

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

## chapter 121-130

### Chapter 121

"I told my dad that my cousin bullied you and got you detained by the police. He was furious and confronted my cousin, but he wouldn't have gone as far as kidnapping her. Could it be like my cousin said—someone is working behind the scenes? Think about the woman who helped us. Could it have been her...?"

The thought left Sierra feeling terrified.

Why would someone help them for no reason?

Unless they had a motive...

Could her father have believed that woman's lies too?

"No, it's impossible..." Linda muttered, refusing to accept it.

Sierra continued, "If someone else killed Dad, what are we going to do?"

She was at a loss, struggling to find a way to avenge her father and bring the murderer to justice.

"All done?" Kevin's tall frame was waiting by the car behind him. As soon as he saw Norah approaching, he asked.

Norah looked up and replied, "Yes, all done."

"Everyone else is back already. Why did you take so long?" Kevin noticed she was the last to return.

Norah didn't try to hide it. She explained, "I ran into Lola and your mother. We talked for a bit."

Kevin frowned slightly and lowered his gaze. "They're here?"

"They said they came for sightseeing," Norah answered.

Kevin went quiet, and Norah debated whether to tell him about being framed and her uncle's kidnapping. She hesitated, thinking it might just create more trouble for him.

"Let's go back," she decided.

She moved toward the car, but when she noticed Kevin hadn't budged, she turned back.

Kevin stood with one hand in his pocket, sensing there was more to the story. He asked in a serious tone, "Why would they come here for sightseeing? And what did they talk to you about?"

Norah kept her voice indifferent, "What would your mother possibly say to me?"

Kevin seemed to grasp the situation, but her demeanor made him press further. "Lola's pregnancy—don't you have anything to ask me?"

"You haven't been home lately," Norah replied curtly.

Kevin acknowledged, "Yeah."

Between the hospital and work, Kevin hadn't gone back to the Edwards' house since Norah left.

Norah's face remained expressionless. "Your mother is taking care of Lola now, for the sake of her grandson. They seem to get along well, and your family's future looks bright. Your mother is just waiting for the baby's arrival."

Her words danced around the issue, making it all the more awkward.

Kevin kept his calm but pressed on. "You still haven't answered my question."

Norah met his gaze. "You already know everything. You were looking for this woman, and now she's pregnant. What else is there to ask?"

She was only doing what she had to.

Kevin's eyes narrowed. He stared at Norah intently. "The security footage from that night disappeared. There's no proof this woman was ever in my room. How could everything fall into place so smoothly?"

Norah had assumed Kevin was easily fooled, but his suspicion was stronger than she thought.

Kevin climbed into the car, his face hardening as he looked straight ahead. “I suspect someone deliberately deleted the footage,” he stated.

Norah’s body tensed.

Kevin wasn’t convinced Lola was involved at all. His theory left Norah feeling exposed and anxious.

“And you, Norah...”

He called her out directly, and she couldn’t keep her composure anymore.

Norah stared at him, finding his expression colder than ever. He spoke firmly, “You’ve been acting strange lately. Are you scared I’ll discover something?”

Norah’s heart skipped a beat. “Strange? What have you found?”

Kevin replied, “Since the moment you brought that woman into my life, I’ve found your behavior suspicious. And you’ve been sneaking off to the hospital.”

Norah avoided eye contact. “My life is normal. You’re just imagining things.”

“Then give me a real explanation,” Kevin demanded. “Something that makes sense!”

He had a gut feeling that she was hiding something, a secret he couldn’t quite decipher. He wanted her to come clean.

Norah clasped her hands together to steady herself. “Kevin, haven’t you noticed that you’re acting strange too?”

“Me?” Kevin was taken aback by her deflection.

Her reasoning seemed flimsy to him.

“What’s wrong with me?” he asked.

Norah explained, “You’ve been paying more attention to me lately.”

Kevin stayed silent, his lips pressed tight.

“Little things I do make you suspicious because you’re overanalyzing,” Norah continued. “You never cared if I went to the hospital or what I did with my day. Even my small habits—like my love for milk—never caught your attention before. Lately, you’re getting to know me better, thinking about me more. Haven’t you noticed how focused you are on me?”

She paused before adding seriously, “Do you like me, Kevin?”

Kevin stiffened at her question. His expression darkened as he replied coldly, “Norah, you’re crossing the line.”

She looked away, already expecting his reaction.

Once, she might have dreamed of more, but now she was only trying to deflect his attention.

She didn’t want Kevin to dig too deep.

“I knew I was crossing the line,” Norah admitted softly. “But I remember what you told me on our wedding day. You told me to know my place and not to overstep. You warned me that if I did, you’d show me the consequences.”

Her voice grew heavy, as if drained of all energy. “I’ve kept that in mind—never to cross the line.”

Even if she was carrying his child, she didn’t dare tell him.

She feared the consequences too much.

“It’s good that you remember,” Kevin responded coolly, shutting down any further thought on the matter.

He hadn’t considered it at all.

When the car stopped, Norah didn’t hesitate. She opened the door and got out.

As she was about to leave, Kevin’s voice stopped her.

“You’ve worked hard by my side all these years.”

Norah turned back and asked, "Kevin, do you even know how long we've known each other?"

Without missing a beat, Kevin answered, "Seven years."

But she'd known him for thirteen.

Norah gave him a faint smile. "It's good that you remember."

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 122**

### Chapter 122

The two shared an unspoken understanding and remained silent.

Norah returned to her room to finish packing. With James's funeral over, it was time to leave.

"Norah," Gwen called as she walked in.

Norah turned to face her mother. "Mom."

Gwen sat beside her, clearly wanting to talk. Noticing this, Norah joined her on the couch. "What is it, Mom?"

"Kevin didn't come this time?" Gwen asked.

Norah shook her head. "No."

Gwen looked at her thoughtfully. "You mentioned you were close to divorcing before, but then he came to help you. That doesn't look like a couple on the verge of splitting up. If this continues, it will only complicate things."

She didn't want Norah owing Kevin too much, complicating the situation further.

Norah replied, "We didn't inform him when we came here. I'll thank him properly later."

"But why is he still helping you?" Gwen sounded confused. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you two were still in a good marriage. Everyone knows now that I have a great son-in-law; they won't stop praising him. I can't make sense of it."

Gwen couldn't comprehend why Norah would stay in a loveless marriage while running her business so passionately. Even after three years of marriage, Kevin seemed intent on publicly claiming his role as Norah's husband.

Gwen sighed. "I just want you to find happiness with someone who loves you, whether they're wealthy or not. Kevin has his merits, but it's not meant to last."

Norah understood her mother's concerns. "I know, Mom," she reassured her with a gentle smile. "Don't worry. I will leave this marriage."

Gwen held Norah's hand, her voice tinged with sadness. "You've endured so much, Norah."

Despite everything, Norah had long accepted her situation.

After Gwen left, Norah felt as if someone was lingering outside the door, hesitating to come in. She stepped out to find Linda and Sierra pushing and pulling each other.

"Mom, if we don't talk to her now, we might miss our chance," Sierra urged.

Linda hesitated. "Let me think for a moment."

The history between her and Norah was strained, and Linda wasn't sure if Norah would be willing to help. Linda struggled to put her pride aside, wavering at the door.

Norah came forward and saw them. Linda, now caught, pursed her lips, unable to speak. Sierra noticed Norah and greeted her, "Cousin."

Sensing they had something on their minds, Norah asked, "Is something wrong?"

Sierra hesitated briefly before saying, "You mentioned before that my father's death wasn't an accident, that someone was involved. We want to know more."

Norah invited them in, offering them seats and making hot tea.

"Cousin," Sierra began, "I apologize for everything my mother and I have done to you."

Their previous actions had been harsh, and they feared Norah would hold it against them, refusing to help.

“It’s in the past,” Norah replied calmly. She wasn’t one to dwell on grudges, but she did want to find solid proof.

“Tell me what you know about the person involved,” Norah prompted.

Sierra admitted, “I told my dad about my mom being detained, and he confronted you. He was provoked by someone—I saw them plotting together. You said it was the same person who influenced us. We don’t know her name, but we can recognize her face. Is there anything we can do?”

Linda, filled with regret, spoke up. “Norah, we’ve paid a heavy price for James’s actions. I know I’ve said terrible things to you at the funeral, and I’m sorry for that. I wasn’t thinking clearly. Now, I just want to find the person responsible for James’s death, no matter what it takes.”

“Auntie,” Norah said softly, “the past is over. Let’s focus on moving forward. I’ll find a way to help Sierra with her internship, even if it can’t be at Edwards. I’ll make sure she’s not left struggling.”

Norah’s connections would surely help Sierra land on her feet.

“Thank you, Norah,” Linda said, visibly relieved. Sierra echoed her gratitude.

Returning to the issue at hand, Norah pulled out her phone and opened a photo. She showed them a picture, asking, “Is this the person who influenced you?”

Both Linda and Sierra leaned in, their expressions turning to shock. They pointed at the photo, exclaiming, “Yes, that’s her!”

“How did you know?” they asked in surprise.

Norah had taken the photo at the cemetery, suspecting Lola’s involvement and preparing for their identification. Her instincts had been correct.

“I know her,” Norah said. “She’s been targeting me through those around me. She’s the one behind all of this.”

Sierra's face paled. "I saw her at the cemetery! She tried to harm you, but she's responsible for my father's death!"

Filled with regret, Sierra realized the extent to which they had been manipulated.

"I'll call the police," Norah decided.

Given the public nature of the live broadcast, Lola's instigation carried significant consequences. As for Uncle James's death, Lola's capture would likely yield critical evidence during questioning.

"Norah, you must bring her to justice!" Linda cried. "She's ruined our lives and killed James. She must pay for this!"

The pieces were finally coming together.

Norah notified the police and arranged for a search for Lola and Siena. But by then, both women had already left town.

"I have to return home," Norah informed Linda and Sierra. "I'll keep you updated."

"Alright, and thank you for everything," Linda replied sincerely.

Norah alerted the authorities at her destination and prepared to travel back with her parents. Kevin had already returned earlier, and in her haste, Norah hadn't informed him about the unfolding situation.

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Meanwhile, in the Edwards' Mansion, Lola was comfortably enjoying local chicken soup. Siena had been taking great care of her ever since her pregnancy was confirmed, ensuring she had the best food and attention.

Lola, now pampered and glowing, was in the middle of her meal when her phone rang unexpectedly.

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 123**

### **Chapter 123**



Lola answered a call from the nightclub's manager, someone she hadn't spoken to in a long time. Despite the lack of contact, she was eager to share some good news. Smiling, she said, "Hey, Mom, things are going well now. The baby is healthy, I'm living in a big house, and there are people to take care of me. Especially the child's grandmother—she really likes me. Life is only going to get better from here."

But the manager's voice was tense. "Lola, I called because something happened. The police came to ask about you. Did you do something illegal?"

Lola's face turned pale. "The police are really looking for me?" she asked, her voice shaking.

"Yes," the manager confirmed. "They were asking questions, and I didn't know what to say."

Before the manager could finish, Lola ended the call. Panic set in. The police knew she was staying with the Edwards family, and they would be there soon.

She couldn't let them catch her. Desperate, she fled the Edwards mansion, unsure where to go. As she ran, she heard the sirens of a police car approaching. They were coming for her.

Her heart raced, and fear made her hands shake. She couldn't get caught—not now, not after finally finding a better life. She rushed out like a thief in the night, determined to escape.

The police car parked outside the mansion. Siena, hearing the commotion, felt a chill of panic. Why were the police here?

She quickly realized they were looking for Lola. That could only mean one thing—Lola must have committed a crime. Siena's face darkened with worry. How could someone like Lola, who seemed like a good girl, be involved with the police? It didn't make sense.

Meanwhile, Lola was running as fast as she could, terrified the police would catch up. Despite her exhaustion and the weight of her growing belly, she kept pushing forward. But where could she go?

Lost and breathless, Lola stopped for a moment, her mind racing. She couldn't return to the nightclub. Her hometown wasn't an option either—police would definitely search there.

Suddenly, a bitter thought crossed her mind: *If only Bianca hadn't provoked me, I wouldn't have done any of this.* There was only one person left to turn to.

At Bianca Lynch's residence, Cleo rushed in with news. "Ms. Lynch, that woman is here to see you."

Bianca, who was trying on dresses for her upcoming red-carpet event, turned and asked, "Which woman?"

"Who else but Lola?" Cleo replied, sounding annoyed. "She was living in the Edwards family's mansion—why is she coming to you now? She acts like she knows you so well after just a few encounters."

Bianca hesitated, then said, "Let her in."

Cleo was surprised. It wasn't like Bianca to entertain someone like Lola, but she obeyed and went to bring her in.

Lola stumbled into the room, her face flushed and her hair a mess. Her clothes were wrinkled and soaked with sweat, giving her a disheveled appearance. Even with her striking beauty, she looked defeated and desperate.

Gasping for breath, she pleaded, "Ms. Lynch, I finally found you."

Bianca watched her from the mirror, adjusting her luxurious dress and jewelry. The stark contrast between them was undeniable—Bianca embodied elegance and privilege, while Lola seemed like she had been through a storm.

"What do you want?" Bianca asked coldly, her lips curling into a slight smirk.

"Please, help me. The police are going to arrest me," Lola begged, her voice trembling.

Bianca dismissed Cleo from the room. Once they were alone, Lola sank into a chair by the balcony, her hands wrapped around a steaming cup of tea to steady her nerves.

"I'm at my wit's end," she stammered. "The police will arrest me for sure. I can't go to prison... I can't..."

Bianca, remaining composed, sipped her black tea and asked quietly, "What did you do?"

Lola's voice broke as she confessed, "I hurt someone. Norah's uncle... I had him kidnap Norah, hoping she'd die. But she survived. Her uncle refused to go through with it, so I... I told him to kill her, but he wouldn't listen. I panicked... I caused an accident. The car exploded, and he died... I thought there was no evidence, but now the police are after me."

Bianca listened, her eyes narrowing. She had expected Lola to lash out at Norah, but the extent of her actions was alarming. Lola's usefulness had reached its end.

"You committed these terrible crimes, and now you want me to save you?" Bianca asked, feigning innocence. "You're a murderer, Lola. I didn't tell you to do such evil things."

Lola's expression changed as the realization dawned on her. "You can't just abandon me! You're the one who made me see Norah as an enemy. You convinced me to do all this. You made me believe we were allies, but now you're turning your back on me?"

Bianca let out a dismissive laugh. "Did I really? Who knows? Even if I did, I never told you to go this far."

Lola felt her world crumbling. She had been wrong to trust Bianca, who was now distancing herself from the mess.

In a fit of desperation, Lola stood and shouted, "You're lying! I'm carrying Kevin's child, and you said you accepted that! You can't do this to me!"

Bianca's expression turned icy, her eyes fixed on Lola's stomach. "If another woman carries his child, then that child doesn't deserve to live."

Lola was stunned, realizing the full extent of Bianca's cruelty. She had nowhere left to run.

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 124**

### **Chapter 124**

Lola looked into Bianca's eyes, which now held none of the warmth she'd shown at the beginning of their friendship. Her face paled in shock.

"You used me!" Lola exclaimed. "You tricked me into listening to you, urged me to do those things, and then left me to take the blame. It was you who was truly ruthless."

Bianca had cozied up to Lola, buying her children's clothes and speaking kind words, all to manipulate her into taking care of her problems. But Bianca's motives weren't sincere; she intended to throw Lola into an abyss. If Lola eliminated Norah and wound up in jail, Bianca would be free of worry.

"You're a master at pretending!" Lola said, her voice shaking with anger. "You pretended to like me, to care about me, to be generous and kind."

Bianca sipped her tea calmly, treating Lola's accusations as flattery.

Lola clutched her stomach, eyes wide with fear. "You even want to harm my child. You can't stand me and Kevin's baby! You're heartless!" She looked around in a panic. "I need to leave here. You have no intention of helping me!"

As she attempted to flee, the sound of a police siren blared outside. She froze, looking at Bianca in alarm. "Why are the police here? How did they find me?"

Bianca's lips curved into a slight smile. "Well, you said you committed a crime, didn't you? As a 'good person,' it's only right that I informed the police."

"Bianca!" Lola screamed in fury. "You vile woman, you've destroyed me!"

Overcome with rage, she lunged at Bianca, her hands gripping Bianca's neck. "If you're going to make me your scapegoat, then we can die together. Neither of us deserves to live!"

Bianca began to shout, "Help! She's trying to kill me!" But no one came.

Lost in a frenzy, Lola spotted a fruit knife on the coffee table, grabbed it, and aimed it at Bianca. Bianca's face contorted in fear as she stammered, "No... don't..."

Blood trickled from Bianca's hand as she tried to wrestle the knife away.

“I’ll end you!” Lola’s eyes glinted with rage, too blinded to realize she had fallen into Bianca’s trap.

The two of them struggled and, in the struggle, reached the balcony’s edge. A police car was parked directly below.

Bianca, pressed against the balcony railing, began to cry, her tears streaming down her face. “Help! Someone, help me... she’s trying to kill me...”

They were on the fourth floor, high enough to be dangerous. Below, an officer exited the car and looked up, noticing the situation.

Lola’s face twisted with hatred, appearing determined to hurt Bianca, who was already covered in blood.

The officers rushed inside.

A loud thud echoed.

Moments later, a terrified voice from below screamed, “Someone’s fallen!”

Lola lay sprawled on the concrete, pain wracking her body. Her eyes widened as she gasped weakly, “My... my baby... Kevin’s child...”

Desperately, she tried to protect her stomach, to turn over and shield her unborn child. But her strength failed her, blood pooling around her. She felt the warm, sticky liquid on her hands, and tears streamed down her face. “No... my child...”

“You were supposed to be born... I haven’t been a mother yet... Kevin doesn’t even care about me...”

Lola’s life slipped away with her last unfulfilled dreams. Even in her final moments, she clung to the hope of securing a future through her child.

But it was only a fantasy.

Her eyes remained open, her last expression one of lingering pain and regret.

By the time the police came down, Lola was gone. They cordoned off the area.

Bianca, escorted down by officers, appeared disheveled and pale, blood covering her clothes. Her hands trembled, tears in her eyes as the police tried to console her.

When Cleo arrived, she held Bianca close, both of them crying.

Norah rushed to the scene but was too late. All she saw was Lola's lifeless body. She stared in shock, struggling to comprehend how Lola could have fallen to her death.

She looked over at Bianca, who sat nearby, sipping hot water.

"Ms. White, the suspect is deceased," an officer informed Norah. "With no other persons of interest, this case should be closed."

Norah remained silent, her gaze lingering on Bianca with suspicion.

Lola and Bianca had only met a handful of times, yet Lola had come here, and now she was dead. Something about the situation didn't add up.

Lola's body was taken away.

Back at the police station, they now had a death investigation on their hands.

Bianca sat there, a coat draped over her shoulders. Her face had regained some color, but she spoke in a shaky voice, near tears. "I don't know why she came to me... We'd met a few times at the Edwards' house and had pleasant conversations. When she arrived, I welcomed her kindly—you can ask my assistant."

Cleo chimed in, "I tried to stop her from coming in, but Ms. Lynch is too compassionate. She let her in because she looked so pitiful and even invited her for tea. Who would have expected her to turn violent and hurt Ms. Lynch like this? Ms. Lynch is an actress, and she'll have to rest before she can return to work."

Bianca's voice broke as she continued, "I had no idea she wanted to kill me..."

"If I hadn't fought back, I would've been dead. She must have panicked when she saw the police, realized she couldn't escape, and fell."

Bianca began sobbing, “I watched her fall, and there was so much blood... I was terrified. I caused her death...”

“Ms. Lynch, you aren’t to blame,” Cleo reassured her. “She was a criminal, not someone worthy of pity.”

Bianca wiped her tears with a tissue, saying, “But still, she lost her life... Regardless of her intentions, she’s dead now. We shouldn’t speak ill of the dead.”

Norah listened to the exchange, unconvinced.

For Lola to have tried killing Bianca, there had to be a deeper reason, something that had pushed her to such an extreme. Was it truly an accident?

Norah’s face hardened, her suspicion evident. She couldn’t shake the feeling that Bianca was hiding something.

In the end, the police confirmed that Lola had fallen to her death, her body broken beyond recognition, and her child gone.

However else one looked at it, Lola had met a tragic end.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 125**

### Chapter 125

James’s killer was gone.

There was no need for further investigation or evidence-gathering. That chapter was closed.

“Ms. Lynch, your statement is complete. Now, go take care of your wound,” the officer urged.

Cleo chimed in, “Ms. Lynch, you’re too selfless. You’re still hurt, yet you insisted on coming to the station before going to the hospital.”

Bianca’s eyes were red, and her face looked worn out. “Enough. It’s done now. Let’s head to the hospital.”

Cleo supported Bianca as they walked. Despite her weakness, Bianca stood tall.

They bumped into Norah at the station. Bianca gave her a tired look and said, "What a coincidence to see you here."

Norah noticed Bianca's bloody hands and clothes. "Always in the thick of things, aren't you? If you don't slip up yourself, fate finds a way."

Bianca paused, pretending not to understand. "You mean that girl?"

She stood silently for a moment before adding, "She came after me for no reason, wanting to kill me. It was terrifying. I heard she committed a crime. Maybe desperation drove her over the edge."

"I've seen her a few times at the Edwards' house. Isn't she the one carrying Kevin's baby? She knew about Kevin and me. Could jealousy have pushed her to such extremes?" Bianca kept talking, painting herself as the innocent one. "She had one fling with Kevin and thought she owned him. It's sad she chose such a reckless path so young."

Bianca neatly distanced herself from any blame.

"I don't buy it," Norah said, narrowing her eyes. "Lola's actions weren't hers alone. You had a hand in this, didn't you?"

"I don't know what you're insinuating," Bianca shot back. "I barely knew her. I'm the victim here, Norah. The police said she fell by accident. Are you still doubting me?"

"I never said that," Norah replied coldly. "But you know what you've done. If you plan on playing these games again, make sure you're ready for the consequences next time."

A coincidence like this didn't sit well with Norah.

Lola and Bianca had been in touch too often for it to mean nothing. Maybe Bianca manipulated Lola.

Their tense exchange was interrupted by commotion at the entrance. Bianca turned first and spotted Kevin walking in. A look of relief swept over her face as she called out, "Kevin!"



Norah turned as well, watching him stride toward them. His expression was serious as he looked between Norah and Bianca.

Bianca's eyes welled up again. "Kevin, why are you here? Did someone tell you? I nearly died. I'm still shaking."

Norah couldn't help but notice the contrast between Bianca's frail act and the attitude she had shown her just moments ago.

Kevin glanced at Bianca's bleeding hand, his brows knitting together. "Why didn't you go to the hospital first?"

"I wanted to explain to the police so I could have peace of mind. Someone died here," Bianca said, her voice trembling.

"Your health comes first. Everything else can wait!" Kevin said firmly. "You're too reckless."

"Kian, take her to the hospital. Now."

"Yes, Mr. Edwards," Kian responded, stepping in to help.

Bianca looked back at Kevin, her eyes pleading. "Aren't you coming with me?"

"I have things to handle here. I'll come by when I'm done," Kevin replied.

Reassured, Bianca nodded. "Alright. I'll wait for you at the hospital." She shot a final glance at Norah before leaving.

Norah stayed silent. She'd known Kevin's devotion to Bianca for a long time.

The injury looked severe. How close had she come to death this time? All Norah could do was watch, unable to intervene.

"Are you okay?" Kevin asked, turning to her.

Norah slid her hands into her pockets and spoke evenly. "When I got there, Lola was already dead. The police said that if no other suspects show up, my uncle's case will be closed."

"Are you sure it was Lola?" Kevin asked.

Norah nodded. "Yes. She's gone, and that's the end of it."

The anger she'd felt earlier now faded, leaving only emptiness.

"Now that the case is closed, let's go," Kevin said.

"Where to?" Norah asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Where do you want to go?" Kevin hesitated.

Norah glanced outside. "Bianca's seriously hurt. Aren't you planning to check on her later? If so, you should go. I'm not interested in tagging along."

Her tone was casual, but her hands were clenched inside her pockets. Deep down, she felt a pang of hurt she couldn't shake.

Kevin's eyes searched her face for a moment before saying, "Where are you heading?"

"Home," Norah said after taking a deep breath. "My parents told me I could stay with them tonight."

She didn't have to return to the Edwards' house.

"Alright," Kevin said quietly.

Norah squeezed her fists tighter and added, "Don't you find it strange that Lola showed up at Bianca's place and then fell from her apartment?"

Kevin's expression didn't change. "What did the police say?"

Norah's shoulders slumped. "They said it was an accident."

"Then it's an accident," Kevin replied. "I trust their judgment."

Whether intentional or not, Lola had gone after Bianca.

"But why would she go after Bianca?" Norah asked, the question gnawing at her.

It didn't make sense. Lola's motives felt too sudden.

Norah's heart was heavy. Kevin would always believe Bianca over her. What was the point of arguing? She sighed and said, "Maybe it's just a coincidence. Now that Lola's dead, we may never know. I'll let my aunt know about this later."

"Okay."

Kevin's gaze softened. "Try to let go of your uncle's death, and be there for his family when we visit. They need your support."

"I will," Norah said softly.

Kevin didn't move, then asked, "Did you drive?"

"I did," Norah answered.

Kevin hesitated for a moment. "I'm heading to the office soon. Want to come with me?"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 126**

### Chapter 126

"The company has urgent matters, and if you're handling your uncle's business, don't let it interfere with work," Kevin said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Norah wore another hat besides being Kevin's wife—she was also his secretary.

Life outside the office was challenging, but work kept her going. Today marked the last day of the month, and completing her tasks was a priority. After all, no one willingly gives up a paycheck. Missing work meant her salary would be docked, and she'd just wrapped up her time off visiting her hometown.

Soon, she planned to resign from the Edwards family company, paving the way for a fresh start and a new chapter in her life.

After hesitating for a moment, Norah finally nodded. "Understood, Mr. Edwards."

Pleased with her response, Kevin turned and walked away. Norah followed him, maintaining the professional distance between them. To others, they were nothing more than boss and subordinate.

Despite being aware of his needs without a word, which Kevin appreciated, Norah understood that their work connection was all that remained between them. She excelled at anticipating his expectations—a quality that never failed to meet his satisfaction.

They arrived at the hospital in silence. Norah knew exactly why they were there—Kevin had come to visit Bianca. It made sense, given that a divorce required a semblance of reconciliation.

Bianca's acting schedule had cleared, allowing enough time for a visit.

The elevator ride was quiet, and when they reached the ward, they found Bianca already bandaged. The doctor informed them that she had suffered trauma and required psychological support. A psychiatrist had been called to assist her with emotional recovery.

When Bianca saw Kevin, she immediately stood up and called out in a frail voice, "Kevin." She rushed over and clung to him, her arms tight around his, trembling. "I'm so scared."

Standing at the door, Norah watched them embrace. Her expression remained neutral. She was used to these scenes by now—expecting nothing and feeling no pain.

Kevin gently pulled Bianca away, his voice steady. "The wound is treated. Are there any lingering issues?"

Tears welled in Bianca's eyes, spilling down her cheeks and landing on Kevin's hand. She looked broken. "I'm terrified. I keep seeing that girl in my mind, the one who tried to hurt me. Covered in blood, she haunts me, demanding my life..." Bianca's voice quivered, and her body shook as she spoke.

The doctor stepped in, reinforcing the diagnosis. "Ms. Lynch has experienced significant psychological trauma. She needs consistent support and comfort. Any additional stress could lead to a severe disorder, aggravating her condition. She's already dealing with deafness in one ear, alongside headaches, tinnitus, and nausea."

Norah observed Kevin's focus shift as the doctor mentioned Bianca's deafness, a subtle worry surfacing on his face. She already knew Bianca was fragile, prone to bouts of depression and health issues—traits that made her all the more vulnerable.

The doctor left after explaining Bianca's condition. Bianca sat quietly, her thin hospital gown highlighting her delicate, almost fragile frame. Even Norah, who had steeled herself, felt a pang of sympathy.

Kevin's tone was firm as he asked, "Were there no security measures in place at the time?"

Cleo, Bianca's assistant, explained, "Lola came looking for Ms. Lynch. They'd met a few times before, and Ms. Lynch felt sorry for her since she was young and alone. So, she let her in. But no one could have predicted she would attack Ms. Lynch."

Kevin's expression darkened. "A standoff that lasted over ten minutes, and yet no one intervened? You're saying it ended only when the attacker stumbled and fell?"

Cleo's voice faltered, and she glanced down. "There were no bodyguards present. Ms. Lynch had asked everyone to leave that day."

Kevin's gaze sharpened. "Who called the police? They arrived unusually fast."

Bianca, clutching a tissue, softly replied, "I did. Lola started saying crazy things, admitting to crimes, including harming your uncle and... kidnapping you, Norah. She knew she was about to get caught and wanted to silence me when she saw I'd called the police."

At the mention of her uncle, Norah's heart clenched. Bianca had dragged her into this conversation, but it didn't feel as straightforward as Bianca claimed.

Stepping into the room, Norah finally spoke. "Bianca, if Lola was already acting erratic, why tell you any of that? If you knew her well, she wouldn't have wanted to hurt you. If you didn't, why would she suddenly show up and confess such things?"

Bianca's face turned pale. She looked down, her response halting. "I don't know... Maybe because we'd met before, she felt like talking? Or maybe she

harbored some grudge. I don't know. She fell, there was blood... My head hurts, it hurts so much..." Her hands clutched her ears as she rocked in pain.

Norah bit back her questions. Bianca's distress made any interrogation feel impossible.

Cleo rushed to her boss's side, panic in her voice. "Secretary White, can't you see she's suffering? She's already been through enough. The doctor warned us about her stress levels. You shouldn't—"

"Enough," Kevin cut Cleo off, his tone cold and final.

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 127**

### Chapter 127

Kevin's tone was cold and direct. "Norah's questions come from a place of concern for Bianca. This is bigger than just her. The whole incident is causing a stir online, and plenty of people will demand answers—far more intrusive ones than Norah's. We need to get ahead of this narrative."

As a public figure, Bianca's ordeal wasn't just personal. It was bound to fuel headlines and public scrutiny. Even if an average person experienced something similar, it would still make the news. But Bianca's fame made it a media firestorm.

Bianca knew this incident was going to blow up and that she'd soon be at the center of a media frenzy. But beneath that, she had another reason: she couldn't let Lola have Kevin's child. To her, no one but Bianca deserved that role.

It wasn't just about Lola having a baby—it was about the threat she posed. Lola wanted more than a child; she wanted Bianca's place in Kevin's life. And Bianca wasn't about to let that happen.

But reality had taken an unexpected turn. Bianca had imagined herself walking the red carpet, dazzling everyone, and proving to Kevin just how irreplaceable she was. She dreamed of being a star, of becoming Kevin's wife, of blending fame and love seamlessly. But now, instead of a glamorous headline, she was caught in a scandal.

Bianca had already made her fair share of headlines—she was no stranger to trending on social media. But the news was rarely positive.

Kevin's expression was tense, his jaw tight. Bianca noticed it and felt a pang of guilt. "Kevin, did I mess up again? I'm so sorry. If I'd known it would come to this, I never would have let her in. I regret it so much," she said, tears welling up in her eyes.

Cleo, ever loyal, chimed in. "Ms. Lynch, this isn't your fault. Lola's actions were unforgivable. She deserves whatever comes to her."

Kevin's response was brief. "Focus on resting and getting better. Put your work on hold for the next couple of days."

"No!" Bianca's voice trembled with desperation. "I need to walk the red carpet, even with an injury. There's already a buzz, and if I show up wounded, it'll only draw more attention. Kevin, I need this opportunity," she pleaded, locking eyes with him.

Kevin's eyes softened. "If you're well enough by then, we'll see."

Bianca's face lit up. "I'll take care of myself and be ready."

Norah watched from the hallway, her thoughts elsewhere. She glanced at her phone, counting down the days. Soon, she and Kevin would be at the Civil Affairs Bureau, finalizing their divorce.

"Secretary White."

Norah looked up to find Kian standing in front of her, a cautious expression on his face. She slipped her phone back into her pocket. "What's up?"

Kian shifted nervously. "I don't want you to get the wrong idea. Mr. Edwards visiting Bianca is purely professional. She's an important artist at the company, and he needed to check on her. Don't read too much into it."

Norah offered a small smile. "Why are you telling me this, Mr. Kian? You know as well as I do that Kevin and I are getting divorced soon."

Kian paused, taken aback. He'd hoped she didn't want the split. "But do you really want this divorce?" he asked, the question hanging between them.

Norah hesitated for a moment, memories flooding her mind. In the past, she would have fought against it with everything she had. She'd loved Kevin for so

long, refusing to let go even when the odds were against her. But reality had a way of making decisions for you.

“I do want this divorce,” she said firmly. “I was just looking at the calendar to make sure. In two days, Kevin and I will be at the Civil Affairs Bureau. It’s already agreed upon.”

Kian looked as if he wanted to say something comforting but couldn’t find the words. “I see.”

“Please, Mr. Kian,” Norah continued, her tone light but resolute. “Keep our marriage and divorce private. Let’s end this quietly. Kevin’s reputation is important, and there’s no need to make this a spectacle.”

Kian’s jaw tightened. He felt conflicted. Their marriage ending didn’t sit right with him. “You know, Mr. Edwards did admit he was married. He did that for you. That means something.”

“But no one knows I’m his wife,” Norah said with a bittersweet smile. “And soon enough, the title will probably go to Bianca.”

She glanced into the room, seeing the connection between Kevin and Bianca that had grown over the years.

“But Mr. Edwards denied any romantic relationship with Bianca in front of everyone,” Kian countered. “He made sure that rumor didn’t spread.”

“Maybe,” Norah said, her voice barely above a whisper. “But that’s not my concern anymore.” She slipped her hands into her pockets. “Oh, by the way, Mr. Kian, there’s one more thing.”

“What is it?” he asked.

Norah took a deep breath. “After the divorce, I’m leaving the Edwards Group. Today is likely my last day. I’ve already submitted my resignation to HR. It’s been a pleasure working with you.”

Kian’s eyes widened, stunned into silence.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 128**

Chapter 128



Kian was caught off guard by Norah's decision. He'd seen her progress at Edwards' over the years, step by step. After working together so long, it felt abrupt for her to suddenly leave. But it was her choice.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked.

Norah's smile was calm, her eyes steady. She didn't need to explain; some things had to be let go. It was her way of taking care of herself.

"I'm sure," she replied, glancing up at the sky where birds circled. She craved freedom. "I can't stay with the Edwards family forever. I need to explore more of the world."

Kian nodded, respecting her decision. "I hope you find happiness."

"I will," Norah said, her smile unwavering.

Just then, Kevin walked out of the hospital room, catching them mid-conversation. His sharp eyes darted between them, an unspoken tension crackling in the air. Kian's posture stiffened, and he forced a smile. "Mr. Edwards."

Norah turned to face Kevin. His gaze was cold and intense as he looked at Kian. "Have you met this year's performance targets yet?"

Kian blinked, momentarily confused. "Uh... It's not the end of the year yet, sir."

Kevin's expression darkened. "If you haven't, expect a 20% deduction from your bonus."

Kian's heart sank. Twenty percent meant three months' worth of salary. What had he done to deserve this sudden reprimand?

Norah's brow furrowed slightly. She wasn't sure what had triggered Kevin's irritation, but there was no use questioning it. Employees couldn't argue with the boss's decisions.

Bianca stood at the door, watching the exchange. She gave Kevin a longing look, then glanced at Norah, her expression smug as if to assert her importance in Kevin's life.

“Kevin, when will you come see me again?” Bianca’s voice was soft, almost pleading.

Kevin paused, his voice detached. “Depends.”

“I’ll be waiting,” Bianca replied, her eyes shining with hope.

Kevin responded with a simple, “Mm.” Norah noted the subtle dynamic but kept her thoughts to herself.

Kevin turned to leave. “Let’s go,” he said.

The car was waiting outside. Kevin stopped by the door, casting a glance at Norah. “Aren’t you going to open the door for me?” he asked, his tone neutral but his eyes probing.

Norah hesitated, caught off guard. Opening doors wasn’t her usual role. Before she could react, Kian, sensing the awkwardness, hurried out of the car and opened the door for Kevin. “Apologies, Mr. Edwards. That’s on me.”

Kevin said nothing, slipping into the back seat with a stony expression. Norah followed him into the car, feeling the distance between them more acutely than ever. Since her return, everything felt colder, as if Kevin was deliberately keeping her at arm’s length. Maybe it was because of Bianca.

The silence in the car was suffocating. Kevin scrolled through his tablet, his face blank. “I’ll drop you off,” he said without looking at her.

Norah shook her head. “No need. My car is still at the station. You can leave me there, and I’ll drive myself home.”

Kevin’s jaw tightened, his eyes flicking to her before he turned off the tablet with more force than necessary. The gesture spoke volumes.

Ten minutes later, they reached the station. Norah stepped out, not lingering or saying goodbye. The car pulled away, Kevin’s expression stormy as he watched her walk away without a backward glance.

“Drive,” he ordered, voice cold. Kian, sensing the tension, quickly complied.

The next morning, Kevin arrived at the office before anyone else. He buried himself in paperwork, but a restlessness gnawed at him. When Kian walked in, carrying a cup of coffee, he did a double-take seeing Kevin so early.

“Mr. Edwards,” Kian said, setting the coffee on the desk.

Kevin glanced up. “Where’s Norah? Why isn’t she here? Does she think she can skip work and still get paid?”

Kian hesitated. He remembered Norah’s words from the previous day. “Sir, yesterday was Secretary White’s last day. She resigned.”

Kevin’s brow furrowed. “Why wasn’t I informed?”

“She handed her resignation directly to HR,” Kian replied, watching as Kevin’s grip on his pen tightened.

Norah had quit—without saying a word to him.

Kevin’s expression darkened as he processed the news. Kian shifted uncomfortably and added, “Sir, don’t forget today’s your scheduled visit to the Civil Affairs Bureau.”

Kevin’s eyes hardened. “Why?” he snapped.

“Today’s the day for your and Secretary White’s divorce proceedings,” Kian reminded him.

Kevin didn’t respond, his silence heavy and unreadable.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 129**

### **Chapter 129**

Kevin’s eyes shifted to the calendar, realizing that the end of their three-year term had arrived—the day they agreed to divorce. How had time flown by so quickly? It felt like just a moment, he and Norah had already spent three years as husband and wife. But Kian was the one who understood the situation best.

With an irritated tug at his tie, Kevin fixed his gaze on Kian and spoke with a sharp edge in his voice. “Did Norah tell you?”

Kian sensed something off in Kevin's tone, something strange and unsettling, but he answered carefully, "...Yes."

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "You and Norah seem close if she confides in you like this."

Kian felt a lump form in his throat. "We're just colleagues, Mr. Edwards. We exchange a few words here and there, but there's nothing more to it."

Kevin's stare made Kian feel like he was being sized up as competition. He stammered out, "I swear, Mr. Edwards, Norah and I are just coworkers. We hardly talk outside of work."

Kevin felt a subtle wave of relief wash over him.

Yesterday, Norah had been distant, and now he understood why—she wanted to leave her job and escape from his life. She was shrewd, handing in her resignation just before their divorce day.

With an impassive face, Kevin returned to his work, ignoring Kian. It was clear that the idea of divorce was Norah's wishful thinking. Kevin had never truly considered ending their marriage.

Kian stayed silent, realizing that anything he said could make matters worse. The thought of losing his bonus made him dread going home for the holidays.

Just then, Kevin's phone rang.

Meanwhile, Norah had been waiting at the Civil Affairs Bureau for nearly thirty minutes. She knew Kevin well enough to be confident he'd arrive on time to finalize their divorce.

But as time ticked by without any sign of him, she finally called to check on him. She was sure they were on the same page—they had discussed it enough lately. She thought he would remember.

When her call lit up Kevin's phone screen, he glanced at it and then looked at Kian. "You answer it."

"Oh," Kian said, scrambling to comply. "Hello, Secretary White."

Hearing Kian's voice made Norah pause, then she asked, "Can you put Kevin on the phone?"

Kian looked at Kevin, who mouthed, "Tell her I'm busy."

"Mr. Edwards is a bit occupied at the moment," Kian said, trying to keep his tone neutral.

Norah's brows knitted. "Did he forget? Please remind him that he needs to come to the Civil Affairs Bureau for the divorce."

Kian looked back at Kevin, received another silent cue, and replied, "Mr. Edwards is extremely busy today and can't step away. He won't be able to make it."

A stunned silence followed on Norah's end.

She had been certain today would be the day. She had prepared everything, only for Kevin to be "too busy" to show up. That wasn't the outcome she had hoped for. "When will he be free?" she pressed.

"I'm not sure when Mr. Edwards will be available," Kian said. "But he definitely can't come today."

Kevin signaled to Kian once more, who added, "By the way, Secretary White, you're late for work. If you don't come back soon, your pay will be docked."

Norah's lips tightened. "Didn't you know I resigned?"

"Mr. Edwards hasn't approved your resignation yet, and there's no one to replace you. You'll need to come back," Kian said, trying to sound polite. "You can head straight to the office from the Civil Affairs Bureau."

Norah was left speechless. Not only was the divorce delayed, but she still had to return to work. If there had been a successor, this wouldn't even be a conversation.

"Will I be able to leave once someone takes over my position?" she asked, resigned to the situation.

"In theory, yes," Kian confirmed.

“Fine. I’ll talk to HR to start the process,” Norah said, ending the call.

Kian let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, feeling like he’d just survived a minefield.

Kevin, who had been listening intently, relaxed. Knowing Norah wasn’t pushing hard for the divorce and would return to the company gave him an odd sense of comfort.

Norah left the Civil Affairs Bureau, disappointed but determined. On her way back, she received messages from Gwen, who was concerned and wondering when she would return. Then there was Gloria, who had worried incessantly last time, calling nonstop until Norah reassured her. This time, Gloria already knew about the divorce and wanted to take Norah out to celebrate. But Norah wasn’t single yet—there was no reason to celebrate. Instead, she had to get back to work and face her reality.

Twenty minutes later, Norah arrived at the company. She went straight to HR. “Do we have any suitable candidates for my position?” she asked.

One of the HR reps responded, “Well... Secretary White, we’re currently at capacity. We’ll need to post the job and recruit someone, which could take some time.”

Norah sighed. She hated delays but knew she had to take charge. “Then post the job. I’ll personally screen candidates. Just let me know when applications come in.”

“Understood.”

Once the job posting went live, applications poured in—thousands of them. Candidates ranged from seasoned professionals to recent graduates, all competing for the spot. Norah felt a strange sense of nostalgia as she sifted through the resumes. She remembered starting as a young assistant at Edwards, running errands and working her way up to Kevin’s side. Seven years had passed in a flash, turning her from a naive girl into a seasoned professional.

Reflecting on those years, Norah couldn’t help but think how fleeting youth was. With that thought, she got back to combing through resumes, determined to find the right person for Kevin.

It was late when Kevin stepped out of his office and saw Norah still at her desk, poring over the resumes. The light from her lamp highlighted the serious expression on her face.

Kian, standing nearby, said, "Secretary White has already contacted HR and started reviewing resumes. If she keeps at it, she won't finish before sunrise."

Kevin's jaw tightened as he walked over to Norah.

Hearing footsteps, Norah looked up and met his eyes. "Mr. Edwards, are you done for the day?" she asked, maintaining a professional tone.

Kevin didn't answer, his eyes drifting to the pile of resumes in her hand. With a chill in his voice, he asked, "Why are you in such a rush?"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 130**

### Chapter 130

Norah's eyes stayed focused on the documents in front of her as she spoke evenly. "I'm still on the job, and Mr. Edwards, you need a new secretary. Naturally, I'm doing my part to find the right one for you."

Kevin felt a surge of frustration. Norah seemed determined to pull away from him.

"When do you plan to be free, Mr. Edwards?" she asked, her tone sharper now. "It's time we finalize the divorce. We agreed on this when the three-year mark hit. Are you backing out?"

Kevin's expression hardened, and he stayed silent.

Norah looked up, meeting his eyes. "I hope you'll honor your word, for both our sakes."

Suddenly, Kevin barked, "Kian, leave us!"

The sharpness in his voice startled Norah. As Kian quickly exited, the room seemed to shrink, and tension thickened in the air. Being alone with Kevin like this made her chest tighten.

Without a second thought, she tried to step back, ready to leave, but Kevin grabbed her wrist, pressing her against the desk with a thud. Papers scattered everywhere.

Her heart raced as she took in his intense stare. “What are you doing, Mr. Edwards?” she asked, struggling to mask her anxiety.

Kevin’s eyes narrowed. “Why are you so eager for this divorce? Is there someone else?”

Norah braced herself against the desk, meeting his gaze defiantly. “What difference does it make? This isn’t about you.”

The fire in Kevin’s eyes flared. His grip on her chin tightened as he pulled her face close. “It matters because we’re still married. If you’re seeing someone else before this is settled, I have every right to ask.”

Norah’s face paled, but she didn’t look away. “Is that fair, Kevin?”

“What do you mean by fair?” he demanded.

She let out a bitter laugh. “I never asked questions about you because I know where we stand. All we have is a piece of paper, nothing more. Why do you feel entitled to interrogate me? Isn’t that hypocritical?”

Kevin’s jaw clenched. “You should know by now, life isn’t fair, Norah.”

Her fingers balled into fists. “Then why won’t you let me go? What do I mean to you, really? Tell me what you want so we can end this game once and for all.”

Kevin’s eyes darkened, catching the implication in her words. “What do you mean by ‘game’?”

Norah took a breath, eyes fierce. “I know why you married me—for your grandfather’s shares. That’s the reason for the three-year term. I was just a pawn, Kevin. You got what you wanted. Why not end this now? Or do I still serve some purpose for you?”

She forced a bitter smile, her tone ice-cold. She felt exposed, a hollow reminder of the role she played.



Kevin's brow furrowed, his voice low. "When did you figure this out?"

"Does it matter?" Norah said, shaking her head. "What matters is that I'm done with this marriage."

Kevin's grip on her arm tightened as he hissed, "What if I don't agree?"

"Why wouldn't you?" she shot back, voice rising. "You set the terms, I played my part. I want out, Kevin. I don't want this anymore. I refuse to waste any more of my life tied to you."

Kevin's eyes flashed dangerously. "Then you should remember, I decide when this ends. If you behave, maybe you'll get what you want. But if you push me..."

"I don't love you, Kevin!" Norah's voice trembled, but she held her ground, her gaze unwavering. "I never have. I want my freedom, my life back. I—"

He didn't let her finish. Anger and something deeper boiled over, and he closed the space between them, claiming her lips in a punishing kiss. It was fierce, suffocating.

Norah's breath caught, her pulse hammering as she fought against him. This was Kevin unhinged, determined to hold her captive, to keep her close at all costs.

She wasn't going to be a caged bird.

"Let... go..." she gasped, trying to free herself.

The harder she fought, the more Kevin's hold tightened, pushing her hands down against the desk until the room spun with chaos. The clutter crashed to the floor.

A sharp pain cut through her lip, and she winced. The metallic taste of blood filled her mouth.

"Does it hurt?" Kevin whispered harshly against her ear, voice breathless. "Good. Remember this feeling the next time you try to defy me."

Tears welled in her eyes as she looked up at him, her expression torn between anger and anguish.

“You’re a monster, Kevin. You—” she started, only for him to silence her again.

Even as her tears fell, she forced herself to speak through ragged breaths. “This is just a reflex. Don’t think for a second that this means you’ve won.”

Kevin’s lips curved in a humorless smile. “You can keep talking, Norah. But we both know you can’t deny what’s between us.”

Tears stung her eyes, mingling with the frustration that coursed through her.

He wouldn’t let her go, not yet. And deep down, she knew this battle was far from over.