

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 821

Bonian's expression darkened at the dinner table. Jayde noticed and paused mid-bite. "Something wrong? Is it about the old city project?"

"No," he said, putting away his phone quickly.

His silence spoke volumes. Jayde didn't press it in front of Lele, but the worry stuck with her. Once Lele ran off to play, she tried again. "You looked upset earlier. Is it work? I'm your secretary—I can help."

Bonian stood, rubbing his temples. "I've stayed too long. I should go."

When she offered to walk him out, he stopped her. Jayde watched him leave, unease twisting in her gut.

She soon found out why. The leak revealing Bonian's role at the Lepage Group had gone viral. This time, the internet wasn't attacking his personal life—it was about his identity. The backlash hit hard.

Whispers filled the office. "Mr. Lepage looks rough..." "Think he'll stay? Or quit law?"

Jayde's chest tightened. Bonian had always been passionate about the law. He never wanted the family business. She rushed to his office.

He looked up, calm as ever. "You're here early."

His cool demeanor threw her off. "Coffee?" she offered.

She handed it over, sneaking glances at his face. He must've seen the video. "I saw the news," she said. "Are you okay? Should we take the video down? PR could spin it."

"It's already being handled."

"Good. That reporter from before—maybe she knows who leaked it?"

Bonian's expression darkened.
"I know who did it."

"Who?" she asked, then saw the look in his eyes. Her stomach dropped.

Bonian loved his legal career. And the Lepage Group's dealings were tightly kept within a small circle. Only a few people could've leaked it—not her, not his mom.

That left his father.

"I'm going to the estate today," Bonian said.

Jayde tried to stay hopeful. "Maybe it wasn't him."

"It was," Bonian said flatly.

There was a storm in his eyes. Jayde felt useless, unsure how to help. Sensing her worry, he softened slightly.

"Tell Lele I won't be visiting for a while."

"I'm going with you," she blurted out. "We'll pick up Lele, or we'll leave him with the nanny."

"It's not going to be like last time," he warned.

"That's *why* I'm going," she said firmly.

He didn't argue.

They picked up Lele, left him with the nanny, and drove to the Lepage estate. Bonian called his mother on the way.

"She asked about Lele," he said. "Sounded disappointed he's not coming."

"She doesn't know what's going on," Jayde said.

"Maybe," Bonian replied, leaning back, ready for whatever came next.

The Lepage estate wasn't a place Bonian visited often—maybe once or twice a year. He usually just called his mom. His relationship with his dad was distant, but they were still family.

Mrs. Lepage had prepared a big dinner for the occasion.
"You're late," she said warmly. "Food's almost cold."

"Got held up," Jayde said with a smile.

Mrs. Lepage was a little more open with her now, though still not completely warm. Mr. Lepage eyed them both. “Busy with the company? Thought it’d be easier than law, but you’re never around.”

The air grew tense. Bonian stayed quiet, but his expression darkened.

Mrs. Lepage motioned for a servant to help lighten the mood, but Bonian suddenly put down his chopsticks. “So you leaked the video to force me to quit law?”

Mr. Lepage slammed the table and stood up. “That’s how you talk to your father?”

Chapter 822

Bonian didn’t back down. “You did it, didn’t you? Or are you just too ashamed to admit it?”

Mr. Lepage’s face turned red with anger, but Bonian’s heart ached more than anything. He had hoped his own father wouldn’t betray him—yet here they were.

“You—” Mr. Lepage choked out, furious.

Mrs. Lepage, startled and confused, stepped in. “Bonian, stop. Your father’s blood pressure—”

Jayde noticed Bonian’s clenched fists. She gently touched his hand, silently reminding him she was there. He relaxed just a little.

Mr. Lepage steadied himself, glaring. “So you came here just to accuse me?”

“I came to ask why,” Bonian said quietly. “Why would you sabotage your own son? Is forcing me into the family business really worth all this?”

“You’re my heir,” Mr. Lepage shot back. “Who else would take over?”

“Cousins. There are plenty of them,” Bonian said flatly.

Mr. Lepage scoffed. Give his company to outsiders? Not a chance.

“It’s done,” he declared. “You’ll stay at Lepage Group.”

Mrs. Lepage gasped. “What are you talking about?”

“The leak,” Bonian said. “That video calling me unethical, accusing me of breaking legal rules? He leaked it.”

Mrs. Lepage looked between them, her voice trembling. “Is that true?”

Her husband's silence was answer enough. She stared at him in disbelief. "How could you do that to your own son?"

Mr. Lepage didn't blink. "Would he stay otherwise?"

Mrs. Lepage was speechless. Everyone knew Bonian had chosen law over the family business long ago—and never looked back.

"Even so, Uncle Lepage, this was wrong," Jayde said calmly. "Business might play dirty, but family shouldn't."

Mr. Lepage narrowed his eyes. Bonian shifted slightly, shielding her.

"So you're Jayde," Mr. Lepage muttered. "Bonian was born into the Lepage name. That comes with responsibility."

"But—"

"You're an outsider. He shouldn't have brought you here," Mr. Lepage snapped.

Bonian's voice turned ice-cold. "She's not an outsider. Jayde is the woman I'm going to marry. End of story."

Jayde's breath caught. The sincerity in his voice was undeniable. Mrs. Lepage's expression softened—surprised, but not displeased.

Mr. Lepage scowled. "So this is why you refuse better matches? For her? No family background, a basic job?"

Bonian's eyes sharpened. "You've got people spying on me at work?"

"I'm making sure you don't ruin the company," Mr. Lepage said without shame.

Bonian stood, jaw tight. "We're done here." He grabbed Jayde's hand and walked out.

"Don't bother coming back!" Mr. Lepage shouted.

Bonian didn't even flinch.

Halfway home, he pulled over and stared out the window, his expression unreadable.

"Don't let this destroy you," Jayde said softly.

"Jayde... can I hug you?" he asked, voice raw.

She froze, caught off guard. He gave a short, bitter laugh. "Forget it."

But she walked over and hugged him anyway. The autumn breeze whispered around them, and the silence between them said everything.

“Like this?” she whispered.

“Tighter,” he murmured, pulling her closer like he needed to hold onto something real.

When they got back to her place, Jayde hesitated. “Stay tonight. You can use the guest room.”

She hadn’t planned to say that—but the way he stood there, alone and exhausted, left her no choice. Before he could answer, she gently pulled him inside.

Lele was already asleep, cheeks flushed pink. Jayde set up the guest bed. “You can sleep here.”

Bonian didn’t argue. He settled in quietly.

But that night, he got sick.

Chapter 823

Jayde, always a light sleeper, got up for some water—and froze.

Bonian was slumped on the couch, pale and sweating.

“Why aren’t you asleep?” she asked, alarmed.

He groaned weakly. “Stomach meds...”

She stepped closer and saw how clammy he looked. “You’re burning up.”

She remembered his chronic stomach problems—stress made it worse. “Hang on. I’ve got something.”

She rushed to find his meds and brought him hot water. He took them slowly, his tense features easing.

“Feeling better?” she asked.

He gave a small nod.

She handed him a hot water bottle. “This helps. Try it.”

He raised an eyebrow at the pink pig design. “Really?”

She shoved it into his arms. “Forget your pride. Use it.”

He didn't argue.

His pain kept her awake. She sat with him, watching over him until she finally dozed off on the couch.

When she woke up, a blanket was draped over her. Alarmed, she checked on him—he had a fever.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she scolded, fear creeping into her voice.

He was too out of it to answer.

She wiped his forehead and coaxed him to take fever meds. His glassy eyes met hers.

"Jayde... am I dreaming?" he whispered.

"No, you're just sick," she said, her voice breaking a little. "Now take this."

He grabbed her hand and didn't let go.

"Don't cling," she teased softly. "I've got work tomorrow. If I'm late, you better pay me."

"I'll pay," he murmured, holding tight. "Just stay."

She rolled her eyes, but the fever was real. Probably gastritis and pure exhaustion. The pressure at Lepage Group, his father's betrayal—it all added up.

Her heart broke a little. "Fine, I'll stay."

They sat on the couch under a blanket. He didn't let go of her hand until morning.

Jayde woke to the sound of breakfast being set out.

"Where's Bonian?" she asked the nanny.

"He left early. Took Lele to school and said to let you rest."

She checked the time—10 a.m. She'd overslept.

Still feverish the night before, Bonian had taken care of everything that morning.

Feeling guilty, she rushed to Lepage Group.

The assistant blinked in surprise. "Secretary Leung? Mr. Lepage gave you the day off."

She didn't explain. "Where is he?"

“Hospital visit. The heart patient from the old city. Mr. Lepage wants the project wrapped quickly.”

Jayde nodded. Bonian was taking action to counter the backlash—despite everything his father had done.

“Can I come?”

The assistant hesitated but finally nodded.

At City Center Hospital, they split up. Jayde headed to the patient’s ward and ran into Jace.

“Surgery today?” she asked, noticing his lab coat.

“No, just a lecture,” he said, dismissing his team. “You here for Lele?”

“No. Work. Lele’s fine.”

He nodded, about to leave, but she stopped him. “Wait—any tips for dealing with stomach issues? I’ve got a friend who overworks himself and skips meals a lot.”

“Tips? Sure. Medicine or daily care?” Jace asked, ready to help.

Chapter 824

Jace’s lips curled in a knowing smirk. “This ‘friend’ of yours—let me guess. Bonian Lepage, corporate attorney extraordinaire?”

Jayde’s cheeks burned as she looked away. To his credit, Jace didn’t press further, shifting to professional advice. “Tell your workaholic lawyer he needs to slow down. At this rate, not even divine intervention will save him.”

After their meeting, Jayde headed straight to the hospital ward. The patient in question—65-year-old Grandma Legault—lay in critical condition, her fragile heart prone to fatal attacks if aggravated. Lepage Group had spared no expense: premium private room, all medical costs covered in advance. Yet her son Desmond, the ringleader of the protests, seemed anything but grateful.

A nurse mistook Jayde for hired help. “You’re with the family? When’s that son of hers visiting? Leaving his mother like this—disgusting behavior.”

“I’m not a caregiver,” Jayde corrected, explaining her corporate role.

The nurse flushed with embarrassment. “My apologies. I assumed you were hired by the son.” Her tone dripped with disdain. “He certainly can’t be bothered to show up himself.”

Jayde seized the opening. “He doesn’t visit often? I heard he’s been fighting tirelessly for her.” The irony tasted bitter—Desmond’s very public crusade for his mother’s wellbeing versus this private neglect.

“Fighting?” The nurse snorted. “He showed up exactly once—admission day. Haven’t seen him since. Some devoted son.”

The picture grew clearer as the nurse explained: Desmond had essentially abandoned his bedridden mother. Too weak to move independently, Grandma Legault spent most days sleeping between brief moments of lucidity. The nurses did what they could, but their patient load limited the attention they could give. “I wanted to arrange a private caregiver,” the nurse confessed, “but no family ever came to authorize it.”

“How’s Mrs. Legault’s condition?” Jayde asked softly.

“Old and confused,” the nurse sighed. “Spends her waking moments calling for ‘Dan.’ Breaks your heart.”

Jayde’s chest constricted as she entered the ward. There lay Grandma Legault, a frail shadow murmuring her son’s name on repeat. The stark contrast between this lonely figure and Desmond’s performative outrage turned Jayde’s stomach.

Outside, she met her assistant, who took one look at her face and asked, “Everything alright, Secretary Leung?”

“Just met Grandma Legault,” Jayde said tightly.

The assistant nodded grimly. “Pulled her charts. Too advanced for bypass surgery—the risk’s too high. No surgeon will touch her.”

Jayde’s mind whirled with possibilities, but she filed them away for now. She arranged for a private caregiver for Grandma Legault, then turned to Desmond’s case. Back at headquarters, she confronted Bonian with her findings. “Someone’s pulling Desmond’s strings. This whole thing reeks of coordination.”

Bonian didn’t seem surprised. The sequence was too perfect—holdouts emerging, Grandma Legault’s conveniently timed illness, the escalating clashes. It all pointed to careful orchestration.

Jayde presented her hospital discoveries, emphasizing Desmond’s neglect. “We need to check his financials. Any unexplained deposits would prove he’s being paid to cause trouble.”

“Already done,” Bonian said, sliding a file across his desk. “No suspicious income.”

Jayde scanned the documents. Desmond, chronically unemployed, had been leaching off his aging parents before gambling away what little they had. His accounts now sat empty. “He lives off his mother but abandons her when she’s sick?” Disgust colored her voice.

“Means our puppet master is covering his tracks,” Bonian observed, eyes turning glacial.

Jayde proposed another angle. “Eight holdout families means dozens of people. One wasn’t arrested during the riot. I’ll start with them.”

“No.” Bonian’s refusal was absolute.

“It’s our fastest path to resolution,” she argued, knowing he wanted this Lepage Group business wrapped up quickly.

His face looked drawn, lips still pale from last night’s illness. “You’re not going. That’s final.”

For the first time, Jayde recognized the emotion behind his stubbornness—fear. Fear of her facing another violent mob. Her voice softened. “Are you feeling any better?”

“I’m fine. You’re still not going,” he insisted.

He sent her home, claiming no further work was needed. But Jayde had never been one to sit idle.

Chapter 825

Jayde obtained the holdout family’s address from the assistant, deflecting his questions with vague excuses. The taxi dropped her in the old city district, where crumbling buildings with peeling facades stood like neglected sentinels.

At an iron-clad door, she knocked firmly. A woman’s voice called through the metal: “Who is it?”

The door cracked open to reveal a middle-aged woman in a food-stained apron, suspicion etched in every line of her face. Jayde held up the milk and fruit she’d purchased en route. “Community outreach program,” she lied with a practiced smile.

The woman’s shoulders relaxed marginally as she accepted the gifts. “Still doing these visits? Haven’t seen outreach workers in years.” She gestured Jayde inside.

The interior told a story of quiet struggle—faded wallpaper barely concealing water damage, furniture worn thin by use. “Not many families left in these old buildings,” Jayde observed casually.

“Who’d choose this over a proper home?” the woman sighed, setting water to boil. The resignation in her voice spoke volumes.

“The relocation package seems fair,” Jayde ventured. “Affordable rent in the new development, plus compensation. Why stay?”

The woman's eyes sharpened. "What would you know about fair deals?" Her tone turned accusatory. "Who are you really?"

Jayde realized her mistake—too direct. The woman's guard slammed back up. "We don't take kindly to strangers poking around. Drink your tea and leave. You can keep your gifts."

Time for honesty. "I'm not with community outreach."

The woman's face hardened as she grabbed a heavy spatula from the counter. "Out! Now!"

"Auntie, please—"

"Don't 'auntie' me! Here to strong-arm us into leaving, aren't you? Not happening!" She brandished the utensil like a weapon. "Go before I call the police!"

The overreaction screamed of guilt. Just then, the door burst open to reveal a young boy with a oversized backpack. "Mom, I'm home!"

"Stay back!" the woman—Fallon, Jayde now realized—shoved her son behind her.

Jayde's heart clenched at the sight of the boy, so like Lele. "I'm alone, unarmed. I would never hurt you or your child," she said gently.

Fallon kept a vise grip on her son, Haohao. "You people always come with sweet words, but it's always the same—shove us out of our homes!"

"You've got it backwards," Jayde countered. "Your group has been the aggressive ones."

"We're defending what's ours!" Fallon shot back.

Haohao whimpered. "Mom, you're squeezing too hard..."

Immediately, Fallon loosened her grip, guilt flashing across her face. "Sorry, baby..."

Jayde seized the opening. "There's been a misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding?" Fallon sneered. "You hospitalized Grandma Legault! Rich bastards like you always crush the little people."

Jayde produced the medical records from her bag. "Read these first, Fallon."

The woman froze, refusing to take them. Jayde noticed Haohao eyeing the milk carton with poorly concealed longing. "Would you like some?" she offered.

"No," the boy said automatically, then added in a small voice, "Mom says we have to give charity food away."

“Consider it a gift between friends,” Jayde said. “There’s plenty more where that came from.”

Haohao looked to his mother with hopeful eyes. Fallon’s internal struggle played across her face—pride warring with the reality of their strained budget. Finally, she gave a tiny nod. Haohao practically vibrated with joy as he grabbed the milk.

“See how happy that makes him?” Jayde pressed. “The relocation deal includes priority housing at half market rate. It’s real.”

“Lies,” Fallon muttered, but her conviction wavered.

“Grandma Legault’s condition wasn’t caused by us,” Jayde said, tapping the medical file. “These show decades of deterioration. Ask yourself—who’s really been manipulating you?”

Fallon, clearly more educated than she let on, couldn’t refute the documented evidence. She remained silent, the fight draining from her.

Jayde took her leave soon after, making Haohao pinky-promise that she’d bring more treats next visit. As she headed home, planning to pick up the stomach-friendly foods Jace recommended for Bonian, movement in a nearby alley caught her eye—a disheveled elderly woman scavenging through trash.

Jayde’s breath caught in her throat as recognition slammed into her. “Mom?”

Chapter 826

Jayde ran up, heart pounding. “Mom? What are you doing here?” Her voice cracked as she grabbed the woman’s arm, tears brimming.

The woman flinched. “Don’t hit me! I’ll leave!”

“Hit you? Mom, it’s me—Jayde, your daughter,” Jayde said, voice trembling.

“I don’t know you...” the woman muttered.

Jayde’s world spun. Her own mother not recognizing her? No. “Please, just look at me,” she pleaded gently.

The woman—youngish, but worn down—paused, then met Jayde’s eyes. “Jayde... Jayde?” she whispered.

“Yes, Mom, it’s me!” Jayde’s voice broke as she hugged her tight.

Her mother had vanished years ago. Jayde had searched endlessly, never giving up. But this—finding her like this, frail and filthy—shattered her. What hell had she lived through?

The driver nearby grimaced. “No scavengers in my car.”

“She’s my mother,” Jayde snapped. “I paid. Drive.”

“She’s disgusting,” he sneered.

Jayde held her mother closer. “Fine. Give me my money back. We’re leaving.” She turned on her heel, ignoring his calls.

“It’s okay, Mom,” she murmured. “We’ll walk. No one disrespects you.”

At home, Jayde washed her mother, who couldn’t manage on her own. Her speech was broken, her body weak. Jayde didn’t care. She gently combed her graying hair, grief welling up. “Where were you, Mom? Dad’s…”

Her mother touched her face. “Jayde, don’t cry.”

Exhausted, she fell asleep almost instantly. Jayde called Bonian, updating him on Fallon—and dropping the bombshell.

“I found my mom in the old city.”

Bonian showed up fast, stunned at the sight of Mrs. Leung. “It’s really her…”

“She was scavenging. Dirty. Scared,” Jayde said, voice barely steady. “How did this even happen?”

Bonian pulled her into a hug, grounding her. “Her disappearance was strange. But this? This is worse. Let’s have Jace look at her tomorrow.”

“Yeah. Good idea,” Jayde nodded.

He tightened his grip on her hand. “Finding her is a win. Don’t spiral.”

Jayde nodded again, grateful for the anchor.

The next day, Jace examined Mrs. Leung, frowning. “Her brain’s been damaged. Could be trauma or long-term drug exposure. She’s functioning like a child—probably her brain’s way of coping.”

Jayde staggered. Bonian caught her.

“How?” she whispered, tears slipping down her face.

“Recovery’s not likely—but not impossible,” Jace said. “She needs a full hospital evaluation, then home care. Strangers stress her out.”

Bonian thanked him—rare for him. After Jace left, they took Mrs. Leung for tests. She panicked in the unfamiliar hospital, screaming, thrashing.

Jayde held her tight. "It's okay, Mom. Just a checkup."

She calmed only in Jayde's arms, clinging like a frightened child.

Chapter 827

The doctor reviewed the results, his expression grim. "The damage looks drug-induced—likely from prolonged use. Any idea what she's been through?"

"She's been missing for years," Jayde said tightly. "We don't know."

He nodded. "Someone kept dosing her. Over and over."

Jayde swallowed hard. "Is this... forever?"

"With care, there's a chance she could improve," the doctor said gently. "No guarantees, but there is hope."

Jayde let out a breath. Jace had said the same. The thought of her mother stuck like this for life hurt. And Lele—her son—wouldn't understand. She hadn't told him yet, sending him to stay with Mrs. Lepage. But she couldn't keep him in the dark forever.

Outside, Jayde was quiet, lost in her thoughts. Bonian took her hand.

"Lele's a smart kid," he said. "Talk to him. He'll understand."

"You're right," she said softly. She'd underestimated her son.

"Take a few days off," he added. "Focus on your mom. Don't stress about work."

"But the old city project—"

"Fallon already reached out to the assistant. We're close to a breakthrough. That's because of you," he said, smiling faintly.

Relief washed over her. She could finally focus on her mother without guilt.

At home, Mrs. Leung was slowly adjusting. Her fear of strangers was fading. Even the nanny, once a trigger, now only drew cautious stares.

"Dinner's ready," the nanny said. "I'll head out."

"Thanks," Jayde replied. "Take tomorrow off—I'll pay extra for today."

The nanny smiled, then paused at Mrs. Leung's gaze.

"Sorry, she gets like that with new faces," Jayde explained.

“No worries,” the nanny said, regaining her composure. “Soup?”

Mrs. Leung nodded, almost childlike. When the nanny left, she looked unsettled.

“She’ll be back,” Jayde promised gently.

Her mother ate quietly, still holding on to some adult habits despite everything. Then—the doorbell.

Jayde opened it and froze. Lele stood there, smiling in Mrs. Lepage’s arms. “Mom! I missed you!”

Mrs. Lepage smiled. “He was mopey, so I brought him home.”

Jayde panicked. She wasn’t ready. Lele darted inside, stopping at the sight of Mrs. Leung.

“Mom, who’s that auntie?”

Mrs. Lepage looked closer, noticing the resemblance but unsure. Guilt surged in Jayde—she’d hidden too much.

Steeling herself, she said, “Lele, this is my mom. Your grandma.”

“Grandma?” Lele blinked.

Jayde gently unraveled the truth, explaining a history he never knew. “She had an accident... That’s why she wasn’t with us.”

“I get it,” Lele said, wiping her tears. “Don’t be sad, Mom. I’ll be good to Grandma.”

His innocence cracked her wide open. To her surprise, Mrs. Leung welcomed him, playing alongside him like a peer.

Jayde watched, heart full. She turned to Mrs. Lepage.

“Sorry for the mess. I was scared to let him see her.”

“No trouble,” Mrs. Lepage said gently. “If anything, this helped you move forward. I’m glad.”

Something in her voice hinted at more.

“I actually came for a reason,” she said, hesitating. “I need your help...”

Chapter 828

Mrs. Lepage fidgeted, clearly uncomfortable. Apologizing wasn't easy for her, especially to Jayde. "I'm sorry for how I treated you before," she said quietly. "I shouldn't have acted that way. Asking for your help now... I can barely look at myself."

Jayde stayed calm as she poured her a glass of water. "It's okay, Aunt Lepage. Take your time."

Mrs. Lepage clutched the glass, hesitating. "I need you to talk to Bonian."

She explained everything. After the blow-up with his father, Bonian had cut all contact. He removed all of Mr. Lepage's allies from the company and shut everyone out. "His father's furious. He was hospitalized last night. He's stable now, but still in bed."

Jayde's eyes widened. She hadn't expected Mr. Lepage's health to take such a hit. "Is he going to be okay?"

"He's stable," Mrs. Lepage repeated. "All I want is for Bonian to visit him."

Jayde could hear the heartbreak in her voice, torn between her husband and son. Still, she shook her head. "I'm sorry. I'll help with anything else, but that's his decision to make."

Mrs. Lepage had expected as much, but disappointment still flickered in her eyes. "I'll leave Lele here. He's been with me long enough. I'll stop by when I can."

As she stood to leave, Lele ran out. "Grandma Lepage, you're going?"

Mrs. Lepage smiled and ruffled his hair. "I'll be back, sweetheart."

He pouted but waved goodbye. Jayde walked her to the elevator, where she paused.

"Bonian's always loved you," she said softly. "Then and now."

"I know," Jayde replied.

"Are you still angry with me? What happened was my fault. Not his."

Jayde looked at her, quiet. "It's not about that. There are other reasons."

Mrs. Lepage sighed and let it go. That evening, Bonian showed up.

"My mom came by?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jayde said, waiting for him to question her.

But he didn't. He just nodded.

Jayde hesitated, then asked carefully, "What do you think about your dad?"

Bonian's eyes narrowed. "Did she ask you to talk to me?"

"No..." Jayde admitted, caught off guard.

He adjusted his watch, voice flat. "Once this project's done, I'm leaving Lepage Group. Everything else can fall apart. I don't care."

Cold. Logical. Pure Bonian. But Jayde saw through it.

"I heard your dad's sick," she said gently.

He froze. "So?"

"Just thought you'd want to know," she said. "He's still your father."

There was a long silence. Jayde glanced at him, bracing for anger, but his face stayed blank. She felt the pain he wouldn't show.

"If you're worried, go see him. Or don't," she added softly. "Just saying."

Bonian's shoulders relaxed slightly. "I'll think about it."

She didn't push. That was enough.

As Fallon's family softened their stance, Bonian used the momentum to win over others. Agreements started piling in. Meanwhile, Desmond got out of detention only to find all his power gone.

"Grandma Legault's medical records completely discredited Desmond's claims. The project's been cleared," Bonian's assistant grinned. "All thanks to Secretary Leung."

"Big shout-out to her," others added.

Jayde blushed. "It was a team effort. I just gave it a push."

"You're too humble, Secretary Leung!"

"Let's celebrate! Mr. Lepage's treat!"

The assistant nudged her. "Go ask him."

"Me?" she groaned.

"You're the only one he listens to."

Jayde gave in and walked into Bonian's office to a chorus of hopeful cheers.

“Why is everyone being so loud?” Bonian asked.

Chapter 829

Jayde squirmed, trying to play it cool. “They, uh... want to go out for dinner.”

Bonian raised an eyebrow. “That’s all?”

He agreed right away. When Jayde told everyone, their jaws dropped.

“He actually said yes?”

“Thought he’d shoot it down. He’s a workaholic!”

The assistant just smiled, knowing full well Bonian had a soft spot for Jayde. The team chose a fancy hotel for the celebration. As they were getting ready, Bonian eyed her outfit.

“Too casual for your first company dinner.”

“My first?” Jayde asked. “What should I wear?”

He handed her a box from an exclusive designer brand.

“I had this made for you,” he said.

Jayde stared at the logo. “How’d you even get this? Their owner is impossible to deal with.”

“I have my ways,” he said, nodding toward the lounge. “Go change. We’re leaving soon.”

She didn’t argue. She was genuinely touched. At the hotel, the staff and coworkers quieted down when they walked in together.

“Secretary Leung arrived with Mr. Lepage?” someone teased.

Jayde played it off, sliding a few seats away from him. “Just ran into him outside. Lucky he let me in, or I’d be late.”

Her casual tone loosened the atmosphere, but Bonian didn’t look thrilled about the distance. The assistant passed out menus as conversation picked up.

“So, Secretary Leung, what did you do before this?” someone asked.

Jayde joked along, easing into the group. The mood turned lively until someone asked, “Ever think about getting married?”

The room froze. Bonian’s glare could cut glass. The assistant tensed, but Jayde brushed it off.

“Maybe if I meet the right guy,” she said lightly. “No plans for now.”

Food arrived, and the tension eased. After dinner, a few drunk coworkers leaned on the assistant for support.

“You good to get home?” he asked Jayde.

“I’ll grab a taxi,” she said, cheeks pink from a couple of drinks.

He nodded and left, trusting Bonian to keep an eye on her. Alone, Bonian picked up her bag.

“I’ll drive you.”

She reached for it, but one look from him stopped her. In the car, the alcohol caught up with her and she drifted off.

“Traffic jam,” the driver announced loudly.

“Keep it down,” Bonian said sharply. “Find another route.”

Jayde shifted in her sleep. Bonian gently pulled her into his arms. He stared at her peaceful face, her long lashes, the gloss on her lips.

He reached out, brushing her mouth with his fingers. “Jayde...”

No response.

He leaned in again, tempted. But then he smiled faintly and pulled back.

“Not gonna take advantage.”

Jayde never stirred.

Meanwhile, Bonian still hadn’t gone to see his father. The emotional toll of the law firm’s report and a warning about his position at Lepage Group had hit hard. He was too bitter, too raw.

Jayde heard about it from the assistant.

“How’s he holding up?” she asked.

“He shut down. Left right after the call.”

Jayde had a feeling where he went. Taking time off, she rushed to the kindergarten—and sure enough, there was his car, quietly parked outside.

Chapter 830

Jayde paid the driver and rushed to Bonian's car, tapping on the window. "Open the door."

He unlocked it, eyes distant.

"Why are you here alone?" she asked. "Lele's still in class."

"Just checking in," he said.

"I heard about the firm," she said softly.

His smile was bitter. "No need to guess who's behind it."

Mr. Lepage's hand was obvious—his obsession with having Bonian lead the Lepage Group instead of practicing law had led to this sabotage.

"I thought about visiting him," Bonian said. "Then reality hit me."

"My fault," Jayde said, guilt washing over her. "I pushed you to go see him."

"It's not on you," he said evenly. "That was my mistake."

His calm stung more than anger. She could feel his pain—could imagine her own father turning on her. "I'm here," she said, wrapping her arms around him gently, echoing the way they used to comfort each other.

Bonian squeezed her hand. "Driver, hospital."

Jayde blinked in surprise. He gave her a grim smirk. "He sent me a gift. Least I can do is return the favor."

She said nothing, silently promising she'd stay by his side. Mr. Lepage's hospital room was a picture of privilege—private ward, quiet luxury. A nurse tidied up nearby.

Bonian stormed in, the door slamming behind him. Mr. Lepage glared. "Still arrogant, I see. I'm sick, and you don't visit for days?"

"Thought that was enough," Bonian said coolly.

"Still defying me?" Mr. Lepage snapped.

"Uncle Lepage, we have questions," Jayde interjected, trying to defuse the fight before it exploded.

His eyes flicked to her, irritated. "You again? She's not family."

His secrecy around his illness—kept from the media—made her presence even more offensive to him.

“She’s not an outsider,” Bonian said sharply, his tone full of venom.

Mr. Lepage nearly bolted upright. “What did you say?”

Bonian said nothing, and the silence only fueled the fire. Mr. Lepage’s face flushed, chest heaving. “Ungrateful brat...”

Jayde saw the strain in his face and hit the call button. Nurses rushed in. “He needs rest,” one said.

Bonian looked away, unreadable. Jayde nodded at the nurse, silently asking her to leave. Propped up in bed, Mr. Lepage sneered. “You nearly gave me a heart attack, traitor.”

“The firm called,” Bonian said flatly.

A flicker of guilt crossed Mr. Lepage’s face—just enough for both of them to catch it. Bonian’s laugh was dry, hollow. Jayde froze. The betrayal was real.

“Why, Uncle Lepage?” she demanded. “Bonian’s been killing himself for the company. He worked through a 102-degree fever. What did he do to deserve this?”

Mr. Lepage hesitated at that, but his tone hardened again. “It’s his responsibility. Who else is going to step in for me?”

Jayde shook her head, disgusted. Bonian cut in. “Who said I’m your only son?”

Mr. Lepage’s face darkened. “You want your brother involved now?”

“Both sons,” Bonian said coldly. “Isn’t that fair?”

“He can’t run the company,” Mr. Lepage snapped, almost slipping.

“Even a recognized bastard has rights,” Bonian said. “No favorites.”

Mr. Lepage’s expression cycled through rage and disbelief, his finger trembling. “Get out!”

“Gladly,” Bonian replied, already turning away. Jayde followed.

At the ward’s exit, they ran into a man—flashy jacket, smug grin that faltered. “Brother. Sister-in-law. Visiting Dad too?”