

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 149

Chapter 149

Siena's face darkened like a storm cloud.

Kevin wasn't ignoring people in general—he was deliberately ignoring her.

Refusing to be dismissed, Siena moved to push her way inside. Before she could take two steps, however, several security guards blocked her path. The lead guard stepped forward, his tone professional but firm. "Ma'am, please don't make this hard on us. If you'd like to see Mr. Edwards, you can go home and reach out from there, or give him a call now."

"Think about it," the guard continued. "There are people everywhere, and if anyone notices you and posts it online, it won't be good for anyone." He gave her a knowing look as he spoke, as if trying to spare her from embarrassment.

Siena's chest heaved with frustration, her anger becoming more visible with each breath.

She knew they were deliberately blocking her. Kevin wouldn't answer her call now; he was doing this to avoid upsetting Norah.

Fine! Siena thought bitterly. Kevin would actually go to these lengths for Norah!

Frustrated, she stormed off.

In the President's Office

Kevin had been in his office working through paperwork since bringing Norah back with him, while she, not one to sit idle, went to her own desk and booted up her computer.

After a few minutes, Norah looked up and saw Scarlet enter the office with a tray of coffee.

"Norah, bring me the Jenkins cooperation letter," Scarlet said.

"Okay," Norah replied, her thoughts momentarily interrupted. She located the cooperation letter and brought it to Kevin's desk.

Kevin took a sip of the coffee Scarlet had prepared and nodded approvingly. "This is excellent coffee, Scarlet."

"Thank you, Mr. Edwards," Scarlet said, smiling and quick to acknowledge Norah's guidance. "I just followed Ms. White's instructions. She taught me well. What would you like for dinner tonight? I can prepare it for you."

Kevin paused for a moment, then responded slowly, "I trust your judgment—make the arrangements as you see fit."

Norah's heart sank. The way he said, "I trust you," stung deeply. Kevin had never spoken to her like that.

Scarlet had only been with them a few days, and she was already winning his praise. Rationally, Norah knew she should be pleased, since she'd hired Scarlet specifically to help out. But a pang of jealousy flared in her chest.

Just then, Kevin's voice snapped her out of her thoughts. "Norah, what are you doing? Aren't you going to hand over the documents?"

"Sorry," she said quickly, regaining her composure and passing him the papers.

As he accepted them, Kevin added, "If you have a dinner preference, let Scarlet know. She's very capable."

"Understood."

Yet again, another compliment for Scarlet.

Trying to remain professional, Norah turned to leave. But Kevin stopped her with a surprising request: "Give me a head massage."

Without thinking, she blurted, "Why not ask Scarlet to do it?"

Kevin didn't reply, his dark eyes locking on hers. The weight of his stare made her feel uneasy, and regret settled in immediately. Why did she have to say that?

Lowering her gaze, she heard him ask softly, almost teasingly, "Norah, are you jealous?"

His lips curved into a faint smile, leaving Norah momentarily stunned.

But the truth was, she was his wife and loved him deeply, despite their agreement. Watching him express admiration for someone else stirred emotions she couldn't entirely suppress.

Looking down, she murmured, "No, I was just speaking casually. Don't read into it. You know our arrangement, and I... well, I have someone else in my heart."

Kevin's smile disappeared, his face darkening at her words. "In the office, you're my secretary. Just follow my instructions," he said sharply, implying there was no room for further comment.

Norah bowed slightly. "Yes, sir."

She moved closer to him and began the massage. Her touch was gentle, and the soft fragrance she wore seemed to calm him. Gradually, Kevin closed his eyes, allowing himself to relax completely.

Meanwhile, Siena had arrived at the White family's home.

Gwen's last encounter with Siena—where Siena had confronted Norah at the hospital—had left her with a poor impression. She didn't bother to hide her irritation this time. "What are you doing here?"

Siena, holding a designer handbag, looked at Gwen with a haughty expression. "Your daughter married Kevin for ten million. Let's talk numbers—how much will it take for her to get a divorce now?"

The audacity of Siena's words infuriated Gwen.

Grabbing a broom, Gwen moved to chase her out. "Their agreement ends when the time's up, but they're still married now, aren't they? That means it's your son who's clinging to my daughter! Don't insult us by throwing money around. If Kevin didn't have an agenda, why would he have married her?"

With her husband away, Gwen felt like she was waging a war on her own.

Siena's anger flared as she retorted, "Kevin doesn't care about your daughter! If she hadn't pulled some tricks, the old man wouldn't have insisted on her as his daughter-in-law."

Siena scoffed. "Tell Norah to end the marriage now, or don't blame me if things get ugly."

“Get out!” Gwen shouted, her patience shattered.

Gwen had always been kind and avoided confrontations. But Siena’s actions were beyond infuriating. She was treating people like they were beneath her.

After forcing Siena out of the house, Gwen called Norah immediately. “Norah, you said you and Kevin were planning to divorce. Has a date been set?”

But Kevin’s voice unexpectedly answered from the other end, calm but firm. “Norah and I haven’t decided on a divorce date, and we won’t be getting divorced.”

Even Gwen was taken aback for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure. “Kevin, whether or not you mean it, now that I’ve made this call, you need to take action. Your mother is impossible to deal with. I don’t want Norah getting hurt in the crossfire.”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 150

Chapter 150

Before Kevin could respond, Gwen abruptly hung up. The “beep-beep” sound echoed in his ear, each tone hitting his heart like a blow. His grip tightened around his phone, and his face darkened, simmering with anger.

Just then, Norah walked in and noticed Kevin holding her phone. Her heart skipped a beat, panic flashing across her face. Did he see my hospital records? The registration, payment details—all of it? She froze as his intense, cold gaze fell on her.

Then, Kevin spoke, his tone razor-sharp. “Norah, did you tell your mother we’re getting a divorce?”

The question took her by surprise, and the tension in her chest eased slightly. She managed a sigh of relief, quickly regaining her composure. “Isn’t it normal to talk to my family about important life decisions?” she replied, keeping her voice steady.

But Kevin wasn’t letting it go. A sneer twisted his mouth as he continued, “You told her before I even agreed to it. That’s what you call normal?” His tone was laced with frustration.

Norah looked down. “I don’t see a problem with it, Kevin. Our marriage was always an agreement with an expiration date. When the time’s up, we’re supposed to end this... loveless arrangement.” She glanced up briefly, catching his expression. “If you don’t want to get a divorce just because I’m the one bringing it up, then fine—why don’t you initiate it?”

Her words hung in the air, and for a moment, Kevin seemed at a loss, like he was trying to fight a battle where he couldn't land a single hit. Finally, he tossed her phone on the desk and said flatly, "Take your phone. Go back to the mansion."

Norah picked it up without a word and left his office.

Soon after, Scarlet entered with Kevin's dinner. She set it on his desk and opened the containers, revealing dishes she'd chosen. Unfortunately, the main dish—a sea bass—was garnished with cilantro, something Kevin loathed.

Scarlet immediately noticed her mistake. "Mr. Edwards, I'm so sorry! I forgot to specify your preferences. I wanted to try something new but made a mistake. Here, let me swap it with my own dish." She hurriedly offered him her meal instead. "Would you like a head massage while you eat? I noticed Ms. White did that for you earlier. I could also alert you if any important calls come through..."

Kevin's cold smile cut her off. "Scarlet," he said, his voice chilling, "I hired you because I believe in your ability—not because you could ever replace Norah. If you're imagining some fantasy of becoming Mrs. Edwards, you'd better get rid of it fast."

Scarlet's face paled. "No, Mr. Edwards! I'd never—Ms. White brought me in to assist you, and I only want to do my job well. My sole intention is to make things easier for you."

But Kevin had already turned away, dismissing her explanation. "Enough. Don't try to be clever." And with that, he left the office.

Left alone, Scarlet's face tightened with determination. She knew that in Kevin's world, one misstep could end her career. She needed to stay on his good side—no matter what.

Meanwhile, Norah had gone back to her parents' home instead of the Edwards mansion. She knew her mother, Gwen, understood her arrangement with Kevin, but Gwen's sudden insistence on a divorce was unusual. What changed? she wondered.

The moment she walked in, her parents were waiting, their expressions serious.

Jack, her father, spoke up right away. "You're here—good. Don't go back to Kevin's. Submit the divorce papers, and if he won't sign, take it to court."

Confused, Norah looked from her father to her mother. "Dad, Mom, what's going on?"

Gwen's face hardened as she explained. "Kevin's mother, Siena, showed up at our house, demanding a divorce! She threatened us, Norah. And if that wasn't bad enough, she tried to insult us with money—as if we'd sell you off!"

Now it was clear to Norah why her mother had brought up the divorce so boldly. Siena's arrogant behavior had pushed her over the edge.

She nodded slowly. "Kevin and I are working on it, Mom."

Jack spoke again, this time with a heavy sigh. "I don't care if we have to fight this, Norah. If you're not divorced, she'll just keep causing trouble. Maybe we should even consider moving to avoid dealing with her altogether."

Norah's heart ached as she looked at her parents, who were ready to uproot their lives to shield her from Siena's wrath. The weight of her decision was growing heavier by the day.