

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 871

Jayde stepped forward, facing the murmuring crowd with calm authority. “Bonian’s career transition was legal. The records are public. Accusing him without proof is slander. As a lawyer, I will defend him.”

Her voice, measured and confident, cut through the noise. The crowd quieted, her poise commanding attention.

Simone scoffed. “You’re just his puppet—covering up his dirty secrets.”

Before Jayde could reply, Bonian stepped beside her, voice low and razor-sharp. “Simone, your grudge should be with Livia’s poor decisions, not us. Surveillance caught your little stunt. Want me to play the footage?”

Simone visibly paled. The energy shifted—the audience beginning to recognize who’d crossed the line.

A man in a sleek suit, the event organizer, finally stepped in. “That’s enough. This is a concert, not a courtroom. Either calm down or we’ll have you escorted out.”

Simone, humiliated, spun on her heel and stormed off. The crowd dispersed slowly, buzzing with whispers.

Bonian turned to Jayde, his grip tightening on her hand. “I’m sorry. I lost my temper.”

“You didn’t have to,” Jayde said softly, her eyes lingering on his. “I could’ve handled her.”

“I know,” he replied with a faint smile. “But I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

They went home, the tension from the night clinging like smoke. But Jayde had no time to dwell—her focus snapped back to the competition. Despite the online attacks and whispers of favoritism, she dove into preparation for the semifinals.

Bonian watched her in quiet awe. “You’re unstoppable.”

“I’m trying,” she said. “For me, for you.”

The semifinals arrived fast. Her opponent was a seasoned veteran, sharp and cutthroat. The case? Corporate fraud. Complex. Ruthless. Her opponent twisted facts, implying Jayde’s client was complicit.

But Jayde was ready.

She parried each accusation with precision, citing case law and presenting rock-solid evidence. Her arguments were clear, her delivery flawless.

By the end, even the judges looked impressed. “Your clarity and control of the facts were outstanding,” one said.

She advanced to the finals. The cheers now drowned out the boos. Online, supporters rallied, calling her a dark horse. The “backdoor” narrative was losing steam—her skill was undeniable.

After the round, Norah called.

“You’re killing it,” she said. “Come by after the finals—bring Lele. Cooper’s finally opening up.”

Jayde smiled. “Deal. How’s Freyja?”

“Embryo transfer went smoothly,” Norah said warmly. “She’s resting. I’m spoiling her rotten.”

They both laughed. The conversation grounded Jayde, reminding her of all she was fighting for.

Bonian overheard and wrapped an arm around her from behind. “You’re really doing it—career, family, friends. All of it.”

“Because I have you,” she said, leaning into him.

Then came the press conference for the final round.

Her opponent, Lawyer Fernando, smirked at the cameras. “No backdoor will save her now.”

Jayde met his gaze without flinching. “I don’t need one. Let’s settle this on stage.”

Bonian sat in the front row, silent but solid, his presence a quiet promise.

Whatever happened next, Jayde had already won. Her dream was alive again—fueled not by privilege, but by grit. Her strength was her own.

Chapter 872

The girl died during gym class while on her period. She’d asked to sit out, but the teacher refused.

She ran anyway, hemorrhaged, and collapsed. By the time help arrived, it was too late.

The school argued it wasn't entirely their fault—the girl and her family shared the blame. “Why did everyone else run fine, but she didn't?”

Jayde was livid. “How can a school be this heartless?”

Bonian rested a hand on her shoulder. “Take a breath.”

She inhaled sharply, then let out a long, shaky sigh.

He was right—cases like this weren't rare. A life valued at \$20,000 sounded absurd, but it happened. There were no clear laws to stop it.

“Worse,” Jayde added, her voice tight, “she was a transfer student. Bullied. Alone. She didn't even have her parents to turn to.”

She looked up at Bonian, her eyes searching. “Why aren't there laws for this? Bullying seems small, but it breaks people. Some even take their own lives.”

Bonian's gaze dropped, frustration pulling at his features. “It's complicated, Jayde. There's a lot that needs fixing.”

He paused, then added, “But if you win this debate, you'll shine a spotlight. People will notice. It could spark change.”

Jayde nodded slowly. “You're right.”

She dove back into the case files.

Bonian worked nearby, and though they didn't talk much, the quiet company was comforting. Sunlight streamed through the window, warming the room.

Then Jayde's stomach growled—loudly.

She froze, mortified, pressing a hand to her belly.

Bonian stifled a laugh. “Let's take a break. You're not finishing all that tonight anyway. How about dinner?”

Grateful for the distraction, she jumped at the offer.

Bonian picked a restaurant nearby.

Jayde brought her case files, flipping through them while Bonian stepped away to talk to the waiter—unaware someone was peering over her shoulder.

Her head snapped up. “What are you staring at?”

The guy—heavysset, glasses, T-shirt—flinched. “Nothing! I didn’t see anything!”

He ducked his head, pretending to focus on his drink.

Jayde didn’t buy it. “Don’t lie. You were snooping.”

These were confidential files—connected to a sensitive case. Random strangers didn’t just “accidentally” glance unless they were up to something.

When she didn’t back down, the man got defensive. “What’s your deal? Accusing people for no reason? You think you’re some kind of celebrity everyone’s obsessed with?”

Murmurs rippled through the crowd.

“She’s so young, but already paranoid?”

“Paranoid? More like full of herself.”

“Cut her some slack. She said he was creeping. Maybe he was.”

A young woman’s voice cut through the noise, speaking up for Jayde. Jayde shot her a grateful smile. The girl blushed and hid behind her milk tea.

Jayde turned back to the man. “You weren’t looking at me. You were eyeing my files.”

“Total nonsense!” he snapped.

Jayde stayed calm. “Let’s check the security footage then. There’s a camera right there.” She pointed to a blinking red light overhead. “You want to clear your name, right?”

His face drained of color.

Then he bolted.

“Stop him!” Jayde shouted. “He’s a creep!”

People froze. Jayde moved fast—but not fast enough.

The man yelped. “Ow! Who are you? Let go!”

Bonian had him by the arm, eyes cold as steel.

Jayde blinked. “When did you get back? Weren’t you at the counter?”

“Stepped out to take a call. Came back through the front,” Bonian said, gaze locked on the man.

The guy realized they were together and panicked. “Please—I swear I won’t do it again. Let me go!”

Jayde held out her hand. “Show me your phone.”

The man hesitated, and Jayde’s gut clenched. That reaction—he’d done this before.

Reluctantly, he handed it over, wincing as Bonian’s grip tightened.

Jayde scrolled through the gallery—and felt her stomach turn. Photos of private documents. Creepshots of women. Disgusting.

She glared at him. “You’re vile.”

No more excuses. She called the police. They arrived quickly, confiscating his phone and escorting him out.

Back at their table, Jayde still fumed. Bonian’s face was tight.

“I shouldn’t have left you alone. You wouldn’t have had to deal with that creep.”

Jayde took his hand. “It’s not your fault. I’m just furious for all the people he’s done this to.”

Chapter 873

Bonian glanced at Jayde’s hand in his. A flicker of a smile tugged at his lips, though his face remained serious.

Jayde thought he was still upset. She didn’t know how to comfort him, so she just held on tighter.

It worked.

“Time to pick up Lele,” Jayde said, stretching after wrapping up her files. It was just past four.

“Kindergarten lets out at 4:30. We’ve got time.”

Bonian grabbed the keys. “Let’s go.”

Traffic was light, and they made it to the school with time to spare.

Jayde checked her phone. “Norah just texted—she’s stuck at work. Asked if we can grab Cooper too.”

Bonian didn’t bat an eye. “One more won’t hurt.”

Jayde frowned, thinking about the near-empty fridge. “We’re low on food. It’s fine for us and Lele, but with Cooper...”

She trailed off. Norah had always been there for her—Jayde wanted to return the favor.

“Let’s eat out,” Bonian offered.

“Yeah. Good idea.”

They picked up Lele, who lit up when he heard Cooper was joining. “Yes! Let’s go get him now!”

“Sit properly first,” Jayde said, adjusting his posture.

Cooper’s school was nearby. They got him easily.

Once reunited, the boys couldn’t stop talking.

Jayde listened in, smiling.

Until Lele turned, hand on hip. “Mom, you’re eavesdropping! You told me that’s bad.”

Cooper chimed in. “Yeah, Aunt Leung. He’s right.”

Bonian nearly choked on a laugh.

Caught red-handed, Jayde coughed. “I only listened because you two were ignoring me. I was curious.”

Lele narrowed his eyes, unconvinced.

Jayde touched her nose sheepishly. “Okay, okay. I’ll stop.”

Satisfied, the boys leaned in close again, whispering about her upcoming birthday.

“I’ve been stuck for days. Got any ideas?” Lele asked.

Cooper grinned. “I got one. Try this...”

They huddled tighter, voices barely a whisper.

Jayde sighed, a little stung. Lele was growing up. Keeping secrets.

Bonian noticed. “He’s got his own thing going. You’ll get used to it.”

Jayde nodded, heart full despite the pang.

At dinner, the boys whispered through the meal, barely touching their plates.

Jayde tapped the table. “Hey, secret agents—eat your food. Didn’t your teachers say no whispering at the table?”

Lele straightened. “Okay, Mom, I’m eating.”

Cooper followed suit, intimidated.

Jayde smirked, pleased with her authority.

Bonian grinned, pouring her juice. “You’re enjoying this, huh?”

Jayde leaned in. “Lele tried to lecture me in the car. I’m just returning the favor.”

Bonian laughed, shaking his head. “You’re such a kid. Holding grudges against a six-year-old?”

Jayde shrugged. “Teasing him is half the fun.”

After dinner, Norah came to pick up Cooper, eyes tired but grateful.

“Thanks again,” she said as Jayde handed over a sleepy Cooper. “You’re a lifesaver.”

“No big deal.” Jayde ruffled Cooper’s hair. “He’s a great kid.”

Norah glanced at Bonian waiting nearby. Her smirk was unmistakable. “Looks like someone’s ready for you to wrap up. I’ll get out of your hair. Don’t wanna cramp your style.”

Jayde blushed.

When she turned, Bonian pulled her into his arms.

He stroked her hair gently. “You’re done for the day. Can you rest now? You’ve been nonstop.”

His touch was soft, pure comfort.

Jayde yawned, suddenly realizing how tired she was.

Before she could protest, Bonian scooped her up.

“Hey—what are you doing?” she squeaked.

He chuckled. “Taking you to bed. You’ve earned it.”

Safe in his arms, Jayde didn’t fight it. She drifted off, not even noticing when sleep took over.

Meanwhile, across town...

Simone was unraveling. With her friend Livia behind bars, life felt heavy. Grief twisted into blame.

She held Jayde and Bonian responsible.

And she wasn't about to let it go.

Chapter 874

Simone visited Livia, who looked completely worn down.

"Regret it yet?" Simone asked.

If Livia hadn't been so hung up on Bonian, she wouldn't have fallen apart like this.

Livia gave a bitter smile. "Regret? Life's too messy for that."

She grabbed Simone's hand. "Learn from me. Don't make stupid choices for someone who doesn't care about you."

Simone felt a sharp pang of pity. Livia was a cautionary tale—living proof of what obsession could do.

But pity didn't change anything. Simone had tried to sabotage Jayde and ended up worse for it.

"I'm sorry, Livia," she said quietly. "I wanted to make them pay, but I couldn't."

"No need to apologize," Livia replied. "You showed up. You cared. That's more than most."

Then her voice turned cold. "But don't go after Bonian or Jayde again. You can't win."

Especially not Bonian. As a lawyer, he'd been ruthless. Now, outside the system, he was untouchable.

Simone sighed. "I know. That's why seeing you like this makes me feel useless. Just... work on yourself. Get better. I'll be waiting."

Livia nodded. "Deal."

After a long talk, Simone left—never expecting she'd end up sitting across from Jayde at the negotiation table.

She had zero respect for her. “Without Bonian, you’re nothing. Just some slum girl pretending she’s important. Where do you get the nerve?”

Jayde? People only listened to her because of Bonian’s influence.

He ran Lepage Group now and had deep roots from his law days. His best friend Kevin was the capital’s top businessman, and even Kevin’s old protégé, Kian, was making major moves.

Who’d dare go against Bonian?

Jayde’s lips curled slightly, her tone ice-cold. “I don’t need flattery. If you’re not here to talk business, leave. Otherwise, skip the attitude.”

That confidence—so much like Bonian’s—grated on Simone. But the deal on the table was too good to ignore.

Simone forced a smile. “Fine. Let’s meet at Mei Se Club tonight.”

Before Jayde could answer, she added with a smirk, “With your background, I’m sure you know the place. No need for directions—I’ll send someone to get you.”

A not-so-subtle dig.

But Jayde stayed focused. If she could lock in Simone’s support, it would neutralize her as a threat.

“Sounds good,” Jayde said.

“Ten o’clock,” Simone confirmed.

Jayde nodded and returned to work.

Bonian didn’t like seeing her so overwhelmed. Lele needed his parents. With Bonian’s income from his law career—millions—they didn’t need this stress.

“Why not just stay home with Lele?” he said. “I’ve got us.”

Jayde shook her head. “You backed me when I went back to law school. And now you’re telling me to quit?”

She wasn’t going to be some stay-at-home mom. This was her chance to prove herself.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Bonian said, pulling her close. “I just hate seeing you run yourself into the ground. I’d do anything for you.”

His eyes were full of love, and Jayde felt it. But she couldn’t let this opportunity pass her by.

She had to prove she could stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Bonian—and silence the doubters.

“Alright, I’ll drop it,” he said. “Rest up for tomorrow. Want food? Coffee?”

He treated her like she was his whole world, always putting her first.

Jayde appreciated it, but her mind was elsewhere—plotting her approach for tonight’s meeting.

Bonian noticed. “You’re distracted. What’s going on?”

“Just a meeting with a partner tonight,” Jayde said, keeping it vague.

Bonian’s expression darkened. “Who’s the partner? Jayde, be honest with me.”

He couldn’t help the flicker of insecurity. Jayde was brilliant, beautiful, back in her element—and others noticed.

She gave him a soft smile. “It’s Simone. I didn’t expect it either, but this deal is huge. If I land it, I’ll be solid in this industry.”

“You don’t need her to succeed,” Bonian said firmly. “I’ve got your back. Did someone say something to you?”

Jayde chuckled. “Who’d dare mess with me now?”

Chapter 875

At the banquet, people had the audacity to confront Bonian to his face—so it wasn’t surprising they threw shade at Jayde the moment he wasn’t around.

Bonian held her hand, his eyes steady. “We’ve been through hell to get here, Jayde. You know I’d do anything to protect you.”

“Just tell me what’s going on,” he said gently. “If you shut me out, I can’t help you—and you’ll end up carrying it all alone.”

Every word was calm and full of care.

Jayde nodded. “I get it. I just want to prove myself with this deal.”

She was determined to show she could stand on her own.

Not just as Bonian’s partner, but as his equal.

“Why prove anything to her?” Bonian asked, frowning. “You don’t owe her a thing.”

Jayde pressed a finger to his lips. “Simone looks down on me. If I can win her over—flip the script—it sends a message.”

She wasn’t doing this for Simone’s approval. This was about power.

Bonian sighed and brushed his hand through her hair. “Some people? They’re just poison. You being you is enough.”

Even Mrs. Lepage had changed her tune. His father too. And now, they all doted on Lele.

But Jayde wasn’t here for validation.

“I’m not backing down,” she said. “This deal is happening.”

Bonian knew better than to argue. “Fine. I’ll drive you there tonight.”

“Deal,” Jayde said softly, resolute.

She wasn’t one for small talk.

After tucking Lele into bed, Jayde got ready. She knew Simone would try to trip her up—but she was ready.

Simone, meanwhile, had been watching her closely—but hadn’t expected Bonian to show up too.

Still, she didn’t flinch. This was business.

In a private room, just the two of them, Jayde slid the proposal across the table. “I want to handle this project personally. If you need legal defense—”

“Defense?” Simone cut her off with a laugh. “You have no leverage. Why not get Bonian to do it?”

She was hitting low. Bonian had made it clear at the banquet—his license was gone.

“If you’re here to talk, then talk,” Jayde snapped. “Don’t waste my time.”

Simone leaned back with a smirk. “Relax, it was just a joke. Didn’t anyone teach you to keep your cool during a negotiation?”

“Nope,” Jayde shot back coldly. Simone didn’t respect her—so she wasn’t playing nice.

“You used to know how this industry worked,” Simone said, casually cruel. “What happened? Bonian got you forgetting your roots?”

Jayde had come alone, leaving her driver, Jeffrey, at the door. Simone saw that as a chance to go in for the kill.

“What am I doing here, Simone?” Jayde stood, her voice sharp and commanding.

Simone’s smirk wavered under the pressure.

“I don’t care why you’re here,” Simone snapped back. “You’re in front of me—that makes me the client. Act like it.”

Jayde laughed. “Client? We haven’t signed anything. You don’t want this deal, and I don’t have to take your crap.”

She’d hoped Simone would be more professional, but clearly not.

“If you’re not serious, I’m done,” Jayde said. “And if you come for me again, I won’t let it slide. Back off—while you still can.”

She turned to leave—then the door opened.

Bonian stepped inside, eyes blazing.

He’d let Simone off easy at the banquet—but now she’d crossed the line.

“You set this meeting up just to humiliate my wife?” he said, his voice laced with contempt. “Go ahead. Keep going.”

Simone froze. She thought he was waiting outside—not standing right in front of her.

His presence hit her like a wave.

“It’s just business,” she stammered. “If you think this is personal, maybe you shouldn’t be here.”

Bonian laughed coldly. “Business? This? You think this is some high-stakes, national-level project?”

“I…” Simone’s voice faltered.

She’d come here to rattle Jayde—but Jayde had flipped the table. And now Bonian was here too.

“What, we misunderstood you?” Bonian took a step forward, his tone cutting. “You saying we got it wrong?”

Simone shrank back, clutching her head. “Don’t—don’t hit me!”

Jayde couldn't help it. She laughed.

Chapter 876

Bonian snatched the proposal off the table.

Simone faltered, clearly not expecting that. Color rose in her cheeks, but she recovered fast, her voice sharp. "That's my project. Can you do it or not?"

Jayde couldn't read Bonian's expression.

She didn't want Simone to win—especially not after that smug entrance. The woman had come in swinging, clearly playing dirty. Why give her the satisfaction?

But then Bonian glanced at Jayde. His lips curved—just a subtle smile—but it told her everything. *I've got you.*

"We can handle it," he said calmly.

He wasn't talking to Simone. He was talking to her.

Simone misread it completely. "Hear that, Jayde? Your boss says it's a go. Nothing to say now, huh?"

Jayde clenched her jaw.

Bonian turned to Simone, expression darkening. "Ms. Leger, I said we can take on the project. That doesn't mean you get to run wild in my company. Show my secretary some respect, or you'll be escorted out."

Simone's smirk evaporated.

Jayde felt a rush of vindication. She wasn't thrilled about the project—but Bonian standing up for her made it bearable. She took the file from him. "Fine. I'm in."

Simone narrowed her eyes, but turned her attention back to Bonian with a smirk. "Don't let me down, Secretary Leung."

After Simone left, Jayde turned to him. "You could've said no. Why agree?"

Bonian shrugged. "If we say no, she'll keep finding ways to mess with you. This way, we shut her down—on our terms."

Jayde considered it. "Yeah... You're right."

Still, she was annoyed with herself for letting Simone get under her skin.

Bonian noticed. His voice softened. “Don’t beat yourself up. You’re still learning. You’ll get there.”

Jayde exhaled, grounding herself.

Simone’s project was no small feat—and she was clearly betting Jayde would crash and burn.

But Jayde wasn’t about to let her win.

By the next day, after hours of brainstorming, she had a working draft—a full plan with contingencies, visuals, and impact metrics.

She found Bonian in his office. “Got a minute?”

He looked up, visibly worn. The stress was etched on his face—his father had stepped away from the company, Ethan was MIA, and everything had fallen on Bonian’s shoulders.

Jayde hesitated. “You look exhausted. I’ll ask someone else—”

But Bonian grabbed the document before she could retreat. “Who else are you showing this to?”

She blinked. “I just didn’t want to add to your load.”

“It’s fine,” he said, already scanning the pages, his eyes focused despite the weariness.

Jayde’s heart softened. Even dead tired, he still made time for her.

After a few minutes, Bonian rubbed his eyes, then smiled. “This is solid. Just one minor adjustment.”

Jayde leaned in, soaking in his feedback like a sponge. He explained clearly, methodically—his teacher mode, as sharp as ever.

The afternoon slipped by.

Jayde dove into revisions, completely absorbed.

When Bonian finished his own work, he glanced over and sighed. She was still at it.

He walked over, tugging her gently from the chair.

Startled, Jayde resisted. “Bonian, I’m not done—”

He pointed to his watch. “Check the time.”

She glanced down and gasped. “Lele!”

Bonian raised an eyebrow, amused. “The nanny already picked him up.”

Jayde let out a breath, half-relieved, half-guilty.

“No overtime pay for you,” Bonian teased. “Let’s go.”

He pulled her out of the chair like a stubborn root.

In the car, traffic crawled. Jayde stared out the window, her mind still on the proposal... until she noticed how antsy Bonian looked.

“You seem eager to get home,” she said.

Bonian shrugged. “I haven’t spent enough time with Lele lately. I miss him.”

Her chest tightened. Lele had said something similar the night before.

Guilt gnawed at her. She was always chasing something—work, progress, approval.

They arrived home half an hour later.

Jayde rang the doorbell. No answer.

A chill ran through her. “Is no one home?”

She opened the door—and—

Bang!

Confetti and streamers exploded. Pink balloons. Laughter.

“Happy birthday, Mom!” Lele yelled, popping out from behind the door.

Jayde stood frozen, eyes wide.

The living room glowed with warm light, a feast laid out, a cake towering on the table.

Norah grinned beside Cooper. “These two cooked this whole plan up. Don’t be mad—we had to keep it secret.”

Jayde turned to Bonian, who sheepishly held out a bouquet of red roses.

Chapter 877

Jayde stared at the roses. Deep red. Fragrant. Thoughtful.

“You were in on this?” she asked, touched.

“Guilty,” Bonian said, a soft smile on his lips. “Will these buy me forgiveness?”

Jayde accepted them, grinning. “I’ll think about it.”

Bonian chuckled, glancing away to hide his grin.

Lele peeked through his fingers, giggling.

Norah cleared her throat. “Alright, lovebirds. Save it for later. The food’s getting cold.”

Jayde scooped up Lele and joined the table.

The nanny was gone, and Norah was already serving.

“Wait,” Jayde said, “Did you cook all this?”

Norah nodded. “Your husband helped.”

Jayde turned to Bonian, surprised. “You were at work all day.”

He ladled soup into her bowl, nonchalant. “Some dishes needed prep. I had someone teach me. Made them last night and left them in the fridge.”

Jayde’s jaw dropped. Her heart swelled.

She hadn’t celebrated her birthday in years.

And now... this?

Lele tugged her sleeve. “You’re not mad, right? I helped, too!”

Jayde laughed, pinching his cheek. “I’m not mad. I’m happy. Now eat—you helped make it.”

She sliced the cake, but the kids devoured most of it. The adults passed on the sugar—except Lele, who went for seconds.

Later, Jayde walked Norah to the car. Cooper was already dozing in her arms.

Norah winked. “Your husband’s got another surprise hidden in the house. Look around.”

Jayde blinked. “There’s *more*?”

Norah rolled her eyes. “Some people don’t know how good they have it. If it were me, I’d want surprises every hour.”

Jayde chuckled. “I’m not complaining. It’s just... overwhelming.”

Norah smiled. "He's good to you. You chose well."

Jayde lingered in the chilly air.

A moment later, Bonian appeared, wrapping his coat around her shoulders.

"Everyone's gone," he murmured. "Let's go in."

She nodded. "Norah says you're hiding something."

He raised a brow. "You'll have to find it."

Jayde grumbled, but warmth spread through her.

The surprise wasn't hard to find.

Under her pillow sat a photo. Emmie and her mom, smiling beneath a famous tower overseas. A rare, joyful moment.

Jayde's breath caught. "Where did you get this?"

Bonian came up behind her. "I didn't. They sent it."

He explained: a letter had arrived yesterday—snail mail, timed for her birthday. No return address. But unmistakably from them.

Jayde gently framed the photo, placing it by her bedside.

She didn't cry. But her heart was full.

—

The next morning, Simone swaggered into Lepage's office in heels sharp enough to cut concrete.

She leaned against Jayde's desk. "So? Got anything for my project?"

Jayde looked up calmly. "Yes."

Simone laughed like it was a joke. "No worries if you don't. I'm not here to make your life hard."

"You sure about that?" Jayde replied dryly.

"Not even a little," Simone smirked. "Come on. I brought my team. Show us your PPT."

Jayde stood. "This way."

They headed into a conference room. Simone's five-person team followed, all eyes on Jayde like sharks smelling blood.

The projector flickered. Jayde tapped it, frowning.

Simone pounced. "What's wrong, Secretary Leung? No presentation? You work for a billion-dollar company and can't run a projector?"

Jayde gave her a long look.

"Relax," she said, plugging in a backup.

The screen came to life.

Simone's smirk faltered.

Jayde clicked the first slide.

"Let's begin."

Chapter 878

Jayde gave Simone a look that could cut steel.

Just because she wasn't a secretary anymore didn't mean she didn't know how to build a killer presentation.

Simone blinked, thrown off. "What? I can't ask questions now?"

Jayde smirked and started the presentation. Her slides were polished, her talking points airtight.

"Any questions, Ms. Leger?" she asked, voice sharp as a blade.

She'd prepared for every possible trap Simone might set.

Back at Mei Se, she'd held Bonian back from tearing Simone apart—and now, she'd shown why.

Simone finally saw it. Jayde wasn't just a pretty face. She was strategic, polished, powerful. No wonder Bonian chose her.

Simone exhaled. "I'll sign off on this. And I won't mess with you again."

Jayde smiled. "Better a friend than a foe. You're no slouch either."

Simone bowed—low. A full ninety degrees.

Gasps echoed. Simone was a heavy-hitter. No one expected her to bow to Jayde.

Jayde wasn't just Bonian's wife now. She'd earned this.

Later, she brought the signed deal to Bonian, glowing.

He beamed. "Knew my wife would kill it."

"And you wanted me to stay home," she said, arching a brow.

Bonian laughed and pulled her into his arms. "Boss lady it is. Now what's for dinner?"

Jayde grinned. "Let's cook. You've been slammed all day—don't you want to hang with Lele?"

"Whatever you say."

They got home just after sunset. Mrs. Lepage, mostly recovered, was cooking even with the nanny's help.

"I told you I've got this," she said, frowning. "You don't need to rush back."

Jayde took her hand. "Mom, we know you mean well. But Lele's in school now. He needs us around."

Mrs. Lepage softened. But then, she pushed. "Perfect time for more kids. I'll raise them. Won't that be nice?"

Jayde hesitated. Bonian stepped in.

"Not a bad idea," he said carefully, "but we're good with Lele for now."

Mrs. Lepage's eyes narrowed. "Something wrong with you two?"

Bonian sighed. "Yeah. It's me. Been to doctors—low sperm count. Stress, they said."

She gasped and stormed off to Mr. Lepage. "He's breaking down! You better take the company back. One grandkid isn't enough!"

Mr. Lepage turned pale. "Low sperm count? That's serious?"

Mrs. Lepage began brewing bitter tonics. "I'll fix him if it kills me."

Bonian stared at the murky liquid. "Mom, no. We're happy. If it's just Lele, that's enough."

Mrs. Lepage scowled. "You're just dodging me."

He didn't deny it. "Jayde and I have a full plate. Let us rest. And you too—you're still healing."

She scoffed. "You act like we're poor."

Chapter 879

Bonian chuckled. "Mom, think about Jayde. She's been grinding for four years raising Lele. She deserves a break—not another ten months of nausea and swollen feet."

Mrs. Lepage's protests fizzled.

"We'll have more kids," Bonian added. "When the time's right."

She grumbled but relented. "Fine. Just don't let Jayde think I'm pushing her."

"She knows you mean well."

Jayde walked up then, smiling, and the tension in Mrs. Lepage's chest eased.

"Take her out," she told Bonian. "The house and company are fine. You two need a break."

"On it," Bonian said.

Upstairs, Jayde was still riding high from the Simone deal. But her mind drifted.

"Let's release Livia," she said. "She's not the villain. She just... loved you too much."

"You're really okay with that?"

Jayde nodded. "I'm not holding grudges. Before me, your mom practically arranged the engagement. It's over now."

"I never saw her that way," Bonian muttered.

"I know. Let her go. She's not my enemy anymore."

He nodded. "I'll handle it."

When Livia was released, she was in disbelief.

"Why now?" she asked the man who came for her. "Isn't this too easy?"

"Ask Mr. Lepage," he replied curtly.

"Which one?"

The man gave her a look. "Who do you think?"

It could only be Bonian.

Shaken, she eventually found him—standing beside Jayde, the two of them unmistakably in love.

Jayde approached first.

“You got Bonian to let me go?” Livia asked, voice cracking.

Jayde nodded. “Holding onto it means we’re stuck in the past. Bonian and I moved on. You should too.”

The word *passerby* stung.

“Thanks for the reminder,” Livia said quietly. “You’re a better person than me.”

Jayde was firm but not cruel. “Your family’s safe now. Get back to your life. Don’t waste it on someone who didn’t choose you.”

Livia said nothing. She couldn’t.

Jayde smiled faintly. “Go home. We’ll catch up sometime. Your friend’s my business partner now.”

She turned and walked away.

Livia watched her go, heart sinking. Jayde had nothing handed to her, yet she still shined brighter.

Back with Bonian, Jayde caught his worried gaze.

“You think I’m that fragile?” she teased.

“I’m just scared to lose you,” he admitted, gripping her shoulders. “I fought too hard to have you. I’m not letting anyone take that away.”

Chapter 880

Jayde hugged him tight. “I know. I’m right here.”

“Always,” Bonian murmured.

Those four years apart still haunted him. Every morning, he’d wake up and check if she was really there—only exhaling when he saw her sleeping beside him.

He wanted her close. He wanted her to thrive. Hell, he was even considering his mom’s push for more kids. A noisy, love-filled house didn’t sound so bad anymore.

So Bonian planned a banquet—not just to flex, but to celebrate Jayde. With Kevin’s influence, the capital’s elite would show.

Hosting it was easy. Kevin, his best friend, would show up for sure.

But the gossip came hard and fast.

“He gave up law to be a CEO? Whatever. But what’s with his wife’s background?”

“Didn’t Mr. Edwards marry a secretary, too?”

“Wait... are they in love? Is Bonian copying Kevin after a breakup?”

“Bonian’s obsessed with Kevin. It’s creepy.”

Bonian was stunned. Did these people really have nothing better to do?

Before he could react, Kevin stepped in.

He had Jeffrey round up the rumor-spreaders and personally set the record straight. “Listen up—Bonian’s my brother. You’re saying our lives are some soap opera? You don’t know anything.”

“Norah and I? Apart five years, had a kid. Different story,” he said. “Jayde wasn’t some dramatic love interest. She was his secretary. That’s it.”

“Ye Corp’s shares are Norah’s. So stop twisting the narrative. Next time, you won’t be making your apology on stage—you’ll be making it in court.”

Bonian then took the mic. “Jayde is my secretary—for now. I placed her at Lepage’s to be close to my dad. The company ran into problems, so I took over and gave up my license. She’s studying law. She’ll be an incredible attorney soon.”

His words weren’t just explanations—they were shields, protecting Jayde from every angle.

Jayde stood up. “They’re friends. That’s all. Stop spreading garbage without evidence.”

She added coldly, “Keep it up, and I’ll sue.”

Her deal with Simone had already made waves. Add Bonian’s backing and her recent wins? No one dared test her.

The banquet was supposed to be Jayde’s moment. Instead, it became a PR cleanup for Bonian and Kevin. Bonian felt terrible.

“Sorry, man,” he told Kevin. “Didn’t see that coming.”

Kevin shrugged. “We’ve been through worse. You think this bothers me? Gossips don’t get to control our lives.”

And he didn’t stop at the public scolding. Kevin had Jeffrey dig up the sources and handled them privately.

As he and Norah left, she teased, “Not the first time you and Bonian got shipped together.”

Kevin laughed. “People are wild. I’m married, have a kid, and they’re still at it.”

“Some folks just love drama,” Norah muttered. “But hey, you’re mine. Doesn’t matter what they say.”

Kevin leaned close. “Exactly. Guy, girl—I’m into *you*. That’s all.”

Norah smirked. “Bold words, old man.”

Kevin grinned. “Why hide it? But we’ve got business at home too.”

“What’s the rush?” she asked.

He leaned in, whispering, “Bonian’s got one kid already. We can’t fall behind.”

Norah groaned and smacked his chest. “You *promised*—no more kids! Men and their lies.”

Kevin chuckled. “Big family doesn’t sound so bad. Your brother’s with the Yi tribe. My family’s gone. Just us now.”

“Giving birth *hurts*,” she snapped. “You try it.”

He kissed her cheek. “If science ever figures it out, I’ll be first in line.”

“Save it,” she grumbled, rolling her eyes.

Kevin nudged the driver. “Step on it.”

Norah shot him a glare. She was definitely plotting something.

The banquet shut down the rumors. Bonian was relieved.

Jayde wanted to defend him, but she knew her real power would come from standing on her own. Becoming a lawyer wasn’t just her dream—it was her way of writing her own story.

“I can find another secretary,” she told Bonian. “But I earned this path. I can’t let it go now.”