

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 136

Chapter 136

A sudden pull on Norah's wrist yanked her back, and before she knew it, she was in a firm embrace. The warmth contrasted sharply with the cold scent of low-alcohol wine and tobacco, making her breath hitch.

"Mr. Colt Jacques, I'm not dead yet."

The icy words came from above her, chilling the moment.

Colt's eyes locked on Kevin, who stood across from them, stunned. The same Kevin who had gossiped behind her back, like everyone else, even roping newcomers into it. Yet here he was, defending her.

Why?

Colt narrowed his eyes at Kevin and smirked. "Mr. Edwards, we may not have worked together yet, but who knows what the future holds."

Kevin didn't respond. His lips were pressed into a tight line, eyes dark and stormy. The silent fury was unmistakable.

Norah's throat tightened as she tried to speak, but before she could, Kevin grabbed a wine bottle and hurled it at Colt.

A bloodcurdling scream cut through the noise of the first-floor hall, freezing the crowd.

"Mr. Edwards! You're mistaken! He didn't do anything—please don't!" Norah's voice shook as she stepped in front of Kevin, trying to hold him back.

Men may not always love, but they fiercely guard their pride. With so many witnesses, rumors would be inevitable. Any backlash could bring trouble for Siena, leading to public scorn.

Norah also wanted to avoid the chaos of a trending scandal. Kevin ignored her, pushing her aside as he closed in on Colt. Colt stood no chance; within moments, blood trickled down his head. The crowd recoiled, too afraid to intervene. Norah noticed someone filming the scene with their phone.

“Put that down! Kian! Scarlet!” Norah shouted at the bystander and called out to her colleagues.

In seconds, Kian reached Kevin, while Scarlet began dispersing the crowd. But some onlookers weren’t deterred, and footage soon found its way online, accompanied by headlines:

Edwards’ President Defends His Secretary in a Shocking Display!

Comments flooded in:

“Office romances... always messy but intriguing. A billionaire boss and his stunning secretary? Classic.”

“I’d never act that way over someone who doesn’t matter.”

“Are they really just colleagues? I’m not buying it!”

“Wasn’t there a rumor Mr. Edwards was married?”

“Could he and the secretary be secretly married?”

“Or maybe Norah’s a homewrecker?”

The online chatter spiraled, and Bianca, scrolling through, couldn’t stand it any longer. She angrily posted:

If it weren’t for Norah, I’d be Mrs. Edwards by now. I even had a child with Kevin!

Fueled by jealousy, she called Kevin repeatedly, but he didn’t answer.

Kevin sat in the back of a sleek black Bentley, with Norah beside him. The driver focused ahead while Kian and Scarlet handled the fallout with Colt.

“Why did you stop me back there?” Kevin’s voice was low, teeth clenched in frustration.

Before Norah could react, he grabbed her arm, pulling her close. His touch was firm, unyielding.

“The man is a company president,” she said, voice hoarse. “Just like he said, you’ll cross paths in the future. And with everyone watching, the backlash could be—”

“You expect me to watch another man put his hands on my wife and do nothing?” Kevin’s cutting tone silenced her. His black eyes were cold, void of the warmth they once had.

She met his gaze briefly. “It’s a hidden marriage.”

A three-year secret agreement. If she didn’t speak of it, neither would Kevin. No one knew she was his ex-wife.

Kevin’s laugh was harsh. “You’ve really thought this through.”

She looked away, not wanting him to see the pain in her eyes. Seven years of loving him, hoping to touch his heart, only to face separation. The baby growing inside her might never meet its father.

A sharp pressure on her jaw yanked her thoughts back. Kevin tilted her face up, eyes probing. The smell of wine on his breath filled the air as he spoke.

“What’s going on in that head of yours?” His voice was laced with sarcasm, smile cold.

“What could I possibly be thinking?” She mustered her composure. “This incident is going viral. Scarlet can handle it, so starting tomorrow, I—”

Won’t be coming.

The grip on her jaw tightened, the pain silencing her. Kevin’s eyes flashed with warning.

“You think the Edwards family is just some job you can walk away from?” he snapped.

Her throat felt raw. “Scarlet’s capable, Kian, Tessa, and you... You don’t need me. I feel out of place. I don’t want to be responsible for your affairs anymore.”

Especially men like Colt. She was done.

“You won’t handle the work. You’ll stay home. If living with my mother is too much, I’ll move you to the Edwards Mansion or buy you a place.”

His words fell like weights in her ears. He released her, and for a moment, she glimpsed tenderness in his eyes.

Norah’s emotions were conflicted. Kevin knew she struggled to get along with his mother, but he never addressed it—until now. And divorce? He wasn’t even considering it.

She scoffed. “When the agreement ends, don’t you get everything you want?”

Kevin’s eyes darkened, sharp with unspoken warnings. “You brought up divorce once. Now, you’ll stay by my side.”

His phone rang again. Bianca’s name flashed on the screen.

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Chapter 137

Kevin pushed Norah aside as he answered the call. She heard Bianca’s shaky voice clearly: “Kevin, I’m so scared... Can you come? I thought I saw Lola again, ah—!”

The call abruptly ended with a sharp beep.

Kevin tucked his phone away and spoke to the driver, “Take me to the hospital first, then drop Norah at the Edwards Mansion.”

His tone left no room for argument.

“Yes, sir,” the driver said, immediately changing their route.

In under forty minutes, they reached the hospital entrance. Kevin glanced at Norah, who sat stiffly beside him. “I’ll be back later. I expect you to be at home when I return,” he said firmly.

Without waiting for a response, he exited the car, leaving her with the sting of his words and an ache that spread through her chest. He was possessive, jealous—furious even—when other men were involved with her. Yet, when it came to Bianca, she knew he’d cross any line.

The driver watched anxiously as Norah opened the car door. “Ma’am, Mr. Edwards told me to take you to the mansion. Please don’t make this difficult for me.”

Norah’s expression turned cold. “You said your piece. Now, don’t follow me.”

She couldn’t bear the idea of waiting in that empty mansion while Kevin was at Bianca’s side. The driver hesitated but took a step back as Norah walked away into the night. Frustrated, he called Kevin.

Kevin was just outside Bianca’s hospital room when he answered. “What is it?”

“Mr. Edwards, Miss White refused to go to the mansion, and she didn’t let me follow her.”

Kevin frowned, picturing Norah’s defiant eyes. “Got it.” He hung up, typing a quick text to Norah: Don’t make me come after you.

Inside the hospital room, Bianca sat hunched on the bed in her gown, eyes wide with fear and expectation as Kevin walked in.

“You’re overthinking this,” Kevin said, keeping his distance. “Lola’s downfall was her doing, not yours. You can’t let it break you.”

Bianca clutched her blanket, her voice trembling. “I can’t help it, Kevin. I see her in my dreams. Life feels so fragile...”

“Everything has its consequences,” he said, his gaze cool and detached. “If this continues, I’ll have to call a psychiatrist.”

“No!” Bianca’s eyes filled with panic. “If people find out I’m seeing a psychiatrist, the crew won’t want me. My career will be over. I beg you, don’t do this to me. I need you, Kevin... only you can help me hold on.”

Kevin’s face hardened. “Bianca, I’m only here out of obligation. You saved my life once, and I owe you that. But don’t twist it into something it’s not.”

“Don’t say that!” Bianca’s voice cracked as she reached for him, her fingers brushing his wrist. Kevin pulled away, his patience wearing thin.

“I’m calling the doctor,” he said, turning his back as she called after him, desperation seeping into her tone.

Minutes later, a doctor entered, syringe in hand. Bianca’s eyes glistened with unshed tears as the sedative took effect. “Kevin, I’m really scared. Just a few moments of your time every day, that’s all I need,” she whispered before drifting off.

Kevin stood there, unmoved. When she was asleep, he walked out and found Cody on duty.

Cody raised an eyebrow. “What brings you here, away from your wife?”

Kevin’s eyes narrowed. “Guess.”

Cody smirked. “Got yourself hurt, did you? Or is it... you know...”

“Get out,” Kevin snapped, his patience gone.

Cody held up his hands with a grin. “Fine, fine. What’s really going on?”

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Cody rose from his chair and moved toward Kevin, extending his hand as if to check Kevin’s pulse.

Kevin pulled back, annoyance flashing across his face. “Find a reliable psychologist for Bianca,” he said.

Hearing Bianca’s name, Cody’s expression darkened. “Kevin, you’ve been married for three years. Aren’t you worried about what Norah might think?”

“It’s just to help,” Kevin replied coolly.

Cody raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. “Helping leads to complications. A marriage is built on commitment—don’t forget that. You need to value what you have.”

He clapped Kevin’s shoulder, a hint of warning in his touch. Kevin nodded, a brief, muted acknowledgment, but Cody knew he’d step in regardless.

As Cody made the call to set things up, Kevin's eyes kept flicking to his phone, hoping for a message from Norah. None came.

Meanwhile, Norah strolled along the sidewalk, letting the night air clear her head. When hunger finally caught up to her, she called her friend, Gloria.

"I'm starving. Order some takeout—I'll grab a cab and be there soon."

"Got it," Gloria answered before the line disconnected.

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Cody had reached out to a psychiatrist named Ezra Schultz. "She's an old college friend, works at the Second Hospital. She can pose as a friend if needed," Cody explained, recalling the most discreet option he could think of.

Kevin nodded. "Set it up for tomorrow at noon."

Cody glanced at Kevin, noting the way his attention drifted to his phone. "You seem... out of sorts. I'm on night duty, so I can't grab a drink with you. But if you've got a problem, deal with it head-on."

Kevin shot him a glare before walking out of the hospital. Cody shook his head, a mix of worry and frustration in his eyes.

Kevin tried calling Norah, but her phone was on "Do Not Disturb." No answer. His jaw tightened. Of all the places she could go, Gloria's was the most likely.

Gripping his phone, Kevin caught the driver's eye as he exited the hospital.

"Mr. Edwards!" The driver approached quickly.

"Take me to the mansion," Kevin ordered.

It wasn't far, and soon, the sound of the car pulling up echoed through the estate. Siena, seated in the living room, heard the engine and sat up straighter. When Kevin entered, his tall frame cast a long shadow across the entryway.

"At the Gingras dinner, did you remember that you're the Edwards heir?" Siena's sharp eyes narrowed on him, voice slicing through the silence.

Kevin's expression stayed cold. "I'm not a child, Siena."

Her eyes darkened, frustration boiling over. "Don't forget, without me, you wouldn't be where you are today!"

He met her glare with a cold smirk. "A moment of good doesn't erase a history of wrongs."

Without waiting for a reply, he walked past her, heading upstairs. Siena's face flushed with rage. If this continued, Norah would become the matriarch of the Edwards family. She couldn't let that happen.

A dangerous glint appeared in her eyes as she clenched her fists.

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At Gloria's apartment, Norah walked in, exhaustion etched across her face. Gloria took one look at her and knew things weren't good.

"If you're set on divorce, you need to brace yourself. But if not, think about how to move forward," Gloria said, guiding Norah to the couch and opening the takeout boxes.

She barely had a chance to eat before nausea rolled over her, forcing her to the bathroom. The bile that rose was sharp and bitter, leaving her gasping as she turned on the faucet.

From the doorway, Gloria called out, "What's your next move, Norah?"

Wiping her face, Norah answered, "Divorce. If he doesn't agree, I'll find a lawyer and fight for it."

This wasn't something she planned to discuss with Kevin. First step: separation. If he was at the hospital with Bianca, then she knew where his heart lay. And with Siena's looming disapproval, it only got more complicated.

Gloria frowned, worry deepening the lines on her face. "Going up against Kevin legally? Your chances aren't great. We might need to go public first."

Norah's brow furrowed. "What do you mean, 'go public'?"

“Expose him on social media. Accuse him of infidelity or being an absent husband. Public pressure could force his hand,” Gloria suggested, watching Norah’s reaction.

The idea sat heavily between them. Men valued their reputation, and Siena, in particular, wouldn’t take such exposure lightly.

Norah’s throat tightened. She knew that Kevin’s heart had always belonged to Bianca. Thinking about their connection only deepened the ache.

“I want this to be amicable,” she said, voice soft but firm.

Gloria sighed. “You still care about him. That’s why he holds all the power.”

Norah stayed silent. Gloria wrapped an arm around her shoulders. “Enough talk for now. Eat what you can, or I’ll have to nurse you back to health myself.”

A small smile broke through Norah’s exhaustion. She forced down a few bites before washing up and settling into a restless sleep. In the haze of her dreams, Kevin’s voice seemed to whisper through the dark.

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Chapter 139

“There’s nowhere else for you to go but to me.” Kevin’s voice was firm, almost cold.

Norah’s eyes shot open as she sat up, realizing it was already morning.

Gloria’s voice, dripping with sarcasm, broke through the silence: “Kevin, do you even hear yourself? It’s ridiculous.”

This wasn’t a dream. Kevin was really there.

Norah swung her legs out of bed and stepped out of the room. She found Kevin and Gloria facing each other in the living room. Kevin stood tall in a smoky gray shirt, his presence overwhelming compared to Gloria’s smaller frame.

“If you’re here to finish what I started, then I’ll go with you,” Norah said evenly. She took a step toward him.

Both Kevin and Gloria turned to look at her. Kevin's eyes flicked to her pajamas—Doraemon print, a far cry from what she usually wore. The sight made his expression unreadable.

Her long hair tumbled over her shoulders, her face bare of makeup. There was a weary chill in her dark eyes.

Kevin's voice was gentle, almost too soft. "Change your clothes. I brought breakfast. You and Gloria can eat, and then we're heading home."

"Okay."

Norah forced herself to act composed, not wanting Gloria to see any cracks in her resolve.

Gloria, realizing there was no stopping Norah, watched in silence.

Norah picked at her breakfast, sipping milk, eating half an egg, and a few spoonfuls of porridge. Then she walked back to Kevin.

Out of nowhere, Kevin said, "Is the venue for Ms. Turner's art exhibition finalized?"

Caught off guard, Gloria hesitated before answering politely, "We're still in talks."

"I'll have Kian reach out to the organizers. I know them well," Kevin replied smoothly.

"No need," Norah interjected, catching the veiled threat.

Outwardly, she kept her composure, answering with a clipped, "Thanks."

She waved goodbye to Gloria and followed Kevin downstairs, slipping into the car. Before she could speak, Kevin took her hand, running his thumb over the back of it. "We're heading to the mansion. If you're not happy with any detail, tell me, and Kian will change it immediately."

"You don't need to hold back," he added with a voice that sounded too kind, too controlled.

A sharp pain gripped Norah's chest. If it weren't for hearing Bianca's name, for overhearing Bonnie's probing, or for Kevin's quiet admissions, she might have let herself be deceived by this façade of tenderness.

"Kevin, I know what you mean. When the agreement ends, are you going to drag this out? Don't tell me it's because you love me." The irony in her voice was unmistakable.

Kevin's reasons for clinging to the agreement had nothing to do with love.

"You've been good, Norah. There's no need to escalate this." His grip on her hand tightened. "You barely ate. Is your stomach bothering you? I can take you to a traditional doctor if you're feeling unwell."

Norah tried to pull her hand away, but he only held on tighter. "Stop this, Norah."

"Stop what?" she said, her voice breaking. "If you agree with your mother, I'll return the 10 million."

"Where would you get 10 million?" He raised an eyebrow, skepticism in his eyes.

The car cruised forward, the doors locked. There was no escape.

"I don't have it, but I'll earn it."

Kevin let out a short, humorless laugh. "How exactly? If you leave the Edwards family, who's going to hire you? How much would you be able to pay back each month?"

Before Norah could answer, he continued, "Even if you manage to get a job, say with a monthly salary of \$15,000, you'd barely keep enough for living expenses. Maybe \$10,000 a month toward debt? That's \$120,000 a year. Tell me, how many years will it take to pay back 10 million?"

She fell silent, weighing her options. Could she piece together part-time work, lean on Gloria for loans, model, or translate? The calculations blurred in her mind.

Kevin's voice pulled her back, slicing through her thoughts. "Without interest, Norah. Why push for divorce when I haven't?"

He eyed her curiously. “That man, Anthony—what can he offer you that’s better than being Mrs. Edwards?”

Anthony had given her hope, a light that Kevin couldn’t understand. Misunderstanding who Anthony truly was would be better for now.

A bitter smile tugged at her lips. “The same thing Bianca gives you.”

Kevin’s jaw clenched. “I’m not ready for divorce.”

Norah met his stare, her voice steady. “Then we’ll handle it legally.”

“Who in this city would take your case?” Kevin’s confidence was unshakeable.

As the city’s power player, Kevin Edwards was untouchable. Anyone opposing him would be signing their own fate.

Hopelessness twisted in Norah’s chest. Was Gloria’s bold idea the only way out?

Kevin’s phone rang, interrupting her thoughts. It was Bonnie.

“I’m hosting a masquerade ball tonight in Bishu Bay. Bring Norah. No excuses. If you don’t show, you’ll deal with the consequences.” She hung up before he could respond.

Kevin glanced at Norah. “You heard her. Don’t upset my aunt.”

Her heart ached. She could pretend to be composed, but only she knew the pain beneath the surface.

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Chapter 140

Norah’s voice was steady, almost detached. “I won’t ruin Aunt Bonnie’s fun, but what about mine?”

Kevin’s expression tightened. “Norah, don’t forget—you were the one who told my grandfather you wanted to marry me.”

The thought of the \$10 million and those shares weighed heavily on Norah’s mind. A headache throbbed, and an invisible grip seemed to squeeze her

heart. She struggled to breathe. Talking more with Kevin felt pointless, so she leaned against the car window and shut her eyes.

Kevin, noticing her fatigue, stayed silent. The rest of the ride passed in quiet tension.

Soon, the driver pulled up at the mansion gates. Kevin was about to let her rest, but Norah unexpectedly opened the door and stepped out. Her steady stride made Kevin realize she hadn't been sleeping; she just didn't want to engage with him.

Kevin's jaw clenched as he followed. "Take a look around inside. If everything's fine, we'll head over to Aunt Bonnie's to get changed."

"What could possibly be wrong? A mansion owned by Mr. Edwards has to have the best of everything." Norah's smile was thin and cold.

Kevin didn't respond. Instead, he lit a cigarette. He needed the sharp edge of nicotine right now.

Norah didn't like the smell of smoke, but she didn't try to stop him. She used to air out rooms for him and tuck mint sachets into his pockets. That was then.

The sharp, acrid scent of smoke made her instinctively step away. Kevin noticed.

He took a long drag, exhaled slowly, and watched her. Under the thin veil of smoke, his eyes darkened. She was changing. The old Norah would never distance herself like this. She was colder now, even willing to help him search for the mysterious woman from that night.

"Let's go." Kevin dropped the cigarette, grinding it under his heel. He'd wanted to show her the villa, but with Norah so indifferent, they moved on to Bonnie's party.

They climbed into the car, and silence resumed. Kevin held her hand, lacing his fingers tightly with hers, his other arm resting protectively over her shoulders. Norah leaned into him, listening to his steady heartbeat, choosing not to think or feel. The calm was deceptive.

If she kept pushing, Kevin would eventually agree to the divorce. But time was running out—she had to get him to sign before she started showing.

They arrived at Bishu Bay just before midnight. Lights glittered, and music thumped through the air.

Kevin took her hand as they stepped out. Bonnie appeared at the entrance, smiling with satisfaction as she saw them together. "It's a masquerade. Pick your masks—things are in full swing, and the guests are waiting. I invited a lot of friends."

Bonnie chose a white butterfly mask for Norah. "White suits you. It's pure and noble," she said, gently fastening it over Norah's face.

Ignoring Kevin, Bonnie linked arms with Norah and led her inside. Kevin started to follow, but a security guard blocked him. "Young master, Miss Edwards' party rules—guests only."

Kevin's eyes narrowed as he watched Bonnie lead Norah away. With a resigned sigh, he picked up a metallic silver mask and slipped it on.

When he entered, Bonnie had already ushered Norah to a discreet spot on the second floor overlooking the main hall. The place was packed with people dressed to impress, mingling and moving to the beat.

Norah watched the crowd, sipping juice as Bonnie handed it to her. "Relax, Norah. Tonight, I'll test Kevin's true feelings for you," Bonnie said with a mischievous glint.

"No, Aunt Bonnie, please don't. I've been overwhelmed lately, and I only came tonight because you insisted."

Bonnie squeezed Norah's hand. "You're here, so enjoy it. Trust me." And with that, she walked away, mask in place, ready to stir things up.

Norah watched as Bonnie approached a man wearing a silver mask. Even through the disguise, she recognized Kevin.

Bonnie smiled slyly. "You're only here for those shares, aren't you? Well, I arranged this party for Norah to meet new people. As her soon-to-be ex-husband, why don't you help evaluate her prospects?"

Kevin's jaw tightened beneath the mask. "Aunt, stop playing games. I don't need your tests."

Bonnie's eyes twinkled. "Then find Norah in this crowd. Surely you know your own wife?"

She walked off, leaving Kevin to scan the room. He didn't spot Norah among the swirling figures, but his gaze shifted upward to the second floor.

Norah's heart skipped. Did he sense her presence, or was it just pride pushing him to search?

Before she could figure it out, a bright voice called out, "Kevin!"

It was a very clear, yellow bird-like female voice.