

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 141

Chapter 141

The moment they heard the voice, Kevin and Norah both turned.

A tall girl with flawless, fair skin was approaching them, wearing a silver-white mask that nearly matched Kevin's. She was dressed in a long pink gown, her hair swept up elegantly, and every inch of her glistened with jewelry as she hurried toward Kevin, lifting her skirt to move faster.

Despite the mask, she recognized Kevin instantly, and her height difference only highlighted her familiarity with him.

"Who are you?" Kevin's brow furrowed. He knew immediately that this wasn't Norah. He couldn't guess what scheme his Aunt Bonnie was working on this time.

From a distance, Norah observed the scene in silence.

The girl offered a playful smile. "Kevin, does it matter who I am? How about a dance? Aunt Bonnie's hosting tonight's party—I should make the most of it, right?"

The girl's casual mention of "Aunt" piqued both Kevin and Norah's curiosity.

Who is this girl?

Kevin declined without hesitation. "I don't dance with strangers." He turned away without another glance.

"Are you really going to turn me down now, Kevin?"

She removed her mask, revealing a sweet, delicate face. Kevin didn't bother to look back.

Suddenly, Norah heard the door beside her open, and there was Kevin, still wearing his metallic mask. He reached out a hand to her, wordlessly inviting her to join him.

She took his hand, understanding the scene's complexity. The girl from before stood nearby, watching but clearly unsure of Norah's identity behind her mask.

As Kevin led her away, the girl blocked their path, giving Norah a once-over. “So, that’s why you turned me down—there’s a beautiful woman by your side.”

Kevin finally looked at her, his gaze cooling. “It’s you,” he said, voice edged with irritation.

The girl chuckled. “Oh, so you do recognize me.”

“Let’s not ruin Aunt Bonnie’s party,” he replied coolly. “I have plans for tonight.” With that, he brushed past her, guiding Norah firmly out of the ballroom.

Bonnie caught sight of them leaving but did nothing to stop them. But the girl’s appearance had planted a seed in Norah’s mind—a question she didn’t voice to Kevin.

They didn’t speak until they returned to his mansion.

Once inside, Kevin carried her to the bedroom, his grip gentle but insistent. He set her down and tilted her chin up, his dark eyes searching her face. “Norah, don’t you have anything to ask me?”

His gaze was intense, a storm of unreadable emotions swirling within.

Norah held his stare, sensing a hint of confusion, maybe even sadness. No, it had to be her imagination.

“What do you want me to ask, Kevin?” she replied calmly.

“Go to sleep,” he muttered, releasing her. Without another word, he turned and left the room.

Norah’s gaze followed his retreating form, her mind churning with unspoken questions.

The next morning, Kevin brought breakfast to the bedroom. Norah had already woken up and had taken the time to put on light makeup to hide her exhaustion.

“You’re up early. You don’t usually do that on non-work days,” Kevin observed, admiring how natural the soft makeup looked on her.

“I’m used to it,” Norah replied simply.

After years as his secretary, she’d gotten into the habit of being up and ready before him, often making breakfast and preparing everything he needed. By now, it was just a routine.

“Since you’re used to it,” Kevin said, meeting her gaze, “if I divorced you, would you get used to that too?” He paused, then walked over to the sofa, where he’d set down the breakfast tray.

Norah joined him without hesitation, seating herself across from him. On the tray were a bowl of porridge with dates and goji berries, a cup of warm milk, and a boiled egg.

She kept her tone steady. “When I was single before, I didn’t have any habits tied to you. If we separated, I’d eventually adjust.”

Kevin didn’t respond, studying her as she spoke with surprising calmness.

“I married you because of my grandfather’s wishes,” he finally said, his voice low. “But why did you marry me, Norah? It wasn’t for the Mrs. Edwards title or for the \$10 million, was it?” As he asked, his voice caught slightly.

Three years of marriage and countless shared moments—how could she seem so unfazed?

She looked at him evenly. “If it makes it easier, think of it that way.”

Without a word, she picked up her cup and sipped slowly, unfazed.

Kevin clenched his jaw, frustration simmering. “So, it’s just a convenient arrangement for both of us now,” he said, more to himself than her.

Silence fell, his gaze lingering on her with a hint of hurt he tried to mask.

He forced a casual tone. “You can stay here today, or come to the office with me if you want.”

Norah considered it. With no one else in the villa, going to work would at least pass the time. She met his gaze. “I’ll come with you.”

She paused. “Have you had breakfast?”

“No.”

“I’ll make it for you.” Norah rose, slipping back into her role as if nothing had changed.

Kevin watched her move around the kitchen, strangely comforted by her familiar presence.

They went to the office together. Norah continued her usual tasks, making tea, hanging his suit, and preparing his paperwork.

When Kevin pressed a hand to his forehead, she instinctively walked over, massaging his temples. “You should get more rest, Kevin. And try to avoid staying up late, smoking, or drinking.”

Her tone was calm, almost as if she were saying goodbye, a farewell wrapped in concern.

Kevin caught her hand, holding it firmly. “Norah,” he said quietly, “I’m not divorcing you.”

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 142**

Chapter 142

Norah was dumbfounded, and she didn’t know why Kevin suddenly reacted so much.

“Are you feeling better?” she asked Kevin, sidestepping his comment.

Kevin closed his eyes and sighed, letting the tension melt away. “Yeah, much better,” he murmured.

Norah kept massaging his temples, even as her hands began to ache. Soon, Kevin’s breathing softened into a steady rhythm, signaling he’d fallen asleep. Gently, she draped a blanket over him and left the office, only to bump into Scarlet on her way out.

“Ms. White,” Scarlet greeted, her eyes flickering with curiosity.

Norah had been in Kevin’s office for over an hour—a detail not lost on anyone after Kevin’s dramatic show at last night’s party. The gossip mill was turning,

and even Scarlet couldn't ignore it. Without engaging, Norah returned to her desk.

A message from Gloria appeared: "Have you thought about my proposal?"

Norah replied, "Been too busy to give it proper thought."

Her response was evasive, reflecting her reluctance to confront the issue head-on. Despite everything, she couldn't bring herself to be completely cold toward Kevin.

As noon approached, Kian arrived with lunch. As usual, Norah went to the office to prepare the meal for Kevin. They sat across from each other as they ate, Kevin unscrewing her water bottle without a word.

But the moment Norah tasted the sweet-and-sour pork ribs, her stomach churned. She tried to mask her discomfort, but Kevin noticed.

"If your stomach's acting up, let's get you checked out," he said, putting his chopsticks down.

"It's fine," Norah insisted, brushing it off. "Just a bit of indigestion. And honestly... I don't want to go to the hospital with you." She'd managed to keep this private so far; she didn't want that to change.

"Alright," Kevin replied, dialing Cody instead. "Let's at least get you some medicine."

When Cody answered, Kevin asked him to prescribe something for Norah's stomach. The sound of Cody's exasperated sigh came loud and clear through the phone.

"Just go to any pharmacy and pick up some antacids, Mr. Edwards," Cody grumbled before hanging up.

Unfazed, Kevin went out himself and returned ten minutes later with the medication in hand.

"Take one after eating," he instructed.

Norah nodded, feeling a knot form in her throat. The simple act of him going to the pharmacy himself stirred something deep within her.

As she took her pill, Kian entered with an update. “Mr. Edwards, the Jenkins team has arrived at the Hilton.”

Kevin turned to Norah, his expression softening. “You stay here and take it easy. I’ll bring Kian along this time.”

Though Scarlet was his new assistant, Kevin’s choice made his indifference to her clear. Scarlet, however, didn’t seem to get the message.

When Kevin left, she sighed dramatically at her desk. “Ms. White, do you think Mr. Edwards dislikes me because I’m too smart?”

Norah looked up calmly. “Your focus should be on doing your job, not on whether he likes you or not.”

Scarlet seemed to take this to heart. “You’re right,” she said, nodding. “I shouldn’t be so impatient.”

After work, Norah decided to visit her parents. But when she arrived, she was surprised to find Sierra and her mother, Linda, waiting.

They looked different this time—no arrogance, just quiet remorse.

“Norah,” Sierra began, her voice unsteady, “Lola’s gone. I’m working now to pay back the money my dad owed. Thank you... for everything.”

Norah kept her expression neutral, though the tension in the room was palpable.

Sierra looked down, nervous. “Did you help me get the job at Gingras?”

“Yes,” Norah replied, her tone direct. “But the job’s yours to keep if you do it well. Use this opportunity.”

Tears filled Linda’s eyes. “Thank you, Norah. You’ve done more than we deserve.”

After they left, Gwen turned to Norah, worry creasing her brow. “Honey, you’re too good-hearted. I don’t want to see you get hurt.”

Norah just smiled. “If they don’t change, I’ll be the first to walk away.”

Gwen relaxed and smiled warmly. "It's rare for you to be home. Anything special you'd like to eat?"

Norah's eyes lit up. "Hot and sour noodles, please! And maybe some crayfish?"

Home brought a different kind of comfort, one that melted away the stresses of work. Her parents moved to the kitchen together, exchanging smiles as they cooked.

Over dinner, Gwen couldn't help but notice how heartily Norah was eating, even picking out the chili peppers. She paused, watching her daughter closely.

"Norah," she asked suddenly, "could you be... pregnant?"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 143**

### Chapter 143

Norah's breath hitched, but she kept her tone steady. "I'm not pregnant; I just wanted something with a stronger flavor after eating bland food for so long."

Her mother had asked her this before, and Norah had already said she was planning to divorce Kevin. If her mother found out she was pregnant now, things would only get more complicated.

Gwen sighed in relief. "Honestly, it's for the best. A pregnancy would complicate everything, especially now."

She seemed about to say more, but Jack shot her a cautionary glance.

"Eat up, Norah. You're young; you'll have plenty of time to figure all that out," he said, giving her a gentle smile.

Norah nodded and continued eating. Ever since the pregnancy, her appetite had changed, and she found herself getting tired more easily. After dinner, she felt the familiar pull of sleepiness, but just as she was about to lie down, her phone buzzed.

It was Kian.

"Secretary White, Mr. Edwards had a bit too much to drink."

Norah's heart dropped. "Where is he?"

"We're bringing him to the mansion. Scarlet's with me."

Scarlet's name made Norah pause. She knew Kevin had only taken Kian to meet the Jenkins representative.

"Got it. I'll be there shortly," Norah replied, pushing aside her weariness.

As she gathered her things to leave, Gwen handed her a couple of bags filled with homemade snacks. "Take these with you! You're always on the go; it's good to have something homemade."

Norah accepted them and headed out, taking a cab to Kevin's mansion. The ride was a blur, and before she knew it, she was at the doorstep.

As she entered, a soft, familiar scent of osmanthus filled the air. In the next room, Scarlet was standing by Kevin, holding a bowl of sour plum soup.

"Mr. Edwards, I made this from Ms. White's recipe. Give it a try," she said, her voice chipper.

Norah's stomach clenched. The sour plum soup, complete with a hint of osmanthus, was something she'd always prepared for Kevin to help him with hangovers. Scarlet must have followed her notes, but seeing Kevin accept it—and even compliment it—stung.

"Not bad," Kevin commented.

Scarlet's eyes brightened. "I'm glad you like it, sir!"

Hearing this, Norah tried to keep her expression neutral as she moved closer, and Scarlet spotted her. "Ms. White! You're here!" she chirped, drawing Kevin's attention.

Kevin looked at her coolly. "Scarlet, you and Kian go finish up the Jenkins negotiation. Norah, stay."

Once they were alone, Kevin's gaze drifted to the bags she'd brought. "What's all this?"

"I stopped by my parents' place," Norah replied, holding his gaze steady.

“Did you happen to see Steven?” Kevin’s voice was calm, almost too calm.

“No, he’s busy, just like the rest of us,” Norah replied, brushing off the question as she walked the bags into the kitchen. When she returned, Kevin was watching her intently.

“Come here,” he said, motioning her closer.

Norah hesitated, but she stepped forward. In one quick move, Kevin pulled her into his arms, his breath heavy with alcohol.

She wrinkled her nose. “You smell like a distillery. Let me go run a bath for you.”

As she moved to pull away, Kevin’s hand caught her chin, tilting her face toward him. “And after the bath?”

“It’s late, and we’ve both had a long day. We should rest,” Norah replied, her voice steady.

Kevin’s eyebrow lifted, amused. “Do you think now that Scarlet is around, you’re free to leave?”

Norah’s chest tightened. She wanted to be free of this, but Kevin’s grip kept her bound.

She exhaled. “I came because you called, didn’t I? My mom sent some snacks if you’re hungry.”

The corners of Kevin’s mouth quirked up in a faint, unreadable smile. “So, Scarlet’s sour plum soup recipe. You teach her that?”

“No, she figured it out herself,” Norah replied, adding, “I gave her a notebook of instructions, but it’s her effort.”

Kevin smirked. “Funny, since I know that touch of osmanthus is your little secret.”

Norah met his gaze, resolute. “As your secretary, she needs to know your preferences. She’ll be handling things for you now.”

Kevin’s expression darkened. “Did I agree to her hiring?”

“You said I needed to make sure things were in place before I leave,” Norah countered. “Scarlet’s competent.”

“Oh, if she’s so competent, should I keep her on?” Kevin’s voice turned cold.

Norah felt the weight of his question but kept her composure. “That’s your decision.”

Kevin’s tone softened, though the intensity in his eyes didn’t waver. “I’ve been traveling a lot lately. I don’t want to deal with strangers in my space. You’d better stick around.”

As he pulled her closer, Norah’s pulse quickened, and a sense of unease settled over her.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 144**

Chapter 144

Norah grew uneasy as Kevin leaned in closer, so she quickly responded, “Okay, I’ll stay.”

Satisfied, Kevin softened. “You’ve had some stomach issues lately, but it seems like you’ve put on a bit of weight?”

Norah froze, feeling caught off guard. He’d brought it up before, and she brushed it off again. “Probably just a lack of rest and some water retention. Endocrine imbalances can do that too.”

Kevin’s brows knit together. “But didn’t you hire Scarlet to help? Why is the workload still so heavy?”

“I’m a bit of a perfectionist, I guess.” Norah tried to deflect, not daring to meet his gaze.

Kevin’s tone sharpened. “Are you just making excuses because you don’t want to be involved in this?”

“No, not at all,” she replied hastily, trying to hide her growing anxiety.

Desperate to steer away from the topic, Norah suggested, “Since you’ve had the sour plum soup, maybe I could make you something to eat?”

Kevin held her gaze for a beat, his expression unreadable. Finally, he replied with a low “Alright.”

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In the kitchen, Norah prepared a simple, soothing bowl of noodles—something easy on the stomach after all the alcohol Kevin had consumed. Kevin ate it contentedly, even offering a rare compliment, “This is good.”

Norah remained silent, her mind elsewhere. She didn’t plan to cook for him much longer. She was counting down her days here.

After he finished, Kevin looked over at her and said, “Tomorrow, don’t worry about going into the office. I’ll take you to the mall for some new clothes.”

“Is that a good idea?” she hesitated. “We’ve kept things private. People might notice us together, and then we’ll be all over the headlines.”

Kevin shrugged, dismissing her concern. “Then go with Gloria. Have her meet you there, and let her know she can head straight to the exhibit afterward.”

It caught Norah off guard that Kevin was genuinely serious about helping Gloria with the exhibit space. His influence was undeniable—just a few words from him could shift everything Gloria had worked on.

She nodded. “Alright, I’ll go with Gloria.”

Kevin said nothing further, which she took as agreement.

After cleaning up his dishes, Kevin looked back at her, “I have a few more things to finish up. Could you bring me a coffee in half an hour?”

“Sure,” she agreed, nodding.

Exactly half an hour later, Norah brought a fresh cup of black coffee to Kevin’s study. He was deep in a video call, speaking fluent French with an air of authority and command. Norah placed the coffee on his desk and was about to leave quietly when Kevin looked up and said, “Get some rest, I’ll join you soon.”

Before she could respond, one of the men in the video call joked in English, “Is this your new girlfriend, Mr. Edwards?”

Without missing a beat, Kevin corrected him, “No, she’s my wife.”

Norah felt a shock run through her. She hadn’t expected him to openly acknowledge her. But she noticed that he’d done it without hesitation, the way he’d stood up for her in the past.

The other man switched back to French, resuming business. Kevin took a sip of his coffee, then turned to Norah. “Once I’m done with all this, how about we take a trip to Foutumsally for a few days?”

She was touched. “When do you think you’ll be finished?”

“A week at most,” he replied.

“Alright,” she murmured, her heart warming. It could be the honeymoon they’d never had, the chance to finally share a piece of their life together.

After Kevin gave a slight nod, she excused herself and returned to her room, messaging Gloria to finalize their plans. Norah tried to unwind, checking in on her stock portfolio and catching up on her favorite show, before eventually drifting off to sleep.

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Hours later, she woke to feel a hand slowly tracing her waist, the warmth of his breath at the nape of her neck. Instinctively, she tensed, whispering, “I... haven’t been feeling well lately...”

Kevin stilled but didn’t pull away.

“Norah, you’ve pushed me away more than once now,” he murmured, his voice low in the dark.

A chill crept over her. His frustration was almost tangible.

Struggling for words, she replied, her voice faint, “I’m sorry... I really don’t feel well. I don’t want to spoil this for you.”

Kevin’s voice turned cold. “You already have.”

Without another word, he got up, and moments later, she heard the water running in the bathroom. He left the room shortly after.

Norah lay in silence, her heart heavy.

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The next morning, she rose early. As she headed downstairs, she saw Kevin, already dressed in his running clothes.

Noticing her dressed and made up, he said, "Don't leave before having breakfast."

Norah nodded. "Of course. I'll make us something."

But Kevin stopped her, "No need. Join me for a run."

Though surprised, she complied, falling into step beside him. After a few paces, Kevin asked, "What's your agenda today?"

She thought for a moment. "Just some shopping... is there anything you need?"

He shook his head, "No. Are you meeting anyone?"

"Gloria, maybe. We might catch an art exhibit if time allows."

Kevin nodded approvingly. "If you get back early, bring dinner by the office."

"Sure," Norah agreed easily.

They walked on together, side by side, neither acknowledging the tension of the night before.

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 145**

Chapter 145

As they stepped into the house, Kevin and Norah were taken aback to find Siena seated on the sofa, looking displeased.

Siena's tone was cold. "You're out there making headlines. Quite the spectacle you've caused."

Kevin cast Norah a glance.

Understanding his cue, Norah greeted politely, “Good morning, Mom. Would you like breakfast? If you haven’t eaten yet, I’ll ask the maid to prepare something.”

The maids at the villa understood their roles well. If Norah didn’t cook, one of them would prepare breakfast at the usual time.

Siena ignored Norah entirely. “Kevin, I need to speak with you alone.”

Unfazed, Kevin replied, “People will find out about Norah and me sooner or later.”

Siena’s face flushed with anger as she reined in her temper. “Did I hear right? Your aunt invited you to her masquerade ball?”

Kevin responded indifferently, “Is that a problem?”

Siena’s tone tightened. “These pointless parties... Your father’s returning soon. Try not to disappoint him.”

“Is that all?” Kevin asked, his tone flat, showing little interest in Siena’s concerns.

It was the typical way he interacted with her. Norah had long accepted that their relationship was tense and stayed quiet, letting them handle their dynamic as usual.

Siena exhaled sharply, holding her irritation in check. “Bianca brought me a gift recently, and now she’s in the hospital. Bring this tonic to her. She’s been thoughtful toward our family.”

Norah’s heart sank. Watching her mother-in-law ask her husband to bring gifts to another woman stung, but she held back from speaking up.

Kevin replied, “If it’s inconvenient, you could have the maid take it.”

Siena’s eyes hardened. “Someone shows us kindness, and I should repay it with such disrespect? Am I too old to understand simple manners?” She turned to Norah. “Since Kevin’s busy, Norah, you can take it.”

Norah bit her tongue, about to agree, when Kevin cut in. “Norah is not your errand runner.”

Siena's eyes narrowed, surprised but unmoved. "She's your wife, and you're my son. When either of you acts, it represents our family. Or do I have no place here anymore?"

Sensing the tension rising, Norah quickly interjected, "It's no trouble, Mom. I'll take the tonic over for you."

Siena glanced at her, gesturing towards a container on the coffee table. Norah recognized it immediately as a premium tonic produced by the Edwards family, known for its hefty price. Siena clearly went out of her way for Bianca.

Kevin went upstairs to change, leaving Norah to deal with his mother alone. She finished a quick breakfast before heading out with the tonic.

Once Kevin returned and didn't see Norah, he turned to Siena, his expression cold. "Stop treating Norah like a maid."

Unfazed, Siena shot back, "And what should I treat her as? My daughter-in-law? Have you ever acknowledged her as one?"

Kevin refused to engage further, responding only, "Norah's taken care of your errand. If you need anything else, give her a call." The message was clear: don't come by unannounced.

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At the hospital, Norah arrived at Bianca's room with the tonic. As the door opened, Bianca's face lit up, expecting Kevin, but her expression soured when she saw Norah.

Norah's tone was civil. "Mom wasn't feeling well, so I'm here on her behalf."

She placed the tonic on the bedside table and turned to leave.

Bianca called after her, "Norah, since you're here, why not stay for a bit?"

Without looking back, Norah replied, "We're not close, Ms. Lynch."

Her visit complete, Norah used the opportunity to attend her own appointment at the hospital. She registered for a quick check-up and soon found herself lying on the examination table, heart racing.

The doctor prepared her abdomen for the ultrasound. Feeling the coolness of the gel, Norah couldn't help but feel anxious.

"Is this your first pregnancy?" the doctor asked gently.

Norah swallowed, her voice barely audible. "Yes..."

A minute later, the doctor looked up. "You have a healthy fetal heartbeat. You're about six weeks along."

The news hit her like a wave. The tiny life inside her already had a heartbeat.

After the exam, Norah consulted with the doctor, who offered her a choice. "Are you looking to carry this pregnancy to term or...?"

Norah placed her hand on her stomach, feeling protective already. "I want to keep the baby."

The doctor nodded, writing a prescription for folic acid and calcium supplements. "Take these regularly."

With her prescription in hand, Norah left the hospital pharmacy. Outside, she bumped into Steven, an acquaintance.

"Norah! What a coincidence," he greeted warmly.

She smiled politely.

Noticing her bag from the pharmacy, Steven asked, "Are you feeling okay?"

A bit flustered, Norah quickly tucked the bag into her purse. "Just a stomach issue."

Steven gave her a concerned look. "Take care of yourself. Don't brush it off."

She nodded, then noticed his own hospital visit. "Are you here to see someone?"

He explained, "My aunt's been unwell. I came to check on her."

Norah offered a sympathetic nod. "Well, I won't keep you. Take care, Steven."

He watched her walk away, a hint of curiosity in his gaze.

After Norah left the hospital, she stopped at a nearby pharmacy to pick up a second set of supplements. She discreetly swapped out the contents to avoid any prying questions back at the villa. Tossing the ultrasound report into a nearby trash can, she was about to head home when a familiar voice called her name from behind.