

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 781

Bonian's lips pressed tight.

He didn't know what to feel.

He knew Jayde—the kind who'd ditch love for cash.

He'd done a paternity test on her kid. Not his.

Now she'd done this for him? A guilty conscience?

Bonian pushed it down. "Your grandma's innocent. I'll handle her arrangements."

"Thanks," Briggs said, head bowed.

Bonian nodded, brushing past him.

Mrs. Lepage greeted him with a peach branch, waving it to chase off bad vibes.

Bonian humored her.

Ritual done, he slid into the car.

"Who got me out so fast?" he asked, Briggs's words echoing.

Mrs. Lepage hadn't forgotten her deal with Jayde. Blaming Livia was risky—she might know nothing, and records could expose it.

So, she came clean.

"I don't know where Jayde got the recording. She gave it to me, made a deal," she said, voice cold. "Her son got snatched for some reason."

Exactly like Briggs said.

Bonian's lips stayed sealed, tight as a vault.

Mrs. Lepage caught his look and laid in. "Drop Jayde, now. I'll let your stunts slide, but you're doing what I say. Marry Livia by next month's end."

She didn't accept Jayde, so Emmie was out too.

Especially since Bonian used "Bryan" with her.

He'd never been real with Emmie—why should Mrs. Lepage care?

Bonian didn't love Emmie, but he wasn't her puppet either.

"Livia's your pick," he said, icy.

"What's wrong with that? I chose her for you—she's from a good family!" Mrs. Lepage snapped.

He'd picked Jayde himself, but she wasn't up to par.

Worse, she'd ditched him for money.

No way she'd stay with him.

Bonian shut his eyes, done arguing.

Mrs. Lepage backed off, seeing his mood.

She dragged him home. He showered, changed, and headed out.

Mrs. Lepage blocked him, tossing his old clothes in the trash right in front of him.

"Bonian, some people are trash to you. Trash stays in the can. Don't be stubborn—it's pointless," she said.

She meant Jayde and Emmie.

Bonian was already on edge, not wanting to hear their names.

"I'm meeting Kevin and the guys. Leave Jayde out of this. We're nothing," he said.

Mrs. Lepage didn't buy it.

Nothing? Then why'd he play "Bryan" with Emmie and mess with Jayde?

She bit her tongue. "Wrap this up today."

She stepped aside.

Bonian left without a glance.

Not to Jayde or Emmie—he met Kevin's crew.

At Belourvinelle's top club, Kevin was on a call.

Kian texted nonstop.

Esteban and Cody drank.

Bonian was annoyed. "You guys finally get out, and this is it? Not worn out?"

He grabbed a drink, Jayde filling his head.

Kian sprawled on the couch. "Worn out? You don't get it—it's amazing."

"Thought love was a drag before. Now? Feels damn good," Kian said, grinning.

After everything with Ophelia, traveling the world hand in hand, nothing beat her.

Bonian didn't bite, but Esteban smirked. "Kian, you sound whipped. Been with Kevin so long, must be rough!"

Kian laughed. "What's rough? Used to think work came first, love later. Now, people matter more."

"Tch, look at you two," Esteban teased. "Bet if you had a daughter, you'd be like Kevin, flaunting her daily."

Kevin used to be all business, Norah his secret wife and secretary for years.

Now? He spammed social media with kid pics—son, daughter, HD close-ups, like he wanted the world to know.

Kian craved that. "Not showing off your kid's a crime. You and Cody, what's the holdup? Waiting till you're 50?"

Esteban had women around, but none stuck.

Cody dealt with patients daily, no time for love.

And Bonian...

His ex was back.

He'd planned to drink and vent.

But the more they talked, the gloomier he got.

Their lives had nothing to do with him.

“You’re chugging alone—what’s up? Thinking of patching things with your ex?” Esteban asked, sliding beside him.

Bonian stayed quiet.

To Esteban, silence meant yes.

He grinned. “If you’re still into her, get her back.”

Bonian hadn’t forgotten Jayde’s baggage.

“She’s got a kid,” he said, cold.

“So? She’s alive. If you love her, a kid’s nothing,” Esteban said.

True love trumped all.

Bonian didn’t answer. He wasn’t into playing stepdad.

Jayde had burned him, betrayed him—how could he go back?

Seeing his slump, Esteban shook his head. “You’re all proud, but still moping? Bonian, you’re killing me!”

Yeah, he had thoughts.

But every time, his brain screamed: No way.

Chapter

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Bonian didn’t speak, just kept drinking.

Esteban opened his mouth to push, but Kevin shot him a look.

Esteban clammed up, dropping it.

Bonian got plastered. Kevin and Kian bailed first. Cody, swamped with work, rushed off.

Just Esteban and Bonian left in the private room.

Esteban clapped Bonian’s shoulder. “If you can’t let her go, take her back. If you can’t stand her, at least clear your conscience. You’re the one living with her—why care about the past?”

Bonian was Jayde’s first, if you thought about it.

But no guy could stomach betrayal.

It wasn’t just her leaving—it was the knife she twisted.

Bonian was done talking about Jayde. "I'll cover the tab. Keep partying. I'm heading home."

He stood, heading out.

Esteban clocked his mood—pure gloom, drowning in emotions. Bonian had to sort it himself.

He didn't follow.

Bonian didn't expect to run into Jayde right outside.

Her face was burned into his brain.

Why was she here?

He stormed over.

Jayde saw him coming and stepped back.

Bonian's stride was too long.

He grabbed her wrist. "What're you doing here?"

She was in a cleaning uniform.

Jayde knew he'd jump to conclusions.

She wasn't having it. "Lawyer Lepage, don't get it twisted. I'm not chasing you. I'm working."

Bonian went quiet. Working...

Jayde was a law school star. If she hadn't bailed, she'd be a killer lawyer now.

Instead, she was scraping by with odd jobs.

Anything that paid, she'd do.

Bonian's brow furrowed. "Didn't my mom give you four million? How'd you end up like this?"

It wasn't a fortune, but it wasn't peanuts.

Four years later, though? She'd cleared her dad's debts, funded Emmie's studies, and covered Lele's premature birth—incubator and all.

The money was gone.

Jayde didn't want to dig up old wounds. "How I got the cash and spent it's my business, not yours."

She moved to leave, but Bonian blocked her.

“You think you’re just walking away?” he said, towering at nearly 6’3”, his frame like a wall.

Jayde knew she was stuck, but she wanted nothing to do with him.

“Emmie knows about us,” she said, lips tight. “She’s carrying your kid, and you’re engaged. Treat her right.”

Bonian hadn’t expected Emmie to know.

Game over—not fun anymore.

“So, what, you’re not scared now?” he said, yanking her closer.

His grip was iron; she couldn’t break free.

“Every debt’s got its owner,” she snapped, glaring. “I owe you, not Emmie. You got her pregnant—step up!”

She shoved at him, useless.

Bonian watched her struggle, unfazed.

Briggs and his mom both said Jayde got the recording.

But she wasn’t holding it over him.

What was her angle? “You risked everything for that recording, even Lele’s safety, just to push me toward Emmie? You’re that noble?”

His eyes were sharp, cold, like he’d peel her apart.

Jayde hadn’t expected him to know.

But what did it matter?

She did it willingly—no leverage.

“Emmie’s pregnant, engaged to you. She loves you. Be a man,” she said.

Bonian laughed, bitter. “Responsible? You’re preaching to me? Were you responsible when you ditched me?”

Her chest ached.

Who’d abandon their love if they weren’t forced?

“Bonian, it’s ancient history. What’s the point?” she said, sarcastic. “You’re not still hung up, wanting me back, are you?”

She knew his love ran as deep as his hate.

He despised her betrayal, but she didn’t blame him.

But dragging Emmie—a pregnant fiancée—into this? He had to own it.

Her words lit his fuse.

He grabbed her neck. “Kill you? Love you? Jayde, what fantasy are you in?”

His face was all venom.

Jayde smiled, hollow.

She’d seen his love, his rage.

She hurt worse than he did.

But what could she do?

“Got the guts? Kill me. Otherwise, as long as I’m breathing, I’ll make you step up for Emmie. You started this mess—you don’t get to skate,” she choked out.

Bonian didn’t take her seriously.

Or her, period.

“Who the hell are you to talk like that?” he said.

Jayde felt crushed, but what was the use?

She couldn’t stop him, couldn’t make him not hate her.

Couldn’t even touch him.

“I’m nobody,” she said, sad. “But if you dodge responsibility, I’ll sue. Emmie’s innocent.”

She kept bringing up Emmie—her sister who’d always put her first.

But were they still tight?

Bonian smirked. “You’re all in for Emmie, but is she for you? She knows about us. Doesn’t she hate you?”

How could she not?

Emmie hadn't come home, hadn't called.

Chapter

783

Jayde's heart drowned in bitterness, her words stumbling. "She's my sister. We'll work it out."

Bonian lurched closer, drunk, eyes bloodshot. "And me? Who am I? You ghosted me—what was I to you?"

Jayde couldn't meet his gaze.

She turned away, voice barely a whisper. "It's over. No point digging it up."

Her calm face made Bonian feel like his years of pining were a joke.

"Easy to say when you've moved on. But how do you learn without pain?" he said, eyes hardening.

He grabbed her neck, kissing her hard, fierce.

Jayde gasped, pushed back, retreating.

"Bonian, you're drunk! I'm not Emmie!" she said.

He knew exactly who she was. Her absence was carved into him.

His fingers locked her wrist, shoving her against the law firm's door.

Jayde burned with anger. "What do you want? You're Emmie's fiancé—my future brother-in-law."

His voice dropped, seductive. "Jayde, isn't money your god? Know what morals are? Be my mistress. I'll pay."

His eyes were a trap, pulling her toward a void.

She pushed his chest, voice shaking. "Big-shot Lawyer Lepage, with a hot fiancée, wants me—a single mom—as a side piece? That's rich."

Bonian pinned her to the office table.

His weight pressed down, fingers grazing her skin. His ring glinted under the neon outside.

Jayde froze, turning away.

"No need to punish me like this!" she said.

Bonian stared.

She hadn't aged a day, like she'd preserved herself for his memory.

His kiss deepened, fingers tangling in her hair, gripping tight.

It was raw, endless.

Jayde's eyes widened, a tear falling, shoving him. "Bonian, please, stop!"

Drunk or not, he was too strong. She begged, voice low.

Bonian was past caring, ripping her clothes.

Jayde shivered in the cold, humiliated, desperate.

Her hands fought him, useless as an ant against a mountain.

Tears streamed, soaking her clothes, his hands.

"Bonian, snap out of it! What about Emmie? Yourself?" she cried.

He was gone, eyes hazy, a sneer mocking her. "You, talking worth? You ghosted me—were you fair to me? To us?"

His voice was raw, each word torn from his core.

Jayde's heart shattered. She couldn't argue.

She'd left, killed their love.

But she had her reasons!

"Bonian, I—"

"Shut up!" he cut her off, dodging her words.

Her tears surged, powerlessness crushing her.

She turned away, enduring the shame, the despair.

As Bonian closed in, a voice sliced through.

"Bonian, what the hell?"

They froze.

Emmie stood at the door, pale, eyes wide, unbelieving.

Her phone was clutched tight, knuckles white.

“You...” she said, voice breaking.

Betrayed—by her fiancé, her sister.

Jayde panicked, grabbing clothes to cover herself. “Emmie, let me explain—it’s not what it looks like!”

Emmie charged, slapping her hard, screaming. “I’m done listening, Jayde! You liar! You’ve been lying forever—I’ll never forgive you!”

Tears poured, her face a mess.

Jayde’s heart broke. She stammered, “Emmie, he was drunk, thought I was you.”

“Don’t play me for a fool!” Emmie roared, storming out, tears streaming.

Jayde’s chest tightened. Emmie couldn’t get hurt out there.

She stood, clothes slipping, half-exposed.

She glared at Bonian. “What’s your deal? She’s your fiancée—aren’t you worried she’ll get hurt?”

Bonian just smirked, unbothered.

Jayde’s stomach knotted. She had to clear this with Emmie.

Grabbing his oversized suit to cover herself, she ran out.

The financial district was a ghost town at night, skyscrapers like a steel jungle, swallowing everyone.

Emmie wandered, zombie-like.

Tears fell, dried, fell again, blurring her vision.

She hit the crosswalk, missing the light turn red.

A pickup truck, driver half-asleep, swerved toward her.

Her grief faded, replaced by resolve. She’d make her betrayers pay.

A shout rang out, brakes screeching.

“Watch out!”

Chapter 784

Emmie turned, blinded by headlights.

She stumbled back, tripping, hitting the ground. The truck grazed her, stopping just behind.

Pain seared.

Her body went cold, sweat beading. A sharp ache hit her lower abdomen.

She touched it—blood seeped out.

“Help me!” she screamed.

The driver, spooked, floored it, fleeing.

The empty road stretched, wind biting. Pain shredded her sanity, fueling her hate.

Jayde chased but lost Emmie.

She cursed herself for screwing everything up.

She called Emmie—no answer. Probably too mad to pick up.

They’d talk when they cooled off, lay it all bare. She had nothing with Bonian—never would.

Bonian... better not think about him.

Heading home, her phone rang. Unknown number.

Bonian’s voice. “Jayde...”

“I’m exhausted,” she said, drained. “I don’t know where Emmie is. Talk to her.”

He sounded amused. “What, pushing me to come clean?”

She gritted her teeth. “You’re with her—treat her right. She’s a good woman.”

His tone hardened. “I didn’t call for a lecture.”

“Then we’re done here,” she said, about to hang up.

“You studied law,” he said, cold as a blade. “Know the sentence for stealing big money?”

Her face fell. “What’s that mean?”

“That suit you took? Custom, worth hundreds of thousands,” he said, smug.

“You gonna call the cops?” she scoffed. “Fine. Let them see me like this—guess who they’ll grab.”

“Lawyer versus cleaner...” he drawled, letting it hang.

Nobody’d believe her.

She snapped, “Bring it.”

“Tonight,” he said, firm.

Jayde hung up, took a breath, and doubled back.

On the next street, a black car stopped by Emmie. Strangers helped her in.

“Hold on, miss. Hospital’s close,” one said.

Emmie clung to his sleeve, cradling her stomach. “Save my baby!”

It was hers and Bonian’s. With their bond crumbling, she couldn’t lose it—her only anchor.

“We’ll tell the doc about the kid,” the man said.

Relieved, Emmie passed out.

Bonian waited in the dark, a few drinks in, but sharper than ever.

A knock echoed—clear, sharp.

He smirked, thinking she’d chickened out.

Opening the door, his grin vanished.

“Who’re you?” he said, voice ice.

The delivery guy shivered, pulling out a bag. “Mr. Bonian? Your package.”

Clever move, Jayde.

Bonian took it, silent, slamming the door.

Long game ahead.

The courier bolted downstairs.

The ER buzzed, nurses darting.

“Where’s family?” one shouted.

The couple who’d brought Emmie shook their heads. “Found her on the road. Said to save her kid.”

“Adult’s safety first,” the nurse said, frustrated.

Only option: call the cops.

They fought to stabilize Emmie.

By dawn, she woke, seeing white ceilings. Hospital.

She grabbed the nurse changing her dressing. “My baby?”

The nurse jumped, then softened. “Rest up. I’ll get the doc.”

Emmie held tight, frantic. “Where’s my baby?”

The nurse hesitated, seeing her tears. “You were in bad shape... car accident. The baby’s gone. But you’re young—you can have more.”

“What do you know?” Emmie wailed, collapsing.

Without the baby, her tie to Bonian...

Jayde’s fault. All of it.

Hate consumed her, scaring even the nurse.

“Rest. I’ll get the doc,” the nurse said, fleeing.

Emmie yanked out her IV, staggering out.

Staff stared, curious, but she ignored them, rushing off.

She knew where Lele was. Jayde took her child—she’d return the favor.

They owed her.

She grabbed Lele while no one watched.

Lele rubbed his eyes. “Mama Emmie, where’s Mom?”

Emmie drove, silent.

Lele peered at her, voice small. "Mama Emmie, you look sad. Someone hurt you? I'll fight the bad guys."

Chapter

785

Emmie's heart twisted, a bitter smirk inside. She turned, face dark. "What if it's your mom?"

Lele blinked, whispering, "Mom wouldn't hurt you."

Emmie sneered.

Why did Lele get to live, while her baby never got a chance?

She'd never let Jayde off.

Lele sensed trouble, sniffing. "Where's Mom? I want her."

Emmie forced patience. "Just kidding, sweetie. When we get there, you can call her."

Lele calmed, gazing out the window.

Jayde called all morning.

Emmie was stubborn, bottling things up. Jayde had to clear the air about last night.

She didn't expect Emmie to pick up.

"Emmie, last night wasn't what it looked like," she said fast.

Emmie's voice shook. "Still lying? You hid your past with him, and you're lying now. Why would I trust you?"

Jayde choked, speechless.

"Emmie, I'll take Lele and go," she said, strained.

"You wrecked my life," Emmie spat. "Now you wanna bail? I wish you'd never come back."

"How can I fix this?" Jayde said, helpless.

Emmie handed the phone to Lele. "Your mom's on."

Lele grabbed it, beaming. "Mom!"

Jayde's heart broke at his voice. "You..."

She bit her lip, scared to say more, afraid for Lele.

“You okay, buddy?” she asked, faking calm.

“Yeah! Mama Emmie’s got fun stuff,” Lele said, chipper.

“Good. Have fun. I’ll get you in a couple days,” she said, hiding her fear.

“But I miss you,” Lele whined. “It’s been forever.”

“I miss you too, but work’s crazy,” Jayde said, forcing a smile. “I’ll come soon.”

“Okay,” Lele said, sweet, knowing her struggles.

She’d failed to give him a good life, always putting him at risk. It crushed her.

Emmie watched, then snatched the phone, meeting Lele’s wide eyes. “Gotta talk to your mom. Go play.”

On the balcony, she hissed, “Nice act.”

Jayde clenched her fists, knuckles white. “What do you want?”

“Help me with something,” Emmie said, eyes narrow.

Jayde didn’t care about games—she needed Lele safe. “He’s your nephew. Don’t use him. I’ll do anything.”

Emmie laughed, cold. “You, a saint? Without proof, you’d never lift a finger.”

Jayde tried to reason, but Emmie cut her off. “Enough. Get Bonian out.”

Alarm bells rang. “What’re you planning?”

“That’s between us,” Emmie said, chuckling.

“Bonian and I are done. I might not pull it off,” Jayde said.

Emmie’s voice was ice. “That’s your problem. Pray Lele stays safe.”

Jayde went quiet.

Emmie was unhinged. If Jayde didn’t find Lele fast, things could spiral.

She had to stall. “Fine, I’ll do it. But I want to see Lele, hear him, every day.”

“Deal,” Emmie said. “But no cops, no snitching. That’d be your dumbest move ever.”

Jayde swallowed, steadying her heart. “Got it.”

Silence, just static. Then Emmie spoke, hesitant. “Jayde, I—”

The line cut. Emmie hung up.

Jayde stared at the phone, heart heavy.

She circled Bonian’s number, hesitating, but for Lele, she’d do anything.

She dialed, eyes shut, bracing.

Thirty seconds later, he picked up.

Silence.

“Lawyer Lepage,” she said.

A faint “hm,” like he was just listening.

“You’ve been asking about being my boss,” she said, bold. “Interested?”

His tone lifted. “Finally spilling?”

“No point hiding,” she said, bitter. “Got time? Let’s talk.”

Bonian wouldn’t miss this.

In their game, he wouldn’t lose a second. “Why should I waste time on this?”

“Maybe you’ll let go once you hear why,” she said. “Moss Café, today.”

She hung up.

She knew him—he’d show.

Bonian tossed his phone, sneering. “What’s your game?”

He didn’t want to go, but the case files on his screen blurred, his focus shot.

Rubbing his head, he thought, Fine, trust her this once.