

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 851

Bonian gazed at her with a soft smile. "I have one more thing for you."

Jayde tilted her head. "What is it?"

He pulled out a small velvet box. Inside was a silver ring, catching the light with a quiet gleam.

Her breath caught. "Should I wear it now? Isn't this for tomorrow?"

"I want to test the fit," he said. "I had it made years ago... back when I didn't know if you'd ever come back. I had to guess your size."

Jayde's heart stilled. All this time, he'd held on to hope. Her eyes welled.

"Will you put it on for me?" she whispered.

Bonian kissed the back of her hand and gently slid the ring on. It fit perfectly.

She noticed two engraved letters—**L.L.**

He smiled. "Our initials."

"I love it," she said softly.

That night, they held each other beneath a sky about to change their lives.

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The next morning, Jayde woke early. Norah, beaming with excitement, clapped her hands. "Bride time! I'm doing your makeup—you're gonna be a total knockout."

Jayde smiled, nerves dancing beneath her calm. "I wouldn't trust anyone else."

Norah worked like a pro. After an hour, someone knocked on the dressing room door.

"Ms. Leung? The car's waiting!"

They had to head to Century Hotel. The wedding convoy was already outside.

“Coming!” Norah called. She helped Jayde into her dress, lifting the hem. “Let’s go, bride. Don’t keep your groom waiting.”

“You’re enjoying this way too much,” Jayde muttered, flushing.

Norah just laughed and looped their arms together.

Outside, a fleet of sleek luxury cars shimmered under the morning sun. Bonian stood at the front, eyes locked on the door.

When Jayde stepped out, veiled and radiant, his heart stuttered. He knew her instantly.

“There’s the bride!” someone shouted.

Jayde startled, mid-step. Bonian gave the man a sharp glance and strode to her side.

He took her hand—slightly sweaty—and held it tight. “I’ve got you,” he said.

She looked up, drew strength from his gaze, and walked with him to the car.

Norah slipped into the bridesmaid vehicle. The convoy pulled away, polished and proud. People on the street stopped to stare.

“Who’s that?” someone asked, snapping photos. “Those cars alone cost a fortune.”

Within minutes, social media buzzed. *Bonian Lepage, CEO of Lepage Group, is getting married?* Rumors flew. People speculated about Jayde. The internet exploded with blessings and envy.

Jayde, unaware, kept her eyes on the road ahead.

The ride to the hotel only took ten minutes, but to Jayde, it felt like forever. Her nerves returned, buzzing in her veins.

Bonian squeezed her hand. “I’m here. Don’t be nervous.”

She exhaled slowly. “Better now.”

At the hotel entrance, Lele and Cooper stood in flower boy suits, tossing petals with wide grins.

Lele piped up—clearly coached—“Happy marriage! Have a baby soon!”

Jayde laughed and patted his head. “Thank you, sweethearts.”

Bonian offered his hand again. She took it, and together, they stepped inside.

The guests watched them enter—Norah winked, Jace gave a subtle thumbs-up, Kevin raised his champagne glass.

“Let’s go,” Bonian whispered.

Jayde nodded—but paused. She felt eyes on her. A strange, heavy gaze from the crowd.

She instinctively turned to look, but Bonian touched her arm. “Everyone’s watching. Keep walking.”

Still, the feeling lingered like a shadow.

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Later, during the ceremony, Bonian dropped to one knee. The same ring he’d given her in private now glinted under the lights.

He held it up. “We’ve been through heartbreak and storms. But we’re here. Jayde Leung… will you marry me?”

His voice cracked. His eyes held nothing but her. He knelt not as a CEO, not as a man used to control—but as someone who had once lost her and never wanted to again.

Jayde’s heart swelled.

“Yes,” she whispered.

And in that moment, all the pain that had brought them here felt like it had been worth it.

## **Chapter 852**

Jayde could only nod.

Bonian slid the ring onto her finger—it fit perfectly. When she placed his on, she noticed a subtle difference. Her ring had raised letters. His had them carved inside, pressing into his skin. A quiet kind of sacrifice.

She froze, momentarily struck by the detail, until Bonian reached for her hand. “Help me up?” he said gently.

“Sorry, I zoned out,” she whispered, snapping back to the moment.

“I noticed,” he replied with a soft smile, guiding her toward the guests for the toasts.

Most missed her lapse—but not Emmie. Alone in a corner, half-hidden behind a window’s blind spot, she’d watched everything. Her gaze locked on Jayde’s moment of pause, understanding it immediately. Bonian had planned the rings that way. Typical of him.

"You're lucky, sis," Emmie murmured into her glass. The envy in her voice was real, but not bitter. She raised her drink in a private toast.

Jayde, returning from toasting Norah and Kevin, suddenly felt eyes on her. She turned, scanning the room.

Bonian leaned in. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," she said, unsettled. "Since we arrived, I've felt someone watching us."

His brow furrowed. "You think it's her?"

Jayde's eyes lit up. "She said she'd come..."

She made to go look, but Bonian caught her wrist. "We still have guests."

She sighed, realizing her mistake. "Right. I forgot."

"I'll alert security to keep watch," he said. "We won't let her leave without seeing you."

His reassurance grounded her. The crowd had felt overwhelming, but if Emmie was here, somewhere in the room, it gave Jayde strength. Her smile steadied as she resumed toasting.

Norah grinned at their return. "How about a couples' drink? Solo toasts are boring."

Cooper chimed in, hand greasy with snacks. "Yeah!"

Jayde shot Norah a playful glare. "You're corrupting her."

Norah dabbed Cooper's mouth with a napkin. "This is enrichment. Adds spice to the wedding."

Jayde gave in, grabbing a glass. "Fine. I'll do this one."

Bonian picked up the other, even though he'd been shielding her from alcohol all night. Her tolerance was low. Cooper looked confused, and Norah covered her eyes. "No peeking. Adults only."

They drank. Jayde's cheeks turned crimson, drawing a round of applause.

One glass was enough to leave her tipsy. She tried to push through the rest, but Bonian saw her wavering and gently gripped her wrist. "No more."

"I'm fine," she insisted.

His look said otherwise.

He ended the toasting abruptly, cutting off Kevin mid-joke.

“What, that’s it?” Kevin laughed.

Bonian waved over a waiter and had a rare bottle brought out. “1982 Lafite. That work for you?”

Kevin grinned, mollified.

Jayde, relieved, still had to get through dinner. The dress was tight and stifling. She resisted the urge to tug at it.

Bonian leaned in again. “Go change.”

The wedding blended Western and Chinese traditions—she had a cheongsam waiting.

“Thank God,” she exhaled, heading off with Norah.

In the makeshift dressing room, Jayde changed quickly. Norah stepped out to take a call and fix her makeup. Jayde waited alone.

The door creaked open. “Back already?” she asked without turning—then froze.

The powder puff slipped from her hand, hitting the table with a soft thud.

Emmie stood there, smiling faintly at the red cheongsam. “It suits you.”

## **Chapter 853**

Jayde nearly lost it—but held herself together.

She stared at her sister, heart thudding. Emmie’s face had changed, the features altered. But the eyes were the same.

Without a word, she rushed over and hugged her tightly. “Your face... the fire... does it still hurt?”

Emmie touched her cheek, her gaze falling. The pain didn’t bother her much anymore—not compared to everything else. But Jayde’s worry chipped away at her emotional armor.

“It hurt, sis,” she admitted, her voice cracking. “So much.”

The fire. The immobility. The drugs that dulled her mind. The man who controlled her. The isolation.

“I wanted to die, sometimes. But I made it back.”

Jayde held her tighter, trembling. “It’s over. You’re here now. No one’s going to hurt you again.”

Emmie buried her face in her sister's shoulder. "You don't hate me?"

"When have I ever?" Jayde whispered, a shaky laugh slipping out. "You're my sister."

They sat and talked quietly. Jayde mentioned finding Mrs. Leung and urged Emmie to visit. But Emmie hesitated. "Not yet. There are things I need to finish."

"Need help?"

Emmie shook her head.

Jayde didn't push, just said, "If anything happens, come to me first."

Emmie slipped away before Norah returned, wanting to stay out of sight. Jayde, though sad to see her go, didn't try to stop her.

That night, Jayde carried a sleeping Lele home. Bonian followed close behind. She hesitated at the door. "So... Lele's room, mine, and the guest room. Do you want your usual, or...?"

Her voice trailed off. They were married now, but sleeping together still felt unfamiliar.

Bonian, watching her fumble, didn't hesitate. "You think I'm sleeping in the guest room?"

His raised brow and amused tone made her blush.

She gave in. They shared her bed. Skin brushed. Breath mingled in the quiet.

Jayde shifted, clearly uncomfortable. Bonian pulled her close, resting his chin on her shoulder.

"I won't do anything," he said lowly, "but if you move again, I can't promise."

She froze. He held her. And true to his word, nothing happened.

Morning came.

Over breakfast, Lele stared at her intensely.

"What?" she asked, unsettled.

He chewed his bun slowly. "My friends said if moms and dads get really close, I might get a sister. Will I?"

Jayde choked on her food, coughing uncontrollably. "What?! Eat!"

Lele pouted, thinking she was just shy. If she knew what else he was imagining, he'd be grounded on the spot.

Later, after dropping him off, Jayde headed to work.

Everyone in the office stared.

“Secretary Leung?” Colt from Planning gawked. “Why are you here?”

“Where else would I be?” Jayde asked, genuinely confused.

Colt stammered. “But you and Mr. Lepage...”

They thought she’d quit now that she’d married the boss.

Jayde smiled, amused. “I’m still Secretary Leung unless I say otherwise.”

Word spread fast. The tension in the office eased. “Same old Jayde, just a new ring,” people said with relief.

Work stayed professional. Bonian remained strict, though a little softer with her than others.

The staff caught on quickly—when Jayde was around, Bonian’s temper stayed in check.

“She’s better than a lightning rod,” his assistant joked.

One afternoon, Bonian called her in. She braced for a lecture, head down.

He smirked. “Relax. I just need you to pick a lunch spot. Why the guilty look?”

## **Chapter 854**

Jayde blinked, relaxing. “Oh. Thought I screwed up.” She scrolled through her phone and picked a place. “This one.”

Bonian nodded. “We’ll grab Lele after. No kindergarten this afternoon—take half a day off. We’re heading to the old house after lunch.”

Jayde didn’t ask why. One glance at Bonian’s tight expression told her enough—this was about Mr. Lepage.

After lunch, they drove to the Lepage family’s old house. Lele, thrilled to be tagging along with Jayde, bounced in his seat. Jayde reached over to still him. “Sit still.”

Lele blinked up at her. “Mom, will we see Grandma?”

Since finding out Bonian was his dad, he knew Mrs. Lepage was his real grandmother. Jayde ruffled his hair, noticing it had gotten long. “Yes, and after that, we’re getting you a haircut. Deal?”

Lele nodded eagerly, buzzing about seeing his grandma.

But when they arrived, the house didn't feel warm—it felt heavy. Mrs. Lepage stood in the entryway, wiping tears. Jayde's stomach sank. Mr. Lepage wasn't there.

"Where's Uncle Lepage?" she asked.

Mrs. Lepage's voice trembled. "You're here, Bonian. Your father fainted this morning. He hasn't woken up."

Bonian froze, fists clenched, eyes reddening as he stared toward the stairs. Jayde knew what he needed.

"Let's go see him," she said quietly, glancing at Mrs. Lepage for permission.

They climbed the stairs in silence, Lele subdued, sensing the shift in atmosphere. In the bedroom, Mr. Lepage lay still, breathing faintly. Then, suddenly, he coughed and opened his eyes, clouded with confusion but fixed on Bonian.

"How'd you do on your test?" he murmured. "Do well, and Dad'll grant a wish..."

He chuckled softly, mistaking Bonian for his younger self. Bonian's lashes trembled—he hadn't heard that phrase since childhood. He let his father's frail hand touch his face.

Mr. Lepage sighed. "If you'd just listened more... but then, you wouldn't be my son."

Bonian's head jerked up, shock flickering in his eyes. Mrs. Lepage quietly closed the door and sighed. "Don't hold it against him. He's always been stubborn. But he's proud of you, even when you chose law."

Bonian said nothing. Learning his father didn't hate him—after all these years—was too much to process all at once. He left without staying for dinner. Jayde didn't push. Even Lele's questions were hushed.

That night, in bed, Jayde asked gently, "You okay?"

Bonian took a moment. "Not unhappy, but not exactly happy either."

"I get it," she said, pulling him close. She'd felt the same when she found out Emmie was alive but distant. "At least now you know they love you. Parents plan for the long haul, even if it's clumsy. Your dad's no different."

Bonian nodded, holding her tight.

Mr. Lepage's faint turned out to be minor—caused by high blood pressure. He recovered in days. When Jayde and Lele visited, he played with Lele, their laughter filling the old house. Bonian and his father began talking again. Slowly, the years between them began to fade.



Jayde was relieved, but her thoughts kept drifting to Emmie. Mrs. Leung was improving—recognizing Jayde and Lele, recalling bits of the past. But she kept asking, again and again, “Where’s Wan Wan? Why isn’t your sister here? Is she lost?”

Each question stung. Jayde would soothe her gently. “She’s just busy, Mom. She’ll come soon.”

But the days dragged on with no word from Emmie.

Then one afternoon, as Jayde comforted her mother through another spiral, the doorbell rang. She left Mrs. Leung to answer it—and froze.

“Emmie?”

Mrs. Leung rushed past her, grabbing Emmie’s hand, tears spilling. “Wan Wan’s back! You’re back!”

Emmie’s voice cracked. “Mom.”

Mrs. Leung beamed, overwhelmed, holding Emmie as if afraid she’d vanish again. Jayde turned away, swiping at her own tears.

Later, the two of them sat talking. Mrs. Leung gestured wildly, words jumbled but joyful. Emmie didn’t always follow, but she nodded, smiling. Their bond, despite everything, still pulsed beneath the surface.

In the days that followed, their connection slowly began to knit itself together. Quiet healing—no fanfare, just real.

## **Chapter 855**

Bonian stayed home from work that day, standing in the hallway, calling out, “It’s time. Let’s go.”

Jayde, scooping up Lele, hustled out. “Coming!”

Bonian grinned at her. “You’re getting prettier every day.”

Jayde smirked. “When did you become such a sweet-talker?”

“Sweet-talk? Please. I’m just stating facts.” He winked. “Unless you’re shy about your own beauty?”

She rolled her eyes. “Let’s just go.”

Bonian started for the car, then paused, eyeing her outfit. “Wait—our clothes don’t match. We don’t look like a couple.”

Jayde raised an eyebrow. "You want to change again?"

"Pick something for me," he said with a smile.

Unable to resist, they headed upstairs. Jayde picked a shirt that complemented her dress. Bonian nodded as they looked in the mirror. "Now we're a family."

They loaded into the car. Behind them, Mrs. Lepage stood at the window, watching. A flicker of longing crossed her face.

After they left, she asked the driver, "Where are they going?"

"The photo studio," he replied.

"Take me there too," she said, already guessing. Family portraits—something she'd missed out on far too long.

At the studio, a spacious VIP booking ensured they were welcomed warmly.

"This way," the photographer said. "Best spot for family shots."

They passed through rows of themed backdrops. "Sit close together," the photographer directed. "Let's get a shot."

Just then, Mrs. Lepage arrived. She stopped in the doorway, watching the trio pose. Regret twisted in her chest—if only she hadn't interfered years ago. She might've been part of this joy so much sooner.

"Parents, hold the kid a little tighter!" the photographer called out.

Jayde, adjusting Lele, glanced up—and spotted her.

She nudged Bonian. "Your mom's here."

He looked but said nothing. Jayde stood and crossed the room. "Mom, come join us."

Mrs. Lepage blinked, surprised. "Really?"

"Of course." Jayde smiled. "You're Lele's grandma. It's only right."

Tears welled in Mrs. Lepage's eyes. She stepped inside, and Jayde linked arms with her, guiding her into the shot. They sat with Lele in her lap.

Mrs. Lepage's heart swelled. "Thank you, Jayde."

Jayde just smiled. The past wasn't erased, but peace—real peace—was possible.

“Lele, kiss Grandma?” she asked gently.

Lele wrinkled his nose. “Nope!”

She froze, a flicker of hurt flashing across her face—but she nodded. “Alright. Let’s shoot like this.”

The photographer lifted the camera—but before he could snap, chaos exploded outside.

“Keep it down!” the photographer barked.

A man burst in, wild-eyed, and grabbed the camera, shoving the photographer aside. Jayde immediately pulled Lele behind her, shielding him.

The man took in their happy scene—and snapped. “Why are you so happy?!”

Jayde’s heart pounded. Bonian stepped forward, tense, ready to intercept. But the man dodged, lunging toward Jayde with a glinting knife.

Bonian moved—but not fast enough.

Mrs. Lepage threw herself forward, blocking the blade. It sliced across her back. Blood bloomed through her coat.

“Mom!” Jayde gasped.

The wound was shallow, thankfully missing anything vital—but the man wasn’t done. He raised the knife again, furious.

Bonian tackled him, slamming him to the ground. They grappled violently. Jayde ran over, prying the knife from the attacker’s hand with shaking fingers.

Police stormed in moments later, wrestling the raving man into cuffs.

Jayde rushed back to Mrs. Lepage. “Are you okay? We’re going to the hospital.”

“It’s nothing,” she said, brushing her off.

Jayde checked the wound—a five-centimeter gash, dulled by layers of thick clothing. It was already starting to clot. Relief flooded her, but she still asked, voice tight, “Why’d you do that?”

Mrs. Lepage took her hand, eyes earnest. “Jayde... since you married Bonian, you’re family. I didn’t jump in front of that knife for show.”

Jayde’s breath caught.

She nodded, silently.

The past might never fully disappear—but love could change the future.

## Chapter 856

Jayde knew Mrs. Lepage had changed since she promised to stop meddling. “I know,” she said, eyes red. “You’ve been so good to Lele.”

Mrs. Lepage’s voice trembled. “He’s my grandson. I failed you before. Taking care of him now... it helps ease the guilt.”

Her regret had eaten away at her, day after day. Protecting Jayde now was instinct. She needed Jayde to live well—with Bonian.

“It’s behind us,” Jayde said, voice thick. “We’re taking you to the hospital. No arguments.”

Mrs. Lepage nodded, tears falling.

Later, police confirmed the attacker was a drifter lashing out at society. Bonian, pulling strings through legal channels, made sure the man would spend life behind bars.

At the hospital, Cody personally oversaw Mrs. Lepage’s care. Thanks to timely treatment, she was stable, but recovery would take months of bed rest.

Bonian offered to hire a nurse, but Jayde refused. “I’ll take care of her.”

The moment Mrs. Lepage stepped in front of the knife for her shifted something in Jayde. If not for her, Jayde would’ve been the one bleeding. Now, with the past behind them and their relationship healing, Jayde wanted to show respect and gratitude to the in-laws she once resented.

Bonian saw her resolve and didn’t argue. He stayed by her side.

Watching her son, daughter-in-law, and grandson together, Mrs. Lepage couldn’t hold back. “I’m a sinner. If not for me, you two would’ve married years ago—maybe had more kids by now.”

She thought of the grandparents she’d seen in parks, bragging about grandsons *and* granddaughters. Kevin’s family seemed perfect—one of each. She’d hoped caring for Lele would help Jayde and Bonian build that kind of life, but the regret of interfering still haunted her.

“Don’t dwell on that,” Bonian said, firm. “We’re moving forward.”

They’d suffered enough being apart. He’d even pretended to be Bryan around Emmie and nearly lost Jayde for good.

Mrs. Lepage shook her head. “The past matters. I don’t deserve any of this. You should focus on your lives.”

But Jayde wouldn't leave her. Neither would Bonian.

"Who else would we care for?" Jayde said softly. "Just get better. Lele's waiting for you."

Bonian ruffled Lele's hair, soaking in the warmth of their little family. Lele grinned, happier than ever in this new version of home.

Mrs. Lepage nodded, eyes misty. Jayde gently wiped her tears. "We're family. Let's live like it."

Meanwhile, Emmie had made her decision—she was taking Mrs. Leung away.

She didn't want Jayde burdened any longer. Jayde had carried too much—raising Lele, holding the family together. It was Emmie's turn now.

She called Jayde. The call connected immediately—despite how little they usually spoke.

"I'm taking Mom," Emmie said. "Live your life. Don't worry about the past."

"Where are you going?" Jayde asked, alarmed. "You can't just—"

"I'll manage," Emmie cut her off. "I'll take care of her. I'll keep in touch. I'll visit."

She didn't mention she was pregnant—not with that man's child—and how her plan to destroy him had failed. She was leaving because she didn't want to drag Jayde down with her.

"We're family, Emmie," Jayde said, voice strained. "Don't talk like this is goodbye."

Emmie gave a crooked smile. "I'll come back one day. This is still my home. But right now, being here—as Bryan's ex? It's too much."

## **Chapter 857**

Leaving was the only path Emmie could see.

"You're my only sister," Jayde said, voice tight. "You can't stay away forever."

Bonian, overhearing, rested a hand on her shoulder—silent support. Jayde pressed on. "Wait for me. I'm coming. You're not leaving without saying goodbye in person."

She rushed from the ward, leaving behind Bonian, Mrs. Lepage, and Lele. Lele wanted to run after Emmie—his kind aunt—but knew not to cause trouble. Jayde and Bonian were finally okay, and Emmie's absence at the wedding had already shown her willingness to step back. He trusted Jayde to handle it.

Emmie was with Mrs. Leung when Jayde found her. Despite the changes in her face, her smile still had traces of the old Emmie.

“Didn’t expect you to come,” Emmie said. “You’ve got work, Lele—why bother?”

“I told you last time, none of that matters,” Jayde said, her throat tightening. “You’re my sister. How could I not come?”

Emmie’s smile softened. She saw Jayde’s pain and knew her mind was made up. “You don’t care about the past, but I can’t stay. You’ve got Bonian, Lele. I can’t be the shadow lurking behind.”

Jayde shook her head. “Your face has changed. No one knows you’re Emmie. Stay. I can support you. If you leave, I’ll worry—every day. About how you are, where you are...”

Emmie pulled her into a hug. “You’re too sentimental for a scholar. I’m still young. I’ll be fine. I’ve got two hands—I’ll make it.”

“But you’re taking Mom,” Jayde said, voice breaking. “There’s so much I haven’t asked her. Or you. I’m not ready to let you both go.”

Emmie understood, but she’d made peace with her decision. “Staying would hurt more. Even if no one recognizes me, I’m still Emmie. Someone might connect the dots. I won’t risk your future with Bonian.”

Jayde’s breath hitched. The thought of losing Bonian scared her—but losing Emmie again hurt just as much.

“You’re married now, a rich wife,” Emmie said gently. “You want reporters digging into our past? You and Bonian deserve peace. Mom and I—we’re better off out of the spotlight.”

Jayde knew Emmie had a point, but she couldn’t accept it. Family wasn’t something you chose—it was something you fought for.

“Emmie...” she started.

“Live well, sis,” Emmie said, her voice final. “That’s enough. You’ve done more than enough. I want freedom. I want Mom with me. I’ve decided.”

Jayde’s shoulders slumped. “Fine.”

She saw them off, holding back tears. “Tell me where you’re going. Call me when you settle.”

Emmie nodded—but in her heart, she knew she wouldn’t. This was goodbye. Jayde deserved peace now, and Emmie wouldn’t be the one to disturb it.

Jayde returned to the hospital three hours later, eyes tired, mood heavy. Bonian saw it immediately and wrapped an arm around her.

“Emmie’s gone?” he asked.

She nodded. No matter what she'd said, how hard she'd begged, Emmie wouldn't stay.

Bonian held her tighter. "When she's ready, she'll come back. Just stay in touch. For now, take Lele home. I'll stay with Mom."

"You've got work," Jayde said. "I'll take care of her. I promised."

Bonian hesitated. "I'll have the assistant and nanny take Lele home. I'm staying here with you."

Jayde frowned. "Lele's just a kid. You're okay leaving him alone?"

"My dad's at home," Bonian said. "Whatever his issues, Lele's his grandson. He won't let anything happen."

Jayde wavered, remembering how close Lele was to Mrs. Lepage. "Still, I should be the one staying. Go check on him."

"I'm staying—" Bonian began.

But Jayde cut him off. "What if Mom needs help going to the bathroom? I didn't even arrange a nurse."

Bonian paused, understanding. But leaving her alone still didn't sit right.

## **Chapter 858**

Bonian frowned. "Are you sure you can manage? Mom's weak—you'll struggle without a nurse."

Jayde's lips curved slightly. "Did you forget what I used to do?"

To cover Lele's medical bills, she'd worked grueling jobs. Caregiving was second nature.

Bonian's chest tightened. She had carried so much alone. "I'm sorry... for everything."

She waved him off. "No apologies. We've moved past that."

Her phone buzzed. Norah. "Bring Lele over," she said. "Cooper misses his little brother."

Norah was a true friend. At Bonian's request, she'd been helping Jayde navigate high society. But Jayde glanced at Mrs. Lepage and replied, "I'm tied up. I'll come when I can."

"No pressure," Norah said, hanging up.

Kevin, reading nearby, looked up. "No plans? Want to meet someone else?"

Norah shook her head. Gloria was out of town. Nellie and Sasha were buried in work, and Karina and Levi were busy with military duties. With Bonian's request in mind, Jayde was her best option—but she wasn't free.

"You look disappointed," Kevin said. "Want to go out somewhere?"

Norah sighed. "With Dad's treatment and the kids, we can't travel."

"How about a party? I'll invite some people."

She shook her head. "Your friends are busy, and parties just attract flatterers."

"I'll watch the kids. You should go—"

"Madam, Sir, Miss Karina is here," a servant announced.

Norah's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Karina strode in, short hair sharp, dressed in a red shirt and jeans—radiating confidence. She was leaner, tanner than before. "The servant announced me—thought I was an imposter?" she teased.

"Where's Levi?" Norah asked.

"In the army," Karina said. "I'm on leave. Pregnant. Came to learn from you."

"That's amazing!" Norah exclaimed. Karina and Levi's quiet wedding had left little time for celebration. Now, with her visit and the big news, Norah turned to the staff. "Prep something hearty and nourishing!"

Karina laughed. "Army food is solid, and I'm a team leader now."

"That's there. Here, you're my guest," Norah said, taking her hand. Seeing Karina brought thoughts of Gloria, but she pushed them aside.

Karina grinned. "You won't mistreat me, right? Heard about Pharaoh—how's he doing?"

"He's in chemo," Norah said. "We're taking it one day at a time."

"I want to visit," Karina said. Despite the past, she and Jace owed Pharaoh for their training—even if Archer later tainted it.

"Eat first, then we'll go," Norah said, heading to the kitchen herself.

Reina started crying, and Kevin picked her up. Karina, seeing the toddler—a mini Norah—awkwardly took her in her arms.



Kevin chuckled. "You've defused bombs, but you're scared of a baby? How're you gonna be a mom?"

"Bombs don't squirm," Karina muttered, stiff.

"Start practicing now," Kevin said. "Stay here, keep Norah company. When's Levi back?"

"Half a month," she replied. "He's got missions. We've got a place in the capital—I'll visit, but won't stay long."

"Why not? The villa's huge. Take a room."

Karina smiled. "Thanks, but we've got our home. I won't crowd you."

Norah's food soon hit the table—rich, fragrant, hearty. Karina dug in, pregnancy and homesickness stoking her appetite.

"Stay. I'll cook every day," Norah said.

Karina waved her off. "You're a CEO's wife—cooking for me? Besides, you've got the kids."

"Servants can handle that," Norah said. "Stay. Be my buddy again."

Karina hesitated. "Levi's got it covered."

## **Chapter 859**

Norah didn't press her. After dinner, she took Karina and the kids to visit Pharaoh at the hospital, with Kevin driving.

Pharaoh had mentioned wanting to return home, but Norah had shut the idea down. The hospital had 24/7 monitoring. "I can't handle another scare," she'd told him.

Seeing Cooper and Reina lit up Pharaoh's face. He cradled Reina, gently pinching her cheeks until she giggled. Cooper leaned into him, soaking up the warmth.

Karina teased, "What, Pharaoh? I'm invisible now that you've got grandkids?"

He chuckled, finally noticing her. "Sorry. My eyes aren't what they used to be. How're you holding up?"

"No match for these two," Karina grinned. "How about you? Hanging in there?"

"I'm alright," Pharaoh said. "Norah, I've been thinking—let me go home. The doctor said I'm stable enough to be discharged."

Norah frowned. “You’re not ready. Jace’s hospital is packed, and I’m no doctor. You’re safer here.”

They could install home care, even an ICU setup—but it wouldn’t compare to the hospital’s expertise. Pharaoh pushed back. “I’d feel better at home. I want to play with the kids, not sit around hooked to machines.”

He missed normalcy—family meals, laughter, simple joys. Norah wavered, but Kevin stepped in. “If you want to go home, we’ll make it happen.”

Pharaoh nodded, grateful. “I’ll come back for chemo. Don’t worry. If my time’s near, I’m at peace knowing I’m surrounded by family.”

He’d decided to be buried in Belourvinelle, near Norah—not in the Yi tribe. It’d be easier for her to visit. He hadn’t told her yet—no need to add to her sorrow. He trusted Baimo to lead. The tribe was in good hands.

Norah’s eyes stung. “Don’t talk like that. Treatments are better now. You promised you’d watch my kids grow.”

Despite his flaws, Pharaoh was her father. He’d reformed—supporting the tribe’s children, cherishing hers. Blood still bound them.

“I’ll stick around for them,” he said gently. “And your braised fish—I miss that.”

“You need lighter food,” she countered, always thinking of his health.

“My taste buds are gone. Just give me flavor,” he said stubbornly.

Kevin backed him. “We’ll get you discharged. Norah can cook.”

Norah sighed. Outnumbered. As they left, she whispered to Kevin, “He looks worse. Let him eat what he wants. We should call Baimo.”

Kevin nodded. He’d seen Pharaoh’s eyes—clouded and heavy. “You’re right.”

Norah’s voice cracked. “I can’t accept this. He’s still in treatment, but… his spirit’s fading.”

Kevin held her. “I’ve seen this before. All we can do is make what time he has… good.”

Norah called Baimo, hands shaking. “It’s not urgent, but it’s serious. Come.”

Baimo and Freyja agreed. They’d visited before, but Pharaoh’s decline had accelerated. Freyja saw through Baimo’s calm—he was hurting.

Back home, Norah cooked, Kevin assisting. Pharaoh ate with gusto, like he was savoring every bite.

"Norah, stay home and cook for me. I'll watch the kids," he said. "And when I die... bury me here. That way, it's easier for you to visit."

Her heart clenched. He'd planned everything—to make her burden lighter.

## **Chapter 860**

"Don't say that," Norah choked, blinking back tears. She feared that if she started crying, she wouldn't stop.

Pharaoh smiled faintly. "Life ends. I'm content—I found you, raised your kids, earned your forgiveness. What more could I want?"

He waved off the conversation. "Come on. Let's eat."

Norah steadied herself and stepped into the kitchen, leaving the kids with him for a moment.

By noon, Baimo and Freyja arrived. Pharaoh greeted them with a soft scold. "The Yi tribe must be busy. Why come all the way here now?"

Baimo shrugged. "We missed you and Norah. Besides, Freyja wants a child—and Belourvinelle's technology is better."

Pharaoh laughed. "I can't operate anymore. Go find Jace."

They all knew his time was short, but they kept the mood light. Pharaoh still seemed fine—eating well, playing with the kids, resting often. But his pallor betrayed him.

That afternoon, they visited Jace. Pharaoh urged him to help with Freyja's IVF. Jace hesitated. "It's not my specialty, but I can refer you. First, let's do a full workup."

Freyja's tests came back clear—she could conceive naturally. But she was insistent.

"I want to do IVF," she said firmly. "I had a miscarriage once. I want to try again soon... for Pharaoh's sake."

Baimo saw the pain she carried, and he agreed, not just for Pharaoh, but for her. "Thank you," he murmured, brushing a kiss to her forehead.

Freyja leaned into him. "I'm doing this for us—and for Dad."

At the hospital, Pharaoh cradled Reina in his arms, with Norah and Cooper nearby. Sunlight poured through the windows, catching on his white hair and softening the lines in his face. Norah saw the quiet contentment there—his children, grown and loved, their futures unfolding.

Jace's team confirmed the embryos would be ready soon. Baimo pushed for speed. Time felt slippery. Jace noticed the shadow deepening beneath Pharaoh's eyes, a quiet sign of death approaching—but he said nothing, focused on the work.

Later, Jace's assistant caught him smiling as he glanced toward Norah. "So... got a girlfriend?"

Jace shook his head. "No."

"Someone you can't forget, then?"

He didn't answer—just turned back to his charts, hiding the truth in silence.