

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 101

Chapter 101

Siena glanced at Kevin lying in the hospital bed, her expression tense.

If he's interested in this girl, it means he still thinks about Bianca.

That's a good sign.

Lola was focused on Kevin and said to Siena, "Kevin needs someone to take care of him. How about I stay and look after him?"

"No way," Siena quickly responded. "You're pregnant. You need to take care of yourself. Come back to Edwards' house with me. Kevin has people to take care of him."

Lola wanted to stay and take care of Kevin, hoping to grow closer to him now that Norah wasn't around. But with Siena insisting, she couldn't argue. "Alright then," she said reluctantly.

She looked back at Kevin, disappointed but hopeful that once he recovered, they'd see each other more often.

Siena was worried about Bianca. Kevin was injured and in the hospital, and things were tense between him and Norah. If Bianca showed up, she might have a chance.

Siena had always wanted Bianca as her daughter-in-law. So, she quickly messaged Bianca: "Bianca, Kevin is hurt. Come quickly."

Bianca was in the middle of getting her makeup done on set, preparing for a scene with a well-known director. Although she wasn't the lead actress, her role was significant, and Kevin had helped her get it.

If the show aired, it could be her big break. Bianca was focused on her career, determined to make the most of this opportunity to reach Kevin's level.

Just as she received the message from Siena, her expression changed drastically, and she stood up abruptly, almost causing the makeup artist to mess up her eyebrows.

Her assistant said, “Ms. Lynch, what’s going on? We’re in the middle of makeup.”

Bianca sat back down, her face serious, gripping her phone tightly. “Kevin’s injured. He needs someone to take care of him. I have to go.”

The assistant was shocked. “Ms. Lynch, you’re about to film a crucial scene. If you leave now, you’ll miss this big opportunity, and Sasha and the others are watching. Don’t act impulsively!”

Bianca was torn. This was her chance, yet she didn’t want to miss another opportunity to be there for Kevin. Everything she was doing was to win Kevin’s heart.

She wanted him to see that she was the one meant to be by his side.

“No, I have to go to the hospital,” Bianca decided, standing up. “Cleo, tell the director there’s an emergency. I need him to delay filming for a day.”

The assistant protested, “Ms. Lynch…”

But Bianca was firm. “I can shoot any time, but Kevin has done so much for me. He needs to know my value, and I must go to the hospital to take care of him!”

She wiped off the makeup that had taken an hour to put on.

The director saw her and yelled, “Bianca, what are you doing? We’re about to start filming, and you’ve taken off all your makeup!”

Bianca replied, “I have to go to the hospital.”

“What about the shoot?” the director asked, frustrated.

“Kevin is in the hospital, and I need to check on him,” Bianca said, worried.

The director, knowing Kevin was behind her role, had to let her go, even though he was annoyed.

“Alright, go then,” he said, clearly upset but accepting.

Bianca was relieved she didn't lose the role and promised, "Thank you, director. After the show wraps, Kevin and I will take you out for dinner."

She left quickly, while the other actors grumbled.

"Director, why does the whole crew have to wait just because of her? I didn't even visit my sick mother!" one actor complained.

The director sighed, "Because she's Bianca, and she has connections."

"Bianca always gets special treatment," Sasha's assistant muttered.

Sasha, though frustrated, shrugged it off. "The director said so. Bianca's different. Some people are just born to be stars."

Bianca's role was a major part, and she already had a better setup than the others. Kevin's influence made sure she got the best of everything.

Other actors had to accept it. They couldn't do anything but offer her respect, knowing Kevin backed her up.

Kevin lay in his hospital bed, not getting better. In fact, he felt worse.

Kian, his assistant, said, "Mr. Edwards, you haven't eaten all day. Please, have something."

Kevin's face was cold as he looked at his phone. No messages from Norah, only work emails and some polite well-wishes. He was disappointed.

"Has Norah been here?" Kevin asked Kian.

"No, sir," Kian replied. "Many people came to visit, but I told them you were resting. Mrs. Edwards hasn't shown up."

Kevin's expression darkened. He thought about how Norah used to worry even about a small cut on his hand, but now she didn't care at all. She had openly said she wanted a divorce in front of her parents.

Anger and frustration built up in him. He almost broke the drip line from squeezing it too hard.

Kian noticed the blood starting to flow back into the IV line and quickly adjusted it. "Mr. Edwards, please, you have to calm down, or the blood will back up into the bottle."

Kevin's thoughts were consumed with Norah's absence and how distant she had become.

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Chapter 102

No matter how upset you are, you shouldn't take it out on your health.

Kevin couldn't hear Kian's words; his mind was consumed with thoughts of Norah and how determined she looked as she walked away from him.

He needed to see her again.

"Call Norah," Kevin said, his face cold and serious.

Kian hesitated for a moment, unsure of Kevin's intentions. He was surprised to see Kevin's marriage in such turmoil. He always thought that Mr. Edwards respected Norah's wishes and kept their relationship private.

He used to believe that Kevin truly liked Norah, but now it seemed that wasn't entirely the case.

Despite his thoughts, Kian took out his phone. "Okay, Mr. Edwards."

He called Norah, who was at home helping her parents settle in after her father, Jack, insisted on being discharged from the hospital. The doctor had assured them that his fracture wasn't too severe.

Norah was also dealing with a call from the police station, where Linda and Sierra were being held on charges of defamation. The police had asked if she wanted to press charges against them.

As Norah reached home, she thought it was another call from the police station and said to her mother, Gwen, "Mom, I'll take this call."

"Alright," Gwen said, thinking that since Norah and Kevin were planning to divorce, it wasn't appropriate for her to stay at the Edwards household.

“Norah, I’ll get your room ready here at home. You can stay with us for a while.”

Norah nodded, walked outside, and answered the call. “Hello.”

“Secretary White,” Kian began, but then hesitated, unsure of what Kevin wanted him to say.

Realizing the call wasn’t from the police station, Norah asked, “What’s going on, Mr. Kian?”

Kevin, with an emotionless face, said coldly, “Tell Norah that my clothes are stained with blood, and it’s uncomfortable. I need to change.”

Kian relayed the message. “Mr. Edwards says his clothes are stained with blood and he’s feeling uncomfortable. He needs a fresh set.”

Norah paused for a moment, confused about why Kevin needed her for this. “If he needs to change, can’t you just get him some clothes?” she replied.

Kian glanced at Kevin, who looked displeased. “She said you can change without her help,” Kian said softly to Kevin.

Kevin’s face darkened. “Tell her there are plenty of clothes at home—she should be the one to get them.”

Kian passed on the message.

Norah, growing more frustrated, said, “I’m not at the Edwards house right now. I’m at my own home and busy.”

Kian relayed her response carefully. “Mr. Edwards, Secretary White says she’s not available.”

“I know you don’t know where things are,” Kevin said, slightly annoyed. “Tell her I want to wear that white checkered sweater. Only she knows where it is.”

Kian conveyed Kevin’s request.

Norah sighed and replied, “The clothes are stored in the left side of the cloakroom. The maid should be able to find them easily.”

Kian repeated this to Kevin, who still seemed dissatisfied. “And the camel-colored coat?” he asked.

“It’s hanging in the closet,” Norah answered.

Kevin then said, “Forget the sweater. Get me a suit and find that blue tie—the one with the vertical pattern.”

Norah, tired of the back-and-forth, replied, “The tie is in the twenty-eighth slot of the tie box.”

She added quickly, “All the suits and shirts, except for the ones sent for dry cleaning, are in the wardrobe. The ties are organized by color in the tie box. Everything is easy to find.”

Norah’s precise answers left Kevin momentarily speechless. She knew his wardrobe inside out, recalling every detail without hesitation.

“Is there anything else, Mr. Kian?” Norah asked, sensing the silence on the other end.

Kian was surprised by her detailed knowledge. He looked at Kevin, who was visibly upset—not because she made a mistake, but because she hadn’t made any at all.

Norah realized that Kevin was just looking for an excuse to bother her. She decided not to drag it out any further. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll be hanging up now.”

Before Kian could respond, Norah ended the call.

She took a deep breath. In the past, if Kevin needed something, she would have rushed to get it for him without question. Refusing him felt difficult, but she knew she had to be firm.

Kian turned to Kevin and said cautiously, “Mr. Edwards, Secretary White has ended the call.”

Kevin’s expression darkened even more. This wasn’t the reaction he expected from Norah. She seemed so indifferent, so different from her usual self.

Just then, Norah’s phone rang again. It was Kian.

“Secretary White,” he said, “Mr. Edwards asked the maid to look for the sweater he wanted, but they couldn’t find it. He needs you to come in person.”

Norah frowned. “They couldn’t find it? That’s impossible.”

“Mr. Edwards is getting cold,” Kian said, almost pleading. “His condition isn’t great, and if he catches a fever, the wound might get infected. You know how particular he is. No one understands him like you do. Please think about Mr. Edwards.”

Hearing this, Norah hesitated. Despite everything, she knew Kevin was injured because of her. Ignoring him completely wasn’t something she could do.

“Alright,” she finally said. “I’ll come by and get it for him.”

Dear Reader, I apologize for my recent absence. I am now committed to updating this novel consistently. Your support means a lot to me and motivates me to continue publishing more chapters. Thank you for staying with me!

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 103

Chapter 103

“Alright then, I’ll leave it to you,” Kian said politely to Kevin, his expression softening a bit, a hint of relief visible on his face.

Norah had planned to have dinner with her parents, but now that wasn’t possible. As she watched Gwen making the bed, she approached and said, “Mom, I need to go out for a while, so I can’t join you and Dad for dinner.”

Gwen looked up. “Is something wrong?”

“Just work-related,” Norah replied.

Gwen stepped closer to Norah. “Norah, if you want to change jobs, then do it. There are plenty of good opportunities out there.”

She genuinely cared about Norah. After all, Norah was going to divorce and still lingering around Kevin; her position was awkward and uncomfortable.

“I understand, Mom,” Norah said.

Norah had the same thoughts. Being divorced, it was indeed difficult to stay close to Kevin.

She left her parents’ house and returned to the Edwards’ Mansion.

As she entered, the maid greeted her respectfully, “Madam,” as if nothing had changed.

Norah removed her shoes and asked, “Did you find the sweater?”

The maid, looking confused, replied, “What sweater?”

Norah frowned. “Didn’t Kevin ask you to find a sweater?”

“No, Sir hasn’t called back,” the maid answered.

Norah was taken aback. Kevin hadn’t called or explained, yet he insisted she return home. Was he setting her up on purpose?

“Ms. White.”

Norah turned her head and saw Lola sitting calmly at the dining table, enjoying her meal, served by the maid.

Gone was the timid, fragile girl Norah first met. Now, Lola looked polished, her clothes branded, her complexion glowing. She appeared more like the lady of the house than the outsider she once was.

Norah couldn’t help but wonder—had Siena approved of this, or had Kevin turned a blind eye to it?

Lola put her bowl down and casually said, “It feels too formal to call you Ms. White, but I guess that’s what I’ll stick with.”

Norah detected the hidden meaning in Lola’s words, implying she was just another woman in Kevin’s life.

With a cold stare, Norah asked, “What are you trying to say?”

Lola, smiling, responded, “Oh, nothing really. I just wanted to let you know that I don’t need to stay at that lonely villa anymore. I can live here now. This place will be my home soon.”

Lola’s words carried a hint of arrogance, as if she were already assuming the role of the future mistress of the house. With Norah and Kevin’s divorce looming, Lola seemed determined to make it clear she would be taking Norah’s place in Kevin’s life.

Norah thought of Bianca, someone Siena valued deeply. Would she really allow someone like Lola to take over?

In a calm voice, Norah said, “Good luck with that.”

She turned and went upstairs.

Lola followed her up the stairs.

Norah turned back, confused, and Lola smirked, “I have to keep an eye on the house, you know. Wouldn’t want anything missing when my aunt returns.”

“I’m just getting a sweater for Kevin,” Norah said.

Lola grinned. “If that’s all it is, there’s no need to trouble you. I can easily deliver it to Kevin myself.”

Norah watched as Lola confidently walked toward Kevin’s room, already imagining herself living there with him.

“This is Kevin’s room,” Lola said, touching the bed lightly. “It’s much warmer and cozier than the villa.”

Seeing Lola’s gesture, Norah’s demeanor turned icy. She grabbed Lola’s hand, stopping her. “Do you even know which one he prefers?”

Lola shrugged. “It’s just a sweater. I can handle it.”

Norah’s face remained calm. “If you want to be in my position, you need to prove you’re worthy. Kevin is very particular. Like today, he wants either a white or black sweater. If you get it wrong... it won’t end well.”

“You’re just trying to scare me!” Lola snapped. “He wants to stay warm; it doesn’t matter what color it is.”

Lola opened the closet and grabbed a thick sweater and a coat.

“I’ll take these to him,” she said with determination, eager to prove herself to Kevin.

Norah watched Lola leave, thinking it might be best to let her go. But knowing Kevin’s picky nature...

She opened the closet, picked out a white plaid sweater, and packed it up along with other winter clothes. She also added a suit, just in case he needed it.

Lola arrived at the hospital first.

As she reached the ward, she heard Kevin’s angry voice from inside: “Who told you to come here? Take this trash and get out!”

The sound of things being thrown followed.

Lola was stunned, terrified by Kevin’s outburst. He was like an enraged lion, ignoring the fact that she was carrying his child.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she quickly turned to leave.

The clothes she had brought for Kevin were also thrown out after her, landing like discarded trash.

Humiliated and shocked, Lola saw Norah standing nearby.

“You did this on purpose, didn’t you?” Lola accused, her voice trembling. “Kevin didn’t even want a sweater, and you set me up to humiliate me!”

Norah said nothing, her expression unreadable.

Lola, desperate to save face, continued, “You only married Kevin because you stayed by his side for so long! One day, he’ll like me too!”

Norah had planned to ignore Lola, but seeing the defiant look in her eyes, she stopped, turned back, and slapped Lola across the face.

Lola was stunned, holding her cheek in shock.

Norah's voice was cold. "I'm still Kevin's wife. You dare speak so shamelessly in front of me? Watch your mouth."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 104

Chapter 104

Norah was usually calm and composed, rarely showing anger. She never argued, even when provoked, and often remained silent when others tried to take advantage of her.

However, today was different. Lola's arrogance had finally pushed Norah to her limit. Lola assumed Norah had no real standing in the Edwards family and saw herself as superior. That confidence made her bold enough to challenge Norah openly.

Norah's sudden outburst took Lola by surprise. Caught off guard and aware that Kevin was nearby, Lola knew she couldn't afford to argue back. Her only choice was to play the victim, her eyes welling up with tears as she said, "I... I'm sorry."

Norah, however, saw through Lola's act immediately. She was tired of always being the one to endure while others took advantage. "You think too highly of yourself," Norah said coldly. "Take a good look in the mirror, Lola. You walk into the Edwards family acting like you're the mistress, but you're nothing more than a woman with no status."

Lola's face flushed with anger as Norah's words hit their mark, humiliating her and wounding her pride. Tears fell from Lola's eyes, and she stammered, "Ms. White, I know I was wrong. I misunderstood you. Please, don't hit me anymore!"

Just then, the door to the ward opened, and Kevin stepped out. His expression was stern as he noticed Lola crying and covering her face, while Norah stood there, calm and unbothered.

Kevin's gaze shifted to Norah. He felt a surge of anger—not because of what Lola had done, but because Norah seemed unaffected by another woman's attempts to win his favor. He couldn't shake the feeling that Norah didn't care

whether he found comfort elsewhere. To her, the sooner they divorced, the better.

“What are you two doing out here?” Kevin asked coldly.

Lola quickly seized the opportunity to play the victim, her voice trembling as she said, “I made a mistake. I said something offensive to Ms. White, and I thought she had set me up to upset you. I didn’t mean it, and I promise it won’t happen again.”

Kevin’s eyes turned to Norah, searching for an answer. “Did you send her here with those clothes?” he asked, his tone accusatory.

Norah met his gaze calmly. “What do you think?” she replied evenly.

Kevin’s frustration only grew. “You can’t wait to divorce me, can you?” he said, his voice full of bitterness. To him, Norah’s indifference spoke volumes.

Norah remained composed as she picked up the clothes that had been thrown to the ground. “If you don’t like them, then don’t wear them,” she said simply. “There’s no need for such a temper.”

She took out a sweater from the bag and handed it to him. “This is the one I thought you might want.”

Kevin’s anger lessened a bit when he saw that Norah had brought the clothes herself, rather than sending Lola. But he couldn’t help but ask, “Then why was she here if you already brought the clothes?”

Norah turned to Lola, her expression unreadable. “You should ask her that. She insisted on coming despite my advice. I won’t be blamed for her actions.”

Kevin looked at Lola, waiting for an explanation. She hesitated, realizing her plan had backfired. “I just wanted to help,” she said meekly. “I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

Kevin’s face hardened. “Get out,” he said firmly.

Lola was stunned by Kevin’s coldness, a far cry from the man who once showed her kindness. She looked at Norah with resentment, convinced that if it weren’t for her, Kevin would still treat her well.

Lola fled in tears, and on her way out, she accidentally bumped into Bianca.

“Watch where you’re going!” Bianca’s assistant scolded as she helped steady Bianca, who was struggling with her high heels.

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Lola stammered, wiping away her tears.

“It’s fine,” Bianca said kindly, brushing off the incident before continuing on her way to Kevin’s room.

When Bianca entered the ward, she was surprised to see Kevin looking weak and pale. “Kevin, are you okay?” she asked, her voice full of concern.

Kevin’s eyes softened slightly as he saw Bianca, though he still kept his guard up. “You shouldn’t have come all this way. Aren’t you busy with filming?” he asked.

“I heard you were hurt, and I had to see you,” Bianca said, tears glistening in her eyes. “Please, tell me where you’re injured.”

“It’s nothing serious,” Kevin said, his voice gentler now. “Don’t worry about me. You should get back to your work.”

But Bianca couldn’t hide her worry as she sat by his side, determined to stay with him despite his protests.

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Chapter 105

“How could I not be worried? You’re in the hospital!” Bianca said, her eyes filling with tears. “You scared me the last time this happened. I can’t bear to see you lying here again—it keeps me up at night. Filming is nothing compared to you. I’d rather give it up and stay by your side.”

Kevin suddenly remembered a time when he had been gravely injured—an injury that almost cost him his life. Bianca had been the one who saved him.

“There won’t be another incident like that,” he said firmly.

Still anxious, Bianca looked at him with tear-filled eyes. “You promised me before that you’d never let yourself get hurt again if it meant seeing me sad. Please, don’t punish me by risking your life.”

That moment brought back memories of the time when Kevin had narrowly escaped death. Bianca had watched over him for seven days and nights without much sleep. Since then, even the smallest injury made her worry deeply, afraid he would fall unconscious again. That’s why, the moment she heard he was hurt, she rushed back from the film set.

She couldn’t bear the thought of losing him again. She also wanted Kevin to understand that no matter what happened between them, her feelings for him had never changed. She hoped he remembered that his life was intertwined with hers.

Kevin knew Bianca’s devotion to him. Her kindness was something he couldn’t ignore. He felt a responsibility to give her a reason to believe in life again after everything she’d lost.

“I understand,” he replied.

Outside the room, Norah stood with the food she had bought for Kevin. She’d heard from Kian that Kevin wasn’t eating well, and his strength was fading. Worried about his health, she went out to get him something light to eat, knowing his preferences well.

But as she reached the door, she overheard the conversation between Kevin and Bianca. Their bond seemed deeper than she had imagined.

Norah had been with Kevin for seven years, but Bianca knew him longer and more intimately. There were memories between them that Norah could only guess at—Kevin had never shared those parts of his life with her. Listening to their conversation, Norah realized they had been through life-and-death situations together.

A pang of discomfort hit her. She, too, had shared life-and-death moments with Kevin, yet he seemed to remember only Bianca. Watching through the crack in the door, Norah noticed the tenderness in Kevin’s eyes when Bianca cried. He was still moved by her tears.

Feeling a wave of frustration, Norah unclenched her fists and forced herself to remain composed. Quietly, she placed the food she brought on the table and left without making a scene.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Bianca wiped her tears and asked, "Can you at least tell me how you got hurt?"

Kevin remained silent, not answering her question.

Cleo, the assistant, spoke up, "Ms. Lynch, you've been worried sick about Mr. Edwards, and you even got hurt yourself rushing to see him."

Bianca quickly interrupted, "Cleo, that's enough." Then she turned to Kevin and said, "It's nothing, really."

Kevin noticed her swollen ankle and called for Kian. "Take her to see a doctor," he ordered.

"I don't need a doctor," Bianca insisted. "I can manage with some lotion. I'm used to getting hurt on set. Kian, just buy me some medicine."

Kevin nodded, agreeing to her request. "Fine, Kian, go get the medicine."

Kian left, and Bianca turned her attention back to Kevin. She missed him deeply despite her efforts to focus on her career. Although she was upset that he often prioritized Norah, she found comfort in knowing that Kevin still held some affection for her.

Peeling an apple for Kevin, she said softly, "You didn't tell me you were hurt. If it wasn't for my aunt, I wouldn't have known."

Kevin didn't respond, his eyes fixed on his phone as if waiting for something.

"Are you hurt because of Norah?" Bianca continued, her voice tinged with bitterness. "You got yourself into this state to save her, and yet she's not here to take care of you."

"She went out to get me food," Kevin said, almost defending Norah.

Bianca's dissatisfaction showed. "Food from outside isn't always clean. It would be better to get something homemade. I can bring it for you."

“No need to trouble yourself,” Kevin replied, his tone indifferent.

Moments later, Kian returned, carrying both the medicine and the food Norah had left at the door.

“Mr. Edwards, Secretary White left this food for you,” Kian said.

Kevin’s frown deepened as he looked at the bag, realizing Norah had already left. His mood soured further at the thought of her leaving so quickly.

“Mr. Edwards, the food is still hot. Do you want to eat?” Kian asked.

“No, I don’t have an appetite,” Kevin said curtly, tossing his phone aside.

Bianca added, “If he’s not hungry, we’ll bring something from home. It’ll be cleaner and more nutritious.”

She placed the peeled apple on the table. Seeing that Kevin wasn’t in the mood to talk, she decided not to press further. “I’ll step out for now,” she said. “Kian, hand me the food.”

Bianca went downstairs with the bag in her hands, glancing around as if looking for someone. Sure enough, she spotted Norah about to leave.

She called out, “Norah!”

Norah, who was just getting into her car, looked up and saw Bianca standing behind her.

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Chapter 106

Norah turned off the car, waiting quietly for Bianca to approach.

Bianca walked up, carrying the food she’d brought, a cold smile on her face. “Why are you waiting out here? Did it hurt to see me talking to Kevin?”

Norah turned her head slightly to face Bianca. “What’s your point?”

“You still haven’t answered my question,” Bianca said, her voice icy.

Norah looked away and replied calmly, “You act like you have something when there’s nothing. The more you flaunt it, the more obvious it is that you’re lacking.”

Bianca’s face darkened, anger bubbling beneath the surface. “Stop pretending you’re unaffected. Even if I’m far from Kevin, I still have a place in his heart. He set up an entire entertainment company for me and gave me the best roles because I enjoy acting. That’s proof he cares about me. And you, Norah—you’re just someone he can discard at any time!”

Norah clenched her fists at Bianca’s words, recalling the conversation she overheard between Kevin and Bonnie. She knew she had been used as a pawn in Kevin’s game to gain more power. After enduring a loveless marriage for three years, she realized it was better to walk away with her dignity intact.

Bianca smirked, her eyes full of mockery. “I’m here to dispose of the trash Kevin doesn’t need anymore,” she said, tossing the meal she brought into the trash can right in front of Norah.

With a calm demeanor, Norah said, “Some things are indeed trash, not worth holding onto. But you seem to love scavenging for what I discard. Enjoy it.”

Norah reached into the car, grabbed a document from the passenger seat, and threw it on the ground. Bianca stared at it, her eyes widening as she read the words “Divorce Agreement.”

Stunned, Bianca struggled to believe Norah had signed the agreement before her. She looked at Norah, seeing the defiant look in her eyes, a look that clearly said Bianca was taking what Norah no longer wanted.

“You’re welcome to pick it up and hand it to Kevin,” Norah said with a smirk. “What I leave behind is all yours.”

Norah started her car and drove off, the exhaust fumes leaving Bianca coughing in frustration. She had planned to humiliate Norah, but instead, Norah turned the tables.

“Norah!” Bianca shouted, gritting her teeth in rage.

Cleo rushed over. “Ms. Lynch, are you alright?” she asked, noticing Bianca’s anger.

Bianca, though reluctant, bent down and picked up the divorce agreement, knowing that it marked Norah's final break from Kevin. This was her chance to step into Norah's place.

Back in the hospital, Bianca tried to see Kevin, but his assistant Kian blocked her way. "Ms. Lynch, Mr. Edwards is resting. He prefers you return to the set," Kian said politely.

"I've already taken leave. I can stay until Kevin's discharged," Bianca insisted, trying to hide her disappointment.

Kian hesitated, then said, "Mr. Edwards needs his rest, Ms. Lynch."

Bianca, masking her irritation, handed him the food she brought. "Please give this to Kevin when he wakes up."

Kian nodded, his face betraying a flicker of surprise when he noticed the divorce agreement.

In the ward, Kevin opened his eyes as Kian approached, sensing something was off. "What is it?" Kevin asked.

Kian handed over the document. "Mr. Edwards, this was given to me by Ms. Lynch. It's from Secretary White."

Kevin's face darkened as he saw the words "Divorce Agreement" glaring back at him. He opened the document to see Norah's signature, and his expression hardened. His grip tightened, crushing the paper in his hand.

Norah arrived at the police station where Linda and Sierra were being held. They looked at her pleadingly.

"Norah, we've been waiting for you!" Linda said desperately.

"Cousin, we're truly sorry. We regret everything we've done," Sierra added, her voice trembling.

Norah's eyes were cold as she responded, "I'm here to give my statement, not to forgive anyone."

The officer asked her, "Are you sure you want to press charges?"

“Yes, I’m sure,” Norah said firmly.

Linda, losing all pretense of dignity, yelled, “Norah, how can you do this to us? You’ll be cursed for betraying your family like this!”

Norah stood her ground, knowing that sparing them now would only lead to more problems later. “Say whatever you like,” she replied calmly. “We’ll let the law handle this.”

As the officer called her over, Linda, realizing there was no mercy coming her way, shouted one last time, “Norah, you’ll never find peace! You have no conscience!”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 107

Chapter 107

Linda wasn’t ready to let Norah go. She grabbed Norah with a wild look in her eyes.

“I always knew you were nothing but trouble,” Linda screamed. “Without you, we would be fine. You’re a heartless, poisonous woman, Norah! I’ll kill you if it’s the last thing I do!”

She yanked at Norah’s hair, and Norah instinctively tried to pull away, pushing Linda off. In the struggle, Linda’s long nails scratched Norah’s cheek, leaving deep marks.

One of the police officers stepped in and said, “Ma’am, this is a police station. Your actions could get you detained.”

Linda, blinded by rage, shouted, “Detain me if you want! As long as I can take her down with me, I’ll die happy! Even if I have to drag her to hell with me!”

The officers moved quickly to restrain Linda, pinning her to the ground as she continued to glare venomously at Norah.

Sierra’s face went pale, and she began to cry. “Mom, please stop! What am I supposed to do if you get detained?” She dropped to her knees in front of Norah, pleading, “Cousin, please forgive us. I swear, we’ll never trouble you again.”

Norah touched her scratched cheek, feeling the sting, but her resolve didn't waver. She met Sierra's eyes with a cold stare, making it clear she wouldn't be swayed by their pleas.

As Linda was led away, still cursing Norah, Sierra chased after her, but it was too late. Linda was handcuffed and taken away.

Back at the Edwards household, Bianca returned to a warm welcome from Siena.

"Bianca, you're back!" Siena said, smiling. "You look like you've lost some weight. Let me cook you something nice to eat."

"Auntie," Bianca replied with a smile, "It's just the nature of my job to stay slim. I promise I'm healthy, so don't worry."

Siena fussed over her. "You work too hard, Bianca. When you marry Kevin, you should just stay home with me. Forget about being an artist."

"Thank you, Auntie, but I love my job," Bianca said with a polite smile. Then, her expression turned curious. "Auntie, is that girl you mentioned still living here?"

"Yes, she's here," Siena answered. "But don't worry, she's no threat to you. I want you to be my daughter-in-law. The girl's just here to have Kevin's baby, and once the child is born, we'll take care of the baby, and she'll be gone."

Bianca's eyes widened in surprise. "Kevin has a child with another woman?"

Siena nodded. "Yes, but it's nothing to worry about. Once the baby is born, the child will be yours to raise."

Bianca's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. Knowing that Kevin's heart wasn't entirely with Norah gave her confidence that her position was secure.

"Auntie, you're always so good to me," Bianca said, holding Siena's hand with a smile. "Let's go inside."

As they entered the living room, Lola appeared and recognized Bianca immediately.

"It's you," Lola said, her expression darkening.

Bianca gave a small smile of recognition. "Oh, I remember you. From the hospital, right?"

Lola's unease was evident as she looked from Bianca to Siena. "Auntie, is this... Brother Kevin's first love?"

Bianca liked the sound of that title and casually responded, "Yes, that's me. And you must be Lola, the one expecting Kevin's baby."

Lola's hand instinctively moved to her stomach, a look of fear crossing her face.

Bianca gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. Since it's Kevin's child, we'll take good care of both you and the baby."

Lola asked nervously, "You really mean that?"

"Of course," Bianca replied gently. "You can trust Aunt Siena, can't you? She's going to treat that baby like her own grandchild."

Despite their kind words, Lola couldn't shake her anxiety. She made an excuse to leave, "Auntie, I'm feeling a bit tired. I'll go rest now."

Siena nodded, not noticing Lola's discomfort. "Alright, go get some rest."

As Lola headed upstairs, Bianca watched her go with a calculating expression. "She's young and seems to have a slight resemblance to me," she commented.

Siena smiled knowingly. "Kevin was drunk that night, and in his daze, he called out your name. That's probably why he ended up with her. He still hasn't forgotten you, Bianca."

Bianca's eyes sparkled with triumph. "Really? That's good to know. I should have come back sooner."

Siena bustled off to the kitchen, leaving Bianca to her thoughts. She was delighted that everything seemed to be aligning in her favor.

Upstairs, Cleo expressed her concern. "Ms. Lynch, are you really okay with that woman Lola having Mr. Edwards' child? What if he ends up marrying her?"

Bianca's smile turned icy. "Lola has no status, no power, and no background. She'll never be a real threat to me. Her only value is carrying that child."

"But why did you act so supportive in front of Mrs. Edwards?" Cleo asked, confused.

"Simple," Bianca replied, her eyes glinting with a hidden plan. "If I don't show kindness, Lola won't let down her guard. Once I gain her trust, she'll do whatever I need her to. It's all about using her as a pawn in this game."

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Chapter 108

Bianca refused, and so did Siena. Bianca couldn't go against Siena's wishes. She would never play the villain.

A moment later, there was a knock on the door.

Lola, who was in the room, called out, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Bianca," came the reply.

Lola hesitated before opening the door.

Bianca stood there with a smile, holding a bowl of soup. "You didn't come down, so I brought you some soup. My aunt made it—it smells delicious," she said warmly.

"I don't have an appetite," Lola replied.

Bianca set the soup on the table, glanced back, and asked, "Did my visit ruin your appetite?"

"No, no, don't think that," Lola quickly answered.

"Good," Bianca said, taking Lola's hand with a sisterly gesture. "You're still young. From now on, call me sister. If you ever need my help, just ask. I'll always be here for you."

Lola seemed overwhelmed by Bianca's kindness. "I..."

“Don’t be shy,” Bianca continued. “I’ve always wanted a sister, and you remind me so much of one. Oh, by the way, I had my assistant pick out a few children’s outfits. See if they suit your taste; if not, we can choose more together.”

Bianca pulled out two sets of baby clothes from her bag.

Lola felt touched by Bianca’s thoughtfulness. “This is so thoughtful of you, but I’m only a little over a month pregnant. My belly isn’t even showing yet.”

She looked at the tiny clothes, realizing she hadn’t thought of buying anything for the baby. They were adorable.

Bianca said, “It’s never too early to prepare. This is Kevin’s first child, the Edwards family’s firstborn. Of course, we have to make sure everything is perfect. My aunt even told me that when the baby’s born, she’d gift you a house and a car because she truly cares about you.”

Lola’s eyes lit up. If she couldn’t become Kevin’s wife, securing her financial future wasn’t a bad alternative.

“Really?” Lola asked, her voice filled with hope.

“Absolutely,” Bianca assured her. “But there’s one thing—Kevin and Norah haven’t finalized their divorce yet, and you’re staying in the Edwards house. What if Norah comes back?”

“She won’t,” Lola said confidently.

“How can you be so sure?” Bianca asked.

“I heard she’s planning to divorce Kevin. She even came back once just to pick up some of his things.”

Bianca gave Lola a concerned look. “You do know they’ve been discussing their divorce for months without any progress, right?”

Lola’s expression changed. “Months? So they might not get divorced after all?”

“Norah isn’t someone to give up easily,” Bianca said, gently stroking Lola’s hair. “She’s clever and knows how to get what she wants. Why do you think

she married Kevin in the first place? She manipulated the situation to force him into marrying her. And if she finds out you're carrying Kevin's baby, who knows what she might do."

Lola's face clouded with worry. She couldn't let Norah interfere with her plans or put her child in danger.

Bianca noticed Lola's distress and added, "Rest well, drink the soup, and take care of yourself and the baby. I'll let you be now."

As Bianca left, a faint smile crept across her lips.

Bianca's words had unsettled Lola. She knew she needed to act. She suddenly remembered Norah's aunt and cousin, wondering what their situation was.

...

Meanwhile, Norah had just exited the police station after giving a statement.

"Norah!" called a voice.

James appeared at the door, a man in his late forties with a sallow complexion and some wrinkles. He stubbed out his cigarette and threw it on the ground. "Where's your aunt?" he demanded.

Norah didn't feel much affection for her uncle, James. She remembered how distant he'd been during her childhood, taking his wife's side whenever there was trouble.

"I don't know," Norah replied coldly. "Ask the police if you want to know."

"I heard from Sierra that you put your aunt in jail! After all she did for you, this is how you repay her?" James shot back angrily.

"Actions have consequences," Norah said calmly. "She broke the law, so she's paying the price. Besides, didn't she say you were hiding from your debts? What are you doing here at the police station?"

James's face darkened. "Our family's a mess because of you! You'd better get your aunt out of there. She'll only be detained for a day, and then she's out."

Norah wasn't surprised by his attitude. James had always been unreliable. "If that's all you have to say, I'll be on my way," she said.

"Wait!" James called out, his tone changing. "I heard you married into a wealthy family."

Norah's expression hardened.

"If you're rich now, it's only fair you help out," James continued smugly. "After all, you grew up in our house, eating our food. It's payback time."

He lit another cigarette. "Five million should do it. That's nothing for someone married into the Edwards family."

Norah wasn't shocked—she knew this was coming. "Five million? That's extortion," she said.

"I need the money," James said bluntly. "I'll pay you back when I have it."

Norah shot him a pointed look. "Have you ever repaid what you owe my father?"

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Chapter 109

James frowned and kept smoking, his irritation clear. "Don't make it sound so bad. Of course, I'll pay you back once I have the money. Just lend it to me for now."

"I don't have any money to lend you," Norah said firmly. "If there's nothing else, I'm leaving."

As Norah turned to walk away, James realized she wasn't taking him seriously. He threw his cigarette to the ground and snarled, "Norah, don't force me to get nasty with you. It won't be pretty!"

Norah drove off without looking back. She knew exactly what James was after—a never-ending supply of money. If she gave in now, there'd be no end to his demands.

Lola, hiding nearby, witnessed James's anger and the confrontation. Seeing his frustration, an idea formed in her mind.

If Norah were to disappear, Lola thought, no one could threaten her or her child's future. She might even have a chance at becoming Mrs. Edwards herself. A cunning smile crept across her face.

Norah was driving when Gloria called, so she put on her Bluetooth headset.

"Are you really going through with the divorce from Kevin?" Gloria asked.

"I've already given him the divorce papers," Norah replied. "After the cooling-off period, we'll finalize it."

"Did Kevin agree to it?" Gloria asked, sounding concerned.

"He didn't say no," Norah replied with a touch of hesitation. "Our three-year marriage contract is over, and he talked about divorce before, so I don't need his approval now."

"If you're sure, then I support you," Gloria said gently. "Let's get together later. We'll have some fun to cheer you up."

"Sure," Norah agreed. "I'll meet you in about an hour."

After ending the call, Norah decided to get a check-up that she'd previously postponed. To avoid drawing attention, she went to a private hospital, choosing the VIP channel for its confidentiality.

When she arrived at the hospital's underground parking lot, a sudden chill made her shiver. She had a bad feeling about the place. The dim lighting and eerie silence unsettled her, and she hesitated.

As Norah reached to lock her car, a hand suddenly clamped over her mouth. Panic surged through her as she struggled, but the grip was too strong. She couldn't break free, couldn't scream, couldn't escape.

Fear gripped her heart as she felt herself losing consciousness. Her phone fell from her hand, her screen displaying an unfinished call to someone she would never reach.

An hour and a half later, Kevin's phone rang. Kian, his assistant, glanced at the screen. "Mr. Edwards, it's Ms. Turner's number."

Kevin didn't seem interested. "Which Ms. Turner? Don't answer it."

Kian hesitated. "It's Gloria, Madame's friend. What if it's important?"

Kevin's face tightened at the mention of Norah. "Isn't this about the divorce? Ignore it."

Kian reluctantly ended the call, but Gloria kept calling back. "Sir, this might actually be urgent," he said.

Kevin, finally giving in, took the phone. Gloria's voice was frantic. "Kevin, what's wrong with you? Norah could be in serious trouble, and you're not even answering!"

Kevin's expression changed instantly. "What happened?" he asked, his tone sharp.

"Norah promised to meet me, but she never showed up," Gloria said urgently. "She's not answering her phone. She never does this unless something's wrong. I think something might have happened to her!"

Kevin's worry replaced his irritation. "Did she say where she was going?"

"I don't know," Gloria replied, regretting not asking for more details.

"Alright, I'll handle it," Kevin said, hanging up. He tore the IV drip from his hand and ordered Kian, "Get the car ready!"

Ignoring the doctor's protests about his health, Kevin rushed out of the hospital. Gloria's words echoed in his mind—Norah never disappeared without a reason.

Once they reached the private hospital, they found Norah's car in the underground garage, her belongings left behind. Her phone lay on the ground as if she'd tried to make a desperate call.

"Looks like she was taken," Kevin muttered, his face tense.

He checked the surveillance footage, which showed Norah being ambushed. Her attacker wore a mask, making identification impossible. Norah was unconscious when she was carried away.

Kian turned to Kevin, his voice urgent. "Mr. Edwards, we've located Madame's last known whereabouts."

Kevin's face hardened, his worry for Norah intensifying. The search to find her was just beginning.

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Chapter 110

Kevin quickly grabbed the phone and located the person in the surveillance footage. The individual didn't realize they were being recorded and attempted to evade the cameras, even changing clothes in a blind spot before making their exit.

Tracking the person took some time, but Kevin found their trail.

"Let's move!" he ordered, and they immediately drove off, following the lead.

...

Norah felt utterly drained, her body weak and exhausted. Though she was resting, it felt like she was trapped in a nightmare, unable to wake up.

Through her haze, she heard voices.

"What now?" someone asked.

"Everyone is tied up. Now we need to handle her," said a woman's voice.

"Handle her? Are you asking me to take a life? That's my niece!" James protested, hesitating. "I don't want her dead; I just need money! Call Kevin, let's ask for ransom if he wants his wife back."

"Are you crazy?" the woman hissed, stopping him as he reached for his phone. "If you contact Kevin, we're done for! He'll find us in no time, and if we don't deal with her now, we'll pay the price."

James stared at the woman, suspicious and frustrated. "You said you were here to help me, but now you have a different agenda."

The woman's eyes remained fixed on Norah, lying unconscious on the floor. "We have a common enemy. Think about what she's done to you—she never helped you when you were in trouble, left you to suffer. Why do you still care about her? Ending this will free you from all the anger and betrayal you feel!"

James was torn, but the woman's words struck a chord. His niece had indeed abandoned him in his time of need. But she was also a child he'd watched grow up.

"Think about all the debt, your wife detained, all thanks to her!" The woman continued manipulating him. "If you let her go, she'll know it was you, she'll go to the police, and you'll be finished. Your daughter's already facing abuse online—how much worse will it get? Isn't this all Norah's fault?"

James's gaze darkened as he looked at Norah, his fists clenched. His path was now set—there was no turning back. He had to make a decision.

"Wake her up," he finally ordered. "Let's see if we can get her to talk."

He rummaged through Norah's bag and found some cash and a bank card. His eyes lit up at the sight of it.

The woman grew anxious. "What more do you want from her?"

"Money. She'll tell me where the rest is," James replied, his eyes gleaming with greed.

"And then?" the woman pressed.

"Then we take the money and run, before they catch up to us," James said, his focus solely on the money. He believed that with cash in hand, they could solve anything, even if it meant running forever.

Norah, still unconscious, forced herself to wake up. She knew that her only chance of survival was to open her eyes.

She gasped for air as she regained consciousness, her face drenched in sweat.

The moment Norah awoke, the woman's expression changed, and she tried to hide in the shadows.

"I have money, please don't hurt me!" Norah said in a desperate voice, scanning her surroundings. She was in a cluttered room, her hands bound. She recognized the man standing before her.

"Uncle," she said softly, her voice filled with disbelief.

James glared at her coldly. “So, now you remember I’m your uncle?”

Norah never imagined that he would stoop so low as to kidnap her. She knew she couldn’t rely on his mercy. “What will it take for you to let me go?” she asked.

“You said you had money,” James replied, holding up the bank card he’d found. “How much is on this card?”

“It’s a lot,” Norah answered cautiously. “If I give it to you, will you let me go?”

Before James could respond, a voice interrupted, “No! You can’t let her go!”

Norah looked around, trying to find the source of the voice. The speaker remained hidden, refusing to reveal themselves.

“You let her go, and we’ll all end up in jail!” the voice insisted.

Norah felt like she knew this person, but they were disguising their voice.

“Uncle, do you have other accomplices here?” she asked.

“None of this would’ve happened if you’d just done what you were told,” James replied bitterly. “What’s the password for the card?”

Norah hesitated. “How can I trust that if I give you the password, you’ll let me go?”

“All I want is the money,” James said. “I wouldn’t have gone this far if I wasn’t desperate.”

Norah took a deep breath, trying to buy herself more time. “Uncle, you’re being used! The woman with you isn’t looking out for you—she’s pushing you to the brink. You just want money, but she wants something far worse.”

“Don’t listen to her!” the woman shouted from the shadows. “I’m doing this for your own good!”

Norah turned to James, her eyes pleading. “Think clearly, Uncle. She wants my life, but you only want money. Don’t be her pawn! You can still turn back and not do something you’ll regret forever!”

