

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 761

Just when Emmie and Jayde thought the topic had shifted and started chatting about other stuff, Bonian struck.

“So if we lend her all this money, when’s she paying it back?”

The living room went dead quiet.

Emmie glanced at her sister, torn. On one side, her sister; on the other, her fiancé, her future.

She tried to smooth it over. “My sister’s not the type to dodge a debt. Once she’s back on her feet, she’ll pay us back.”

“And when’s that gonna be?” Bonian pressed. “She can barely scrape together medical bills, let alone cover long-term care after surgery. How’s she paying us back?”

Emmie was speechless, out of ways to defuse it.

She didn’t mind the money—even lending it to Jayde wouldn’t mess up their lives.

But Bryan might not feel the same.

Jayde was her sister, not his.

“I…” Jayde started, but no words came.

“It’s cool, I’m just messing with you. The kid’s treatment comes first. You’re broke now, so just owe me. Pay it back when you can,” Bonian said, switching gears.

Emmie exhaled, relieved.

She gave him a playful nudge. “You had me going there! I thought you were serious, but you’re just joking. I knew you were awesome. You even let my sister move in—you’re not sweating the small stuff.”

“Go rest upstairs. I’m cooking. Pregnant women shouldn’t breathe in fumes. I’ll call you when dinner’s ready,” Bonian said, shooing her off.

Emmie bounced up, thrilled. Bryan was so sweet, keeping her away from kitchen smells.

Compared to pregnant women stuck with all the chores, she had it good.

As Emmie's door closed, Jayde braced herself. Bonian's attack was coming.

His "joke" was no joke.

Sure enough, the second Emmie was gone, Bonian slid next to her. "So, how you paying me back?"

"I'll work hard, take night shifts—"

"Jayde," Bonian cut her off, sharp. "I'm not catching some nasty bug from you."

Her face went white. "I meant sorting packages at a warehouse, not anything shady."

"What's that pay? Two hundred a night, tops? You'll be sorting boxes forever to clear what you owe. That diamond ring alone would take years," Bonian said, not hiding his contempt.

He had the cash to back it up.

Jayde racked her brain for a fix, but Bonian leaned in. "You can't pay it off alone, but I've got a way."

"Tell me," Jayde said, desperate.

She'd grind through any job, no matter how brutal.

But Bonian's offer floored her.

"Be my mistress."

Her gut screamed no.

Bonian was already hell-bent on tormenting her. If she took his money and signed up for this, he'd only crank up the pain.

But reality didn't care about her no.

"Instead of bouncing between guys, stick with me. I'll match what others pay—50 grand a month. If you're good and keep me happy, I'll toss in a bonus," Bonian said, his words stabbing like needles.

Her heart was a pincushion.

But he kept going. "Or maybe you think since your sister's in on this loan, you can just stiff her, and she won't care."

“No, I’ll pay it back. If you want me as your mistress, I’ve got one condition,” Jayde said.

“Let’s hear it,” Bonian said, curious.

“Three months. I’ll be your mistress for three months. Do whatever you want. After that, you let my sister go, and you let me go. We’re done for good. Deal?” Jayde said.

That way, Mrs. Lepage would back off, and Emmie wouldn’t get hurt.

As for Bonian...

Three months of torture should burn out his rage. Then he could go back to being the Lepage family’s golden boy, living large.

Win-win.

But Bonian wasn’t having it. His face twisted. “Jayde, keep dreaming. Three months to clear your debt? You out of your mind?”

He’d been gutted for four years.

Three months to call it even? No way.

“Then how long till you let me go?” Jayde asked.

She could try talking to Mrs. Lepage.

Four years had passed—another month or two wouldn’t faze Mrs. Lepage if it meant splitting them up.

“Never in my lifetime,” Bonian said, crushing her hope.

“Let you go so you can run to the kid’s real dad and live happily ever after? Even if I’m done with you, you’re staying where I can see you. Think about your kid.”

“Bonian!” Jayde snapped, frantic.

Why was everyone using her kid against her—Mrs. Lepage, now him?

“You don’t get to call me that. From now on, when we’re alone, it’s ‘Master.’ A thousand bucks every time you say it,” Bonian said, pulling a stack of cash from his bag and tossing it at her.

Humiliation hit like a wave.

Jayde wanted to walk away, leave the money, and ditch the shame.

But Lele was still in the hospital. The 200 grand only covered basic treatment—not surgery.

She could lose her pride, but not her son. Picturing Lele's sweet face, Jayde bent down.

She picked up the bills, one by one. She was gathering money, but her dignity was in pieces.

Bonian watched, cold. "I thought you wanted love. My bad. You just want cash. Lucky for you, that's the one thing I've got plenty of. How much you get depends on you."

## Chapter 762

Jayde stayed quiet, tears streaming.

After she grabbed the money, Bonian tossed her a piece of clothing. "Put it on. Now."

Jayde glanced at it and nearly choked on shame.

It was barely fabric—black lace, see-through, hiding nothing.

If she was in the mood, maybe she'd wear it for fun. Now? Pure humiliation.

"Not changing? Need me to do it for you?" Bonian snapped, impatient.

His stare made her skin crawl.

They'd been bare with each other before, but changing into this in front of him? She couldn't.

"Can I change in my room?" she whispered.

"What, your sister's room?" Bonian's patience was gone.

He ripped her shirt off in a few yanks. "One more time—change. Now."

Jayde had no choice but to obey.

The living room window was open, cool air hitting her skin.

After she changed, Bonian dragged her to the kitchen, made her wash vegetables, and messed with her from behind.

Then it was time to chop.

Exhausted, Jayde could barely stand, her cuts uneven and sloppy.

Emmie's voice suddenly came from the living room, getting closer. "Bryan, I just rested a bit. Let me help chop veggies. You're doing everything—I feel bad."

Jayde's heart stopped.

If Emmie walked in...

Bonian didn't stop. Cool as ice, he called back, "Nah, stay in the living room. Dinner's coming."

"Where's my sister? She's not in her room—did she step out?"

Jayde burned with shame.

She wished she was anywhere but here, being manhandled in the kitchen like dough.

"Nope," Bonian said, brushing Emmie off.

Bored, Emmie opened the door and headed to the garden for a walk.

Ten minutes later, Bonian finally let Jayde go.

He eyed the marks on her body. "Looks good on you. Keep it on tonight—don't change."

"I did what you wanted. I just want normal clothes. Bonian, please," Jayde begged, crying.

Her tears didn't move him anymore.

"Can't remember what I said? What do you call me?"

Jayde couldn't say it.

When she stayed silent, Bonian reached for her thigh. Terrified, she backed up, blurting the words, face pale.

Only then did he back off.

After he left, Jayde cracked the kitchen door, peeked out, and confirmed Emmie was gone. She bolted to her bedroom.

She cried in the shower, scrubbing her skin raw until it was red.

Thinking of Bonian's orders, she put the lace dress back on after, covering it with a thick robe.

When she went downstairs, dinner was on the table, and Emmie was back from her walk.

Scooping soup, Emmie giggled at the weirdly cut radishes. "Bryan, what's with these? This isn't your style."

"I didn't cut 'em," Bonian said, short.

With only three of them in the house, that left one person.

Emmie looked at Jayde. “Sis, I thought you were a good cook. What happened?”

“Haven’t cooked in a while, I guess,” Jayde mumbled, wanting to vanish.

She pulled out a chair too fast, tweaking her back.

Emmie steadied her. “Your back’s bad—you need a doctor. Want me to go with you tomorrow?”

“No, I’ll book something at the hospital,” Jayde said, panicking.

If Emmie found out why her back hurt, she’d flip.

Emmie dropped it.

She chattered through dinner, Bonian tossing in a word here and there. Jayde kept her head down, trying to disappear.

Mid-meal, Bonian’s phone rang.

It was Mrs. Lepage.

He glanced at the screen, then took it to the balcony. “Mom, what’s up?”

“What, I can’t call unless something’s wrong? You haven’t come home for dinner in two weeks. Come tonight,” Mrs. Lepage said, planning to introduce his future wife.

Bonian started to say no, but Mrs. Lepage cut in. “I made you health soup myself—simmered it for hours, burned my hand, got a huge blister. Do me a solid and drink two bowls.”

He couldn’t refuse that.

His mom went through all that—he’d be a jerk to skip out.

“I’ll be there in half an hour.”

“Drive safe, take your time,” Mrs. Lepage said, hanging up.

She eyed the woman next to her, pleased.

This was her pick—gorgeous, studied abroad, from a top family. Worlds better than Jayde.

Bonian would love her.

Back inside, Bonian didn’t mention home, just told Emmie, “I’m swamped tonight—won’t be back.”

“Working late again? Your boss is brutal. Can’t it wait till tomorrow?” Emmie grumbled.

But she grabbed her coat and bag. “Even if you’re slammed, nap a bit. All-nighters wreck you.”

“Got it. Go eat,” Bonian said, slipping on his shoes and heading out.

Jayde thought she’d get a breather tonight. After dinner, she crashed on the couch with Emmie, watching TV.

Then her phone buzzed with a text.

Chapter 763

[Take a pic and show me what you’re wearing.]

Jayde’s blood ran cold at the text.

Bonian’s tone—he was checking up on her.

But Emmie was right there...

[Give me a sec, I’ll go to my room and snap one,] Jayde texted back, standing and clutching her phone to head upstairs.

Emmie, still chatty, started to follow. “Sis, who’s texting you? Got a boyfriend I don’t know about?” Her eyes gleamed.

She genuinely wanted her sister to find someone who’d love and support her.

Jayde was carrying too much alone.

Jayde gave a bitter smile. “You think any guy would want me like this?”

She had nothing but a sick kid and a mountain of medical bills. What man would sign up for that?

“You never know. Real love doesn’t care about that stuff. Look at me and Bryan—I’ve got nothing, he’s got a villa and a car. I’m way out of his league, but he’s with me,” Emmie said, pointing to herself.

She and Bryan weren’t a perfect match on paper.

But he stuck with her, even okayed lending Jayde money.

“If I can land a guy like that, there’s no reason you can’t. Have some faith, Sis—you deserve the best,” Emmie said, earnest.

The more she talked, the heavier Jayde's heart felt.

Her naive sister thought everything was a fairy tale. A guy that perfect? Good luck.

Bryan was just Bonian's mask, tailored to Emmie's dreams.

Because it was fake, it hit every mark.

Her phone buzzed again.

Bonian, impatient, was calling now.

"Who's that? Can't wait a few minutes? Bet he's head over heels," Emmie teased, leaning to peek at Jayde's screen.

Jayde yanked the phone behind her back. "Nobody, just a spam call."

"Spam? This often?" Emmie fake-pouted. "We're sisters! I'm pregnant, not stealing your man. Why hide?"

Jayde's chest ached.

She silenced her phone, lying, "They hung up. My number got leaked—insurance scams, loan sharks, nonstop."

Emmie wasn't fully convinced.

She studied Jayde, saw no blush, and relented. "Fine. But if you get a boyfriend, bring him to me. I'll vet him. If he's a jerk, I'm nixing it."

She wouldn't let her sister fall for another loser.

Then Emmie's phone rang. One glance, and she beamed. "Hey, honey, what's up?"

It was Bonian.

Jayde's eyes widened, her hands trembling behind her.

He was calling because of her—she hadn't texted back or picked up. Now he'd mess with her through Emmie.

"Just checking in. Where you at?" Bonian's voice was flat.

He knew Jayde was right there, hearing every word.

Emmie grinned, holding the phone. "At home, taking care of the baby. You tired from work, Bryan?"



“Not really. Where’s your sister?” Bonian shifted to Jayde.

Emmie blinked, surprised he cared so much.

But then she figured he was just looking out for her sister because of her.

“She’s right here. We might hit the hospital tomorrow—I haven’t seen Lele in days.”

“You know what your sister’s wearing—”

Bonian dragged it out, and Jayde cut in, sweating bullets, voice faint. “Emmie, I’m heading to my room.”

If she didn’t send that video, he’d ruin her.

“You okay? Want me to come?” Emmie asked, confused, phone in hand.

She sensed Jayde was off but couldn’t pin it down.

“I’m good,” Jayde said, bolting upstairs, footsteps pounding.

She couldn’t waste a second.

“Alright, I’ll leave you to it,” Emmie said, plopping back on the couch. “Bryan, what were you saying about my sister?”

“Nothing. Just—she can handle the hospital solo. You’re pregnant, so rest up,” Bonian said, easing off since Jayde had sent the photo.

He opened the chat, zooming in.

Four years later, Jayde’s legs were still pale and sleek, but scars marred them. He didn’t like that.

Those scars were her price for betraying him.

Jayde texted again: [Sent the pic. Good enough?]

Bonian could picture her—red-eyed, skittish, like a scared rabbit.

He typed back: [Not even close. I want a video. Don’t forget what to call me.]

“Bryan? You hear me?” Emmie asked, noticing his silence.

Maybe it was her imagination, but he seemed distracted.

“Processing a file—kinda swamped,” Bonian said, brushing her off.

He didn't mean it, but Emmie ate it up.

Love made her blind.

Her heart melted. He was grinding to give her and the kid a better life, still finding time to call.

He loved her so much.

Chapter 764

Emmie felt awful for thinking Bryan was blowing her off.

"I was wrong to doubt you," she said, guilt-ridden. "Get back to work—I won't bug you. We'll talk when you're home tonight."

Exactly what Bonian wanted.

He hung up, waiting in his car until Jayde's video came through—way spicier than before.

Satisfied, he locked his phone, got out, and headed inside.

Mrs. Lepage had a feast ready at home. She saved the seat on her left for Bonian; on her right sat her handpicked future daughter-in-law, Livia Gomez.

"Auntie, you think Bonian will like me?" Livia asked, glancing at her Vacheron Constantin watch.

It was late—where was he?

Was he dodging her?

Mrs. Lepage smiled warmly.

With Livia, she wasn't the bulldozer she was with Jayde. "Love takes time. You're perfect—how could he not? I bet he'll be more eager to marry you than I am."

"That'd be great. My parents are on me daily to bring home a husband. They want grandkids," Livia said, blushing.

She'd known since she was a kid she'd marry for alliances. Her parents and brother adored her, but that didn't change her fate. All she could do was pick the best guy from the lineup.

Bonian was her choice.

Mrs. Lepage beamed. "We're on the same page. Our family doesn't play favorites—boy or girl, I'll love your kids."

Rich families wanted big broods—one was bound to shine.

Bonian walked in, catching the tail end.

His face darkened. “Mom, you dragged me here to pawn me off on some woman?”

“Bonian, watch your mouth. This is Livia, from the Gomez family,” Mrs. Lepage said, stressing her status, eyes flashing a warning.

She wouldn’t let him disrespect a girl of her caliber.

Bonian didn’t flinch.

He smirked. “Did I miss something?”

Not only was she setting him up, but they were already planning kids.

He was a person, not a pet to breed.

“Bonian,” Mrs. Lepage snapped, using his full name.

The air grew tense, and Livia stepped in. “Bonian, my folks and your parents go way back. I’m just here for dinner—don’t overthink it.”

“Sit, eat. Food’s getting cold,” Mrs. Lepage said, dropping it.

Her goal was to get them talking, swapping contacts.

Bonian sat, staring at the spread, no appetite. He poked at his food twice.

“Bonian, I heard you’re a lawyer. I took law as an elective in college. After dinner, maybe we could chat about it?” Livia tried.

Mrs. Lepage jumped in. “Perfect! You’re the same age, got plenty to talk about. I’m heading upstairs for my skincare.”

She left, and Livia scooted her chair closer.

“I’m busy,” Bonian said, blunt.

“No worries, another time. There’s a new café by your firm—let’s hit it up,” Livia said, undeterred.

She didn’t need him to love her—just marry her and have a kid.

Bonian’s jaw tightened. “I’m booked solid. Miss Gomez, let’s cut the crap. We both know why my mom set this up. I’m not into you.”

“Don’t be so sure. You might change your mind,” Livia said, her smile faltering but recovering. She’d hated the idea of an arranged marriage as a kid.

But what could she do?

Born into wealth, she’d had it all—but her marriage wasn’t her call.

She knew it, and so did Bonian. No matter how much he kicked, his parents wouldn’t budge.

“Miss Gomez, with your looks and status, guys are lining up. Why waste time on me? I’m hung up on someone else,” Bonian said, laughing at himself.

He knew Jayde was a gold-digging traitor, not worth loving.

But he was stuck on her.

Love fueled his hate, his need to punish her.

Livia smiled. “I don’t care, really.”

She wasn’t some starry-eyed teen chasing romance.

Even normal marriages had cheating—her class? Worse. Her dad had side women for years, but none dared cross her mom or have kids.

The Lin heirs were just her and her brother. That was enough.

Her husband just needed to play ball.

“You’re nuts,” Bonian said, standing to leave.

Livia grabbed his arm. “Hold up. Your mom’s watching from upstairs. My parents are in on this too. Can we fake it?”

Bonian saw no point.

He knew his mom—if he gave an inch, she’d push for a wedding and kids.

Best to shut it down now.

Chapter 765

He shook off Livia’s hand and sped up.

“Bonian, keep blowing me off, and your mom’ll just line up more blind dates. Others won’t be as chill as me—you’ll be more miserable,” Livia said, catching up.

“Just play along. It won’t hurt you and could save you grief. Why not?”

Bonian wasn’t sure why.

When he had Jayde, she was his world—other women didn’t exist.

After she left, he hunted for anyone who looked like her. Now she was back.

All he wanted was to torment her, tear each other apart. He had no bandwidth for other women, even as a game.

“Think of it as a favor. My parents are driving me nuts—I don’t want to date some pot-bellied old guy. I’ll owe you, big time,” Livia said, playing her card.

It was just acting now, but who knew? Maybe it’d turn real.

She wasn’t half-bad—she had confidence.

Bonian wavered, then softened. “Fine. How long’s this charade?”

“Three months, then we split clean. I’ll hop a plane abroad—my family can’t touch me,” Livia said.

She’d overheard her mom and Mrs. Lepage planning a wedding in three months.

They wouldn’t break up—they’d marry. She’d be Miss Gomez and Mrs. Lepage.

“Deal,” Bonian said. “I’ll hold you to it.”

“You think I’d bail? Relax, I’m not that girl,” Livia said, flashing her QR code. “Add me.”

They sat on the couch. Livia chatted with her friend.

Bonian kept texting Jayde demands.

Jayde, swallowing her shame, followed his orders, sending photo after photo, then deleting the chats with shaky hands.

When Lele got sick, she’d worked at a bar, pushing drinks for commission.

The boss had pushed her to dance—one night on stage could’ve earned half a month’s pay.

She was desperate but couldn’t wear skimpy outfits and strut for a crowd. She’d rather juggle three jobs.

But now? Was she any different?

Dancing for one guy instead of a room.

Bonian, pleased with the photos, plugged in earbuds: [Send two voice clips.]

[What kind?]

[What you screamed last night. Do it again. Hard to get?] Bonian texted, annoyed.

Jayde's mouth moved, barely whispering it, voice tiny.

Before Bonian could push, Mrs. Lepage's footsteps came downstairs.

Livia grabbed his arm. "Bonian, that was so cool. Wish we'd met sooner, but now's good too."

Bonian locked his phone, setting it aside.

He forgot to yank out his earbuds.

Mrs. Lepage saw right through it—Livia was talking, Bonian was tuning her out with earbuds.

She was pissed, but Livia's cover stopped her from calling it out.

"As long as you two hit it off. Xueqing, stay tonight. We've got rooms—pick one," Mrs. Lepage said, scheming to put her next to Bonian's room.

It was meant for his future wife—close quarters, more "accidental" run-ins.

Bonian opened his mouth to say no.

Livia beat him to it. "Auntie, I'd better head home. My parents are strict—I've got a curfew, even at my age."

"Good call. I didn't think it through," Mrs. Lepage said, liking her more.

A proper girl, well-raised.

Not like those low-class types, scheming to snag a rich husband, sleeping around young, even having sick kids in secret.

A total mess—anyone would cringe.

"I'll head out, Auntie. I'll visit soon," Livia said, polite.

Mrs. Lepage nudged Bonian to walk her out.

The Gomez family's car waited outside. Once Livia got in, Bonian turned back.

He didn't go inside, lingering in the garden, listening to Jayde's voice clips.

Suddenly, he wanted to see her.

But his mom was waiting, so he went in.

Alone now, Mrs. Lepage dropped the act. "You're not a kid. Time to think about your future. I let you mess around before, but not anymore. Bonian, this isn't a discussion—it's a notice. You're marrying Livia in three months."

"You think you can decide my life in a sentence? I'm not doing it," Bonian shot back, notifying her right back.

He didn't want marriage.

Family, wife, kids—chains. He wasn't ready to be tied down.

To Mrs. Lepage, his flat-out no meant one thing: Jayde.

She called it out. "You're still hung up on that Jayde girl, aren't you? She stabbed you in the back, and you're still hooked. When did my son turn into such a loser? She's kinda pretty, sure, but not *that* pretty."

Chapter 766

"I don't love her," Bonian snapped. "I'm not nuts—why would I fall for a gold-digger?"

What a joke.

"Then why blow off Livia? I handpicked her—she's perfect. If you don't like her, give me a reason," Mrs. Lepage pressed.

Bonian was fed up.

He didn't want to talk to Livia, let alone nitpick her flaws.

"I just don't want to marry. Stop pushing."

"Fine, it's your first meeting. I shouldn't rush you. Take your time with her, but ditch Jayde and those other random women," Mrs. Lepage said, easing up.

As a mom, she wasn't heartless.

Once his kid was born, if Bonian didn't vibe with Livia and kept a few side chicks, she'd look the other way.

But not Jayde.

That sick kid was a landmine. If it got out, the Gomez family would raise hell. The families would be enemies, not in-laws.

“Mom, if you’re bored, go line dance or something—quit obsessing over me,” Bonian said, irritated. “I’ve got work at the firm. I’m out.”

“It’s late—what work?” Mrs. Lepage wasn’t gullible like Emmie, buying lame excuses. She sniffed out lies and handled them.

She nailed it. “You’re going to Jayde, aren’t you? After all this time, you’re still trying to patch things up.”

“Mom, I respect you, but respect me back. I’m grown—I’ve got my own life. Stop snooping,” Bonian said, slamming the door.

Nobody likes being watched. It sucked, even if it was his own mom.

Mrs. Lepage’s face soured.

The paternity test results were due tomorrow. Once Bonian saw them, he’d snap out of it.

When Bonian got home, Emmie was asleep.

Jayde, after crying herself out, drifted off in tears. Half-asleep, she heard the door open.

Heavy footsteps approached, stopping by her bed.

“Got time to sleep?” Bonian yanked her up.

He was being pushed into marriage, pissed off. Why was Jayde snoozing so peacefully?

Not just tonight—for four years, while he was in agony, she was sleeping like a baby.

How could she?

The angrier he got, the harder he gripped.

“Ow, easy,” Jayde mumbled, jolted awake. She flicked on the lamp, seeing Bonian’s furious face, clueless how she’d pissed him off.

She’d done every humiliating thing he asked tonight, pushed to her limit.

Why wasn’t it enough?

“When you’re with other guys, you tell them to go easy too? Or do they get free rein, and I’m the one you nag?” Bonian ripped off the blanket, eyed her lace dress, and tore it to shreds.



Jayde didn't fight back. It was pointless—resistance just made him worse.

But her blank, puppet-like stare set him off again. "What, you dead?"

"What do you want me to do? Tell me," Jayde said, voice thick with frustration.

"Those moves from the photos—do 'em again. Now."

The disgusting images flooded back, and Jayde wished her heart would just stop.

No more shame.

"I saved those photos. You want Lele to—"

"I'll do it. Whatever you say," Jayde said, scrambling up.

For her son, she'd do anything.

Bonian kept her at it from dusk till dawn.

Satisfied, he didn't sleep. He showered, headed to the firm, and crashed for a few hours.

Jayde lay in bed, staring at the ceiling in the dim light.

When would this end?

She passed out near morning, waking late. Emmie didn't knock, just had breakfast ready downstairs.

Jayde got up, caked foundation over the marks on her neck, threw on a high-neck shirt, and went down.

"Sis, you've been sleeping in lately. I'm starting to think you're out rustling cattle at night," Emmie teased, grabbing her breakfast. "Kidding! I want you to rest more."

Jayde stayed quiet.

She sighed inwardly, giving up on Emmie understanding. She wasn't up late scrolling her phone—someone was grinding her down.

"You used to run on four hours of sleep. It's fine now, but that'll catch up when you're older. Sleep more, take care of yourself," Emmie said.

Besides soy milk and fritters, she'd set out donkey-hide gelatin tonic. "Bryan got this for me—blood booster. You need some. It's great for women."

"It's for you—I'm good," Jayde said, pushing it back.

She didn't want her sister's stuff, especially not Bonian's.

"No need to be shy between sisters. Drink up. We'll hit the hospital after," Emmie insisted.

"You're pregnant—the hospital's full of disinfectant fumes. I don't want you breathing that," Jayde said, not wanting to burden her.

Emmie pouted, mad. "You treating me like a sister? I've been to hospitals before. You're acting like I'm a stranger."

Jayde felt it too.

With Bonian between them, she couldn't treat Emmie the same.

Emmie wouldn't budge, so they went together.

At the ward door, Jayde ran into Cameron.

He stood there, holding two boxes of milk.

Seeing Jayde, he hurried over. "Came to see the kid. Brought these as a gift."

Chapter 767

Jayde eyed the milk in Cameron's hand. "No thanks. Lele can't have it—diet restrictions."

"Then take it for yourself. You're skin and bones—you need to eat," Cameron said, pushing the milk toward her. "It's just milk, Jayde. We've known each other forever. Don't make it weird."

Emmie glanced between them, a grin creeping up.

Just yesterday, she'd told Jayde she'd find a guy who'd love her for her, not her baggage.

Looked like it was happening.

Jayde hesitated, but Emmie grabbed the milk. "Thanks! I'm Emmie, Jayde's sister. You are?"

"Cameron," he said, his eyes drifting to Jayde.

Emmie caught it. She'd looked at Bryan like that. This guy was smitten.

She knew Jayde was gun-shy after her last disaster, scared to try again.

But she couldn't stay solo forever.

Lele was little now, glued to his mom. But when he grew up, he'd have his own life. Then what? Jayde alone?

Emmie was scheming to play matchmaker when a woman in a red dress stormed over.

She snatched the milk from Emmie's hand and flung it to the floor.

"What the hell?" Emmie snapped, her face darkening. "That's ours. If you're losing it, take it to psych downstairs."

Cameron's expression shifted.

He tried to pull the woman away, but she shook him off, pointing at Jayde and Emmie. "You two got no shame? Having a blast seducing other people's husbands, playing side chick?"

"Husband? You're married?" Emmie gaped at Cameron.

Then why was he here, giving Jayde those puppy-dog eyes?

Cheating was gross.

Jayde opened her mouth to explain, but the woman wasn't hearing it.

She'd found Jayde's photo on Cameron's phone—a high school pic, Jayde in her uniform, looking young.

One old photo wouldn't set her off.

But yesterday, she saw Jayde's name in his contacts, recently added. Adults didn't just "friend" like that.

They were hooking up.

She'd tailed Cameron and caught him in the act. "You're still yapping about friendship? Shameless liars. What, I gotta catch you in bed to make you fess up?"

"Watch your mouth," Jayde said, staying calm but firm.

Some random woman calling her a homewrecker? She wasn't taking that lying down.

As they argued, Bonian got the paternity test results at his office.

Black and white: Lele wasn't his.

He reread it, his eyes narrowing, colder.

No shock—it's what he'd figured.

No reason to go easy on Jayde now.

Work was light that morning. Perfect time to swing by the hospital and grind her down.

He grabbed his keys and peeled out.

At the hospital, Jayde's explanations didn't matter.

The woman was convinced she was a liar.

Seeing Cameron's soft gaze on Jayde, she lost it. "This is liberated times, huh? Back in the day, a woman like you would've been drowned in a pig cage."

"You're sick," Emmie fired back. "My sister said they're just friends—barely talk. You snooped his phone, didn't you? And that old high school pic? He kept it. How's that Jayde's fault?"

Emmie was done.

She'd liked Cameron at first, but now she loathed him.

He had a wife, yet here he was, chasing her sister, stirring up drama.

"You don't get to talk," the woman sneered, sizing Emmie up. "You're sisters—same trash. Probably a pro side chick too!"

That set Emmie off.

She and Bryan were legit—engaged, above board. How dare she call her a mistress?

"Keep talking—I'll shut you up!" Emmie said, rolling up her sleeves.

The woman wasn't backing down, ready to throw down.

Jayde jumped in front of her sister. "Chill, Emmie. Don't."

Emmie was pregnant—early stages. One wrong bump could be bad.

Even if they sorted it out afterward, a lost baby couldn't be undone.

Hearing "baby," Emmie's head cleared.

Cameron tried to pull the woman away. "Enough, let's go. You want the cops here to make you stop?"

"Me causing trouble?" she snapped. "If you hadn't taken off to flirt at the hospital, if she hadn't text you, we'd be here. I'm the victim!"

She had a million things to say, but Cameron's annoyed look shut her up.

What was the point?

He thought she was the problem, not him—just a crazy shrew.

"Bryan, she almost attacked us. My stomach's hurting—I'm scared," Emmie said, clinging to Bonian's arm.

"Is the baby okay?"

Her and Jayde's folks were awful—drunk dad, gambler, mom who lashed out at them.

Since she was a kid, Emmie swore she'd be a great mom, find a solid dad for her kid.

Everything was on track—she had her little family, and Bryan was perfect. If something happened to the baby...

"She's pregnant?" the woman paled.

Hospital cameras were rolling. If the kid got hurt, she'd be on the hook. And with a lawyer dad? She'd lose everything.

Panicked, she grabbed Cameron and bolted.

Emmie glared after them. "They just waltz in and out? Who do they think they are?"

"Let's get you to a doctor. The baby's priority," Bonian said, heading downstairs for a checkup.

He shot Jayde a look before leaving, and she followed, worried.

This was her fault.

After registering, Emmie went for tests. Jayde and Bonian waited in the corridor.

"Can't go a second without a guy, huh? No shame, jumping to be a mistress, dragging your sister into it. What's there to say?" Bonian taunted.

"I've noticed a pattern. Anyone who's nice to you gets screwed. Me back then, now Emmie."

He'd loved Jayde too much, put her on a pedestal. When she ghosted, it wrecked him.

If he'd been a sleazy rich kid, treating women like toys, her leaving wouldn't have fazed him.

Emmie wouldn't be in this mess if she didn't see Jayde as family.

Jayde stayed silent.

Bonian was hitting her where it hurt. He knew her weaknesses—lovers once, lawyer now.

She told herself to tune him out, but his words burrowed in like a curse.

“Cat got your tongue?” Bonian grabbed her face, forcing eye contact. “You’re all talk with other guys. Why clam up with me?”

The door creaked open, and Emmie stepped out.

She froze, seeing them so close. “Bryan, Sis, what’s going on?”

Her sister and her fiancé—too cozy.

No way. The two people she trusted most wouldn’t betray her.

Jayde pulled back.

Bonian didn’t let go, doubling down. “You saw it.”

“Bryan, let her go. What’s this about?” Emmie demanded, looking from him to Jayde.

“She’s out flirting, nearly got your kid hurt. Some sister,” Bonian said, twisting the knife.

Emmie’s doubts vanished.

Bryan was just mad at Jayde—no way he’d hook up with her.

She’d overthought it.

She stepped in. “Alright, cool it. Today wasn’t her fault. We didn’t know that guy was married. If we did, we’d have told him to scram. I even thought about setting them up. We’re both victims.”

Bonian’s face hardened.

Emmie still wanted to play matchmaker?

She was too free.

Seeing his coldness, Emmie thought he was just overprotective. “Bryan, let’s drop it, okay? You two are my people—I want you to get along. If you fight, I’m stuck in the middle.”

Jayde overheard, gutted.

Emmie saw her as family, but she and Bonian...

“Kiss me, and we’ll call it done. Whoever brings it up is a dog,” Emmie said, tiptoeing for his cheek.

Bonian dodged.

“Public place, cameras,” he said, covering.

“We’re engaged—cameras don’t matter. We’re legit,” Emmie said, a bit miffed but letting it slide.

Chapter 768

Bryan’s quirks were his own.

He was great otherwise—she wouldn’t nitpick.

“Test results in? Baby okay?” Bonian asked, switching topics.

Emmie smiled. “All good. The doctor asked about symptoms. No spotting, just some stomach pain—probably stress. I need rest, no heavy activity, and some meds to keep the pregnancy stable.”

“Then stay home. Don’t tag along with your sister,” Bonian said, walking with her, shooting Jayde a loaded glance.

Emmie was his leash—one end in his grip, the other tied to Jayde.

The more Emmie needed him, the tighter it pulled.

“Sis, coming with us or staying with Lele?” Emmie asked, turning.

Jayde came to see her kid—she wasn’t dodging Bonian.

“I’ll stay,” she said.

“We’re heading out. Take a cab home after—don’t bus it. Too crowded, too long a wait,” Emmie said, detailed as ever.

In the cab, she sent Jayde what cash she had left. Not much, but enough for a month of rides.

Jayde watched them go, then headed to Lele’s ward as the elevator closed.

“Mom, you’re late today!” Lele said, rushing to hug her.

He squeezed tight. “I heard arguing outside—sounded like you. Someone messing with you?”

“Nah, just got here,” Jayde lied softly.

She didn't want him worrying.

"I hope nobody's bullying you," Lele said, relieved.

He looked up, serious. "I wanna grow up fast. Then I can protect you. Anyone tries anything, I'll punch 'em!"

He swung his tiny fist.

Jayde's heart warmed, but it hurt. Lele was too grown-up.

At his age, he should be playing, not planning to shield her.

"How you feeling, baby? Anything hurt?" Jayde asked, pulling him onto her lap, soothing him.

Lele shook his head. "Nope. The nurse gave me new meds—way better than the old ones."

Jayde kept smiling, but it was strained.

Money had forced them onto cheaper local drugs before. They worked, but not like the imported ones, and had side effects.

In hospitals, cash was king.

Her phone rang—Sister Liu from the housekeeping agency.

Jayde picked up fast. "Hey, Sister Liu."

"Jayde, I know you're strapped. Got a good gig for you. Free now? Chunjiang Community, city center, needs a cleaner. 150-square-meter place, two cats, one dog. Daily cleaning, pet feeding, dog walking. Pays 80 an hour."

"I'm in—heading there now," Jayde said, jumping at it.

Most part-time gigs paid 50. Eighty was a steal.

One trip could net nearly 300 bucks. No way she'd pass that up.

"Great. I'll text the building number. It's got a smart lock—remote access. Just show up. The client's loaded. They want sharp, thorough work, no sticky fingers. Nail this, and it could be steady," Sister Liu said.

Steady work!

Jayde hung up, hugged Lele. "Sorry, baby. I wanted to stay, but Aunt Liu called. I gotta work."

She'd kill to spend more time with him.



But no work, no money. No money, no treatment.

What good was her company then?

“Don’t apologize, Mom. I should,” Lele said, grabbing her hand. “All your money goes to my bills. You’re the best mom ever.”

Jayde’s heart swelled.

Her son got her.

She peeled him an apple, then cabbled to Chunjiang Community.

Meanwhile, Bonian dropped Emmie at home but stayed in the car.

“Bryan, not coming in?” Emmie asked, unbuckling, turning to him. “You’ve been slammed lately. Don’t burn out. We’ve got enough.”

She wasn’t greedy, didn’t push him to grind. Their life was good.

Living in a big villa? She’d never dreamed of that before.

“Once the baby’s here, it’s all about them. I want time with you now, Bryan. I love you, not your bank account. It kills me seeing you so tired,” Emmie said, heartfelt.

Bonian slept in the study most nights.

At first, she’d worried, bringing him soup. But he was always working at his desk. It broke her heart but moved her.

“If I don’t hustle, how do I support you, the kid, and your sister?” Bonian said, pausing. “You’ve given her hundreds of thousands, and it’s still not enough. Now she wants to mortgage our house.”

“No, that was my idea, not hers. She’s in a bad spot, and I wanna help. Without it, Lele’s done for,” Emmie said, rushing to explain.

She wasn’t throwing money away.

Lele’s case was dire.

Even if Jayde paid back slowly her whole life, fine. But without help, Lele wouldn’t make it.

They were sisters—she couldn’t be heartless.

“You know who Lele’s dad is?” Bonian asked, probing for what she knew.

Emmie shook her head. She wasn't hiding—she just didn't know.

Chapter

769

Bonian treated her so well in every other way—it just didn't seem fair to hold this one thing against him.

“Are the test results out? How's the baby?” Bonian changed the subject.

Emmie smiled. “The baby's fine. The doctor just asked about my symptoms. I didn't have any spotting, just a bit of stomach pain. It might've been from emotional stress. The doctor said I should rest at home, avoid anything strenuous, and take some medication to support the pregnancy.”

“Then stay home for now. Don't run around with your sister,” Bonian said as they walked out together. As they passed Jayde, he gave her a meaningful look.

Emmie felt like a rope—one end tightly held in Bonian's hands, the other end tied to Jayde. The more she clung to him, the more she couldn't live without him, and the tighter that rope pulled.

“Sis, do you want to come home with us, or go upstairs to see Lele?” Emmie turned to ask.

Jayde had come to visit her child, so of course she chose to stay.

She didn't even try to avoid Bonian.

“Alright then, we'll head back first,” Emmie said. “After you're done, take a taxi home, okay? Don't wait for the bus—it's too crowded and takes forever.”

After getting in the taxi, Emmie transferred some money to her sister. It wasn't a huge amount, but enough to cover taxis for a month.

Jayde watched them leave, only turning to take the stairs once the elevator doors shut.

“Mom, why are you so late today?” Lele ran up the moment he saw her.

He hugged her tightly. “I heard people arguing outside earlier. One of the voices sounded like yours. Did someone bully you?”

“No, baby. I just got here,” Jayde lied.

She didn't want him to worry.

“I just don't want anyone bullying my mom,” Lele said with a sigh of relief. He looked up and added seriously, “I want to grow up fast. Then I can protect you. If anyone tries to hurt you, I'll punch them one by one!”

He swung his little fists.

Jayde's heart ached and melted at the same time. Lele was so thoughtful. But at his age, he should be carefree—not thinking about protecting his mom.

"How are you feeling today? Are you uncomfortable anywhere?" she asked, sitting him on her lap and gently coaxing him.

Lele shook his head. "Nope. The nurse gave me a new medicine. It works better than the last one."

Jayde smiled at him, but it was forced.

Before, they could only afford domestic medicine. It worked, but wasn't nearly as good as imported drugs—and came with side effects.

In hospitals, money really was everything.

Just then, her phone rang. It was the housekeeping agency.

She picked up immediately. "Hi, Sister Liu."

"Xiao Liang, I know money's tight, so when this good gig came up, I thought of you. Are you available? It's in Chunjiang Community downtown. The place is 150 square meters, with two cats and a dog. Daily cleaning, feeding the pets, and walking the dog. They're offering 80 dollars an hour."

"I can be there right away," Jayde said without hesitation.

Most places only paid 50 dollars an hour. This one offered 80—it was a great rate.

She could earn nearly 300 dollars in one go. No way was she turning that down.

Sister Liu was pleased. "I'll send the address. There's a keypad at the door—they can open it remotely for you. The family's rich. They want someone careful and reliable. If you do well, this could turn into a long-term job."

Long-term work.

After hanging up, Jayde hugged her son. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. I really wanted to spend more time with you, but Auntie Liu called—Mom has to work."

Of course she wanted to stay with her son.

But staying meant no income. And without money, she couldn't pay for his treatment.

What good was her company then?

“Mom, you don’t have to say sorry. I should be the one apologizing.” Lele held her hand. “All the money you make goes to my medicine. You’re the best mom in the world.”

Her heart softened. At least her son truly understood her.

Before leaving, she peeled an apple for him, then took a taxi to Chunjiang Community.

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Meanwhile, Bonian had driven Emmie home but made no move to get out.

“Bryan, aren’t you coming in?” she asked, unbuckling her seatbelt. “You’ve been so busy lately. Don’t overdo it, okay? Just make sure you have enough for us to live on.”

She wasn’t the type to constantly demand money. Her current life already felt like a dream come true.

Living in such a big villa was something she’d never even dared to imagine before.

“Once the baby is born, our lives will revolve around it. But right now, I want to spend more time with you. Bryan, I love you for who you are—not for the money in your bank account. It breaks my heart seeing you work so hard.”

Every word she said came from the heart.

Since they’d moved in together, Bonian had basically spent every night sleeping in the study.

At first, she’d been worried. She even brought him soup a few times, only to find him working late at his desk. It made her heart ache.

“If I don’t work harder, how can I support you, the baby, and your sister?” Bonian finally said. “You’ve already given her hundreds of thousands, and it’s still not enough. Now she even wants to mortgage our house.”

“No, that was my idea—not hers. My sister’s in a really tough spot. I just want to help her as much as I can. If we don’t, Lele might really die,” Emmie explained quickly.

It’s not that she had money to burn.

Lele’s case was urgent.

If her sister had to spend her whole life paying them back, then so be it. But if they didn’t help, Lele could die.

They were blood. How could she just stand by?

“Do you know who Lele’s father is?” Bonian asked, trying to test her.

Emmie shook her head. Not because she didn't want to tell him—she really didn't know.

Chapter

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“I only found out Jayde was pregnant right before she gave birth. She was a wreck—trauma, the works. I didn't wanna dig into it and hurt her more. But I'm guessing Lele's dad is her ex,” Emmie said.

Jayde's ex. That'd be him, right?

Bonian kept his cool, probing. “So why'd they split? If they had a kid, they should've tied the knot, like us.”

“Maybe her ex wasn't into marriage? I don't know the details—Jayde never spilled,” Emmie said, shrugging.

She didn't mean much by it, but Bonian took it hard.

A smirk curled his lips.

Jayde was something else.

She'd dumped him out of nowhere, left him gutted, then played the victim to her sister.

He, the one she'd burned, was now the deadbeat who ditched her.

“Anyway, it's been four years. Lele's growing up. Jayde and I've talked—she needs to move on, find a good guy, fall in love, get married. It'd be good for her and Lele,” Emmie said, lost in her thoughts.

She missed the storm brewing in Bonian's eyes.

No way he'd let Jayde move on, let alone marry someone else.

“Alright, head home and rest. I'm off to the firm—picked up a new case, gotta meet the client,” Bonian said, shutting down the topic.

Emmie gave him a few more sweet reminders, then got out of the car.

Watching her go, Bonian's mind flicked to Jayde, irritation flaring.

He sped to the law firm, hoping work would drown it out. Keep busy, and the thoughts wouldn't creep in.

At Chunjiang Community, Jayde got to work.

She scrubbed the pet bowls, stashed the cans, then tackled the house, cleaning every inch.

A camera blinked red on the living room bookshelf.

Jayde clocked it but didn't care.

Cameras were normal—good, even. If something went missing, footage would clear her name.

What she didn't know: someone was watching her through the lens.

Two hours flew by. She'd cleaned most of the place, just a few spots left.

She leaned against the window, catching her breath.

The front door clicked open. The man of the house was back.

"Who's here?" he called.

"I'm the cleaner, here today for the house," Jayde said, hurrying over, giving a quick intro.

He sized her up. She was way prettier than on the grainy camera feed—fair skin, killer figure.

He swallowed hard, then grabbed fruit from the fridge. "You're sweating buckets. Sit, take a break."

"Nah, I'm almost done. Then I'll walk the dog. You can pay me after," Jayde said, staying on task.

No way she was sitting. He was just being nice—she wasn't buy it.

Plus, that fruit on the table? Fancy, pricey. She was here to work, not mooch.

The guy didn't push.

He munched on an apple, chatting. "Most cleaners before you were older—40s, 50s. You're young, pretty. Could be a receptionist, make bank just sitting. This gig's dirty, hard."

"Pays good, though," Jayde said, not her first time hearing it.

Even Ms. Lalonde, her agent, said young cleaners like her were rare.

If she had a choice, she wouldn't be scrubbing floors.

But nobody was bailing her out, and Lele's medical bills were piling up. Emmie's loans helped, but Jayde had to pay her back.

For Lele's treatments, she'd grind with her own hands. Tiring, sure, but the cash felt honest.

“Got a brother at home?” the man asked, staring, his body reacting.

Jayde, wiping the TV stand, back to him, said, “No brother, but I’ve got a son. Saving for his hospital bills.”

He thought she was kidding. “Come on, with that figure? You look like a college kid, not a mom.”

His wife had a kid two years ago—blew up like a balloon, hit 150 pounds at her heaviest.

Post-baby bellies sagged, and with the weight, she looked like a hog. He could barely stand her, let alone touch her.

Jayde? Slim waist, curves—pure temptation.

“I’m serious. He’s over three,” Jayde said, oblivious to his filthy thoughts, focused on her work.

His face shifted. A kid meant a husband. Messy.

“House is almost done. It’s windy—dog doesn’t need a walk. You heading home alone, or’s your husband picking you up?” he asked, fishing.

“By myself. He’s swamped at work,” Jayde said, cautious.

For a woman like her, saying she had a man was safer than admitting she was single.

It warded off creeps.

But this guy? He was bad news.

No husband around, just them—perfect setup for whatever he wanted.

He got up, closing in on her step by step, hand reaching out.

The door clicked again. His wife, the lady of the house, walked in.

He yanked his hand back, plopped on the couch, and kept eating fruit.

The fruit tasted sour, bitter—not sweet at all.

“You cleaned great—way better than the others. How many hours today? I’ll pay now, and we’ll keep you on long-term,” the wife said, inspecting the spotless house.

Their place was big, and they paid well, but past cleaners treated them like ATMs.

Jayde was different.

“Here’s my payment code,” Jayde said, rattling off the details.