

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 13

Kevin's body was warm, with a strong smell of alcohol, and his hot breath was beside her ear.

Norah shouted, "Kevin."

But Kevin put his arms around her waist, buried his head in her hair, and said in a low voice, "Don't move, let me hold you for a while."

Norah stopped moving. She didn't understand why Kevin drank so much. She lay under the quilt for a long time, her body almost stiff, wondering when he would get up. But he didn't move, just held her greedily.

Would he mistake her for Bianca again?

Norah shouted again, "Kevin..."

Kevin said, "I want to lie down like this for a while, Norah."

Hearing this, Norah fell silent again.

Kevin called Norah by her name, meaning he didn't mistake her for someone else. She rarely saw him in this state and felt a bit lost. But her heart softened, afraid he would fall asleep like this and catch a cold.

She pushed him gently, "Don't sleep like this. Either take a shower or cover yourself with a blanket."

Kevin turned over, raised his hand, and pulled Norah into his arms with the blanket. He hugged her tightly, and Norah's nose was filled with his scent, the smell of alcohol mixed with the fresh smell of his body.

At the same time, Kevin was staring at her. He didn't close his eyes but looked at her deeply, frowning slightly, as if he was unhappy.

Why did she have to guess whether he was happy or not? She turned her eyes away, not wanting to pay too much attention to him.

Kevin's hand stroked her forehead. His warm palm felt unfamiliar. She tilted her head, and he paused and asked carefully, "Does it hurt?"

Norah's nose felt sour, overwhelmed by grievances and his concern. "Why are you asking these questions?" she complained.

Kevin patted her back, trying to comfort her. "I will never let you go to such a dangerous place again."

Was he caring about her?

He had said their marriage was just a deal and told her not to think too much.

Norah couldn't help but look at Kevin again. This time he closed his eyes, but his hands continued to comfort her.

At this moment, Norah felt he belonged to her.

Only when they were drunk did their relationship feel closer, like an ordinary couple.

Norah raised her hand, wanting to touch his face and get closer to him, but her hand stopped in mid-air, and finally, reason dispelled her impulse. She knew this was just a fleeting moment, and everything would return to normal by morning.

He was Kevin, and she could only be Norah. She lowered her hand again.

Her face pressed against his chest, feeling his heartbeat and hearing his steady breathing. He must have fallen asleep.

She spoke softly, "Kevin, if the person you loved was me, I would be very happy, even if it's just a little bit."

She was easy to satisfy, but this was a luxury for her.

In the end, Norah also closed her eyes, wishing time could stop so she wouldn't have to wake up.

The dream had to end.

When she woke up the next day, Kevin had already left.

Norah got up and found a note on the bedside table with elegant handwriting: I'm going to the company. Rest at home and remember to eat well.

There was also a bank card next to it.

Norah picked it up, remembering the one million he spent on Bianca yesterday.

Did he think she knew and wanted to compensate her in this way?

She didn't know what Kevin was thinking. What was the point of loving Bianca while not divorcing her?

In fact, divorce and starting a new life had used up all her courage.

Kevin would never know why she fell in love with him and why she stayed by his side for seven years. Her beautiful youth and the best years of her life were spent on him.

Thinking about her withdrawal, she felt sad. She used up all her courage, but in the end, she had to retreat with nothing.

People should stay sober and not risk everything for a man. A one-sided crush will eventually become ridiculous.

Norah put the bank card in the drawer and never took it out again.

Gloria sent her a message that her art exhibition would start today and asked her to come and support her.

Although Gloria's advice was often unreliable, she worked very hard. She was a well-known painter and fashion designer.

Norah brought a bouquet of flowers over.

Gloria was entertaining others. After seeing Norah, she immediately pushed them aside and walked over, "Hi, Norah."

She hugged her immediately.

Norah hugged her back and congratulated her, "Congratulations."

"What are you congratulating me for? I'm used to it." Gloria took the bouquet and said, "I'm very happy you came. You are usually busy with work and may not come to my art exhibitions."

Norah felt a bit embarrassed, "I didn't think it through."

Gloria said, "Don't say that. You are my best friend. I understand you."

Norah was indeed very busy with work. When she was free occasionally, she could only have a small gathering with Gloria.

It seemed she had never participated in Gloria's career activities. This was the first time.

Gloria asked again, "How is the divorce going?"

Norah thought of her divorce agreement. "Speaking of this, do you want me to get a divorce or do you want me to get beaten?"

"You were beaten? Is Kevin a domestic abuser? Go settle the score with him!"

"I think you did it on purpose," Norah said. "No smart person would sign such an agreement, so why would Kevin sign it?"

Gloria pursed her lips, "I want to stand up for you. In this marriage, he just walked away without any loss, and he even wants to be happy with other women. But you have lost so many years of your youth. Even if we get divorced, you have to make him give up some of it! If he has a conscience, he won't let you suffer any grievances in terms of property."

Speaking of this, Norah felt quite unhappy. "Let's not talk about this today. Didn't you want me to witness your achievements? Let's talk about something happy. I know my limits."

"Okay, I'll listen to you." Gloria smiled and said, "Don't worry, I will always be with you through the difficulties."

Norah felt very warm at her words. She also smiled and nodded.

Reporters were present today, paying attention to Gloria's exhibition. She had to be interviewed, so she couldn't accompany her all the time. Norah wandered around alone.

Suddenly, she saw a figure walking over with a few people.

"Ms. Lynch, welcome to the exhibition."

Bianca smiled politely at the person in charge of Gloria's company, "No, I'm here because of your reputation. I really appreciate Ms. Turner's paintings."

"It's an honor for us. Gloria is being interviewed. Please wait a moment."

Norah looked at Bianca and subconsciously observed her. She noticed a small scar on Bianca's arm, covered by foundation.

If she remembered correctly, Bianca had just gone to the hospital yesterday. She thought it was a big wound.

Bianca was protected by Kevin and looked nervous. Norah felt it was a bit exaggerated.

Just as Norah turned to leave, Bianca saw her and immediately interrupted her chat with others and shouted, "Norah."

Norah looked up and saw her coming over, "You are here too."

Norah did not speak. Bianca continued softly, "Why didn't you go to work and come to the exhibition? Does Kevin allow you to come to such a place?"

"You don't need to worry about my affairs," Norah responded indifferently.

Bianca said, "No, I just didn't expect to meet you on such an occasion, and you are still alone."

She deliberately reminded her that she was alone and mentioned Kevin again, implying that Kevin never accompanied her.

Indeed, Bianca was very confident. After all, Kevin never accompanied her.

Suddenly, a woman came over and said, "Bianca, you look so beautiful today. This skirt is gorgeous. Where did you buy it?"

Bianca smiled happily and said to the woman, "It looks good, right? My boyfriend picked it for me."

"Ah, I think I've seen it in a magazine. It's over a million dollars."

Bianca said shyly, "Yeah."

"Your boyfriend is so good to you. He spent over a million dollars on a skirt. He must spend a lot on you."

Bianca glanced at Norah. "Of course, my boyfriend loves me, so he's willing to spend money on me."

This reminded Norah that the over one million dollars Kevin spent on Bianca was for the sparkling white skirt she was wearing. It suddenly seemed much more dazzling.