

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 191

Chapter 191

The more Kevin questioned, the more unsettled Norah became. She subconsciously clenched her fists and tried to explain, "Mom and Dad know I love eating this, so they always make it when I visit. But I've had it so many times, I'm just not craving it today. Why are you suddenly so curious about my diet?"

Kevin raised his gaze, his expression calm as he gently tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear. "It's nothing. I just feel like you've been acting a little different lately. It's fine if nothing's wrong... but, Norah, don't hide anything from me."

His touch was tender, his concern evident, but his words carried an undertone of doubt that made Norah's heart race. She met his gaze—deep, probing, and unsettling, as if he already knew her secret.

No, it couldn't be.

If Kevin truly knew, his reaction wouldn't be like this. He'd never paid her so much attention before.

Forcing a smile, she deflected, "I go to work with you every day. What could I possibly be hiding? You're just overthinking."

Kevin's tone shifted slightly. "Do you remember Lola?"

The sudden mention of her made Norah stiffen. "Of course. She's dead, isn't she?"

Kevin's eyes darkened. "Lola isn't the woman from that night."

Was he clarifying something?

Norah felt a wave of relief. If Lola's death had settled the matter of that mysterious woman, then Kevin wouldn't suspect her anymore. Their three-year marriage had always been devoid of intimacy, with Norah keeping her distance. Kevin knew she wouldn't dare cross any lines.

Lowering her head, she muttered, "Then I don't know."

Her dismissive reply was a little too casual, making Kevin's explanation seem unnecessary. The woman from that night was irrelevant now, wasn't she?

Kevin sighed and leaned in, pressing a light kiss on her forehead. "You're tired. Get some rest."

His gentleness surprised Norah. He didn't push her for answers or force intimacy as he used to. This time, he kept his affection restrained.

"Okay," she murmured and quietly slipped into bed.

Kevin watched her for a moment, his expression unreadable, before stepping out of the room. His face hardened, and his voice turned icy. "Find out everything about where Norah has been recently. Use any method necessary. I want to know what she's hiding."

Her recent behaviors didn't sit right with him. Her reluctance to visit the hospital after insisting she needed to go, her sudden dietary changes, and her talk of divorce—it all pointed to something bigger. She wasn't saying anything, but Kevin was determined to uncover the truth.

The Next Morning

When Norah stepped outside, she was greeted by the sight of a sleek new Mercedes-Benz parked in front of the house. The car, understated yet luxurious, was far more extravagant than her old one, which was still in the shop for repairs.

She frowned. Kevin didn't own a car like this, and it didn't match his taste.

Kian, Kevin's assistant, stood nearby, waiting for her. "Did Mr. Edwards get a new car?" she asked, puzzled. "It's not his style."

Kian smiled and handed her the keys. "This is for you. Since your car's in the shop, Mr. Edwards decided you should drive this one instead."

Norah blinked in surprise. "For me? That's unnecessary. I'm fine with a basic car. This is way too much." She tried to return the keys. "Please let him know I don't need it."

Kian hesitated but firmly placed the keys back in her hand. “Mr. Edwards has already transferred it to your name. If you don’t accept it, I’ll be in trouble for not following through.”

Norah sighed, gripping the keys reluctantly as she glanced at the car. Why would Kevin give her such an expensive gift? Was he trying to make a statement? She worried it might draw unnecessary attention at work.

Seeing her hesitation, Kian gestured to the car. “We’re running late. Hop in, and I’ll drop you off.”

Norah bit her lip, concerned about Kevin’s intentions, but she climbed into the car. Avoiding suspicion was becoming increasingly challenging.

Gossip at the Office

By the time she arrived at work, the office was already buzzing with chatter.

“Did you hear Miss Godin call her *Sister-in-law* *Norah* yesterday?” someone whispered.

“Of course! She even called Mr. Edwards *Brother*—what does that mean?”

“You think Norah and Mr. Edwards are secretly involved?”

“Come on, that’s ridiculous! If they’ve been married this whole time, why keep it a secret?”

The gossip halted abruptly when Norah walked in. The uneasy silence made her painfully aware of the rumors swirling around her. She’d faced this kind of speculation before. Her frequent work trips and events with Kevin had fueled plenty of rumors, but she’d always ignored them.

She calmly went to her desk, but Tessa, one of her colleagues, approached cautiously.

“Ms. White,” Tessa began nervously, handing over a stack of documents. “Here’s the information you requested.”

Norah accepted it without looking up. “Thank you. Leave it here.”

Tessa lingered, fidgeting awkwardly. Norah glanced at her, sensing she had something to say. “Is something bothering you? If it’s about yesterday, just say it.”

Tessa hesitated but finally blurted out, “Ms. White, why don’t you go to Mr. Edwards’ office first?” Her eyes flicked to the car keys on Norah’s desk, her unspoken questions clear.

Norah sighed, her patience wearing thin. “What are you implying, Tessa? If you have something to say, just say it.”

The tension in the air thickened, and Norah knew it wasn’t just Kevin who was suspicious—everyone seemed to be watching her.

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Norah’s response to Tessa’s anxious tone was calm, her fingers steadily typing on the keyboard as she glanced up. “What would I be doing in Kevin’s office? His business is his own. I can’t interfere, even if I wanted to.”

Tessa fidgeted, her concern growing more evident. “Bianca came in early this morning. Mr. Edwards called her into his office, and she hasn’t come out. Something’s definitely going on.”

The mention of Bianca made Norah pause briefly. She knew Bianca was the current darling of the entertainment industry, basking in the glow of her fame and confidence. Norah resumed typing, her voice steady. “Did she come to deliver tea? If not, ask Shelby to take some over. We need to maintain proper hospitality, or people might think the Edwards family lacks manners.”

Tessa blinked, taken aback by Norah’s composed demeanor. “That’s not it, though...”

Despite Tessa’s flustered state, Norah remained unmoved. If Bianca’s presence in Kevin’s office was meant to provoke her, it wasn’t going to work.

Soon after, Shelby delivered tea to the office, and the door opened briefly. Bianca’s reddened eyes were visible, as though she’d been reprimanded. Her vulnerability seemed almost theatrical to Norah, who merely glanced in her direction and returned to her work.

Shelby returned to the group, her voice hushed but excited. “I think Mr. Edwards was scolding her. Something about her dating life upset him.”

Tessa furrowed her brow. “Bianca? Dating? That doesn’t make sense. She’s been all over Kevin lately. Who could she possibly be seeing?”

Shelby shrugged. “There’s a photo circulating—she was caught entering an apartment with her co-star from that hit drama.”

Tessa gasped, pulling up the gossip on her phone. “She’s been caught red-handed! No wonder Kevin’s mad. But why would he care so much?”

Norah observed the video for a moment, her expression unreadable. Bianca’s personal life was of little concern to her, but Kevin’s apparent anger raised questions. Was he jealous? Protective? Either way, Norah resolved not to dwell on it. Speculating about Kevin’s feelings never led anywhere productive.

The office door swung open, and Bianca emerged, her voice trembling as she addressed Kevin. “Kevin, I swear there’s nothing between us. The paparazzi just love to make things up. I’ll make sure this doesn’t happen again.”

Kevin’s voice was cold, authoritative. “This is the last time. I won’t tolerate gossip like this interfering with business.”

“I understand,” Bianca replied meekly, her eyes lingering on Kevin as if seeking reassurance.

As she exited, her gaze swept the room, quickly landing on Norah. Bianca’s self-assurance returned, her fingers subtly flaunting the diamond ring she wore. “Why are so many of you standing around here? Kevin, do you need all these people? The efficiency in this office could use some tightening up.”

Her tone was seemingly directed at Tessa and Shelby, but Norah knew the barb was aimed at her. Without missing a beat, Norah retorted, her tone icy. “Shelby’s new. Tessa’s helping her get acclimated. Edwards has the resources to invest in proper training, unlike some fledgling companies that are barely keeping up.”

Bianca stiffened, her composure cracking for a moment. “Well, it’s a good thing Kevin knows how to pick winners. Have you seen my latest show?”

Norah didn’t even glance up from her computer. “I don’t waste my time on mindless dramas. No, I haven’t watched it.”

Bianca's smile faltered, but she quickly masked her irritation. However, the tension in the room was palpable as the two women exchanged subtle yet cutting remarks, each unwilling to back down.

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Bianca felt a sharp sting to her pride. Wasn't Norah implying her acting required no thought?

Bianca had come to flaunt her success—transitioning from a singer to an actress and achieving more fame than ever. But Norah's dismissive words deflated her self-assuredness.

Norah, unbothered, calmly focused on her work, unwilling to entertain Bianca's attempts to provoke her.

Feigning composure, Bianca looked toward the large window and gestured to the advertising poster displayed on the adjacent building. "That's one of my recent posters. Don't you think it's warm and inviting?"

She chuckled, savoring the thought of Norah seeing her poster every day, believing it must gnaw at her.

Without looking up, Norah replied, "Ms. Lynch, I have work to do. Do you have anything else you need?"

Bianca pressed on, refusing to back down. "Oh, I just wanted to catch up. After all, I've known you for so long. I even heard a rumor—you're planning to resign. If that's true, are you considering your next steps?"

She shot a sly glance at Kevin before continuing, "If Norah does leave, she's welcome to apply as my assistant. With her extensive experience, I'm sure she'd excel."

Both Kevin and Norah visibly bristled at her insinuation.

Kevin, now visibly annoyed, cut in. "Who told you Norah is resigning?"

Caught off guard, Bianca faltered. "I just overheard people talking when I arrived. Her resignation seems to be common knowledge."

His tone sharpened. “There’s no truth to that. Don’t believe everything you hear.”

Bianca, attempting to salvage her misstep, stroked her hair and said lightly, “Oh, my mistake then. But if you ever do think about a change, Norah, a fresh environment might be good for you.”

Norah met Bianca’s gaze, her expression calm but firm. “I appreciate the suggestion, Ms. Lynch, but as the saying goes, people aim for higher ground, not lower.”

Bianca’s composure cracked. The subtle jab stung more than Norah’s earlier dismissal.

Kevin took the opportunity to intervene, his voice cold. “Bianca, don’t you have an announcement to attend? You’re going to be late.”

Realizing she was being dismissed, Bianca smiled stiffly. “You’re right, Kevin. Don’t forget the award ceremony later—you’ll need to attend as the president.”

“I’m aware,” Kevin replied curtly.

Bianca strutted out of the office, her entourage of assistants trailing behind her. The grandeur of her departure only fueled Tessa’s irritation.

“Ugh, when will someone like Bianca finally face some karma?” Tessa muttered.

Norah remained focused on her work, her face neutral.

Kevin broke the silence, his eyes fixed on Norah. “Norah, make me a cup of coffee.”

Without looking up, Norah called out, “Shelby, make Mr. Edwards a cup of coffee.”

Shelby hesitated, then responded, “Oh, okay.”

Kevin frowned, his tone firm. “I don’t like coffee made by anyone else.”

Shelby froze mid-step.

Norah’s tone remained cool. “Didn’t Ms. Lynch just say the company doesn’t need idlers? If Shelby can’t even make coffee, what’s the point of keeping her?”

Her words, sharp and unyielding, startled both Tessa and Shelby. Norah’s usual demeanor was composed and polite, making this sudden bluntness unexpected.

Kevin's eyes darkened, his frustration evident. "This is a situation of your own making, isn't it?"

Norah smirked faintly. "Exactly. And it's my responsibility to train her. Surely, there's no problem with that, Mr. Edwards?"

Kevin, clearly irked, chose not to argue further. "Fine. Teach her all you want. But today, I'm drinking the coffee you make."

With that, he strode into his office, leaving no room for debate.

Once he was out of earshot, Tessa whispered, "Ms. White, you were amazing! Bianca must be fuming right now!"

Despite Tessa's enthusiasm, Norah wasn't interested in prolonging the drama. "Let's not dwell on it."

Shelby, on the other hand, looked crestfallen. "Ms. White, am I really that bad at this?"

Norah's expression softened. "Of course not. You're doing fine. Don't let Mr. Edwards' words get to you."

Tessa chimed in with encouragement. "Exactly. He's tough on everyone. Don't take it personally."

Shelby, now more determined, said earnestly, "I'll keep practicing until I get it right!"

In the end, Norah relented and made the coffee herself.

When she entered Kevin's office, he wasn't working. He looked up, his gaze steady. "Let's leave work early tonight."

Her brow furrowed. "Is there an event?"

Kevin's lips curved into a rare, playful smile. "Not exactly. I thought we could have dinner and maybe catch a movie. It's been a while, don't you think?"

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Norah froze, momentarily stunned.

Since when did Kevin care about going out for dinner and a movie with her?

In all the time they'd been married, Kevin had never once suggested something so... *normal*. It was the kind of thing couples did—yet their marriage had always been anything but typical.

Noticing her silence, Kevin pressed further. "Why aren't you saying anything? I've already asked Kian to book a table for us. Dinner first, then a movie, and after that, we'll head home."

Still skeptical, Norah frowned. "Why the sudden urge for dinner and a movie? Is there some special occasion I don't know about?"

Her suspicion was warranted. Anything out of the ordinary between her and Kevin always felt like it came with strings attached. Lately, she'd been distant, even contemplating divorce. Was this some last-ditch attempt to salvage their relationship?

Kevin brushed off her doubts. "No occasion. I just want to spend time with you. That's all."

He picked up his coffee and took a sip, only to pause. "Did you switch brands?"

Norah replied casually, "The one you usually drink was out of stock, so I picked a different one. I'll restock the usual when it's available. This should do for now."

"It's fine," Kevin said, taking another sip without complaint.

His calm reaction caught Norah off guard. The Kevin she knew would've been irritable about not having his preferred coffee. Yet here he was, unusually patient.

Her gaze lingered on him, trying to make sense of the change. Why had his temper softened so much lately? Why was he suddenly more accommodating, more... considerate?

Was it guilt? Was he trying to make up for something, like the earlier meeting with Bianca? Or was this all just another layer of his enigmatic behavior?

Whatever it was, none of it added up. If Kevin truly had feelings for Bianca, why hadn't he ended things with Norah already? Why not divorce her and be with Bianca openly?

Meanwhile, outside the Edwards Group...

Bianca strutted out of the building, radiating confidence.

From a parked car nearby, Jamie and her friend watched her approach.

“Jamie! That’s Bianca! I can’t believe we’re seeing her in person!” Jamie’s friend gushed, clearly starstruck.

Jamie, however, remained unimpressed. Her strained relationship with Elodie had pushed her to hang out with other friends, and she wasn’t particularly interested in celebrity gossip. “Who is she? A star or something?”

“Jamie, seriously? She’s *the* rising star right now! Her debut drama is all anyone can talk about. Everyone says she’s the next big thing in the industry—especially with Kevin backing her.”

Hearing Kevin’s name piqued Jamie’s interest. “Kevin? As in Kevin Edwards?”

“Of course! Haven’t you heard the rumors? Bianca is supposedly Kevin’s ‘white moonlight.’”

Jamie snorted. “That’s ridiculous.”

Her friend raised an eyebrow. “How would you know? People have been talking about their connection since their high school days. They were supposedly the perfect couple back then. Some even think they’re married in secret!”

“That’s nonsense,” Jamie retorted firmly.

Her friend looked at her curiously. “How can you be so sure? Do you know Kevin personally?”

Jamie didn’t answer immediately. She glanced at Bianca as the actress walked past their car, her elegant demeanor drawing attention. Memories of her past conversations with Kevin surfaced. Back then, she’d asked him directly if he had someone special, and he had denied it.

Yet now, Bianca’s name kept surfacing alongside his.

Jamie opened the car door and called out, “Miss Lynch.”

Bianca paused, turning toward the voice. Her expression softened when she saw Jamie—it wasn’t a paparazzi ambush or a crazed fan, just a polite young woman.

“Yes? Hello,” Bianca replied, flashing a practiced, friendly smile.

Jamie played along, feigning excitement. “Miss Lynch, I’m such a fan! I’ve watched your drama—it’s fantastic. You’re even better than Sasha!”

Bianca’s smile brightened. Compliments comparing her to Sasha, her rival, were music to her ears.

“Oh, thank you, but I wouldn’t say that. Sasha is incredibly talented. I’ve still got a lot to learn from her,” Bianca said with mock humility.

Jamie smirked inwardly but kept her tone light. “Well, here’s my card. If you ever want to collaborate, feel free to reach out.”

Bianca took the card, her gaze flickering over it. “Jamie Jenkins? Of the Jenkins family?”

“That’s me,” Jamie replied casually.

Recognition sparked in Bianca’s eyes. “I think Kevin mentioned your family once. Jenkins recently partnered with Edwards Group, right?”

Jamie’s interest sharpened. “Mr. Edwards mentioned you? You must be close to Kevin.”

Bianca hesitated for a fraction of a second before responding, “Well, I am one of his artists, and we’ve known each other for years. Our relationship is professional, but we get along well.”

Jamie pressed further, her curiosity evident. “You and Kevin have such a great rapport. People are starting to wonder if there’s more to it. When’s the wedding?”

Bianca’s composure faltered briefly, but she recovered with a laugh. “Oh, no, you’ve got it all wrong! Kevin is already married. I wouldn’t dare get involved with a married man.”

Jamie’s eyes widened. “Married? Are you serious?”

Realizing she might've said too much, Bianca quickly added, "Oh, I shouldn't have said that! Please, keep it between us. Kevin prefers to keep his private life private."

But Jamie was no longer listening. Her thoughts were racing. Kevin was married? To who? And why had she never heard about it before?

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Bianca smiled knowingly. "Honestly, it's not a big secret. Kevin has admitted to being married before, but he's never wanted to reveal who his wife is."

Jamie narrowed her eyes. "And you know who it is?"

Bianca smirked faintly. "Of course, I know. But Kevin doesn't want me spilling the details. After all, he's been married for years. He values his privacy." She glanced at her watch. "Miss Jenkins, I have some things to take care of. Let's catch up another time—I'll invite you for tea when I'm free."

With that, Bianca got into her car and drove away.

Jamie stood there, frozen in thought.

From the corner of her eye, Bianca caught Jamie's lingering gaze and let out a soft, mocking laugh.

"Ms. Lynch," Cleo, her assistant, piped up, puzzled. "Why didn't you just make it clear? Let everyone know you're Kevin's favorite and make them back off."

Bianca's smile widened, her tone calculated. "Jamie's no ordinary girl. She's curious about Kevin and me, and she's hiding something. Instead of starting trouble, I might as well use her to my advantage."

Cleo furrowed her brows. "How do you know she's not really a fan?"

Bianca tapped her temple. "She searched for my drama on her phone earlier. She only looked me up because she knew we'd meet. She's not my fan—she's here for information. The way she's so interested in Kevin? I think she might just help me without realizing it."

Cleo's eyes lit up. "Ms. Lynch, you're brilliant!"

Jamie's world felt like it had tilted.

Married?

Kevin, her Kevin, was married?

Her fists clenched at her sides as her mind raced. How could he betray her like this? Had he forgotten their promise—that when she turned eighteen, she would be his wife? He had agreed back then. So who had taken her place?

Bianca's vague words echoed in her mind: someone who's been by Kevin's side for years.

A chill ran through Jamie as realization dawned. **Norah.**

Norah had always been close to Kevin, hadn't she? Could it be her?

Jamie's expression darkened, her anger and frustration bubbling to the surface.

"Jamie, are you okay?" her friend asked cautiously, alarmed by the fierce look in Jamie's eyes.

Jamie blinked, quickly masking her emotions with a practiced smile. "I'm fine. Let's go shopping. I'll buy you that limited-edition bag you've been talking about."

Her friend's face lit up. "Really? Jamie, you're the best! I love you!"

Jamie chuckled softly, her tone light, but her eyes remained cold. "Of course. Anything to make you happy."

Kevin left work ten minutes early, determined to make his date with Norah special.

He had spent hours researching how to strengthen a marriage, watching videos on building intimacy and trust. The idea of Norah wanting a divorce had shaken him, and he realized he'd failed her as a husband. In three years, he had never taken her out to dinner or bought her a thoughtful gift.

Today was supposed to change that.

When Kevin walked into Norah's office, his heart sank. Her desk was empty, the computer turned off. He turned to Tessa, who was passing by with a stack of files.

"Where's Norah?" he asked, his tone sharp.

Tessa glanced at him nervously. "Ms. White left about ten minutes ago. She mentioned having dinner plans with a friend."

Kevin's expression hardened. **A friend?**

His mind raced. Was it a girlfriend? Or worse, a boyfriend?

Didn't she know he had planned this evening for her?

His mood darkened, and the air around him seemed to drop a few degrees.

Tessa quickly added, "I overheard her call—it was a woman's voice."

Kevin didn't respond. He strode out of the office, his jaw tight with frustration.

Downstairs, Kian stood waiting beside the car with a bouquet of fresh roses. When Kevin appeared alone, Kian hesitated before stepping forward.

"Mr. Edwards, here are the flowers. I'm sure Mrs. Edwards is just getting ready. She'll—"

Kevin's glare silenced him.

Realizing the situation, Kian stammered, "M-Mr. Edwards, did Mrs. Edwards... leave early?"

Kevin's voice was clipped. "Get in the car."

Kian quickly obeyed, but Kevin stopped him. "Give me the flowers."

Kian handed over the roses, noting Kevin's tension. These weren't just any flowers—they had been flown in that morning. Kevin had clearly put effort into tonight.

But now, the atmosphere was thick with unspoken frustration.

Meanwhile, Norah was seated at a cozy tea shop with her friend Gloria.

“Did you bring it?” Norah asked, her eyes lighting up as Gloria handed her a package.

“I haven’t opened it yet,” Gloria replied.

Norah carefully tore into the package, revealing a set of parenting books. She ran her fingers over the cover, a soft smile gracing her lips.

Gloria watched her curiously. “You’re glowing. But you know childbirth isn’t easy, right? You’ll need to be ready for the pain.”

Norah’s smile didn’t waver. “When you’re carrying your own child, the fear of pain fades. This baby is part of me—I’d endure anything for them.”

Gloria shuddered. “You’re braver than me. I can’t even imagine going through that. I’ve sworn off men entirely.”

Norah laughed lightly. “You say that now, but one day, you’ll meet someone who changes your mind.”

Gloria blushed, playfully swatting Norah’s arm. “Stop teasing me!”

The two dissolved into laughter, playfully wrestling on the sofa.

But then, Norah froze.

She looked up to see a tall, imposing figure standing just a few feet away, his piercing gaze locked on her.

Her laughter faded, replaced by a pale, startled expression. **Kevin.**

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Norah froze.

“What’s wrong?” Gloria’s teasing tone faltered as she noticed Norah’s sudden pallor. Her gaze followed Norah’s, landing on Kevin standing silently nearby.

Gloria’s smile wavered. “Mr. Edwards... why are you here?”

Norah’s chest tightened. Of all the moments, why did Kevin have to appear now? She adjusted her blouse, trying to compose herself, but her hands betrayed her, trembling.

Kevin’s expression was unreadable—cold and distant, yet simmering with something beneath the surface. His sharp eyes scanned the table: the tea, the untouched snacks, and the courier box.

“What’s so funny?” he asked, his voice as low and sharp as a blade.

Gloria laughed nervously. “Oh, just girl talk,” she offered. “You know how it is.”

Kevin’s gaze didn’t waver. He wasn’t buying it.

Norah quickly shoved the box and its contents—several books—out of sight. “Nothing serious,” she said, forcing a smile. “Gloria and I were just catching up.”

Gloria, trying to ease the tension, grinned. “Mr. Edwards, you’re quite the husband, aren’t you? Following Norah like this—clingy much? If people found out how devoted you are, it’d be quite the gossip!”

Her attempt at humor fell flat. Kevin’s silence was heavy.

His attention shifted back to Norah. “What’s in the box?” he asked.

“Just some books,” Norah replied, her tone clipped.

“Let me see.”

“There’s no need,” she said, her voice firmer now. “They’re just novels.”

“Then why hide them?” Kevin pressed, his brows knitting.

Gloria chimed in quickly, “Oh, they’re just some cheesy romance books. Norah didn’t want you teasing her, that’s all.”

But Kevin wasn't convinced. "Give them to me."

Norah's fingers tightened around the box. "It's none of your business."

The standoff lingered for a moment before Norah relented, tossing the novels onto the table. Kevin flipped through them. His expression softened slightly—it was just harmless fiction, nothing incriminating.

"Satisfied?" Norah asked coldly.

Kevin frowned. "Why so defensive over a few books?"

Norah didn't answer. She grabbed her bag and stood. "I'm done here," she said, brushing past him.

"Norah," Kevin called, his tone commanding. "Stop."

She didn't.

Kevin caught up to her, grabbing her wrist. "Don't walk away from me," he demanded, his voice low.

Norah turned to face him, her eyes blazing. "I'm off the clock, Kevin. I'm not your employee right now, and I'm not obligated to listen to you."

Kevin faltered. He wasn't used to this version of Norah—the defiant, untethered woman who no longer catered to his every whim.

"Since when do you talk to me like this?" he asked, his voice tinged with disbelief.

Norah pulled her hand free. "Since I decided to leave," she said, her voice steady but filled with exhaustion. "For years, I've been everything you needed—your secretary at work, your wife at home. I gave and gave while you took it all for granted. But I'm done, Kevin. I'm done pretending this arrangement works for me."

Kevin's throat tightened. "I can change," he said, his tone softer now. "If that's what it takes, I'll change. Don't leave."

Norah stared at him, tears glistening in her eyes. "It's too late," she whispered. "Even if you change, Kevin, it won't fix this. You've never truly loved me—you've only loved the convenience of having me around. I'm tired of being your afterthought."

Her words cut deep, but Kevin didn't move, his expression conflicted.

Norah smiled sadly. "A forced relationship will never be sweet, Kevin. You'll see that someday."

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and walked out.

Behind her, Kevin stood frozen, watching her leave. Kian approached, out of breath, holding a bouquet of roses.

"Mr. Edwards," Kian panted, "you forgot your flowers."

Kevin didn't answer. He just stared at the doorway, the flowers in his hands a bitter reminder of everything he was losing.

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Kian stepped forward as Norah hurried past him, her pace determined but her expression strained. "Madam," he called out gently, holding a bouquet of fresh flowers in his hands. "Mr. Edwards asked me to deliver these to you. He's made dinner reservations... hoping to reconcile things."

Norah glanced at him, her eyes still glistening with unshed tears. She forced a faint smile. "Kian, didn't you just call me Secretary White? Why the sudden shift back to 'Madam'? Let's not confuse titles. Soon enough, I won't be either."

Her words were clipped, and the pain behind them unmistakable. She eyed the flowers briefly before adding, "Tell Mr. Edwards to give these to someone who truly matters to him."

Kian's face fell. "But you are the most important person to Mr. Edwards," he insisted, his voice tinged with desperation.

Norah shook her head. "Not anymore," she replied softly. Without another word, she strode away, leaving Kian standing helplessly.

Kian turned toward Kevin, who had been silently observing from a distance. "Mr. Edwards," Kian said urgently, "she's upset. Shouldn't you go after her?"

Kevin didn't move. His expression was unreadable, but his voice carried an edge. "Did you see her tears?"

"Yes," Kian admitted. "She looked heartbroken."

Kevin's brow furrowed as he processed this. "If being with me causes her so much pain," he murmured, almost to himself, "what's the point?"

Kian sighed, trying to coax him into action. "Sir, women want to feel valued. Just give her the flowers, apologize—show her you care."

Kevin shot him a sharp look. "I've already tried talking to her. She still shut me out. What more am I supposed to do—grovel? Lose all my pride?"

"But—" Kian began, only to be cut off by Kevin's cold tone.

"Throw the flowers in the trash," Kevin ordered brusquely before turning and walking away.

Kevin didn't head home that evening. Instead, he ended up at a nightclub, nursing his frustration with a stiff drink. The loud music and flashing lights did little to distract him from his thoughts.

Sitting across from him, Esteban, ever the instigator, smirked and raised his glass. "What's eating you, Kevin? Trouble in paradise?"

Kevin remained silent, staring into his drink.

Cody, another companion at the table, chuckled. "Kevin? Trouble? Impossible. He always has everything under control."

Esteban leaned in, grinning slyly. "Don't be so sure. I remember the last time he saw Norah chatting with another man. The way his jealousy flared up was... enlightening."

Cody shook his head. "Marriage sounds exhausting. Why bother if you have to keep tabs on someone 24/7?"

"Shut up," Kevin snapped, his voice sharp enough to cut through their teasing.

The two men exchanged knowing glances but said no more.

Esteban, however, couldn't resist a parting jab. "You know, if Bonian were here, he'd probably analyze this whole mess for you. After all, he deals with divorce cases all the time."

Kevin clenched his jaw but didn't respond. The truth was, their words were hitting too close to home.

Hours later, Kevin finally returned home. The faint smell of alcohol and perfume lingered on him as he entered the bedroom. Norah, lying on the bed with her phone, quickly turned off the screen and pretended to be asleep.

"You're still awake?" Kevin asked, his voice hoarse from the night's drinking.

Norah opened her eyes, catching the faint slur in his words. "You've been drinking," she noted.

"Yeah," he replied curtly, heading into the bathroom without another word.

While he showered, Norah got up and began gathering the clothes he had discarded. As she picked up his shirt, something caught her eye—a faint but unmistakable lipstick stain on the collar.

Her chest tightened, but she swallowed the wave of emotion that threatened to overwhelm her.

Kevin emerged from the bathroom moments later, a towel slung over his shoulders. He noticed her holding his shirt and paused.

"Something wrong?" he asked, his tone cautious.

Norah held up the shirt, her expression calm but her voice laced with quiet disappointment. "Lipstick, Kevin?"

His eyes darkened as he processed her words. For a moment, neither of them spoke. The silence was suffocating.

Sorry readers, I am busy with my family, so, I can't provide enough chapter these days.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 198

Chapter 198

Norah stared at the lipstick marks on Kevin's shirt for a long time. Her expression remained calm, almost unreadable.

She reasoned with herself—Kevin often went out to socialize, and with that came the unavoidable presence of women vying for his attention. It wasn't surprising. But this... this was the first time she'd seen lipstick marks on his shirt.

Her fingers unconsciously gripped her own shirt, wrinkling the fabric in her hand as her emotions churned beneath the surface.

The sound of the bathroom door opening snapped her out of her daze.

Kevin emerged, glancing at her standing there, motionless. "What are you doing just standing there?" he asked casually.

His tone was indifferent, oblivious to the tension in the room. Checking the time, he added, "You're usually asleep by now. Couldn't sleep tonight?"

Lately, Norah no longer waited for him to return before going to bed. She used to rely on the comfort of knowing he was home to fall asleep. Now, it seemed she had learned to sleep without him.

Though Kevin didn't appear to mind, a part of him noticed the shift. The small details of their routine were changing, creating a quiet but undeniable rift between them.

Norah didn't press him about the lipstick marks or ask where he'd been or who he'd been with. She told herself it didn't matter—whether it was Bianca or someone else, it had nothing to do with her anymore.

"I'll throw your clothes in the washing machine," she said flatly, turning to leave without waiting for a response.

Kevin watched her retreating figure, his brows furrowing. Her tone was icy, and she hadn't even spared him a glance. It stung in a way he wasn't used to.

Irritated, Kevin climbed into bed, yanked the quilt over himself, and turned away from her, sulking.

When Norah returned, she saw his back turned toward her, the covers pulled tightly around him. She said nothing and got into bed, turning her back to him as well.

It felt as though an invisible river now separated them, wide and cold.

After what felt like an eternity, Kevin lifted the quilt slightly. He wasn't asleep—he was sweating under the covers, restless.

When he glanced over at Norah, she was fast asleep, oblivious to his turmoil. She didn't notice his unease. She didn't care.

Kevin's face hardened. Frustrated, he got up, grabbed a blanket, and headed to the study to sleep alone.

When Norah woke up the next morning, the space beside her was cold. She glanced at the clock—7:00 a.m. Kevin was usually awake by now, but his absence confirmed he hadn't slept next to her.

She followed her usual routine: shower, dress, and head downstairs for breakfast. Kevin wasn't there either. He had likely gone straight to work, as always.

But when Norah arrived at the office, she learned that Kevin wasn't there.

She suddenly remembered Bianca's words about the award party. This was Bianca's first major career milestone, and of course, Kevin would be by her side on such an important day.

Norah suppressed the thought, pushing it to the back of her mind.

"Ms. White, the Jenkins family is urging us to accept the shipment. Mr. Edwards needs to approve it," Shelby, her assistant, informed her.

"Mr. Edwards isn't in today. Can't it wait until tomorrow?" Norah asked, trying to buy time.

Shelby shook her head. "The ship's already docked. They won't wait, and if we delay, we'll have to pay a penalty."

Norah sighed. Based on her experience, Kevin wouldn't answer his phone today, just like last time. "Tell the vice president to handle it, then," she suggested.

"The vice president isn't here either," Shelby replied. "I think it's up to you, Ms. White."

Realizing she had no choice, Norah straightened her posture. "Fine. Let's go. You're coming with me."

Shelby nodded, and Norah gathered a small team to accompany her to the docks.

At the dock, the Jenkins crew was already unloading cargo when Norah arrived.

As soon as she stepped out of the car, a sharp voice rang out.

"Why isn't Mr. Edwards here? And why are *you* handling this, Norah? Do you even have the authority to represent him now?"

Norah turned to see Jamie Jenkins approaching, her arms crossed, her tone dripping with disdain.

Norah maintained a calm demeanor, responding with a polite smile. "Mr. Edwards is busy today, Miss Jenkins. This isn't the first time I've represented him in negotiations. I trust you understand."

Jamie's expression hardened. She had never liked Norah. As Kevin's secretary, Norah had been an annoyance, a thorn in her side. But learning that Norah might also be Kevin's wife? That had turned her dislike into outright hostility.

Jamie sneered. "Busy? Or is it just an excuse to send you in his place? You seem to have far more power than a secretary should."

Norah's smile didn't waver, but her voice cooled. "As I said, Mr. Edwards is unavailable. Let's focus on the task at hand, shall we?"

Jamie wasn't satisfied. "Unavailable, or is it just that you're trying to stake your claim?" she said, her voice laced with accusation.

Norah stopped in her tracks and turned to face Jamie directly. "What exactly are you implying?"

Jamie's eyes glinted with malice. "You're Kevin's wife, aren't you?"

The question caught Norah off guard. For a moment, she froze. How could Jamie know?

Her expression quickly hardened. "Does it matter, Miss Jenkins? What does my personal life have to do with you?"

“It matters because you’re in my way!” Jamie snapped.

Norah frowned, her patience wearing thin.

Jamie took a step closer, her voice rising with anger. “I came back thinking Kevin was still single, only to find out he’s married! And to someone like you? What did you do, Norah? Worm your way into his life as his secretary and seduce him at the perfect moment?”

Norah stood her ground, refusing to let Jamie’s words rattle her. “Miss Jenkins, if you’re done with these baseless accusations, let’s get back to business. I don’t have time for your drama.”

Her calm response only seemed to infuriate Jamie more.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 199

Chapter 199

If Norah hadn’t seduced Kevin, how could she have gone from being his secretary to his wife?

It must have been some sort of scheme.

Jamie’s emotions were spiraling out of control as she confronted Norah. Her voice trembled, a mix of disbelief and fury. “You need to calm down,” Norah said cautiously, but Jamie wasn’t having it.

“What kind of agreement did you have with Kevin?” Jamie demanded, her voice rising. “What kind of *deal* did you two make?”

Jamie had heard whispers about Kevin and Bianca. Memories of the past flickered in her mind, tugging at her emotions. She recalled the romantic moments she once thought she’d shared with Kevin, moments that now seemed painfully out of reach.

“People like you wouldn’t understand,” Jamie said, her voice shaking. “Kevin saved me. I fell in love with him at first sight. I told him back then that when I turned 18, I’d marry him—and he agreed! He promised me!” Her tone was a mix of desperation and defiance. “That was our agreement!”

Norah stared at Jamie in disbelief. “You were a *child*,” she said, the incredulity clear in her voice. “How can you take something like that seriously?”

Norah couldn't hide her skepticism. Did Jamie really believe Kevin had made such a promise? It didn't make sense. Kevin was the kind of man who saved countless people—it was just part of who he was. There was no way he'd remember every face, every name, every moment. After all, he didn't remember *her* either.

Norah shook her head. "If you're so sure about this so-called agreement, why don't you ask Kevin yourself? Telling me won't change anything, and besides, I've got work to do."

She turned to leave, but Jamie wasn't done. Grabbing Norah's wrist, she held on tightly, her grip unrelenting. "Not many people even know you're married to Kevin," Jamie spat. "Isn't this a *hidden marriage*? If Kevin really loved you, he'd want the whole world to know! But he doesn't love you, does he? You're just clinging to him like some scheming parasite!"

Norah yanked her arm away, glaring at Jamie. "Let me go!" she snapped. "Don't be ridiculous!"

Jamie's eyes burned with hatred. "So, it's true," she hissed. "You manipulated your way into this marriage. You're nothing but a conniving liar. First, you ruined my friendship with Elodie, and now you've stolen *my* man! Norah, you're a curse—I wish you'd disappear forever!"

Norah instinctively stepped back, her heart racing. The sea loomed behind her, its waves crashing violently against the shore. She knew she had to stay calm—for herself and for the baby growing inside her.

"Fine," she said quickly, trying to defuse the situation. "Kevin and I are getting divorced. Once it's finalized, you can do whatever you want with him."

"Divorce?" Jamie froze for a moment, her expression shifting to disbelief. Then, she sneered. "You expect me to believe that? After everything you've done to trap him, there's no way you'd just let go."

Norah's back hit the edge of the shore. Panic set in as she realized Jamie wasn't bluffing. "What do you want from me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Jamie's smile twisted into something cold and sinister. "You're my nemesis," she said, taking a step closer. "As long as you exist, I'll never have what I want. The only solution is for you to disappear—*forever*."

Before Norah could respond, Jamie lunged at her. The force sent Norah teetering dangerously close to the edge. Her heart pounded as she looked at the raging sea

below. The waves were merciless, each one larger and stronger than the last. Falling in could mean certain death.

“I don’t want to die!” Norah cried out, fear tightening in her chest. “What you’re doing is illegal! I have people with me—they’ll know what happened!”

Jamie laughed darkly. “Who’s here now?” she taunted. “There’s no one around. No cameras. No witnesses. If you fall, it’ll just look like an accident. And even if someone points the finger at me, I’ll find a scapegoat. Money can solve anything. You’re so naive, Norah.”

Norah’s mind raced. Jamie wasn’t just angry—she was unhinged. She couldn’t afford to panic, not now. Summoning every ounce of courage, Norah bit Jamie’s hand as hard as she could.

Jamie screamed in pain and instinctively shook Norah off. But Norah wasn’t letting her go that easily. She grabbed Jamie’s arm, and in the chaos, both women lost their balance and plunged into the sea.

The icy water hit Norah like a wall. She gasped, swallowing mouthfuls of saltwater as the waves pulled her under. Jamie flailed beside her, screaming for help. “I can’t swim!” Jamie shrieked, her voice barely audible over the roar of the wind and water.

Norah could swim, but the churning sea made it nearly impossible. Every stroke felt futile, as if the shore was a million miles away. Her muscles burned, and her lungs ached. She thought of the baby inside her. She couldn’t die—not like this.

But her strength was fading. The relentless waves dragged her down, and for a moment, she thought it was the end. Memories of her parents, her unborn child, and even Kevin flashed through her mind. Regret weighed heavy in her chest.

Then, through the haze of exhaustion, she heard voices. “Over there!” someone shouted. “Throw her the rope!”

Norah opened her eyes and saw a fishing boat nearby. A group of fishermen frantically tossed a rope toward her. With the last shred of strength she had, she reached for it, clinging desperately to the lifeline.

The fishermen pulled her aboard, coughing and gasping for air. “Miss, are you okay?” one of them asked, his voice filled with concern.

Norah nodded weakly. “I’m... fine,” she rasped, though every part of her ached.

They handed her a cup of hot water, and she took a few grateful sips. “Thank you,” she murmured.

“You’re lucky we were here,” said one of the fishermen. “The waves are dangerous today. Next time, be more careful.”

Norah forced a faint smile. “I will.”

As the fishing boat headed back to shore, Norah sat quietly, her body trembling from exhaustion. Her clothes were soaked, her hair a tangled mess, and her heart felt heavier than ever. But she was alive—and for now, that was enough.

When they docked, Norah refused a trip to the hospital. “I’ll be fine,” she assured them. She had no money, no phone, and no idea how she was going to get home. All she had were her aching legs and sheer willpower.

As she trudged through the downtown streets, she passed a small electronics store. A TV in the window caught her eye.

On the screen, Kevin stood beside Bianca, both of them impeccably dressed, smiling for the cameras.

Norah froze, her heart sinking.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 200

Chapter 200

The reporter pushed the microphone forward, eager for answers. Several others followed suit, pointing their microphones toward the duo.

“Mr. Edwards, Ms. Lynch is widely recognized as a rising star under your guidance. With her winning this newcomer award tonight, what would you like to say to her?”

Kevin, composed as ever, turned to the camera and replied with measured words, “Her hard work has paid off, and I’m happy for her.”

Bianca, clutching her trophy, offered a soft, modest smile, but there was an air of shyness in her demeanor.

“Ms. Lynch,” the reporter continued, “this is a big day for you—your debut project, and you’ve already won an award! Surely, you must feel incredibly grateful to Mr. Edwards for his support, right?”

The question was clearly aimed at stirring up more than just professional sentiments. Entertainment gossip thrived on moments like these.

Bianca accepted the microphone, her tone sweet and deliberate. “I’m thrilled to win this award. It’s a milestone as I take my first steps into the entertainment industry, and I’m confident it won’t be my last. I owe this success to Mr. Edwards, who’s the most important person in my life.”

As she spoke, her gaze lingered on Kevin, her eyes filled with unmistakable admiration.

The camera zoomed in, capturing every nuance of her expression. The subtle intimacy in her tone and gaze caused a stir among the audience.

Kevin’s expression tightened slightly, his brows knitting together. He hadn’t anticipated Bianca’s choice of words or the emotions she allowed to show so openly.

Norah, standing off to the side, took in every detail of their interaction.

Their confidence, their poise—it was a stark contrast to the life she was living. They were bold, unapologetically basking in their achievements and chemistry.

Bianca, radiant in her designer dress, seemed to belong perfectly in Kevin’s world. Meanwhile, Norah stood there drenched and freezing, her entire body trembling from the cold and exhaustion.

The disparity hit her like a ton of bricks.

She subconsciously clenched her fists, her knuckles turning white. Her lips quivered, and her pale face betrayed the depth of her anguish.

The pain in her stomach returned, sharp and unrelenting, slicing through her like a cold blade. She instinctively cradled her belly, panic setting in as she squatted down by the glass door of the shop.

Her voice was faint, trembling with desperation. “Help... someone, help...”

Her body gave out, and she collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

Inside the shop, the television continued broadcasting the scene as if mocking her.

The reporter had shifted gears, smiling mischievously as they prodded Bianca further. “Ms. Lynch, your closeness with Mr. Edwards seems undeniable. Does this clarify the rumors about an on-set romance?”

Bianca opened her mouth to respond, but Kevin, swift and decisive, took the microphone.

“Let me be clear,” he said firmly. “I am Ms. Lynch’s boss. She’s an artist under my company, and that’s the extent of our relationship.”

The room quieted, surprised by the cold precision in his tone.

“And,” Kevin added, looking straight at the cameras, “I’m married. Bianca is my employee and a former classmate. Nothing more.”

The announcement sent a ripple through the gathered crowd.

“What?” The reporters exchanged stunned glances. “Mr. Edwards, you’re married?”

Although Kevin had briefly mentioned his marriage at a company celebration, the news hadn’t gained traction. This public confirmation was unexpected.

Kevin’s tone remained steady. “Yes, I’m married. My wife has been by my side for seven years, and we’ve been married for three. We share a loving and committed relationship. I hope this puts any rumors to rest—particularly for my wife’s sake.”

Bianca froze, her expression stiffening. She hadn’t seen this coming.

Kevin’s public acknowledgment of his marriage felt like a direct blow. Even with the cameras rolling, she struggled to mask her emotions. Her hands clenched into tight fists, her polished demeanor faltering for just a moment.

Kevin, however, didn’t linger. He said what he came to say, leaving no room for ambiguity.

Sensing the shift, Kian quickly stepped in. “Mr. Edwards has had a long day and won’t be taking any more questions. If you have additional inquiries, please address them at another time.”

With that, Kevin and Bianca exited the stage, heading toward their waiting car.

The reporters, desperate for more details, called out after them. “Mr. Edwards! Seven years together? Can you share more about your wife?”

The questions grew louder, more invasive, but Kevin ignored them. He climbed into the car, closing the door behind him and leaving the chaos outside.

Not far from the commotion, Sasha watched the scene unfold.

As a seasoned actress, she had come prepared for her share of the spotlight, but the reporters had barely glanced her way. Their focus was entirely on Bianca and Kevin.

Sasha’s assistant fumed, unable to contain her anger. “This is ridiculous! Bianca owes everything to you, Ms. Gibson. Without your spotlight, she’d still be a nobody. You were the star of this production!”

Sasha raised a hand to silence her. “Enough. Don’t discredit her efforts. Bianca’s rise to fame may sting, but we can’t dismiss her hard work. Even if I don’t get along with her, I won’t stoop to slandering her.”

Her words were firm, but her eyes betrayed a hint of frustration.

The assistant huffed, still indignant. “But you were the lead actress! She’s just a supporting role. How could this happen?”

Sasha turned away, unwilling to dwell on the injustice. “That’s the industry. It’s unpredictable.”