

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 801

Bonian couldn't make sense of the storm inside.

Something tore him apart from within.

Jayde's familiar scent hit him, dizzying his senses. His vision went dark.

Mrs. Lepage panicked. "Bonian!"

Her screams didn't stir him.

Jayde jumped into action. "Mrs. Lepage, call Cody. He needs urgent care."

A hospital trip would trigger media chaos. His enemies would pounce. Cody was their best shot.

"I'm calling now," Mrs. Lepage said, fumbling for her phone.

Cody saw her name and answered immediately. The second he heard Bonian had coughed blood and passed out, he grabbed his kit and sped over.

Bonian's emotions had pushed him too far.

He had money, fame—but Jayde was the trigger.

Cody glanced at her. "What happened?"

Jayde stayed silent.

Mrs. Lepage, remorseful, stepped in. "It's my fault. Bonian found out Jayde's son is his."

Cody froze.

Bonian's obsession with Jayde was intense enough—but Lele being his son?

No wonder he broke down.

The woman he couldn't forget had raised his kid alone through hell.

Cody tried to hold back, but Mrs. Lepage asked again, "Is he going to be okay?"

If Bonian didn't pull through, this would be all on her.

"I think so," Cody said. "He just needs rest."

Mrs. Lepage exhaled, visibly shaken.

She looked at Jayde, eyes glassy. "I'm sorry, Jayde. Stay with him. Don't worry about Lele—he's my grandson. I'd never hurt him."

She'd avoided Lele to ease her guilt.

But seeing him? Blood ties hit different.

"Okay," Jayde said.

Bonian had fallen—now she had to step up.

Cody and Mrs. Lepage left them alone.

Jayde sat beside him, her heart softening.

If they were just ordinary people, maybe they'd have had a normal life—love, marriage, kids.

But Bryan became Bonian. His status skyrocketed.

Even back when he was Bryan, his family still outranked hers.

A hand reached for hers.

Bonian was awake—bloodshot eyes, pale face.

Their eyes met—no words needed.

Jayde tried to pull away.

He held tighter.

"The truth's out," he whispered. "Mom's not standing in our way. Can't we be a family?"

"What about Emmie?" Jayde asked. "You saved Lele, but she's still missing. Is she... dead?"

She couldn't shake that fear.

Until she saw Emmie's body, she wouldn't believe it. Emmie was her only sister. Their family was already shattered.

“No,” Bonian said quietly. “She ran. I can explain about the baby. I used her, but I never touched her.”

“I gave her what she was owed—even if it was part of the plan.”

Emmie had used his money to help Lele, to survive.

She loved him, dreamed of forever. She’d come back eventually.

What would she do if she saw Jayde and Bonian happy with Lele?

Jayde couldn’t pretend Emmie didn’t matter.

Besides, four years had changed everything.

“Bonian, we’re done,” she said. “Let the past go. Your mom’s choice, Livia—she’s good. Be happy with her.”

He hadn’t expected that. She’d left him once for four million, and now for Emmie?

Her love felt so thin.

“What about Lele?” he asked, voice raw. “He’d have better care, better schooling. He’s still young. I had no choice before—but now?”

Jayde pictured Lele.

Bonian was right—Lele would have more with him.

Back then, she’d never consider it. But now, knowing Lele was his, Bonian would never let him suffer.

Still, she couldn’t lose Lele.

“What about Emmie?” she pushed. “You were engaged...”

“If that’s the problem, I’ll find her,” he said firmly. “We’ll talk, face-to-face.”

Then he added, “Stay with me for now. I’ll get Cody to run tests on Lele. Give him the best treatment.”

Not just Cody.

Bonian thought of Kevin. His father-in-law had a top medical team. Norah’s doctor friend, Jace, too.

Together, they’d saved Cooper.

He dialed Kevin, no hesitation.

Kevin answered, already in the loop. “Norah’s dad’s overseas. But her friend runs a hospital in Belourvinelle. I’ll connect you.”

“Thanks, man,” Bonian said.

Two heads were better than one.

His only goal now: save Lele.

He didn’t know Kevin thought he was just helping a sick kid—not Bonian’s own son.

Kevin added, “Like Esteban said—if you still love her, don’t overthink it.”

Chapter 802

Bonian nodded. “Got it. Connect me with them ASAP.”

“On it,” Kevin said, hanging up and calling Norah.

At his desk, he grinned when she answered. “Didn’t I tell you to focus on work, not home stuff?”

A nanny handled that now.

Norah laughed. “I know, I know. What’s going on?”

“Bonian called. His first love’s kid is sick—needs help. Tell Jace.”

“Consider it done,” Norah said.

That’s what friends are for.

She passed the message to Jace, who agreed right away. “No time today, but I’ll check on him tomorrow.”

Jace was happy Norah called—even if it wasn’t for him.

He knew she loved Kevin. He didn’t stand a chance. But just hearing her voice, being in her world—it was enough.

Not wanting to bother Kevin again, Norah texted him: **[Jace says he’s free tomorrow to see Bonian.]**

[Cool,] Kevin replied, and sent a screenshot to Bonian.

Bonian, excited, told Jayde, “Our boy’s gonna be okay!”

Jayde’s stomach tightened.

Money and connections could fix anything.

She stayed silent. Bonian thought she was just scared and tried to comfort her. “Don’t worry. My friends are top-tier. They’ll get Lele healthy.”

Nothing mattered more than a child’s health.

Still, Jayde said nothing. Sick or not, Lele was theirs—and she’d never walk away from him.

“You’re worried about Emmie,” Bonian guessed, taking her hand. “I’ll find her. It’s not as bad as you think.”

Jayde had her doubts.

She couldn’t be with Bonian—but Lele could.

She finally made up her mind. “Let Lele live with you.”

Bonian was stunned. “What? The truth’s out. My mom’s fine with us now.”

She wanted Lele to be with him.

Wasn’t that enough to make her happy?

Jayde pulled her hand back, head lowered. “I’m not on your level. I’m happy, but what about Emmie? Four years without you—I’ve gotten used to it.”

Emmie had loved Bonian. The baby she lost wasn’t his, but she’d once believed they had a future.

Finding out Bonian had used her—and that the child wasn’t his—broke her.

Jayde couldn’t accept it either.

Emmie was her sister.

Her own happiness couldn’t come at Emmie’s expense.

Bonian saw what she was struggling with. “I’ll make things right. You want Lele to stay with me—have you asked him if he’s okay with that?”

Lele had grown up with Jayde. Bonian hadn’t treated her well.

Lele didn't even know Bonian was his dad.

No way he'd choose Bonian now.

Jayde's chest tightened just thinking about Lele.

She looked away. "Drop it. Don't get hung up on things that aren't here yet. I'm not with you, but I can't lose Lele. If it's too much, just keep the truth from him."

Bonian didn't let it slide. "That's not fair. He's three, he's sick, he doesn't have a dad. But he *does*—you really want to keep that from him forever?"

Jayde went quiet.

He was right. It was harsh, but true.

"I'll find Emmie soon," he said.

Emmie was the key. If he could fix that, maybe they had a shot.

Bonian pulled every string he had to track her down.

Meanwhile, Emmie was falling apart.

The failed miscarriage, no time to rest—it all left her shaken.

She felt like she was falling apart inside.

Lele was with Bonian now. If he'd saved the boy for Jayde, maybe he'd bring them back together.

Bonian, once Bryan, had chased Jayde relentlessly.

To him, she was the one.

Emmie's body went cold. Life felt meaningless.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked the masked man beside her. "Just to hurt Bonian?"

His mask only revealed a pair of cold eyes.

Emmie pressed on. "Everyone's got a reason. It's not just about hating the world. Why Bonian?"

He chuckled softly. "Not everything needs a reason."

She scoffed. "That's crap. If it's not about the system, why target him?"

It wasn't just because Bonian was a big-shot lawyer.

Emmie wasn't dumb—this was deeper.

He pulled off his mask. Her eyes widened. “You...”

It was the guy from the club.

He'd name-dropped Bonian back then, but she hadn't known who he really was. Now it was clear—he was wrapped up in some international security plot.

If he won, Bonian would fall.

She still loved Bonian—no, Bryan.

Same man, different name. But “Bryan” stuck with her.

In the car, Emmie made a move.

She lunged for the driver. He wasn't ready for it. As the car swerved, a truck came straight at them.

Emmie grabbed the wheel and refused to let go.

She had one goal—save Bryan.

The crash hit with a thunderous boom. Heat surged. The world spun, then went black. Pain swallowed her whole.

Chapter 803

Emmie clung to one fragile hope—reaching Jayde.

Fighting through the pain pulsing in her body, she fumbled for her phone with shaky hands.

When Jayde saw Emmie's name pop up, she answered instantly. “Where are you?!”

“Sis...” Emmie's voice was faint, barely audible.

Jayde's heart dropped. “Emmie, where are you? Talk to me!”

She turned to Bonian, voice breaking. “Emmie just called—she's in trouble! Use your contacts, find her!”

As Emmie's thoughts drifted, she pictured Jayde and Bonian together—a real family now that he'd taken Lele back. That image gave her peace. Even through the pain, a small smile formed.

"You've carried so much, Sis," Emmie whispered. "You deserve to be with Bonian. I fell for Bryan... not Bonian. I lost myself. For Lele's sake, don't worry about me. Just... live a good life with him. Give Lele a real home. You'll always be my sister. I don't blame you..."

Bonian had approached her as Bryan. She fell for that version of him—someone he wasn't.

Jayde's voice cracked. "Emmie, don't say that! Where are you? We're coming. Just hang on!"

"I... I can't," Emmie said weakly. "You're my sister. Bonian loves you. I hope you have a lifetime of happiness."

Her voice was soft, but her words hit deep.

Jayde broke down, tears streaming as she held the phone.

Bonian overheard and instantly started tracking Emmie's location through her phone.

Emmie felt a chill settle into her bones. She just wanted to hug Jayde one more time. "Sister... Sister..."

"Emmie!" Jayde's scream was raw and panicked.

But there was no response.

When Bonian's team arrived, all they found was wreckage—a massive explosion. Three bodies had been burned beyond recognition.

Bonian broke the news to Jayde, voice heavy.

Jayde insisted on giving Emmie a proper funeral, drowning in guilt. She blamed herself. If she hadn't gotten involved, Mrs. Lepage wouldn't have thrown that \$4 million deal at her, thinking Bonian deserved better. If Bonian hadn't turned cold, he wouldn't have tricked Emmie by pretending to be Bryan. And Emmie... might still be alive.

It all connected—a chain of choices.

Jayde's heart shattered. She knew she and Bonian could never be together now.

Bonian stayed with her. Mrs. Lepage looked after Lele.

That morning, Kevin picked up Jace. Jace brought gifts for Norah and the kids.

Kevin knew how Jace felt about Norah. He respected it. Wasn't jealous.

After catching up, Kevin said, "Let's swing by Bonian's place after dinner."

Norah smiled. "I'll cook for you myself."

Jace had tasted her cooking before—it was incredible. Since moving to the capital, he'd visit her from time to time, and she always welcomed him with a home-cooked meal. If only he'd met her sooner... Maybe things with Kevin wouldn't have happened. But he'd missed his shot.

Jace wanted to stay, but there wasn't time. "I'll skip dinner. Let's check on the kid first."

"Alright. Drive safe," Norah said as they left.

At Bonian's place, Bonian wasn't home—but Mrs. Lepage was, taking care of a little boy just over three.

"Aunt Lepage," Kevin greeted. "Is this the boy Bonian mentioned?"

It was Kevin's first time meeting Jayde's son, Lele. One look at the kid's eyes and eyebrows—Kevin knew. He was Bonian's.

Mrs. Lepage held Lele close.

"This your friend?" she asked. "Lele, say hi."

With Bonian and Jayde in pieces, she had stepped up. Lele was a sweet kid and had taken to her quickly. With Emmie gone and Jayde barely hanging on, Mrs. Lepage felt it was her duty to protect him.

Jace gave Lele a full check-up. "He's got congenital heart failure, born premature. He needs constant monitoring—and heart surgery, fast. He should be hospitalized right away."

Jace wasn't just any doctor—he'd trained under Pharaoh and later specialized in pediatric care after helping Norah's son, Cooper. Now he ran a top children's hospital in Belourvinelle. He knew what he was doing.

Mrs. Lepage nodded, firm. "We'll get him there now. Do whatever it takes—just save him."

She regretted waiting this long. If she'd acted earlier, maybe Jayde and Bonian wouldn't be suffering like this.

Lele looked up, voice small. "Grandma, I need to tell Mom. If I go to the hospital without her, she'll be sad. I can't go alone."

He wanted to get better. Be strong. Make his mom proud.

Mrs. Lepage's heart ached. She knelt down. "It's okay, baby. I'll call her. This doctor is the best. We'll get you healthy again so you can play with Mom soon."

"Call her now," Lele begged, his eyes shining with hope.

She nodded and dialed.

When Jayde saw the call, her heart nearly stopped. “Aunt Lepage—what’s wrong? Is Lele okay?”

“He’s fine,” Mrs. Lepage said calmly. “Bonian’s friend brought a doctor. Lele needs to go to the hospital, but he really wants to talk to you first.”

Chapter 804

Jayde let out a breath, relief cutting through the heaviness in her chest.

She threw herself into planning Emmie’s funeral. When someone dies, the past—both good and bad—fades away, leaving only memories that hurt to think about. The more she remembered, the more it hurt.

Bonian stayed by her side, his voice soft. “If you need to cry, let it out. We all know you’re hurting.”

Jayde shook her head. She had already cried too much. Now, she had to stay strong and give Emmie the farewell she deserved.

The funeral was quiet. Only a few people showed up—Emmie hadn’t had many friends.

“Where’s Bryan?” Jayde suddenly asked, her voice sharp. “Why isn’t he here?”

Emmie had loved Bryan. How could he not show up?

“Bonian, can you try to reach him?” Her voice grew tense. “There’s still time...”

“Jayde, calm down,” Bonian said gently.

“Calm down? How?” she snapped, her voice cracking.

Bonian sighed, his tone heavy. “He probably won’t come.”

Jayde froze, staring at the grave being prepared. Anger and sadness twisted inside her. Even after death, Emmie’s love had abandoned her.

“I’m going to find him,” she said and moved to leave.

Bonian grabbed her arm. “Don’t. We don’t know what happened between them. It might not be what you think.”

She slumped, her strength draining. “You’re right,” she whispered, turning back toward the cemetery. Her shoulders drooped, her figure small and defeated.

Bonian couldn’t bear to see her like that. He took her hand. “She called you before anyone else. You were the one in her heart. She’d be happy you’re here.”

Jayde leaned against him, shaking with silent sobs. “I don’t have a sister anymore...”

After the funeral, she wandered home in a haze. She needed to go through Emmie’s things but couldn’t bring herself to do it. Bonian urged her to rest—Mrs. Lepage had Lele covered at the hospital. Her recent update had been calm and reassuring.

Jayde locked herself in her house, craving solitude. Everyone respected that—except Bonian.

When she closed the door, Bonian pushed it open again.

“If you try to shut me out, I’ll just follow you,” he said, refusing to leave.

Jayde snapped. “What do you want, Bonian? I don’t feel like talking.”

“I know,” he said quietly. “I’m not here to talk. I just want to be here with you. Pretend I’m furniture—ignore me if you want.”

Too tired to argue, she let him stay.

That night, a fever hit her hard. Thank God Bonian was there.

Rain hammered the windows as Jayde woke, her body aching and throat burning. “Bonian...” she croaked.

He rushed in with medicine and water, his face soft in the dim light. “You’re burning up. Take these.”

She drank the water, took the pills, and collapsed back into bed.

She wanted to see Lele, but Bonian stopped her. “Rest. He’s fine, I promise.”

His firm tone left no room for debate. Jayde stared at the ceiling, her mind empty, except for Emmie’s memory.

“Maybe... maybe she’s still out there,” she whispered.

Bonian’s voice was quiet. “People don’t really leave us. They just go somewhere else and wait for us.”

She repeated his words in her mind as tears slipped down her face. Not wanting him to see, she turned away, grief pressing on her chest.

Bonian didn’t try to fix it. He just stayed, steady and quiet.

At the hospital, Lele stared at the door. “Why hasn’t Mom come? I miss her, Grandma.”

Mrs. Lepage knew why—Bonian had texted her everything. She knelt beside him. “Your mom’s busy with something important, but she’ll be here soon.”

“More important than me?” Lele asked in a tiny voice.

Her heart cracked. She quickly changed the subject. “Hey, is that your favorite puzzle over there?”

Lele’s face lit up. “Yeah! Mom gave it to me.”

“Then teach me how to do it,” she said with a smile.

Lele dove in, solving the complicated puzzle in minutes. “Look, Grandma!”

“You’re incredible,” she said, smiling genuinely.

Lele took the puzzle apart and taught her every step. She followed along—not for the game, but for the joy on his face.

When they finished, Lele beamed. “Mom used to play this with me.”

Mrs. Lepage’s chest tightened. She pulled him onto her lap. “Then from now on, I’ll play with you too, okay?”

“Pinky promise?” Lele held up his little finger.

She linked hers with his. He didn’t know yet that she was his real grandmother. She almost told him—but stopped. The time wasn’t right.

Chapter 805

Jayde was a wreck. Since Emmie’s death, she kept dreaming of her sister crying out in pain.

One night, she bolted upright, covered in sweat. Bonian turned on the lamp, casting the room in soft light. His tall figure stood steady beside her.

Lele was still in the hospital, and Jayde wanted to go see him. But Bonian stopped her. “You’re not okay. My mom and the best doctors are with him.”

She stayed at Bonian’s villa. She didn’t want Lele to see her like this—broken and exhausted. But she was getting worse.

“Should I call Cody?” Bonian asked gently.

Jayde gave a bitter laugh. “What, so Cody can talk me out of this?”

Cody was a doctor, good at what he did. But Jayde wasn’t sick. She was drowning in grief.

Bonian handed her a glass of water. "I'm not saying you're sick. I'm just worried. I won't push you about Emmie..."

He thought back to the time he pretended to be Bryan to get revenge on Jayde. When Emmie found out the truth, everything fell apart. He'd told her clearly—the baby wasn't his, and what she had wasn't real. But Emmie still clung to that lie.

Jayde didn't blame him. People made choices from their own pain. Still, she couldn't let go of her sorrow. If Emmie had lived, she could've started over. But now, that chance was gone.

"Don't stay with me," Jayde said firmly. "Bonian, I told you—we can't be together. Nothing's going to change that."

She had made that decision when she took Mrs. Lepage's four million and walked away from him.

Bonian's voice shook as he grabbed her hand. "Does it really have to be like this? We have a son, Jayde. Now that I know about Lele, how can I walk away?"

Jayde's heart hurt. She didn't want to leave him either, but Emmie's death had built a wall between them.

"I can't forget," she cried. "She was burned to ashes, Bonian. She didn't deserve that. If I hadn't met you—if we hadn't fallen in love..."

"It's not that simple," Bonian said, holding her shoulders. "You heard what she said before she died. She wanted you to live a good life. We have to keep going."

He wasn't innocent, but they'd done all they could to give Emmie peace.

Jayde shook her head. "I know, but every time I think of her, I remember how you got close to her under false pretenses. I know it's not really your fault, but I can't help feeling responsible."

"What about Lele?" Bonian asked. "Do you want him to grow up in a broken family?"

That hit hard. Emmie had wished for them to stay together—for Lele's sake. Even Bonian was trying now. And Mrs. Lepage wasn't standing in the way anymore.

Jayde took a shaky breath. "Lele should be with you. You're his dad. I'm his mom. That's not going to change, no matter what happens between us."

She wasn't wrong. But Bonian knew it would take time. Now, no one was stopping them. He just had to wait.

"Get some rest," he said softly. "If you don't want me here, I'll leave. But stop blaming yourself. I was the one who approached Emmie. I started all of it."

Jayde's lips trembled. "Let's not point fingers. I'm going to see Lele tomorrow."

Bonian nodded. "We'll go together."

He was Lele's father—she couldn't deny that.

At the hospital, Lele lit up when he saw her. "Mom!"

Mrs. Lepage stepped back, giving them space. Then she pulled Bonian aside into the hallway.

"You need to talk to her," she said. "I'll apologize myself. For Lele—and because she loves you—she'll stay."

She regretted faking the paternity test. Lele had turned out to be such a good, kind kid. She wanted to make things right.

Bonian nodded, silent.

Far away, in a hospital overseas, a figure lay motionless under layers of bandages. Only their eyes moved—alive, but unable to speak.

Chapter 806

Emmie lay still, her body unresponsive and mind clouded in confusion. *Wasn't I dead? How am I still breathing?*

Someone must have pulled her out before the explosion...

"You're awake?" a deep, familiar voice cut through her haze.

Her heart skipped. A masked man leaned into view. *It's you!*

He ignored her angry glare. "Don't look at me like that. I saved your life. You'd be ashes if I hadn't. A little gratitude wouldn't kill you."

Emmie didn't respond. Her eyes burned with silent rage.

He patted her shoulder. "Rest up. You're still useful to us."

Her pupils shook. *What does he want from me now?*

Meanwhile, Jayde was burning with fever, mumbling Emmie's name in her sleep.

Worried sick, Bonian called Cody. "She's not getting better. I need help."

"I'm not your personal doctor," Cody grumbled but came anyway.

After checking Jayde, Bonian asked urgently, "How is she? She's been like this all night. Medicine isn't working."

He looked more tense than usual, jaw tight with worry. He'd wanted to take Jayde to the hospital, but she refused. Cody was his only hope.

Watching her so pale and fragile tore him apart.

Cody frowned. "She's overwhelmed emotionally. Her mental state's bad."

Bonian looked away, thinking about Jayde at Emmie's funeral. "Yeah... she's not herself. Her sister's death hit her hard."

"Can you fix it?"

"It's treatable," Cody said. "But it'll take time. She needs to be around positive energy—people who lift her spirits."

Bonian thought of Lele. He glanced at Jayde, flushed with fever, and pulled Cody aside. "How's Lele's surgery prep?"

"Going fine. We have a heart lined up. But if Jayde's like this..."

"I'll pull her through," Bonian said, firm. Jayde had to be there for Lele. That little boy needed his mom.

Cody gave Jayde a shot before heading out. A servant offered to help, but Bonian waved him off.

"You haven't slept, sir," the servant said. "Madam will worry—"

Bonian's eyes sharpened. "Are you my servant or my mother's spy?"

The servant shrank back. He knew Bonian's mother planted eyes everywhere. Normally, Bonian would fire him, but with Jayde sick, he let it slide.

He sat beside her, gripping her warm hand. "Jayde, you have to get better. You haven't even said yes to me yet." He pressed her hand to his cheek, his touch gentle.

Later that night, Jayde stirred, her head clearer. Blinking slowly, she saw Bonian slumped beside her bed, shirt wrinkled, no blanket. For someone usually so polished, he looked rough.

On impulse, she reached out and touched his sharp jaw. Realizing what she'd done, she pulled back quickly, but Bonian caught her hand.

"Touching me first thing? Feeling better?" His voice was raspy, worn out.

Jayde blushed. "Let go. I just... didn't want you catching a cold and blaming me."

Silence settled. Their history was filled with pain and misunderstandings. Bonian had said cruel things. Jayde had taken them to heart—even if she still cared.

"I'm sorry," Bonian said seriously. "I didn't trust you. I was wrong."

Jayde's face softened. "It's fine. I don't care anymore."

But deep down, it still hurt. She'd gotten used to being alone.

"How's Lele?" she asked.

"He's okay. Your fever's down. Go see him later."

Jayde nodded. "I'll bring his favorite crab roe buns."

Bonian reached out. Jayde flinched. "What are you doing?"

He froze. "Checking your fever."

The sting of her reaction hit him hard. Did she really hate him that much?

"Don't shut me out, Jayde. I'm not trying to hurt you."

She looked away. "We need space. In my heart, you belong to Emmie."

"She's gone," Bonian said, then softened. "You're still holding that against me?"

Jayde's voice was steady. "She loved Bryan. Not you. But still... to me, you're hers."

Chapter 807

Jayde wouldn't budge—she truly believed Bonian belonged to Emmie.

Bonian nearly laughed from frustration. "You keep saying I'm hers. Have you ever asked what I want, Jayde? Or am I invisible to you?"

He took her hand and placed it over his chest. His heartbeat thudded steadily.

Jayde yanked her hand back. "Let go. We're done."

“What about Lele? Are you walking out on him too?”

Her body stiffened. That struck a nerve.

Seeing her pause, Bonian softened. “Stop pushing me away. There was never anything between me and Emmie. I’m sorry she’s gone. But it’s you I’m grieving for.”

He was just a man—flawed, desperate, in love with someone he didn’t want to lose.

“I’ve said it already. We’re over,” Jayde replied. “Thanks for taking care of me, but I’m leaving.”

“Is being around me really that unbearable?” Bonian’s voice cracked.

The air grew heavy with tension.

Bonian tried again, quieter this time. “You just got better. If you’re set on leaving, wait till tomorrow. Where will you even go now?”

Jayde stayed silent. He was right. Leaving now would feel petty. She stayed.

Her silence stung more than words.

“Get some rest,” Bonian said. “If seeing me makes it worse, I’ll stay away.” He walked out, telling a servant to watch over her.

Jayde lay there, silent tears falling. Emmie’s memory lingered. Outside the door, Bonian leaned against the wall, equally torn.

The next morning, Jayde headed to the hospital with Lele’s favorite crab roe buns, still warm. She hoped they’d cheer him up.

But as she neared the ward, a nurse’s frantic shout stopped her. “We’ve got a critical case! Kid under ten—congenital heart disease—needs emergency surgery!”

The bag slipped from Jayde’s hands.

She grabbed the nurse. “Who is it?”

The nurse pointed. “In that ward. Let me go, it’s urgent!”

Jayde stepped back, dazed. Bonian appeared behind her and caught her just in time.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“It’s Lele... something’s wrong. He was fine a few days ago.”

Bonian's heart twisted, but he stayed calm. "His surgery's scheduled. We've got the heart ready. He'll make it."

Jayde nodded slowly as Mrs. Lepage arrived, looking panicked.

"Aunt Lepage, you were with him. How did this happen?"

"I don't know," she said shakily. "We were just playing. Bonian, is he going to be okay?"

She loved Lele like her own. Seeing him like this shattered her.

Jayde felt awful for doubting her. "I'm sorry, Aunt Lepage. I thought..."

"It's okay," Mrs. Lepage whispered, regret in her eyes. She hadn't always treated Jayde kindly. That regret hit harder now.

Bonian interrupted. "Doctor's here." He spoke to the surgeon, hiding his fear behind a composed front.

Jayde watched, realizing he was just as scared.

The transplant started at noon and stretched into the night. Jayde, still weak, refused to leave. "If Lele wakes up and I'm not there, he'll cry."

"He won't wake right away," Bonian said gently.

"I don't care," she whispered.

Bonian sighed. "Do you want him to worry about *you*?"

That hit home. She hesitated. "If I'm not going home, can I rest nearby?"

Bonian nodded and called Cody. A nurse offered a nearby lounge. Jayde passed out the moment her head hit the pillow.

Bonian gently brushed her hair away, then returned to wait.

When Lele was finally wheeled out, Jayde woke up and rushed over. "Doctor, how is he?"

The doctor smiled. "The surgery went well. Now we monitor for rejection—but it's rare."

Jayde's knees nearly buckled. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me," the doctor said, nodding at Bonian. "Thank him—and yourself—for staying strong."

Jayde glanced at Bonian. He looked away. "Go see Lele."

Jayde stood outside Lele's room, peeking in. His tiny chest rose and fell steadily.

He was alive.

Mrs. Lepage exhaled. For the first time in days, they could finally breathe.

Chapter 808

Jayde dropped everything to stay with Lele at the hospital.

"Mom, I want shrimp porridge," Lele said, swinging his legs from the hospital bed.

A week after surgery, with no signs of rejection, Jayde finally let herself breathe. Lele's cheeks had more color, and he seemed more energetic.

"Sorry, honey, the doctor said no porridge yet. But I brought custard buns—I made them myself." She opened a thermos, letting out the smell of warm, fresh buns.

Lele's eyes lit up. "Yay! I love your custard buns, Mom!"

Jayde's heart melted. "Eat slowly. They're still hot."

As they shared the quiet moment, the door opened. Lele beamed. "Uncle Lepage!"

Jayde tensed. Bonian had been visiting every day. She thought she'd gotten used to it, but her body still reacted.

How did a busy man like Bonian make time to come daily? She couldn't ask with Lele there, so she just watched as he walked in holding a bag.

"Brought you something, Lele. A new toy—you'll love it." Bonian held up a Transformer.

Lele's grin stretched wide. "Awesome! Thanks!" He kissed Bonian on the cheek and clutched the toy.

Kids and their toys—Lele had been bored stiff, and Bonian's timing was perfect.

"Didn't expect you to think of toys," Jayde admitted, rubbing her forehead. Lele had always been quiet because of his heart condition, but now he was suddenly full of energy. "Thanks. I didn't even think about that."

“It’s my job to take care of him,” Bonian said, his gaze soft on Lele. He had missed so much of his son’s life—and now, he was determined to make up for it.

Sunlight caught his eyes, warming them in a way that made Jayde’s chest tighten. Her hand gripped the table so hard it creaked.

Bonian noticed and steadied her. “Jayde, you okay?”

Her head throbbed, ears rang, and her vision doubled. “Bryan... why are you here? Where’s my sister?”

“I’m not Bryan. I’m Bonian,” he said firmly. “Jayde, wake up. Emmie’s gone.”

Was this what Cody had warned him about? He thought her stress was just from the funeral, but now...

“Why isn’t my sister with you?” Jayde mumbled, dazed.

“Jayde, calm down. Lele’s right here,” Bonian said, holding her by the shoulders, concern flooding his face.

Lele ran over, eyes wide with worry. “Mom, what’s wrong?”

Bonian braced himself, ready to hold her back if she lost it—but Lele’s voice brought her back.

“What just happened?” Jayde asked, shaking her head.

“You spaced out,” Bonian said, exhaling. “You’re okay now.”

Cody had warned him not to upset her. Bonian chalked it up to exhaustion, and Jayde accepted that.

Lele tugged on her hand. “Mom, if you’re tired, go rest. I’m a big boy now. I can handle being here without you.”

Jayde smiled, pinching his cheek. “You are my little man. But I’m not leaving you.”

“You should rest,” Bonian added gently.

“I’m fine,” Jayde said quickly. “If this is about Emmie, I’ve moved on.”

“Let a nurse stay with Lele tomorrow. Just take a break,” Bonian urged.

“Why do you get to decide?” she snapped. Everyone had been treating her like glass since Emmie died. She was trying to move on—why couldn’t they see that?

Bonian sighed. “Then go look in a mirror.”

Jayde paused. She’d been running on fumes, barely sleeping. The dark circles under her eyes wouldn’t disappear no matter how much concealer she used.

Lele joined in, and under the pressure from both of them, she finally gave in. Bonian arranged a trusted caregiver.

But rest? That felt impossible.

“I’ve got a clinic appointment,” Bonian said. “Come with me.”

“Clinic?” Jayde raised an eyebrow.

“You’re wiped out. It’ll help you relax.”

She hesitated but agreed. At the clinic, the sign read *Psychological Clinic*. She wasn’t surprised—she’d felt off for a while.

The session was private. The therapist had her lie down, clear her mind, then ran a light hypnosis test. Afterward, she didn’t remember much. They did a sand table activity and sent her out with no explanation.

Bonian went in next. When he came out, his face was tight with worry.

“Is it bad?” Jayde asked, anxiety kicking in.

He forced a smile. “You’re just tired. Get some rest.”

She didn’t believe him but didn’t push. The clinic gave her meds—each packet carefully labeled, probably by Bonian to hide the details.

But Jayde wasn’t clueless. She snapped a photo and looked them up.

Her hands trembled as the truth hit her: bipolar disorder meds.

The bag nearly slipped from her hands.

Chapter 809

Jayde stared at the pills in her hand, emotions swirling. After a while, she put them away and acted like she hadn't seen the label. Bonian was trying to protect her—she wouldn't call him out.

The caregiver for Lele turned out to be great, easing some of the pressure on Jayde. A few doctor visits later, she started feeling a little more like herself.

Bonian arranged for Cody to check in again. "Cody's free now. Let him take a look."

Jayde stayed silent. *Free?* Yeah, right. Bonian probably dragged him over again.

Cody checked her and frowned. "Your stomach's a mess. You haven't been eating. Try to eat something."

Jayde looked away, guilt finally creeping in with Bonian watching.

He turned to the servant. "She hasn't been eating?"

The servant glanced at Jayde. "She eats very little. I try to help, but she can't seem to keep food down."

"It's not her fault," Jayde said, rubbing her temples. "I just haven't had much of an appetite."

Since her breakdown, she hadn't left Bonian's place. First, he'd blamed it on her illness, then used the excuse that it was easier to see Lele. Now, she was just... still here.

But Bonian hadn't crossed any lines. He was respectful, so she let it be. "Too much has happened. I'll eat when I'm ready." The meds didn't help, either—they made her feel even worse.

Bonian studied her. His expression was unreadable. "Try different flavors," he told the servant. "She needs to eat, no matter what."

It was said to the servant, but it was clearly meant for her too. Jayde sighed and nodded. "I'll try."

"Jace says Lele's stable enough to go out sometimes," Bonian said. "He shouldn't stay cooped up in the hospital forever."

"Really?" Jayde's face lit up, though she kept her hopes in check. Lele had been so bored lately, but he always tried to hide it so she wouldn't worry.

"Quiet places only, right?" she asked.

“Yeah. He’s always wanted to go to an amusement park. We could rent one out.”

Jayde’s jaw dropped. Only Bonian would casually suggest renting an entire amusement park. But for Lele’s sake, she nodded. “Okay. Tomorrow. I’ll tell him.”

The next morning, she picked up Lele from the hospital, keeping the trip a surprise. He buzzed with excitement in the car. “Where are we going, Mom? Is Uncle Lepage coming too?”

Jayde’s smile faltered. “You really like Uncle Lepage, huh?”

“Yeah! He always brings me cool stuff. I like Grandma too.”

Her stomach twisted. Lele didn’t know Uncle Lepage was his dad. Had hiding it been a mistake? If she’d told him earlier, maybe he wouldn’t have grown up without a father.

As soon as Lele saw Bonian, he broke free and ran toward him. “Uncle Lepage!” he yelled, leaping into his arms.

Bonian caught him with ease, a rare smile lighting up his face. “You been good?”

“Yup! Mom’s taking me somewhere fun. You coming too?”

Both looked at Jayde. She smiled and pinched Lele’s cheek. “You little traitor, ditching your mom already?”

“No way! I love you, Mom!” Lele giggled and grabbed her hand.

Bonian gave her a look, then said, “Let’s go. It’s getting late.”

Jayde settled Lele into the backseat and joined him there. Bonian came too, letting the driver handle the road. With Lele between them, Jayde kept a safe distance.

She’d built up her walls after Emmie’s death. Bonian belonged to her sister—she couldn’t cross that line.

Bonian seemed to sense it. His gaze dimmed, but he held Lele’s hand without saying a word.

Fifteen minutes later, they arrived at the amusement park. It was completely empty, reserved just for them. Staff greeted them warmly. One handed Lele a giant rabbit-shaped marshmallow. “For the little guy.”

Lele’s eyes went wide. “It’s huge!”

Jayde smiled at his excitement. He skipped ahead, holding her hand in one and the marshmallow in the other. The park was fully staffed and safe for Lele’s condition.

Lele, who had never been to an amusement park because of his heart, was thrilled. He ran around, full of questions. When he spotted a roller coaster, he pointed. “Mom, is that one? I saw it on TV!”

Her heart ached. “Yeah, but not yet, buddy. How about the carousel instead?”

Lele’s face dropped a little but he nodded. “Just wanted to ask.” Then he ran toward the carousel, as thoughtful as ever.

Jayde watched him go, trusting that he wouldn’t run far.

Chapter 810

Lele spun around on the carousel while Jayde sat down nearby. Bonian handed her a cup of hot milk tea. “It’s cold—this will help.”

She frowned. “Where did you get this?”

He nodded toward a staff member setting up a small stand nearby. The worker waved cheerfully. The park was nearly empty, but their energy felt oddly heartwarming.

Jayde gave a small smile and took the cup. “Thanks.”

Bonian sat down beside her, which surprised her. He was always so proper—not the type to just sit anywhere.

“You could’ve asked for a chair,” she said.

“This is fine,” he replied. His short hair fell slightly over one eye, softening his usual sharp appearance. In casual clothes, he seemed more approachable than usual.

Jayde caught herself staring and quickly looked away. His soft chuckle made her ears turn red.

Lele played until he wore himself out, dozing off just before noon. Bonian had reserved a restaurant. “Let’s go eat. He’s asleep—I’ll carry him.”

Jayde hesitated, then handed Lele over. Bonian gently lifted him, covering him with his coat to keep out the chilly autumn air.

Something warm stirred in her chest.

While Bonian called the driver, Jayde waited near the park’s entrance. Suddenly, she saw someone in the crowd—and froze. “Emmie?”

Bonian came back. “The car’s on the way—”

"I just saw her," Jayde cut in, eyes wide. "She was right there—and then she disappeared. Did you see her?"

Bonian looked in the direction she pointed but saw nothing. His brows drew together. Was it her condition again? "Did you take your medication today? I have some in the car."

"I'm not crazy!" she snapped. "I saw her, Bonian."

"Okay, okay. Calm down," he said, holding Lele tighter.

"Why don't you believe me?" Her voice cracked. She pushed him away. "I'll go find her myself. That was Emmie—I know it."

She was certain. The woman had a scarf covering half her face, but it was definitely her sister.

Bonian, still holding Lele, grabbed her arm. "Jayde, it can't be her. You saw the body. Where are you going? Lele's right here."

Hearing Lele's name stopped her. She stood frozen, eyes still searching the crowd. "I'm not crazy. She's not dead."

Her determination made Bonian pause. Could she be right? But they'd buried Emmie. If she was alive, then whose body was it?

Too many questions. He softened his tone. "Even if you're right, we can't deal with this now. Let's get in the car—we'll figure it out later."

Jayde gave in, but lunch was forgotten. Lele eventually woke up, ate with the help of a servant, then went back to sleep.

Jayde sat in her room, replaying the moment in her mind. It looked just like Emmie. But doubt started creeping in. Was it real?

Later, Bonian showed up after checking the street cameras. "No sign of Emmie. You might've imagined it."

"Really?" Jayde whispered, her hope slowly fading. "I... okay."

"Try not to think about it too much. I'll keep looking," he promised.

"Just leave me alone," she said, turning away.

Bonian stood there for a moment, then quietly left. "Call me if you need anything."

Left alone, Jayde pulled out her phone and stared at Emmie's last call—just a few seconds long. She hit play. Tears streamed down her face as her sobs filled the quiet room.

After that, she stopped bringing up Emmie.

Bonian quietly continued looking into it, not expecting much. But then, a paparazzi photo showed up online—mistaken for a celebrity in disguise. The picture didn't get deleted, and Bonian saved it.

In his office, he stared at the photo. The woman had her face half-covered—but she looked exactly like Emmie. His heart pounded, the same way it did when he first found out Lele was his son.

Just then, his assistant walked in. “Mr. Lepage?”

Bonian quickly shut the laptop. “Next time, knock.”

“Sorry,” the assistant stammered. “There's an invite to a charity dinner from one of our partners. Will you attend?”

Bonian thought of Jayde, still downcast. “Tell them I'm bringing a plus-one.”

The assistant froze, surprised. Bonian, bringing a date? He held back his questions and left.

That evening, Bonian told Jayde, “There's a charity dinner. The proceeds go to orphanages and nursing homes.”

Jayde paused, then nodded. It sounded meaningful.