

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 881

Jayde's career had her constantly on the move. She left early, came home late. Her schedule rarely lined up with Bonian's—and he felt the gap more than he expected.

After years apart, he cherished every second. And now? It felt like she was slipping away again.

One night, he finally cornered her.

"I've got the house, the company, our kid—and you're out there leaving me and Lele behind like it's nothing?" His eyes searched hers. "Do I need to schedule an appointment just to see you now?"

Jayde blinked, caught off guard. Then she gave a tired smile. "I'm just swamped right now. Once things calm down, I'll be around more."

She was working hard, not for fun—but to catch up, to stand beside him as an equal.

But Bonian didn't buy it.

"Jayde, I've lived this life. Once you're in this deep, there *is* no easing up. You think I don't know how this ends?"

Jayde sighed, frustrated. "You supported me back then. Now you're acting like this is a problem? You're taking it all back?"

He said nothing.

That silence hurt more than yelling.

Then Bonian switched gears. "Let's have another kid. While we're still young."

He wrapped an arm around her waist, lifted her off the floor.

She squirmed, laughing. "Bonian! We agreed to wait."

"I changed my mind," he said—and kissed her before she could argue.

Jayde melted into him. Their bodies remembered everything.

They collapsed, breathless.

But afterward, Jayde quietly took a birth control pill.

Bonian saw it and his heart sank. “Why not now? I just want to keep you with me, Jayde.”

That fear—of losing her again—was etched into every word.

Jayde sat up, serious. “It’s not about not wanting kids. But I *need* to chase this dream right now. You *know* how much it means to me.”

“I come home every night,” she added. “You’re still my home. But I’m not going to be glued to your side forever.”

Bonian didn’t let up. “Then let me come with you. I’ll be your assistant. Your secretary.”

Jayde burst out laughing. “You? My assistant? You trying to make headlines? People would lose their minds.”

“You’re a CEO. You want the whole office whispering behind your back?”

Bonian shrugged. “Let them talk. We live our lives, not theirs.”

Jayde’s expression hardened. “Enough. No more kid talk. Push me again, and I *will* get mad.”

Bonian finally backed off. But in his mind, he wasn’t giving up. If she got pregnant... would she *really* say no?

He tried. But then Jayde left on a business trip, derailing his not-so-secret plan.

At work, he couldn’t focus. Even his assistant noticed.

“Boss, should I call your wife back?” the assistant offered.

Bonian sighed. “She’s out of town. What’s that gonna do?”

“Maybe if I say you’re sick—”

Bonian snorted. “Fake an illness? What am I, in high school? The Lepage board would eat me alive.”

“Forget it,” he muttered.

The assistant panicked, desperate to help, but Bonian waved him off. “I’ll handle it.”

Except he couldn’t.

So he called Kevin for drinks. With Cody and Esteban unavailable, it ended up being just Kevin and Kian.

Kian teased him right away. “What’s with the long face, CEO Lu? Wife, kid, CEO title—you’ve got the dream life.”

Bonian groaned. “How do I keep Jayde close? Kevin, how’d you get Norah on board for kid number two?”

Kevin raised a brow. “Jayde doesn’t want another one?”

“She’s career-focused. Too busy. I want her around, but she keeps saying ‘not yet.’ You guys are married—you get it, right?”

Kian shook his head. “You say you love her, but you’re panicking over her ambition? Marriage isn’t a leash—it’s a life together.”

“You’re too clingy, Bonian,” he added. “Let her breathe.”

Kevin nodded. “This isn’t the end of the world. But if you’re this spun out, maybe talk to Jace. Cody’s not here, but Jace gives solid advice.”

Chapter 882

Kevin had suggested Jace—after all, Jace had helped save Lele alongside Cody. His credentials were top-tier.

“I’m not crazy,” Bonian snapped, bristling at the implication.

Kevin leaned in. “You’re not crazy, but you also weren’t in therapy for those four years. I get it. But Kian’s right—Jayde isn’t yours to control. You can’t clip her wings just because you’re scared. She’s got her own path.”

Bonian knew he was right. But the fear wouldn’t leave—the constant ache in his chest, the need to hold on. He wanted Jayde to shine, but only for him to see.

He got drunk instead, drowning his frustration in liquor.

That night, Jayde returned from her trip. When Kevin dropped off a stumbling Bonian, she felt her heart twist.

“Thanks for bringing him home, Brother Ye,” she said.

“No problem. Just... talk to him,” Kevin replied.

Jayde nodded. She understood.

Inside, with the help of a servant, she guided Bonian upstairs, loosening his tie, pulling off his shoes. He looked so lost, like a heartbroken teenager.

Suddenly, Bonian pulled her into his arms and kissed her, his voice breaking. “Jayde, I love you so much. I’m terrified I’ll lose you...”

“I know,” she murmured, gently stroking his back.

“I’m scared other people will see how amazing you are.”

“Silly man,” she whispered. “You’re my husband. Lele’s dad. The only man I’ve ever loved. If I wanted someone else, I would’ve left during those four years.”

She’d had plenty of chances—men who’d accepted her and Lele, offering a fresh start. But none of them were Bonian.

“Will you stay with me forever?” he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

“Always,” she promised. “You, me, and Lele. I love you. Stop torturing yourself.”

They talked for hours, hearts laid bare. Bonian just held her, content to keep her close without asking for more.

At the Edwards house, Kevin nursed a light buzz. He avoided heavy drinking these days—his newborn daughter had a sensitive nose, and Norah’s post-baby sense of smell was even sharper.

Norah raised a brow. “Drinking again? Thought you retired from that scene.”

“It was for Bonian,” Kevin said. “He’s losing it over Jayde—wants another kid, but she’s focused on her career. He’s spiraling.”

Norah sighed. “That fear of loss never really leaves. It’ll pass... But don’t even think about adding a third or fourth kid to our house. Two is plenty.”

“Got it,” Kevin replied, though the thought had crossed his mind.

Their son, Cooper, was thriving in school—top marks, praised by teachers. But he still missed Pharaoh. He’d even stuck a little red award flower in Pharaoh’s old room, like a tribute.

Norah sat beside him, holding his hand. “Grandpa’s watching from the stars now. Next year, your aunt will have her baby, and we’ll visit.”

Cooper’s eyes welled. “Grandpa said he’d teach me to read and write in first grade...”

Pharaoh had made up for years of absence. He'd cooked, played, and stayed close—nothing like the cold, distant Mousse.

Once, Cooper had asked, "Grandpa, don't you want to go back home?"

Pharaoh had smiled. "Home is wherever you and your mom are. I messed up before. I won't miss another minute."

Now, Cooper just felt the silence. Lele's visits helped, but the house felt emptier.

Norah hugged him tight. "Everyone has a purpose in this life. When it's time, we go. It hurts, but we carry on."

Pharaoh's end had been peaceful—confused at times, but calm.

"Want to visit Lele this weekend?" she asked. "Or maybe go see the Yi tribe this summer. They've built a lot recently."

Cooper nodded. "Let's visit Lele. But what about my baby sister? Babies don't like planes."

Norah chuckled. "It's just the takeoff and landing. She'll be okay. And I want to see your aunt."

"Cool," he said, excitement returning. He wanted to see where Grandpa grew up.

Chapter 883

"I got home last night," Jayde said. "I was just about to call when Brother Ye brought you in."

Bonian winced, rubbing his temples. His head throbbed, the hangover punishing.

"Here," Jayde said, handing him a vitamin C tablet and a bottle of water.

He stared at her, remorse written across his face. "Jayde... do you hate me like this?"

She raised an eyebrow. "Hate you? You're my husband. How could I hate you? You know me better than anyone."

Her dreams were never flashy—just a safe Lele, a healthy Bonian, a happy home.

"But I—" he started.

"Brother Ye told me to talk to you," she cut in gently. "I know what this is, Bonian. You're afraid that if I'm out there in the world, someone might take me away from you."

She sat down beside him, her smile warm but firm.

He didn't deny it. She saw right through him.

Kevin and Kian were right—he couldn't let his fear smother her light.

"I'm being childish..." he muttered, ashamed.

"No," Jayde said. "You're just scared. If I were in your shoes, maybe I'd be worse. But you encouraged me to chase this. Don't backpedal now."

Guilt crushed him. He'd helped her take flight, then panicked when she soared.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't want to clip your wings. I just... I'm scared."

She took his hand. "I know. But you don't have to be. I'm here, and I'm not going anywhere."

"I'll always support you," he promised. And for the first time, he really meant it.

Kevin had been right all along—only Bonian could untie the knot inside him.

Meanwhile, Lele had his own drama.

One afternoon, Mrs. Lepage called Jayde, holding up a stack of property deeds she'd found in Lele's backpack—none of them in the Lu family's name.

"Where did these come from?" she asked.

Lele thought hard. "My classmate Sisi gave them to me."

Alarmed, Jayde contacted the teacher, got Sisi's parents' address, and brought Lele to return the documents.

The moment they arrived, Sisi lit up. "Dad, that's him! My favorite person. Those were my betrothal gifts—why are you giving them back?"

She'd snuck the deeds into Lele's backpack, frustrated that he was always so quiet. She liked him, so she made a bold move.

Her father looked horrified. "Sisi, you're five! You can't just hand out property deeds!"

"But I wanted to be friends with Lele," she insisted. "If I didn't give him something serious, how would he know I mean it?"

Jayde had to bite her lip to keep from laughing.

"I'm so sorry," Sisi's dad said. "She must've overheard something. Please don't mind her."

Jayde handed the documents back. "Please check them."

He did—a full set of eight. All accounted for.

But Sisi snatched them back. “No! You said once you give something, you can’t take it back. Lele took them home, so he accepted me. If you take them back, he’ll think I’m lying!”

Tears welled in her eyes as she stomped and cried.

Her dad was helpless.

Then Lele stepped forward. “Sisi, don’t cry. I know you’re serious. I’ll be your friend. I’m just quiet at school, not ignoring you.”

“Really?” she sniffled, eyes wide.

“Really,” Lele nodded. “No lies.”

Beaming, she hugged him. “Good! But if I take the gifts back, won’t that look fake?”

“No,” Lele said. “Betrothal gifts are for marriage. We’re just kids. And usually, boys give them to girls.”

Sisi blinked. “But why can’t girls give them?”

Her dad picked her up. “Well... when boys give gifts, it means the girl will live with his family. When girls give them, the boy marries into her family.”

“So I gave them to Lele,” she said proudly. “What’s wrong with that?”

Jayde laughed quietly. This girl was going to be a handful—and a force.

Chapter 884

Sisi sobbed, clinging to her father. “That’s my betrothal gift! You can’t take it, Dad. You always said people keep their word—but you’re... you’re a liar!”

Her father sighed, clearly worn out. The property deeds were safely back in his hands, and he wasn’t about to create a scene in front of Jayde. Without another word, he hoisted Sisi over his shoulder, her little fists swinging wildly.

Jayde turned to Lele and gently ruffled his hair. “She’s just a kid, Lele. Don’t take it to heart. But don’t ice her out at school, okay?”

Lele gave a tiny nod. “Got it.”

Back home, Mrs. Lepage burst out laughing when she heard what happened. “My grandson’s breaking hearts already? In kindergarten?”

But her tone shifted quickly. “Eight property deeds, though—that’s a serious family. If we can build a connection early, it might not be such a bad thing.”

Jayde stared at her, incredulous. “Mom, they’re five. They don’t even know what a deed is.”

Sure, kids these days were bold, but this was something else.

Bonian shook his head firmly. “Absolutely not. I know what it’s like to be locked into something too young. It’s not a blessing—it’s a cage.”

Mrs. Lepage huffed. “I was just thinking out loud. No need to bite my head off.”

“I’ve been through it, Mom. I want Lele to grow up free,” Bonian said, voice unwavering.

“Fine, fine,” she muttered, scooping Lele into her arms. “I’m just the cook and nanny here. You two make all the decisions anyway.”

Jayde and Bonian exchanged a knowing grin.

That weekend, Norah stopped by with her kids. Lele and Cooper were off playing while Jayde and Norah watched the younger ones crawl around.

Jayde told her the whole deed saga, and Norah cracked up. “These kids, I swear. But eight deeds? Lele’s got the magic. Cooper’s got a little admirer too, y’know.”

“Who?” Jayde asked, curious.

Norah thought for a second. “Joyce. Sasha’s daughter. She used to come over to play, but they’re moving to Country M soon.”

Jayde’s eyes widened. “Wait—Sasha? The actress?”

“Yup,” Norah nodded. “Started out small, now she’s a megastar. Everyone wants a piece of her.”

Jayde nodded slowly, struck by how excellence drew excellence. It reminded her to keep stepping up her game.

And she did. Her reputation rose fast. People stopped calling her just “Bonian’s wife.” Now she was “Ms. Leung”—a force in her own right. Even Livia, of all people, had become something like a friend. The past really was the past.

Norah had plans to take Cooper to the Yi tribe that summer, and Jace was coming along too.

Watching him with the kids, Norah's heart tugged. Everyone around them was paired up or starting families—Hongchou was pregnant, Jayde and Bonian were rock solid, Aunt Bonnie was being spoiled daily, and Steven had his hands full with twin boys. Jace was the only one still standing alone.

She couldn't keep quiet. "Jace, everyone's finding happiness. You should too."

Jace knew what she meant. He'd loved her quietly for years, even when Kevin was gone and the world had called him dead. But even then, he couldn't win her heart. He'd let go.

"Being close to happiness is enough," he said softly. "Pharaoh asked me to keep an eye on you. That's more than enough for me."

"But you deserve your own happiness," Norah insisted. "You shouldn't just orbit other people's lives. Look at my dad—his kids were by his side till the very end. Don't you want that kind of love?"

Jace looked at her, that same quiet loyalty in his eyes. His body, worn down from his medicine man days, couldn't handle much anymore. And his heart—well, it had already been spoken for.

"If it comes to that, I'll donate my body," he said lightly. "Let the students learn something from me."

Norah's jaw dropped. "Are you kidding me?! That's not peace—that's giving up. Nope. I'm finding you someone. As your sister, I'm handpicking them myself."

Jace let out a rare laugh. "You're relentless."

"Better believe it," Norah shot back. "You think you're getting off that easy?"