

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 651

Ophelia's face suddenly went pale, and it felt like the blood in her veins had frozen.

Kian clenched his fists. "Mom, that was way out of line. This isn't Ophelia's fault. You owe her an apology."

"Then I'll apologize," Mrs. Paterson replied, but her face showed no hint of regret. "Miss Labrie, I'm sure you understand."

"Sure, we're not wealthy, but my husband and I are both teachers. We come from a family of scholars. So it's not unreasonable for us to say—we can't accept someone like you into our family."

She didn't even try to sugarcoat it.

Ophelia felt like she'd been stripped bare and thrown into the street. The shame burned through her like fire, suffocating her. Even breathing became a struggle.

Every fiber of her being screamed at her to run—to get away from there.

Her chair creaked as she stood up slowly and quietly.

"I'm sorry for the disturbance. Goodbye."

Without looking back, Ophelia turned and ran out.

Kian instinctively wanted to go after her, but just as he moved, Mrs. Paterson's cold voice rang out.

"If you walk out that door, don't even think about stepping foot in this house again! Kian, I swear, the only way you're marrying that woman is over my dead body. I'll never accept someone who still flirts with other men after getting married!"

That one step he hesitated—he was too late.

Minutes later, Kian dashed downstairs into the pouring rain to look for her, but Ophelia was gone.

Every call he made went unanswered, as if he were tossing stones into the sea.

When Kevin got the call, Kian was frantic.

"Boss Edwards, please help me find Ophelia. I took her to meet my parents and something happened—then she ran off and disappeared. It's raining hard. I'm scared she's out there alone."

Kevin could hear the panic in his voice.

He didn't hesitate to help.

The two of them called everyone they could, searching the city.

Still no sign of her.

Kian sat there, crushed. "This is all my fault. If it weren't for me... she wouldn't have vanished."

Kevin had just finished hearing the whole story and couldn't help but sigh at the tangled mess their relationship had become. But at this point, all he could do was try to comfort Kian.

"Ophelia's strong. She knows how to take care of herself. Maybe she just needs time. Maybe she'll come back tomorrow."

But Kian didn't respond. He just sat there in silence, like his soul had left his body.

What they didn't know was that ten minutes earlier, Ophelia had already gotten into a car.

A limited-edition Lamborghini—Emilio's personal car.

Ophelia was soaked from the rain. Her clothes clung to her body, cold and uncomfortable. But she didn't seem to notice.

She just sat in the back seat, quietly staring at the rain sliding down the window.

Emilio handed her a towel. "Dry off. You'll catch a cold."

Ophelia didn't move.

But Emilio didn't pull his hand back. He looked at her calmly. "Even if you don't care about yourself, think about the baby. Pregnant women shouldn't get sick."

His words triggered something in her. She finally reached out, took the towel, and numbly wiped her arms. Then she tossed it aside.

Emilio glanced at the towel lying there, then looked at her, but said nothing.

The car soon pulled up in front of a three-story villa.

Emilio opened the door and motioned for her to come inside and change out of her wet clothes.

Ophelia finally spoke for the first time since getting into the car. "I'm not going in. Just drop me off anywhere—I can find my way back."

"You really want to squat by the roadside like that?"

She glanced in the direction he pointed.

Her clothes were soaked, sticking to her body, outlining every curve. It was a vulnerable sight.

Panic flickered across her face. She instinctively tried to cover herself but didn't know how.

Emilio didn't press her. He simply turned and walked toward the villa, unlocking the door with a fingerprint scanner.

Ophelia hesitated, then followed.

Maybe Emilio had his own intentions.

But their families were old friends. He probably wouldn't try anything.

Still, she wasn't willing to bet on someone else's morals—not in the middle of the night.

The villa was simple and tastefully furnished.

It was cold and quiet, just like Emilio himself—distant, hard to read.

But that image quickly changed.

He prepared a hot bath for her, laid out a towel, matching toiletries, even clean clothes. His thoughtfulness caught her completely off guard.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, he handed her a cup of warm milk.

"It'll help you calm down."

Ophelia hesitated, then took it. "Thanks."

She curled up on the soft sofa, holding the warm mug. The heat slowly pushed out the coldness from the rain.

And with her body warming up, her frozen heart began to thaw too.

Emilio sat across from her, casually crossing his legs. His khaki sweater wrinkled slightly at the knees as he leaned forward.

“Why were you standing in the rain like that?”

Ophelia paused.

Then she asked something completely unrelated: “Did you have anything to do with the online rumors?”

Emilio looked her straight in the eyes. “No. I’d never do something that low.”

She held his gaze, searching for any sign of deception.

But all she saw was sincerity. Slowly, her guard dropped.

She turned her head, missing the flicker of something darker in his eyes.

Emilio rested his fingertips on his knee, tapping rhythmically. He didn’t look the slightest bit concerned that she might suspect him.

Warm light filled the villa. It was cozy, peaceful.

Maybe that’s why Ophelia suddenly opened up.

All the things she hadn’t been able to say came spilling out. “I never imagined his parents would disapprove. Kian always said they were kind people.”

“Maybe you gave them too much credit,” Emilio said bluntly.

Ophelia frowned, instinctively wanting to defend them.

But what flashed through her mind was Mrs. Paterson’s cold, judgmental face.

She hesitated.

Seeing her expression, Emilio’s eyes darkened.

“People who truly love you won’t turn their backs on you just because of a few rumors. My mom—she’s always treated you like her own daughter.”

At the mention of Mrs. Fletcher, Ophelia’s grip on her mug tightened. A pang of guilt hit her chest.

Emilio’s tone softened.

“Actually... you *can* be her daughter. If you want.”

He paused, locked eyes with her, and smiled slightly. “The Fletcher family will welcome you with open arms—any time. Even your baby... I’ll treat the baby like my own.”

Chapter 652

Emilio didn't pressure Ophelia for an answer right away. He let her stay and gave her a guest room to rest.

Ophelia didn't know where else to go. She turned off her phone — she didn't want to hear from Kian, and going home was out of the question — so she just stayed there.

After a night passed, she turned her phone back on and saw more than a dozen missed calls, all from Kian.

"Miss Labrie?" A gentle knock came at the door, followed by a friendly voice. "Are you awake?"

Ophelia opened the door to find a middle-aged woman holding a bowl of shrimp porridge. The smell of oil and green onions made Ophelia's stomach grumble.

"I'm Sister Liu," the woman said warmly. "Mr. Fletcher told me not to disturb you, but it's almost noon, and you haven't eaten. I was worried, so I brought you this."

Ophelia glanced at the porridge. "Did Emilio ask you to do this?"

"I think so. Mr. Fletcher cares about you a lot," Sister Liu said with a knowing smile. "Honestly, I've been with the Fletcher family for years, and I've never seen him care so much about anyone."

Ophelia's lips parted but no words came. She already understood how Emilio felt.

To be honest, she felt a twinge of regret for getting into his car last night. She had been overwhelmed, soaked from the rain, and her mind was clouded — otherwise, she wouldn't have gone home with Emilio so blindly.

Her head ached from all these thoughts. She pressed her hand to her forehead weakly and said, "Just leave it there. I'll eat later."

She sat back down on the bed.

Noticing Ophelia's pale lips, Sister Liu's eyes widened. "Oh no! Miss Labrie, did you catch a cold last night? You look terrible!"

Before Ophelia could reply, Sister Liu hurried to find Emilio.

"No, no need. Mr. Fletcher isn't here this morning — he's at the company. I'll be fine, just give me some medicine. No need to bother him."

Ophelia had already suffered enough. She didn't want to drag Emilio into this.

Sister Liu protested, but Ophelia was stubborn, so she reluctantly agreed not to call him.

Despite all the early morning trouble, Ophelia soon developed a high fever and lay in bed, drifting in and out of consciousness.

Mrs. Liu tended to her.

While wringing out a hot towel, she heard faint murmurs from the bed.

"I'm not... I really didn't... Kian, you have to believe me."

Mrs. Liu moved closer but was confused. "She must be delirious from the fever. What is she saying? No, she's so sick — we can't just leave her."

She still informed Emilio about Ophelia's condition.

At the Fletcher Group headquarters, Emilio was in a meeting with dozens of employees. A project leader was giving a detailed presentation with a PPT projected on the screen behind him.

Emilio appeared focused but his mind was elsewhere.

His thin lips pressed together as his dark eyes stared blankly ahead.

Finally, the presenter finished and looked to Emilio expectantly.

"Very good," Emilio said casually, standing and dismissing the room with an indifferent, "Let's proceed."

Without looking back, he left.

His assistant caught up with him. "Boss Fletcher! Someone broke into the company and insisted on seeing you."

Emilio paused, then headed downstairs.

There, standing as expected, was Kian.

This meeting felt more tense than their last encounter on the cruise ship. Both men wore cold expressions, eyes locked as if ready to explode.

The receptionist tensed nervously, hoping not to get caught in the crossfire.

"Kian," Emilio greeted, eyes cold.

"Where did you take Ophelia?" Kian asked sharply.

He had spent the night worrying.

Kian had already tried contacting Ophelia's family with no luck. Aside from Emilio, he couldn't think of anywhere else she might be.

Emilio's history of taking Ophelia away made him the prime suspect.

Emilio's hands slid into his pockets casually, raising an eyebrow. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Kian's eyes flashed with anger.

"Don't play dumb! You're the only one with those kinds of intentions toward Ophelia. I know you're manipulating public opinion!"

Their gazes locked—one simmering with anger and restraint, the other filled with sly provocation.

The receptionist covered her mouth in shock.

Was she about to witness a scandalous showdown in the lobby?

Emilio refused to reveal Ophelia's whereabouts.

Kian's patience wore thin, but he didn't want to cause a scene.

He stepped closer, their black eyes inches apart, tension thick in the air.

"I'll keep looking for her. Ophelia is my wife. Don't forget that, Mr. Fletcher."

The fake smile faded from Emilio's face like paint peeling off, revealing a cold, pale mask underneath.

His eyes cut into Kian like knives, silently weighing how to remove him.

Without another word, Kian left without looking back.

Emilio stood still, expression unreadable.

Then his assistant approached, breathless. "Mr. Fletcher! Mrs. Liu just called. Miss Labrie has a high fever."

Emilio's pupils flickered, and his calm facade cracked.

A sinister look took over his face, his aura turning fierce.

"Prepare the car. We're leaving now."

His assistant didn't hesitate.

There are some people who look calm and beautiful on the surface but hide a wild beast inside.

All you can do is keep that beast caged.

When Emilio arrived at the villa, Ophelia still had a fever.

She muttered nonsense and refused to move.

Mrs. Liu had no choice but to try cooling her down.

When she saw Emilio walk in, relief flooded her face.

"Mr. Fletcher, you're finally back!"

Chapter 653

Emilio stepped forward with a dark expression and gently placed the back of his hand on Ophelia's forehead to check her temperature.

The warmth from her skin made his face look even more severe.

He pulled his hand back, about to call the family doctor, when suddenly Ophelia grabbed his palm tightly.

Mrs. Liu and the assistant watched silently from the side.

An awkward tension filled the room.

Emilio's lips curled slightly, but then Ophelia, weak and feverish, whispered a name she hated deeply: "Kian."

Instantly, Emilio pulled his hand away.

"Mr. Fletcher! I—I'll go call the doctor right now," the assistant stammered.

Mrs. Liu, sensing the mood, quickly found an excuse to leave.

Soon, the family doctor arrived, took Ophelia's temperature, and prescribed medicine. That was the entire examination.

But when it came time to prescribe medicine, Emilio interrupted coldly, "She's pregnant. Make sure the medicine is mild and won't harm the baby."

He stared at Ophelia lying unconscious on the bed, thinking to himself: If she wakes up and finds out, she might hate me even more.

"You're already expecting?" the family doctor asked, surprised.

Emilio glanced at him calmly. "Not mine. Don't ask so many questions—just treat her quickly."

The doctor was even more stunned but wisely held his tongue, sensing Emilio's unhappiness and the hidden story beneath.

Ophelia didn't wake after taking the medicine, but her tense frown eased. After tossing and turning all morning, she could finally breathe easier.

The doctor pulled Emilio aside and asked quietly, "You said the child isn't yours, but you seem to care about her deeply. Why plan to raise someone else's child?"

Even though they'd been friends for years, Emilio's expression turned cold.

His friend swallowed nervously and said, "I knew you weren't that kind of man. So, what are you planning to do?"

"As long as she stays here, that's fine," Emilio said, a cold light flashing in his eyes. "But that evil creature—I won't allow her here."

The seriousness in his voice shocked his friend.

"As expected, you're the same as ever," the friend said, patting Emilio on the shoulder.

But Emilio disagreed.

He was no good person—he got what he wanted.

Ophelia stayed in bed the entire day, finally waking in the evening.

As soon as she opened her eyes, a pounding headache and dizziness filled her head, like it was stuffed with lead.

The door clicked open, and Mrs. Liu came in carrying a pot of water. Seeing her awake, she smiled with relief. "Miss Labrie, you're awake! Wait, I'll go find Mr. Fletcher right away!"

"Wait—Emilio's back?" Ophelia asked.

"Mr. Fletcher came back early this morning. You have no idea how worried he's been. He didn't even care about the company—just left it to come find you." Mrs. Liu rattled on about Emilio's concern.

Her words revealed his intentions to bring them together.

Ophelia felt a flush of embarrassment.

Then she suddenly thought of Kian and anxiously searched for her cell phone—but it was nowhere to be found.

“Mrs. Liu, do you know where my phone is?” she asked, growing more anxious.

She’d gotten into Emilio’s car last night, followed him, then collapsed with a high fever. It had been nearly a day and a night since she’d last contacted anyone.

She didn’t know how worried Kian must be.

At Ophelia’s insistence, Mrs. Liu handed over the phone—it was still charging.

Ophelia checked the call log and saw more than a dozen missed calls, one just five minutes ago.

She stared at the familiar number, hesitating.

Though she longed to hear Kian’s voice, to feel his concern, every time she reached for the screen, she remembered Mrs. Paterson’s cold words.

Just as she hesitated, the phone vibrated suddenly.

Ophelia nearly dropped it in shock.

“Mrs. Liu, can you answer this call for me?” Ophelia said, her courage fading. “I don’t want to talk to anyone right now.”

Though confused, Mrs. Liu picked up.

On the other end, a man’s voice sounded hoarse and desperate.

Perhaps surprised that Ophelia had answered, Kian’s joy nearly burst through the microphone. “Ophelia, you finally answered. Where have you been? I’ve been searching everywhere. I’m sorry about my mother—please come back.”

“That sir... I’m a servant,” Mrs. Liu interrupted awkwardly.

There was a long pause before Kian asked, “Who is this?”

“I’m a servant. Miss Labrie said she doesn’t want to go back yet and doesn’t want to see you. She asked you not to call. She wants to be alone for a while.”

Ophelia nodded weakly, and Mrs. Liu hesitated as she passed the message.

After a long silence, Kian's tired voice came again, "I understand. You're letting her take care of herself."

When the call ended, Ophelia burst into tears.

Mrs. Liu, being older and not understanding young love, didn't know how to comfort her.

"Mrs. Liu, please go outside. I'll watch over her," Emilio said as he walked in.

Mrs. Liu felt relieved to hand over this difficult situation.

The bed sank slightly as Emilio sat down.

Ophelia shifted away from him.

His eyes darkened, and he stared at her with a sharp gaze. "Is it worth it for Kian?"

"You don't understand anything," Ophelia said.

"I don't," Emilio said, turning away to open a desk drawer.

He pulled out a rusty iron box.

Ophelia froze.

Seeing her eyes, Emilio opened it. Inside was a hairpin and some scattered trinkets.

They looked old.

The once-delicate hairpin was long out of style but still well kept—as if time had never passed.

"Do you remember these?" Emilio asked, taking out a small veil.

It was made like a wedding dress, topped with a crystal crown—childish playthings.

His movements were careful, like holding the world's greatest treasure, as he gently placed them before Ophelia.

"What I said still stands," Emilio said quietly. "What Kian can't give you, I can. Let me marry you."

Chapter 654

Emilio's repeated proposal made Ophelia clearly feel his urgency.

It only made her want to leave even more.

The next day, after Ophelia's fever had finally broken, she told Emilio she wanted to go. Emilio paused, then said, "You're not well yet. Why do you want to leave? The doctor said you need to rest more."

The family doctor had indeed told her to rest before leaving yesterday.

But since Emilio seemed close to the doctor, Ophelia didn't fully trust him.

She insisted on leaving.

Emilio's eyes slowly dimmed. He said nothing. The living room grew silent, heavy with tension.

Mrs. Liu and the others didn't dare interrupt.

After a long pause, Emilio finally spoke. He wiped his mouth with a tissue and said smoothly, "Not yet."

"Why not?" Ophelia frowned.

"You've forgotten what the internet looks like right now. Your safety can't be guaranteed until this public opinion dies down. Maybe Kian should take responsibility and get those people to stop."

A mocking curl twisted Emilio's lips.

Ophelia's frown deepened, and she clenched her fists.

She had no clue where the rumors online had started.

Kian said he would handle it, but after so many days, the heat from public opinion hadn't cooled.

Ophelia forced herself not to think about it and to trust Kian.

She took a deep breath and said, "Then I can't stay here either. I've made up my mind. I don't want to bother you anymore. I'll pack and leave tonight. If you can, please help me prepare a car. If not, I'll find my own way."

At worst, she could go home on her own.

Emilio looked at her with dim eyes, briefly tempted to force her to stay.

But in the end, he let her go.

He arranged a driver to take her back to her house.

A black Lamborghini pulled up to the door. Paloma came out when she heard it, stunned for a moment, then delighted.

“Ophelia, where have you been these days?”

“Mom.” Ophelia greeted her, then looked at the driver and said, “You can go now.”

The driver nodded and left.

Paloma asked suspiciously, “That wasn’t Kian’s car, right? Who sent you back? Kian’s been so worried. He called me and your dad at least ten times.”

Paloma was really worried.

At first, she thought Ophelia had hidden herself away after seeing the rumors online. She even considered calling the police to find her.

Brody stopped her, so it wasn’t made a big deal.

Ophelia’s face was complicated.

“Let’s talk about this later,” she said, avoiding the question.

Seeing her daughter like this — sad and unwilling to talk — Paloma felt heartbroken. She didn’t press further and quickly brought her inside.

“Husband, look, Ophelia’s back! Come down!” Paloma called upstairs.

After a moment, a middle-aged man walked out of the study, hands behind his back. “What’s all the noise? You think I can’t hear you?”

Paloma ignored him. Calling him down was enough.

She sat Ophelia down and asked about the past two days.

Ophelia hesitated, then said, “The driver who sent me back was Emilio’s.”

Paloma was stunned. “But didn’t you say before you wanted nothing to do with their family? Why now?”

Ophelia looked down.

Paloma sighed, sensing something wrong but uncertain what it was.

Brody wasn’t so patient.

"He said everything would be fine. Said he'd treat you well after marriage, and you'd have a good life," Brody snorted. "It's only been a short time, and this has happened already?"

"This isn't all Kian's fault..."

"You're still defending him! Tell us, if it's not his fault, why haven't you given us any news for two days?"

Ophelia froze. Her fingers twisted under the table, her heart in turmoil.

She knew her parents' personalities too well.

Both Brody and Paloma had hot tempers.

If Paloma told them about Kian's mother's cruelty, she was sure Paloma would rush to confront them.

Brody, who finally agreed to their request, would demand Ophelia divorce Kian.

In the old couple's eyes, anyone who hurt Ophelia wasn't to be tolerated.

So Ophelia kept silent.

This only made Brody and Paloma more anxious.

Ophelia was back, but she said nothing about what happened. How could they know?

"Okay, if you don't tell me, I'll call Kian myself!" Brody said bluntly. "I want to know why my daughter was wronged less than a week after the wedding!"

He pulled out his phone to call Kian.

Ophelia quickly stopped him. Paloma joined in to hold him back.

After much effort, the phone was retrieved, but Brody was still furious.

"I'm telling you, Ophelia: either you tell me today, or I call Kian and grill him. Those are your only choices!"

Paloma said, "Husband, why are you pushing her so hard?"

Brody snorted, "Otherwise, she won't say a word, even tomorrow morning."

No wonder people say parents always know their children best.

Ophelia really didn't want to speak.

But Brody's harsh words and Paloma's persuasion wore her down.

She couldn't take their questioning anymore and told them everything.

After hearing the whole story, Paloma was furious, ready to confront the Paterson family.

Brody slammed the table in anger. "Call Kian now! Ophelia, you can't stay married to him. Get a divorce before the wedding. That's better than anything else!"

Things had gone exactly as Ophelia feared.

But she couldn't leave.

Brody and Paloma didn't understand why she insisted, and kept pushing her to call Kian for a divorce.

Finally, Ophelia revealed the truth: "I'm pregnant. This marriage can't be broken."

Her words were like thunder.

"What did you say? You're pregnant? When?!" Paloma stared, stunned.

Ophelia took a deep breath.

Now that she'd said it, she no longer had to worry.

With the courage of having nothing left to lose, she said slowly, "I was already pregnant before Kian and I got the marriage certificate. That's why we rushed to get married. I didn't tell you because I was afraid you wouldn't accept this child."

"You!" Brody raised his hand in anger.

Chapter 655

Ophelia braced herself for a slap, but instead, she felt nothing. She opened her eyes to see Brody shaking his head and sighing.

Paloma comforted him gently, "What's the point of sulking? The most important thing now is how to fix this. This has to be Kian's problem! I say we call him over right now."

Brody glanced at Ophelia and finally managed to hold back his anger, but his tone was still sharp. "You heard her."

"Ophelia, if you have any shame left, you shouldn't protect him anymore. He's a man—let him handle his own problems."

Ophelia stayed silent for a moment, then messaged Kian, asking him to come.

Kian rushed over from the company right after. Seeing Ophelia sitting quietly in the living room, he was about to approach her when Brody's sharp look stopped him.

"I'm not going to tell you the twists and turns," Brody said loudly, pointing at Ophelia. "We already know everything about you and Ophelia, including what your mother thinks."

Kian met his gaze steadily. "What my mom said that day was definitely wrong, but that's not what I believe."

Brody caught the determination in Kian's eyes. He nodded slightly inside and let out a sigh. In truth, he admired Kian—not just because Kian had saved him, but because Kian had proven himself capable.

At first, Brody had thought Kian was just an assistant. But Kian's actions proved otherwise. He was more than capable of taking good care of Ophelia, and running a huge company well.

Seeing this, Brody's sharp gaze softened. "Kian, I admire you very much. I thought you could bring happiness to Ophelia. That's why I agreed to the marriage certificate. But now... it's not possible."

"Uncle!" Kian said anxiously.

Brody waved him off. "Don't say any more. Since your mother doesn't agree, there's no reason for us to be in-laws. Better to end it now than have a big fight later."

Ophelia couldn't sit still any longer. She stood up quickly but was forced down by Paloma.

Paloma, always gentle, showed her strength for the first time. "Don't stop your father."

"Marriage isn't just about two people living together. If his mother doesn't accept you, have you thought about how hard your life would be?"

Paloma's words tore at Ophelia's heart. Cold wind seemed to pour in through a broken window, leaving her shivering.

She vaguely remembered feeling this cold the day she left Paterson's house. Kian hadn't chased her out immediately. If Emilio hadn't come, she didn't know where she would have gone.

Thinking about that, she suddenly relaxed and looked away, not wanting to meet Kian's eyes.

Then, to everyone's surprise, Kian's tall figure suddenly dropped down and he knelt in front of Ophelia, back straight.

Paloma jumped up in shock. "What are you doing, Kian?"

Ophelia was also frightened. She had never seen Kian kneel before.

Staring blankly, Ophelia watched as the soft halo of light fell on his thin face, highlighting his steady posture.

“I’m sorry, Ophelia,” Kian said clearly, word by word.

Paloma grew anxious. “That’s what your mother said! Why are you doing this? Get up!”

“My mother said it because I didn’t protect Ophelia well enough. A villain took advantage of the situation and hurt her. I should kneel and do what I must.”

The room fell silent. A man’s knees made of gold—this wasn’t a joke.

Who else would kneel like this for the one they loved?

Ophelia broke down, tears streaming uncontrollably.

Finally, Brody and Paloma couldn’t bear to see her cry any longer. They gave in and let Kian take her home.

On the way back, Kian was cautious with her. The distance between them felt heavier—an invisible barrier that hadn’t been there before.

Ophelia recalled what Kian had said earlier. “You told my mom and the others... someone took advantage of the situation and sneaked in. Do you know who it was?”

They all knew the public opinion had been manipulated by someone, but no one knew who.

Kian paused as he took off his coat. His eyes flickered. “It was Emilio who took you away that day.”

Ophelia thought he meant the night she went to Paterson’s house. But then she realized he meant the night on the cruise.

The realization hit her like a blow. She almost stumbled, but Kian caught her.

She was dazed. “So... it was all Emilio’s fault?”

Kian looked at her, regret written all over his face, and silently nodded.

Hearing this, Ophelia’s heart shattered instantly.

“How could he do this to me? I thought we were friends...” she whispered helplessly, sliding down until she squatted on the floor.

Seeing her like this, Kian felt even more heartbroken. The urge to tear Emilio apart burned in him.

“Ophelia, don’t be like this. Get up first.”

“Kian...” Ophelia held his hand tightly, “I don’t understand why he did this.”

Whether it was the injustice she’d suffered or the betrayal by Emilio, Ophelia’s emotions burst forth like a flood.

The tears fell on Kian’s hand, burning his fingertips so much that they curled.

In his office, Kian quietly held the broken Ophelia for a long time.

Then, Kian set his sights on the Fletcher Group, taking every order they wanted.

His ruthless counterattack shocked everyone, sparking whispers among the employees.

“Hey! Why is President Paterson suddenly targeting the Fletcher Group? What do we have to do with them?”

“Who said well water doesn’t interfere with river water? The Internet’s still buzzing about a scandal involving their President Fletcher and our Vice President Labrie.”

“Right. Which normal man could tolerate that? This revenge isn’t enough.”

The Fletcher Group was no pushover.

After Kian snatched several orders from them, the dispute escalated.

Ophelia knew nothing about it.

Kian kept her home, away from the company, so she could rest.

No matter how late he worked, he came back every day to be with her.

But tonight was different.

Kian called her, apologizing, “Sorry, Ophelia, I might be late tonight. There’s trouble at the company.”