

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 631

Freyja's eyes filled with tears. Words of gratitude caught in her throat, so she simply stood on her tiptoes and kissed Baimo on the cheek.

Baimo grinned and leaned in closer. "Just a kiss on the cheek?"

Freyja blushed. "There are people around."

His smile deepened. He leaned in and whispered, "Tonight, remember to be as bold as you were just now."

"You're awful."

Freyja's heart raced, and she didn't know how to respond.

Thankfully, when they reached the examination room, there was no line. The doctor let Freyja in first.

Ten minutes later, she came out with red eyes.

Baimo immediately stepped forward, gently supporting her. "What's wrong?" he asked softly.

Without a word, Freyja handed him a piece of paper.

Worried something was wrong with her health, Baimo immediately tried to comfort her. "Don't worry. No matter what it is, I'll always be here for you."

Freyja's eyes brimmed with tears again. "You should read the results first."

Then she lowered her head and began to cry quietly.

The paper was a B-ultrasound report—it showed she was four weeks pregnant, and everything was normal.

Four weeks. One month.

Baimo's hands trembled with excitement. He wanted to sweep Freyja into a tight hug, but mindful of the baby, he restrained himself. Instead, he pulled her gently into his arms and kissed her deeply.

“Baimo...” Freyja’s voice was soft and shy.

“I’m going to be a dad! I’m really going to be a dad!” Baimo cheered with joy.

He was so happy. Thankfully, she was pregnant. If something had been wrong with her health and it affected her ability to have children, she really didn’t know how she could’ve faced him.

Freyja felt incredibly grateful to be carrying their child.

“Let’s go tell Dad the good news.”

Baimo held her protectively as they stepped into the elevator.

When they arrived at Norah’s hospital room, Baimo couldn’t wait. He handed Pharaoh the ultrasound report. “Look at this.”

Everyone in the room grew curious. Norah noticed it was a B-ultrasound and urged Pharaoh to take a look.

Pharaoh took the report, studied it closely, and his hands began to shake.

“Pregnant? Really pregnant? I’m going to be a grandfather!”

He was even happier than Baimo.

Baimo nodded. “Yes, Freyja is pregnant. In just a month, our family’s going to have a new little member.”

Overwhelmed with joy, he took Freyja’s hand and expressed his love for her right then and there.

Pharaoh made a quick decision. “Don’t worry about anything family-related right now. I’ll handle it. You just stay with Freyja and take good care of her.”

Freyja was both surprised and a little embarrassed. “Father, that’s not necessary. It’s just the first month. I can still take care of myself.”

Pharaoh waved it off. “It’s settled. I’ll let everyone know and have someone prepare some nutritional supplements.”

It was clear how much he valued this child.

Freyja was deeply moved and wanted to thank him, but she wasn’t good with words. She couldn’t get them out.

Baimo understood. He held her and said, “Father, I’ll follow your arrangements. Thank you for all your hard work.”

Pharaoh smiled and went off happily to start making arrangements at home.

With all this joy happening, Freyja became someone the whole family doted on. She didn't have to lift a finger—everything was taken care of for her.

At first, it felt a little strange, but soon, seeing how everyone genuinely wanted to care for her, she gradually accepted it.

Time flew by. Reina was now one month old.

Kevin hosted a grand banquet, inviting top socialites from the capital and prominent figures in business and politics.

Every employee at Edwards Group received double pay and special gifts that day.

His message was clear: Reina meant everything to him.

As night fell, the banquet began.

Guests started arriving. Someone walked up to Cooper and teased, "Master Cooper, looks like your parents forgot about you now that they've got a baby girl."

Before Cooper could respond, the person added, "Look, they're all crowded around your little sister. No one's even paying attention to you."

It was clearly said with bad intentions.

Freyja walked over, pulled Cooper aside, and said to the woman, "Madam, please don't say things like that. My sister and brother-in-law love both their children very much. Don't stir up trouble."

The woman glanced at Freyja and scoffed. "You're not Mr. Edwards' wife. What do you know about how they feel? Everyone knows they favor their daughter. Was there such a big celebration when Young Master Cooper was born? I sure didn't see one."

Cooper smirked. "Auntie, just because you didn't see it doesn't mean it didn't happen. And you're not my parents, so how would you know how they feel about me?"

Freyja secretly gave Cooper a thumbs up.

The woman wasn't ready to give up, but Cooper spoke again.

He raised his little head, eyes calm and clear. "I know your parents didn't want you, and that's why you think like this. I don't blame you. Since today's a happy occasion, have a few more drinks and enjoy yourself."

Then he took Freyja's hand and led her toward Norah and Kevin.

Freyja quietly told Norah what had just happened. Norah was surprised by Cooper's response.

The way he handled things reminded her of Kevin—calm, sharp, and in control. He really was turning into a little Kevin.

Soon, the music started. It was time for the host's speech.

Cooper put down his drink and called out to Kevin, "Dad, can I do it?"

Norah tugged Kevin's sleeve, signaling him to let Cooper have the spotlight.

Kevin agreed, smiling. He whispered, "You're getting more impressive by the day."

Cooper grinned, picked up the microphone, and walked confidently onto the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, today we're here to celebrate my sister's full moon. Thank you all for coming..."

His opening remarks were formal and poised. Guests murmured, wondering if Kevin was already grooming him to be the successor.

Cooper continued, "Someone told me earlier that my parents don't love me anymore because of my little sister. But that's not true. Blood is blood, and that never changes. There's no need to worry about me—my parents love both of us. And I love my sister too. She's adorable, and I think you'll all come to love her just like I do."

Kevin's face darkened slightly, trying to guess who had been spreading nonsense.

Norah patted his shoulder and whispered, "Your son's got this. Don't worry."

Kevin nodded, but his eyes were still sharp. No one messed with his child and walked away easily.

Cooper then declared, "Since today is a special day for my sister Reina, I'd like to dedicate a song to her."

He signaled the band. Music started playing, and Cooper began to sing.

When he finished, the room burst into applause.

Someone called out, "Mr. Edwards, shouldn't we take a family photo on such a special day?"

Kevin smiled. "Good idea. Let's take a quick photo to remember this moment."

Everyone laughed and teased, "Mr. Edwards is in a great mood today. Maybe we can talk business?"

Kevin looked at Kian. “If it’s about work, talk to my assistant. Kian, you know what to do.”

Kian nodded with a smile, then raised his glass to everyone. “And while we’re celebrating... I’d like to take advantage of the occasion.”

Before anyone could react, he pulled out a ring and knelt in front of Ophelia. “Ophelia, will you marry me?”

Chapter 632

Ever since Kian and Ophelia went through tough times together, there had been a quiet understanding between them.

With their feelings confirmed, they started working in sync.

There’s a saying that lovers need space—too much distance breeds longing, too little invites conflict. But that never applied to them. Even when problems arose, they faced them together without arguing.

After work, they’d eat and catch a movie.

Even their jobs were side by side.

Kian felt that at this stage in his life, he owed Ophelia a solid commitment. It was his responsibility to her.

“Kian has worked with President Edwards for years—they’re like family now. If he’s proposing, it means he’s ready. How could that be shameless?”

“Kian is Mr. Edwards’ top assistant. His professional abilities are undeniable!”

“Oh my God, this is a double blessing! Mr. Edwards’ strongest right-hand man and left-hand woman are getting married!”

“Let’s all give our blessings to the newlyweds!”

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The guests erupted into chatter and congratulations.

Kian had planned to propose to Ophelia for a while, but work kept him busy. The full moon celebration for Mr. Edwards’ baby daughter turned out to be the perfect opportunity with so many people gathered.

Ophelia hadn’t wanted to steal the spotlight from Kevin, but Kian was already kneeling in front of her on one knee.

They were already in a committed relationship. If she said no now, Kian would be humiliated in front of everyone.

Ophelia reached out her hand. "I promise."

Kian slipped the ring on her finger while some guests captured the moment on camera.

Their engagement quickly went viral online, and people showered them with praise and envy.

But Brody Labrie, Ophelia's father, wasn't thrilled.

As Kian and Ophelia were walking back after the party, Brody suddenly appeared and blocked their path.

His expression was stern. Ophelia knew exactly why he was there.

She truly cared about Kian, and they had a great relationship. Now that he had proposed, the last thing she wanted was for her family to hurt him. So she stepped in front of him.

"Dad, if you had something to say, you could've just called. Why show up here like this?"

Brody was wealthy in his own right and wore an impeccably tailored suit, radiating authority.

He ignored Ophelia and stared directly at Kian. Even though Kian looked sharp in a business suit and stood at nearly six feet tall, in Brody's eyes, he didn't measure up.

Brody wasn't interested in having Kian marry into the family and eventually inherit the business.

His tone was icy. "I saw the proposal video. Ophelia's still young and impulsive. That proposal doesn't count."

"Dad!"

Ophelia's voice trembled. His words cut deep.

Kian had worked with Kevin for years, handling everything from major deals to the tiniest details. It wasn't surprising that Brody disapproved.

"Mr. Labrie, I know you don't like me. I also know that in your eyes, my work probably doesn't mean much. But I genuinely love Ophelia. Before her, I'd never been in a relationship—not because I'm not a good guy, but because I poured everything into my education and career." Kian's lips curled into a calm smile. "I've always believed that you build your career first, then your family."

He flipped the old saying. "Build a career, then start a family." That's how you live with confidence.

But Brody's gaze remained cold. "No matter how successful you are, you're still just an employee. Kian, my daughter is exceptional. Don't treat her like she's ordinary just because she's trying to build herself up."

His words weren't loud or angry, but they hit hard.

Kian had earned respect from everyone—because of Kevin's trust and his own capabilities.

Kevin demanded excellence. Anyone who lasted by his side had to be exceptional.

But right now, none of that mattered to Brody.

Still, Kian wasn't fazed. "I've known who Ophelia is since the day she started working. We both earned our places through our own efforts. If you think my job isn't worthy of her, I can start my own company. But I am where I am today because of Mr. Edwards' mentorship. I won't leave his side—and I don't want to switch jobs."

His tone was firm.

Without Kevin, he wouldn't be where he was. To walk away now would feel like betrayal.

Besides, Kevin couldn't replace him so easily—not with everything else he was juggling.

If Kian left, Ophelia would too.

Losing both would be a major blow to Kevin, especially now that his focus was on his kids and Norah.

Brody responded coldly, "Even if you quit today, I still wouldn't let my daughter marry you."

Then he turned to Ophelia, his eyes sharp and unyielding. "When you're done playing around, come home. I don't want to have to drag you back by force."

With that, he walked off without looking back.

He hadn't forced her yet—but his message was clear.

Ophelia looked at Kian, worried. "Kian, my dad's not..."

"I know. If I were a dad, I might have reacted worse."

Every parent wants what's best for their child—especially their daughter.

If someone better comes along, why settle for average?

Ophelia took a deep breath and hugged him tightly. “Kian, time will prove us right. I believe Dad will come around. But... have you really never thought about starting your own company?”

She understood his loyalty to Kevin. But Kian had what it took to go solo. Even she couldn't stay at Edwards Group forever.

If he held back now, it might be too much of a sacrifice.

Kian replied without hesitation, “Yes. I promised to stay by Mr. Edwards' side. He's taken a step back from the spotlight. If I leave now, no one will be ready to take over.”

Besides, Kevin no longer called all the shots. As either president or assistant, they both simply did their jobs—and Kevin had always paid him fairly.

Ophelia respected Kian's choice. She knew once he made up his mind, he rarely wavered.

Still, she couldn't help thinking: Kian had the ability to lead. He didn't have to tie himself down forever. The day he leaves, someone else will take over. No one is truly irreplaceable.

Chapter 633

Ophelia hugged Kian. “I only came to Edwards' to challenge myself. And with your help, I've truly grown. But sooner or later, I'll leave Edwards'. Kian... I hope you keep getting better and don't stay stuck in someone else's shadow. Do you understand what I mean?”

She simply wished for Kian to keep moving forward. Of course, if he chose to stay, she wouldn't force him otherwise.

But people are meant to grow. If you can rise higher, why stay stuck at the bottom?

“I understand. But Ophelia, I've made up my mind to follow Mr. Edwards for life. As for your father, I'll do my best to earn his approval. But if he still disagrees...”

Before Kian could finish, Ophelia's expression turned cold and serious. “Kian, you've seen a lot. If my dad says no, does that mean it's really over?”

Ophelia was furious. After everything they had been through—the danger they faced together—was he really ready to give up just because her father disapproved?

If their relationship could be dismissed so easily, then how meaningful was it to begin with?

Kian pressed his lips together and said quietly, “It's not that I can't go through with it. I'll try my best to win your father over. But if he still says no, I can't keep dragging you along or force you to marry me. That wouldn't be right.”

He didn't want their love to be something frowned upon. He couldn't imagine a wedding where no one showed up.

Just like Brody said—Ophelia deserved better.

Ophelia was both angry and amused. “If Dad doesn’t agree, don’t you know it’ll be too late by then? Once we have a child, he’ll have to accept it whether he likes it or not.”

“Sure. But I can’t do that. If my daughter ended up pregnant by a man I didn’t approve of, I’d be furious too.” Kian gently held her shoulders. “Ophelia, I love you. I want to be with you. But I want everyone to bless us. If they can’t...”

Before she could say another word, Kian cut in, “Then I’d rather you be with someone better.”

“You!” Ophelia was so mad she could scream. “Kian, you really don’t get it! I’ve spelled it out for you—can’t you just be a little shameless for once?”

“Silly girl. If I go that far, it wouldn’t be fair to you. You’re not an obstacle—I love you. Even if you don’t want to be with me, I still just want you to be happy.” That was all Kian cared about.

Later, Brody faked an illness to lure Ophelia home, leaving Kian to manage Edwards Group alone.

Kevin knew Kian was running the whole company solo, so he sent the child and Norah to ask for Edwards Group’s support.

After all, the Edwards Group didn’t belong to Kian alone. Now that he had a fiancée, Kevin couldn’t keep treating him like a pack mule.

But Kian was understanding. “Boss Edwards, I’ve got this. You should go home and be with your wife and kids. Don’t miss out on your child growing up.”

Back then, Kevin had no choice but to send Cooper away.

Now that he had the chance to make up for it, he was going to treasure it.

Kevin replied, “But I can’t just watch you run yourself into the ground. Ophelia used to help you—now you’re on your own. And you have to think about your future. When are you getting married?”

He still remembered Kian’s proposal to Ophelia at the baby’s full moon celebration.

Kian and Ophelia weren’t just his best employees—they were the perfect couple.

“Maybe it won’t happen.”

Kian didn’t hide the truth from Kevin.

That’s when Kevin realized her parents didn’t approve. And Kian’s parents had already been urging him to marry, especially since he wasn’t young anymore.

Kevin gave Kian a supportive pat on the shoulder. “Time will tell. How about this—you take a break and go win over your wife. If your father-in-law wants you to take over his business, go for it. I’ll promote new talent over here. Your future comes first.”

Kevin was being genuine. Kian had been by his side for more than a decade.

To him, Kian wasn’t just an assistant. He was a friend, a brother, and family.

If Kian had a better opportunity, Kevin wouldn’t just support him—he’d help him pave the way.

Back then, Kian helped him finish what he couldn’t on his own. Without Kian, none of it would’ve happened.

“Boss Edwards, I promised I’d follow you for life. If I leave now…” Kian’s voice slowed.

Kevin smiled warmly. “I’d be thrilled if you found a better path. You’ve been with me a long time. People can be trained, but happiness is rare.”

He wasn’t saying he couldn’t function without Kian—he just didn’t want to hold him back.

“Go. Just make sure you’re happy. When you’ve got time, let’s grab a meal. And if you ever need anything, come to me. I’ll always have your back.”

Kian was deeply moved. He never expected Kevin to say all that.

“Mr. Edwards…”

“Living a good life—that’s what really matters,” Kevin said, patting him on the shoulder.

Kian wanted to fight for Ophelia, so he went to the Labrie home with gifts.

Brody didn’t like Kian and didn’t want to see him.

Instead, Paloma Labrie, Ophelia’s mother, met with him.

She explained the situation. “My husband’s been sick lately, or else he wouldn’t have called Ophelia home. You’re a fine young man, but let’s be honest—our Labrie family isn’t some small name. And working under someone else doesn’t look great.”

“So, you want me to start my own company?”

Kian was surprised by how direct she was, but he didn’t beat around the bush either.

Paloma had already discussed it with Brody. His view was clear—even if Kian started his own business, it’d still be from scratch.

But for Ophelia’s sake, they were willing to help.

Rather than have her wait around, they'd rather she marry someone with a solid foundation.

"That's not what I meant."

But Kian got the message. Still, he truly loved Ophelia, and he wouldn't give up on her just because of a few words.

He tightened his jaw, eyes steady. "I'm not giving up on Ophelia. I want to spend my life with her."

Chapter 634

Paloma hadn't expected Kian to be this persistent. Still, she made things clear to him. "Kian, if you were a parent, who would you pick—someone already successful or someone still trying to build a business?"

"I'd choose the successful one. But Aunt Labrie, I still hope you'll give me a chance. I'm not a coward." Kian sat up straight, his voice calm but firm.

He was a good-looking man with a sharp mind. His demeanor carried the elegance of a businessman, but his confidence and poise gave him a commanding presence. After all, he was someone close to Kevin.

But no matter how well Kian carried himself, he wasn't Kevin. Kevin had the entire Edwards family behind him—Norah's biological father, Kevin's biological father—they were all powerful men with influence.

No matter how much Kevin valued Kian, he was still just an assistant. Kevin would never hand over the Edwards Group to him. Kian had received Kevin's kindness, and even if he managed to rise again, he'd never do anything to hurt Kevin.

The Labrie family wanted to be number one in the capital.

Kian had no status. He couldn't help them reach that goal. So why would they choose someone like him as a son-in-law?

They weren't going to lift him out of poverty. They weren't going to hand over everything to him and let him merge their legacy into the Edwards family.

Paloma didn't want to be too harsh, but now she had no choice.

She spoke coldly. "Besides love, what do you have? You've worked hard at the Edwards Group for years, sure. But Ophelia has lived a life of luxury since birth. The Labrie family's resources far exceed yours. If you still refuse to back off, her father and I will have to take action."

Kian's brows furrowed.

He had been by Kevin's side for years, including the five years Kevin was gone. He'd seen all kinds of things.

He knew what "take action" meant—forced separation.

In the end, Ophelia would be the one who got hurt, and no one would be happy.

But walking away like this—didn't that mean their relationship was weak and shallow?

Kian still wanted to fight for it. "Aunt Labrie, I know you don't think much of me. But I'm willing to work for it. I'll do whatever it takes to prove myself. Just tell me what I need to do—"

Paloma didn't want to hear another word. She raised her hand and cut him off. "What you want to do is your business. Ophelia's father and I don't care to watch your performance. Someone, show him out."

A servant stepped forward at her command.

As Kevin's top assistant, Kian was respected across the capital. People always treated him politely.

But here, in front of the Labrie family, he didn't receive even the slightest respect.

Rather than be escorted out, Kian quietly left on his own.

The scene infuriated Ophelia. As soon as Kian walked out, she stormed over to her mother, furious.

"Kian is a person—a good person. He's earned everything he has on his own. Why do you look down on him like this? Why would you treat him that way?"

Paloma hadn't expected that Ophelia, who'd originally left just to gain some experience, would end up falling for someone so seriously.

She didn't want to waste time arguing. "Why? Because this is our house!"

Because it was her territory, she had the power to throw Kian out.

Paloma's tone turned even harsher. "I've already arranged a blind date for you. He'll be here soon. If you don't want your father to lock you up at home, you'd better cooperate."

Even while sitting on the sofa, Paloma's presence was sharp and intimidating.

Just then, Brody—who had been pretending to be sick—came out.

"Your mother's being soft. If it were me, I'd be even tougher. If he still insisted, I wouldn't just ask him to leave—I'd make sure he couldn't come back."

Ophelia's chest tightened.

She couldn't believe these words were coming from her parents.

They were supposed to be educated, successful people—yet they were saying things like this? Forcing her into a blind date like she was some kind of bargaining chip?

She let out a cold, sarcastic laugh. “The Labrie family is powerful, right? When will it be powerful enough? Kevin is the richest man in Belourvinelle—why don't you try to go after him?”

Her words were biting, but it wasn't her fault. They were the ones who'd drawn first blood.

And in truth, the Labrie parents *had* thought about Kevin—but he had Norah, and he loved his wife and kids. He was untouchable.

Ophelia saw it all in their eyes and found it laughable. “So that's why you let me work as a secretary at Edwards? Hoping I'd get close to Kevin, since I was conveniently nearby?”

They were hoping she'd be the one to catch the moonlight just by being close to the water.

“If you can accept that Kevin's married with kids, why can't you accept Kian—who's hardworking, ambitious, and has never wronged you? If you think the Labrie fortune isn't enough, then keep growing it yourselves. What do you really think people are going to bring to this family through marriage?”

Not only would no one add anything—they'd probably end up taking from the Labrie family.

If her parents had their own ambitions, why couldn't she have hers?

Brody responded flatly, “What's wrong with powerful people joining forces? We just don't want to waste resources on Kian. Are you really willing to leave the Labrie family for him?”

Paloma nodded in agreement. “Ophelia, marriages without blessings don't last. Maybe a year or two—but not forever.”

Ophelia couldn't stand hearing this anymore. She hated how quick they were to crush someone's hope.

Kian said he'd work hard, but they wouldn't even give him a chance.

She spoke coldly. “Whatever happens between me and Kian is *my* business. Sure, people say marriages without parental approval don't last—but I don't think Kian is as bad as you say. Sometimes it's parents who ruin a good thing. Anyway, I'm not going along with your plans. If you keep pushing, you'll just be left with my dead body.”

She didn't want things to escalate like this—but their constant pressure was suffocating.

In the end, she picked up a fruit knife and held it to her neck.

Ophelia was the pride of the Labrie family. They'd spoiled her since she was little. They wanted their family to thrive—but didn't they also want her to be happy?

Now she was standing up to them—for Kian. And she was making her position painfully clear.

Her parents were shaken. And deeply disappointed.

Chapter 635

Brody clutched his chest and said, "Ophelia, you'd hurt your parents like this... all for a man?"

Paloma grew anxious. "Ophelia, your father's not in good health. Put down the knife—don't make things worse for him!"

But Ophelia didn't lower the fruit knife. She let out a bitter laugh. "You're begging me not to upset him, not to hurt you. But what about me? Have you even thought about how much you're hurting me? I've always been the obedient one—doing everything you asked, making you proud. Even when I took that secretary job at Edwards', I only did it because you said I needed real-world experience. And now? I never dated in school, never even had a boyfriend. Now that I've finally found someone I love—and who truly loves me—you say I can't be with him? What's wrong with Kian?"

If Kian were really a bad guy, Kevin would never have put his trust in him or trained him for so many years.

Kian was incredibly capable. Plenty of companies had tried to lure him away with big salaries, but he always turned them down.

He was fiercely loyal to Kevin.

And even when Kevin was gone for five years, Kian held things together at Edwards' the entire time. He never once tried to take over or claim the company for himself.

That kind of loyalty and self-restraint was rare.

Paloma's scalp tingled when she saw blood trickling from Ophelia's neck. "Put down the knife. He's not a bad guy. But we just want you to be with someone even better."

Ophelia shot back, "In your eyes, Mom, someone 'better' just means richer, doesn't it? The guy you're trying to match me with is some distant relative—do you even know his background? But Kian built everything he has on his own. I believe in him. I'd rather follow Kian and start over from scratch than rely on my family's wealth."

"For all you know, that rich kid you picked might not even have as much money as Kian!"

Kian had worked with Kevin for over ten years. Kevin trusted him and invested in capable people. Whatever rewards Kian got, he earned them.

Ophelia didn't want to brag on Kian's behalf—but working as Kevin's secretary, she knew her own salary was already impressive.

The blade in her hand pressed deeper into her skin.

Paloma couldn't stand it anymore. She yelled, "Alright, alright! Just don't pull this life-or-death act again. If you want to be with Kian, fine—be with Kian!"

Brody added, "As long as Kian can prove himself in a short amount of time, we'll allow the marriage."

Only then did Ophelia finally lower the fruit knife and storm out the door.

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After leaving the Labrie house, Kian kept replaying the conversation in his mind. As much as he hated to admit it, Paloma and Brody weren't wrong.

They didn't approve of him. They didn't want to give him a chance to prove himself. And if that was the case, he didn't want to keep dragging Ophelia down with him.

So on his way back, Kian blocked her number.

When he got back to Edwards', he dove headfirst into work, hoping to numb the pain.

But Kevin wasn't fooled. He quickly called Kian over under the pretense of discussing work.

"You went to see Ophelia, didn't you? Her parents gave you a hard time?" Kevin asked calmly. "What do they want—are they hoping Edwards' will back you?"

Kevin had seen enough to know exactly what was going on.

Kian didn't want to talk about the Labrie family. "Mr. Edwards, it's over between me and Ophelia."

Kevin was surprised things ended so fast. After all, Kian had just proposed. If Ophelia didn't like him, she never would've agreed.

So this must've been one-sided—Kian ending things because of her parents.

Kevin saw right through it. He didn't want their relationship to die because of outside pressure.

"Ophelia loves you, and you love her. Don't you think it's a shame to give up so easily?" Kevin walked around his desk and stood in front of Kian. "You're not getting any younger. It's not

easy to find someone you truly care about. If you walk away now, how long will it take to find something like this again?"

"Does Ophelia really want to break up? If the problem is her parents, then fight for her. Convince them."

Kevin placed a firm hand on Kian's shoulder. "They just want to see effort. If you start a company, I'll fund the whole thing. I'll back you completely. And if they're after Edwards', take whatever you need. Without you, Edwards' wouldn't even be where it is today."

He had originally passed Edwards' down to Norah, but Norah refused it and gave the shares to Bonnie. After Norah came back, Bonnie handed everything back.

Now the company was in Kevin's hands again—and if Kian needed support, he could get it.

Kian hadn't expected Kevin to value him this much.

But even so, Kian couldn't accept it.

"Mr. Edwards, thank you for believing in me. But I've already decided... Ophelia and I are done, I—"

"Done? What the hell are you talking about, you jerk?"

Before Kian could finish, Ophelia's angry voice rang out.

He turned and saw her standing not far away, eyes full of fury.

She had called him, messaged him, and realized he'd blocked her. And she knew Kian would be at Edwards'—work was always his safe space.

Sure enough, she found him here.

And what she heard made her furious.

She had risked everything—putting a knife to her neck—for this man. And what did he do? Blocked her like she meant nothing.

How *dare* he?

Kevin caught her glance, then gave Kian a meaningful look. "This is between you two. Work it out."

With that, Kevin walked off, leaving them alone.

Ophelia marched forward and punched Kian hard in the chest. "Kian, are you even human? Do you know what I went through for you? You said you'd fight for me—*this* is you fighting?"

Kian opened his mouth to speak, but Ophelia wasn't finished.

"You call this effort? Blocking me on WhatsApp? Deleting my number the second you walked out?"

Chapter 636

When Ophelia looked at Kian with questioning eyes, even his normally composed face revealed a trace of sadness.

He turned away from her and said softly, "Your parents are right. They're doing what they think is best for you. I'm just an assistant—I can't give you what you deserve."

"You don't really believe that!" Ophelia shot back. "If you did, why can't you even look me in the eye?"

"Ophelia..."

"Unless you look me in the eye and tell me you want to break up, I won't believe a word you're saying." With that, Ophelia walked away.

Not long after she left, Kevin came back into the office and saw Kian sitting there with his head down.

"This is the first time I've ever seen you like this," Kevin said. "What happened? Didn't the conversation go well?"

Kian gave a bitter smile. "She asked me to break up with her face-to-face... but how could I say that to her?"

"Then don't," Kevin replied firmly. "Her parents don't think you're good enough? Fine—start your own company and prove them wrong. From what I know about you, Kian, you're not someone who gives up that easily."

Kian looked at him in a daze for a moment, then his eyes suddenly lit up with determination.

He rushed downstairs to find Ophelia, only to realize she hadn't left after all.

She was sitting in a coffee shop, staring blankly out the window, lost in thought.

A waiter approached. "Hi ma'am, what would you like to order?"

“Just a cappuccino, please.”

As the waiter left, soft violin music played in the background, but Ophelia barely noticed. All she could think about was the way Kian avoided looking at her. He hadn't just looked away—he'd been deliberately avoiding her.

“You idiot,” she muttered. “Why does it matter what anyone else thinks? Isn't it enough that I think you're good enough?” Her eyes stung as she slammed her purse onto the table. “You're usually so clever... Why are you being so stubborn now?”

“Ophelia!”

She froze. For a second, she thought she imagined the voice. But when she looked up, there he was—Kian, standing at the entrance, panting from running.

He looked completely out of sorts. Kian always cared about his appearance and made sure to present himself at his best, but now he didn't seem to care at all.

“Why... why did you come down? Didn't you say you didn't want to see me?” Ophelia asked, flustered and a little embarrassed.

“I didn't mean any of that,” Kian said quickly. “Ophelia, everything I said before—I didn't mean it. I don't want to be apart from you. Not even for a second.”

“Then why did you say all that?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“I had a moment of doubt,” he admitted. “But thank God Boss Edwards snapped me out of it. I realized the real reason your parents don't approve of me—it's because I don't have a real career. So I'm going to fix that. I'm going to start my own company. Ophelia, will you walk that path with me?”

Ophelia's nose tingled, and tears welled up in her eyes as she threw herself into his arms. “Of course I will.”

“Congratulations to you both,” the waiter said warmly as he brought over the cappuccino.

Only then did Ophelia realize they were still in the coffee shop. Blushing, she stepped out of Kian's arms.

Kian didn't rush off after that. Instead, he sat with her in the café for a while.

People nearby looked at them with admiration.

With Kevin's full support, Kian's new company was up and running in no time. He focused on real estate, with several partnerships facilitated through Edwards' connections. Everything was falling into place.

Ophelia also pitched in whenever she could.

Together, they landed several major contracts, and the business quickly took off.

As more employees joined, word spread that their company leaders were not only a power couple but deeply in love.

"VP Paterson and President Paterson are such a great match!"

"Seriously! But I wonder why they haven't gotten married yet."

"Maybe they're just focused on work right now. They're both at a critical point in their careers. But I'm sure it's only a matter of time."

Even with how busy things got, Ophelia always seemed to have a smile on her face.

Seeing her like that only made Kian more certain that he'd made the right decision. He was grateful he hadn't given up—and thankful to Kevin for helping him get there.

Kevin just shrugged it off. "After what you did for me back then, this was nothing."

As the two of them chatted while walking out of the building, they saw Ophelia holding a bouquet of red roses.

She was dressed in a blue dress, her long hair half-tied back, standing there with flowers in hand.

The moment Kian saw her, his heart skipped a beat. It hit him all over again—just how deeply he loved her.

Ophelia hadn't noticed him yet. She was talking to the front desk, frowning slightly. "You really don't know who sent these?"

The receptionist shook her head. “Someone else delivered them. Why don’t you check if there’s a note?”

Ophelia had already checked. All she found was a generic message—just a simple blessing, no name.

“Ophelia, what’s going on?”

She turned and saw Kian and Kevin approaching. Her frown eased a bit at the sight of Kian.

She handed him the bouquet. “The front desk told me there was a delivery I needed to sign for. This is it. Was it from you?”

It wasn’t unreasonable to assume. Kian was the type to quietly surprise her with little gifts like this.

But this time, she was wrong.

“No,” Kian said, brows furrowed. “I didn’t send those.”

“That’s weird. Maybe one of VP Labrie’s admirers sent them...”

The receptionist’s offhand comment brought an awkward silence.

Kian’s eyes darkened, though no one could tell what he was really thinking.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Paterson!” the receptionist quickly added. “I didn’t mean anything by it. Please forget I said that.”

Ophelia looked at Kian nervously. “I honestly don’t know who sent them. If you don’t like it, I’ll just throw them out.”

She reached for the bouquet, but Kian gently stopped her.

“No, they’re nice. You can keep them.”

When she saw that he truly didn’t mind, Ophelia finally relaxed. She turned to the receptionist. “In the future, don’t accept unknown deliveries.”

“Got it. I’ll be more careful next time.”

Ophelia thought that was the end of it.

They treated the flowers as a harmless surprise from an anonymous admirer, and Kian's feelings for her hadn't changed—which made her feel even more secure in their relationship.

But just two days later, another mysterious gift arrived.

This time, it wasn't just a bouquet.

"VP Labrie, this is for you," the receptionist said, handing her a red velvet box.

Ophelia opened it curiously—and gasped.

Inside was a dazzling necklace.

"Oh my God! Isn't that the limited-edition piece AI released last week?"

"Wow, was that from President Paterson? He's so sweet!"

Chapter 637

Ophelia quickly covered the box and whispered, "Don't tell anyone."

Amid puzzled looks from everyone around, she hurried back to the office, approached Kian's desk, and placed the red velvet box in front of him.

Kian immediately understood. "That person again?"

"It must be," Ophelia frowned, unsure why the mysterious sender kept giving her gifts. "This time there was a note, too—asking me to meet tomorrow."

Kian picked up the note and read the address. "Universal Studios isn't far from here."

"So, you want me to go meet him?"

Kian set the note down calmly, his voice steady and rational. Since starting his company, his reputation had grown. He was no longer the assistant he once was but a man in control.

"Just go and see what he wants. Don't be afraid—I'll go with you."

A smile lit Kian's eyes, breaking through his earlier coldness. Ophelia blushed. "Who said I want you tagging along? I can handle this myself."

Though she said it, Ophelia didn't really refuse Kian's company.

The next day, they went to Universal Studios.

The note arranged a meeting at an old record store.

Ophelia searched until she found it—and then saw someone she hadn't expected.

"It's been a long time. You haven't changed a bit," said the man in the suit, a gentle smile on his thin, unapproachable face.

Instead, the smile gave a sense of déjà vu, as if he was hiding something.

Ophelia masked her shock and said, "Emilio, didn't you go abroad?"

"I decided to come back to Craggaville to develop my career," Emilio said smoothly. "I had a project here, so it worked out."

"Oh... I see." Ophelia sat awkwardly, sipping her tea, unsure what to say next.

Emilio Fletcher had been her childhood friend. But his family had sent him abroad early on, and she hadn't heard from him in years. Whatever feelings they once had were long gone.

What could two strangers say now?

"This must be your gift," Ophelia said, putting down her cup and holding out the red velvet box. "It's too expensive—I can't accept it."

Emilio looked her in the eye. "Why not?"

"Because... our families are old friends. We grew up together. It would be hurtful to refuse something so small."

Ophelia felt like she was walking on eggshells. Emilio's direct stare made her uneasy, but he said no more and just reminded her of their childhood connection.

She was trapped—unable to refuse outright.

Just then, the record store door opened, and a tall, handsome figure stepped in.

"I don't think she should accept gifts from other men right now. Take it back," said Kian firmly.

"Kian, you're here," Ophelia sighed in relief as if she'd swallowed a calming pill.

No matter what, Kian's presence always steadied her nerves.

Emilio looked Kian up and down. "Who are you?"

“He’s my boyfriend,” Ophelia said, linking her arm with Kian’s and smiling. “Emilio, you came back suddenly—you might not know I’m already seeing someone.”

“We just need my parents’ approval, then we can get married. I hope you’ll bless us,” she added.

Emilio’s eyes darkened, fists clenched beneath the table.

Ophelia, smart and sensible, was politely trying to discourage him. She’d already seen through his intentions but refused to accept them.

Jealousy boiled inside Emilio, tearing at his sanity. He lost his calm and snapped, “If your uncle and aunt don’t agree, that means he’s not right for you. You’ve always been stubborn—only caring about what you want. But what you want isn’t always best for you.”

Without waiting for a response, Emilio stood and left.

The meeting ended badly.

On the way back, Ophelia explained her history with Emilio to Kian.

Though he didn’t ask, she knew he cared.

“I only knew him as a kid,” she said softly. When Kian stopped the car, her hand reached for his arm, gently pulling it. “I didn’t tell you before because I never expected him to come back. You won’t blame me, will you?”

Kian stayed silent.

She lost her composure and started to worry. “Kian, you’re not really angry, are you…”

Before she could finish, a shadow loomed, and his lips covered hers.

His fresh breath spun her head, and his kiss was fiercer than before.

As expected… Kian was jealous.

But she hadn’t forgotten where they were—in the car.

She pushed him gently. “Not here… we’ll get caught in the parking lot.”

“No, I want to be here.” Kian pulled the curtain down.

Suddenly everything went dark. His vision was gone, but other feelings became sharper.

When it was over, Ophelia’s hands were weak from holding on.

She hit Kian lightly, fuming, “What are you doing? Who told you to fool around in the car?”

Kian smiled, “I drew the curtains. No one can see us.”

“That’s not what I mean! If someone finds out, I’ll be so embarrassed!”

Kian took his time calming her down.

Afterward, Ophelia watched the news from home carefully, worried Emilio might have told her parents something.

Mr. and Mrs. Labrie always liked Emilio. If he showed interest, they might welcome him as a son-in-law.

Luckily, after two days, nothing happened.

Just when Ophelia relaxed, thinking Emilio had given up, trouble came.

A partner called Kian early one morning.

“I’m sorry. After thinking it over, I don’t think your company has enough experience,” the partner said on the phone.

“Even with Edwards’ guarantee, there’s no assurance the building can be completed. To avoid risks, I prefer to work with a qualified old company.”

His tone was final—no room for negotiation.

Kian frowned.

One call wouldn’t bother him, but then more followed—calls from other partners all changing their minds.

The company held an emergency meeting, with Kevin attending.

“Someone’s behind this,” Kevin said confidently. “There’s no way so many people would back out at the same time by accident.”

Chapter 638

Kevin laid out several countermeasures and left the final decision to Kian.

Soon, the meeting wrapped up.

Back in his office, Kian leaned back and replayed everything from the meeting in his mind. He raised an eyebrow, clearly exhausted.

“Kian! I heard something big happened at the company. Are you okay?”

Ophelia pushed the door open and stepped inside.

“Why are you here?” Kian instinctively tried to mask his weariness. “Didn’t I tell you to stay away from the company today? You shouldn’t be so tired.”

Seeing him force a smile despite his obvious fatigue, Ophelia’s frustration flared. “Don’t pretend.”

“I heard on the way here that a lot of the company’s partners are breaking contracts, and the company might be facing a cash flow crisis. Why didn’t you tell me?” Ophelia’s voice was full of hurt.

It wasn’t just about the crisis—it was because Kian kept her in the dark. He didn’t want her involved, so what did she mean to him?

The dark circles under Ophelia’s eyes were impossible to ignore, and Kian’s heart tightened. He gently grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face him. “You’re right. I shouldn’t have kept this from you. Can you forgive me?”

“This is the last time,” Ophelia warned, her slightly reddened eyes flashing with a mix of anger and hurt.

Kian didn’t take it lightly and nodded repeatedly.

After calming her down, Kian explained everything that had happened in the past two days, including what Kevin had said at the meeting.

Ophelia’s panic deepened. “Is it really that bad? The company’s cash flow might collapse? I could use my savings to cover part of it...”

“No.”

Before she could finish, Kian cut her off firmly.

He might listen on other matters, but not this.

“If I use your money, then starting this company was pointless,” Kian said firmly.

“But now...”

“I’m handling it. I have a plan.” Kian’s calm reassurance left no room for argument.

Seeing his resolve, Ophelia dropped the idea of pouring all her savings into the company.

Still, this was their company, and she couldn't just stand by and watch it fall apart. Over the next few days, Ophelia showed up at the office almost daily.

Brody and Paloma weren't happy about losing their daughter's attention.

One day, when Ophelia came home to grab something, Paloma called her out. "You're out all day again. Are you still hanging around that assistant?"

"Mom," Ophelia frowned, pausing. "I'm an adult. I can go wherever I want and be with whoever I want. You and Dad have controlled me for so long. Can you please stop?"

Paloma's face darkened with anger. "We care about you because we want the best for you."

Ophelia's lips curled into a bitter smile.

Since childhood, her parents had used that phrase to control her.

Everything was "for her own good."

But what had she gotten from it? Before Kian, she'd never had what she really wanted.

She was a princess with a castle but no real freedom.

Seeing Paloma's disappointed look, Ophelia took a deep breath. "I just came back for something. If you don't want to see me, I'll leave."

Paloma started to turn away, but Brody, who'd been quiet, spoke with a weighty tone.

"Don't even think about leaving. There's a banquet tonight hosted by the Fletchers to welcome their son back from abroad. That's your childhood friend Emilio. You're going."

No room for refusal.

Ophelia exploded. "I'm not going."

Brody's eyes darkened. Usually silent, he never liked being defied.

Her defiance was crossing a line.

He held back his anger because she was his daughter, but barely.

"Ophelia, don't talk back to your father like that," Paloma warned. "The Fletcher family has been close to ours for years, and Emilio is back. We should show some respect."

"Don't think I don't see what you're trying to do—set me up with him." Ophelia sneered. "There's no way I'm going."

Brody stood up, his sneer mirroring hers. “Then don’t expect to leave this house.”

In the end, Ophelia was locked in by her parents. Brody insisted she attend the Fletcher banquet and even took her phone away.

She couldn’t message Kian and felt desperate but powerless.

The next evening, Ophelia showed up at the Fletcher residence in a sleek black V-neck dress.

Paloma came along to keep an eye on her and prevent any escape attempts.

After stepping out of the car, Ophelia frowned and ignored the greetings, making everyone uncomfortable.

Paloma frowned at her. “Control your expression. Mrs. Fletcher is coming.”

Following Paloma’s gaze, Ophelia saw a poised, dignified woman in a tailored business suit with short hair—a commanding presence, not a typical lady.

Mrs. Fletcher spotted them too. Her face lit up with a warm, familiar smile.

“Ophelia, you haven’t changed a bit. Still as beautiful as ever. It’s been years, but I recognized you right away.”

“Hurry and say hello to your Aunt Fletcher,” Paloma urged.

Ophelia forced a polite smile to the aunt she hadn’t seen in years.

“Hey, Emilio’s here. Come see Ophelia. Still the same as ever?” Mrs. Fletcher called across the room.

Ophelia instinctively wanted to bolt, but Paloma gripped her hand tight, making escape impossible.

Emilio approached, his expression neither warm nor cold.

As the center of attention tonight, Emilio was impeccably dressed.

His hair was neat, his dark eyes sparkling like countless stars. The moment he reached her, his gaze locked onto Ophelia’s.

The uncomfortable tension made her frown.

Mrs. Fletcher teased them a bit more, then Emilio slowly looked away, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

“We actually just met two days ago.”

Mrs. Fletcher's eyebrows rose in surprise.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Kian played a major role behind the scenes.

He dug up every piece of dirt the Fletchers had tried so hard to cover up.

Now swamped with bad debts and public scrutiny, the Fletchers had no time or resources left to launch new projects. Former partners who had bailed earlier came back within half a day.

Kian didn't waste time—he signed multiple contracts on the spot to lock them in and prevent further complications.

After that, the Fletcher family went completely quiet for several days. Once they saw no more retaliation, everyone at the company finally let out a breath.

“Boss Paterson really knows how to hit hard. Quick, clean, and brutal. I bet the Fletchers still don't know what hit them!”

“We just landed so many deals—shouldn't we celebrate?”

Everyone had been working overtime for days to handle the orders. Ophelia couldn't bear to see them that worn out.

So she booked a hotel and organized a celebration.

The private room was buzzing with energy. The table was piled high with food.

Ophelia sat next to Kian.

He kept picking food for her—always her favorites.

A female employee teased, “I'm so jealous of VP Labrie. Her boyfriend's so thoughtful. Makes me want to go home and smack my husband.”

That got the whole room laughing.

Ophelia smiled faintly and picked up a shrimp Kian had peeled for her.

But as soon as she put it in her mouth, a wave of nausea hit her.

Her expression twisted, and she immediately rushed to the side to throw up. It was so bad she got dizzy and felt completely miserable.

Kian hurried over, worried. “You suddenly feel this sick? Let’s go to the hospital.”

Everyone else agreed—better to get checked out than suffer through it. The hospital was close by, just ten minutes away.

Ophelia wanted to say no, but the discomfort was too much. She gave in.

Kian drove her to the hospital.

They rushed into the emergency room, terrified it was something serious.

But when the test results came out, both of them were stunned.

“She’s not sick,” the doctor said with a casual smile, noticing Kian’s nervous look. “She’s pregnant. Twelve weeks along. Congratulations.”

Ophelia pressed a hand to her belly, still in disbelief. “I’m really going to be a mom... already?”

Chapter 640

Ophelia was so stunned she couldn’t even respond. The news had hit her like a bolt from the blue.

Shortly after, the doctor prescribed her folic acid.

Neither of them said a word until they got into the car. Once inside, Kian looked at her, clearly trying to keep his emotions in check.

“You—”

“I didn’t know either,” Ophelia cut in before he could say more, her voice tinged with panic. “I’ve missed my period for a month, but it’s always been irregular, so I didn’t think much of it.”

She truly didn’t know what to do with the tiny life growing inside her.

Her parents still hadn’t accepted her relationship with Kian. Just a few days ago, they were still trying to match her up with Emilio. If they found out she was pregnant, she couldn’t even imagine the fallout.

But even so, the thought of not keeping the baby never once crossed her mind.

This was *their* child.

That thought alone filled her with warmth, and despite everything, she found herself imagining the future.

Kian saw the hesitation in her eyes and asked in a complex tone, “Do you want to keep the baby?”

Ophelia nodded without hesitation.

She had already made up her mind—no matter what the Labrie family thought, no matter how her parents reacted, she was going to have this child and raise it on her own if she had to.

But Kian responded, “We can’t keep it. It’ll make things harder for you. It’s better to deal with this early, while it’s still possible.”

Boom.

It felt like she’d been struck by lightning.

She turned to him in disbelief, her voice trembling with anger. “Kian! This is *your* child. How can you say something so heartless?”

“That’s exactly why I *have* to say it,” Kian replied, brows furrowed, clearly conflicted. “We haven’t even gotten your family’s approval yet. If we go through with this, the baby will be born without a name or a proper place. And there are risks, Ophelia. You’re still young—we’re still young. There’s no need to rush into parenthood.”

He was thinking of her, and she could see that. It eased her anger a little.

But it didn’t change her decision.

Maybe it was her unwillingness to let go of this unexpected life, or maybe it was her quiet rebellion against her parents—a seed that had been buried inside her for as long as she could remember.

That seed had begun to sprout ever since Paloma brought her to the Fletcher family dinner. And now, this baby had become the catalyst for real change.

“No matter what you say, I’m not changing my mind,” Ophelia said firmly. “I’m keeping this baby, and no one’s going to talk me out of it.”

Kian rubbed his forehead, clearly at a loss.

He’d always known Ophelia had a strong mind of her own.

But only now did he realize just how unshakable she could be.

In the end, Kian gave in. He couldn't bear to see her hurt, so he agreed to let her keep the baby.

But he made one condition: she had to stop going to the company so much and avoid overworking herself.

Ophelia wasn't willing to give in on that. No matter how many times he brought it up, she stood her ground.

Whenever she was about to argue, Kian would calmly say, "You want to keep the baby, and I agreed. So in return, do this for me. Don't worry about the company. I haven't fallen so far that I need my girlfriend to help me run it. Trust me, okay?"

There was a gentleness in his eyes when he said that that always melted her resistance.

So she didn't argue anymore.

They decided not to tell Brody or the others for the time being. Ophelia especially didn't want Paloma finding out and causing a scene at the company.

But her absence from home and her early departure from the Fletcher family dinner had made Paloma anxious.

She talked it over with Brody, and the two of them called Ophelia home.

In the Labrie family living room—

Brody sat on the sofa, reading the newspaper—or at least pretending to. His eyes kept darting toward the door, and he tapped his fingers on the armrest as if waiting for someone.

Paloma said, "Listen, you can't blow up at her this time, alright? We agreed to talk things through calmly. If you start yelling again, you'll just end up in another argument."

"I know, I know," Brody muttered. "Let's talk when she gets here."

Paloma didn't take his grumbling seriously. After decades of marriage, she knew how much he cared, even if he didn't show it.

Suddenly, the door clicked open.

"Ophelia, you're back. Your father and I have been waiting. What are you holding?"

Paloma came to greet her. Ophelia quickly hid her surprise, paused, then handed over the bag in her hand. "Tea leaves. I bought them for Dad."

Brody didn't have many hobbies, but tea was his one indulgence.

Few people knew this. Outsiders never had a clue what gift to get him. But as his daughter, Ophelia knew.

She'd bought his favorite blend.

When Paloma handed it to Brody, she saw the corners of his mouth twitch upward ever so slightly.

But he still put on a stern face.

"Ahem... Wasting money on things like this," he muttered as he tucked the tea away.

Ophelia's smile faded, thinking he didn't appreciate it.

Paloma sighed inwardly. Her husband really didn't know how to express himself. She shot him a glare, then turned to Ophelia with a warm smile.

"So, what have you been up to lately?"

"We have a company of our own. Why not come work there instead of running around outside all day? And what about Aunt Fletcher—"

"I'm not going to talk about this again, Mom." Ophelia cut her off calmly.

Sensing that pushing would backfire, Paloma softened her tone and dropped the subject.

Ophelia stayed careful not to let her mother touch her stomach.

She wasn't showing yet, and there was no logical reason to be worried—but she didn't want to take any chances.

She moved with extra caution.

Brody noticed. While eating, he looked up and said casually, "I heard Kian's company is having some issues lately."

Ophelia froze.

"What your father means," Paloma jumped in, "is that if Kian needs help, we can introduce him to some clients."

Ophelia wanted to decline. Kian would never accept outside help easily. Even when she tried to help him herself, he always resisted and told her to rest more. How would he feel about taking her father's help?

But Paloma kept insisting, trying to persuade her.

Eventually, Ophelia gave in. “Alright, I’ll talk to him. Tomorrow I’ll go to the company and ask what he thinks.”

Brody nodded. “Once you’ve talked it over, bring him to meet us.”

He was referring to the Labrie Group.

The next day, Ophelia went to the company and brought it up to Kian.

“Would you like to meet my dad?” she asked carefully.