

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 751

Jayde stared at the bank card Emmie was pressing into her hand, torn. Lele needed surgery. Emmie needed prenatal care. But if she took the money, it would leave her sister exposed—especially with Bonian's cruelty hanging over them.

"I can't take it," she said. "You'll need it more."

"Don't be ridiculous," Emmie replied. "Lele's health comes first. Aren't we sisters?" She frowned. "We're clearly not broke—just look at this villa. Take it."

Jayde's chest tightened. To Bonian, a villa meant nothing. But he'd never lift a finger for Lele. Her son's illness would probably just fuel his revenge.

"Keep it," Jayde said firmly. "I'll figure something else out."

Emmie returned moments later with a jewelry box. "Then I'll sell these tomorrow. Look."

Inside were simple gold pieces—nothing like her usual bold enamel style.

"I picked the plain ones on purpose," Emmie said proudly. "They were cheaper to buy, but they're still real gold—same resale value."

Tears welled in Jayde's eyes as she hugged her. "Why are you so good to me?" she whispered. She didn't deserve a sister like this—one who gave everything, while she brought nothing but pain.

"Don't cry, sis," Emmie said, wiping her tears playfully. "I'll talk to Bryan about a mortgage later. No stress, okay?"

"I'll raise the money myself," Jayde said, even though the odds felt impossible. Lele's medical bills had bled her dry. She'd been juggling every job she could find. There wasn't enough time.

"Stop worrying," Emmie said. "We'll cover it now—you can pay us back later. We're family. We don't quit on each other."

The doorbell rang. Jayde's stomach dropped.

Bonian.

Emmie ran to open it. “Relax, sis,” she said over her shoulder.

Bonian stepped in, arms full of shopping bags.

“Why so much stuff?” Emmie asked, taking them from him. “Sit down—I’ll make tea.”

Bonian dropped onto the couch next to Jayde, his hand sliding to her thigh. Then he raised his voice for Emmie to hear, “You’re pregnant—go rest. I’ll handle things out here.”

“I’m fine,” Emmie called from the kitchen. “You’re the one working nonstop—I’d feel bad making you do more.”

His hand crept higher, lifting Jayde’s skirt. She clamped her legs together, whispering, “Don’t...”

“Don’t what?” he taunted, grabbing her wrist. “Say it louder.”

His other hand wrapped around her waist, fingers pinching lightly as if to break her resistance.

Terrified, she repeated, “Don’t...”

“What’s wrong? Too shy now after flirting with other men behind my back?”

She shook her head, stunned. Bonian was the only man she’d ever loved. But all she could think about now was escaping. She shifted away—he followed, leaning closer.

Emmie came back with tea, and Bonian’s hand vanished. He sat up, posture perfect.

“Why are you two sitting so close?” Emmie said with a smile. “The sofa’s huge.”

Jayde’s heart pounded. Guilt threatened to swallow her whole. Bonian sipped the tea, then noticed the jewelry box.

“Why’s this out?” he asked casually.

“I’m selling it,” Emmie said. “And I’m giving your card to my sister. She needs help. She’ll pay us back.”

Bonian smirked. “Is that so.”

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“I didn’t do it,” Jayde said, her hands shaking like leaves in a storm.

Bonian probably thought she’d blow the 50 million, but the truth was, she hadn’t touched a dime of it.

Every penny for her sick kid's medical bills came from her own grind, scraped together bit by bit.

Bonian wasn't buying it. "Cut the act, Jayde. I'm not some stranger you can sweet-talk. You know what I do for a living."

As a lawyer, he'd seen it all—clients who wouldn't come clean, even to him.

He'd honed a knack for sniffing out lies.

But he didn't see that he stayed cool and collected with everyone else. With Jayde, his emotions took the wheel.

When feelings run the show, logic takes a backseat.

"If you don't believe me, why even ask? In your eyes, I'm always lying. What's the point of me saying anything?" Jayde was on the edge of breaking down.

Life hadn't been kind to her these past few years.

When your kid's sick, the mom bears the brunt, plus the crushing weight of money troubles.

Now, with Emmie in the mix, Bonian wouldn't let up on her.

For a split second, she wanted to leap off the balcony.

But the thought of her child in the hospital stopped her. If she was gone, who'd truly care for her kid?

"Jayde, that's how you talk to me?"

Bonian's eyes burned with rage.

He shoved her against the railing and reached for her skirt. "If you won't talk, fine. I don't want to hear it anyway."

"No, stop!" Jayde fought back.

A sharp smack echoed.

Bonian had spanked her.

Humiliated and furious, she snapped, "Let me go!"

"You just said talking's pointless, right? So what's your play now?" Bonian didn't stop.

Jayde's tears hit the floor like rain, each drop piercing Bonian's heart.

His hands slowed, softening without him realizing.

He'd told himself a thousand times: Jayde was a liar. Four years later, her tricks were sharper than ever.

Now, she was even dragging her sister into it.

If her brother-in-law was anyone else, he'd probably bolt at the sight of Emmie.

But seeing Jayde's tears—why did it mess with him so much?

"Bryan, I just remembered that diamond ring you got me," Emmie's voice called from upstairs. "Since neither of us wears it, maybe we should sell it?"

Her words cut into Jayde like a blade.

Her sister was ready to pawn her diamond ring to help pay for her kid's treatment.

And here she was, fighting with her brother-in-law downstairs.

She felt like nothing.

"Fine by me. Do what you want with it," Bonian said, shrugging it off.

Their marriage was just for show anyway.

No love, no need for a ring that screamed it.

Every time he saw that diamond, it reminded him of Jayde, their past, and his own stupidity.

Emmie lit up. "Thank you!"

Bonian didn't answer.

He leaned close to Jayde's ear, twisting the knife: "When I went with your sister to pick out wedding jewelry, she wanted cheap gold and a used diamond ring. I wondered why she cared so much about saving money. Turns out, it was for you."

A second-hand diamond ring!

Jayde's tears fell harder.

She was speechless. Emmie, why are you so kind—and so naive?

Bonian felt her trembling.

Everything he said circled back to Emmie.

“Speaking of which, how do you get your sister to buy into your act? You’re both Leungs, but you’re worlds apart. Sometimes she’s so gullible, I can’t even bring myself to mess with her.”

Truth was, he hadn’t touched Emmie—not even close.

Jayde didn’t know that.

Her imagination painted a worse picture than his words.

After what felt like forever, Bonian let her go, a smug look on his face.

He fixed his clothes and said, “Emmie set up a room for you right next to ours. Clean up tonight. I’ll swing by.”

Jayde’s eyes widened in fear.

Even with the villa’s soundproofing, it was just a wall between them. How much could it block?

Emmie was a light sleeper—a stray cat’s meow could wake her.

If she found out...

“Bonian, you’re insane,” Jayde spat, her face burning as she cursed him.

Bonian paused, then walked off.

He was a lunatic. Otherwise, he’d have moved on from Jayde years ago.

Plenty of women wanted him, but he couldn’t get past his own baggage.

Bonian headed upstairs to the study for a shower, then back to the bedroom, towel-drying his hair.

“Bryan, you sure you’re okay with me selling the ring?” Emmie asked, stepping over to help dry his hair.

She couldn’t shake the feeling that this guy was too good to be true.

All that money came from Bryan’s own pocket, earned through his hard work.

“Don’t care. Your sister’s sleeping next to us now. I got her a bedding set—she can use it tonight,” Bonian said, taking the hairdryer from her.

He preferred drying his own hair.

Emmie had thought about putting Jayde in the guest room, worried Bryan might not like her being so close.

Privacy matters, after all.

But she was surprised when he suggested it himself. "Seems like you like my sister."

"You're sisters. Having her close makes you happy," Bonian said with a smile.

It'd make him happy too.

It wasn't even bedtime, but he was already pumped for tonight's show.

Jayde was something to look forward to.

After drying his hair, Bonian didn't chat much and headed to the study to work. With nothing else to do, Emmie went downstairs to find Jayde. "Sis, let's get your room ready so you can crash."

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"Thanks, Emmie," Jayde said, forcing a smile.

She straightened up and followed Emmie upstairs, but each step shot pain through her waist.

Bonian had been brutal earlier, too caught up in his anger to care about her.

Emmie noticed and grabbed her arm. "Sis, is your back acting up again?"

"Yeah, something like that," Jayde mumbled.

Emmie's heart ached for her. "If you hadn't been killing yourself with side gigs these past few years, your back wouldn't be this bad. You had no choice back then, but now you've got Bryan and me. You don't have to carry it all alone."

Jayde couldn't find words for her pain.

Emmie thought Bryan's presence would ease her stress, but it only piled on more.

In the bedroom, Emmie opened the closet and pulled out a silk pajama set. "Bryan got this for you. He's not big on words, but he's thoughtful."

Bonian, not big on words?

That was the wildest thing Jayde had heard in her life.

He owned the courtroom, and back when they were together, he could get her heart racing with a few words. Even today, at the engagement party, he had her on edge with just a sentence.

How could anyone call that man bad with words?

Unless he just didn't bother with Emmie.

If that was true, with no real connection, how was their relationship even a thing?

Emmie had to be fooled by him.

Emmie didn't catch the worry in Jayde's eyes. She turned to make the bed, chatting about her love life. "He handles everything—hospital, doctor, prenatal checkups. Sometimes I wonder what I did to deserve someone this amazing."

"Emmie," Jayde cut in, unable to take it anymore.

Her voice shook. "You really think he's a good guy?"

"Sis, I get that you're worried, but I'm not a kid. I can tell if he's good to me. Stop asking me that. We're not head-over-heels or anything."

Emmie turned, grabbing Jayde's hands, her words firm and earnest.

Since meeting Bryan at the engagement party, Jayde kept circling back to this topic.

Emmie couldn't pin down her sister's fears, but one thing was clear.

No matter what, she was sticking with Bryan.

"You're right. You two are tight. It was out of line for me to say that," Jayde admitted, knowing she'd overstepped.

Sisters or not, she shouldn't meddle too much in Emmie's love life.

Push too hard, and Emmie would just push back.

All she could do now was deal with Bonian. If she played along and gave him what he wanted, maybe he'd ease up on her sister.

Jayde didn't know if it'd work, but she had to try.

After making the bed, Emmie hung out for a bit before heading to her room next door.

A wall away, Jayde could hear muffled voices but couldn't make out the words.

Her heart felt like it was in a vice, tightening with every second.

As time dragged on, her fear grew, every little noise outside making her jump.

Bonian said he'd come tonight, and he meant it.

Then came a knock at the door.

Jayde froze. The door was locked. If she stayed quiet and pretended to sleep, could she dodge him tonight?

Tomorrow's problems could wait.

Her phone buzzed, jarring in the silent room.

The knocking got louder.

She checked her phone—a text from Bonian: [I know you're awake. Open the door, or I'll knock louder. Maybe wake Emmie and invite her to the show.]

What kind of monster would let his wife's sister see them together? How could he be so cruel?

Jayde rushed to open the door, tears streaming. "Stop knocking, please."

"Weren't you playing possum just now?" Bonian didn't step inside.

He stood in the doorway, hand on her neck. "How about we do this in the hall?"

He dragged her to the next bedroom's door and pinned her against it.

Jayde's body went rigid.

Her sister was sleeping just behind that door, while she was out here with her so-called brother-in-law.

What Bonian was doing felt worse than a knife to the chest.

"Let's go back to my room—not here," Jayde pleaded, her limits crumbling.

Bonian leaned in close. "Give me one good reason to listen."

Wasn't his whole game about breaking her down to vent his rage?

Sobbing, Jayde said, "I'll go along with what you said at the engagement party."

"Which part?"

They both knew exactly what she meant.

But Bonian played dumb. "Spit it out. It's been years—you think I'm still the softie I was?"

“I’ll be your...” Jayde choked on the last word.

She bit her lip, shame and anger burning her face, tears hitting the floor.

Bonian waited, calm as ever, letting her stew.

Emmie’s voice came from inside: “Bryan?”

She was awake.

Jayde’s panic spiked. If Emmie came out and saw them like this?

She’d lose it—maybe worse.

Bonian got bolder. “Say it, or I’m opening this door.”

“Dog, okay? I’ll be your dog!” Jayde forced out the word.

Bonian got his win.

He scooped her up and carried her to the bed next door, leaving the door wide open.

Jayde scrambled to get up, but Bonian yanked her back. “Running? You ditched me four years ago, and now you’re trying to bolt again, right in my face? Who do you take me for?”

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“I’m not trying to run,” Jayde said quickly, her voice shaky. “I just want to close the door.”

No way she’d bolt now.

Bonian was already pissed at Emmie because of her. If she took off, it’d be like throwing Emmie under the bus.

She couldn’t do that.

“Did I say you could close it?” Bonian snapped, still not satisfied.

His fingers slid to Jayde’s collar and yanked, ripping it to shreds. “I didn’t say you could walk either. Remember how our old dog used to crawl on all fours?”

He paused, then sneered, “Or did you forget? Want me to pull up a video to jog your memory?”

“I didn’t forget,” Jayde said, shaking her head.

That dog held so many good memories for them—how could she?

The day his mom showed up, Jayde took the money and left. She wanted to take the dog, but they stopped her.

“This money’s life-changing for you—more than you’d ever earn. It’s pocket change for the Lepage family. You’ll never fit in with them, but the dog can. You really want it to suffer with you?”

Those words were burned into her mind.

She knew the gap between her and Bonian was too wide, so she let the dog go.

And she was right to.

These past few years, juggling work and her son had torn her apart. How could she have handled a dog too?

“How’s Donut doing?” Jayde asked, eyes red.

Donut was their snow-white Samoyed, cute as hell.

Bonian twisted the knife. “After you left, I sold him to a dog meat shop.”

“No way. You loved Donut, and you’re not strapped for cash,” Jayde said, not buying it.

Even if he was mad about her, he wouldn’t go that far.

“I’m not broke, but you were a cruel owner. You ditched me and didn’t even want him. What right do you have to care now?” Bonian’s grip tightened.

Jayde felt a mix of shame and something else, barely holding it together.

She clenched her teeth, trying not to make a sound.

But the tougher she got, the more Bonian wanted to break her.

Finally, a small noise slipped out.

Bonian just chuckled, saying nothing.

Jayde was mortified, wishing she could disappear into the floor.

She lost track of how long Bonian tormented her that night. It wasn’t until dawn that he let her go.

He shut the door, came back to the bed, and reached for her.

“What now?” Jayde asked, her voice thick with dread.

She was beyond exhausted, her back screaming in pain.

How did he have that kind of stamina?

Her words hit him like ice water, and Bonian's face darkened.

He'd just wanted to carry her to the bathroom for a bath.

She could barely move, and she'd complained about her back multiple times.

Now he felt like a jerk. Why should he care about Jayde?

Without a word, he stormed out, slamming the door.

Jayde lay there alone, tears soaking the pillowcase.

She cried until she was spent and fell into a deep sleep.

Bonian didn't sleep well either.

Back in the study, he took a cold shower, sat at his desk, and pulled a photo from the drawer.

He'd never tossed it. In the picture, they were pressed close, eyes full of love.

Now...

He hated Jayde, and she hated him right back. They couldn't stand each other, and logic screamed to stay away, but he couldn't.

Even if they just kept hurting each other, he'd take it.

The next morning, Emmie woke to an empty bed—no Bryan, not even a blanket.

She glanced over, got up, washed up, and went to Jayde's room.

She knocked, but there was no answer.

Something was off.

Even though they didn't live together, Emmie knew Jayde's routine—she was up by seven, no later.

It was almost nine now. Was she passed out?

Emmie's panic spiked. "Sis? You hear me? Sis?"

She couldn't just stand there.

She stepped back, ready to kick the door down, but after a few tries, Bonian came out of the study.

He rushed over, steadying her. "You're pregnant—don't do anything crazy."

"But Jayde hasn't gotten up. Something's wrong. I'm scared she's fainted," Emmie said, not mentioning it'd happened before.

Once, Jayde had collapsed while handing out flyers. A stranger called Emmie, and she raced over.

The doctor said malnutrition and low blood sugar. Lucky it was caught in time—fainting alone at home could've been bad.

How could she not freak out?

"She's just sleeping," Bonian said firmly.

He'd kept her up late, and knowing how much she hated him, she probably cursed him out in her head until dawn.

A few hours of sleep? No wonder she wasn't up.

Emmie didn't know that. The more she thought, the worse her panic got. "We're making all this noise, and she's not waking. That's not right. Should I call a locksmith?"

"No need. There's a spare key," Bonian said, grabbing it from the study and handing it to her.

When he'd renovated the house, he'd planned for Jayde to move in, so he made extra keys for every room.

If she locked him out, he'd just let himself in.

Emmie took the key, jammed it into the lock, and turned it a few times. The door swung open.

She rushed in, leaning close. "Sis?"

"What's wrong?" Jayde mumbled, eyes barely open.

She was bone-tired, wanting to pull the covers over her head and sleep forever.

Emmie touched her forehead—no fever. "You okay, Sis?"

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Jayde shook her head. "Just super tired."

“Then keep sleeping. I’m just glad you’re okay,” Emmie said, leaving quietly.

She went downstairs, made breakfast, set it on the table, and called Bonian to eat.

He’d done so much for her; she had to pull her weight too.

After breakfast, Bonian headed to work, and Emmie plopped on the couch to watch TV.

When Jayde finally woke up, she checked the time, scrambled to get ready, and rushed downstairs. “Emmie, I overslept. I gotta get to the hospital.”

“Hang on, I made you breakfast,” Emmie said, darting to the kitchen. “You can eat on the way. Skipping breakfast will mess with your stomach—you know you’ve got issues.”

She grabbed two packed meals. “One for you, one for Lele.”

“Thanks,” Jayde said, avoiding Emmie’s eyes.

She bolted from the villa, gulping fresh air outside.

If only Bonian would suddenly have a change of heart and let her go.

She knew it was a pipe dream.

It was late, and a bus had just passed. The next one was twenty minutes out.

Lele would be anxious alone in his hospital room.

Jayde bit the bullet and took a cab. After paying, her WeChat balance was down to a few bucks.

Not even enough for a decent meal for Lele.

Then the nurse showed up with a bill. “Ms. Leung, your son’s medical funds are gone, and you owe the hospital 500 dollars. Please pay it today.”

“Can you give me a few days?” Jayde pleaded.

She’d been running solo to the hospital since Lele got sick. Emmie helped sometimes, but the kid’s dad? Might as well be dead—he never showed.

The nurse felt for her, a single mom struggling. “I’m sorry, Ms. Leung, it’s hospital policy. If you can’t pay by today, your son will be discharged. At least cover the 500 you owe.”

“I get it. Thanks,” Jayde said, not pushing back.

She hated how useless she felt.

How was 500 dollars such a big deal at her age?

“Mom,” a small voice called from behind.

Jayde hurried over, soothing him. “Eat your food, Lele. Mom will figure out the money.”

“No,” Lele said, putting down his bun.

He looked at her, dead serious. “I want to check out. The medicine’s gross, and the shots hurt. I don’t want treatment anymore.”

“But if you stop, what then? Lele, you’re all I’ve got. I can’t lose you,” Jayde said, her heart breaking.

Her son was her only reason to keep going.

Without him, she might’ve jumped into a river years ago.

“Mom, you could have a healthy kid. One that doesn’t need all this care or cost so much. You wouldn’t be so tired,” Lele said, grabbing her hand.

His little face was full of guilt. “It’s my fault. I’m dragging you down.”

If it wasn’t for him, she wouldn’t be drowning in bills.

“No way, Lele. You’re my gift from God, my precious boy. You’re never a burden,” Jayde said, hugging him tight.

These years had been rough, but she’d never regretted having him.

He’d given her so much to hold onto.

“But the bills, Mom? I don’t want you so worn out,” Lele said, looking up, worried.

He was young, but he could see how hard money was to come by from his mom’s stress.

Jayde went quiet.

Even working part-time, it’d take two days to scrape together 500 dollars, and the hospital wouldn’t wait.

Plus, new bills were piling up faster than she could earn.

Unless she used that bank card.

It had over 200,000 dollars—enough to keep Lele in the hospital for a while. But it was Bonian’s money.

If she touched it, would he use it as an excuse to make her life hell?

She didn't know.

But she'd made up her mind to fight back. She'd pay the bill today, and Bonian could do whatever he wanted later.

"It's okay, baby. Mom's got money. I was late today because I went to the bank," Jayde said, standing.

Lele's eyes widened, confused. "Where'd you get it?"

"Your aunt lent it to me. Don't worry about the bills—just focus on getting better," Jayde said, comforting him before heading to the payment office.

She transferred every cent from the card to the hospital.

This was Bonian.

In a meeting, his phone pinged with a bank alert. He checked it—the card he'd given Emmie.

All 200,000 dollars, gone to a hospital.

Emmie had mentioned lending it to Jayde. Was Jayde the one who was sick?

What kind of illness cost that much?

Bonian's stomach dropped. He didn't care about the meeting and stood up.

Everyone stared.

"Meeting's canceled," he said, rushing out.

He'd just found Jayde again—he couldn't lose her like this.

On the way to the hospital, he blew through red lights, not caring about the fines.

He just needed to know what was wrong with her.

At the hospital, Jayde paid the bill and headed upstairs. In the elevator, she ran into Cameron Howell, her childhood neighbor.

He was leaner, sharper, his suit screaming success.

And her...

She gave a quick nod, then looked down, not in the mood to talk.

But Cameron wanted to catch up. “It’s been years. You’ve changed a lot since we were kids.”

“So have you. You’re doing great. I’m... not,” Jayde said, cutting it short.

The elevator opened, and she hurried out.

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Cameron followed. “Honestly, when I saw you last, you didn’t look good. If you need help, just say so. We go way back.”

He’d had a crush on Jayde as a kid.

When his family moved away, they lost touch, and he buried those feelings.

Now he had a girlfriend, so anything with Jayde was off the table, but for old times’ sake, he’d help if he could.

“Thanks, but I’m good. I can handle it,” Jayde said, stopping to thank him.

She was done owing people.

Cameron had his life; she had hers. She didn’t want to drag him into it.

“If it’s cool, can we just sit and talk for a bit?” Cameron asked.

Jayde nodded.

They caught up briefly. When he heard about her sick kid, Cameron frowned. “What about the dad? It’s not just your kid—how’s he leaving you to deal with this alone?”

“He doesn’t even know the kid exists,” Jayde said with a bitter smile. “If they knew, they’d have made me get rid of it.”

She meant Bonian’s parents.

Guys have it easy—they can have kids without a second thought.

They’d never let the Lepage heir have a mom like her.

From the moment she kept the baby, Jayde knew she’d be on her own, no help expected.

“You should’ve... not kept it,” Cameron said, blunt. “A single mom with a sick kid? That’s your whole life gone.”

He was thinking of her.

Jayde knew it too. “I still love him. This kid’s all I have left of him, my family. He’s here for a reason.”

Cameron didn’t know what to say.

He paused, then pulled out his phone. “Let’s swap contacts. I’m a teacher now—maybe your kid’ll be in my class someday.”

He showed his QR code, and Jayde couldn’t say no.

After adding him, she stood, said a few more words, and headed back to the ward.

Then Bonian showed up.

From a distance, he saw Jayde with a guy, chatting and smiling, and rage boiled inside him.

As he got closer, he heard her mention the kid.

So she used the 200,000 for prenatal care, planning to have some other guy’s baby?

Bonian’s face was pure fury. He grabbed her arm and yanked her back.

Jayde stumbled, barely catching herself.

“Who are you? There are cameras everywhere. You better watch yourself—don’t bully her in public!” Cameron said, rolling up his sleeves, ready to step in.

Bonian wasn’t fazed.

He’d been hitting the gym since college—first because Jayde liked abs, then it just stuck.

He loved the burn of a good workout.

Cameron? Not even a blip.

“Stop it, both of you,” Jayde said, stepping between them.

To Cameron, she said, “I know him. Go.”

“He was about to hurt you, and he’s got no manners. If I leave, he’ll go even further,” Cameron said, worried.

Every word was like gas on Bonian’s fire.

His jaw clenched.

He'd ditched a meeting, ran red lights, raced here because he was terrified something was wrong with Jayde.

And what did he find?

Her cozying up to some guy, who then had the nerve to threaten him.

"Jayde," he growled, the word dripping with menace.

"I'm fine, Cameron. Please, just go," Jayde begged.

Him staying would only make Bonian worse.

"Why so quick to ditch him? Let's all sit down, have a nice chat. Or I could grab some cards from the store next door, and we'll play a round of poker," Bonian said, his eyes shooting daggers at Cameron.

So Jayde had been with this guy for four years, pregnant with his kid?

Real classy.

While he was in agony, she was laughing it up. Nice.

"I've got nothing to say to you," Cameron shot back. "A real man uses his strength to protect women, not hurt them. Watch yourself."

Bonian laughed like it was the funniest thing he'd heard.

He turned to Jayde. "Am I a real man? You tell me."

Jayde was speechless, trapped.

Caught between two guys, she felt like the meat in a sandwich.

She couldn't cross Bonian. Cameron meant well, but she couldn't just snap at him to leave.

She kept trying to nudge him away gently.

To Bonian, it looked like she was still hung up on the guy.

After Cameron left, Bonian shoved Jayde into a chair and touched her stomach.

"Are you out of your mind? This is a hospital—people are everywhere. You two were loud enough to draw a crowd. You want to put on a show?" Jayde stammered, terrified.

She could deal with him in a hotel or at home.

But not here.

She wasn't that far gone.

"What kind of garbage is in your head? You think I'm as desperate as you, itching for a guy every second?" Bonian said, stopping short of anything extreme.

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Bonian's words cut like a knife, leaving Jayde humiliated with just a few sharp jabs.

She tried to explain, "There's nothing going on with us. We just ran into each other today and talked for a minute."

But Bonian cut her off. "Oh, really? So you've just been surrounded by guys for the last four years. A woman like you—pregnant and still clueless about who the dad is."

Jayde's body shook hard.

He could trash her all he wanted, but not her kid.

Not Lele.

"Bonian, you're the only man I've been with. Even if I were pregnant, the kid would only be—"

"You saying it's mine?" Bonian locked eyes with her, his voice cold. "I remember the night before you left. I asked what you'd do if you got pregnant, and you didn't blink—you said you'd get an abortion."

He'd been ready to marry her if she was pregnant.

His parents could kick and scream, but marriage didn't need their approval—just their IDs at the courthouse. They'd be legal, a happy family of three when the kid arrived.

His folks would come around eventually, or he'd cut them off.

But Jayde's words back then slapped him awake. She'd chosen abortion without a second thought, and now she was feeding him this crap.

"Your lies are pathetic. You think I'll buy this sob story, feel bad, and play daddy to your kid so we can live happily ever after?"

"I'm not asking for that. I just want you to leave me alone. If you think I'm such a lowlife, then let me go—pretend I'm some rat in the gutter," Jayde pleaded, out of options.

That was the one thing Bonian wouldn't do.

"No chance. You're coming with me—now," he said, grabbing her arm. "You swiped my card. Pay it back."

He didn't care about the 200 grand.

If Jayde was using it for her own medical bills or blowing it on designer bags, he wouldn't blink.

But using it for some other guy's kid's prenatal care? No way he was that big-hearted.

"You lent me that money—you can't take it back," Jayde said, panic rising.

Lele needed that money to stay in treatment. If she gave it back, he'd be kicked out of the hospital.

She'd lost everything else—she couldn't lose her son.

Bonian smirked. "Lent? That money was for your sister's prenatal care. She gave it to you, fine, but don't expect her to skip her checkups or go without pain relief at delivery."

"Bonian!" Jayde couldn't believe how cold he'd become.

"That's your own kid! How can you skip prenatal care? What if something's wrong with the baby?"

Taking care of Lele had drained her completely.

His condition wasn't caught during prenatal checks, and once he was born, there was no turning back.

But Emmie was pregnant now—she needed regular checkups to catch any problems.

"Emmie's always raving about how thoughtful you are, how you lined up her doctor. And now you're saying this? Aren't you worried she'll hear you?"

"I don't care if she knows about us, so why would I care about this? Jayde, get your head straight. Even if Emmie knows everything, she's not going anywhere," Bonian said, oozing confidence.

Jayde knew he never made empty boasts.

If he said it, he had Emmie locked down.

Her head spun. "I did what you wanted last night. I'll keep playing along tonight. I—"

"I'm a lawyer, not a guy who picks up used goods. Especially not ones tagged with a 200-grand price. What, you studded with diamonds now?" Bonian cut her off.

Didn't his heart ache saying that?

They were just tearing each other apart.

Everything he said was true to him. Four years ago, after Jayde left, he tracked her down. Found photos of her with other guys.

Even a video with sound.

He wanted to believe it was fake, but there wasn't a trace of editing.

How could what he saw with his own eyes be a lie?

If she did it, she'd better own it.

Jayde's vision went dark, and she collapsed backward.

Bonian's arms moved faster than his brain, catching her tight.

Then he snapped out of it, let go, and watched her hit the floor. "Stop faking it. You pull this faint act every time I bring this up. You're no actress—should've gone to Hollywood."

Jayde didn't move.

Panic hit Bonian hard. His shaking hand checked her nose—she was breathing.

He scooped her up and shouted, "Help! Someone's fainted!"

Medics rushed her to the ER on a stretcher, Bonian trailing behind.

It was a false alarm.

The doctor came with the report. "Your girlfriend's fine—just low blood sugar, no big deal. But come on, man, you're her boyfriend. Look how thin she is—get her to eat. These girls are killing themselves to stay skinny."

Bonian didn't correct the "girlfriend" bit.

"What about the baby?" he asked.

"Baby? There's no baby," the doctor said, confused. "Her blood test shows she's not pregnant. Home tests can be off—hospital blood work doesn't lie."

Now Bonian was lost.

If Jayde wasn't pregnant, why was she talking about a kid? What kid?

And 200 grand in medical bills—no one drops that kind of cash at a hospital for nothing.

“I need her medical records,” Bonian said. “She just paid 200 grand here—what’s it for?”

Chapter 758

The doctor nodded to a nurse. “nurse, take him to the cashier to check.”

It was the nurse who handled Lele’s rounds.

She felt for Jayde and Lele, and assuming Bonian was the dad, she spilled, “It’s tough for her, raising a sick kid alone, working multiple jobs to cover the bills.”

“I told her to upgrade to a VIP ward—two beds, one for family to stay—but she said it’s too pricey.”

Bonian’s chest tightened.

So Jayde’s been struggling this hard.

But who’s the kid?

If it’s his...

No, no way.

Jayde left him for money, cut all ties. Why would she have his kid?

At the cashier, the nurse gave Lele’s name and ward number. Bonian got the medical records.

Shock didn’t cover it.

Lele’s illness was that bad? So many meds?

“I want to see the kid,” Bonian said, shutting the record book.

The nurse nodded. “Left to the elevator, fifth floor. After you get off, turn right, a few steps.”

It wasn’t far, but Bonian’s steps dragged.

At the ward door, his heart pounded as he gripped the knob, pushed, and stepped in.

Lele looked up, expecting his mom, his face bright—then it fell when he saw Bonian. “Who’re you?”

Bonian searched Lele’s face for a trace of himself.

Nothing.

Everyone always said Lele was all Jayde—her nose, her mouth.

“I’m an old friend of your mom’s. Where’s your dad?” Bonian asked, testing.

Kids don’t lie, right? Whatever Lele said, he’d believe.

But Lele didn’t know him—friend or foe? No way he’d answer.

He’d dealt with this before.

Raising him alone, Jayde sometimes had to drag Lele to her side gigs.

Once, a shady guy tried to bribe him with candy to get his mom’s number or lure him away.

Lele wasn’t dumb.

Unless his mom was there, he wasn’t saying a word.

“I don’t buy it. If you know my mom, where is she? Don’t lie to me!” Lele sat up, defiant.

Bonian almost laughed, seeing a little porcupine bristling.

“Your mom’s downstairs. She’ll be up soon,” he said, softening.

“Then we’ll wait for her,” Lele shot back, eyes narrowing.

Bonian pulled out his phone, showing a photo. “See this? That’s your mom, right?”

Lele glanced and nodded.

“Now you believe me? We go way back.”

“But... photos can be faked. How do I know it’s real?” Lele said, wary.

Bonian blinked. “You’re a kid, and you know about Photoshop?”

He had no clue how much crap Jayde faced raising Lele alone. Creeps trying to scam her kid to get to her, fake photos used as threats.

Lele had seen more than most kids his age.

“I’ve got a video too. Check it—if it’s edited, you’ll spot it,” Bonian said, scrolling through his phone.

Lele finally bought it.

If this guy was his mom's friend, no need to be on guard.

He answered Bonian's question. "I don't have a dad."

"Never?"

"Yeah. He didn't want us. Mom's raised me since I was born, so I don't want him either. Just her," Lele said.

He'd wondered about a dad before.

But every time it came up, his mom cried quietly. So he stopped asking.

She loved him, was there every day. His dad? Never showed, didn't even know what he looked like.

Clearly, his dad didn't care about them, so Lele didn't need him—just his mom.

"Any other guys around your mom lately?" Bonian pressed.

The door swung open, and Jayde rushed in.

Seeing Bonian, her blood ran cold. Why was he here?

She'd wanted to keep Lele a secret forever.

If Bonian knew she'd had his kid in secret, he'd take him away. He hated her that much.

The Lepage family could strip her custody, and she'd never see Lele again.

Maybe not others, but Bonian? A top lawyer? If he wanted it, he'd make it happen.

"Jayde, I underestimated you. You actually had a kid," Bonian said, stepping closer.

He leaned in, whispering so only she could hear, "Who's the dad?"

It was the kindest he could be, keeping it from Lele.

"Tell me the truth, or I'll show your son those photos on my phone. Let him see who his mom really is."

Jayde hadn't done anything to betray him, let alone taken photos.

But if Bonian was threatening her like this, he had something—fake or not. She didn't want Lele seeing it.

"Bonian, please. He's only three," Jayde begged, voice breaking.

Bonian's face grew colder.

Chapter 759

They'd been apart four years, and the kid was over three. If Lele was his, Jayde wouldn't struggle to say it.

Maybe she left without a word because she was pregnant with someone else's kid.

"Who's the dad? That guy you were cozying up to earlier, or someone else?" Bonian kept at it.

Jayde had no words.

She stayed silent.

Bonian's patience was wearing thin. "You care about your son, don't want him seeing you like this—so just tell me. Why won't you?"

Was the guy's identity that hard to spit out?

Was she some married man's side piece?

Bonian's mind raced, and Lele piped up from the bed. "Mom, Uncle, what're you talking about?"

"Nothing, buddy. This is Mom's friend. We were talking shop," Jayde said, forcing a smile.

Lele was fighting his illness every day, in enough pain. She'd carry this crap alone.

No need to drag him into it.

"Work stuff?" Bonian gave her a look. "No wonder you don't know the dad. Got knocked up on the job."

Jayde caught the venom in his words.

Back then, Bonian would've never hurt her like this. He'd wince if she got a splash of oil while cooking.

They could never go back.

"Mom, you and this uncle work together?" Lele asked, not getting the adult drama.

He just took it at face value—people talking work must be coworkers.

Bonian's face darkened to coal.

Jayde was selling herself to get by. If they were “coworkers,” what did that make him?

Some gigolo?

If it wasn’t a three-year-old saying it, he’d have lost it.

Lele’s tone warmed up. “Uncle, my mom works hard. Can you give her an easier job? Or one that pays more?”

If one gig covered the bills, she wouldn’t need so many side hustles.

Bonian scoffed.

He turned to Jayde. “This the kid you raised?”

She’d crushed him, left him with four years of sleepless nights and a depression diagnosis. Anytime her name came up, he’d drop everything to find her.

All he got was let-down after let-down.

The last time, he flew abroad, landed, and got a call from his dad—his grandma, who adored him, was gone.

He was stuck overseas, no way to make it back for her final moments.

He still didn’t find Jayde.

When he got back to Craggaville, his mom sent him an audio clip. It’s still buried in his phone.

Jayde had done so much damage, and now she thought a kid’s words would soften him?

Was she still dreaming?

“Kids say whatever. He doesn’t get it—don’t hold it against him,” Jayde said, shaking her head.

All she wanted was to stay far from Bonian, never see him again.

She didn’t want his help or anything to do with him.

Lele looked confused.

“I’ve got a case to handle at the office. I’ll be home in three hours. Jayde, you better be there when I walk in, or I know your son’s ward and your sister’s whereabouts. Where you gonna run?” Bonian said, leaving.

He used to have just one leverage point—Jayde. Now he had two.

Perfect.

In his hand was a hair he'd pulled, follicle and all.

Deep down, he knew Lele probably wasn't his.

But he had to try.

In the ward, Jayde hugged Lele tight, tears falling silently. "Did he do anything to you?"

"Nope. He just asked who my dad was. I thought he was bad news at first, but he showed me a photo with you, smiling so happy," Lele said, spilling his thoughts.

Jayde's tears flowed harder.

The day she took that check, she deleted all their old photos. Keeping them only hurt more.

But Bonian kept his.

He hated her now as much as he'd loved her then.

"Mom, why're you crying?" Lele grabbed a tissue from the bedside, wiping her face. "Did that uncle hurt you? If you don't like him, I'll never see him again. If he comes back, I'll tell him to get lost!"

"No, no, you can't do that," Jayde said, shaking her head fast.

Bonian was vindictive.

He hated her, and he'd take it out on Lele. If Lele pushed back, who knew what he'd do?

"Don't cross him. Let him come if he wants. If he hurts you, hit the bedside bell, get the nurse, and tell me," Jayde said, careful.

Lele nodded, his view of Bonian souring.

His mom was the only good thing in the world.

At the Lepage family estate, a refined woman sat on a sofa, holding an enameled cup of top-grade Longjing tea.

The butler stood by, reporting respectfully.

"They're back together?" Mrs. Lepage slammed her cup on the coffee table.

Her face twisted with disgust. "Jayde's pregnant? That woman's shameless. She'll do anything to weasel into the Lepage family."

Years ago, she'd written a fat check to cut Jayde off clean. Jayde took the money but had a kid in secret.

That was a straight-up betrayal of their deal.

Chapter 760

"Madam, the young master's getting a paternity test," the butler reported.

Mrs. Lepage swiped her teacup off the table, shattering it on the floor with a sharp crash.

"Fantastic, just great! Once that report comes back, Jayde'll probably drag her sick kid into my house and demand I let her marry him!"

She'd always looked down on Jayde.

A nobody from nowhere—how could she help the Lepage family?

And her genes? Trash. Her kid's so sick, racking up medical bills at this age.

The Lepage family could cover it, sure, but Bonian was set to inherit.

Let a frail kid be the Lepage heir? Not a chance.

"Butler, I don't care if that kid's Boyan's or not. The paternity test better say it isn't," Mrs. Lepage ordered, her eyes narrowing. "Screw this up, and you're done here."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll handle it," the butler said, scrambling.

Even with plans in motion, Mrs. Lepage wasn't at ease.

She tracked down Jayde and set a meeting at a café.

When they met, Mrs. Lepage plopped her Himalayan crocodile-skin bag on the table.

Jayde could work her whole life and never afford it.

Mrs. Lepage's designer outfit and glittering jewelry—necklace, bracelets—were worth a fortune.

Jayde, in faded jeans and a cheap top, maybe 200 dollars total from a discount store, looked out of place.

She sat stiffly. "Mrs. Lepage, you wanted to see me?"

"I hear you and Boyan are back together, Miss Liang. That's not how this works. You took my money—you're supposed to keep your word. Cross me, and you'll regret it," Mrs. Lepage said, her calm tone laced with menace.

Jayde struggled to respond. "I didn't mean to run into him."

How could she have guessed Bonian would target her sister, get her pregnant, and get engaged?

He clearly wasn't letting her go.

But she couldn't say that—Mrs. Lepage wouldn't care.

Mrs. Lepage didn't even let her talk. Smiling, she said, "So you're saying my son's chasing you? Should I, his mom, apologize to you?"

"No, Mrs. Lepage, that's not what I meant," Jayde said, shaking her head fast.

She wouldn't dare make someone like Mrs. Lepage bow to her—she wasn't suicidal.

"No misunderstandings here. I trust my own eyes. Here's your son's medical record," Mrs. Lepage said, pulling out the original, not a copy.

She'd been to the hospital.

Jayde's heart raced. "Mrs. Lepage, please, don't hurt my son. I'll leave Bonian. I'll go abroad, far away. We'll never cross paths again."

"I thought sending you away before would make him move on. It didn't. He's still hung up on you," Mrs. Lepage said, ignoring her.

It didn't matter who found who—Bonian still cared.

Sending Jayde away again wouldn't cut it.

What you can't have always haunts you.

She could block Jayde now, but forever? If they met again, sparks would fly.

"Make him hate you. Make him give up. Do that, and I'll cover Lele's medical bills and your living expenses for life. Fail, and neither of you needs to stick around," Mrs. Lepage said, sealing their fate in a few words.

If she wanted Lele gone, she had endless ways, and Jayde couldn't stop her.

As an ordinary person, Jayde was no match for the Lepage family.

Her only shot was doing what Mrs. Lepage wanted—making Bonian hate her.

But he already despised her and still wouldn't let go. What could she do?

"You've got three months. After that, Bonian's coming home to arrange a marriage, and you two better be done. My patience is thin. Coffee's on me today," Mrs. Lepage said, grabbing her bag and leaving.

Jayde sat frozen, alone.

The two coffees on the table sat untouched—she wasn't in the mood.

Mrs. Lepage's words replayed in her head.

Emmie was set to marry him in three months. Just thinking about it, Jayde knew Bonian would stage some unforgettable drama for her and Emmie on the wedding day.

Three months was all she had.

She lingered in the café until Bonian's warning snapped her back. She rushed out.

A bus stop was right outside. Jayde wavered between a bus or cab but picked the bus.

Money was tight—a cab would clean her out.

After getting off, she jogged the rest of the way.

Still, she was two minutes late getting home.

Bonian was already on the couch, Emmie beside him, laughing about something.

"Sis, you're back! Try this fruit I peeled," Emmie said, spotting Jayde.

She slid the fruit plate over. "How's Lele?"

"He's good," Jayde said, dodging details with Bonian there.

She wanted to change the topic, but Emmie pulled a card from her bag. "I sold my jewelry today. The money's here—use it for Lele's treatment. Mid-month, Bryan gets paid. We'll keep 2,000 for bills and lend you the rest."

"How much more does Lele need?" Bonian cut in.

Emmie sighed. "A lot. His condition's rough. The drugs are new, from overseas—not covered by insurance, all out of pocket."

Otherwise, Jayde wouldn't be this stressed. No matter how hard she worked, she couldn't keep up.