

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 861

Jace had loved only one woman—Norah. And when he found her married to Kevin, with a family of her own, something inside him closed for good. Her love for Kevin was unwavering. Jace accepted it, even if it hurt. All he could do was wish her well.

“Focus on your work,” he snapped at his assistant the next day. “My life isn’t your business.”

The assistant backed off.

A few days later, the embryos were successfully cultivated—two strong ones. Freyja beamed, her eyes glistening with hope. Their dream of becoming parents was suddenly real.

Norah steadied Pharaoh’s arm. “You’ve got to hold on, okay? These babies need you around.”

Pharaoh patted her hand. “Seeing all of you happy... that’s enough for me.”

But guilt lingered in his heart—nearly killing Norah, missing Cooper’s early years. He was thankful Kevin and her adoptive parents had filled those gaps. And Baimo... Baimo had become the man he’d always hoped he would be. A strong leader, with Freyja beside him.

One day, Pharaoh called Kevin aside. “I didn’t like you at first. But Norah chose you. She’s suffered enough in her life. Swear to me—you’ll treat her well.”

Kevin nodded without hesitation. “I love her more than life itself. You’ve seen it for yourself.”

Pharaoh believed him—but time was pressing. To Baimo, he said quietly, “Don’t be stubborn. Lead the Yi tribe. Make it better—for me. Cherish Freyja. My only regret is I won’t see your child.”

He looked away then, face shadowed with memories—Calvin, the lives he’d hurt, mistakes he couldn’t undo. But Baimo cut him off gently. “We’re looking forward, not back.”

Pharaoh nodded. “Tomorrow... let’s go out. Just you, me, and Norah. One last family photo.”

Baimo added, “Let’s bring everyone—Freyja, Kevin, the kids. Make a memory.”

The next day, they dressed up and headed out. They took two photos: one of Pharaoh with Norah and Baimo, and one with the whole family. Norah insisted on a stop at a temple, where she lit incense and prayed quietly for her father’s health.

Dinner followed at a farmhouse—simple dishes, warm conversation. Pharaoh laughed more than he had in weeks and ate with gusto, the weight in his chest momentarily forgotten.

Afterward, they walked along the beach. The sunset stretched in gold across the waves. Pharaoh stood apart from the group, eyes fixed on the horizon, shoulders relaxed.

Norah approached. “Dad?”

Pharaoh turned slowly, eyes glassy. “Ah Heng...” he murmured. “You look beautiful today.”

Norah froze.

Ah Heng—her mother.

He wasn’t seeing her.

He was seeing the past.

## **Chapter 862**

A jolt of fear struck Norah. Pharaoh gripped her hand—and suddenly collapsed backward.

“Dad!” she screamed.

He hit the sand hard. Baimo, Freyja, and Kevin rushed over as Norah cradled him. Pharaoh reached out, trembling.

“Wait for me... you’re too slow...”

His voice faltered.

And just like that, he died in Norah’s arms.

It was too sudden. Too quiet. Norah couldn’t even cry—she couldn’t process it. Freyja sobbed openly. Cooper wailed. Even baby Reina, in Kevin’s arms, seemed to sense the absence, whimpering softly.

The funeral was held by the sea—just as Pharaoh had wished in his final lucid moment. Norah had wanted to bring him back to the Yi tribe, to be buried in his ancestral home. “Maybe next to Mom,” she whispered.

But Baimo shook his head. “Her death haunted him. He wanted Belourvinelle—for you. Let’s honor that.”

She couldn’t argue. The grief was too raw.

The ceremony was intimate—just family. Kevin arranged a quiet, beautiful spot overlooking the water. Before returning to the Yi tribe, Baimo urged Freyja to stay behind for her embryo transfer.

“Stay with Norah. I’ll handle things there and come back soon.”

But Freyja resisted. “I go where you go.”

Baimo gently insisted. “Jace hasn’t scheduled the transfer yet. She needs you now. So do I—once our child’s safe, I’ll bring you back myself.”

Reluctantly, Freyja agreed.

Norah, meanwhile, shut down. She barely ate, barely spoke. A seasoned war correspondent, she’d seen death countless times—but this was different. This shattered her.

Kevin brought the children to her one morning, placing Reina in her arms.

“He made peace with everything. You need to keep going.”

His words pierced the fog. Norah blinked at Reina, then pulled her close. Slowly, she came back to life, step by painful step.

She supported Freyja through the embryo transfer. Jace handled everything with care, honoring Pharaoh’s final wish—that his legacy continue.

“I’ll take care of her,” Norah promised. “Dad raised my kids. I owe him this.”

Freyja protested. “You’ve got your own family.”

“I’m doing this for Dad,” Norah said. “So let me pamper you.”

To lift the mood, she invited Ophelia—also pregnant—to join them. With Jayde busy caring for Mrs. Lepage, the trio formed a quiet sisterhood. They shopped, played cards, shared meals. It helped. A little.

Meanwhile, Kevin’s company thrived. So did Kian’s. Nellie, now a sought-after director, visited Norah with a proposal.

“Let Cooper and Reina act. They’d shine. You know they would.”

Norah hesitated. “Cooper’s in school. Reina’s Kevin’s heart. He won’t allow it.”

Nellie smiled. “You’re their mother. Your word carries weight. I’ll keep them safe.”

Before Norah could respond, Kevin entered the room.

“No,” he said firmly. “Discussion over.”

Nellie backed down immediately. His tone left no room for debate.

The kids were off-limits.

### **Chapter 863**

Jayde had been by Mrs. Lepage’s bedside for days. Though her mother-in-law had suffered serious injuries, her spirit was healing.

“I can’t believe I didn’t see things clearly before,” Mrs. Lepage sighed.

Jayde gave her a gentle smile. “The past is over, Mom. Let’s just move forward.”

Mrs. Lepage nodded, sipping porridge with slightly trembling hands. “You’re right.”

At noon, Bonian arrived. Relief flickered in his eyes when he saw them together.

“You two really are like mother and daughter,” Mrs. Lepage said with a proud smile.

Jayde glanced at Bonian. “Her recovery’s going well. She’ll be up and out soon.”

“I trust you,” Bonian said softly. “Just don’t wear yourself out.”

A cheery voice came from the door. “Mrs. Lepage, how are you today?”

It was Mrs. Hu, a VIP patient from the neighboring ward who often stopped by for gossip.

“Come in, Mrs. Hu,” Mrs. Lepage said warmly.

“Oh? Is that your son? Quite the looker.” Mrs. Hu’s eyes lit up when she saw Bonian. “He looks familiar... a celebrity, perhaps?”

Mrs. Lepage smiled with pride. “He’s been interviewed. You may have seen him in a magazine.”

Mrs. Hu gasped. “Right! Lawyer Lepage! So accomplished and young. A rare find.”

“Thank you,” Mrs. Lepage said, pleased.

Jayde stood. “I’ll walk him out.”

Mrs. Lepage waved them off, sensing they needed a quiet moment. Outside, Bonian pulled Jayde into a hug.

“Thank you, my wife.”

She rolled her eyes. “Stop it.”

But his next words were serious. “Life’s stable now. Ever think of finishing what you started?”

Jayde blinked. He meant her dream—law school, the courtroom. She had given it up long ago under family pressure. But the spark hadn’t entirely died.

“If you still want it, I’ll help you,” Bonian said.

Jayde smiled faintly. “We’ll talk later. Go on, you’ve got a firm to run.”

Back inside, Mrs. Lepage and Mrs. Hu were deep in gossip. Mrs. Hu peeled an orange. “So who’s your daughter-in-law?”

“No big background,” Mrs. Lepage said simply. “Just Bonian’s love since they were young. They’ve been through a lot together.”

Mrs. Hu’s expression soured slightly. “Strong families should match strong families. Your girl doesn’t exactly fit the mold.”

“She’s family. That’s enough,” Mrs. Lepage said coolly.

Mrs. Hu pressed on. “Love isn’t always practical. Status and talent matter too. My daughter, for example—raised with culture, poised, refined—”

“She sounds lovely,” Mrs. Lepage said, her voice neutral.

Frustrated by her tact, Mrs. Hu changed course as Jayde returned. “Back already?”

“Bonian’s busy,” Jayde said, tidying up.

Mrs. Hu followed her out. “Jayde, can we talk?”

Jayde frowned. “What is it?”

“Let’s go to my room.”

Curious, Jayde agreed. But the moment they were alone, Mrs. Hu’s tone changed.

“I heard you come from a poor background.”

Jayde’s expression hardened. “And?”

“Your mother-in-law didn’t defend you too strongly. If she really approved of you, she would’ve said more.” Mrs. Hu leaned in. “Rich men can play with love—but they marry equals. I’ll pay you to leave. Name your price.”

Jayde laughed coldly. “You think love is for sale?”

“Girls like you chase money,” Mrs. Hu sneered. “I’ve seen your type.”

Jayde’s voice turned to steel. “You know why Mom’s in that hospital bed? She took a knife for me. If she didn’t accept me, would she have done that?”

Mrs. Hu went silent.

Jayde stood, calm and unflinching. “If you think your daughter can win Bonian, go ahead. Try.”

She walked out.

Back in the room, she found Mrs. Lepage fidgeting.

“This hospital’s boring,” she grumbled.

“You’re not healed yet,” Jayde replied, smirking. “Just a few more days.”

“Mrs. Hu was acting weird,” Mrs. Lepage muttered.

Jayde poured tea, eyes twinkling. “Want to go home? I’ll get your discharge papers ready.”

## **Chapter 864**

Mrs. Lepage nodded eagerly. The wound was shallow—just needed dressing changes—and home, with Lele’s cheerful energy, sped her recovery.

Bonian returned, tired but warm. “Jayde, come here. I’ve got something for you.”

She followed him to the study. He handed her a document. “Take a look.”

It was a call for entries to a televised lawyer debate competition—winners earned industry recognition and nationwide fame.

“You know this show,” he said. “You used to watch it all the time.”

Her long-buried dream of becoming a lawyer stirred again. Excitement clashed with uncertainty.

“It’s your shot,” Bonian said gently. “Want to go for it?”

Jayde hesitated. “The requirements... won’t the rest of your team resent me?”

“No one’s getting pushed aside,” he assured. “There’s time to prep. If you want it, I’ll put your name in.”

She gave a small nod, resolve forming. Years of self-study had kept her sharp. Gratitude rose in her chest.

Jayde dove in, studying deep into the night. Bonian would bring her tea, watching with a mix of admiration and worry. “Sometimes I wonder if I did the right thing, pushing you.”

She looked up, eyes lit. “You did. This feels right.”

“You’re so focused, I might as well be invisible,” he teased.

She grinned. “There’ll be time for you later. Right now, this is everything.”

Bonian left her to it, smiling to himself.

At the press conference, cameras flashed as the top lawyers were introduced. Reporters lingered on Jayde, unfamiliar with her.

“Who is she?” they whispered, finding no online trace.

Jayde stayed composed. Bonian’s assistant ushered her to her seat. “Ms. Jayde, right here. Lawyer Lepage has you covered.”

A prominent lawyer, Fernando, sneered when he saw her nameplate. “Lepage’s firm is really slipping—sending in nobodies.”

Jayde met his gaze calmly. “It’s not where you start. It’s where you finish.”

Fernando laughed, mocking. Some others joined in—word had spread that Bonian’s firm was hosting, footing the bill for two contestant spots.

“Wasting money to give a rookie stage time?” Fernando jeered.

“Our call,” one of Bonian’s colleagues replied coolly.

Another lawyer leaned over. “I’m not helping you, Jayde. No idea why Bonian picked you.”

Jayde opened her mouth, then stopped. She had no formal law degree—just hard-won knowledge. Still, she wouldn’t bow.

When she was introduced, some in the crowd booed. Jayde stood tall. She had something to prove—and she would.

## **Chapter 865**

After the press conference, Bonian sat beside Jayde, patting her shoulder.

She exhaled. “You spent a lot to get me here?”

“Just bought an extra slot. No big deal,” he said. “This is your moment. Focus on the competition.”

“I won’t let you down,” she said firmly.

“Don’t worry about me,” Bonian replied. “Just don’t let yourself down.”

Her heart swelled. The preliminary round paired her against a small but solid firm. Onstage, she felt like her old college self—sharp, confident. She debated with precision, backing her arguments with solid evidence and raw passion for justice.

The crowd, skeptical at first, started to lean in. Her opponent had years of experience, but Jayde’s logic was airtight, her delivery calm and cutting. Her closing words rang clear:

**“The law isn’t just words—it’s justice. And I’ll always fight for that.”**

A few claps turned into a roar of applause.

Fernando, in the crowd, leaned toward Bonian. “Your rookie’s not bad. Still green, though.”

“She’s quick. Has a great eye for angles,” Bonian said evenly. “Give her time—she’ll be your match.”

Fernando scoffed. “She hasn’t faced me yet.”

“She will. She’s advancing.”

“Rigged?” Fernando said loudly.

Bonian didn’t flinch. “Report me. I’ll counter-sue for defamation. Want to take it to court?”

Fernando backed off, muttering, “Everyone knows you’re untouchable.”

Bonian smiled. “No court? Then let’s see who wins here.”

“You trust her that much?” Fernando asked.

“With everything I’ve got,” Bonian said.

Jayde’s name was called—she’d advanced. A rush of relief hit her. Bonian handed her a bouquet.

“You got these ahead of time?” she asked, surprised.

“Of course,” he said, voice warm.

“How’d you know I’d win?”

“I believe in you,” he said simply. “You’ve got what it takes.”

Jayde blushed, heart full. “I’ll keep pushing.”

He pulled her into a hug. “You’re already the best.”

She stepped back quickly, conscious of the public eye. “People know you’re the host. Let’s not fuel rumors.”

He sighed, amused.

Just then, Norah called. “You free yet? Come over.”

Jayde’s smile faded slightly. She’d missed Pharaoh’s funeral—Mrs. Lepage had needed her. “I’ll come now. Send me the address.”

“Just come to the house,” Norah said. “Bring Lele. Cooper needs a smile.”

Jayde agreed. Norah had always been good to her, and their kids were close. It was time to reconnect.

## **Chapter 866**

Jayde picked up Lele and headed to Norah’s house. Norah, looking worn but warm, greeted them with water. “Sit down.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t at the funeral,” Jayde said, heart aching for her friend’s loss.

Norah waved it off. “Don’t be formal. You were helping Mrs. Lepage. I understand.”

She turned to Lele with a faint smile. “Hey, sweetheart.”

“I heard Brother Cooper’s really sad,” Lele said earnestly, holding out a small box. “So I brought him a gift.”

“He’s upstairs,” Norah sighed. “He and Grandpa were so close...”

Jayde gently nudged him. “Go on, buddy. Cheer him up.”

Lele dashed off. Jayde turned back to Norah. “What happens now?”

“It’s all handled,” Norah said, rubbing her temples. “We’ll figure the rest out as we go.”

Jayde sensed her weariness and didn’t pry. “If you need me, say the word.”

“I won’t hold back,” Norah promised, then perked up. “You’re in that law competition?”

Jayde blinked. "Didn't expect you to notice."

"You're chasing your dream again," Norah said, proud. "Honestly, I thought marriage would hold you back. But you're flying."

"Nothing's holding me down now," Jayde said. "Bonian gave me the push."

Norah grinned. "Already can't live without him?"

"Stop it," Jayde laughed, cheeks warm.

The kids came thudding down the stairs. Cooper gave Jayde a quiet greeting, then said, "We're going to the garden."

Lele beamed, holding up a music box. "It changes color in sunlight. I'll show Brother Cooper!"

"Go on," Norah said, watching them go. "Thanks, Jayde. Cooper's been so withdrawn since the funeral. I was really worried."

"They'll help each other," Jayde said gently. "Kids heal best with company."

Norah nodded. "He's quiet, but other kids bring him out."

"I'll bring Lele by more," Jayde offered.

"After the competition," Norah said with a smile. "Focus on you first."

As dusk fell, Jayde and Lele left. He chattered happily the whole way. "Cooper's my friend now! Can we go back soon?"

"Of course," Jayde said, ruffling his hair. She hoped their bond would ease Cooper's grief, even just a little.

Bonian met them at the door. "You're late. I've been waiting."

"For what?" she asked, stepping inside.

"A celebration," he grinned.

"It's just one win," she said. "Don't get ahead of yourself."

"Every step forward is worth celebrating."

After settling Lele with the nanny, Bonian led her into the dining room—steak, wine, soft music, candles flickering. Jayde was taken aback.

"You cooked?"

“Kind of,” he admitted. “Not a pro, but you knew that.”

“It’s special,” she said, guilt flashing in her eyes. “I already ate at Norah’s. I should’ve come home sooner.”

He brushed it off, putting on a record. Then he reached for her hand. “Dance with me?”

They swayed under the moonlight, her smile softening. After a while, she murmured, “I need a bath.”

The tub was already filled, rose petals floating. Bonian lingered in the doorway. “Big tub…”

She missed the hint and shooed him away. “It’s comfy, I know. You can relax later.”

The bath soothed her, the stress melting away. But after drying off, she headed right back to the study. This was only the first battle—tougher ones were coming.

## Chapter 867

Fresh from a shower, hair still dripping and a towel slung low on his hips, Bonian walked into the study and found Jayde deep in case files.

She didn’t even look up. “Go to bed. I’m reviewing for the next round.”

“You’ve read those enough times,” he said, leaning closer.

“Not enough,” she murmured. “They’ve got years of experience on me. I have to catch up.”

“You’ve got days before the next round. Slow down,” he said gently, taking her hand.

She pulled away, still focused. “A few days isn’t enough.”

Bonian sighed, defeated. *Are case files really more interesting than me?*

Frustrated, he grabbed a hairdryer and pointed to her still-damp hair. “You’ll get a headache,” he said, drying it for her.

Jayde finally looked up. “Thanks, Bonian.”

Her gaze flicked to his bare torso, then quickly away. Blushing, she stammered, “Aren’t you cold?”

“Freezing,” he teased. “Warm me up?”

“Put some clothes on,” she said, cheeks pink.

He grinned, voice low. “It’s been a while.”

“You’re busy,” she said, trying to deflect.

He hugged her like a clingy koala. “You’re overworking. Rest a little.”

“This opportunity—you gave it to me. I can’t mess it up.”

Bonian laced their fingers together. “You’ve studied law for years. This is your time. Don’t let pressure steal your joy.”

She nodded slowly. “With you around... I feel steadier.”

“Bed, then?” he teased.

“Stop it,” she said, laughing.

He scooped her up suddenly.

She squealed. “What are you doing?!”

“Taking you to bed,” he said, already walking. “No more studying tonight.”

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The next morning, online rumors exploded.

Headlines labeled Jayde a “backdoor entrant” who’d rigged the competition to win gold. Anonymous posts and fake “insider” claims spread like wildfire. Marketing accounts jumped on the trend, turning public opinion against her.

Jayde saw the headlines—but she didn’t flinch. She had bigger things to focus on.

At the venue, Lawyer Fernando confronted her with a smirk. “Backdoor entrant, huh? Makes the rest of us wonder why we bother.”

All eyes turned to her. Jayde met his gaze without blinking. “Gossip isn’t evidence. You, of all people, should know that.”

Her words cut through the noise, quieting the murmurs.

Fernando scoffed. “You still look shady.”

She stepped forward. “Why come after a rookie like me? Scared you’ll lose? People see the truth.”

“You’re dirty,” he snapped.

Bonian arrived, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “I gave her the slot. As the sponsor, I’m allowed one extra—it’s in the rules. Didn’t you read the fine print, Fernando?”

His voice, calm and authoritative, rippled through the room.

Fernando hesitated. “Doesn’t mean it wasn’t rigged.”

“Then file a complaint with the committee,” Bonian said coolly. “Otherwise, keep your slander to yourself. You’re a lawyer—act like it.”

Jayde stepped forward, voice firm. “The competition is fair. The judges will decide my worth. Win or lose, I’m clean. Let rumors stay rumors—they don’t define me.”

Bonian smiled at her, proud. “Her strength is obvious. And real strength doesn’t fear scrutiny.”

Fernando’s jaw tightened.

Bonian added, “Throwing gossip instead of arguments? That’s not just weak—it’s unprofessional.”

A murmur spread through the room. Some whispered in curiosity. Others looked at Jayde with new respect.

She wasn’t just some lucky rookie. She was a threat.

## **Chapter 868**

Jayde stepped up to the mic, steady under the weight of countless eyes.

“The competition starts soon,” she said clearly. “I’ll prove myself through skill. If I fail, at least I’ll have a clear conscience.”

Without waiting for reaction, she walked offstage, unfazed by the tension. When her round began, she faced the audience’s skeptical stares but held firm. She was here to argue a tough case—one of self-defense.

“Ms. Leger’s testimony shows the attacker was still advancing,” Jayde argued. “Continuing to defend herself wasn’t excessive—it was survival.”

Her opponent struck back. “The autopsy indicates the attacker was already incapacitated. Ms. Leger went too far.”

Jayde didn’t flinch. “She’s 1.6 meters tall. Her attacker was 1.8. In that moment, she couldn’t take chances. She acted out of fear, not malice.”

A judge leaned in. “Was Ms. Leger’s intent subjective?”

Jayde nodded. “Intent under threat is complex. She couldn’t accurately assess the attacker’s condition. Her focus was escape, not harm.”

She cited supporting evidence—Ms. Leger had stopped once safe and called for help immediately. The crowd began murmuring, shifting in her favor.

Her opponent pushed again. “The attacker died. That’s fact.”

Jayde delivered her closing strike. “Yes—but Ms. Leger had no safe alternative. Hesitating could’ve killed her. Her actions were reasonable.”

The judges exchanged impressed glances. One leaned forward. “Your logic and command of the law are remarkable, Ms. Jayde.”

Applause followed her offstage.

But her opponent—a younger female lawyer—wasn’t finished. She suddenly shouted, “Unfair! Her case was easier. She’s a backdoor cheat!”

The mic was still on, amplifying her accusation. The room froze.

Jayde turned slowly, calm and composed. “I earned my spot fairly. The committee reviewed my qualifications. Strength—not rumor—defines me.”

“You wouldn’t be here without Bonian’s influence!” the woman shot back. “That’s a backdoor!”

Jayde’s smile didn’t falter. “Bonian’s sponsorship added an extra slot—publicly, within the rules. If that’s a backdoor, then every sponsored lawyer is suspect. The judges chose me based on my performance.”

The crowd stirred. Whispers spread. Her reasoning held weight.

A senior attorney stepped forward and pulled the woman back. “Enough. Don’t embarrass yourself.”

Jayde raised her hand in a confident wave and exited. She was advancing to the semifinals.

Meanwhile, Bonian had his own mission. Determined to support Jayde’s path, he met with Kevin, Cody, and Esteban to learn how to balance love and ambition.

“You already lost,” Cody teased. “Married with a kid? You’re finished.”

Kevin offered real advice. “Just treat her well. She’s thriving with Norah’s support.”

Bonian nodded, watching the fire return to Jayde’s eyes lately. Cody mentioned an exchange trip. Esteban brought up an overseas assignment.

Kevin ribbed them both. “You two better settle down. My kids will be teenagers by the time you get serious.”

Esteban scoffed. “I won’t marry without real love. I’m not into your domestic dramas.”

Cody added, “Who needs marriage? I’ve got my career.”

Bonian smirked. “Then why not marry each other?”

Cody and Esteban recoiled instantly. “Revenge!” Cody shouted.

Bonian laughed, the banter clearing the last of his tension.

## **Chapter 869**

They drank late into the evening and needed drivers to get home. Though Bonian was barely tipsy, Jayde’s sharp senses picked up the alcohol right away.

“You reek,” she said, wrinkling her nose. “Why so much?”

“Met Kevin’s crew,” he replied. “Also—tomorrow, I’m taking you to a high-society banquet. Need anything?”

Jayde sighed. She hated banquets. “You’ve already given me more than I imagined—friends, support. Can I skip it?”

Bonian kissed her forehead. “I get it. But showing up opens doors for your future.”

She gave in. “Fine. But shower first. I’ll grab you some vitamin C.”

He pulled her into a hug. “I’d love to have another kid with you someday. But I know how hard childbirth is—and I don’t want people comparing us to Kevin and Norah. Let’s live for us first. Kids can wait.”

Jayde smiled. “Whatever you want.”

That night, they slept close, limbs tangled, hearts aligned.

The next day, Bonian took her to a concert first—broadening her world, helping her grow under Norah’s quiet mentorship. But while he networked, a woman cornered Jayde near the buffet.

“So... Bonian chose a country girl over Livia?”

Jayde, dressed in custom designer wear and exuding quiet elegance, raised an eyebrow. “Livia’s already paid her price. You looking to follow her?”

The woman sneered. "You're nothing without Bonian. He'll get tired of you."

Jayde didn't flinch. "As long as he loves me, I don't care what you think. His choice is my place. That's enough."

## **Chapter 870**

But the woman wasn't done.

"You think this status will last? Why do you think he parades you around these events?"

Jayde smiled coolly. "If it's a problem, it's his. And I notice you're only brave enough to say this to me—not to him."

The woman's face twisted. "You're delusional."

She stormed off—straight into Bonian's view.

He immediately recognized her—Simone Leger. Livia's friend.

His face darkened. He grabbed Jayde's hand and walked over.

"She's already tattling?" Simone asked with a smirk.

"No," Bonian replied icily. "I saw everything. Since you like gossip so much, maybe I should hire you as a tabloid columnist."

Before she could react, he tossed his wine in her face.

Simone shrieked. "Are you insane?!"

Heads turned. People gasped. Jayde tensed—this could spiral. Simone played victim immediately.

"He assaulted me for no reason! Just for talking to his wife?!"

She started ranting about Livia's mistreatment. "He's not even a lawyer anymore—just a shady CEO who silences people!"

The crowd stirred.

"Isn't he with the Lepage firm?"

"Didn't he lose his license?"

"Shady dealings..."

Jayde tried to pull Bonian away, but he held her hand and faced the crowd directly.

“I went through official channels to switch careers,” Bonian said clearly. “Yes, my law license is revoked—voluntarily. My father runs Lepage & Co. now. I’m only a trustee.”

A man scoffed. “Prove it. Or we’re reporting you.”

The threats came fast. “Let’s investigate him!”

Jayde’s heart pounded. She stepped in front of Bonian protectively, her slight frame shielding his.

He looked down at her, stunned by her defiance.

In that moment, his eyes softened.

She wasn’t just his wife.

She was his shield.