

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 146

Chapter 146

The familiar voice made Norah's heart skip a beat, and she froze, turning around slowly.

There, she saw her former college classmate, Micah Dupuis.

She remembered Micah well. Just three months ago, he'd joined Edwards' tech department, and she had personally conducted his interview. Apart from their history as classmates, Micah's qualifications and skills had impressed her.

Norah mustered a polite smile. "What a surprise, Micah."

Her recent decision to keep the baby left her feeling oddly vulnerable, almost as if she were harboring a secret.

"I had the day off and thought I'd come in for a check-up," Micah said, his gaze warm. "By the way, next Friday is the baby shower for our old class president's newborn. Are you planning to go?"

The college class president had always been a stand-up guy. He was from a rural area, yet had constantly helped his classmates, including Norah, when they needed it. Micah's words tugged at her memory, making her realize she hadn't received an invitation.

Micah noticed her confusion and quickly clarified, "I know the news hasn't been shared in the class group yet. I'm close with the class president, so he told me first. I just thought you'd like to know too."

Norah nodded, processing it.

Micah continued, "The baby was born with congenital heart issues. The medical bills have been staggering..." His voice trailed off as he looked pensive.

His words sank in, striking a chord with Norah. The thought of a fragile child suffering brought a pang to her chest, especially now that she was carrying her own.

“I’ll be there,” she replied softly, then gestured for him to go ahead with his appointment. “Take care of your health, too, Micah.”

“Thanks. You, too,” he replied with a nod as she walked away.

After Norah left, Micah noticed her tension when they’d crossed paths and recalled how she’d thrown something in the trash right before their exchange. Curiosity tugged at him, and he peered into the bin, spotting scraps of paper with the words “B-ultrasound” still legible.

Something didn’t sit right. He pieced the fragments together, just enough to reveal that Norah was over a month pregnant. The information startled him, especially given the rumors about her dedication to her work at the Edwards company. Without a boyfriend, Norah’s situation left him puzzled. After a moment, he took a quick photo of the scraps and then, to respect her privacy, burned them with his lighter.

Leaving the hospital, Norah called a taxi and headed to a nearby mall. She dialed Gloria’s number but got no answer; instead, Kevin called her first.

His voice was low and steady. “Are you on your way to see Gloria?”

“Yeah. Did you need something?” she asked casually, trying to keep things light between them.

“Nothing in particular,” he replied. “Just remember what I mentioned this morning.”

She assured him, and he hung up. When Gloria eventually returned her call, Norah apologized for disturbing her rest. “I’m at a mall near your place. I’ll wait here until you arrive.”

After Norah settled into a small café with two cups of milk tea, Gloria showed up, spotting Norah seated at a dainty, round table.

“Inviting me to one of these trendy places? You must have something up your sleeve,” Gloria joked as she sat down.

Norah chuckled. “Honestly, no agenda—just thought it would be nice to get out together.” She took a sip, adding, “Kevin mentioned that he’s already sent Kian to negotiate the exhibit for us.”

Gloria's mood shifted at the mention of Kevin. His veiled threats from before and Norah's occasional softness toward him were reminders of the complexity between them.

"Norah, let me give it to you straight. To make it in this world, especially as a woman, you have to be tough. If you don't set boundaries, you'll get trampled. You've got to protect yourself," Gloria advised.

Norah nodded solemnly. "You're right. In fact, I went to the hospital earlier, and they confirmed—I'm a little over a month pregnant."

Gloria wasn't surprised. She'd suspected as much when Norah was sick in her bathroom the other day. Now that Norah had opened up, Gloria stayed by her side, her face softening with sympathy.

Norah smiled. "I need to pick up a few loose-fitting outfits. Would you help me?"

"Let's go." Gloria took her hand, squeezing it as they strolled through the clothing racks filled with comfortable, flowy clothes and dresses.

Gloria, however, looked concerned. "You've always worn tailored, professional outfits. Suddenly switching to loose, casual clothes? Kevin's sharp; he'll probably notice the change."

Norah reassured her, saying, "I hired some new staff for him. I can ease into the transition without drawing attention."

She picked out a few options, offering to buy something for Gloria as well, though Gloria politely declined. "Are you sure you don't want something?"

"This one's on me, I promise," Norah said with a laugh.

Inside, though, she felt a bittersweet pang. Deciding to keep the baby might mean eventually stepping away from everything here, including friends like Gloria.

Just then, a sharp, haughty voice interrupted them. "Excuse me, salesperson! I'm a top VIP here. Give me the dress she's holding—now!"

The voice was so loud and assertive that it pulled both Norah and Gloria's attention to the source.

Gloria's eyebrows shot up. "Top VIP or not, doesn't she know it's first-come, first-served?"

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 147

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This was Gloria's longtime rival, Maia Leslie.

Whenever Gloria launched an art exhibit, Maia followed with one of her own. If Gloria published a design draft, Maia would immediately put one out too. Whatever Gloria did, Maia seemed determined to mimic her.

And some salespeople tended to egg it on.

Norah had found an outfit Gloria liked, so there was no way she was going to let Maia take it from her. Without hesitating, she pulled out the black card Kevin had given her. "I'll take this outfit," she said, handing the card to the cashier.

She took Gloria's hand and walked out of the fitting room, showing Maia she wasn't backing down.

Seeing the black card, Maia's face twisted with anger. "A secretary flashing around her boss's black card like that? Who do you think you are?" she sneered.

Norah's expression hardened. Maia's accusations only grew louder. "A secretary thinks she can hold her own here with a boss's black card? Pathetic."

Gloria couldn't hold back. "Watch your mouth!" she snapped. "If you're so successful, why do you follow my every move?"

Maia just smirked, her arms crossed. "Am I wrong? If she didn't have that card, what would she be? Just another girl trying to be someone she's not. And let's be honest, if Kevin were serious about her, wouldn't he have married her by now?" She laughed, then leaned in, her voice laced with venom. "Oh, or maybe she's just his...little secret."

Norah didn't even have time to respond before Gloria stepped forward and slapped Maia. Hard. The sound echoed through the store.

Maia staggered, her hand covering her cheek. “You dare to hit me? I’ll ruin you both!” she screamed, lunging at Gloria. Within seconds, the two were tangled in a messy scuffle.

Norah jumped in to help, but Maia started screaming, “Help! They’re attacking me!”

Her cries quickly drew a crowd. Someone even called the police, and when they arrived, all three were taken down to the station. Soon enough, a video of the scuffle was making rounds online.

The internet lit up with opinions, as usual. Some viewers saw the black card in Norah’s hand and sneered, “Look at that secretary flashing her boss’s card. Guess she thinks it makes her untouchable.”

Others jumped to Norah’s defense. “Are we just going to ignore the fact that Maia tried to snatch clothes from her? This isn’t about money—it’s about respect.”

Still, the online argument only grew nastier. “She’s just a secretary with ‘connections.’ No way she got that job based on talent,” a critic wrote.

“Funny,” another replied, “if she’s that close to Kevin, why hasn’t he put a ring on her finger?”

Back at the Edwards’ offices, the buzz about the incident reached Bianca, who couldn’t resist gloating. She had even taken the health tonic Norah had sent for her and made Cleo, her assistant, drink it first—just to be safe.

But within minutes, Cleo was on the floor, writhing in pain. Panicked, Bianca dialed Kevin’s number, only for Kian, his assistant, to answer. “Mr. Edwards is in a meeting,” Kian told her calmly. “I’ll inform him when he’s available.”

Bianca’s assistant Cleo grabbed the phone and added, “Please, Mr. Kian, this is serious!”

Meanwhile, Kevin was midway through a meeting when Kian approached him with urgent news about Norah. He didn’t look pleased. “Dismiss the meeting,” he ordered curtly, storming out with Kian on his heels.

“Mr. Edwards, should we go to the hospital or the police station first?” Kian asked, rushing to keep up.

“Police station,” Kevin replied, his voice as cold as steel.

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At the hospital, Bianca had reached out to her friend Siena. “Bianca, what’s happening?” Siena asked, alarmed by her friend’s weak voice.

Bianca groaned. “I had some of that tonic Norah sent over, and now the doctor says I’m...poisoned.”

Siena’s expression darkened. Poison? Could Norah have done this on purpose?

“Don’t worry, Bianca,” Siena reassured her. “I’ll handle this. Norah will pay for what she’s done.”

But as she was about to call Norah, a news report flashed on the TV nearby: “*Secretary of Major Corporation Detained for Assault!*”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 148

Chapter 148

Siena’s frustration simmered as she watched the front desk attendant block her. Without missing a beat, she instructed her bodyguards, “Follow Kevin and Norah. I want updates on every step they take.” She knew that Kevin would be drawn to Norah’s side with her being in such a predicament.

As expected, Kevin had already rushed to the police station.

Inside the station, Norah, Gloria, and Maia sat in the same interrogation room. Maia had people backing her, so she knew she could leave as soon as someone came to bail her out. Still, she made sure to be placed in the same room as Norah, hoping it would rattle her confidence once she got released.

But Maia’s plan backfired. Norah’s bail was prioritized, and the one who came to get her out was none other than Kevin Edwards himself.

He entered in a sleek gray shirt and dark pants, towering at six-foot-two with a composed yet unmistakably fierce aura. His expression alone silenced the room.

Maia's heart sank. She hadn't expected Kevin to show up personally, which was a clear indication of his feelings for Norah.

Seeing him, even Norah was caught off guard and didn't dare look directly at him. Embarrassed, she thought to herself that ending up in a police station brawl was hardly an ideal situation to draw his attention.

Kevin's sharp eyes turned to Maia. "So, you're the one saying Norah's here flaunting her card?" His gaze was intense and unwavering.

Under the pressure of his stare, Maia faltered. "Mr. Edwards, it was just a small misunderstanding between me and Ms. White..."

Kevin's smile held no warmth. "A small misunderstanding? Small misunderstandings don't end up in a police station. How would you define a serious problem?"

Maia stammered, completely out of words, realizing she'd stirred up trouble with someone far more influential than she anticipated.

Gloria couldn't resist adding, "Weren't you the one acting all high and mighty in the mall, ready to snatch clothes out of my hands?"

Forced into a corner, Maia gave in, her face red with humiliation. She looked at Norah and Gloria, muttering, "I... I was out of line. I'm sorry, truly. Can we just move on from this?"

But Kevin wasn't done. "Kian," he called out to his assistant, "find me any evidence of public harassment from her. Have her detained for a few days."

Maia's face turned pale. As the daughter of a prominent family and a well-known designer, being detained would damage her reputation beyond repair. "Please, Mr. Edwards... Ms. White... I've learned my lesson. I'm truly sorry."

Norah, catching Kevin's approving look, decided it was time to leave. She grabbed Gloria's hand, and they walked out, leaving Maia kneeling, begging for mercy.

Kian stayed behind to finalize the details, ensuring Maia would be detained for three days. He also arranged for her negative online comments to be wiped from the internet.

Once they were outside, Gloria turned to Norah. "Since Mr. Edwards is here, I'll take my leave. I've got other things to take care of." She didn't want to linger and face Kevin's intimidating presence.

After Gloria left, Norah got into Kevin's car. With Kian still outside, it was just the two of them in the vehicle.

Kevin took her hand, his voice gentle yet probing. "Are you hurt?"

Norah shook her head. "Thank you for your help. I'm sorry for the trouble."

Kevin's face darkened. The formality of her "thank you" seemed distant, a far cry from the connection he wanted to maintain.

Sensing the tension, Norah added, "Did this incident cause you any trouble? I know the media's been brutal..."

Kevin's response was a loaded question. "What do you think?"

Unsure of his tone, Norah fell silent, unable to read his thoughts.

"We won't be able to eat out tonight," Kevin finally said, his voice matter-of-fact. "Come back to the Edwards mansion with me."

Though puzzled, Norah nodded. "Alright." Whatever he decided, she would go along.

Just as they prepared to leave, Kian slipped into the car, and Kevin instructed him, "To the office."

Meanwhile, Siena wasn't far behind. She had already arranged for her own ride to the Edwards Group headquarters. But upon arrival, the receptionist stopped her. "Madam, Mr. Edwards is not taking visitors today."