

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 1041: Finale

Jimena wasn't about to dump all her work on someone else—that wouldn't be fair. Still, something had to give. She called her assistant into her office.

"You're twenty-five, right?" she asked.

The assistant blinked, startled. *Is this a setup?* "Uh, Ms. MacLean, I'm not looking to date or marry yet..."

Jimena rolled her eyes. "Not that. I want you to start taking on some of my tasks. No need to send me routine reports anymore—just handle them."

The assistant paused, then caught on: this wasn't busywork—it was a promotion. Jimena confirmed it, along with a pay bump, and told her to start building a small team.

"Pick reliable people. When I'm overloaded, you'll step in. If anything's unclear, check with me first."

The assistant, now visibly relieved, nodded. With the new hires onboard and work delegated efficiently, Jimena's schedule finally opened up.

She used to be stuck at her desk from dawn till night—late meetings, last-minute crises, barely a moment to breathe. Now, she could head home by 4:30 or 5:00, knowing her team had her back.

And for the first time since the wedding, she had real time for Cody—and for their marriage.

He noticed right away. One evening, he met her at the door, stopping her before she could walk in.

"Wait," he said, his voice low. "Got a surprise for you."

The apartment was dark. She frowned. "What's with the secrecy? Turn on the light."

The lights flicked on, revealing a clumsy spread of pink balloons, curling ribbons, a hilariously lopsided cake, and a table full of her favorite dishes, still warm.

It took her a second—but then she gasped.

"Today's my birthday..."

Cody smiled. “Made the cake myself,” he said, kneeling to open a velvet box. Inside was a delicate pink diamond necklace—girlish and sweet, unlike her usual taste, but touching all the same. “Happy birthday, Jimena.”

She stared at him, stunned, before letting him clasp it around her neck.

Then her eyes fell on the cake. It was a catastrophe—frosting sliding off one side, “Happy Birtay” written in a wobbly scrawl.

“You *made* that?”

He scratched the back of his neck, sheepish. “Didn’t realize cakes were this hard. But hey—I tried.”

Her heart melted. Even Cody had soft spots.

She sat down, blew out the candles, and made a wish for one heart, always by her side.

As she reached for the knife to cut the cake, the scent of steamed mandarin fish—her favorite—hit her. Normally, it would’ve made her light up. But now, a wave of nausea surged.

Her face went pale. She stood suddenly. “Bathroom. Now.”

Cody followed, concerned. “Upset stomach?”

“No—I haven’t eaten anything weird. No raw food, no spice...” She clutched her stomach.

Their eyes met, the same thought hitting them both.

Without a word, Cody dashed to the bedroom and returned with a pregnancy test.

She gawked. “When did you buy that?”

He smirked. “Always prepared.”

Five tense minutes later, she stepped out of the bathroom, hand resting on her abdomen, eyes wide.

Positive.

They’d only been married three months. Was it really happening this fast?

Cody’s calm held for a beat—then his grin broke free, unstoppable. “We’re having a baby.”

At the hospital, a doctor friend confirmed it. “Two weeks along. Congratulations, Dean.”

Cody steadied her by the elbow as they walked out. Then, outside, he wrapped her in a hug, holding her close.

“We’re gonna be parents,” he whispered, voice thick with emotion.

His slight tremble surprised her. He was just as overwhelmed, just as thrilled. Maybe even more.

On the drive home, Jimena stared out the window, quiet. The thought of becoming a mother stirred something unfamiliar—fear, awe, joy all tangled up. But Cody’s quiet giddiness melted her hesitation.

She ruffled his hair. “We’re a family of three now. Better set a good example.”

That night, at home, Cody went into full dad mode. The steamed fish and other now-forbidden dishes went into the fridge. He didn’t let her lift a finger.

“You’ve got mild anemia,” he said, reading her test results. “Feet up. I’ll handle the rest.”

His tone left no room for argument. She sank onto the couch and watched him bustle around, wrapping sharp corners, reorganizing furniture, adjusting everything for her safety.

He worked until midnight.

Moonlight filtered through the windows, soft and silver. Cody finally curled up beside her, arms warm and protective.

“Thank you,” he murmured. “I’ll take care of you. Of us.”

Her eyes misted over—maybe hormones, maybe love.

“With you,” she whispered, “I’m not afraid.”

She reached for her belly, still flat beneath her hand, and murmured to the tiny life inside:

Welcome home.

On her twenty-fourth birthday, Jimena got everything she never knew she needed—
A family.
A future.
A home.