

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

## chapter 131-135

### Chapter 131

Kevin's hand landed sharply on Norah's lower back, the sudden sting making her gasp.

"Still haven't learned, have you?" he muttered coldly.

Minutes passed, and Norah could barely endure the intensity of his actions. With trembling breaths, a desperate plea escaped her lips, "No... please... stop..."

Kevin's gaze softened as he took in her disheveled state: her hair splayed messily across the table, flushed cheeks glistening with sweat, and teardrops clinging to her lashes. Her blouse had slipped to her waist, stockings torn, and her skirt crumpled at her thighs. She looked fragile, overwhelmed.

His hardened expression faltered, and he scooped her up gently. Norah was too exhausted to resist; her vision blurred, voice hoarse from crying. She lay limp in his arms, silent as a broken doll.

Kevin dressed her carefully, wrapping her in his embrace as he whispered, "Behave, and this won't happen again."

Norah, unable to comprehend, felt only a deep exhaustion. Everything about Kevin felt unpredictable, dangerous. Maybe this had all been a mistake—working for him, marrying him, getting this close.

With a measured calm, Kevin carried her out of the office. Norah, drained from the tears and stress, drifted into an uneasy sleep. Even in slumber, faint lines of worry marked her brow, tears still wet on her cheeks.

His phone buzzed persistently, breaking the silence. The noise made Norah's face tense in her sleep. Kevin checked the call—Bianca's voice chirped on the other end, "Kevin, when are you coming over?"

"Not tonight," he replied flatly.

"What about tomorrow?" Bianca's hope lingered in the air.

Today had been the day they were supposed to finalize his divorce from Norah. Bianca had anticipated Kevin's visit, ready to celebrate his newfound freedom. But evening came and went without any sign of him. She masked her disappointment, trying to sound cheerful, "Will you come after everything's settled?"

Kevin glanced at Norah's restless form in his arms. "Tomorrow," he said curtly.

Bianca's voice lifted with hope. "Great! Let me know when you're on your way so I can prepare."

"Sure." He ended the call, eyes hardening as he gave new orders to the driver. "Take us to the villa."

The car veered, heading towards the secluded property. This particular villa was one of Kevin's lesser-used homes, a place for solitude. Norah had never been here. It housed a small staff, ready at a moment's notice.

Once inside, Kevin carried Norah to the master bedroom. The maids gently changed her into a soft set of pajamas, while he watched, conflicted. Her face, now calm in sleep, was still damp with the remnants of tears.

Kevin's mind buzzed with thoughts. With a quick, cold call, he ordered, "Get me everything you can on a man named Anthony." He needed to know who had a hold on her thoughts.

If this Anthony was a threat, Kevin intended to ensure she'd never look for him again.

Norah awoke with a start, heart racing as the remnants of a nightmare clung to her. In her dream, she'd been caged, bound at the wrists and ankles, trapped with no one to hear her cries. Darkness swallowed her.

Sweat drenched her, and she wiped her face shakily, trying to slow her breathing. Glancing around, she realized she was in an unfamiliar room. Warm light filtered through the curtains, the space serene yet suffocating.

The thin duvet slipped from her shoulders as she sat up, spotting the sundress someone had changed her into. Her chest tightened; this was the same dress she'd seen in her nightmare. Panic bloomed as she stumbled to

her feet, rushing to the door. It opened easily, but the unfamiliar surroundings only deepened her unease.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Kevin’s low voice came from the hallway, sharp and unwavering.

Norah froze, her back pressed to the wall. Kevin approached slowly, eyes locked on her bare, red feet. His brows furrowed. “Next time, put on shoes.”

His calmness was disarming, making her pulse quicken. He scooped her up again without warning, carrying her back to the bedroom as she stiffened in his grip. She eyed him warily as he set her down, fetching slippers for her feet.

Her voice trembled as she broke the silence. “Where am I?”

“My villa,” he said, nonchalantly. “You’ve never been here before. But you are now.” His expression shifted, adding, “If you’d rather not go back to the Edwards mansion, you can stay here.”

She searched his eyes for a motive. “Why did you bring me here? What are you planning?” The space felt foreign, amplifying her sense of being trapped, like in her dream.

Kevin leaned in. “You fell asleep earlier. Wasn’t it comfortable?”

Norah’s jaw tightened. “Why won’t you let me go home? Are you planning to keep me here like some kind of prisoner? I won’t be your pet!”

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 132**

### Chapter 132

Norah had no idea what Kevin’s intentions were, but staying put was the last thing she wanted. She wasn’t meant to be a caged bird; she craved freedom.

Kevin watched her closely, noticing her tense posture and wary eyes. He frowned and spoke up, “Norah, you need to understand—you’re my wife, not some pet. It’s normal for us to be together.”

They had shared moments before, but she’d never reacted this way. What had changed her so much?

He couldn't figure it out.

Clutching the sheets, Norah repeated, "When are we going to the Civil Affairs Bureau for the divorce?"

Kevin's expression darkened. "Why are you in such a rush?"

"Yes," Norah said firmly. "If you promised a date, you shouldn't keep delaying it. Understand?"

Kevin's deep eyes searched hers. Her words were devoid of warmth, unlike the Norah he once knew. Now, all she seemed to want was to escape from him. A thought crossed his mind, sparking suspicion. "Is this about that man named Anthony?"

Norah froze. The air grew heavier, and she decided to face it head-on. "Yes. You know I have someone else in my heart. His name is Anthony."

Kevin's face turned cold, though his voice remained even. "Are you lying to me, Norah?"

Her body went rigid.

Kevin continued, "This Anthony—I've never seen him around. Have you been lying this whole time?"

Norah's gaze shot up. "Have you been spying on me?"

"It's only reasonable to check when your wife claims to love another man," Kevin said, his tone sharp.

Norah pressed her lips together, choosing silence.

If only he had shown her a bit more affection before, maybe she would have told him the truth—that the "Anthony" she loved was him. But now, she just wanted out. She was tired of loving, tired of waiting. Besides, she had a secret: she was pregnant with his child, and he couldn't know. She could raise the baby on her own. She just needed to secure the divorce before her pregnancy showed.

Kevin's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Who is this Anthony? You'd better tell me."

“I won’t,” she replied coolly. “What’s the point? So you can track him down and hurt him? I won’t let that happen.”

“Norah!” Kevin’s voice rose, frustration leaking through.

His raised voice sent a shiver down her spine. Men’s pride didn’t tolerate their wives loving someone else. But she stayed composed. “I won’t tell you who he is, but if you divorce me and set me free, I’ll tell you where he is.”

Kevin’s jaw clenched, fists tight at his sides. For another man, she was willing to defy him, even negotiate. Anger flared in his eyes as he gripped her chin, forcing her to meet his glare. “Are you really trying to bargain with me?”

His voice was icy, but he reeled himself in. His curiosity about Anthony was strong, but reason held him back.

With a sudden shift, he said, “Fine. Don’t tell me. But drop the talk of divorce. You’re staying here.”

Norah’s eyes widened in disbelief. “What do you mean?”

“Exactly what I said,” he replied in a calm voice. He brushed a lock of her hair aside and said gently, “You haven’t eaten yet. I’ll have the maid prepare your favorite dishes. Come down and eat.”

Norah hadn’t expected this reaction. She thought he’d be furious and agree to divorce her out of spite. Instead, he’d rather keep her imprisoned in their sham of a marriage.

Panic welled inside her. She needed to break free. “Kevin, why won’t you divorce me? What will it take for you to let me go?”

He took her hand, his face unreadable. “I’m busy now. We’ll discuss it when the time comes.”

“Will you ever be free enough to discuss it?” she pressed.

Kevin’s tone remained indifferent. “If you find someone to replace you, then yes, we’ll talk about it.”

“Can I really find someone to take my place?” she asked, needing clarity.

“We’ll see,” he replied, patting the back of her head. “Now, eat.”

“I hope you’re serious,” Norah said, making sure her tone held no room for misinterpretation.

She followed him downstairs, noting the serene setting outside: rock gardens, flowing ponds, and peaceful woods with semi-traditional architecture that made the space feel perfect for a retreat.

The dining table was already set with an array of steaming dishes—all her favorites. Deliberately, she sat at the farthest end from the head seat. She didn’t want to be near him, positioning herself closer to the door for a quick exit if needed.

But Kevin moved to sit right next to her. She glanced at him as he picked up his chopsticks. “You must be hungry. Eat,” he said, placing food into her bowl with surprising tenderness.

The unsettling overlap of his kindness and her fears made Norah uneasy. But she forced herself to eat for the baby’s sake.

Kevin’s gaze softened as he watched her. “Eat slowly. Don’t rush.” He poured her water, ensuring she wouldn’t choke. Though he hadn’t started eating himself, he kept adding food to her bowl.

Norah stayed silent, focusing on her meal. Once she was done, she set her chopsticks down.

“Full?” Kevin asked, eyes narrowing.

“Yes.”

“You seem to have a good appetite lately,” he commented.

“It’s normal after not eating all day,” she replied.

Kevin mused, “If you like the chef’s cooking here, he can keep making your meals.”

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 133

## Chapter 133

"There's no need for that. Food tastes the same no matter who makes it. I just ate a lot because I was really hungry today," Norah said, trying to keep Kevin from overthinking.

His attention was too intense, and the more he fixated on her, the higher the stakes became.

"I'm feeling tired. Can I go rest now?" Norah asked.

Kevin's response was soft, "Of course."

Norah exhaled in relief and hurried upstairs. Tomorrow, she could go to the office, giving her a chance to be away from this place. After work, she could head home.

Once back in her room, Norah relaxed. But unexpectedly, Kevin followed her.

Seeing him at the door, she stepped back, eyes wary. "Why are you here?"

"This is the main bedroom. If I'm not in here, then where would I be?" Kevin replied matter-of-factly.

"Then I'll stay in the guest room," Norah said, trying to make her escape. But before she could move, Kevin grabbed her hand and looked at her intently. "Are we at the point where you feel the need to avoid me? We've shared this space for so long—why start sleeping apart now?"

To Kevin, nothing had changed. As long as they weren't divorced, life continued as it always had. But Norah couldn't stand to stay near him any longer; being together felt wrong.

"Get some rest," Kevin said, his tone lighter. "Which side do you want?"

Norah bit her lip, surrendering to the situation. "I'll take this side," she muttered, choosing the one closer to the door for an easier escape.

Kevin nodded. "Okay."

The clock showed it was still early, so he turned on the TV. “No rush to sleep. Let’s watch something.”

He crossed over to the other side of the bed, stretched out, and picked up the remote. Norah hesitated but then lay down, not wanting to push the tension further.

There was a romantic drama playing—exactly the type of show Norah used to enjoy. Kevin thought it would make her feel more at ease, so he joined her, hoping for some normalcy.

“Why are you staring? Relax,” Kevin said, noticing her guarded expression.

Settling in, Norah turned her attention to the screen, making an effort to ignore Kevin. At first, she couldn’t focus, but as the show went on, she found herself drawn into the storyline, momentarily easing her anxiety.

Kevin adjusted his position, trying not to disturb her. When his arm brushed her stomach, he paused, eyes narrowing in thought. “Have you gained some weight recently?” he asked casually.

Norah’s body tensed. “No,” she replied, her voice tight.

Kevin’s hand rested on her abdomen, prompting suspicion. “Feels like your stomach’s a bit rounder,” he noted, half-jokingly.

Panic surged through her, and she pushed his hand away. The sudden movement made Kevin’s eyes narrow with curiosity. “What’s wrong?” he asked, sensing something deeper.

Norah’s heart raced. Was it that noticeable? But it was too soon for anyone to tell—at least, that’s what she had thought.

Meeting his gaze, she managed a shaky smile. “I probably just overate. I’m going to sleep now,” she said, turning over and shutting her eyes, desperately avoiding more questions.

Kevin’s brows furrowed as he studied her. She was different—more distant, more guarded. He couldn’t ignore how she had changed, and it gnawed at him. But for now, he let it go, choosing silence over confrontation.

As the night deepened, Kevin wrapped his arm around her. The warmth felt oddly reassuring, and he realized he might not be able to imagine life without her.

Early the next morning, Norah was up, eager to leave for work. The thought of the office as a refuge had never crossed her mind until now.

They left together, sharing the car ride. Thankfully, Kevin kept work and personal matters separate, so once they reached the building, he left her alone.

At her desk, Norah picked up the resumes she'd prepped and headed to the interviews.

Out of the hundreds of applications, she had shortlisted only twenty.

"Ms. White, are you really leaving?" Tessa asked, disbelief evident in her eyes.

"Yes." Norah's tone was firm. "I'm heading to the interviews now. Care to join me?"

Norah had worked at Edwards Corp for seven years, becoming a trusted veteran. The idea of her resignation seemed impossible to most.

Tessa's face fell. "If you go, I'll get yelled at by Mr. Edwards all the time!"

"You'll have to manage on your own," Norah replied gently. "It's time for you to step up."

Despite her words, Norah knew it was hard to leave a comfort zone.

With determination, she walked to the interview room. Among the candidates, she evaluated each carefully, prioritizing adaptability over experience.

In the end, she chose a bright, sharp young woman fresh out of college.

The new hire, Scarlet Clement, had a confident smile and a respectful posture. "I promise to do my best, Ms. White."

Norah nodded. "Good. Let's get you ready to meet Mr. Edwards."

Handing Scarlet a notebook filled with Kevin's routines and preferences, she instructed, "Study these carefully."

Scarlet was diligent, flipping through the pages. But halfway through, she looked up, puzzled. "Ms. White, is there an error here?"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 134**

Chapter 134

Norah glanced sideways at her notes.

In the notebook, she'd jotted down "white T-shirt."

It was accurate.

That was Kevin's simplest, most casual outfit.

Scarlet, full of energy and curiosity, looked at Norah with surprise. Why would Norah write that down? Maybe it was an old note she hadn't had the chance to cross out yet.

"Ms. White?" Scarlet called gently, noticing Norah's distracted look.

Norah snapped back to reality, smiled slightly, and said, "Cross it out. That was an old note."

"Okay," Scarlet said with a nod.

It made sense—what CEO like Mr. Edwards would have "wearing a white T-shirt" as a habit?

Despite being fresh out of college, Scarlet was quick to learn and adapt. Norah thought she was a great fit for Kevin's team. With Scarlet stepping in, maybe Kevin would finally let her go. Norah sat at her desk, lost in thought.

Scarlet caught Norah's gaze and asked, "Ms. White, are you feeling okay?"

Norah offered a reassuring smile. "I'm fine. Keep busy."

Footsteps approached from down the hall.

“Secretary White, prep for the high-level meeting in thirty minutes,” Kian announced.

“Understood.”

Norah stood, catching Kevin’s gaze. His eyes were as dark and unfathomable as a night sea, cold and intense.

Norah introduced, “Mr. Edwards, this is the new secretary, Scarlet Clement.”

“Good day, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Kian,” Scarlet said, her voice bright but steady.

Kevin’s expression remained icy, his stare not even landing on Scarlet. His tone, heavy with warning, cut through the air, “Norah, you’re responsible for training her. You know what I won’t tolerate—don’t mess this up.”

With that, Kevin walked away.

Norah knew it was a caution: handle Scarlet properly or face consequences.

Scarlet, keenly perceptive, assured Norah once Kevin was out of sight, “Don’t worry, Ms. White. I’ll work hard and won’t let you down.”

“That’s what I want to hear.”

Norah turned her focus to preparing for the meeting.

In Kevin’s office, Kian briefed him. “The Jenkins family overseas has submitted a bid for collaboration. They’re holding an auction in three days.”

“Gingras sent an invitation for tonight,” he added.

A faint smile tugged at Kevin’s lips. “They did, huh? It wouldn’t be polite to skip out, would it?”

Kian nodded. “I’ll make the arrangements.”

Thirty minutes later, in the Edwards’ conference room, Kevin sat at the head of the table. Executives lined both sides, Kian on Norah’s left. Scarlet stood behind Norah, attentive.

From the moment Kevin began speaking, Scarlet took meticulous notes, even brewing a cup of fresh Longjing tea and setting it just within Kevin's reach.

"Mr. Edwards, choosing a new partner for this product launch might create tension with our long-term collaborators," one executive voiced his concern.

Another added, "Agreed. While we can make bold moves, suddenly changing partners without warning could backfire."

"Do you really think I owe anyone an explanation?" Kevin's voice dripped with sarcasm as he scanned the room, a thin smile not reaching his eyes.

"Mr. Edwards, we didn't mean it that way," someone mumbled.

Scarlet, without hesitation, interjected, "Hello, everyone. I'm Scarlet Clement, and it's a pleasure to be here. If I may, Mr. Edwards called this meeting out of respect for your input, but the final decision is his. If you're all here because you trust his leadership, why question his strategy now? Loyalty isn't selective."

Kevin's eyes narrowed with interest.

The room fell silent. The executives shifted uncomfortably, glancing at Scarlet with a mix of surprise and unease. Who was this new secretary to speak so boldly?

Seeing their reactions, Scarlet continued confidently, "Mr. Edwards leads with the company's best interests in mind. If we trust him, then questioning his choices is contradictory, isn't it?"

One executive blurted defensively, "Of course we're loyal to Mr. Edwards! We were just voicing our concerns."

Kevin's gaze moved to Scarlet, a hint of approval in his eyes. "Sit down, Scarlet," he said calmly.

"Oh." She quickly took her seat.

Norah, watching Kevin's expression, was taken aback. He usually had no patience for impulsive behavior, but this time, he seemed unfazed. Was there more going on with these senior leaders than met the eye?

The tension in the room grew, especially around Mr. Cruz, whose expression turned dark. Kevin nodded at him and spoke coolly, “Mr. Cruz, if you have any more thoughts, feel free to share.”

Seeing the overwhelming support for Kevin, Cruz forced a smile. “No, Mr. Edwards. I share everyone’s confidence in you. I was just concerned about potential fallout.”

“Mr. Cruz, enlighten me—what kind of fallout could threaten the Edwards family?” Kevin’s voice was sharp, and his eyes glistened with a cold edge.

The executive felt the weight of the question but managed to laugh nervously. “I meant that some partners might form alliances against us if we change course suddenly.”

Kevin’s silence made the room tense. Finally, he spoke, his voice dropping, “If any issues arise, I’ll handle them. But the Edwards family won’t tolerate freeloaders, especially not double-dealers. Make sure your accounts are in order.”

The ambiguous warning set the room on edge. Cruz’s face was visibly strained.

Back in his office, Cruz made a tense phone call. “Fine, I’ll cooperate with you, but you need to agree to my previous condition,” he said, eyes fierce with determination.

Kevin returned to his office, where Norah waited. She stepped closer, but before she could speak, he grabbed her, tilting her chin up firmly.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 135**

### Chapter 135

Kevin’s dark eyes narrowed with a cold edge. “Where exactly are you searching for someone?”

Norah had managed to find help quickly, but now came the challenge of extracting it from him.

He hadn’t given permission, yet she had meticulously orchestrated everything.

She assumed she must have triggered his anger somehow but hadn't expected it to be this serious.

Norah pushed Kevin gently. "Just standard recruitment and screening, Mr. Edwards. Don't you trust Scarlet?"

"If you don't want to work here anymore, you're free to resign. You can be Mrs. Edwards at home," Kevin's voice was low and controlled.

With a slight shift, Norah looked up, their eyes meeting, locked in silent conflict.

Her expression hardened. "Why? Do you think all I want is to stay home as Mrs. Edwards? Have you forgotten what you said when we married? Stick to your role, don't step out of line, and after three years, we'd divorce. Why can't you just let me go?"

"Enough!" Kevin clenched his jaw, his patience fraying.

He couldn't bear hearing the word "divorce" one more time.

Norah didn't want to argue further. "Understood, Mr. Edwards. If there's nothing else, I'll head back to my desk. I haven't been feeling great lately, so if there are events, you should call Scarlet."

Distance was all she needed now.

Kevin didn't release her immediately, a bitter smile playing on his lips. "So, should I thank you for setting everything up so perfectly?"

"It's my job as your secretary," Norah said, refusing to engage.

"Embarrassing me in front of a new hire?" His brows furrowed, the confidence in his eyes unyielding.

Norah met his challenge. "Fine, I'll guide her through it. Just tell me how long you're giving her."

Kevin's tone was cold. "It's not about my timeline. It's about how quickly she picks things up."

"Understood," Norah replied quietly, avoiding further conflict.

“You’re dismissed,” Kevin said, turning his back, afraid that lingering any longer might make him lose control.

“Got it.” Norah stepped out.

Outside, Scarlet noticed Norah and approached with a couple of documents. She quickly grasped what needed to be done.

...

The Gingras banquet was held at a prestigious seven-star hotel in the city. The guests were clad in opulent attire, moving through a sea of glitz and glamor.

Kevin arrived with Norah, Kian, and Scarlet in tow.

Norah and Kian were known as Kevin’s trusted allies. The sight of Scarlet’s unfamiliar face sparked quiet whispers among the attendees:

“Mr. Edwards usually keeps his circle small. Is he grooming someone new? Is Secretary White being phased out?”

“She’s been with him for a while. Could it be that she’s aiming for a higher position, maybe even carrying his child?”

“If so, she’d be the definition of success—a secretary turned wife and mother. Even separated, Mr. Edwards would still take care of her.”

“But what if she upset him and is being replaced? The wealthy always prefer the fresh over the familiar.”

“Could be, but Secretary White is undeniably striking.”

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Unaware of the scrutiny, Norah focused on introducing Scarlet, per Kevin’s instructions.

Scarlet, sensing Norah’s exhaustion, stepped up to handle most of the evening’s duties, shielding Norah from excessive interaction and drinks.

Scarlet's confident handling of questions won praise from their business partners.

"Mr. Edwards, where did you find such a gem?" one guest marveled.

With a practiced ease, Scarlet replied, "Mr. Lacroix, there's an old saying: 'The stone from another mountain can polish jade.'"

She deftly framed herself as the stone, shaped and polished by Kevin and Norah, while also appealing to Mr. Lacroix's interest.

The comment garnered appreciative smiles all around.

Even Norah couldn't deny Scarlet's skill; it wouldn't be long before she had Kevin's full trust. That was fine. Kevin would still have someone capable when she stepped away.

Mr. Lacroix laughed, "Mr. Edwards, the younger generation truly surpasses the old."

Kevin's gaze flicked to Norah, but she remained composed, showing no reaction.

Scarlet's rapport with Mr. Lacroix continued seamlessly, while Norah, feeling fatigued, moved to a small table to rest. Before she could sit, a man approached, champagne in hand.

"Secretary White."

Dressed in a sleek silver-gray suit and black-rimmed glasses, it was Mr. Jacques.

Norah nodded politely. Mr. Jacques was from the construction sector, known for competing with others on a public project Kevin had bid for.

"If you're looking to discuss a project, Mr. Edwards is over there," Norah said, hoping to excuse herself.

To her surprise, Mr. Jacques blocked her path. "Secretary White, I'm not here for him. I'm here for you."

“For me?” She blinked, puzzled. “Mr. Jacques, I’m stepping down soon. Talking to me won’t help—Edwards’ policies are strict. I can’t act without his approval.”

“I’m not here to discuss business,” Jacques interrupted, reaching for her hand.

Norah pulled away, alarmed. “Mr. Jacques, you’re drunk. Show some respect.”

“I’m not drunk,” he retorted, his eyes glinting with an unsettling intent. “You’re leaving Edwards soon. With your experience, who else would take you? But I would. I can give you opportunities.”

His gaze was predatory.

Norah tried to sidestep, but he blocked her, closing in just as she thought she was out of options.

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