grin widened. Things were about to get interesting.

Norah and Kevin finally landed after a long flight. As they headed for baggage claim, a sudden surge of people swarmed around them. Kevin grabbed Norah's hand, but the crowd pushed them apart. Holding their suitcase, he scanned the sea of faces for her—nothing.

Norah, equally panicked, searched for him. Suddenly, a man in black appeared behind her and jabbed a syringe into her arm. The drug kicked in fast—her vision spun, and her head throbbed. She collapsed, and he disappeared with her into the crowd.

As things calmed down, Kevin still couldn't find her. Just then, he heard a voice.

"Kevin, I'm here."

He turned and froze. It was Norah—same face, same voice, same smile. But deep down, he knew this wasn't his wife. She was a fake—another trap by the Dark Night Organization. If he called her out, they'd know he was on to them. He had to play along.

"Where'd you go?" he asked calmly.

"Got pushed away in the crowd," she said, reaching for him. "Let's find a hotel."

Kevin stepped aside. "I already booked one. Let's go."

"Call the kids later," she added sweetly. "I miss them."

He nodded but kept his distance.

At the hotel—owned by Freyja and fully secured—Kevin made a video call to Cooper. The boy stared at "Mom," something clearly off. She was *too* perfect, her fake affection over the top. Kevin ended the call early and had his security team sweep the hotel. Time to get answers from this imposter.

Meanwhile, Norah woke up, tied up and staring at a masked man.

"Why the mask?" she sneered. "Too ugly to show your face?"

He chuckled and held up a photo of the fake Norah. "She's with Kevin now. Alone in a hotel room. What do you think they're doing?"

Norah quickly assessed her surroundings, quietly loosening the ropes around her wrists. She kept her cool and smirked. "You think Kevin can't tell the difference? Keep dreaming."

"Let's make a bet," he said, intrigued. "If he doesn't spot the fake, you're mine. If he does, I'll show you my face."

"Deal," Norah said confidently. "I'll win. How long do I have to wait?"

“Not long,” he said with a hidden grin. But his plan went deeper—the imposter was poisoned. If Kevin got close, he’d die. With Kevin gone, Norah would be his hostage, and the Edwards family fortune would be his. He’d use Norah to force Baimo into submission and solidify the Dark Night Organization’s power.

But what he didn’t know was that Norah had a small tracking chip sewn into her button—thanks to Baimo. Help was already on its way.

Chapter 746

Minutes passed. The masked man’s confidence faded—no call came through. His decoy had failed. If Kevin figured it out, his identity and base were exposed.

“You must be close with Kevin,” he muttered, eyeing Norah. “He saw through her.”

Still, he had Norah—his last bargaining chip. Kevin and Baimo wouldn’t let her die. He ripped off his mask, revealing an ordinary face. “I lost. Now you’ve seen me. But anyone who does... dies.”

He lunged at her with a syringe.

Norah broke free, snatched the syringe, and drove it into his shoulder, injecting the drug. He stumbled back, stunned. “How?”

“Times change,” she said coldly. She grabbed his gun and aimed it at his head. “You run Dark Night, right? But bullets don’t care who’s in charge. Don’t test me.”

His face turned pale. He was used to threatening others, not being the one threatened. And now, drugged and disoriented, he was powerless. Norah shoved him outside, where armed mercenaries and Yi Tribe soldiers stood ready.

Only Baimo could’ve sent them—despite being in the capital with Pharaoh.

“Pathetic,” Norah muttered, kicking him to the ground. She didn’t need to kill him herself. His crimes would take care of that.

The Dark Night Organization collapsed, along with the fake Norah.

Norah stared at the woman made to look like her. “She does resemble me.”

“I knew she wasn’t you the second I saw her,” Kevin said, taking Norah’s hand. To him, the difference was obvious.

They smiled and headed for the airport. Just then, Kevin’s assistant called, asking for time off to attend Bonian’s engagement party. Kevin approved, unaware of the mess waiting there.

Bonian had Jayde Leung pinned against a dressing table, ignoring her desperate pleas.

“Now you’re begging?” he sneered. “Where was this when I was the one begging you?”

“I’m sorry,” Jayde choked out, guilt written all over her face. “But my sister’s innocent—she’s outside...”

It was Emmie Leung’s engagement party—her big day with Bonian. Jayde, sick with shame, had ended up trapped by the man about to marry her sister.

“You’re scared now?” Bonian mocked. “Didn’t think you feared anything.”

Jayde shook with fear—not for herself, but for Emmie. Bonian shoved her in front of the mirror, forcing her into humiliating poses. Her own reflection felt like a cruel joke.

“Would death even be enough to ease my hatred?” she whispered to herself.

“Death’s too easy,” he hissed. “I want you to suffer.”

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door—Emmie’s voice.

“Sis, are you in there?”

Panic hit Jayde like a wave. Bonian grabbed her and pressed against her from behind as Emmie pushed on the door. If it opened now, everything would be exposed.

“Be my lover,” Bonian whispered, “and I’ll let you go.”

They’d failed four years ago. Now, with him about to marry her sister, it was beyond wrong. But with Emmie just inches away, Jayde had no other option.

“...Fine,” she whispered.

Bonian let go.

Jayde fixed her dress and opened the door just in time.

“You scared me,” Emmie said. “I thought something happened.”

“I was in the bathroom,” Jayde lied. “Stomach’s acting up.”

“Huh?” Emmie grabbed her hand. “You should go to the hospital. I’ll call Bryan.”

As she reached for her phone—

Bonian’s cell phone rang from the lounge.

Chapter 747

Jayde's face turned pale in an instant.

Emmie let go of her and quickly walked toward the sound.

In the end, she saw Bonian's phone sitting on the dressing table in front of the mirror!

Jayde felt like something was lodged in her throat. Her scalp tingled.

How was she going to explain this?

"This guy is so careless, he even left his phone behind."

Emmie picked it up, smiling helplessly, not the least bit suspicious.

Jayde didn't even say goodbye. She quickly changed the subject. "You're the star today—you should be out there. I need to run to the restroom again."

Before Emmie could respond, Jayde rushed into the lounge's bathroom.

She slammed the door shut and locked it in one quick motion.

But Bonian, already inside, stepped forward and pressed her against the door again.

His hands were aggressive and without hesitation.

Jayde immediately grabbed them.

From the other side of the door, Emmie's voice called out, "Sis, you should go to the hospital. I'll find Bryan and have him arrange a ride for you."

"I'm fine. I can tough it out. No matter what, I have to stay until your engagement party ends."

Jayde forced her voice to stay calm.

Emmie was now going to look for Bonian...

If she searched around and found Bonian in here—if she discovered what had happened between them—Jayde didn't even want to imagine that scene.

Emmie stayed firm. "Sis, if you're unwell, don't force yourself. I'm heading out now."

Jayde heard footsteps fading away.

She slumped against the door.

A cold sneer came from above her head. “Classic Jayde—always so good at pretending.”

Having once seen Bonian at his most gentle, hearing his sarcasm now felt like her heart was being sliced open.

Jayde clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. “I hurt you, I admit that. But it has nothing to do with Emmie. If you want revenge, take it out on me. Just don’t drag her into this.”

Whatever they had four years ago—it was over.

She had betrayed him for 50 million. That was the truth.

If Emmie didn’t know about any of it, Bonian had no right to pull her in!

“Jayde, what right do you have to say that?”

His voice was filled with biting disdain.

Bonian reached out and pinched her cheeks hard.

His grip was so forceful, Jayde felt like her bones were going to crack.

His eyes were pitch-black—cold, sharp, and merciless.

She worked herself to the bone for money, juggling multiple jobs and never interfering in Emmie’s life.

Even when Emmie got a boyfriend, she never asked to meet him. She only took half a day off for their engagement.

Who would’ve thought—she ran into her ex-boyfriend at the party.

Even worse—he turned out to be Emmie’s fiancé.

Over the last four years, she had imagined countless ways they might meet again. But never like this.

Jayde fought back the pain and lifted her chin. “I may not have the right, but Emmie is innocent. If you want revenge, come at me. Don’t hurt her.”

Bonian sneered. “You don’t get to make demands. Didn’t you just agree to be my lover? I want you to find a way to live in my villa with Emmie. Otherwise... how about I tell her everything about your past?”

Jayde was sure now—Bonian didn’t love Emmie. His engagement to her?

It was a setup.

All of this was part of his revenge.

He'd known Emmie's identity from the start and had planned every step just to trap her.

She had no choice.

"Don't tell her. I'll figure it out."

"Good. Tonight, I want to see you act like a dog. But don't forget—you have to satisfy me." Bonian's voice was laced with cruel satisfaction as he moved closer.

His breath hit her ear, hot and slow.

There was no affection—only cold malice.

Jayde forced herself to leave, one step at a time.

Eventually, she stepped back outside.

Emmie came to her, concerned. "I couldn't find Bryan just now, so I sent someone to get you medicine from the pharmacy. Sis, I'll take some of the jewelry and sell it to pay for Lele's surgery."

Her words hit Jayde like arrows through the heart.

Emmie cared so much about her and Lele, yet because of her, Bonian used himself as bait.

Jayde didn't want her to do that. "Don't. That jewelry was a gift from your fiancé. If you sell it and he asks, how will you explain it?"

Emmie held her hand gently. "He gave it to me, so it's mine now. And Bryan said we'll get our marriage license three months after the engagement."

"Sis, the jewelry isn't expensive. When we get paid, maybe we can scrape enough together to get Lele treated sooner."

Emmie looked so hopeful.

But something didn't sit right.

"Is he just a regular employee, like you?" Jayde asked.

"I'm a secretary, he's a lawyer. He already has a house and a car in his name. Money's tight, but I can sell the jewelry. And after we're married... maybe I can ask him for a loan. Or we could get a mortgage."

Emmie had it all planned out.

But...

Bonian was a liar.

He wasn't just a lawyer—he was one of the top legal minds in the capital.

Jayde couldn't expose the truth in front of her.

Bonian's words echoed in her mind.

She took a deep breath, her fists clenched. Her voice came out hoarse. "Don't ask him for money. He might get suspicious. I'll handle the medical bills. But... can I live with you? My landlord just messaged me. He's taking back the place."

Emmie lit up with joy. "Of course! There are so many rooms—you can have one! And, Sis, guess what? I was going to tell you—I really wanted you to live with me because... I'm pregnant!"

Boom!

Jayde felt like she'd been struck by lightning. A chill swept through her entire body.

Emmie... was pregnant?!

"Sis, I know you keep reminding me not to repeat your past, but Bryan's really good to me. When he found out I was pregnant, he immediately proposed. We're getting married in three months! I even thought of a name—Boni."

She rubbed her belly gently, smiling with love.

Jayde couldn't even describe how she felt.

Emmie was pregnant.

But Bonian didn't love her. Bonian wanted her—Jayde—to live under the same roof.

And if Bonian...

"Bryan, where have you been? I've been looking all over for you..." Emmie called out, spotting Bonian walking toward them in a sleek black three-piece suit.

Chapter 748

Emmie spotted Bonian, walking over in a sharp black suit. Jayde's breath hitched as old memories surged. Bryan—her past love, now Bonian, her sister's fiancé. He'd buried his old identity, but hearing Emmie call him "Bryan" brought it all back. His engagement to Emmie,

her pregnancy, and his demand for Jayde to live with them—it was all revenge. But why drag Emmie into it? She was innocent. Her only “mistake” was being Jayde’s sister.

“I was just greeting a guest,” Bonian said smoothly, falling right into character.

Emmie looped her arm through his, beaming like the picture-perfect fiancée. Jayde’s heart twisted, tears welling in her eyes. How could Bonian be this cruel?

“We need extra seats for my friends,” Emmie said. “Should we get another table or just add chairs?”

“Your call,” Bonian replied indifferently. His heart clearly wasn’t in this engagement. Emmie was just a pawn, their so-called relationship nothing more than an illusion.

Emmie lit up. “You’re really letting me decide everything?”

“Of course,” he said, giving Jayde a look. “I’ll give you my salary card after this. You’ll handle our finances—I don’t care to be involved.” The words mirrored what he’d once told Jayde. Now he was using them to wound her all over again.

Completely unaware, Emmie leaned deeper into the fantasy. Jayde watched, powerless to stop any of it.

Bonian moved in closer, lifting Jayde’s chin with cold precision. “Curious why she calls me Bryan?”

Tears streamed down her face. “I know you hate me,” Jayde whispered. “Punish me, not Emmie. You’re a lawyer—you know she doesn’t owe me anything.”

“Innocent?” Bonian sneered. “You took the money—did you share it with her? No? Then what kind of sister are you?”

Jayde’s heart shattered. In his eyes, she was nothing but a gold digger. “It’s been four years,” she said, voice trembling. “She’s pregnant—your child. Just marry her and be good to her.”

His hand shifted, grabbing her collar, eyes cold and sharp. They were in a hallway where anyone could see them.

“You owe me,” he said. “Words won’t change that. I didn’t leave—you did.”

“What about Emmie? And the baby?” she asked desperately.

“That’s your problem,” Bonian said, void of emotion.

Chapter 749

Bonian leaned in close, their breaths mingling.

“Should I just end it now?” he murmured. “Tell Emmie everything? Drag her off for an abortion?”

“No!” Jayde gasped. “That’s your child!”

“Then what’s your plan?” he asked, his stare cold and unrelenting. “Speak.”

“I’ll make it up to you,” she said quickly. “Money, anything—just name it. Then let it end. Be good to Emmie. Pretend I’m dead. I’ll disappear, leave the country if I have to. I won’t interfere.”

Bonian’s eyes narrowed. Then he laughed bitterly. “You deserve a Nobel Prize for imagination. You think that’s enough to wipe the slate clean?”

Jayde lowered her head. As the top lawyer in Belourvinelle, Bonian didn’t need her money. She had nothing he wanted.

“Then what do you want?” she asked quietly.

“Stay with me,” he said. “Four years. After that, we’re done. Go wherever you want, with whoever you want.”

Jayde’s heart dropped. Four years as his lover—with Emmie and the baby in the picture? It was unbearable.

“Must you destroy me like this?” she whispered.

“If being with me is worse than death, then I’ve found the perfect revenge,” Bonian said coldly, wiping away her tears with a rough hand. Once, he’d been gentle. Now, Bryan was gone. Only Bonian remained.

She watched him walk back to Emmie, the two of them standing side by side like a real couple. The image sliced through her.

“What did you say to my sister?” Emmie asked nervously, clearly worried about her approval.

“Just small talk,” Bonian said. Then he added, “What does she mean to you?”

“She’s the best sister,” Emmie said without hesitation. “Everyone loves her. But... she had a bad breakup. She really loved the guy. Still hasn’t gotten over it.”

Bonian asked more questions, but Emmie didn’t know much and didn’t press. He eventually let it drop.

“Her landlord’s evicting her,” Emmie said next. “Can she move in with us? I’m pregnant—she could help me out.”

“Of course,” Bonian agreed instantly. “She’s family.”

Emmie's expression softened as she turned to look for Jayde, who had just entered the hall. She rushed over. "He said you can move in! We'll be together again!"

Jayde forced a smile, carefully avoiding Bonian's eyes. Emmie led her to a seat, completely unaware of the storm raging beneath the surface.

Bonian mingled with the crowd and was soon joined by his cousin, Jeffrey.

"Did you tell your parents about this engagement?" Jeffrey asked, clearly uneasy.

"No," Bonian said flatly. "You owe me for covering for you while you were abroad. Just keep quiet."

Jeffrey sighed. "Fine. I won't say anything. But once they find out, it's going to be chaos."

"Then don't talk," Bonian said, clapping him on the shoulder.

Chapter 750

Jeffrey sat there, dreading what was coming. His mother had just texted him again, sending over photos of elite family daughters she thought would be "perfect" for Bonian. He deflected quickly: Let Bonian choose who he loves. But she pushed back hard, adamant that only a "suitable" match would do. He stalled, eyes fixed on Bonian and Emmie up on stage, hands linked like a countdown to disaster.

Jayde dug her nails into her palms, pain barely dulling the despair. She wanted to stop the engagement, scream the truth—but the fallout terrified her. Emmie might choose an abortion, cut ties forever... or worse. The ceremony faded into a blur. She barely touched her food, her thoughts spiraling, until Emmie found her.

"You seemed distracted," Emmie said, concerned. "What's wrong?"

Jayde hesitated, then asked, "Do you really love him?"

"Of course," Emmie replied, surprised. "You're not trying to break us up, are you?"

Jayde paused.

"Our relationship is solid," Emmie continued, guiding Jayde's hand to her belly. "I'm pregnant. My baby needs a father. We're already engaged—there's no going back."

Jayde's hope crumbled. She stayed silent.

Bonian approached. "Save the sister talk for later. It's getting late."

He took Emmie's arm while Jayde trailed behind. At the hotel front desk, Emmie paid with Bonian's card. In the hallway, Bonian suddenly grabbed Jayde's arm—right where Emmie could see.

“Don’t,” Jayde hissed, shaking him off.

“Behave tonight,” Bonian warned coldly. “My patience is wearing thin.”

On the drive, Emmie chatted happily, her joy like knives to Jayde’s heart. At the villa, Bonian’s phone rang.

“Work call,” he said. “From the firm. You two head in.”

“Work comes first,” Emmie said cheerfully. Bonian glanced at Jayde.

“Say goodbye, sister.”

“Goodbye,” Jayde mumbled. He drove off.

Inside, Emmie showed her around, offering snacks and a drink. “Make yourself at home. He gave me his salary card—two hundred grand. Use it.”

Jayde recognized the card immediately—Bonian had given it to her years ago. “Keep it,” she said quietly. “It’s yours now.”

She wouldn’t touch it, no matter how desperate things got. If Bonian turned on them, that card could be Emmie’s only safety net.