

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 171

chapter 171

Bianca was about to exit the car when her phone rang—it was a call from the delivery service. “Hello, Ms. Lynch. You have several packages that need to be picked up downstairs.”

She noticed the courier was nearby, with several boxes stacked on his trolley. Bianca turned to Kevin with a hopeful look. “Kevin, could you help me? I bought some light bulbs since mine are out.”

Without a word, Kevin got out of the car.

Five minutes later, Kevin instructed Kian to take the cart and follow them up to Bianca’s apartment. Once inside, he gestured to Kian, who unpacked the boxes and began replacing the light bulbs.

Just as Kevin was about to leave, Bianca accidentally bumped into him. “Ouch!” she yelped, spilling blueberry juice onto his shirt.

Kevin frowned, but Bianca quickly apologized. “Kevin, I’m so sorry! This juice is from a friend’s brand, and I wanted you to try it.”

“It’s fine,” he replied, although his white shirt was stained. He noticed shards of broken glass on the floor. “You should hire someone to handle these things,” he said, a hint of exasperation in his voice. “Do you have a bandage?”

Bianca winced and tried to shrug it off. “I prefer living alone. I think I have a bandage somewhere. I’ll find it.”

“I’ll look for it,” he insisted, his tone firm.

Reluctantly, Bianca started searching, but Kevin wrapped her injured finger with a tissue first. As she moved, she apologized again, flustered. “I’m a bit of a mess lately,” she murmured.

Kevin barely responded. “Find that bandage,” he repeated.

When she returned with her finger bandaged, Kevin was already on his way out. “I’ll have Kian arrange a housekeeper to help with these things from now on,” he said. “I’ve got work to do.”

Bianca could only nod, watching as he left with a faint smile.

Once back in the car, Kevin directed Kian, "Take me to the Edwards mansion."

Kian sped toward the estate. Kevin, usually meticulous, now sat in the car wearing a stained shirt, visibly bothered. As they neared the mansion, he leaned back and asked Kian, "What do you think of Norah?"

Kian was surprised by the question but answered carefully, "Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards has been by your side for seven years. If Anthony is truly Steven, that's only a part of her past."

Kevin's expression turned dark. After a long pause, he finally instructed, "Book a flight for me and Norah to Foutumsally in three days."

"Understood."

Upon reaching the mansion, Kevin found Norah busy in the kitchen. She stepped out with a bowl of chicken soup as he entered. She glanced at him, her face impassive, and said, "Good timing. Dinner's ready." Then, noticing his stained shirt, she added, "Go get cleaned up. I'll get your clothes."

She didn't ask where the stains came from or press him for details. Her calm indifference irritated Kevin.

"Norah, do you think you're a good wife?" he asked abruptly.

"If there's something you want to tell me, you will," she replied evenly, implying that if he chose silence, her questions wouldn't change anything.

She left to find him a clean set of clothes. In the bathroom, Kevin turned on the shower. Norah knocked, saying, "I've got your clothes."

"Bring them in," he said, his voice muffled by the running water.

Hesitating, she stepped inside, handing the clothes to him. Kevin reached for her arm, pulling her close, the steam thick around them. He held her gaze, his eyes intense. She

avoided his stare and quickly finished helping him change before stepping back out, visibly shaken.

Back at the dining table, she served him the chicken soup. "This took hours to prepare. It's good for your stomach," she said, urging him to eat. "I've given the recipe to Aunt Mamali. She can make it for you if you ever need it again."

Kevin glanced up, his dark eyes studying her. "What's this supposed to mean?"

Just as Norah was about to reply, the door intercom buzzed. "Mr. Edwards," the security guard announced. "Ms. Lynch is here."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 172

chapter 172

Kevin glanced at Norah briefly and then said, "Let her in."

Norah pressed her lips together, her thoughts unreadable. Before she could react, Bianca, in her high heels, entered the room.

Norah avoided looking directly at her, but Bianca's voice filled the space, her tone bright. "Kevin, I brought you some clothes."

Bianca walked up to Kevin, now wearing a light green dress and styled with loose waves, looking tall and graceful.

Kevin responded flatly, "There was no need for you to go out of your way."

Norah gave Kevin a sidelong glance, noting his unchanged, cold expression despite his words. Yet, his words alone were revealing...

Ignoring Norah, Bianca leaned in toward Kevin. "Secretary White, your cooking looks amazing! Do you mind if I try some? I'd love to learn from you if you're willing."

Norah's tone was brisk as she answered, "I can get you a set of dishes and utensils, but I'm not a professional, and I don't have time to teach cooking."

Turning, she called out to Aunt Mamali, "Aunt Mamali, could you please get Ms. Lynch some chopsticks?"

“Yes, ma’am,” Aunt Mamali replied quickly, bringing Bianca a set of utensils.

Bianca took a seat beside Kevin, flashing Norah a bright smile. “Secretary White, you’re so thoughtful! I’d be thrilled if you could teach me a few things.”

Turning to Kevin, Bianca softened her voice and said, “Would you mind if Secretary White took a break to show me some cooking tips?”

Norah didn’t respond, choosing instead to stay focused on the meal, letting Kevin’s decision stand. Once the meal ended, Kevin went to his study, leaving Norah and Bianca alone in the kitchen.

Under the guise of learning to cook, Bianca started jabbing at Norah. “Norah, did you catch today’s press conference? Kevin dropped me home afterward and even helped change a broken light bulb. We shared quite a few moments—want to hear about them in detail?”

Bianca’s mocking smile held an edge of triumph.

Norah was unruffled. “Perhaps you’d prefer to film it next time? Then I can get updates live.”

Bianca’s smirk deepened, meeting Norah’s sarcasm with defiance. “If that’s what you want.”

But Norah countered sharply, her voice dropping coldly. “It’s almost laughable—you’re so eager to play the ‘other woman,’ flaunting it without a shred of shame.”

Bianca’s face darkened, her eyes blazing. “Norah, you tricked Grandpa Edwards to secure this marriage. Without that, Kevin wouldn’t have looked twice at you. You’re the real intruder!”

Norah’s eyes narrowed. “However you twist it, Kevin married me. We have a marriage certificate. We’re legally recognized as husband and wife. You? He’s never publicly acknowledged you or given you any official title. So, who’s the real ‘other woman’ here?”

Norah’s words hit Bianca like a cold slap, her face blanching as she fought to maintain her composure. “Don’t get smug. Kevin has never introduced you as his wife either, and he’s shown me far more affection.”

Undeterred, Norah waved Aunt Mamali over. “Ms. Lynch, I don’t have the time to spare for lessons, but Aunt Mamali can guide you.”

Seething, Bianca threw the knife onto the counter. “Forget it—I just remembered something I need to take care of. I’ll be back another day.”

As she walked toward the living room, Bianca noticed a set of clothes she had brought for Kevin lying on the sofa. Seizing her chance, she picked them up, staged a stumble, and with a dramatic crash, fell backward into the coffee table, knocking things to the floor.

With an exaggerated gasp, she cried, “Secretary White, this gift was an apology! Kevin and I are old friends—I never meant any harm. Why did you have to push me?”

Her eyes turned red as she looked to Kevin. “I’m trying my best, Kevin, but Secretary White doesn’t seem to want me here.”

Norah leaned forward, crossing her arms as she met Bianca’s gaze with an arched eyebrow. “Bianca, did Kevin bring in a director to coach you?”

Bianca turned away, clutching the clothes tightly, her voice shaking. “Secretary White, why accuse me? You agreed in front of Kevin to show me how to cook, then pushed me just now and mocked me.”

Unfazed, Norah said calmly, “There are security cameras here in the villa, Bianca.”

In a clear, firm voice, she called, “Aunt Mamali, please ask security to pull up the footage.”

Kevin’s voice was cool from the other side of the room. “Aunt Mamali, help Ms. Lynch up.”

Bianca tightened her grip on her clothes, her face tense.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 173

Chapter 173

Norah and Bianca both tensed the moment those words left Kevin’s mouth.

Norah had worked closely with Kevin for seven years. She knew his nature well—if he hadn’t asked her to help Bianca up, it was intentional. He was choosing Bianca over her.

But Norah stayed calm, clutching her phone and refraining from any reaction. Watching Bianca on the security footage felt like witnessing a petty performance, a desperate attempt for attention.

As for Bianca, Kevin's words conveyed his disgust. His cold tone made it clear he didn't believe her. She decided to gamble, banking on her theatrics to sway him. Two minutes later, security pulled up the surveillance feed.

When Bianca walked past Norah, she blocked the camera for an instant—just enough time for her to fall backward. It looked like someone had pushed her. Kevin's gaze turned icy as he looked at Norah. "Apologize," he commanded.

The villa's cameras had limited angles; it wasn't set up for flawless surveillance since this was a residential area, prioritizing privacy. Yet Kevin accepted what he saw, choosing to believe the scene in front of him, especially since Bianca held his trust.

"What if I don't apologize?" Norah challenged, meeting Kevin's dark eyes. Despite her role, she felt overlooked—treated like an inferior in her own home while Bianca, an intruder, had Kevin's backing.

"Kevin, I know Secretary White acted this way because I've been getting too close to you," Bianca added in a strained, insinuating voice, stoking the tension further.

Kevin's eyes grew colder, but Norah remained unfazed. "Bianca, it's your fault. Playing the third party in someone else's marriage without any boundaries."

Kevin stepped forward, grabbed Norah's wrist, and pulled her toward Bianca. "Norah, you should own up to your actions. If you won't apologize, then you're admitting guilt, and you'll pay for it."

Norah's heart sank. Kevin was letting Bianca treat her this way without a word of protest. Still, a small sense of relief washed over her. Bianca played innocent again, saying, "Kevin, don't be so harsh. I still have things to do. Take care of each other, you two."

Kevin's gaze lingered heavily on Norah as she turned to leave. For the first time, he seemed genuinely disappointed.

"Norah, what happened to you?" Kevin asked. "Why have you changed?"

Norah's eyes held a steely determination as she responded, "Kevin, if you don't trust me, there's nothing left to say. Why did she give you clothes, why stay for dinner, why ask me to teach her to cook?" She challenged him, her voice unyielding. "I was holding

my phone the whole time. She passed by, and suddenly, she's on the ground. What am I, lightning?"

Kevin's confidence wavered slightly as he replayed the scene in his mind. "Why didn't you bring this up earlier?"

Norah smirked. "Would you really reconsider just because of what I said?"

She pulled her hand free and walked away, leaving him standing there, watching her retreating figure.

Kevin lit a cigarette, his thoughts interrupted by Bianca's call. He put her on speaker.

"Kevin, don't hold it against Secretary White," Bianca said in a feigned, remorseful tone. "I know it's my fault, and I'll limit how often I see you."

Kevin's response was cold and succinct. "It'd better be that way."

Bianca was stunned, realizing Kevin's stance had shifted. He didn't completely believe she'd been pushed. Her frustration boiled up, but Kevin cut her off sharply, "Bianca, don't push my limits."

He ended the call, leaving Bianca in shocked silence.

Meanwhile, Kevin placed a call to Aunt Mamali, instructing her to make something gentle on the stomach for Norah, who hadn't eaten much during the tense dinner.

"I'll take care of it right away," Aunt Mamali replied, preparing the meal quickly. She was about to take it up to Norah's room when Kevin stopped her. "Wait." He took the tray himself and went upstairs.

Norah was lying on her bed, scrolling through her phone, absorbed in reading the news. She'd always had an interest in journalism. Now, with her pregnancy and her uncertain future, she knew she'd need to lie low after leaving Kevin.

The door opened, and Kevin entered with the tray.

Norah looked up, incredulous. "What is this, Kevin? You throw me under the bus and then try to offer me a consolation prize?"

His voice was low as he replied, "I didn't have time to check the footage earlier, but I did warn her."

Norah smirked, bitterness edging her words. "Should I be grateful, then, for you standing up for me today?"

Kevin set the food down. "You didn't eat much. Have something."

She scoffed. "Why don't you take it to Bianca? Isn't everything just the way you wanted it?" She couldn't understand why he was bothering. She had no value to him now, no purpose to fulfill.

But Kevin stayed silent, seating himself beside her.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 174

Chapter 174

Kevin placed the food in front of Norah and asked, "Do you want me to feed you?"

His tone was calm, but Norah couldn't quite believe he was serious.

"I'm not in the mood to eat," she replied coolly. "Isn't that my choice?"

Kevin didn't respond immediately. Instead, he picked up a spoonful of food and held it out to her, his usually cold eyes now soft.

Surprised, Norah hesitated, but Kevin spoke gently, "You still need to eat."

Feeling a little flustered, she took the spoon from him, "I'll eat on my own, thanks." She quickly ate a few bites, not wanting him to go further.

Kevin handed her a glass of water, "Don't choke."

She wasn't choking but felt rattled by his sudden tenderness. Just as she was about to say something, Kevin interrupted her thoughts, "I asked Kian to book a ticket."

"A ticket to Foutumsally?" she asked, barely concealing her surprise.

Kevin nodded. "Let your family know you're leaving with me. I don't want them to think you're missing."

"Alright."

Even though this trip was their first, Norah knew it would also be their last. She wouldn't be returning with him.

Kevin watched her for a moment, then added, "I only believed what I saw on the surveillance because you didn't say anything. Next time, just tell me what's going on."

Norah looked at him curiously, "Are you explaining this to me?"

"One of us has to," Kevin replied, a bit more serious now. "Otherwise, misunderstandings just pile up."

Norah stayed quiet, knowing he was right, even if their current situation felt beyond repair. Still, she managed a simple, "Got it."

"Good. Get some rest—I still have work to finish."

Seeing her push her plate away, Kevin instinctively reached for it, but she stopped him.

"If you're busy, go. I'll take care of this," she said, heading downstairs.

Aunt Mamali sat in the living room, clearly lost in thought. As Norah passed by, she mentioned, "Madam, I overheard Mr. Edwards speaking firmly to Ms. Lynch earlier. It sounded like he was standing up for you."

"Standing up for me?" Norah replied, a touch of disbelief in her voice. She didn't think Kevin would reprimand Bianca on her behalf. Bianca was, after all, the person he cared about the most. She couldn't imagine him speaking harshly to her.

Smiling to herself, Norah headed back upstairs, deciding not to dwell on it.

The next morning, Norah got up early to make breakfast, asking Aunt Mamali to help while sharing some of her cooking tips.

Once they finished, she and Kevin drove to Edwards Group together. As he watched her skillfully take the wheel, Kevin asked, "Do you have a driver's license?"

Surprised, she asked, "Why does that matter?"

“If you do, I’ll get you a car,” he said.

Norah nearly laughed at the irony, “I’ve been your secretary for years. Your garage is full of cars—what would I need my own car for now?”

But Kevin seemed insistent, “I just don’t want you relying on my car or taking taxis everywhere.”

Eyes focused on the road, she replied evenly, “If I bought a basic car, people would think it’s beneath you. And if I bought something fancy, they’d think I was flaunting.”

He gave a quiet nod, “Life is about what you need, not what others think.”

She didn’t respond, wondering what had suddenly shifted in his perspective.

The workday passed without much conversation. Shelby, a new recruit, was learning quickly, even surpassing expectations. Seeing this, Tessa, a long-time employee, approached Norah with concern. “Ms. White, after all these years with Mr. Edwards, do you really plan on leaving?”

Later that evening, Kevin took Norah to Red Leaf Villa, where Jamie had prepared a lavish spread of exotic dishes. While they ate, Jamie tried to make small talk about business, raising her glass to toast Norah, “Ms. White, here’s to you.”

Before Norah could respond, Kevin stepped in, “She’s allergic to alcohol. Juice will do.”

Jamie’s smile didn’t waver, but a shadow of curiosity crossed her face. Kevin’s attention to Norah’s habits seemed... more than professional.

After dinner, Jamie suggested they attend a private fireworks show nearby, mentioning, “Only the executives can attend—no assistants or entourage.”

Her words were aimed squarely at Kevin, but his gaze drifted back to Norah.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 175

chapter 175

Kevin took a moment, then nodded to Jamie, “Let’s go.”

Just like that, Norah was left behind.

Not wanting to linger in the private room alone with Jamie's assistant, Norah decided to make other plans. She remembered that tonight was the full moon celebration for Preston's son, which meant her friend Gloria would likely be attending. She dialed Gloria's number as she stepped out, but before the call went through, she was confronted by a few familiar faces.

"Isn't that our old classmate Norah? Now that she's Edwards' secretary, she's forgotten the basics of decency!"

Another joined in, "Yeah, she gave Micah five thousand bucks to blow her off, saying she had 'business.' And here she is, anyway."

"Right? You saw her come straight from the private room!" sneered a girl with short hair, her arms folded.

Norah tried to ignore them, but the insults kept coming, uglier with each passing comment. She glanced coldly at the group. "You might want to shut your mouths and stop talking nonsense."

"Oh, listen to her! Just a lowly secretary acting all high and mighty. Imagine if she were the president's wife!" scoffed the short-haired girl, her eyes narrowing.

Norah held her ground, eyes icy. "Whether I become the president's wife or not has nothing to do with you. Last I checked, your opinion didn't reach that far."

"Wow, talking back, huh? You think you're something special?" the girl shot back.

Norah had enough. "If you can't handle it, feel free to look the other way."

At this, the short-haired girl grew furious. She raised her hand to slap Norah, but Norah caught her wrist, staring her down.

The girl called for backup. "What are you all waiting for? Help me out!"

In an instant, the others closed in on Norah. Outnumbered, she felt the odds turn against her—until someone suddenly stepped in, pulling her to safety.

"Picking on someone alone? And a classmate at that? Low blow, ladies," said the newcomer. The voice was angry, protective.

Norah turned, surprised to see Steven standing beside her.

“Picking on her?” the short-haired girl sneered. “What are you, her boyfriend?”

Stunned, Norah struggled to understand why her former classmates had turned so vicious.

“Apologize, and we’re done here,” she said, voice steady.

The girl rolled her eyes. “And what if I don’t? What’s your boss going to do? Send us to jail?”

Without further words, Norah dialed the police. Even if she couldn’t get them charged, a formal reprimand would be a start.

“You’re really going through with this, Norah?” the short-haired girl spat. “You’re unbelievable.”

Steven interjected, “If I hadn’t shown up, she’d have been ganged up on by the lot of you.”

“Oh, and what, she’s defenseless now?” retorted the short-haired girl.

Before Steven could respond, Norah stopped him, “Don’t waste time arguing.”

Steven felt a pang—Norah had reached out to him, and while it was minor, he couldn’t deny the thrill.

At that moment, Kevin returned. He saw Steven with Norah, a protective stance between them. His eyes darkened with anger, though he kept his expression tight.

Jamie, noticing his change, called out to Norah, “Secretary White, quite the crowd you’ve gathered. The police?”

Norah’s gaze turned to Jamie, suspicion momentarily flaring, but she held back. “They were causing trouble. I’ve already reported it.”

Jamie remained composed, nodding in mild agreement. Kevin, however, was silent.

“Mr. Edwards, we should get to the fireworks,” Jamie prompted, eager to leave the scene. “If we don’t get there soon, they’ll close the entrance.”

Kevin's voice was cold. "Forget it." He turned back, heading out.

Jamie hurried after him, though the tension in his eyes was unmistakable.

Not long after Kevin's departure, the police arrived. Norah explained the situation, detailing how her former classmates had insulted her and tried to escalate things physically.

"It's just a few words, not a crime," said the short-haired girl, denying any wrongdoing. "We were at a party; of course, we talked. She's the one who overreacted."

Norah kept her response direct, "There's security footage."

While it didn't show a full fight, the police advised a warning, providing enough of a reprimand to send the group away in silence.

After the others dispersed, Steven turned to Norah. "I noticed Kevin's expression. I think he misunderstood us. Want me to explain things?"

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 176

Chapter 176

Norah replied, "Forget it, there's no need."

Sometimes, she couldn't fully understand Kevin. If seeing her with a friend upset him, an explanation likely wouldn't make much difference.

"Steven, thank you for stepping in," she said sincerely.

Steven smiled, brushing it off. "It was nothing."

Just as he seemed about to say more, Norah interjected, "I'll head back to the private room. Let's do dinner sometime."

"How about tomorrow afternoon?" Steven asked, catching her off guard.

Norah hesitated briefly, but then nodded. "Alright, I'll send you the location."

"Perfect." Steven watched her walk away, a smile lingering on his face.

Although Kevin had initially walked away with Jamie, he soon stopped. Turning to her, he stated, “Miss Jenkins, I’m not interested in the fireworks show. If you need company, my assistant can join you.”

Jamie looked taken aback. “But, Mr. Edwards, I thought...”

“Apologies.” Kevin’s tone was ice-cold. He turned and strode in the opposite direction, leaving Jamie fuming, her face flushed with frustration.

As he walked, Kevin called his assistant, Kian. “Escort Miss Jenkins to the fireworks and then discreetly assign someone to keep an eye on Norah.”

“Understood, Mr. Edwards.”

Kevin returned to his car, visibly agitated. The driver, sensing Kevin’s mood, kept silent.

Norah waited in the private room until midnight, expecting Kevin’s return. She checked her phone—no message. Realizing he’d left her behind, she sent him a text: *[Mr. Edwards, I’ve waited all night. Since you and Miss Jenkins must be enjoying yourselves, I’ll head home now.]*

Just as she stepped out of the villa, Kevin received the message and, moments later, saw her emerging. As he reached to open his car door, a white Cayenne pulled up, and Norah got in.

Kevin clenched his fist. “Find out who owns that car,” he barked into his phone.

After a tense silence, his subordinate’s voice returned. “Mr. Edwards, it’s Steven’s car.”

Kevin’s expression darkened. She had claimed to be waiting for him, yet she left with Steven?

As Kevin seethed, the driver, observing everything, hesitantly spoke up, “Mr. Edwards, I know it’s not my place, but as someone who’s been around... The key to any relationship is understanding. If there’s a conflict, open communication is essential. I learned the hard way.”

Kevin narrowed his eyes. “Didn’t Kian brief you on the protocol here?”

The driver bowed his head. "Yes, sir. I'm aware. I apologize. I just... lost my wife because of misunderstandings I never addressed."

After a pause, Kevin finally spoke, his voice low. "Drive."

He would never allow such a situation to unfold with Norah. She was his wife, and he'd make sure no one else took her from him.

Meanwhile, Norah sat in Steven's car, clearly uncomfortable. She kept a respectful distance, but Steven chuckled, sensing her nerves. "Relax, Norah. I'm not dangerous."

"I know," she replied, though she continued to maintain her distance.

Picking up on her thoughts, Steven said, "Hey, we're friends and former classmates. If the situation were reversed, you'd give me a lift, right?"

She managed a smile. Steven had indeed helped her tonight, and without nearby ride-hailing options, she'd accepted his offer.

By the time they arrived at Edwards' mansion, Norah felt more at ease. "Thanks again," she said as she exited.

"Remember, dinner tomorrow," Steven reminded her with a grin.

"Got it." She gave him a quick nod and went inside.

As Norah entered the mansion, she spotted Siena sitting on the sofa, her expression steely.

"Mom," Norah greeted, trying to sound calm.

Siena's glare intensified. "Don't call me that! Not when you're shamelessly parading around with another man before your divorce is even finalized!"

"Mom, don't twist things. He's a friend," Norah replied evenly. "Kevin has been around plenty of other women. I've never heard you call them mistresses."

Norah met Siena's glare, standing her ground with quiet composure.

Siena rose, her voice trembling with anger. “You’ve become so bold, talking back to me like this!”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 177

Chapter 177

Norah’s expression remained composed as she replied calmly, “I’m just stating the truth.”

“You...!”

Siena fumed, her anger rising as she clenched her teeth, but she paused when she heard footsteps approaching. Kevin stepped inside, his presence commanding the room.

“Kevin, you came back just in time. Look at how your ‘wonderful’ wife talks back to me! Doesn’t she have any respect?” Siena rose quickly, rushing to vent her complaint.

Kevin strode in, his gaze sweeping over Norah before turning back to Siena. “If you didn’t provoke her, she wouldn’t respond that way. Norah has always been respectful around me.”

Without hesitation, he closed the gap between himself and Norah. His tall frame loomed over her, and the strong scent of tobacco made her flinch slightly. She looked up, meeting his intense gaze.

Seeing them side by side, Siena felt an angry sting of frustration. “You don’t care at all about how I feel, do you?” she snapped.

Kevin glanced at Norah and spoke in a calm, commanding tone, “Go upstairs and wait for me.”

Norah nodded and left without a word.

As soon as they were alone, Siena didn’t waste any time. “Kevin, how long are you going to keep avoiding me?”

Kevin raised an eyebrow, unamused. “Where did you pick up that idea?”

Who Kevin saw—or didn’t see—was his decision alone. He answered to no one.

“If you weren’t avoiding me, why haven’t I seen you recently?” Siena’s voice was laced with accusation, her expression hardening.

Kevin’s face darkened with irritation. “If you pull a stunt like this again, don’t be surprised if I have your bags packed and sent out.” Without another word, he turned to go upstairs.

“Kevin!” Siena cried, her frustration spilling over. “Do you even consider me your mother?”

He paused, looking back with an icy smile. “When I needed you most, you were busy with other things. Now that I don’t need you, letting you stay here is my way of tolerating you.”

Leaving Siena stunned and pale, Kevin headed up the stairs.

In the bedroom, Norah had just finished her shower and was drying her hair when Kevin entered, his expression tense and his tone cold.

“Don’t let me catch you with Steven again.”

Norah met his gaze, her voice steady. “You left without me, and there were no cabs. Steven just happened to be there and offered to drive me home.”

She didn’t intend to walk back alone at that hour. Besides, it wasn’t as if she hadn’t noticed him and Bianca together.

Kevin scoffed. “Just happened to be there? You’re quite the pair of star-crossed friends, aren’t you?”

Norah tensed at his harsh tone. “There’s nothing improper between us.”

She watched as he loosened his tie, appearing to rein in his temper. After a long pause, he replied, “I’m glad to hear that. Stick to that, and keep it that way.”

Norah bristled, then asked quietly, “Are you holding yourself to that same standard?”

He frowned. “What are you implying?”

Looking away, Norah clenched her fists, choosing to hold back her question. She felt a pang in her chest, not ready to face the answer.

"It's nothing," she murmured, her voice barely audible.

Kevin noticed her expression, sensing she wanted to say more but was holding back. Just as he was about to press her, a knock interrupted them.

"Sir, ma'am," the maid called from the hallway.

Kevin opened the door, taking the invitation she handed him. "Sir, it's from the Godin family."

After dismissing the maid, he opened the invitation. It was for Old Mr. Godin's 70th birthday celebration. Kevin had known him for years but rarely attended his birthday gatherings. This time, it was clearly a significant occasion.

Turning back, he saw Norah lying down. "Norah, come with me to the birthday celebration tomorrow night."

"Whose birthday?" she asked, her voice indifferent.

"Old Mr. Godin," he replied.

At the mention of Mr. Godin, Norah sat up. "It's his birthday?"

"Seventieth," Kevin replied, watching her expression closely.

Norah hesitated, recalling a previous dinner commitment. "I actually have plans tomorrow."

"I've always gone solo," Kevin said, his tone firm.

Their hidden marriage meant he usually kept a low profile, and this was the type of event where he preferred being single in others' eyes.

"What are your plans?" he asked, his voice a little too casual.

Norah didn't hold back. "I have a dinner planned."

"With Steven?" he guessed, his voice dropping to a steely tone.

"Yes, he helped me, so I'm treating him to dinner," she answered, looking him straight in the eyes.

Kevin's jaw clenched. "You said you wouldn't cross any lines."

"It's just dinner—a thank-you gesture. I'm not complicating things like you are," she replied coolly.

"Cancel it," he ordered, his temper flaring again.

Norah sighed, not wanting to argue. "Fine, we'll discuss it tomorrow. I'll get your clothes ready for tonight."

She walked past him, but he resisted the urge to grab her arm. It felt as though she was slipping away, and he didn't know how to pull her back.

After his shower, Kevin returned to the room, his irritation softened. Slipping into bed, he wrapped his arm around her, whispering, "Come with me tomorrow."

Norah didn't hesitate. "Alright."

They hadn't spent much time together recently, and she figured this was an important event.

Her answer seemed to satisfy him, and he relaxed beside her.

The next morning at work, Norah received a call to visit the office. She entered to see a luxurious gift bag on the sofa.

Kevin gestured to it with a slight smile. "Take a look. If it's not to your liking, let me know, and Kian can exchange it. Or better yet, I'll go with you to pick something out."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 178

Chapter 178

Norah walked over and took the dress from the gift bag. It was a dark green, off-the-shoulder gown with a flowing skirt, elegant yet understated. She recognized the design from fashion magazines—a signature piece from a renowned designer, and she knew it came with a steep price tag.

Recalling that Kevin had bought Bianca a million-dollar dress, Norah glanced at him. "This must've cost a fortune," she said, her tone half questioning.

Kevin shrugged off the cost. "When I saw it, I knew it would suit you perfectly."

Norah couldn't stop herself from saying, "So the one you got for Bianca suited her too?"

The moment the words left her mouth, she regretted it. She expected Kevin to criticize her for being petty, but instead, he just smiled, his gaze calm.

"So, you remember that, huh?" he said, amused. "It really bothered you."

Norah said nothing, unwilling to admit how much she remembered—even things she didn't want to dwell on.

Kevin took her hand gently. "I lent her the money for that dress. She'll pay it back when she can."

Norah looked at him, surprised. "It was a loan?"

"Yes," he replied. "You didn't think I'd throw around a million dollars for just anyone, did you?"

Though she felt a bit embarrassed, Norah was also relieved. This cleared up a misunderstanding that had nagged her for a while. The dress suddenly seemed even more beautiful, and she felt herself relaxing.

"It really is a lovely dress," she said, softening. "Thank you."

Seeing her happy, Kevin smiled. "Worth every cent."

That evening, they drove to Old Mr. Godin's house together. Norah had only met him once, at the hospital, but she could see now that the Godin family's residence reflected the old man's straightforward, no-nonsense nature. The home was a traditional, well-kept estate, with military vehicles parked outside.

Kevin noticed her curiosity. "Don't be nervous. This is just a family gathering," he reassured her.

She nodded, glancing at the cars outside. "Not many people?"

"Mr. Godin doesn't like big gatherings, and he values his privacy," Kevin explained. "The people here are all family."

"Didn't you mention he only has one granddaughter?" Norah asked, puzzled.

Kevin hesitated. "Yes, but the men from his unit are family to him."

They walked inside, greeted by a warm, welcoming atmosphere. Old Mr. Godin, dressed in a modest, traditional suit, rose with the help of his cane, a broad smile lighting up his face.

"Kevin! Norah!" he called out warmly.

Norah quickened her steps, wanting to spare him the effort. "Mr. Godin!" she said, smiling back.

"You look stunning tonight, Norah. Looks like Kevin finally bought you a proper dress!" he teased.

Norah laughed, defending Kevin. "You saw me dressed casually last time, but he's bought me plenty. I just don't wear them to work."

The old man chuckled. "Good, good. A man who cherishes his wife is a wealthy man."

Kevin greeted him respectfully, "How are you feeling these days?"

"Better than ever," Mr. Godin replied cheerfully. "Outlived quite a few of my old friends, I'd say I'm doing alright!"

Kevin frowned slightly. "Don't say things like that."

The older man laughed, brushing off Kevin's concern. "Lighten up, boy!"

They joined the rest of the group. A few men in military uniforms greeted them, their gazes falling on Norah with mild curiosity. One man, who looked to be in his forties, remarked, "So, Kevin finally brings someone along to Mr. Godin's birthday. About time!"

Kevin's tone remained cool. "The invitation was sent, so here I am."

"Ah, so you only show up when you're formally invited?" the man jabbed, a hint of rivalry in his voice.

Old Mr. Godin quickly interjected, "Cassius, be polite. Norah is Kevin's wife, and she deserves respect."

Cassius looked abashed but couldn't resist one last dig. "Kevin's married? Could've told us, you know."

Old Mr. Godin chuckled, gesturing for everyone to quiet down. “Kevin’s a private man, just like me. No need to make a big fuss about things.”

“Left the army, too, huh?” someone muttered.

Norah turned to Kevin, surprised. She hadn’t known he had once served in the military. The realization added yet another layer to the man she was still trying to understand.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 179

Chapter 179

Norah’s mind reeled. Kevin had been in the army? Why had he never mentioned it?

Maybe it was part of their unspoken agreement—to respect each other’s boundaries and not pry too deeply into each other’s pasts. She reminded herself that Kevin didn’t owe her full disclosure about everything. Still, this revelation left her unsettled.

Before she could dwell on it further, the sound of someone attempting to smooth things over caught her attention.

“Old Mr. Godin,” someone said with forced politeness, “we understand your fondness for Kevin, but let’s be honest—he didn’t even bother to inform you about his marriage. It’s hard not to feel like he doesn’t respect you.”

Norah stiffened. The conversation had taken a sharp turn toward accusations, and the underlying tension was palpable. Kevin remained stoic, his silence speaking volumes. She knew his usual demeanor—he wouldn’t tolerate this kind of talk. The only reason he was holding back had to be out of respect for Old Mr. Godin.

Cassius, the main instigator, smirked. “Kevin, you’ve always been low-key, but marriage? That’s a major milestone. Or could it be you weren’t all that eager to get married in the first place?”

The snide comment cut through the room. Norah glanced at Kevin, who remained composed, his expression unreadable. She realized why he avoided spending time with these people—it wasn’t about Old Mr. Godin but the hostility radiating from others in his circle.

Determined to defuse the situation, Norah tightened her grip on Kevin’s hand. “You’re mistaken,” she said evenly. “Kevin respects me deeply. We kept our marriage private at my request. I work at his company, and I wanted to earn recognition on my own terms. As Old Mr. Godin mentioned, we prefer a quiet, low-key life.”

Her words drew Kevin's attention. His dark eyes locked on hers, a flicker of surprise evident. Meanwhile, the room's attention shifted to Norah.

Cassius, however, wasn't done. "A wife who doesn't want her marriage acknowledged? Sounds like you're the one settling for less."

Norah's polite smile didn't waver. "You're misinterpreting things. Kevin often speaks about his past, including the sacrifices he made as a soldier. He's been injured multiple times, shielding others from harm. I'd say his actions speak louder than words."

The room fell silent, Cassius visibly taken aback.

Kevin's expression darkened, his lips pressed tightly together. Norah realized she'd struck a nerve, but she had no regrets. She suspected that some of Kevin's injuries might have been for the people in this very room.

Before anyone could respond, Old Mr. Godin stepped in, his tone firm. "That's enough. Kevin brought Norah here to meet everyone, and this is how you behave? You owe them an apology. Now, punish yourselves with three drinks!"

Chastened, Cassius forced a smile and raised his glass. "You're right, Old Mr. Godin. My mistake." He approached Kevin and Norah, offering Kevin the glass first. "This is on me. Kevin, my brother, forgive me for being out of line."

Cassius then turned to Norah with another glass. Kevin intervened, placing a protective arm around her shoulders and taking the glass from Cassius. "She's allergic to alcohol," he said curtly, downing the drink himself.

The room erupted into laughter and lighthearted teasing.

"Look at Kevin! From a fearless soldier to a doting husband. Iron will, tender heart!"

"Exactly! So, Kevin, when's the wedding? We'll bring the biggest red envelopes for you and Norah!"

Norah smiled politely, but she noticed the warmth in some of the comments. Perhaps not everyone in the room was against Kevin.

Kevin's voice was calm but noncommittal. "I'll let you know when we have plans."

Just as the tension began to dissolve, a bright, youthful voice rang out. "Grandpa!"

All heads turned to see a young woman entering the room.

“My precious granddaughter is here!” Old Mr. Godin exclaimed, beaming as he opened his arms to her.

The girl hugged him tightly. “I missed you so much, Grandpa!”

“And I missed you too.”

Norah’s heart skipped a beat. She recognized the girl—Elodie. The same Elodie she’d seen at Bonnie’s prom.

“Brother Kevin!” Elodie’s voice was filled with excitement as she turned to him with a radiant smile.

Kevin gave her a polite nod, but nothing more.

“Grandpa, Kevin’s changed. He’s so cold now!” Elodie pouted, leaning against Old Mr. Godin.

The older man chuckled, patting her head. “Kevin is married now. He’s a man with responsibilities, not the same boy who used to run around with you.”

Elodie’s expression faltered, and her pout deepened.

Someone in the crowd teased, “Elodie, you’ve always had a soft spot for Kevin, haven’t you?”

Another chimed in, “Ever since he saved her from that black bear, she’s been smitten. Poor us, though—Elodie barely acknowledges anyone else.”

Elodie gave an embarrassed laugh, brushing off the comments.

Old Mr. Godin gestured toward Norah. “Elodie, this is Norah, Kevin’s wife. Say hello to your sister-in-law.”

Elodie turned to Norah and greeted her with a polite, “Hello, Sister-in-law.”

“Hello,” Norah replied with equal politeness.

But Elodie's gaze lingered on Kevin, her attention clearly elsewhere. Norah felt a pang of unease. Elodie might be Old Mr. Godin's beloved granddaughter, but she was also a potential complication.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 180

Chapter 180

Elodie walked over to Kevin with a bright smile. "The last time we met at your aunt's, we didn't even get a chance to talk properly. Are you staying longer this time?"

Without waiting for a response, she slipped her hand around Kevin's arm, completely ignoring Norah.

At the last banquet, Elodie had no idea who Norah was, so her behavior had been more restrained. Back then, she had agreed to her aunt's request to "test Kevin," seeing him as more of an older brother than anything else.

Now that Kevin was married, Elodie knew she should treat Norah with the respect of a sister-in-law. But something about Norah didn't sit right with her.

Rumors had reached Elodie's ears—claims that Norah was manipulative at work, misusing her position to gain an edge, and pampered herself excessively. To make matters worse, Elodie knew Kevin's mother disapproved of Norah.

Elodie didn't want to deal with someone so "overbearing" as a sister-in-law. Secretly, she hoped Kevin and Norah's marriage would fall apart.

"It won't be for long," Kevin replied bluntly. Gently but firmly, he removed her hand from his arm. "There are a lot of people here, Elodie. Watch yourself."

"What's the big deal? You've always been like an older brother to me. Just because you're married doesn't mean you have to be so distant!" she said with a pout, casting a glance at Norah.

Since marrying Kevin, Norah had felt like an outsider in most social settings. Everyone seemed eager to find fault with her.

She met Elodie's eyes and saw the hostility there. Though Elodie's behavior stung, Norah kept her composure, unwilling to cause a scene.

Old Mr. Godin noticed the exchange. While he knew Elodie only thought of Kevin as a brother, her actions were out of line. He also understood his granddaughter well enough to suspect this wasn't innocent behavior.

"Elodie, come here," Old Mr. Godin called firmly.

Elodie, who had lived under her grandfather's roof since childhood, obeyed him without hesitation. She dropped Kevin's arm and walked toward him.

But as she passed Norah, she suddenly stumbled and fell to the ground with a dramatic cry.

"Oh no!"

Norah instinctively moved to help her, but Elodie was already on the floor, tears streaming down her face. She glared at Norah accusingly. "Sister-in-law, why would you trip me?"

Her voice was shaky and filled with hurt, drawing the attention of everyone nearby.

Norah froze, shocked. This was only the second time she and Elodie had met, and they'd barely exchanged words. Why would Elodie accuse her like this?

Norah quickly composed herself. "Miss Godin, I didn't trip you. You must have stepped on my skirt when you turned around."

It was Old Mr. Godin's seventieth birthday, and Norah didn't want to ruin the celebration with unnecessary drama. The last thing she wanted was to make Kevin the center of attention in a negative way.

"You're saying I'm lying?" Elodie's face twisted in pain as she pointed to a small cut on her cheek. "Look at this—my face is bleeding! Sister-in-law, do you hate me that much? You cut my face on purpose!"

The room grew tense. Even though the injury was minor, it was enough to alarm everyone, given how important appearance was to a young woman.

Old Mr. Godin stepped closer. "What happened, Elodie?"

Sniffling, Elodie clung to her grandfather's arm. "Grandpa, I was nothing but kind to her, but she pushed me down and cut my face! She's so cruel!"

Old Mr. Godin examined her face carefully. The wound was small, more of a scratch than anything serious. “It’s a minor cut. It’ll heal just fine, Elodie. Stop crying—there are too many people here for this kind of scene.”

“Grandpa, you have to stand up for me!” Elodie wailed, unwilling to let the matter drop.

Before Old Mr. Godin could respond, Cassius, a large and imposing man, spoke up. “Elodie’s been sheltered her whole life. If anyone dares to harm her, I won’t stand for it!”

Norah instinctively recoiled at the threat, but Kevin stepped forward, his grip on her hand reassuring. His gaze was ice-cold as he looked at Cassius. “Do you think Norah has no one to defend her?”

Norah glanced at Kevin, her heart pounding. She hadn’t expected him to intervene so decisively. He had stayed silent through countless criticisms and accusations, but the moment someone came after her, he stood his ground without hesitation.

Cassius looked ready to argue, but Kevin’s piercing glare kept him quiet.

“Old Mr. Godin,” Kevin said firmly, “it’s clear we’re not welcome here. We’ll take our leave.” He started to guide Norah toward the exit.

“Stop right there,” Old Mr. Godin commanded, his tone sharp.

His piercing gaze landed on Elodie. “Elodie, I know Norah’s character. She wouldn’t do something like this. But you—where did you learn to play such dirty tricks? Who taught you to frame others?”

Elodie’s tear-streaked face went pale. “Grandpa…”

Old Mr. Godin’s voice grew stern. “The Godin family stands for loyalty and integrity. We have no room for deceit or cruelty. If this is the kind of person you want to be, don’t call me your grandfather.”

Elodie’s defiance crumbled. “Grandpa, I’m sorry! I was wrong! I won’t act like this again—please forgive me.”

Cassius interjected, “Old Mr. Godin, Elodie’s just young and impulsive. Let’s not be too harsh. Her father gave his life for this family.”

Old Mr. Godin sighed heavily. “That doesn’t excuse her behavior. Elodie, apologize to your sister-in-law immediately.”

Elodie's face twisted in frustration. She wanted nothing more than to avoid admitting fault to Norah. But her grandfather's unwavering expression left no room for argument.

Reluctantly, she turned to Norah and mumbled, "I'm sorry."

Norah, sensing the tension, replied calmly, "There's no need for that. It's not a big deal."

"It is a big deal," Old Mr. Godin countered firmly. "Elodie needs to learn that actions have consequences. Apologies are not optional."

Elodie bit her lip, holding back tears, and nodded. For now, she would comply. But in her heart, she vowed to find a way to regain her pride.