

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 786

Bonian grabbed his keys and walked out. His assistant called after him.

"Lawyer Lepage, where to? I'll adjust your schedule."

"Cancel everything this afternoon," Bonian said, already heading to the parking lot.

In the car, he cursed under his breath.

What was he doing?

Chasing Jayde because of a few words?

After battling with himself, he gave in. He had to see for himself.

Not far off, inside a black car, two rough-looking men watched. One nudged the other.

"That him?"

The guy, mid-text, looked up and spotted Bonian stepping into his sleek ride. His jaw clenched.

"Yeah. His defense wrecked my kid's case. Gave him a heavy sentence. I'd recognize that bastard anywhere."

"He's alone—this is perfect."

They nodded. The driver pulled out quietly, trailing Bonian. The passenger pulled out his phone and called for backup.

The café was tucked in an alley, hard to find. Bonian pulled up, scanning the place.

Jayde wasn't there.

His lips curled in frustration, brow furrowed.

Another lie?

Anger surged, but just as he turned, Jayde stepped out from behind him.

She didn't know what Emmie had planned, but she took a step forward. "You actually came?"

"Last night you threatened the cops, and now this?" Bonian sneered. "Jayde, what's your angle?"

"I..." She hesitated, at a loss for words.

After a moment, she motioned toward the café. "Let's talk inside."

Bonian didn't budge. His gaze narrowed. "Why bring me here? What do you want?"

"Just to talk..." Jayde said quietly.

Talk? After all these years, there was no warmth left—just chaos.

They were practically enemies now.

"Is messing with people your thing?" Bonian snapped, sick of the games. He turned to leave.

Panic struck Jayde. If he left now, Lele could be in danger. She grabbed his arm. "Don't go!"

He scoffed. "Don't go? What do you want from me?"

She couldn't answer. Couldn't explain.

Bonian started to pull away, but she clung tighter, refusing to let go.

"Fine, stay. Beg me. Tell me everything you've hidden all these years," he said.

"I'm begging," Jayde said, biting her lip.

A screech of brakes tore through the air. A van pulled up fast, and several burly men jumped out.

Bonian instantly sensed the danger. He shoved Jayde behind him. "Run!"

It clicked for her—these men weren't here for her. They were after Bonian. A high-profile lawyer like him was bound to have enemies.

Before she could move, the attackers swarmed.

Bonian fought back, fast and skilled, but there were too many. They'd come prepared.

The café parking lot turned into a war zone—fists flying, voices shouting. Jayde stood frozen, heart hammering.

Then a knife flashed—heading straight for Bonian.

Without thinking, she threw herself into the path.

Bonian hadn't expected that. He caught her as she collapsed, clutching his hand, her voice weak.

"Bonian... please... save Lele..."

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Jayde woke in the hospital.

She texted Emmie immediately.

[Emmie, I should be the one to die. Take my life instead. Please don't hurt Lele. He's innocent. He's your favorite.]

Emmie was spiraling, and Jayde had to hit where it hurt most—her heart.

But Emmie didn't care.

Her baby was gone.

Jayde and Bonian's kid was safe.

If Jayde had ever really seen her as a sister, she would've told the truth from the start—warned her about Bonian.

Instead, Jayde stayed silent and let Emmie fall for him.

Now Emmie had nothing.

No baby. No Bonian.

And Jayde was to blame.

Even in death, Emmie wanted her to suffer the same pain.

“Auntie, how long are we staying here? I miss Mom. Did I do something wrong? Why’re you mad at me?” Lele asked.

Kids always know when something’s off.

Ever since Emmie took him, he’d felt the shift.

Her conscience wavered.

He was innocent.

“Lele... if your mom and I stopped talking forever, would you still talk to me?” Emmie asked quietly.

She could turn her back on Jayde—but Lele? He’d always been her soft spot.

Her favorite.

Back in school, she’d rush home just to feed him, care for him.

Any money she had went straight to his hospital bills.

He was her little angel.

He’d lie on her belly and talk to her baby, dreaming up their future.

She thought he’d say “sister.”

But Lele smiled brightly and said, “Auntie, I hope it’s a brother. He’ll grow up and protect you.”

There’d never been a brother—for either of them. After their mom died, their dad spiraled into drinking and gambling. They’d both suffered.

If Jayde hadn't dropped out, Emmie never would've made it this far.

But Jayde fell for Bonian.

Emmie pitied her... but she also hated her—for hiding the truth.

If she'd known, she could've walked away.

"Auntie, don't be sad. I know everything. I don't want you and Mom to fight. If you're mad, I'll—" Lele started.

"Don't say that! I'd never let anything happen to you," Emmie snapped, her voice breaking.

Tears welled in Lele's eyes.

He reached out and wiped hers away. "Auntie, Mom and I just want you to be happy. Please don't cry..."

"But Lele... there's no baby in my belly anymore. And your mom and I... we can't go back. I can't be strong like I used to be..."

## **Chapter 787**

That baby had been her only tie to Bonian.

Then his call came—completely unexpected.

Emmie answered immediately, stepping away so Lele wouldn't see her break down.

Bonian's voice was cold. "Emmie, I used a fake name to get close, but I never meant to hurt you. That baby wasn't mine."

It hit like a slap.

If it wasn't his... then whose?

Bonian had been there that night.

Then came the video—those sick men...

It all made sense now.

Bonian had waited until now to tell her—only to stop her from hurting Lele. But that baby had been her whole world. She would've protected it with her life.

Even if she was falling apart, she would never kill her own child.

How had someone like Bonian ever ended up in her life?

All because of Jayde.

He used her. He wouldn't even give her his real name.

Everything she'd done—he faked it all. Sometimes he didn't even bother hiding his disgust.

Emmie took a breath. "Can we meet one last time? I just want to say some things in person."

Bonian saw the point in giving her closure. "Fine."

"Three days from now," she said, naming the time.

She hung up.

Bonian told Jayde, who lay in her hospital bed, pale and weak. But when she heard, she smiled faintly.

Emmie was softening. Because of her bond with Lele, she wouldn't hurt him.

Bonian saw the light in Jayde's face, and something stirred in his chest.

Jayde—his dream, his hate, his everything. She'd taken a knife for a child that wasn't even his.

Esteban's words echoed: *Love her, love her kid. Why not?*

But he was still angry. "Jayde, you left me for four million. Look at you now—was it worth it?"

She hadn't expected that.

Regret?

That money had cleared their dad's debts. Brought a bit of peace.

Without it, things might've turned out even worse.

But some messes don't have a clean explanation.

"Bonian, what's the point of asking? We're done," she said, blunt.

"Funny—you think I'm still into you? You're not some goddess, Jayde. The world's full of women," he snapped, seething.

Her words had stung—was she implying she had better options?

Was he the only one still hung up?

“I know,” she said calmly. “I don’t expect you to care. I’m just being honest. I liked you—but the four million meant more.”

She choked on the truth, lying to push him away.

Four million...

As “Bryan,” his mom had made him spend plenty.

As Bonian, money was nothing.

Her words cut deep.

Bonian felt like a fool. “Need more money? Just ask. Cuddling up to me’s gotta be easier than chasing another four million.”

His eyes—raw with grief—looked like they were begging her to deny it.

She hadn’t forgotten all he’d done, but before she could answer, the door slammed open.

Mrs. Lepage walked in, her presence sharp as a knife.

Jayde knew right away—this wouldn’t end well.

She stayed silent, bracing herself.

Mrs. Lepage stood near the doorway, distant but deliberate. “Jayde, I paid four million to get you out of my son’s life. That wasn’t a loan or a break. It was permanent. Name your price.”

She wanted Bonian to see it—to watch Jayde sell him out all over again.

Jayde hadn’t expected this.

Her chest tightened. Her heart felt like it was being crushed.

But she had no way out.

“Four million back then,” she said slowly. “Lawyer Lepage’s worth more now. But since we already had a deal... six million, and I’ll disappear. Even if you want me dead.”

She didn’t even look at Bonian.

Every word was carefully chosen.

His face darkened. His eyes were like ice.

She had betrayed him. Right to his face.

“You really that obsessed with money?” he growled, grabbing her wrist, not caring about her injuries.

No one had ever pushed him this far. No one had ever cut this deep.

Jayde buried her pain. She knew he was furious, but Mrs. Lepage had left her no choice. If she didn’t play along, it’d be worse.

Some people were never meant to meet. Without Bonian, she’d have fewer scars.

She faced Mrs. Lepage directly. “You set the terms. I named the price. Why hesitate?”

Mrs. Lepage hadn’t expected her to be so bold in front of Bonian.

With all his wealth, Jayde could’ve begged him instead. But she didn’t.

She stuck to the script.

What could Mrs. Lepage even say?

She turned to Bonian with a smug smirk. “See? That’s the woman you’d die for. You mean nothing to her.”

Bonian’s heart was already torn to shreds. His mother’s words were the final twist of the knife.

How was he supposed to take it?

“Shut up! Both of you!” he roared. “Jayde, you’ll pay a hundred times over for this pain. This is all garbage. And you—” he snapped at his mom, “—stop trying to break me!”

## **Chapter 788**

Jayde bit her lip, her face pale from blood loss, a mocking smile playing on her lips. “I know my place, Lawyer Lepage. How could I possibly hurt you now?”

Bonian’s chest tightened, like a boulder was crushing it. He couldn’t spit out his rage or swallow it either.

His eyes narrowed, cold as ice. “You really are something, Jayde.”

Mrs. Lepage watched their tense exchange, looking smug. “She’d dump you for pocket change. Why bother chasing her?”



“Enough,” Bonian said, voice flat, eyes calm like nothing had happened. “No more money for her. She’s not worth it.”

He shot Jayde a cold glare.

Mrs. Lepage beamed. “Good. Now you’re thinking straight. If you want a real wife, the city’s full of decent women.”

“We’ll talk later,” Bonian said, his voice icy as he strode out.

Jayde watched them leave, holding her breath until she finally collapsed by the bed.

Her wound, barely patched up, throbbed with every move—like needles stabbing into her.

Lele was still with Emmie—how could she rest? She forced herself up, desperate to leave and call Emmie.

She took full responsibility for everything. Lele was innocent.

As she stumbled out, a strong hand caught her.

“Careful,” a warm voice said.

“Thanks,” Jayde muttered, brushing the hand away, her head lowered.

As she moved to leave, the man stopped her. “Jayde?”

His voice sparked with surprise, joy, and a sense of reunion.

She looked up, her pale face confused.

A handsome man stood there—sharp brows, bright eyes, neatly combed dark hair. His white coat looked crisp and professional.

Familiar, but her mind went blank. “You...”

He tapped his name tag. “Fernando. Ring a bell?”

Her memory flashed back years. Fernando, the med school star—charming, brilliant. They’d danced at a college party. She’d written him off as a nerd, but his wit had surprised her.

Jayde forced a smile. “Yeah, I remember.”

Fernando grinned playfully. “Guess I wasn’t all that memorable if my junior forgot me.”

Jayde wasn’t in the mood for small talk. “Come on, Senior. It’s been years. My memory’s rusty.”

"No way," Fernando said, still smiling. "You were the law school goddess. You could memorize massive legal codes without blinking."

He paused, his grin softening. "I guess we just lost touch."

"I've got to go," Jayde said, avoiding his eyes, trying to walk away.

Fernando grabbed her arm. "You're a patient. You can't just leave. Let me check you over."

"I'm fine," she insisted, trying to pull away.

But her injury drained her strength—she was weak as a kitten.

Fernando gently guided her back to the ward and began examining her, focused and calm. "I've been to every class reunion and never saw you. Did you go abroad?"

Jayde shook her head. "Life's been messy. Not much to say."

"If you ever need anything, I'm here," Fernando said, his voice full of genuine concern.

Time hadn't changed her face much, but her eyes were tired. Her spark was dim. She'd been through a lot.

Jayde stayed quiet, then shook her head. "I'm good, Senior."

"You a lawyer now?" Fernando asked.

The question hit a nerve.

Jayde choked down the emotion and forced a faint smile. "How's my wound?"

Sensing her discomfort, Fernando didn't press. He checked the injury. "You've torn it again."

"No wonder it hurts," Jayde muttered, face pale.

"Still as stubborn as ever," Fernando said gently. "Keep it dry. Let it heal."

Jayde nodded, forcing another smile. "Thanks, Senior."

"Out for one minute and already cozying up to a doctor?" Bonian's voice snapped from the doorway, his gaze full of contempt.

Jayde hadn't noticed him enter. Her stomach clenched.

Fernando turned, their eyes locking—tension thick in the air.

After a beat, Fernando said, "She's a patient. Why come at her like that?"

Bonian's brow twitched. "That's none of your business."

"You don't respect her?" Fernando pressed.

"Does she deserve it?" Bonian sneered.

Fernando's jaw tightened, stepping up for Jayde.

Seeing where this was heading, Jayde jumped between them. "No need for this. It's great catching up, but I'm really swamped. Another time."

Fernando looked at her pale face, then stepped back, reluctantly. "Alright. I won't lose your number again."

The door clicked shut.

Bonian tilted his head with a mocking smirk. "A doctor, huh? Elite catch. Still grabbing every lifeline you can?"

"Do you have to be such a jerk?" Jayde clutched her chest, gasping. "He's just an old classmate."

"All you ever see is profit, right? Does love even matter to you?" Bonian growled, lifting her chin with a tight grip.

"Go on, say it."

"Just classmates," Jayde said weakly. "Lawyer Lepage's this worked up? Sounds like jealousy to me."

"Keep dreaming," Bonian snapped, teeth clenched.

Jayde didn't believe it—she just wanted to shift his attention off Fernando.

She pushed his hand away, but pain shot through her wound. Sweat beaded on her forehead.

## **Chapter 789**

Jayde gasped, doubling over.

"Quit faking," Bonian snapped, his words like a slap.

She couldn't straighten up, her teeth clenched from the pain radiating from her wound.

Sweat dripped down her brow, soaking into the pale bedsheets.

"Bonian, I'm not scheming," she said, her voice faint but firm. "I just want my son."

His eyes flickered, softening for a split second. “Get better first.”

Then he turned and left.

Jayde sank onto the bed, completely drained.

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Emmie drove south, road signs blurring past, no clue where she was. The stretch of highway was deserted, the sun still up, but not a soul in sight.

Lele rubbed his eyes. “Auntie, where are we?”

Emmie snapped back, her face pale from blood loss. “Somewhere fun.”

Lele yawned. “I’m so sleepy. My eyes won’t stay open.”

“I’ll find you a place to rest soon,” she said gently.

Lele nodded, clutched his toy, and dozed off in the seat.

She found a motel and carried Lele to a room.

Once he was asleep, she grabbed a bottle of pills and swallowed a few. The chill in her bones eased.

Holding her phone with trembling hands, she hesitated to turn it on. Leaning against the bed, watching the sun set, she slowly drifted off.

Lele’s murmurs woke her around midnight. “Don’t touch my aunt and mom...”

Emmie’s eyes snapped open, scanning the quiet room.

Lele was restless, probably dreaming.

Guilt washed over her. She tucked him in gently, brushing his cheek—burning hot.

Was he sick? She checked his forehead, then her own. He was burning up.

No medicine.

She rushed to the front desk with Lele in her arms. “My kid’s got a fever. Any clinics nearby?”

“There’s one in town,” the receptionist said, perking up. “End of the road, turn right. You’ll see the sign.”

“Thank you,” Emmie said, heart racing. She soothed Lele. “Hang on, buddy. We’ll find a doctor.”

She ran through the night, sweating, holding him close. But the clinic was dark.

She banged on the door. “Help! My kid has a high fever!”

No answer.

She tried the neighboring house—nothing.

“Lele, wake up,” she begged. “Please. Don’t do this.”

A car pulled up in the dark. Footsteps crunched on gravel.

A tall man stepped from the shadows.

Emmie looked up, tears streaming, and recognized him—the guy who exposed Bryan as Bonian.

“What do you want?” she snapped, glaring at him.

“Happy being lied to?” he said coldly.

“If the truth hurts, I’d rather—” Emmie stopped, choking on her words.

“Don’t kid yourself,” he said, shaking his head.

“What’s your game?” Emmie asked, staring into his half-hidden eyes, trying to read him.

“You in?” he asked.

She didn’t answer.

Her life was in shambles. How could she agree to anything?

He read her hesitation. “Without Lele, Jayde’s finished.”

Her eyes snapped to Lele—so small, so fragile. Her heart ached.

“No,” she said firmly. “I need a doctor. Now. Know a hospital?”

“Still got a conscience,” he said, eyes narrowing. “We could work together.”

“What do you want?” she asked, guarded.

“Mutual benefit,” he replied flatly.

"I haven't decided," she said.

"No rush." He tossed her a card with just a number. "Call when you're ready."

Emmie took it and tucked it into her pocket.

He turned, then paused. "I called the nearest hospital. They'll be here in thirty. Kid's fate's up to luck now."

Emmie clutched Lele, fury and grief swirling in her chest.

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Jayde, stuck in the hospital, called Emmie nonstop—but nothing.

It was like Emmie had vanished.

Lele's fragile health haunted her. One slip, and it could all go wrong.

As she paced the room, a gentle voice broke through. "You haven't healed yet. Stop pushing yourself."

Jayde turned—it was Fernando. She forced a smile. "I'm fine."

"You're too stubborn. Infections are no joke," he said, setting down a tray of light food from the cafeteria. "Try this."

The spread was simple, but warm and thoughtful.

Jayde hesitated. "I don't deserve this. I'll manage. But thank you."

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**"I'm your doctor. Taking care of you is my job,"** Fernando said, brushing off her concern.

He handed her chopsticks. "Eat."

Jayde hadn't felt hungry until now. But she couldn't say no. Without strength, how could she possibly find Lele?

She reached for the food—but then footsteps echoed down the hall.

Bonian stormed in, face like thunder at the cozy scene in front of him.

**"This how Dr. Lessard treats patients? Or is it just her?"** he snapped.

**"She's an old classmate. Deserves some extra care,"** Fernando replied, calm but sharp.

The room dropped a few degrees.

Bonian's gaze bounced between them, stopping on Jayde's pale face, unreadable.

Jayde froze, chopsticks mid-air, sensing the tension cut through the room.

**"Lawyer Lepage,"** she said softly.

Bonian's eyes narrowed. His smirk was sharp, voice colder. **"You were crying, begging me to save your kid. Thought you cared. Guess flirting comes easier."**

Jayde's heart sank.

Lele was her everything—off-limits.

Pain flared through her wounds, sharp and sudden.

Fernando caught it first, steadying her. **"Jayde, don't push it. You need to rest, not argue."**

**"I'm fine,"** she muttered, biting her lip.

Bonian had tried to use Lele to provoke Fernando, but the guy didn't flinch—still fussing over Jayde.

Bonian's frustration boiled over.

**"Did you forget you're looking for Lele?"** he growled.

Jayde's eyes widened, voice trembling. **"You know where he is?"**

Bonian scoffed. **"You're cozying up to him like nothing's wrong. You sure you even care?"**

**"He's my son,"** she said, voice cracking. **"My everything."**

He stared at her, then shifted his eyes to Fernando.

Jayde caught the signal. She took a breath and steadied herself. **"Senior, could you give us a moment?"**

Fernando paused, noting the weight behind her eyes. He sighed. **"Fine. I'll check in later."**

He stepped out.

Bonian pounced. **"Still got that charm. Even the doctors fall for you."**

Jayde ignored the jab. Her focus was locked on one thing.

**“Bonian, please. If you know anything about Lele, tell me. I’m begging you.”**

Her voice trembled. Her eyes were red. Every word bled desperation.

Bonian’s anger flickered—just for a second.

**“Don’t panic. I’ll help you find him,”** he said finally.

Jayde closed her eyes, overwhelmed.

He slipped out. She didn’t even notice.

She wanted to leave the hospital, but she was being watched. A nurse walked in to change her bandages.

Jayde blinked up at her, dazed. **“It’s fine. No need.”**

**“Dr. Lessard’s orders,”** the nurse replied gently. **“You’re admitted. Please work with us.”**

Jayde looked away. **“I need some air.”**

**“After the dressing’s done, I’ll wheel you outside. But no sudden movements,”** the nurse said kindly.

Outside, the sky was clear. Sitting under a tree in a wheelchair, Jayde called Emmie again.

Still no answer. It was like she’d vanished.

A cold chill ran through her.

Nearby, nurses were chatting.

**“Seen Dr. Lessard?”**

**“Nope. Did he leave?”**

**“Weird. He’s been glued to this ward. Never takes off.”**

**“Dr. Lessard’s the hospital heartthrob. I already miss that face.”**

They laughed, but Jayde caught something off.

**“When did he disappear?”** she asked.

**“This morning,”** one of them replied. **“Said he had an errand. Hasn’t come back. Maybe he needed a break.”**



The nurse wheeled her to a shady spot.

Jayde scanned the hospital yard, fenced all around. With her injuries, escape was impossible.

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At the law firm, a knock broke Bonian's focus.

**"Come in,"** he said.

His assistant rushed in. **"He's under house arrest. No way he's slipping out."**

**"Good,"** Bonian said coldly.

The assistant hesitated. **"What about Jayde?"**

**"Let her go after she's discharged. He's the problem now,"** Bonian said, voice grim.

The assistant nodded, then turned to leave. His phone buzzed. His expression shifted.

**"He knows it's you,"** he said, spinning back. **"Keeps demanding to see you."**

Bonian didn't flinch. **"He has no proof. Let him scream. Keep him locked down."**

His mind was a mess—too much piling up, all unraveling fast.

He leaned back, eyes distant.

The assistant slipped out without another word.

Bonian's phone buzzed again.

He picked it up. **"Who is this?"**