

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 181

Chapter 181

Elodie swallowed her pride and offered an apology. "I'm sorry, sister-in-law."

Norah's response was gracious. "It's fine. I forgive you."

Old Mr. Godin, observing the exchange, nodded with approval. "Recognizing your mistakes is the first step. Just don't repeat them. That's how you grow into a respectable person."

Elodie nodded obediently. "I understand, Grandpa. I'll make sure to get along with my sister-in-law from now on." She even reached for Norah's hand in a show of reconciliation, though the gesture felt somewhat forced.

Old Mr. Godin smiled at her newfound civility. "Good. Let's keep this harmony moving forward."

Norah, while appreciative of the peace, couldn't shake the feeling that Elodie's sudden friendliness was insincere. Still, for Old Mr. Godin's sake, she played along, choosing not to stir up any further drama.

Elodie, ever the charmer, turned back to Old Mr. Godin with a sweet smile. "Grandpa, today is your special day! I wish you happiness and long life." She punctuated her sentiment with a ceremonial bow.

His smile widened. "You have a good heart, child. Now, get up—don't hurt yourself bowing."

Within moments, Elodie had the old man laughing again, erasing the tension from earlier. Cassius seized the opportunity to lighten the mood further. "Alright, I'm starving! Let's eat. Everyone, grab a seat and don't be shy!"

As they settled in at the table, Old Mr. Godin turned to Kevin and Norah. "I had the best cook prepare this meal. Try everything and let me know if it suits your tastes."

Kevin nodded politely. "Thank you, Old Mr. Godin."

Norah added, "Yes, thank you for your kindness."

"We're all family here," Old Mr. Godin said warmly. Despite his losses, he treated Kevin and Norah as his own, filling the void of the relatives he had lost.

Norah couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy. Losing a child and raising a granddaughter alone must have been incredibly lonely.

The meal proceeded peacefully. While Norah appreciated the calm, she noticed Kevin was unusually quiet, keeping his interactions minimal. She didn't press him, knowing he wasn't one to speak when he didn't feel like it.

After dinner, Norah found herself standing by a hallway window, enjoying the night breeze. Kevin approached quietly, hands tucked into his pockets.

"Why did you defend me earlier?" he asked.

Startled, Norah glanced at him, unsure how to respond. "Why wouldn't I? We're married. When I stand up for you, I'm standing up for myself, too. It's about mutual respect."

Kevin chuckled lightly. "Is that really it?"

"Yes." She paused, frowning. "But why didn't you say anything back there? Normally, you're the last person to let anyone push you around."

He joined her by the window, his voice calm as the wind. "I'm used to it. They can say what they want—it doesn't change anything."

His words puzzled her. "Used to it? You mean they've always treated you like this? Why?"

Kevin shrugged. "It doesn't matter. We won't see them often. Let it go."

But Norah wasn't ready to let it go. "You never told me you were in the army. Why?"

"It wasn't a big deal. I wasn't enlisted in the traditional sense. I was just... there, completing missions, helping where I could."

"At such a young age?" Norah's voice softened. "And the scars you carry—they're from that time?"

Kevin nodded. "Some, yes."

Norah's chest tightened. She tried to picture him as a teenager, burdened with responsibilities most adults couldn't handle. "Was it worth it?"

Kevin's gaze was steady. "Worth is subjective. At the time, it felt right. I learned a lot, and it gave me purpose."

Her heart ached for him. She wanted to say something comforting, but he patted her head gently, breaking the tension. "Don't worry about what others think of me. As long as I've done right by myself, that's enough."

Before long, they prepared to leave. Old Mr. Godin saw them off, his tone playful yet hopeful. "Kevin, Norah, you need to visit more often. And while you're at it, how about a little grandson for me? I'm not getting any younger, you know."

Caught off guard, Norah's hand instinctively rested on her stomach before she quickly lowered it. "We're not planning on that just yet," she replied, flustered.

"Well, don't wait too long!" Old Mr. Godin teased.

Kevin reassured him with a small smile. "You'll be the first to know when there's news."

As they left, Elodie stood by her bedroom window, watching them go. Her frustration simmered.

Picking up her phone, she dialed a number. "Hello?" a familiar voice answered. "How was your grandfather's party? Did you have fun?"

"Fun? Not even close," Elodie snapped. "Norah humiliated me, and Grandpa took her side. Can you believe that?"

Her grip tightened on the phone. "Mark my words—this isn't over."

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"Elodie, I really didn't expect you to be this good to me," the voice on the other end of the phone said, filled with gratitude. "You've been wronged because of me, and I'm so touched."

Elodie, lying on her bed, brushed it off casually. "You don't need to thank me. If someone bullies my friend, it's like they're bullying me. Of course, I'll stand up for you. That's what friends do—stick together, no matter what."

Her friend was almost tearful. "I only vented to you, but you really took it to heart. I feel so lucky to have someone like you in my life."

This was who Elodie had always been—loyal to a fault. Sheltered and pampered her whole life, she'd never encountered the darker sides of human nature. When her friend confided in her about being mistreated, Elodie's instinct was to defend her, consequences be damned.

Even after today's fallout with her grandfather, she had no regrets. If faced with the same situation, she'd act the same way again.

The two friends talked for a while longer, exchanging stories and frustrations. The more her friend vented, the angrier Elodie became. People could be so cruel, she thought, her indignation keeping her awake long after their call ended.

When Norah got home, she set about her usual routine: removing her makeup, taking a shower, and carefully hanging her dress in the closet. She admired it one last time before shutting the door. Though she might only wear it once, she liked knowing it was there, a memento of the evening.

The bedroom was empty, and when she peeked into the hallway, she saw Kevin deep in conversation on his phone. He glanced her way as she opened the door.

"If you're tired, go ahead and sleep," he said.

"Got it," she replied, closing the door.

Just as she turned to leave, she overheard a name—Bianca.

The sound of it pulled her thoughts in an unwelcome direction. It was always Bianca. No matter how much she tried to ignore her, Bianca's presence lingered, like a shadow at the edges of her life.

Shaking it off, Norah went to bed and drifted into a restless sleep.

The next morning at the office, the atmosphere buzzed with chatter. Some voices were filled with praise, others with irritation.

Curious, Norah tuned in to the murmurs and soon caught sight of the reason for all the excitement. Across the street, a massive poster adorned the side of a building. Bianca's face, luminous and captivating, stared down at the city, promoting her latest project.

Norah sighed, not out of jealousy, but exhaustion. She rarely paid attention to Bianca's career, no matter how often the woman tried to stir up trouble between them. Yet, Bianca's presence always managed to intrude, like an uninvited guest at a party.

“Bianca’s drama is blowing up!” someone exclaimed nearby.

“I heard she even did her own stunts,” another added, clearly impressed.

“It’s no wonder she’s everywhere. Her performance is actually pretty solid.”

Norah poured herself a glass of water, ignoring the chatter.

Tessa, ever perceptive, approached with a smirk. “Ms. White, did you hear? Mr. Edwards really pulled out all the stops for Bianca. He must be completely devoted to her.”

Norah shot Tessa a look. “People like her rise fast, but staying there is the real challenge.”

Tessa rolled her eyes. “She’s always in the spotlight, whether it’s for drama or scandal. Suicide attempts, fake framing stories—it’s exhausting. She thrives on controversy.”

Norah shrugged, unwilling to be dragged into the conversation. “Let’s drop it. Honestly, I don’t know why you dislike her so much.”

Tessa grinned mischievously. “Last time, I thought Mr. Edwards had a thing for you, but Bianca swooped in and ruined the vibe. That’s why I can’t stand her.” She tilted her head, studying Norah. “You and Mr. Edwards... you just make sense together. You have this natural chemistry—like you’re already married.”

Norah swatted the air playfully. “Stop with the gossip and get back to work.”

Tessa pouted but nodded. “Fine. By the way, the pantry’s almost out of drinks. I’ll run out to stock up.”

“I’ll go with you,” Norah offered, thinking of Kevin.

Tessa raised a brow. “Does Mr. Edwards need something specific?”

“Yeah.”

In the underground parking garage, Tessa was giddy as she climbed into Norah’s car. “Wow, Ms. White! This is a nice ride. I’ve never been out with you before. It’s so clean and smells amazing.”

Norah chuckled. “It’s just a car. I’ve had it for years.”

Tessa glanced around, her eyes landing on the Rolls-Royce parked nearby. “That must be Mr. Edwards’ car, huh? Must be nice to ride in something like that.”

Norah said nothing, instead shifting the car into gear and steering the conversation elsewhere. “Let’s focus on getting those drinks.”

As they drove away, Norah felt a twinge of discomfort. The garage, her car, the proximity to Kevin—it was all too interconnected. She didn’t want Tessa, or anyone else, overthinking the situation.

Better to keep some things private.

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### Chapter 183

As Norah and Tessa arrived in the bustling city, they got right to work. Their first stop was the store where they typically purchased drinks for the office pantry. That part of their shopping went smoothly. However, Norah had one more errand that would take a bit more effort—picking up Kevin’s preferred coffee beans, which required a special appointment.

Thankfully, the coffee was in stock.

“Ms. White, are those coffee beans really so exclusive that you need an appointment to buy them?” Tessa asked, genuinely curious.

Norah smiled lightly. “Mr. Edwards has a very specific taste. This is the only coffee he’ll drink.”

Tessa could only shake her head in awe. “Must be nice to have that kind of luxury—top-notch coffee beans for every cup.”

When they reached the shop, Norah greeted the manager. “Hi, I’m here to pick up my order. It’s the same as usual.”

The manager hesitated, looking visibly uncomfortable. “Ms. White, about that... I only have one bag left, but...” He trailed off, looking toward a seated customer.

Norah followed his gaze and spotted Jamie Jenkins sipping coffee leisurely. Jamie glanced up, her expression instantly turning smug.

“Well, well. If it isn’t Secretary White,” Jamie said mockingly. “These aren’t for you, are they? Buying them for Kevin, I assume?”

Norah maintained her composure. “Store manager, I believe I had these reserved?”

“Yes,” the manager confirmed, “but Miss Jenkins has also been a loyal customer, and she’s insisting—”

Jamie interrupted with a triumphant smirk. “You see, I enjoy rare things, especially when they’re hard to come by. And I don’t mind paying extra.”

Norah’s voice remained steady, though a sharp edge crept into her tone. “First come, first served. If it’s about money, surely you don’t think the Edwards family can’t afford a bag of coffee beans?”

The manager’s discomfort deepened. “I... I really don’t want to upset either of you. Maybe we could split the bag?”

Jamie scoffed. “I don’t share, especially not with her.” She grabbed the bag, challenging Norah.

Before Norah could respond, Tessa stepped forward. “That’s ours! You’re just being petty because you have a grudge.”

Jamie’s face darkened. “Don’t think that just because there are two of you, I’ll back down.”

Before things could escalate further, a new voice rang out. “What’s going on here?”

Norah turned to see Elodie storming toward them, fresh out of the restroom. Without hesitation, Elodie shoved Norah and Tessa back. “What’s this? Bullying Jamie because she’s on her own? Typical!”

Norah blinked in surprise. Why is Elodie here? It quickly became clear that Elodie and Jamie were close.

Jamie latched onto Elodie’s arm dramatically. “Don’t worry about it, Elodie. I’ll be fine. They just don’t like me because I’m an outsider.”

Elodie’s protective instincts flared. “You dare touch a hair on Jamie? If you do, you’ll answer to me.”

Tessa huffed in frustration. “We’re not bullying her! She’s the one being unreasonable!”

Elodie’s eyes narrowed. “As if I’d believe you. I’ve seen how you and your kind treat people you think you’re better than.”

Norah sighed, recognizing the futility of arguing with Elodie in this state. “Elodie, this is a misunderstanding. We don’t have any issue with Miss Jenkins. In fact, we’re business collaborators—”

“Don’t even try to talk your way out of this!” Elodie snapped, cutting her off. “You’re just pretending to be nice. But I see right through you, Norah. You’re nothing but a schemer—a bad woman!”

Norah’s jaw tightened. How did I suddenly become the villain here? She decided not to engage further and stepped back. “Fine. If it means that much to you, keep the coffee beans.”

Tessa, however, was furious. “What about Mr. Edwards? He’s not going to be happy if we show up empty-handed!”

Norah shook her head. “It’s not worth the trouble. Let’s go.”

As Norah and Tessa walked away, Elodie shot one last parting remark. “Don’t think for a second that I’ll forgive you for everything you’ve done. This doesn’t change anything.”

Jamie leaned close to Elodie with a grateful smile. “Thanks for standing up for me, Elodie. You’re such a good friend.”

Elodie puffed up with pride. “If she bothers you again, just let me know. I’ll handle it.”

Jamie smirked inwardly but kept her tone sweet. “You’re too kind. Let’s grab lunch later.”

Once outside, Norah led Tessa to another store to find a substitute. As they waited for their purchase, Tessa couldn’t let go of her frustration. “Are you sure this is okay? What if Mr. Edwards notices the coffee isn’t his usual brand?”

Norah offered a faint smile. “It’s better than nothing. He’ll survive for a day.”

On the drive back, Norah decided to take a shortcut through a narrow, quiet alley to avoid rush-hour traffic. The gloomy, deserted road made Tessa uneasy. “Ms. White, are you sure this is safe? This place feels creepy.”



“It’s fine,” Norah reassured her. “I’ve taken this route before. It’s faster.”

As they drove, an unexpected scream shattered the silence. “Ahhh!”

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Hearing the commotion, Norah instinctively slammed on the brakes. Her gaze darted toward the alley, and she spotted a group of scruffy men, their hair dyed garish shades of yellow, huddled together. Something about their demeanor felt off—thin, unkempt, and radiating trouble.

And then her heart sank. She recognized the frightened figure in the center of the group. It was Elodie.

Elodie looked terrified, her face pale and her movements jittery. Surrounded by these men, she was clearly out of her depth. Her trembling voice broke through the tense atmosphere. “Don’t come near me! If you so much as touch me, my grandfather won’t let you off!”

The men, clearly hardened by a life on the streets and unfazed by her threats, chuckled darkly. One sneered, “Look at her, all dolled up. She’s gotta be loaded. We’ve hit the jackpot, boys.”

Elodie stumbled backward, desperately trying to put distance between herself and the advancing men. Her frantic eyes scanned the alley, but there was no one to help. Jamie, who had been with her earlier, was nowhere to be seen. Panic set in as she realized she had wandered too far into this desolate area without her phone or any cash.

The men closed in, emboldened by her helplessness. One leered, “C’mon, sweetheart, just hand over the cash. We’ll make this easy for you.”

Elodie stammered, “I—I don’t have any money!”

“Oh, we’ll find another way to get it,” another one said, his voice dripping with menace. “Call your parents. They can pay for your safe return.”

Just as one of the men reached for her, a sharp voice cut through the tension.

“Hey! Leave her alone!”

The men turned to see Norah and Tessa standing at the mouth of the alley. Norah's face was calm but stern, masking the adrenaline coursing through her veins. Tessa stood behind her, visibly less composed but unwilling to abandon her boss.

"Well, well," one of the men drawled, his eyes scanning Norah and Tessa. "Looks like we've got two more pretty little things joining the party."

Tessa leaned closer to Norah, whispering, "Why are we even helping her? She's nothing but trouble."

Norah ignored her, stepping forward with controlled confidence. She pulled out her wallet and held up the cash inside—about \$1,000 in bills. "Here," she said, her tone firm. "Take this and let her go. You don't want to escalate this."

One of the men snatched the money but scoffed. "A thousand? That's it? A girl like her is worth way more."

Norah's patience thinned. "That's all the cash we have. Don't push your luck. Take the money and walk away before things get worse for you."

But they weren't satisfied. Another man sneered, "Worse for us? You think you scare us, lady? How about we take all three of you? We'll get a better price that way."

Seeing the situation spiraling, Norah reached into her pocket and pulled out a canister of pepper spray. She held it up, her voice cold. "I tried to be reasonable. You made your choice."

Before the men could react, she sprayed a stream directly into the face of the one closest to her. He screamed, clutching his eyes. Tessa, emboldened by Norah's actions, grabbed her own spray and began dousing the others.

"Take that, you jerks!" Tessa shouted, kicking at one of the men who stumbled forward blindly.

"Run, Elodie!" Norah yelled.

Elodie, still in shock, hesitated for a moment before scrambling toward Norah. One of the men, barely able to see, lunged and grabbed her ankle. She shrieked, struggling to free herself.

"Let go of me!" Elodie cried, her voice trembling.

Norah didn't hesitate. She stomped down hard on the man's hand with her high heel, forcing him to release Elodie with a howl of pain. "Keep moving!" she urged.

The trio dashed toward Norah's car, their breaths coming in short, panicked bursts. Behind them, the men, though temporarily incapacitated, were regaining their composure and shouting threats. One picked up a rock and hurled it, shattering the rear window of the car with a deafening crash.

Norah didn't flinch. She threw open the driver's door, barely waiting for Elodie and Tessa to climb in before starting the engine. "Seatbelts on later!" she commanded, slamming her foot on the gas.

The car lurched forward, tires screeching as they sped out of the alley. In the rearview mirror, Norah could see the men chasing after them but falling behind. Her grip on the steering wheel tightened as she maneuvered through the narrow streets, heart pounding.

Elodie, huddled in the back seat, was shaking uncontrollably. Tears streamed down her face as she muttered, "I—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause trouble..."

Norah's voice softened, though her eyes stayed fixed on the road. "You're safe now. That's all that matters."

Tessa exhaled shakily, finally letting herself relax as they merged onto a busier street. "Ms. White, remind me never to question your instincts again," she said with a weak laugh.

Norah didn't respond. She was already thinking about what to do next, her mind replaying the terrifying events. Whatever trouble Elodie had caused before, she didn't deserve this.

As they drove away from the chaos, Norah glanced at Elodie through the rearview mirror. "Next time," she said gently but firmly, "don't wander off alone."

Elodie nodded, her tearful eyes filled with gratitude—and newfound respect—for Norah.

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Chapter 185

Tessa and Elodie screamed in terror as the chaos escalated.

Fortunately, Norah's car was sturdy, withstanding the impact without breaking entirely. However, the men outside weren't backing down.

"Stop her! Don't let her escape!" one of them yelled, his voice full of fury.

They surrounded the vehicle, pounding on it relentlessly. "You think you can run after hurting us? Let's see you try! Get out of the car!"

Elodie, pale and trembling, clung to her seat as tears streamed down her face. Tessa, equally frightened, turned to Norah. "Ms. White, what do we do now?"

Norah's heart raced, but she tried to project calm. "Don't worry," she said, checking the time. "Help is on the way. Just hang tight."

The men outside grew more aggressive, their fury fueled by desperation. "Driving such a fancy car and trying to bribe us with a measly thousand bucks? Do you think we're fools?"

They kicked and smashed at the car. The window glass began to crack, shards flying into the cabin.

"We have to do something!" Elodie sobbed. "This is my fault. I'll go out there. I can't let this escalate because of me."

Norah shot her a firm look. "Stay put. This isn't just about you anymore. We're in this together."

With a loud crash, the side window gave way. Glass scattered, and the men shouted triumphantly, "Get out, or we'll drag you out!"

At that moment, the piercing wail of a police siren echoed through the alley.

"They called the cops! Scatter!" one of the men yelled, panic flashing across his face.

Dropping the stones in their hands, they bolted in all directions.

The police car screeched to a stop at the alley's entrance. Officers spilled out, shouting commands. "Stop! Don't move!"

Norah let out a shaky breath, relief washing over her. She had managed to hold on just long enough.

“Are you all okay?” she asked, her voice still steady despite the adrenaline coursing through her veins.

Elodie nodded, though her face was tear-streaked. “I’m fine... but you... your face...” She gestured to Norah’s cheek, which was scratched from the shattered glass.

Norah waved it off, dabbing at the cut with a tissue. “It’s nothing. The important thing is that we’re safe now. Let’s get you home.”

Elodie bit her lip, her guilt evident. “If it weren’t for me, none of this would’ve happened. Thank you for saving me.”

Norah smiled faintly. “I usually see you acting tough, but you were pretty scared back there.”

Elodie lowered her head, her voice soft. “I deserved that. I’ve treated you terribly, but you still helped me. I don’t understand why.”

Norah’s expression softened. “Let’s just say I couldn’t stand by and do nothing. Your grandfather would be heartbroken if anything happened to you.”

A female officer approached the group. “Are you all okay? What happened here?”

“These men were addicts,” Norah explained. “They were trying to rob us.”

The officer nodded. “We’ll handle it. Don’t worry—they won’t get far.”

She glanced at Norah’s damaged car. “Your window’s broken. I’ll arrange for a tow. Why don’t you ride back with us in the police car?”

Norah agreed. “That works. Thank you.”

As they rode in the police car, Elodie sat quietly, hugging herself. Norah handed her a bottle of water. “Here, drink this. It’ll help calm your nerves.”

Elodie took a sip but ended up choking, still shaken.

“Take it slow,” Norah said gently.

After a moment, Elodie murmured, “Thank you... for everything. If you hadn’t stepped in, I don’t know what would’ve happened.”

Norah shrugged, trying to keep things light. "I'm just surprised you didn't fight back. I thought you'd be more fearless."

Elodie managed a weak smile. "I know I've embarrassed myself. Twice, actually. I don't blame you if you think less of me."

"Let's get you home," Norah said, steering the conversation away. "Your grandfather must be worried sick."

But Elodie suddenly remembered something. "Jamie! My phone and bag are with her. I don't know where she went!"

Norah frowned. "Weren't you with her before this? How did you end up alone?"

"She said she had something to take care of, so I wandered off. We were supposed to meet for dinner."

Norah's suspicion grew. "You were in danger, and she didn't show up? That doesn't seem right."

Elodie shook her head. "Jamie's my best friend. She wouldn't abandon me. She probably doesn't know what happened."

Norah bit her tongue. Elodie's sheltered upbringing left her blind to people's motives. She decided to let it go, for now.

When they arrived at the company building, Elodie surprised Norah by asking to come inside. "Grandpa always says I should spend more time with you and Kevin. I've never been to his office before."

Norah raised an eyebrow but didn't argue. "Fine, but don't cause trouble."

As they stepped out of the car, Norah noticed Kevin striding toward them, his face etched with worry. His sleek car was parked nearby, suggesting he had rushed here.

"Mr. Edwards, do you need to go somewhere—" Norah began, but Kevin interrupted by grabbing her arm.

She stumbled forward, colliding into his chest as his hands tightened around her. His gaze locked on her face, and his voice dropped to a deep, urgent tone.

"What happened? Why is your face scratched? I called you, but you didn't answer!"

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Kevin fired off a barrage of questions, his voice filled with concern, leaving Norah unsure of where to start.

"It's just a small injury; nothing serious," she said, stepping back from his embrace as she noticed Tessa watching them closely.

"Why didn't you answer your phone?" Kevin's brow furrowed even more, his worry palpable. "And what exactly happened?"

Before Norah could respond, his gaze shifted to Elodie, who stood nearby, looking thoroughly embarrassed.

"Brother Kevin..." Elodie stammered. Her voice trembled as she continued, "Sister-in-law came to save me. I—I feel terrible about what happened. Please don't be mad at her."

Elodie's words were heavy with guilt. She never imagined that Norah, someone she'd treated poorly in the past, would risk her safety to help. Her assumptions about Norah had shattered in an instant, leaving her with a mix of regret and admiration.

Kevin's sharp gaze softened slightly, though his tone remained firm. "Save you? How did you end up in danger? And why didn't you have a bodyguard with you?"

"I didn't think I'd need one. I was out with a friend," Elodie mumbled.

"Which friend?" Kevin pressed.

"Jamie," she admitted reluctantly.

"And where is Jamie now?" His voice carried a note of suspicion.

"I don't know..." Elodie's head hung low, her voice barely above a whisper.

Kevin's tone turned colder. "You went out with her, got into trouble, and she disappeared? And Norah had to step in to save you?"

Elodie's eyes welled up again.

Norah intervened. "Would you rather I ignored the situation?" she asked, meeting Kevin's gaze with a calm firmness.

"I want to know what kind of danger you were dealing with," he replied, shifting his focus back to Elodie.

Elodie hesitated but eventually recounted the series of events. As she spoke, Kevin's expression grew darker, his worry evident.

When she finished, Elodie bowed her head. "I'm sorry. I caused so much trouble for everyone. I hope you'll forgive me."

Kevin sighed, his anger tempered by her genuine remorse. "Kian," he said, turning to his assistant, "take Elodie to freshen up."

"Yes, sir." Kian gestured for Elodie to follow him.

Elodie nodded meekly and walked away, leaving Kevin and Norah alone.

Kevin turned back to Norah, his voice low but firm. "Did you see my calls?"

Norah checked her phone and saw the missed notifications. "I didn't realize. My phone was on silent, and everything happened so fast..."

Kevin's jaw tightened, his concern morphing into frustration. "Turn the volume up next time. If I can't reach you, how am I supposed to know if you're okay?"

"Got it," she said softly.

Kevin led her into his office, his demeanor still tense. Once inside, he sat down and fixed her with a serious look. "Norah, do you even understand how dangerous that was?"

She nodded. "Yes, I know. It was risky."

"Then why did you go?" he asked, his voice rising slightly. "What if the police hadn't arrived in time? What if those men hadn't run away? Did you think about what could have happened?"

Norah hesitated, struggling to find the right words. "I thought I could handle it," she said finally.



Kevin leaned forward, his frustration clear. “You thought you could handle it? What if you couldn’t? You were injured, Norah! Do you even realize how much worse it could’ve been?”

Norah lowered her gaze, unsure how to respond.

Kevin continued, his tone softening slightly. “I understand why you wanted to help—because of Elodie’s grandfather. But you need to prioritize your safety first. If something happens to you, do you know how many people would be affected? How I would feel?”

His words struck a chord. Norah had always been independent, solving her own problems without relying on anyone. But Kevin’s genuine concern was disarming.

“You should have called me,” he said. “No matter where you are or what’s happening, I’ll come. You don’t have to do this alone.”

Norah nodded. “I’ll remember that for next time.”

Kevin studied her face for a moment, his expression unreadable. Then he spoke again, his voice quieter but no less serious. “You’re my wife, Norah. Don’t forget that. It’s my job to protect you.”

She didn’t reply immediately, unsure how to process his words.

Breaking the tension, Kevin retrieved a first-aid kit and began cleaning the cuts on her face, despite her protests that it wasn’t necessary.

“The car’s damaged,” Norah said, changing the subject. “I’ll need to send it for repairs.”

“I’ll take care of it,” Kevin replied firmly, his hands steady as he disinfected her wounds.

Norah watched him in silence, her heart conflicted. Kevin’s actions spoke louder than his words, but she couldn’t help wondering if she’d ever truly be able to lean on him as he wanted.

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### Chapter 187

Kevin replied casually to Norah, “If the car breaks down, just replace it with a new one. It’ll make things easier for you.”

Norah nodded. "Okay."

The house had plenty of cars, so switching to a simpler one seemed more practical. Something like the car the maid used for grocery runs would suit her better.

After tending to her wound, Norah stepped out of Kevin's office, ready to call it a day.

Elodie was waiting for her outside, and the moment she saw Norah, she shouted enthusiastically, "Sister-in-law!"

Her voice immediately drew the attention of everyone in the office. Heads turned, curious eyes landing on Norah, as if trying to unravel a mystery.

Under the weight of their stares, Norah felt a wave of awkwardness. She stiffened instinctively.

Realizing her slip, Elodie quickly clamped her hand over her mouth. "Hmm... I don't know why you don't want me to say that," she mumbled.

"Stop shouting," Norah whispered sharply. "This is the office."

Elodie frowned, puzzled. "Why can't I call you sister-in-law? It's not a big deal, is it?"

"It's just... inconvenient," Norah muttered, grabbing Elodie's arm and steering her outside.

The truth was, her position at the company was delicate. Some people knew she was Kevin's wife, but most didn't. Elodie blurting out "sister-in-law" like that could raise suspicions.

Once they were outside, Elodie called her "sister-in-law" again, unabashed.

Norah sighed. "Are you planning to go home anytime soon?"

Elodie grinned mischievously. "Someone's coming to pick me up, but until then, I'll stick with you."

"Why?" Norah asked, genuinely confused. "I'm about to leave too."

"Because you saved me," Elodie said earnestly. After a pause, she added, "I'll never forget that. I wasn't fair to you before."

Norah raised an eyebrow. "And does that mean your opinion of me has changed now?"

Elodie nodded eagerly. "It's completely changed. I used to judge you, but now I see you're not the kind of person I thought you were."

"And what kind of person was that?" Norah asked, amused.

"Well..." Elodie hesitated, then mumbled, "A bad woman..."

Norah chuckled softly. She figured Elodie's past opinions had been influenced by Jamie's gossip. It was natural to have biases before truly knowing someone.

Elodie, though simple-minded, had a good heart. She lacked life experience and often took people at face value.

"Remember what I said at your grandfather's birthday party?" Norah asked.

Elodie blinked, trying to recall.

"I said I forgive you," Norah said with a smile. "I meant it then, and I mean it now."

Hearing that, Elodie lit up with joy. She grabbed Norah's arm excitedly. "You really forgive me? Thank you! You're so kind. I want to be your friend forever!"

Norah couldn't help but laugh at her innocence. "Sure, but you can't always be like this."

"Like what? Don't you want to be my friend?" Elodie pouted, her voice tinged with disappointment.

"No, it's not that," Norah reassured her. "I just think you need to be careful about trusting people so easily. It's good to have a pure heart, but it can make you vulnerable."

Elodie nodded thoughtfully but quickly changed the subject. "So, should we have dinner together later?"

Norah sighed, relenting. "Alright, let's have dinner. I'll take you home with me."

Elodie beamed. "Really? Thank you! I didn't think you'd forgive me so easily."

By the time they got into the car, Kevin was already in the driver's seat, his expression dark. He glanced at them through the rearview mirror, noticing how close they'd gotten, holding hands and chatting.

Kevin's tone was icy as he said, "Elodie, where's your driver? Call them to pick you up."

But Elodie ignored his mood and clung to Norah. "No way! We're eating together, and you can't kick me out."

Norah chimed in, "We're going to my parents' house for dinner. I already told them I'd bring a friend."

Elodie suddenly looked worried. "Should I bring a gift? I don't want to leave a bad impression."

Norah reassured her. "Don't stress. My parents are easy-going, and they'll love you."

Kevin, though clearly annoyed, said nothing and started the car. His face, however, remained visibly displeased.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the Whites' home. Gwen greeted them warmly. She'd prepared an elaborate dinner, knowing Norah was bringing a guest.

"You're back!" Gwen called out with a smile.

"Mom," Norah said, hugging her.

Jack, too, came to the door, smiling at Elodie. "Come on in and make yourself at home," he said warmly.

"Hello, Uncle! I'm Elodie," she said shyly.

But the moment Jack noticed Kevin lingering behind them, his expression darkened. His warm demeanor vanished.

"And why are you here?" Jack asked coldly.

Kevin bowed his head slightly. "Dad, I just came to drop them off."

Jack snorted. "Well, since you've dropped them off, you can leave now."

Ignoring the hostility, Kevin replied firmly, "I'll be picking them up later."

Jack rolled his eyes but said nothing more, walking back inside without inviting Kevin in.

Meanwhile, Gwen turned her attention to Elodie. “What a lovely girl! Norah, it’s nice to see you making new friends. Sit down, Elodie—there’s fresh fruit on the table. Norah, peel one for her!”

“Sure,” Norah said, smiling.

Jack, now seated, added, “Would you like some milk tea? I make a pretty decent one.”

Elodie’s eyes widened. “Wow, Auntie, you can make milk tea? That’s amazing!”

Norah laughed. “My parents love experimenting with food now that they’re retired. If you want anything, just ask—they can probably make it.”

Elodie clapped her hands. “That’s so cool! I’ll eat anything—no complaints here.”

As they chatted animatedly, Kevin stood in the corner, clearly out of place. He finally tried to insert himself into the conversation.

“Mom, let me help you in the kitchen,” he offered, though his tone lacked enthusiasm.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 188**

### Chapter 188

Gwen glanced at Kevin, her tone distant yet polite. “No need. You’re a guest. Please, just sit.”

Once upon a time, Gwen had genuinely liked Kevin. She believed he cared deeply for Norah, but after learning their marriage was a mere arrangement, her view of him had soured. Marriage, she thought, should be based on love, not convenience or business.

Kevin wasn’t blind to the shift in their dynamic. He knew he’d fallen from grace in their eyes and was determined to regain some of their trust. Rolling up his sleeves, he ignored Gwen’s cool demeanor and walked straight to the kitchen to help her, as he used to do in the early days.

Gwen sighed, watching him from the corner of her eye. Despite his efforts, she couldn’t shake the disappointment. Once, she had found comfort in how Kevin treated her daughter. His willingness to lower himself to help with household tasks spoke volumes about his character—or so she’d thought. Now, that image felt like a mirage.

Norah, seated nearby, caught the tension in her mother's expression. Though her parents were civil toward Kevin, she knew they hadn't forgiven him—or the situation he'd created.

"Sister-in-law?" Elodie's voice broke Norah's train of thought. "Sister-in-law!"

Startled, Norah turned to her. "What? Sorry, I was distracted."

Elodie leaned in, her voice low. "Your parents don't like Brother Kevin, do they?"

Norah hesitated. "Why do you think that?"

"They don't even look at him kindly," Elodie whispered. "And yet, I've never seen him try so hard to please anyone. He must really care about you."

Norah glanced toward the kitchen, where Kevin was busy assisting her mother despite her reluctance. "Maybe he's just being polite."

Elodie shook her head. "No way. Brother Kevin isn't the type to go out of his way for just anyone."

Norah didn't respond, unsure how to explain the nuances of her and Kevin's relationship.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Gwen couldn't resist making her feelings clear. "You don't need to do all this," she said pointedly.

Kevin didn't pause in his work. "It's no trouble. It's the least I can do."

Gwen sighed. "I hope you find your own happiness someday, Kevin. I just want my daughter to be happy too." Her words were gentle, but the meaning was unmistakable—she didn't believe Kevin could make Norah truly happy.

Kevin's movements slowed, and he nodded. "I understand, Mom. But please, give me a little more time to prove myself."

At dinner, the atmosphere lightened considerably. Gwen and Jack were warm and welcoming, especially toward Elodie, who quickly grew attached to their kindness.

"Elodie, have some more," Gwen urged, placing another helping of food onto her plate. "You're thinner than Norah—eat up! You'll look even better with a little more weight."

Elodie beamed and eagerly accepted. “Thank you, Auntie. You’re so kind.”

Jack chimed in with a laugh. “Make yourself at home, Elodie. Next time, tell us what you’d like to eat, and we’ll prepare it for you.”

Their warmth touched Elodie deeply. As she sipped her milk tea, she paused, her eyes glistening.

Norah noticed and asked, “Is something wrong? Don’t you like it?”

Elodie shook her head, her voice soft. “No, Auntie, this milk tea is incredible. It tastes... like home.”

Gwen smiled, her expression tender. “Oh, it’s just milk tea, dear. Nothing special.”

Elodie shook her head fervently. “It’s more than that. It’s... it feels like love.”

The simple gesture of making her feel welcome moved Elodie more than she could express. For the first time in a long while, she felt truly cared for.

As the evening came to an end, Elodie stood at the door, clutching a bag Gwen had packed for her—a gift of milk tea and other small treats.

“Thank you, Auntie, Uncle. I’ve never been treated like this before.” Her voice wavered, and her eyes glistened again with unshed tears.

Gwen reached out to pat her shoulder, her smile soft. “You’re welcome here anytime, Elodie. Don’t be a stranger.”

Elodie wiped at her eyes. “You’re all so kind. Honestly... I envy my sister-in-law. She’s so lucky to have you as her parents.”

From the corner, Kevin silently observed, his face unreadable. Though the evening had gone well, he couldn’t help but feel like an outsider. For once, he realized that regaining Norah’s trust—and her parents’—would take far more than polite gestures.

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### Chapter 189

Elodie envied Norah, not just for her friend but for the family that so clearly cherished her. She felt the love Norah’s family extended to her, even as an outsider.

“Don’t cry,” Jack said, his voice tinged with concern. “A girl’s tears are too precious to waste.”

Elodie sniffled, clutching the warm milk tea Gwen had made for her, trying to suppress her tears. Her emotions often overwhelmed her, and the genuine care from Norah’s parents struck a chord deep within her.

Norah stepped closer, her tone gentle yet firm. “Come on, Elodie, no more tears. Haven’t you cried enough today?”

Elodie wiped her face with trembling hands, managing a shaky smile. “Thank you, Uncle Jack, Aunt Gwen. I promise I’ll visit again soon.”

Jack and Gwen stood at the doorway, waving goodbye as the group descended the stairs.

Once outside, Elodie couldn’t hold back her tears again.

Norah handed her a tissue, trying to console her.

Kevin, ever the pragmatist, broke the moment with a blunt comment. “If your grandfather sees you like this, he’ll think Norah bullied you.”

Norah shot him a look. “Kevin, really? Can’t you say something helpful for once?”

Elodie sniffled, then glared at Kevin. “Sister-in-law, how do you put up with him? He’s so cold! If it were me, I couldn’t stand it!”

Norah chuckled softly, ignoring Kevin’s nonchalant shrug, and said, “Just drive, Kevin. We need to get Elodie home.”

Kevin obliged, starting the car without further comment.

At Old Mr. Godin’s home, the elderly man was already pacing with worry. When Elodie arrived, safe and sound, his relief was palpable.

“Norah,” he said warmly, “thank you for looking after her. I don’t know how to thank you enough.”

Norah smiled graciously. “There’s no need to thank me, Old Mr. Godin. Elodie is family. She calls me her sister-in-law, and that’s how I see her.”



Old Mr. Godin turned to Elodie with a rare sternness. "You gave me quite a scare. Did you learn your lesson this time?"

Elodie clutched the milk tea Gwen had packed for her, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Grandpa. I won't let it happen again."

The old man's expression softened. "Good. It's not in vain that Norah stood up for you." He paused, glancing around. "Where's your phone and bag? You left with them. No wonder I couldn't reach you!"

Elodie hesitated, her gaze dropping to the floor. "I... left them with Jamie."

The next morning, Elodie was barely awake when a maid knocked on her door.

"Miss, someone's here to see you."

Elodie rubbed her eyes. "Who is it?"

"It's me, Norah." Jamie's voice called from outside.

Elodie quickly opened the door. Jamie stood there holding a bag, her face calm but her tone oddly cheerful.

"You left this with me yesterday," Jamie said, handing over the bag. "I was so worried when you disappeared suddenly. I'm just glad you're okay."

Elodie took the bag but couldn't shake a growing unease. "Jamie, I didn't just disappear. I was in trouble. Didn't you notice?"

Jamie hesitated, but her smile remained intact. "I didn't realize. I was on an important call. By the time I finished, you were gone. I thought you'd left early and accidentally forgotten your things."

Jamie's explanation sounded plausible, but doubt lingered in Elodie's mind.

"Did something happen?" Jamie asked, her voice feigning concern.

Elodie studied her, searching for sincerity. For years, she had trusted Jamie, even leaned on her during tough times abroad. Jamie had been like an older sister. But now, something felt off.

"I went to Norah's house for dinner after the incident," Elodie said, her voice steady.

Jamie's face faltered, and she quickly covered it with a laugh. "Norah? Did she say anything about me? I wouldn't be surprised if she tried to turn you against me. She's good at pretending to be kind, but don't trust her too much."

Elodie frowned, stepping back slightly. "Jamie, Norah didn't say a single bad thing about you. But now that I think about it, all the bad things I've heard about her came from you."

Jamie's expression shifted to one of hurt. "Elodie, how can you say that? Have you forgotten everything I've done for you? I was there for you when you were all alone. I gave you food, a place to stay—everything."

Elodie took a deep breath, her voice calm but firm. "You're right. You were there for me when I needed help. But now I have to ask—were you being kind because you cared, or did it give you some sense of superiority to be the one helping the poor orphan girl?"

Jamie's eyes widened, and for a moment, she was speechless. "How can you even think that?"

Elodie didn't reply. Instead, she turned away, clutching her bag tightly. In her heart, something fundamental had shifted. She wasn't sure if Jamie's intentions were ever as pure as she once believed.

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 190**

### Chapter 190

Elodie's pointed question left Jamie momentarily speechless, her confident demeanor faltering as she struggled to find a fitting response.

Jamie had always viewed Elodie as simple—someone who, once shown kindness, would repay it tenfold with unwavering loyalty. But Elodie's words carried weight. When Jamie first met her abroad, Elodie's background was unknown—an orphan navigating a foreign world, alone, awkward, and visibly out of place. She was an easy target for sympathy, and Jamie had stepped into the role of protector effortlessly.

Elodie had been fragile, a girl who needed a friend. Jamie had found satisfaction in being the dependable one, enjoying Elodie's admiration. But now, things were different. Jamie's pedestal had crumbled the moment Elodie returned to Craggaville and reconnected with her family's affluence. That sense of control, of being irreplaceable, was gone.

Feigning hurt, Jamie finally spoke. "Is that how you see me? I thought we were friends, but now you're questioning my intentions? You've barely known Norah, yet you trust her implicitly. Have you even considered how that makes me feel?"

Elodie's eyes didn't waver. "Did you know I was in danger yesterday? Norah stepped in to help me when I needed it most."

Jamie froze, caught off guard by the revelation. She quickly masked her reaction with concern. "You were in danger? Let me see if you're hurt!"

But Elodie was no longer moved by Jamie's pretense. Her voice remained steady. "I want to rest. If you have nothing else, I'll see you out."

Without waiting for a response, Elodie turned and disappeared into her room. The warmth she once reserved for Jamie was gone.

Jamie stood there, stunned. Her attempts to control the situation had failed miserably. Even the maid's polite but firm ushering toward the door stung.

Back in the car, Jamie fumed. "She's so ungrateful! When she was struggling abroad, it was me who helped her! Now that she's living in luxury, she treats me like this? And all because of Norah!"

The bitterness in Jamie's tone was palpable, her feelings of betrayal fueling a newfound disdain for Norah.

Meanwhile, Norah was quietly indulging in a rare moment of peace at home, browsing online for parenting books. Though her pregnancy wasn't showing yet, she felt its subtle changes and wanted to prepare for the journey ahead. She smiled, gently resting her hand on her stomach.

To avoid suspicion, Norah had the books shipped to Gloria's house. When she messaged Gloria to let her know, her friend responded with enthusiasm: "Got it! I'll make sure to research what's best for pregnant women so you and the baby stay healthy!"

Norah chuckled softly at Gloria's over-the-top dedication.

Her private moment was interrupted by Kevin's sudden presence. Startled, she quickly locked her phone and looked up. "When did you get here?"

Kevin raised an eyebrow, catching her swift movement. "Who were you chatting with?" he asked casually, loosening his tie.

“Gloria,” Norah replied, her voice calm.

Kevin sat beside her, his expression softening as he relaxed into her presence. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he pulled her close, resting his head on her shoulder. “You’ve been acting different lately,” he murmured. “What’s on your mind?”

Norah tensed slightly, unsure how to respond. She had grown increasingly cautious, guarding her secret. To deflect, she said, “Gloria told me a funny story. That’s all.”

Kevin didn’t press further but observed her closely. “You know, you used to fuss over me when I worked late, offering to give me a massage or make me tea. Now, you seem distant. What changed?”

Norah remained quiet, unsure how to bridge the growing emotional gap between them. Kevin sighed, sensing her hesitation but choosing not to push. Instead, his tone shifted. “You didn’t touch the crab your parents made today. That’s not like you.”

Norah’s heart skipped a beat. She quickly averted her gaze. “I just wasn’t in the mood.”

Kevin’s sharp instincts told him there was more to her sudden change in preferences, but he let it slide—for now. He tightened his hold slightly, savoring the rare closeness. “Let me know if anything’s bothering you,” he said softly, his words carrying a mixture of concern and suspicion.

Norah nodded, burying her emotions deeper. She knew she had to be careful, especially now that Kevin’s curiosity was piqued. Her secret wasn’t ready to be revealed, not yet.