

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 791

No reply.

Bonian hung up and forwarded the number to his assistant. **"Find out who this is. Deep dive."**

He'd made up his mind—he couldn't let Jayde keep stirring things up.

Four days later, Mrs. Lepage stormed into his office.

**"You refuse to take over the family business, and now you're keeping Jayde around? You've completely lost it."**

Bonian stayed silent.

**"You've seen who she is! I gave you a perfect fiancée. Why cling to Jayde?"**

The Gomez family was old money in the capital.

The Lepages weren't as elite as the Edwards, but they were powerful—especially with ties to Steven's family.

Steven had resisted at first but eventually gave in to an arranged marriage.

Mrs. Lepage's tone sharpened. **"Steven stepped up. Why can't you? Should I adopt him instead?"**

Classic guilt trip. If your kid doesn't listen, praise someone else's.

She just wanted Bonian to see reason—drop Jayde and think about the family's future.

**"Why do you always compare us?"** Bonian snapped, not facing her. **"Steven's path is his. I'll handle Jayde myself."**

She exploded. **"Compare? I'm stating facts! If you weren't so stubborn, I wouldn't bring him up."**

No mother wants to pit kids against each other—but Bonian was pushing her limits.

**"You can go now,"** he said. **"I've got Jayde handled."**

That nearly sent her over the edge.

Handled? Locking her up in some villa?

**“You’re a lawyer!”** she shouted. **“She’s a mother! This is illegal. Want to lose your license? End up in jail?”**

An old idea flickered back—one she’d dropped before after Bonian got set up.

But now, it was back on the table.

**“Fine, don’t talk,”** she muttered, face hardening. **“We’ll see how long you keep that license.”**

Bonian didn’t react.

When she left, he went into the bedroom.

Jayde rushed up. **“Bonian, any news on Lele?”**

She was trapped here. All she cared about was her son.

Days without Lele or any sign of Emmie were tearing her apart.

Bonian hadn’t expected her to be this obsessed.

He snapped, grabbing her by the throat. **“Whose bastard is he? Why are you this hung up?”**

Jayde’s chest ached. So many truths choked inside her.

She wanted to scream—Lele was his.

But Bonian wouldn’t believe it. And his mother would never accept it.

Better to stay silent than light a fire.

Once his anger cooled, he let her go.

**“Knowing who his dad is doesn’t change anything,”** she said. **“We’ve already said what matters. Don’t punish Lele.”**

She looked him in the eye. **“Your mom paid me. I’m not stupid. Why wouldn’t I take the money? I left you for four million. Four years later, you think I’m still clinging to the past?”**

Her calm unnerved him.

She used to be scared of him. But now she understood—Bonian wouldn't kill her.

If she stayed alive, eventually he'd let her go. This was just his grudge playing out.

**"You think I'll let you off that easy?"** he sneered.

**"No,"** Jayde said plainly. **"But don't drag me for loving my kid. Chase Emmie if you want. She loves you. Her baby—"**

**"Not mine,"** he snapped. **"She loves me, sure. But I loved you. How did you return it?"**

His eyes darkened, full of pain.

Jayde could feel the depth of that love—but now, his hate burned just as deep.

He laughed bitterly. **"Love? You don't even know what it is. Where's Lele's dad? Dead? Did you kill him?"**

The words pierced her.

Lele's father—him—was standing right in front of her. Her greatest love.

But she couldn't say it.

**"None of your business,"** she said. **"I'm trying to keep the peace. Keep me locked up if you want. But if something happens to Lele..."**

**"What?"** Bonian challenged.

Jayde clenched her fists, but his cold stare stopped her words.

He stepped in close.

She looked down, defeated. **"What can I even do? You're the big-shot lawyer. If you want me dead, fine. But find Lele first. He's innocent. So is Emmie."**

He didn't move.

**"Everyone's innocent to you,"** he said. **"What about me? Didn't I treat you well?"**

He grabbed her hand, pressing it to his chest.

The deeper the love, the sharper the hurt.

As Bryan, he'd given her everything. Dreamed of a wedding. Cooked for her. Studied with her.

Jayde forced those memories away. They'd shatter her if she didn't.

She pinched her palm to stay grounded, voice flat. **"Some things can't be fixed. You're a lawyer, Bonian. Haven't you seen enough of what people are really like?"**

## Chapter

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Bonian wanted to choke her.

"You don't get to lecture me," he snapped.

Human nature? He'd seen it all.

The cases, the clients—and Jayde, up close.

He'd once wanted to marry her, but she'd stabbed him in the back.

He knew everything now.

Still, when he tried to destroy her, he just couldn't.

"Take a good look at yourself, Jayde," he said.

One tear, one plea from her, and he'd crumble.

But Jayde didn't budge.

All she cared about was that kid.

He'd see how long the boy lasted.

Mrs. Lepage couldn't sway Bonian, and she couldn't face Livia either.

She had picked Livia herself.

But Bonian wouldn't even glance her way, dodging every interaction. Livia truly cared for him, always showing up with gifts for Mrs. Lepage—supplements, cosmetics.

Now, Mrs. Lepage was stuck.

Livia probed, "Has Bonian been busy lately? I haven't seen him at the firm..."

She knew he was with Jayde—his first love, his obsession.

But Livia wasn't giving up.

Without family support, a marriage couldn't survive—and Mrs. Lepage supported her.

She wanted Bonian's heart and Mrs. Lepage's help to become the real Mrs. Lepage.

Mrs. Lepage spilled the truth. "Livia, you're a gem. I love you. But Bonian... Jayde's got him under some kind of spell."

Good thing the paternity test was rigged. Otherwise, Bonian would've claimed Jayde and the kid already.

Even better, Emmie had taken the boy.

If Emmie and Lele disappeared—died in an accident—Jayde would lose her anchors, break down, and maybe die too.

Then Bonian would finally let her go.

Livia understood. If even Mrs. Lepage couldn't move him, what chance did she have?

Still, she refused to back down.

"Auntie, call him back. I'll talk to him," she said.

Even if Bonian kept Jayde, they could fake it. Livia could slip into the wife role.

If she had his baby, wouldn't that seal the deal?

Sure, divorcing Bonian would be tough. But Jayde's looks would fade, her pull would weaken. How long could he stay stuck on her?

Mrs. Lepage had already clashed with him. "Don't go," she warned. "He's unhinged. I'm afraid he'll hurt you."

Livia was perfect—well-bred, from a good family. If she married Bonian and he joined the Gomez business, their family would rise even higher.

But Bonian didn't see that.

Livia wasn't fazed. "I haven't done anything wrong. He won't throw me out for a talk."

Mrs. Lepage hesitated, but Livia's confidence was contagious. Maybe Bonian wouldn't shut her out.

If they played it smart...

Then an idea hit. Livia lit up. "Auntie, that's brilliant. Let's act fast, stop this madness."

"Deal," Mrs. Lepage said.

They'd wait three days before making their move.

Bonian was skipping the firm but still handling cases remotely. He'd even reached out to Emmie.

She didn't answer.

With Jayde, every conversation turned into a fight. Still, she ate well, staying strong—waiting for a chance to escape when his guard was down.

It drove him crazy. "Not worried about your kid? This how you show you care? Anything you say even true, Jayde?"

Watching her eat only fueled his rage.

He hated her—zoomed in on every flaw.

Jayde tried not to provoke him. "If I don't eat, I'll starve. What if Lele comes back and I'm not here?"

"Excuses," he sneered. "You don't look heartbroken."

Jayde was at a loss.

She forced a bitter smile. "We see things differently. I can't control what you think."

"So I'm just picking fights now?" Bonian's face darkened.

Living under his control felt like the old days, but their arguments showed it was all fake.

Jayde sighed. "You hate everything I do. Every move feels like a crime. What do you want me to say?"

Begging didn't work—he still wouldn't let her go.

He'd given her a phone and internet. He knew she wouldn't call the cops.

Not because she couldn't—but because she wouldn't.

She knew how much his career meant to him.

"Blaming me?" Bonian stepped closer, eyes narrowing.

Jayde gave a sad smile. "I blame myself. I should've gone farther, made sure you never found me."

"Too late," he said. "You're mine to punish."

Bonian grabbed Jayde's chin, his voice loud and sharp.

When she vanished, he'd pulled every string to find her, desperate to drag her back.

But he'd failed.

Just when he gave up, Emmie showed up—tying him to Jayde forever in a love-hate mess.

He was done fighting it.

“Stop running,” he said. “Apologize. Show some remorse. Maybe I'll go easy on you.”

Jayde's smile was empty.

He wanted her to beg—she understood that.

But she had no leverage.

Even if she played nice now, it wouldn't last—she'd still have to leave.

Mrs. Lepage's hatred was too strong to overcome.

It was over between them.

Her silence said it all.

Bonian's face twisted. “Forget freedom. You're always going on about Lele. Make me happy, and I'll find him. Cross me, and I'll keep the news to myself.”

Emmie couldn't be reached. Lele's location was a mystery.

Jayde had no contacts, no money for a private investigator.

Bonian held all the power.

He was using Lele to break her.

“Do whatever you want to me, just leave him out of this,” she pleaded, heart shattering.

Her pain was his weapon. “You don't really care, do you? Eating, drinking, living fine. Lele's gone—maybe that's a relief for you.”

Some people saw sick kids as a burden.

Not Jayde.

She stopped trying to explain.

Let him rant.

Eventually, he'd run out of steam.

His phone rang—work. He had to go.

“Stay put,” he warned. “Don't piss me off.”

Or there'd be consequences.

Jayde watched him leave, then collapsed onto the bed. She missed Lele.

Was he okay?

Her phone buzzed, cutting through the silence.

She snatched it up, heart pounding.

Emmie.

She'd called—ready to talk. Lele was safe.

Jayde answered, frantic. “Emmie, where's Lele?”

“Where's Bryan—Bonian?” Emmie shot back. “You two still playing house?”

Emmie's heart ached, replaying everything that happened.

She had trusted them.

At their engagement party, Bonian's phone had been near Jayde—a red flag she'd ignored.

She had welcomed Jayde home, looked after her, worried Bonian wouldn't like her.

And what happened?

Jayde ended up in bed with him. Now they lived together, while she and her baby suffered.

How could she not feel betrayed?

“I'm at Bonian's villa,” Jayde admitted. “He won't let me leave.”

She owned up to it. “I'm sorry.”



“Sorry?” Emmie snapped. “If sorry fixed everything, we wouldn’t need cops or courts! You care about Lele, but who gives a damn about me? What did I do to deserve this?”

If she had knowingly gotten in the way, she’d accept the blame.

But she had loved Bonian, step-by-step, got engaged like anyone else.

Then, just when she was at her happiest, they threw her into hell.

The fall was brutal. She barely made it.

That masked man’s whispers didn’t help either.

“Let’s meet,” Jayde offered. “Send Lele to the hospital, then do whatever you want to me.”

Emmie laughed, tears running down her face. “Retaliate? You’re Bonian’s precious treasure. He’s never stopped loving you. He’s the Lepage heir. If I cross him, I’m dead.”

She wasn’t Jayde.

Bonian protected Jayde—no matter what.

But her? He’d destroy her.

“It’s not like that,” Jayde tried. “He hates me. So does his mom.”

“Enough,” Emmie cut her off. “You’re just making me hate you more. Lele’s with me, and you know how sick he is. No treatment, and he dies—soon.”

She cracked the hospital door open, staring at Lele lying on the bed, exaggerating the scene to tighten the emotional screws.

She wouldn’t hurt him—but she wanted Jayde to feel the pain.

She needed payback.

“Emmie!” Jayde sobbed. “We’re sisters. Please don’t do this!”

Her son.

She had fought to raise him, given up everything to protect him.

Now—he was slipping away.

## Chapter 794

“Don’t beg me. If begging actually worked, I would’ve begged Bonian not to leave a long time ago. Sis, do you really think begging helps?” Emmie wiped the tears from her eyes.

“I called to tell you something. I’m going to take back everything you owe me—starting with Lele. He’s your son, and a son should repay his mother’s debts.”

With that, Emmie hung up.

She held the phone tightly, her heart aching.

The masked man walked over and stood beside her. “Emmie, tell me—why are you doing this now? You clearly hate Jayde, yet you’re still taking care of her son. I don’t get it.”

If it were him, he would’ve jumped at the chance.

But Emmie didn’t.

“Lele calls me aunt. And anyway, it’s the adults’ mess. Why should the kid suffer?” Emmie shook her head.

Jayde might lack compassion, but Emmie still had her principles.

“That’s fair. The kid is innocent. But what about the one you’re carrying?” the masked man asked. “Even if you care about someone else’s child, your own should come first.”

“Enough. This is my life. I know what I’m doing. I don’t need you telling me how to live it,” Emmie said and walked off.

He watched her back, quiet and thoughtful.

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Jayde was panicking over Lele. Her worry had peaked—she wanted to rush out and find him.

As soon as she got out of bed, the bedroom door opened. A strange woman stood there holding a tray. “Ms. Jayde, I made this tonic for you. It’s good for restoring energy and blood. Please drink it while it’s hot.”

“I don’t want it. Take it away,” Jayde replied. A tonic was the last thing on her mind.

She just wanted to find her son.

But the woman had been paid to get results. She wasn’t leaving until she did her job.

She stepped forward and blocked Jayde's path. Though she smiled, her tone was threatening. "Ms. Jayde, this really is good for your health. I spent over three hours making it. Please try to understand."

Jayde didn't care.

She didn't know this woman, had never asked her to make anything.

Now the woman was using guilt to force her to drink it—like refusing would make her a bad person.

It was absurd.

"You have the right to make soup, and I have the right not to drink it. I'm not hungry. Are you planning to pry my mouth open and force it down?" Jayde said. She had no choice but to deal with Bonian, but that didn't mean she'd let anyone else control her life.

She wasn't that powerless yet.

"Ms. Jayde, I understand, but this is the Lepage residence. You're staying here, so you need to follow the rules. Honestly, I didn't want to make this soup—someone told me to."

She kept things vague on purpose.

In truth, Livia had sent her, with Mrs. Lepage's support. It had been easy to sneak her in as a servant.

But Jayde misunderstood.

Since this was Bonian's house, she assumed he was behind it. If she didn't drink the soup, he'd make her pay.

Feeling cornered, Jayde gave in. "Fine. Just leave it there. I'll drink it when I feel like it."

"Ms. Jayde, I have to see you drink it before I can leave. If you're not drinking now, I'll wait." The woman placed the tray on the table, pulled up a stool, and sat in front of her.

She stared at Jayde without blinking, clearly not leaving until she got her way.

If this had been anyone else, she wouldn't dare act like this. But Mrs. Lepage had made it clear Jayde would be thrown out eventually.

So the woman didn't bother showing respect. "I'll go once you drink it. We can sit here all day if needed."

Jayde didn't have time for this. She needed to find her child.

She picked up the bowl, drank the tonic in a few gulps, and handed it back. “There. I drank it. You can leave now.”

“Of course, Ms. Jayde. Please get some rest,” the woman said, pleased, and walked out with the bowl.

She got into a car parked outside that was waiting to take her to Mrs. Lepage.

Jayde, meanwhile, felt dizzy right after drinking the soup.

But she brushed it off.

Bonian might torment her emotionally, but he wouldn't poison her.

If he had meant to, he would've done it long ago.

She opened the closet and changed clothes. But as she walked down the stairs, the dizziness worsened.

She gripped the railing, taking it one step at a time. The moment she made it back into the room, she collapsed onto the bed, unconscious.

The house was empty. She was all alone in that huge villa.

No one noticed anything was wrong.

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Livia, upon hearing the servant had succeeded, couldn't stop laughing.

“You did great. I'll send the full payment to your bank. You can leave now.”

The servant left quickly. She didn't want to get dragged into anything if things went wrong. Jail time? No, thanks. She'd take her money and disappear.

Livia smirked as she calculated the effects of the tonic. It would cause a high fever that kept getting worse—until it quietly took Jayde's life.

Even if Bonian looked into it, he wouldn't find anything.

Jayde, now what do you have left to fight with?

Livia already pictured her miserable end.

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## Chapter 795

Jayde was falling apart. The knife wound she'd gotten while shielding Bonian hadn't healed.

Now, thanks to Livia's scheme, her fever had climbed to nearly 40°C.

Jayde lay dazed in bed. A servant came in to bring food, saw her lying still, and panicked.

"Mr. Lepage! Miss Leung... she looks dead..."

"What?" Bonian jumped up, his expression sharp.

The servant backed off, nervous.

Bonian's face turned pale, eyes frantic.

He rushed out of the study and into Jayde's room. She was unconscious but breathing fast, sweat soaking her forehead.

Her cheeks were unnaturally red.

He touched her forehead—it was burning hot.

Bonian grabbed his phone and called Cody, his voice tight. "Cody, come to the villa now. She's burning up!"

Cody groaned. "What am I now, your personal doctor? No fever meds at home?"

Norah was sick. Kevin kept bothering him. Ophelia wasn't well. Kian had his hands full.

Now Bonian's woman—wait, woman?

Cody sat up. "A woman with a fever? Who is she? Your ex?"

"Just get here," Bonian snapped. "I can't find any meds. It's serious."

His voice was fast, urgent.

Cody sighed. If he didn't show up, Bonian would probably carry the woman to his place.

Whatever.

“I’m coming!” Cody grabbed his medical kit and rushed out.

The servant led him inside. Jayde’s face was flushed deep red. Her fever had passed 40°C.

Cody prepped an injection. “Turn her over…”

“Butt injection?” Bonian frowned.

If he pulled down her pants, Cody would see… His expression darkened.

Cody, annoyed, said, “Move or she won’t cool down. Want to do it yourself?”

He handed Bonian the syringe.

Bonian took it. His military training and first aid kicked in.

He gave the shot, blocking Cody’s view.

Cody rolled his eyes. “If you’re such a pro, why call me?”

Jayde didn’t react—she was completely out.

Bonian tossed the needle. “That’s all I know. You handle the rest—meds, IV, whatever.”

Cody shot him a glare. “And *I’m* the doctor?”

He prescribed medicine, hooked up the IV, and sorted out the dosage. “Take the pills three times a day, after meals.”

He noticed Bonian watching her closely.

“Lovers overreact,” Cody muttered. “It’s just a fever. The shot’s done, IV’s running, meds are set. Relax. I’ll show you how to monitor the drip, then I’m out…”

Bonian’s look shut him up.

Fine. Cody stayed until the IV finished.

No way was he going to risk Bonian blowing up his phone all night.

Once things were stable, Cody left.

Jayde woke up soon after.

She saw Bonian by the bed and thought she was dreaming.

“Bonian?” she whispered, reaching out instinctively.

He grabbed her hand—warm and real.

Her throat tightened. She couldn’t speak.

Bonian stood there, the man who hated her the most.

“I…” Her voice was hoarse.

“Don’t talk,” he said, softer now. “Your fever’s almost 40. Want water?”

He sounded like the man she used to know—the one who cared.

He helped her sit up, gently adjusting her pillow.

He handed her a cup of water, switching it for warm once the first turned cold.

Even though her room felt like a cage, it had everything she needed.

“Thanks,” she said softly, her lips wet with water.

Bonian froze. *She* was thanking *him*?

“Don’t thank me,” he said gruffly. “If you die here, I’m in trouble.”

A convenient excuse.

Jayde didn’t expect him to care. But she still meant it.

“You helped. Without you, I might’ve burned up.”

Bonian wasn’t ready for that.

His chest tightened, but he said nothing.

“My fiancée and your mom hate me,” she said. “Let me go. If this gets out, your license is finished.”

He shot back, “Wouldn’t you love that?”

If his career went down, she’d have the upper hand.

## Chapter 796

Jayde froze, speechless.

She’d wronged Bonian once. How could she destroy him now?

His dark gaze locked onto her panic.

“Feeling guilty?” he sneered. “Gone soft?”

She forced a bitter smile. “Me? I’m the coldest there is. If I were soft, I wouldn’t have ditched you for money.”

Bonian’s pupils narrowed.

He’d buried that truth, convinced himself otherwise.

So she really had left him, no remorse.

“Want out?” He leaned closer, gripping the bed frame, a cruel glint in his eyes. “No way. You’ll learn what not to cross the hard way.”

Jayde stared back, hands trembling, nearly spilling the water.

She bit her lip, laughing bitterly. “You really think ruining your life is worth getting revenge on me?”

“You’re not that important,” he said coldly, like a god passing judgment.

None of her games would work on him.

She went quiet, sipping the warm water that soothed her throat.

Bonian tossed her medication at her. “Take it. Don’t die here.”

She swallowed it. The bitterness spread, but she barely noticed.

“You don’t have to keep me,” she muttered.



“Who pays your debts if you’re gone?” he snapped.

She bit her lip and said nothing.

His talk of “debts” dragged her back to everything she’d suffered.

“My memory’s just fine,” she said. “I don’t owe you anything. Let’s walk away clean, alright?”

Her pale smile dimmed the air around them.

Bonian saw cruelty in it.

After years of love, she could just walk away like nothing.

“Nice move, Jayde,” he said, turning his back.

“Wait,” she called.

He paused.

“Lele...” Her voice cracked. “Any news?”

Her choked sob weakened his edge.

“Don’t worry,” he said, softening. “I’ll bring Lele back.”

“Thanks,” she whispered, eyes down, sincere.

If she died tomorrow, Lele was her last wish. As long as he was safe, she could rest easy.

Bonian left without another word.

After the medication, her fever dropped. The villa was dead quiet, ghostly.

She lay back down, every joint aching from the fever.

Sleep pulled her into uneasy dreams.

Young, ambitious, burning with dreams of law school—then came her fall.

Life spun her forward, no turning back.

“Jayde!”

She jerked awake, Bonian’s face flashing in the haze.

She chased after him, teasing, “Lawyer Lepage, you got style now.”

But his face stayed cold, eyes narrowing. “Trying to cozy up again? How are you paying off your debt?”

Jayde clutched her head.

What was happening? Why couldn't she remember things? Why did they feel like strangers?

Bonian grabbed her by the throat, veins popping.

“How are you paying it back?” he growled, wild.

Sweat poured down her face.

“Bonian, don't!” she screamed.

The nightmare swallowed her whole. She knew it wasn't real, but couldn't wake up.

Bonian stood beside the bed, jaw tight.

“That scared of me?” he muttered. “Then why leave?”

She didn't answer. Just held her collar, drenched in sweat, pale.

Something felt wrong.

He leaned in, patting her cheek, voice softening. “Jayde, wake up. It's just a dream.”

Her skin burned under his hand.

She'd taken a shot, taken meds—why was the fever back?

She didn't wake, only murmured, “No, please... no...”

Her fragile voice clawed at his heart.

He called Cody.

“What now?” Cody yawned. It was late, and he sounded half-asleep.

“Come now,” Bonian said firmly.

“Your hidden girlfriend again?” Cody teased.

He'd already treated her fever—pills, sweat, done.

“Not a joke,” Bonian snapped, watching Jayde's pain. “Something's off.”

“Nine minutes, fifty seconds,” he added coldly.

“Slave driver,” Cody muttered, hanging up.

Ten minutes later, his sports car roared in.

Cody, breathless, got dragged to the second floor before he could even sip water.

“Check her,” Bonian ordered. “She got a shot, took meds. Still burning up. Won’t wake.”

## **Chapter 797**

Cody knew something was wrong.

He touched Jayde’s forehead—and yanked his hand back.

“This isn’t just a wound infection,” he muttered. “Meds should’ve kicked in.”

He moved quickly.

Lifting her eyelids, he flashed a light. Her pupils barely responded.

Cody’s expression darkened. He grabbed a pill from his kit, slipping it into her mouth. Then he looked up.

“This won’t cut it. She needs a major hospital. We need tests to find out what’s going on.”

Bonian didn’t hesitate. He scooped Jayde into his arms and dashed down the stairs.

Cody called out, but Bonian was gone—like a gust of wind.

Cody glanced down at his outfit—silk pajamas, a coat, plaid slippers. He’d rushed over just to get ditched.

Grinding his teeth, he muttered, “Bonian, choosing a woman over your buddy? I’m done with you!”

A breeze carried his words away.

At the hospital, Bonian raced into the ER, holding Jayde.

“Help her! She’s burning up! She won’t wake!”

Doctors rushed over, getting her into treatment immediately.

Twenty minutes later, a doctor in a white coat came out and pulled his mask down.

“Is it a wound infection?” Bonian asked quickly.

The doctor shook his head. “More likely a viral infection. Her immune system’s weak. This fever’s strange, but it’s stable now. We’ll run blood tests to be sure.”

Jayde was wheeled out. She looked better.

Bonian wracked his brain. He hadn’t mistreated her. The villa’s climate was fine. No sign of wound infection—how did she catch a virus?

“Does she need to stay here?” he asked, uneasy but firm.

The doctor was clear. “Finish the IV, keep taking meds, and monitor her. If the fever spikes again, bring her back immediately.”

“Understood.” Bonian stayed by her side.

For the first time in years, he really looked at her.

Sick and pale, she still looked just like the woman who’d left all those years ago.

“You drive me insane,” he muttered.

When the IV was done, he carried her home.

The movement woke Jayde slightly. Seeing Bonian carrying her, she stiffened.

“What are you doing?”

He smirked. “What, think I’m taking advantage of you?”

Jayde’s cheeks flushed. She looked away. “What happened? I had a nightmare...”

“You dreamed of me,” he said flatly.

Her heart skipped. She twisted in his arms. “Put me down. I can walk.”

Bonian’s tone sharpened. “Why act tough?”

He carried her up to the second floor and set her down on the bed.

The drop startled her, and she instinctively clung to his neck.

He caught the move, lips quirked. “Sick and still trying to flirt?”

Jayde coughed, face red, words stuck.

“I’m kidding,” he said coolly.

He pulled up a chair and sat beside her.

Jayde, still catching her breath, switched topics. “Why is this hitting me so hard? What’s wrong with me?”

“Tests aren’t back yet,” Bonian said calmly.

She nodded, throat dry.

Too weak to move, she didn’t want to ask—but Bonian handed her warm water without a word.

That small kindness melted a bit of her guard.

“Am I that scary?” he asked, watching her. “That’s why I’m in your nightmares?”

“No, I just…” she started, but no words came.

He scoffed and stood. “Get some sleep.”

Back in his room, he skimmed case files. Work was piling up.

An hour later, worry pushed him back to her room. She slept deeply, no sign of nightmares.

He reached out to check her temperature—she grabbed his hand.

“Don’t go…”

Like a child.

His heart softened.

Looking at her peaceful face, he remembered the woman he used to love—before everything changed.

He stayed beside her all night, slipping away at dawn.

Sunlight warmed her face, waking her.

She felt the lingering warmth in her hand—like someone had been holding it all night.

Must’ve been a dream, she thought with a bitter smile.

Meanwhile, Bonian arrived at the meet-up spot.

Emmie was suspected of kidnapping Lele. He came ready.

Leaning on his car, he watched as Emmie pulled up and stepped out.

He scanned the car. “Where’s Lele?”

Emmie’s hand covered her stomach—where a child once was—and she felt his coldness hit hard.

“After all this time, you don’t ask how I’m doing?” she said. “Just the kid?”

“I’ve made it clear,” Bonian said, eyes sharp. “We’re over.”

Emmie flashed back to that nightmare of a night. That video. Her voice broke. “That video was fake! You’re just avoiding responsibility!”

Bonian sighed. “I told you the truth. Now, where’s Lele?”

Her heart turned to ice. She had poured out everything—just to get dismissed.

She laughed bitterly. “Lele? He’s dead.”

## **Chapter 798**

“What?”

Bonian’s expression cracked.

The man who was always calm, always composed—now looked like the world had tilted.

Jayde loved Lele. Hearing this would destroy her.

Emmie saw his face change, and her heart went cold. She screamed, frantic, “I’m your fiancée! That kid means nothing to you—why do you even care?”

His voice dropped, sharp as a blade. “He’s a child. How could you?”

Emmie flinched, took a step back—then lifted her chin. “Innocent? What about me? I lost my baby, lost you, lost any chance of being a mother—because of you and Jayde!”

“Snap out of it.” Bonian reached for her, but she smacked his hand away.

“I’m not crazy,” she hissed. “I know exactly what I’m doing. Can we just go back to how things were?”

Her eyes pleaded with him.

He didn't budge.

"Tell me where Lele is," he said coldly, "or I'll make sure you regret it."

Her lips curled, hardening. "Fine. I sent him where you'll never find him. Start over with me, or he's gone for good."

"You've lost your mind!" Bonian exploded, fists clenched. "You think you can blackmail me? That's not how this works."

Tears welled in her eyes. "You drove me to this."

She knew she had no more cards to play—except one.

But she couldn't let him go. Couldn't watch him be with Jayde.

"You think I'd really hurt Lele?" she asked, voice shaking. "He's my nephew. You think that little of me?"

She was falling apart.

Then she steadied herself and asked the real question. "You're losing it... all because of Jayde, right?"

Bonian's eyes flickered, but his voice was cold. "No."

"Don't lie to yourself," she said. "I know you. If you didn't care about her, you wouldn't be this worked up."

He ignored her. "What did you do with Lele?"

She wiped her tears, inhaling slowly. "He's safe. With a friend. You want him back? You know the price. Be with me."

Her voice was like steel—she knew Lele was her only leverage.

Bonian's stare went icy. "This helps no one."

She exhaled one last threat. "Then I'm gone—with Lele. You and Jayde? You'll never see him again."

She turned to leave.

But Bonian's men grabbed her.

"You're not walking away," he said, voice hard. "Hand him over. You know what kidnapping a child means."

Her lips trembled. “You’d throw me in jail?”

“That’s what I do,” he said coldly. “But give me Lele, and maybe—just maybe—I’ll defend you.”

She knew him. Law was his god. His heart, pure stone.

She laughed bitterly. “Heartless. I’m not saying a word.”

Just then, an engine roared.

A black car kicked up dust and screeched to a stop between them.

A hooded man stepped out, tall, face hidden, holding Lele—with a knife to the boy’s neck.

“Let Emmie go, or the kid dies,” he said, voice low and rough.

Emmie stared. “What are you doing here?”

“Knew you’d screw it up,” the man spat.

Bonian’s eyes narrowed. “Who are you?”

The man ignored him, pressing the knife closer. Lele’s eyes screamed fear, but the boy held back tears, looking straight at Bonian.

“Lawyer Lepage,” the man sneered, “Emmie or the kid. Your choice. Bet you pick Jayde.”

Emmie froze. She hadn’t planned this. Lele was leverage—not bait.

Bonian didn’t blink. “Let the kid go, and you walk.”

The man gave a crooked nod. “Show me something first. Let her get in the car.”

Bonian signaled. His men backed off. Emmie stepped forward slowly, clutching her belly as blood started to seep through her clothes.

Still, she forced herself into the car.

The masked man edged back with Lele, inching toward the vehicle.

Bonian saw the window—the moment. “Drop the boy,” he ordered.

The knife pressed closer. “Take one step, and I’ll cut him.”

No one moved.



The man yanked open the door, dragging Lele in.

Emmie slammed the gas.

The lurch threw the man off balance. Bonian lunged, grabbed Lele, and both crashed to the ground.

## **Chapter 799**

The car peeled off.

Inside, the masked man slammed the door, seething. "You did that on purpose!"

Emmie stayed quiet.

"If we lose him, we're dead," he spat.

She was calm. "He's my nephew. He's frail. Taking him with us wasn't gonna work."

He glared. "You really think you can live like this forever?"

"Got a better idea?" she asked, voice tight with pain.

He said nothing. "One step at a time."

She nodded weakly, but something was wrong. She clutched her stomach, pale and sweating.

He frowned. "What's going on?"

No response. Her eyes fluttered shut.

Blood gushed.

"Emmie!" he yelled, yanking the wheel to stabilize the car.

He swerved, pulled over, then rushed her to the back seat and sped toward the nearest hospital.

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Meanwhile, Bonian's men regrouped.

"Pursue?" one asked.

"No." Bonian shook his head, brushing dirt off Lele's cheek. "Let's get this kid back to his mom."

Lele pouted at the pinch, but when he heard “Mom,” he lit up.

“Yeah!”

Still weak from his recent illness, he clung to Bonian’s neck, full of joy.

At the villa, Jayde’s fever had eased but hadn’t fully broken. She heard a familiar voice.

“Mommy!”

She thought she was hallucinating—until Lele burst into the room.

“Mom, I missed you!”

Tears welled in her eyes. “I missed you too, baby. Did you have fun with Auntie?”

“She was nice,” Lele said, then paused—sensing something was off.

Jayde ached to hug him, but her fever and his poor health held her back. She looked at Bonian.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

He cleared his throat, awkward. “Did it for the kid. Don’t thank me.”

Jayde didn’t push. She looked at Lele. “Thank your uncle.”

Lele stood tall, serious. “Thanks, Uncle Bonian. But if you bully my mom again, I won’t forgive you.”

Bonian cracked a smile. “Tough talk.”

He crouched, eye-level. “Take care of your mom, alright?”

“Promise.” Lele thumped his chest.

Jayde coughed. “Lawyer Lepage, sick rooms aren’t for kids. Can you take him out?”

Bonian caught her meaning. He sent Lele off with the nanny, then turned back. “Say what you need to say.”

“You brought Lele back,” she said, “and I’m grateful. But I shouldn’t stay. He’s safe now. I’ll go.”

Bonian raised an eyebrow. “Burning the bridge already?”

“I’m sorry for the trouble,” she said, eyes low.

“Fine,” he said coldly, and walked out.

She hadn’t expected him to agree so fast.

But maybe that was for the best.

She wanted to ask about Emmie but held back.

Bonian found Lele with the nannies and handed him a toy. “Your mom’s leaving. What do you want to do?”

Lele looked up. “Go with her.”

Bonian smiled slightly. “She’s sick. You’re weak. If you leave now, she has to take care of everything herself. Think she can handle that?”

Lele frowned. “Then what?”

“I’ve got doctors, nannies, everything you need here. You two can rest and recover.”

Lele narrowed his eyes. “You trying to keep my mom here?”

Bonian flushed. “Just want you both safe.”

Lele shrugged. “I’ll talk to her.”

Later, as Jayde got ready to leave, Lele stopped her.

“I like it here. Home’s nice, but it’s fun here, and the nanny makes the best soup.”

Jayde raised an eyebrow. “Did Uncle Bonian put you up to this?”

Lele shook his head. “No. I just... I don’t want you to wear yourself out.”

Her heart ached.

“But I said we’re leaving,” she said gently.

“I get it,” Lele nodded. “But we can stay till your fever’s gone, right?”

Jayde sighed. “Alright. Just until I’m better.”

“You’re the best!” he cheered.

But Jayde knew exactly who was behind this change of heart.

Bonian.

He hadn't fought her leaving before. Now?

She meant to confront him—then the doorbell rang.

Fast. Relentless.

## **Chapter 800**

Mrs. Lepage showed up.

Jayde hadn't expected her. The moment Mrs. Lepage saw Jayde's face, her expression tightened.

She had blocked them before, thinking Bonian's shift to Livia meant a clean slate and a better future.

But now, it hit her.

Bonian couldn't let Jayde go—and Jayde had never betrayed him.

Even Lele, Bonian's son, had been raised by Jayde without a word of complaint.

She'd taken the four million, helped her family, but never asked for more.

Damn, Jayde.

Mrs. Lepage respected that kind of grit.

But Jayde spoke first. "Don't waste your breath on me. Talk to Bonian—he's the one who won't let go."

She played the cold, money-hungry villain.

Still, Bonian clung to her.

Mrs. Lepage wanted to cut through the noise, get to the root of it.

Bonian was the real problem.

Yet Jayde still cared what she thought.

"You could tell him the truth," Mrs. Lepage said. "Why haven't you?"

Jayde looked down. "You've got your reasons, I've got mine. If you'd approved of us back then, you wouldn't have paid me four million to leave him."

She took the money, so she kept her word.

She was no match for Mrs. Lepage.

Why chase the impossible?

One sentence defined her.

Mrs. Lepage saw Jayde's strength—and Bonian's obsession.

"After you took the money and vanished," she said quietly, "he looked everywhere for you. Fell into depression."

Jayde's breath caught.

She hadn't known. Bonian never said.

His hatred now just showed how deep she'd cut.

She'd tried to avoid him, but fate kept throwing them together.

Sometimes, she felt like the villain.

Mrs. Lepage saw Jayde's pain, remembered Bonian's stubbornness—and realized she'd been wrong.

She should never have stood in their way.

"Tell him the truth," she said. "I won't interfere anymore."

Jayde stared at her in disbelief.

Was this a dream? She pinched her palm—nope, it hurt.

But for Mrs. Lepage, her fiercest critic, to flip like this?

"Why the sudden change?" Jayde asked cautiously.

"I wanted Livia," Mrs. Lepage admitted. "But Bonian didn't. He fought me, caged you, just to prove how much he loves you. That kind of love turns to hate. He's my son—I can't keep hurting him."

Parents were all the same.

But Emmie loved Bonian too.

Should she just hand him over to Emmie? He'd explode. He wasn't some prize to give away. And Emmie saw Jayde as the heartless villain.

Jayde still loved him, dreamed of forever—but reality hit hard.

They were done.

She shook her head. “I’m not getting back with him, Mrs. Lepage. Thanks for stepping aside, but four years is a long time. I’m not the same Jayde. Let him hold on to the memory.”

Let him hate her forever. Time would wear it down.

“Why?” Mrs. Lepage pressed. “You want him to hate you? Don’t want Lele to have a real family? Or is it Emmie—you’d give him to her?”

Her words hit deep.

Jayde had thought it, but it was never that simple.

“None of that would work,” she said. “Bonian and I are just too far gone.”

“He never stopped loving you,” Mrs. Lepage said. “That’s my fault. If you can’t tell him, I will.”

She was calm, determined to save her son.

Sometimes, the one who tied the knot has to untie it. Bonian’s heart needed closure—with Jayde.

“Don’t,” Jayde said.

“You didn’t see how much he cared?” Mrs. Lepage pressed.

When she was sick—Bonian had called Cody right away. Even when trapped, he made sure she was comfortable.

He’d known Lele wasn’t his—or so he thought—but still searched for them.

Mrs. Lepage finally saw it—she’d truly messed up.

She took a breath. “Bonian did a paternity test after seeing Lele. I rigged it.”

Jayde didn’t react.

Bonian’s anger had tipped her off—he’d checked, but someone buried the truth.

Mrs. Lepage’s confession lifted a weight.

But Bonian overheard.

“Why?” he shouted, voice raw. “You paid her off, forced her to betray me, faked the test! That kid’s fragile—if I knew he was mine, I’d have claimed him from day one!”

His rage burst through.

Mrs. Lepage’s heart sank.

Secrets never last. Truth always burns its way out.

Bonian knew.

“I wanted better for you—” she started.

He shoved her hand away. “Better? I’ve been a hollow shell for years!”

Without his job, his drive, his search for Jayde—he’d be gone.

His anger exploded—he coughed blood.

As he collapsed, Jayde caught him.