

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 201

Chapter 201

Sasha stood firm, her tone calm but resolute.

"I've faced storms to get where I am today," she said, her voice steady despite the weight of the conversation. "If people don't like my work, if my popularity fades—it's on me. The entertainment world is competitive. There's always someone better, and that's okay."

Her assistant interjected, anger simmering. "But Bianca! She's only where she is because she's backed by someone powerful!"

Sasha cut her off sharply. "Don't accuse her like that. You know who I am. I don't climb higher by tearing others down. Respecting others' efforts matters, even if I don't get along with them."

She knew the struggle of clawing her way up from nothing. But unlike her, Bianca was born privileged—life had always been unfair. Yet Sasha had resolved to fight for her dreams on her own terms.

Inside the car, silence hung thick between Kevin and Bianca.

Kevin stared out the window, his expression as cold as ice. Bianca glanced at him nervously, unsure how to break the tension.

When the car stopped at the company, Kevin stepped out without a word. Bianca, in her stiletto heels, hurried to catch up. "Kevin, wait!" she called, but in her rush, she twisted her ankle.

Kevin turned back, his face impassive.

"My foot... I twisted it," Bianca whimpered, tears welling in her eyes.

Kevin's gaze hardened. "Do you even realize what you said to those reporters earlier?"

"I didn't mean anything by it," Bianca protested, her voice trembling. "You're an important person in my life, and they just kept asking—"

Kevin cut her off, his voice sharp. “Do you think I don’t understand how the entertainment industry works? What you said will fuel rumors, even if no one prints it. Fans, reporters—they’re not naive.”

Tears streamed down Bianca’s face as she whispered, “I wasn’t trying to cause trouble.”

Kevin’s tone softened, but his words remained firm. “You know I’m married. I won’t allow you to create scandals involving me. This is your last warning.”

Bianca bit her lip, her heart sinking. His words made it clear: she could chase fame, but not him. Publicizing his marriage crushed her hopes, making her feelings look like a desperate, one-sided fantasy.

“I understand,” she murmured, forcing composure despite her heartbreak.

Kevin turned to Kian, his assistant. “Take her home,” he said curtly.

Norah’s world was suffocating, even in her dreams.

She was drowning in a dark, endless sea, weighed down by a crushing force she couldn’t escape. Her lungs burned, her cries swallowed by the black abyss. “I don’t want to die!” she screamed, jolting awake.

“Miss, you’re awake,” the nurse said gently.

Norah’s eyes darted around the hospital room as she clutched her stomach in panic. “My baby... Is my baby okay?”

The nurse reassured her. “The baby’s fine. You were soaking wet and showing signs of miscarriage, but the doctor intervened in time.”

Relief washed over Norah, though her body still ached with the memory of her fall. “Thank God...”

When Gloria arrived, her face was a mix of worry and anger.

“What happened? Why were you at risk of a miscarriage?” she demanded.

Norah recounted the day's events, from her trip to the docks to Jamie's reckless attack.

"Call the police!" Gloria fumed. "That woman tried to kill you! She belongs behind bars."

Norah hesitated. "She fell into the sea too. I don't know if she's alive. If she's dead, could this come back on me?"

"You're the victim," Gloria argued. "She's the one who endangered you and your child. This can't be swept under the rug. And Kevin! How could he send *you* to handle this mess while he's off with Bianca?"

Norah forced a smile, masking her pain. "He's celebrating Bianca's big win. I'm just handling his business."

Gloria clenched her fists, furious. "That's it! I can't stand by while he humiliates you like this!"

Norah shook her head, her voice quiet but firm. "Don't waste your anger. I've already let it go."

Gloria stared at her in disbelief. "You're his wife! He's flaunting another woman, and you're just... fine with it?"

Norah's laugh was bitter, hollow. "You know what it feels like to die? I realized it when I was drowning today. He'll never be by my side. I've spent years waiting, hoping... but I'm done."

Her voice cracked, but she pushed through. "I only care about my baby now. For my child's sake, I'll survive this. But I'm finished waiting for Kevin. I'm not clinging to a marriage that's already over."

Tears filled Gloria's eyes. "Norah..."

"I'm fine," Norah insisted, though her pale face and trembling hands betrayed her. "I'm stronger than you think. I have to be."

She wasn't fighting for Kevin anymore—just for herself and her unborn child.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 202

Chapter 202

Hearing Norah's words, Gloria's eyes brimmed with tears. Kevin had never stood by Norah, leaving her to face everything alone. Gloria's heart ached at the thought of what Norah endured.

"What kind of sin is this marriage?" Gloria whispered, embracing Norah tightly. She gently patted her back, her voice soft but firm. "Everything will be okay."

Norah leaned into Gloria's shoulder, feeling a rare sense of comfort. Despite everything, she realized she wasn't entirely alone—she still had people who cared for her. But as for Kevin, he was a loss she had to let go of.

After receiving IV treatment, Norah was discharged from the hospital. The doctor advised her to rest, avoid overexertion, and refrain from any vigorous activity. With Gloria by her side, she felt supported.

"Do you think... you should go back home?" Gloria hesitated, glancing at her.

Norah paused, considering the question. Finally, she nodded. "Yes. I need to go back."

Gloria helped Norah into the car. She started the engine, then added, "If you need anything, call me. I'm here for you."

Norah gave her a small smile, then said, "Book me two tickets to France."

Gloria glanced over, startled. "France? After all this, you're still planning to go with Kevin?"

Norah's expression remained calm. "Just book the tickets. You'll understand later."

Kevin glanced at his watch. Although it wasn't yet time to leave, an uneasy feeling pushed him to return to the office.

He parked his car in the underground garage and took the elevator up. As the doors opened, he was met with a flurry of noise and panic from his employees. Shelby's red, tear-filled eyes stood out among the crowd. When she saw him, it was as if she'd seen a savior.

"Mr. Edwards, thank God you're back," Shelby cried.

“What happened?” Kevin asked sharply.

Shelby’s voice trembled as tears spilled from her eyes. “It’s Ms. White... she’s gone. She and Jamie fell into the sea!”

The words hit Kevin like a punch to the gut. His hands began to shake as panic set in. “Why wasn’t I informed earlier?” His voice was sharp with frustration.

“Your phone was off, and I couldn’t reach you,” Shelby explained, trailing him as he stormed out of the building. “Jamie has been rescued and is unconscious in the hospital. But Ms. White... she’s still missing.”

Kevin’s face turned pale. “How did this happen? Why wasn’t someone with her?” His voice cracked under the weight of his emotions.

Shelby sobbed, choking on her words. “Jamie was pressuring us to finalize the delivery, so Ms. White stepped in. Tessa and I got caught up in other tasks... when we turned back, Ms. White was gone.”

The drive to the dock was a blur. Kevin ran countless red lights, ignoring every rule as he sped toward the scene. When they arrived, the dock was eerily quiet except for the sound of waves and rescue teams combing the waters.

Kevin jumped out of the car and sprinted to the shoreline. “Norah!” His voice echoed, desperate and filled with fear.

A team member stepped forward, attempting to calm him. “Mr. Edwards, we’re doing everything we can. But given the strong winds and high waves, the odds are slim.”

Kevin’s knees almost buckled at the words. “No... she’s not gone.” His voice wavered as he shook his head in disbelief. “Keep looking! She’s alive! She has to be!”

A rescuer tried to reassure him. “It’s possible she was swept out to sea or rescued by passing fishermen. We’re checking every possibility. Until we know for sure, we can’t assume the worst.”

Clinging to that slim hope, Kevin asked, “Where were the rescued fishermen taken? Which hospital?”

“I’m not sure, but the nearest hospitals would be the best place to check,” Shelby replied.

Kevin wasted no time. He directed his team to investigate every possible lead, determined to find Norah. He drove to multiple hospitals, searching tirelessly until the evening.

Back at the company, Shelby received another update. “Mr. Edwards, Tessa just called. Jamie’s parents are demanding an explanation. They’re claiming Ms. White pushed Jamie into the sea and then ran off.”

Shelby’s frustration boiled over. “This doesn’t make any sense! Jamie’s the one who caused all this. And now they’re trying to pin it on Ms. White?”

Kevin’s jaw clenched as he gripped the steering wheel. A cold determination flickered in his eyes. “Jamie will pay for what she’s done.”

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Jamie remained in the intensive care unit, unconscious. Her parents, having flown in from abroad, hovered by her bedside, demanding answers.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 203

Chapter 203

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins rushed into the hospital, their hearts heavy with dread.

The moment Mrs. Jenkins saw Jamie lying pale and unconscious in the hospital bed, her composure crumbled. She collapsed to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. “My poor daughter! Why did this happen to you? My baby, who’s suffered so much already. I should never have let you return to Craggaville. Look at the pain it’s caused you!”

Mr. Jenkins quickly knelt to help her up, his tone firm but comforting. “Wife, you must stay strong. Our daughter needs us. If you fall apart now, how can we fight for her? Jamie was wronged, and we’ll make sure justice is served!”

Hearing his words, Mrs. Jenkins quieted her sobs, though her eyes burned with fierce determination. She declared with certainty, “My daughter didn’t fall into the sea. She was pushed!”

Outside the ward, several members of the Jenkins family waited alongside Tessa, who had been the one to find Jamie.

Tessa had gone looking for Jamie and Norah, knowing Jamie had been following Norah. She hadn't seen either of them in some time and grew anxious. What she eventually stumbled upon was horrifying: Jamie, thrashing in the sea, exhausted and moments from drowning. Tessa acted swiftly, pulling Jamie from the water and performing CPR until Jamie coughed up seawater and regained a faint pulse.

But there had been no sign of Norah.

Tessa now stood by, worried and restless. The partnership between the Edwards and Jenkins families hung in the balance, and Tessa needed to ensure the situation was managed carefully.

When Jamie's parents arrived, their grief quickly turned into accusations.

"Where are the Edwards family members?" Mrs. Jenkins demanded sharply. "I want justice for my daughter!"

The Jenkins' employees shifted their gaze toward Tessa, who felt the weight of their stares but refused to back down.

"Justice?" Tessa shot back indignantly. "Your daughter's safety isn't the only concern here. Norah is still missing! And yet, you're already pointing fingers at us without knowing the full story. That's not fair!"

Mrs. Jenkins turned her fury toward Tessa, her voice rising. "How dare you speak to me like that! The Edwards family hires people like *you*, and now my daughter suffers the consequences? Shameful!"

Tessa, unwilling to be silenced, retorted, "And Jamie has a mother like *you*! Isn't our Ms. White's life just as valuable? At least Jamie is still alive. What about Norah? She's still missing, and we don't know if she's even alive! If you can't appreciate that I saved Jamie, the least you can do is stop slandering Norah!"

Mrs. Jenkins's chest heaved with rage. "Don't you dare accuse me of slander! My daughter has always been kind and selfless. She'd never harm anyone! You, on the other hand, are covering for a murderer. I'm calling the police! Whoever hurt my daughter will pay dearly!"

She turned to her husband. "Where's your phone? Call the police! I'll make sure the person who did this to Jamie suffers worse than she ever did!"

Before Mr. Jenkins could respond, a calm but cutting voice interrupted.

“Call the police if you’d like,” Kevin Edwards said as he strode into the room, his icy gaze fixed on them. “But be prepared to see your daughter in prison.”

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins froze, their expressions darkening. Mr. Jenkins’s voice trembled with anger as he barked, “Kevin, my daughter is lying unconscious in that hospital bed. How dare you say something so cruel? I’ve known your father for years. If you can’t sympathize with us, at least don’t pour salt in our wounds. She’s our only child!”

Tessa, standing nearby, was furious at the Jenkins’ lack of concern for Norah. Tears stung her eyes as she spoke up, her voice trembling with emotion. “Your daughter may be your world, but Norah is ours! Jamie is alive, but Norah might not be! If it weren’t for me pulling Jamie out of the water, she’d be gone too. And instead of showing gratitude, you’re here accusing us of things we didn’t do!”

Mrs. Jenkins lashed out, pointing a trembling finger at Tessa. “How dare you! I’ll—”

Tessa, emboldened by her anger, stood her ground. “Go ahead and hit me if you think that’ll fix anything! You think your money gives you the right to bully others? If you can accuse without proof, so can I! Let’s see how it feels when the tables are turned!”

Mrs. Jenkins staggered, clutching her chest as someone rushed to steady her.

Mr. Jenkins stepped forward, glaring at Kevin. “Do you hear this? Do you let your employees talk to people this way? It’s disgraceful! Your father would be ashamed to see the way you’re running things!”

Kevin’s expression didn’t waver. His tone was calm, but the steel in his voice was unmistakable. “Respect isn’t something you demand—it’s something you earn. Maybe you should try earning some before expecting it from others.”

Mr. Jenkins’s face flushed with anger. “You’re making a mistake, Kevin. My daughter fought to secure this partnership with you. She sacrificed profits and begged me to agree, and this is how you repay her? No sympathy, no support—just insults? You have no conscience!”

Kevin’s piercing gaze bore into Mr. Jenkins. “Let’s get one thing straight,” he said coldly. “My company has nothing to do with my father. Don’t try to use him to pressure me. And if Norah’s disappearance has anything to do with your daughter, then I suggest you start worrying about how to keep her out of prison.”

The room fell silent as Mr. Jenkins struggled to respond, visibly shaken by Kevin's resolve.

Just then, the tense atmosphere was broken by the sound of light footsteps. A soft voice called out, "Kevin..."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 204

Chapter 204

From a distance, Norah's soft voice called out, "Kevin." She stood there, looking composed but slightly worn, with Gloria at her side. Gloria, concerned for Norah's safety, had insisted on accompanying her to the hospital.

Kevin froze at the sound of her voice. Turning swiftly, he saw her—alive and standing. Relief and joy surged through him, emotions he hadn't allowed himself to fully feel until that moment. Without hesitation, he walked briskly to her and pulled her into a tight embrace.

The hug was almost overwhelming for Norah. She didn't expect this reaction, and as Kevin's arms tightened around her, she found herself momentarily breathless.

Kevin's voice broke, soft and hoarse, as though he was afraid speaking too loudly might cause her to vanish. "Where did you go? Do you have any idea how worried I was?"

The scene stunned everyone nearby. Norah wasn't just a secretary. For Kevin to hold her this way, with such protectiveness and care, it was clear that she meant far more to him. Even Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins exchanged surprised glances. Tessa, who had long suspected Norah's deeper connection to Kevin, felt her assumptions finally confirmed.

Norah hesitated briefly before gently pushing Kevin back, slipping from his embrace with a calm smile. "I'm fine. I was rescued by fishermen and brought here. I didn't have any way to contact anyone, so I asked the nurse to call Gloria. It's nothing serious—I'm fine now."

Her tone was composed, almost dismissive, as if the events of the past hours hadn't shaken her. But Kevin wasn't fooled. Her serene demeanor only deepened his guilt. He wished she would yell at him, blame him—anything but this calm indifference that tore at his heart.

Kevin opened his mouth to speak, but before he could say anything, Norah pressed a finger to his lips. “It’s okay,” she whispered with a soft smile. “I know everything, and I’m fine. Really.”

Her words silenced him, but they didn’t ease the knot in his chest. He could see it in her eyes—there were things left unsaid, and the thought of losing her again was unbearable.

Tessa approached hesitantly, wiping the last of her tears. “Ms. White,” she said softly, “I’m so glad you’re okay.”

Norah gave her a warm smile. “Thank you, Tessa. I’m fine now.”

The moment of calm was shattered by Mrs. Jenkins’s voice cutting through the air like a knife. Her eyes locked on Norah with unrestrained fury. “You’re Norah, aren’t you? You’re the one who hurt my daughter! How dare you show your face here! My Jamie is lying unconscious in that hospital bed because of you!”

Before Norah could respond, Gloria stepped forward, her voice sharp. “Didn’t you hear her? She fell into the sea too. Your daughter isn’t the only victim here! Stop accusing her without proof!”

Mrs. Jenkins, undeterred, shot back angrily, “How could my Jamie hurt anyone? She’s the one lying on the hospital bed, fighting for her life! That woman is standing here, perfectly fine—do you think I’m stupid enough to believe she’s a victim? She’s lying to cover up her crime!”

Gloria’s patience snapped. “You’re being ridiculous! Call the police if you want, but stop this baseless slander!”

Mrs. Jenkins sneered. “Oh, I will. The police will see right through her lies. The surveillance cameras at the dock have been broken for days. Without evidence, there’s no way she can prove her innocence. I’ll make sure she goes to prison for what she did to my daughter!”

Kevin, who had been silent until now, stepped forward, his icy gaze fixed on Mrs. Jenkins. His voice was calm but carried a dangerous edge. “You think you can send Norah to prison without evidence? Let me make one thing clear—if you try, the Jenkins family will be bankrupt by morning.”

Mrs. Jenkins’s face twisted in fury, but before she could retort, Mr. Jenkins stepped in, his tone equally cold. “The Jenkins family isn’t afraid of your threats, Kevin. We’ve

sacrificed enough for this partnership. If you won't support us in defending our daughter, don't think for a second we'll back down!"

Kevin's eyes narrowed, his lips curling into a faint, chilling smile. "Let's see who loses more in this game, Mr. Jenkins."

As tension mounted between the two families, a voice suddenly called out from the ward. "Miss Jenkins is awake!"

The Jenkinses immediately turned and rushed into the room, leaving Kevin, Norah, and the others behind.

Inside the ward, Jamie lay pale and weak, but her eyes fluttered open. Mrs. Jenkins rushed to her side, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, my daughter! You're awake! You have no idea how worried we've been!"

Jamie's voice was faint as she looked at her parents. "Mom... Dad... why are you here?"

"How could we not be here?" Mr. Jenkins replied, his stern face softening. "You've been through so much. We were worried sick!"

Jamie's gaze drifted past her parents to the doorway, where Norah stood silently. Her expression hardened as memories of the dock came flooding back. She had tried to push Norah into the sea but had miscalculated, ending up in the water herself. Seeing Norah now—alive, unscathed, and standing—fueled her anger.

"Mom... Dad..." Jamie's voice quivered, but it wasn't from weakness. "She pushed me into the sea! She wanted me dead! She tried to kill me, and now she's pretending to be the victim! You have to make her pay! I never want to see her again!"

Hearing this, Mrs. Jenkins's protective rage reignited. She turned to Norah with venom in her eyes. "You hear that? My daughter just told the truth! You tried to kill her! I'll see to it that you rot in prison for this!"

Norah remained calm, her expression unreadable. She met Mrs. Jenkins's fiery gaze with quiet strength and said evenly, "I've already called the police. They'll be here soon. Let's see what they find, shall we?"

The room fell silent as everyone waited for the storm that was about to come.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 205

Chapter 205

As Jamie spoke, tears streamed down her face. She clung to Mrs. Jenkins's hand, visibly trembling, as if Norah's presence alone terrified her.

Mrs. Jenkins, fueled by her maternal instincts, wrapped Jamie in a protective embrace. Her eyes burned with hatred as she turned to Norah. "What else can you say to defend yourself? My daughter has already testified against you! You're a vile, jealous woman. How dare you hurt my daughter just because you're envious of her goodness?"

Mr. Jenkins, radiating smug confidence, glared at Kevin. "This is the end of the road for her. My daughter's testimony seals it. Keeping someone as dangerous as her by your side will only bring you disaster."

Before Kevin could respond, the police arrived.

Mrs. Jenkins rushed toward them like they were her saviors. She clutched the officer's sleeve and cried out, "Officer, thank goodness you're here! Arrest this woman—she tried to kill my daughter. Lock her up so she can't hurt anyone else!"

The officers, unfazed by the chaos, scanned the room and asked calmly, "Who made the report?"

Norah stepped forward, her voice steady. "I did."

The lead officer turned to her, pen in hand. "We've reviewed your initial call, but please explain the situation in detail. We'll investigate thoroughly."

Norah stood tall, unshaken by the hostile stares. "Earlier today, Miss Jenkins and I went to the dock to inspect some goods. While we were alone, she pushed me into the sea and said that if I drowned, she would have someone take the blame for her. She believed no one would suspect her." Her gaze shifted to Jamie, unflinching.

Jamie shot upright, though her frailty caused her to fall back against the bed moments later. She pointed a trembling finger at Norah. "Lies! You're lying! You're the one who pushed me into the sea. I barely survived, and now you're trying to frame me!"

Mrs. Jenkins stroked Jamie's hair, her voice dripping with venom. "Officer, this woman is a pathological liar! My daughter nearly died, and yet she stands here as if nothing happened. How could anyone believe her story?"

The officer raised a hand to quiet the escalating voices. “We’ll get to the bottom of this. Rest assured, we’ll investigate every angle. No innocent person will be punished, nor will any guilty party escape justice.”

Mrs. Jenkins, emboldened, turned to Norah. “You must have planned this all along! You broke the surveillance cameras near the dock to cover your tracks. This was premeditated!”

Norah smirked faintly, her confidence unwavering. “Interesting theory, Mrs. Jenkins. But let me remind you—it was your daughter who summoned me to the dock on short notice. How could I have preemptively sabotaged the cameras if I didn’t even know I’d be there? Your accusation holds no weight.”

Mr. Jenkins’s face darkened. “You’re twisting the story! I wouldn’t put it past you to have planned this all along. Coincidences like this don’t just happen!”

Jamie clung to Mrs. Jenkins, her voice trembling as she pleaded, “Mom, Dad, don’t let her stay here. Every time I see her, I relive that terrifying moment of falling into the sea. Please, make her leave!”

Mrs. Jenkins patted Jamie’s back and glared at Norah. “You heard her. Get out! You’re not welcome here.”

But Norah refused to back down. She crossed her arms and tilted her head slightly. “Why are you so eager to get rid of me, Jamie? Is it because you’re afraid of what I might say? Or maybe because you’re hiding the truth? Pretending to be a helpless victim won’t work forever.”

Jamie’s confidence wavered, though she quickly masked her unease. She clung tighter to Mrs. Jenkins, projecting innocence.

Just as Jamie opened her mouth to retort, Norah pulled out a small voice recorder from her pocket.

“Let me jog everyone’s memory,” Norah said, her voice calm but firm. She pressed play.

Through the room’s silence echoed Jamie’s voice:

“It’s just you and me here, Norah. No cameras, no witnesses. If anything happens to you, I’ll pin it on someone else. I’ve already got someone lined up to take the fall. You’re so naive—it’s almost pathetic.”

The chilling words reverberated through the air, stripping Jamie of her façade. Her face turned ashen, and her hands trembled uncontrollably.

Mrs. Jenkins gasped audibly, her protective instincts faltering. Mr. Jenkins's expression twisted into shock and disbelief.

Jamie stammered, "Th-that's not real! She faked it—she's framing me! It's all fabricated!"

Norah handed the recorder to the officer, who scrutinized it closely. "Feel free to analyze it," Norah said confidently. "You'll find it's authentic. I've been Kevin Edwards's secretary for years, and recording meetings is second nature to me. That habit saved me today."

Mrs. Jenkins recovered quickly, though her tone lacked its earlier fervor. "Officer, you have to believe my daughter. This... this recording must be fake! My daughter would never say such a thing!"

Norah stood firm. "Check it, then. Once the recording is authenticated, I'll be pressing charges. I have no interest in mediation, compensation, or apologies. All I want is for justice to be served."

The room fell silent as the weight of Norah's words settled over everyone. Jamie's bravado crumbled under the scrutiny, leaving her exposed and vulnerable.

For the first time, the Jenkins family realized their battle wasn't as easily won as they had thought.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 206

Chapter 206

Kevin's piercing gaze lingered on Norah. Despite his initial worry about her being at a disadvantage, he remained steadfast. Whether or not Norah had pushed Jamie, Kevin was unwaveringly on her side.

If the Jenkins family tried to send her to prison, Kevin was prepared to deploy every resource at his disposal to shield her.

However, Norah had asked him not to intervene, and so he stayed silent, trusting her to handle the situation herself. Watching her composed confidence, his concern eased.

The officer examined the voice recorder before glancing at Jamie and Mrs. Jenkins. "If this evidence proves accurate, then this would constitute an attempted murder. While the victim is unharmed, a case will still be filed against you."

Mrs. Jenkins, hearing this, grew defensive. "Officer, the investigation isn't complete, and yet you're taking this woman's word as truth? Are you siding with her just because we're not locals? This is outrageous!"

Her accusatory tone made the officer frown. "Are you questioning our integrity?" he asked, his voice firm.

Sensing the shift in the officer's demeanor, Mr. Jenkins quickly stepped in to diffuse the tension. Pulling Mrs. Jenkins aside, he said with a placating tone, "Officer, my wife didn't mean it like that. We trust the police to handle this fairly. If my daughter is indeed at fault, we will take full responsibility and provide appropriate compensation."

His change in demeanor was as swift as it was strategic. Moments ago, he'd been arrogant; now, he donned a cooperative mask, hoping to mitigate the damage.

Gloria, observing this dramatic shift, couldn't resist a jab. "Well, that's quite a transformation. You went from being unbearably haughty to humble in a heartbeat. Guess hypocrisy runs deep."

Jamie, however, continued her denial, her voice trembling as she burst into tears. "It wasn't me! I swear, I didn't do it!"

Mrs. Jenkins clutched her daughter protectively, consoling her with whispered reassurances.

The officer, unimpressed by the theatrics, maintained a professional tone. "Miss Jenkins, you'll need to accompany us to the station. Further questioning is necessary."

"No! I'm not going!" Jamie's voice rose in panic. She clung to her mother, shrinking back as if the officers were executioners.

Mr. Jenkins attempted to stall. "Officer, could you allow a few days for my daughter to recover? She's unwell."

Gloria rolled her eyes, her disdain evident. "Unwell? Really? She seems to have plenty of strength to throw tantrums. Doesn't look sick to me."

Ignoring the remark, the officers moved forward. Two female officers approached Jamie, ready to escort her.

As they drew near, Jamie screamed in terror, tears streaming down her face. "Don't take me! Mom, please save me! I can't go to jail!"

Mrs. Jenkins tried to intervene, but another officer held her back, ensuring the process continued uninterrupted.

“Dad! Please, do something!” Jamie sobbed as the officers lifted her from the bed.

Mr. Jenkins hesitated, his face a mix of anger and despair. Turning to Norah, he softened his tone. “Ms. White, let’s be reasonable. I apologize for earlier. Please don’t escalate this further. My daughter acted rashly, but we can settle this amicably. Name your terms.”

Norah met his gaze, her voice calm but resolute. “Mr. Jenkins, I’ve already made my position clear. There’s nothing more to discuss.”

Her unwavering stance left him at a loss. For a man accustomed to controlling outcomes with wealth and influence, her defiance was infuriating.

“Miss Jenkins, let’s go,” the officer repeated.

Jamie resisted, crying hysterically as the officers carried her out. Her parents followed, shouting protests, but it was no use.

As Jamie disappeared down the hallway, Mr. Jenkins turned his cold fury on Norah. “You really won’t give me even an inch of leeway?”

Norah’s response was calm, though her words cut deep. “Mr. Jenkins, protecting your daughter at all costs may feel like love, but it’s enabling her recklessness. By shielding her from consequences, you’re not saving her—you’re destroying her. She’ll never understand accountability, and one day, her actions might lead to something far worse. What will you do then? Money and influence can only take you so far.”

Her words left him momentarily speechless, the weight of her reasoning sinking in.

“Ms. White, you’ll need to come with us as well,” an officer said.

“Of course,” Norah replied, following without hesitation.

Kevin, who had been observing in silence, finally stepped forward as Mr. Jenkins issued a final threat.

“Mr. Edwards,” Jenkins said sharply, “our companies have longstanding partnerships. But if my daughter doesn’t return tonight, consider our collaboration over.”

Kevin paused at the doorway, turning back with a cold, dismissive smile. “Mr. Jenkins, do you think I’m still the same young, powerless Kevin? You’re mistaken.”

With that, he walked out, leaving Jenkins stunned.

For years, Mr. Jenkins had relied on Kevin’s need for alliances. Now, Kevin’s growing power and independence rendered such threats meaningless.

Watching him leave, Mr. Jenkins felt a pang of regret. Kevin was no longer someone to manipulate or intimidate.

Back in the room, Mrs. Jenkins clung to her husband, sobbing. “Do something! We can’t let Jamie face this alone!”

But Mr. Jenkins, for once, remained silent, lost in thought as the reality of their dwindling influence settled over him.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 207

Chapter 207

“Was Kevin pitiful then, and pitiful now?” Mr. Jenkins asked sharply. “That was the Kevin of the past. Now, he’s the head of the Edwards family. Even though we’re abroad, just ask anyone in the capital—who doesn’t acknowledge Kevin’s influence? Even his father can barely get a word in when it comes to Kevin.”

Mrs. Jenkins, still tearful, broke the silence. “So, are we just supposed to watch Jamie suffer? If it means saving her, I’d rather take her place!”

Jamie was their daughter, and they were willing to do anything for her. But Mr. Jenkins carried the weight of the entire Jenkins family and the many people who depended on him. He couldn’t afford to act impulsively; he needed to think strategically.

At the police station, Norah completed her statement.

The voice recording had been verified—it wasn’t fabricated.

In this world, there's no such thing as a perfect crime. Even though Jamie had erased the surveillance footage, every action leaves a trace. It didn't take long for the police to uncover that Jamie's driver had assisted her in tampering with the surveillance.

Once the driver was brought in and questioned, the truth came to light.

Jamie sat in the interrogation room, visibly shaken, repeatedly demanding to call her lawyer and see her parents.

Norah had done everything she needed to. What happened to Jamie now was no longer her concern—she would face the punishment she deserved.

Kevin had stayed by Norah's side throughout the entire process.

At one point, Norah, noticing Kevin's exhaustion, told him, "You've been with me all day. You must be tired. You should go home and rest—you have work tomorrow."

Her thoughtfulness touched Kevin, but he refused to leave her. He couldn't help but feel something was different about Norah. The tension between them from their recent disagreement seemed to have vanished suddenly, almost too suddenly. But rather than questioning it, he stayed close and focused on supporting her.

By the time they were finished, it was already past 2 a.m.

Norah, feeling drained, dismissed Gloria and the others, assuring them she'd be safe with Kevin. Exhausted, she felt dizzy—her body seemed to tire more easily since her pregnancy.

Kevin noticed her placing a hand on her head and quickly said, "You must be exhausted. Sit down for a bit, and I'll have someone bring the car over." He glanced at his assistant, Kian, and added, "Go grab a bottle of water for her."

Norah sank into a chair and glanced up at Kevin. "Thank you for staying with me so late tonight."

Her gratitude sounded sincere, but Kevin frowned slightly. "What's with the formality? You're acting like I've done you a favor. You shouldn't be the one apologizing—it's Jamie who should." His tone turned icy as he added, "Jamie won't walk away from this unscathed. She'll pay double for what she's done."

Norah lowered her gaze and said softly, "Do you know why Jamie hurt me? She knows I'm your wife."

Kevin's expression hardened. "So what if she knows? That's no excuse to harm you."

Norah studied him carefully. His words were filled with cold indifference toward Jamie, as if she didn't matter to him at all. She finally said, "You once saved her life. I don't think you even remember."

Kevin didn't need to reflect. "Whatever happened back then has nothing to do with me now," he said curtly. "If I'd known this is what saving her would lead to, I wouldn't have bothered."

Norah's lips curved into a faint smile. "She told me she likes you. She even claimed you promised to marry her someday."

Kevin scoffed. "Ridiculous. Whatever feelings she has for me don't justify her actions. And let me be clear: I never made any such promise."

Norah nodded. She had never doubted him. Still, she couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Jamie, as misguided as she was.

"I've come to understand," Norah began, her voice calm, "that the person you saved wasn't Kevin the man, but Kevin the soldier, fulfilling his duty. That's why you didn't remember her."

Kevin's expression softened slightly. "It was an act of duty, nothing more. I would've done the same for anyone."

Norah smiled faintly and said, "I know."

But her calm demeanor only made Kevin uneasy. He studied her carefully. "You're acting strange tonight," he said, his voice laced with suspicion.

"Am I?" she replied, reaching out to take his arm. "Maybe it's because I've come close to death and finally realized what I want in life."

Kevin, surprised by her sudden affection, felt his concerns fade. He wanted to question her, but the warmth of her hand silenced him. Instead, he said, "Starting today, my phone will be on 24/7. You'll never have to worry about not being able to reach me again."

"I understand," Norah said, smiling softly. "Let's go home. By the way, weren't you planning a trip to France? Do you still have time for that?"

“If it’s with you, I’ll make time,” Kevin said firmly. “There’s nothing urgent at work right now. We could both use a break. We’ve been married for so long but never taken a trip together. This is the perfect opportunity.”

“Okay,” Norah agreed. Then, her tone lightened. “I’m starving. Are you hungry? I had some groceries delivered earlier—I’ll cook for you when we get home.”

Kevin frowned. “You’ve been on your feet all day. Let the maid take care of it.”

But Norah shook her head. “No, I want to cook for you. Just this once. Let’s have a proper meal together, no arguments, no heavy topics. Just us, okay?”

Kevin couldn’t say no. Her gaze, filled with warmth and sincerity, disarmed him completely. “Okay,” he finally said.

Back at home, the maids were still awake, ready to prepare something for them.

But Norah sent everyone to bed, insisting she’d handle it herself.

As Kevin watched her work in the kitchen, he couldn’t shake the uneasiness in his heart. Her sudden change of attitude should’ve reassured him, but instead, it felt surreal, almost like a dream.

Quietly, he walked over and wrapped his arms around her waist, holding her tightly.

In that moment, he decided he didn’t care about the questions swirling in his mind. All that mattered was that she was here with him, in his arms.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 208

Chapter 208

As Kevin embraced Norah from behind, her body stiffened. After a brief pause, she set down the spatula she had been using to stir-fry and asked softly, “What’s wrong? Dinner’s almost ready.”

Kevin tightened his arms around her, burying his face in her hair. The familiar scent soothed his restless heart. “Nothing,” he murmured. “I just want to hold you. Being with you makes me feel at ease.”

Norah's expression remained calm. She continued stirring the vegetables, her tone even. "The kitchen's full of smoke. This isn't the place for you."

Kevin replied firmly, "Anywhere is fine as long as you're there."

Once, those words might have melted Norah's heart. She would have felt warmth, even a twinge of excitement. But now, her heart felt distant, as if dulled by time. Sweet words no longer held the same magic.

Perhaps too many moments of anticipation had left her numb.

She didn't push him away or refuse him. Instead, she allowed the moment to pass in silence, the two of them standing together in the fading warmth of the kitchen.

When the dishes were ready, Norah gently pried his hands off her waist, turned to face him, and smiled faintly. "It's done. Let's set the table. A little extra effort on presentation goes a long way."

Kevin shrugged, unconcerned. "Why bother? I'll eat anything you make."

"Girls like to add a touch of elegance." She pushed him out of the kitchen with a playful urgency. "Go sit down! You're making me nervous just standing here!"

Kevin let himself be ushered out, smiling helplessly as she closed the kitchen door behind him. Watching her through the frosted glass, he could see her bustling about, focused on plating the food. Her attention to detail made him smile.

He took his seat at the dining table, his fingers drumming lightly on the surface as he waited. The night was quiet, the dim light casting a cozy glow over the room.

When the sounds of her movements ceased, Kevin glanced up.

Norah emerged, carrying the dishes with an effortless grace. She had swapped her usual professional attire for a simple white sweater and loose pants. The soft fabric complemented her fair skin, and the loose tie of her hair framed her face with a delicate charm.

Kevin found himself captivated, unable to look away. How had he failed to notice just how beautiful she had become?

She set the dishes on the table—three simple meals and a bowl of soup, enough for two.

Once everything was in place, she turned to him. “Would you like a drink?”

Snapped out of his daze, Kevin nodded slightly. “Something light.”

“I’ll grab some wine.” Norah moved to the cabinet, her movements brisk yet graceful. Kevin’s gaze never left her. She returned moments later, pouring red wine into his glass before setting it down in front of him.

Finally, she sat across from him, her own glass filled with juice. Raising it, she smiled. “Let’s toast before we eat.”

She clinked her glass against his and drained it in one go.

Kevin swirled the wine in his glass, his deep eyes fixed on her. “You seem unusually cheerful today.”

Norah tilted her head, smiling faintly. “Really? People change. Sometimes, being flexible makes life a lot easier.”

Kevin caught the subtle undertone in her words. “Were you unhappy before?”

Norah looked down at her glass, her expression unreadable. “Not at all. Since marrying you, I’ve had everything I could ever want. A comfortable life, someone to care for me... I have no reason to complain.”

Her words sounded light, but to Kevin, they carried an edge. It felt like a subtle jab, though she appeared calm and composed. The dining table suddenly felt much larger, the space between them vast and empty.

“Move closer,” Kevin said softly.

Norah obliged, sliding her chair closer. She began serving him food. “Why aren’t you eating yet? Don’t tell me you don’t like it.”

Kevin glanced at the food in his bowl, then back at her. “I told you before—you cook, I eat.”

He picked up his chopsticks and took a bite, nodding approvingly. “It’s good. You’re surprisingly talented in the kitchen.”

Norah raised an eyebrow playfully. “Let me see if it’s as good as you say.” She tried a bite herself, chewing thoughtfully. “It’s just okay—not as good as the maid’s cooking.”

Kevin chuckled and continued eating with enthusiasm. "I think it's better. You should cook more often."

Watching him devour the meal she had prepared, Norah felt a fleeting sense of normalcy—a glimpse of what it might be like to truly live as husband and wife.

Her gaze lingered on him, his sharp features softened in the warm glow of the light. For a moment, her lips curved into a faint smile, and a spark of emotion flickered in her eyes.

"You should eat on time," she said gently. "No matter how busy work gets, don't skip meals. Money can be earned later, but your health is irreplaceable."

Kevin looked up, his expression tender as he reached out to stroke her hair. "I know. But if I forget, you'll remind me, right?"

His world revolved around her. She was his anchor, the one who kept him grounded.

Norah nodded faintly. "For now, yes. But I can't be with you forever. Nothing lasts forever, Kevin. Eventually, everything ends."

His hand froze, his gaze darkening. "What are you trying to say?"

Norah smiled softly. "You already know."

Kevin's face fell. The chopsticks slipped from his hand, clattering onto the floor.

A sudden heaviness crept over him, his vision blurring. He stared at Norah, her face now a hazy silhouette.

"Did you... drug me?" His voice was hoarse, his strength fading rapidly.

Norah remained calm, pouring herself another glass of juice. Tears welled in her eyes as she looked at him. "Just a little. It won't hurt you. It'll help you sleep."

Kevin reached for her sleeve, his grip weak but desperate. "Please... don't leave."

Norah's eyes softened, but her resolve didn't waver. She gently pried his hand away, her voice steady. "Thank you for the past seven years. But you'll be fine without me. You'll find someone else—someone who can give you what I can't anymore."

Kevin's head slumped forward, his consciousness slipping away.

And Norah, with tears streaming down her face, quietly walked away.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 209

Chapter 209

If Norah had been like Secretary White—content with her role—things might have worked out. But Norah wanted more. She craved Kevin's love, not just his companionship.

Continuing on this path would only bring more conflict, eroding even the fondest memories they once shared.

"Norah..." Kevin's voice trembled with emotion. But the drug was taking hold faster than he could resist. His gaze locked on hers, desperate and accusing. "You're leaving me... for your Anthony, aren't you?"

Norah didn't respond. Instead, she hesitantly reached out, brushing her hand against his face. His fierce eyes softened for a moment, and she searched his features, hoping to find even a shadow of Anthony within him.

But Kevin wasn't Anthony. He had long since left behind the reckless, passionate boy who had once captured her heart.

Her mind drifted back to their shared history. She remembered the blood-soaked day when Kevin had risked everything for her—saving her from gangsters and getting seriously injured in the process. She had owed him her life back then, but over the years, she had repaid that debt in full.

Her connection to Kevin spanned seven years, but her devotion to Anthony had lasted twice as long.

It was a hot afternoon when she first truly saw Anthony.

The school was putting on a drama performance, and Norah, assigned a minor role, was eager to perfect her lines. She arrived at the auditorium half an hour early, as always.

The sharp smell of blood hit her the moment she stepped inside. Alarmed, she followed the scent into the backstage dressing room, where costumes hung in chaotic rows.

In the corner, hidden behind layers of fabric, she found him.

Lying there, pale and barely conscious, Anthony's body was streaked with blood. A knife wound to his abdomen was the culprit—thankfully shallow, but enough to put him in danger if untreated.

“Don't... let anyone know,” he'd whispered hoarsely, grabbing her wrist with surprising strength.

Even in her panic, she obeyed. She bandaged his wound with trembling hands, spraying disinfectant to mask the metallic tang of blood. All the while, her heart pounded with fear and admiration for this mysterious, wounded boy.

Later, she checked on him, but Anthony had vanished without a trace. No blood. No evidence. Just the faint red mark his grip had left on her arm.

Anthony became her secret. Her obsession. Her impossible dream.

Norah blinked back to the present, her eyes settling on Kevin's half-lidded gaze. He was no longer the boy who had once made her heart race.

“Anthony doesn't matter anymore,” she murmured. “We're even now. Neither of us owes the other anything.”

Her words were a quiet farewell.

Kevin fought to stay awake, his voice slurred with exhaustion. “Don't go, Norah...” His fingers weakly grasped her sleeve.

Tears welled in her eyes, but she gently pried his hand away. “Thank you for the past seven years, Kevin. But you'll be fine without me. There's always a Secretary White waiting for you—a woman who can care for you the way I can't anymore.”

His body gave out, and he slumped unconscious in his chair.

Norah finished her juice, clinking her glass against his one last time, and whispered, “Goodbye.”

She left a divorce agreement on the table, alongside two tickets to France—not for her and Kevin, but for him and Bianca. A symbolic gesture, granting him the chance to find happiness with someone else.

Gathering her luggage, Norah walked out of the house, leaving behind the life they had built together.

The next morning, Kevin woke with a pounding headache. The memories of the night before flooded back, and his stomach twisted.

“Mr. Edwards!” Kian’s voice broke through his daze. “Are you alright? Should we take you to the hospital?”

Kevin waved him off, his eyes scanning the room. The warmth of Norah’s presence was gone.

“She’s really gone,” Kian said softly, noticing the emptiness in the house.

Kevin’s jaw tightened. His voice was cold, detached. “She drugged me... just to leave.”

“Mr. Edwards, you knew she was planning something,” Kian pointed out. “And yet, you walked straight into her trap.”

Kevin said nothing, his thoughts spiraling. He had let her go, even knowing she didn’t want to stay. But her final smile—the forced kindness—had cut him deeply.

He glanced at the divorce papers and tickets on the table, his expression hardening. With a scoff, he stood. “Clean this up. I’m going to the office.”

Kian hesitated. “Don’t you want to go after her?”

Kevin’s icy glare silenced him. “No.”

And just like that, Kevin returned to his routine. Suit pressed, schedule intact, life moving forward as though Norah had never been a part of it.

Days passed, each one eerily quiet.

Then, the investigator Kevin had hired returned. “Mr. Edwards, I’ve found Ms. White. Her recent activities suggest she’s hiding something important—something you need to know.”

Kevin didn’t flinch. His tone was sharp. “I don’t care. She’s irrelevant now.”

The investigator hesitated, reluctant to let the matter drop. “But, sir—this secret might change everything.”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 210

Chapter 210

Kevin’s brow furrowed as he processed the revelation. “What secret?” he demanded, his tone sharp, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

The investigator hesitated, sensing the weight of his words. “Mr. Edwards, Ms. White visited the hospital multiple times. Based on the surveillance footage, she frequented the obstetrics and gynecology department. The hospital staff was tight-lipped, likely at her request. But we managed to uncover surveillance evidence confirming her visits.”

Kevin’s body stiffened, his mind reeling from the implications. He remembered Norah’s casual mention of her irregular menstruation and her frequent trips to the hospital. She’d always refused his offers to accompany her, brushing him off with a smile, keeping the details vague.

He had trusted her, respected her privacy. Never had he considered there might be more to her visits.

His heart sank. **Obstetrics and gynecology.** The words churned in his mind like a storm. The reality of their strained three-year marriage hit him harder than ever. He had never crossed her boundaries, never forced intimacy when she wasn’t ready. Yet here he was, questioning everything he thought he knew about her.

“Are you certain?” Kevin asked, masking the turmoil within.

“Yes, sir. I’ve sent the footage to your phone. You should see it for yourself.”

Kevin hung up, staring blankly at the phone as the screen lit up with the notification. For the first time in years, he hesitated. Hours passed as he sat in his office chair, staring into the night through the vast glass windows. His employees had long since left, the

building plunged into silence. Yet Kevin remained motionless, paralyzed by the weight of uncertainty.

What if the truth was worse than he feared?

A Fractured Silence

Eventually, Kevin stood and ordered Kian to drive him home. The car ride was quiet, the air heavy with tension. Kian dared not mention Norah, though he knew her absence haunted Kevin. Her name had become taboo, forbidden even in whispers within the Edwards household.

When they arrived, Siena, Kevin's mother, greeted him in the living room. "Kevin, you're late again," she said, trying to sound casual, though her curiosity betrayed her. "Where's Norah? Is she staying elsewhere? Did you two... separate?"

Kevin's icy glare silenced her. "You'd do better to focus on your own marriage, Mother," he snapped, his words cutting like a blade.

Siena's face twisted in frustration, but she bit her tongue. Kevin ascended the stairs, leaving her fuming in the dimly lit living room.

The Haunting Bedroom

The bedroom felt colder than usual. Kevin paused in the doorway, his eyes scanning the empty bed. For a fleeting moment, he saw Norah there, sitting cross-legged in her pajamas, a warm smile lighting up her face. He moved to reach for her, but the image dissolved into nothingness.

She was gone.

Shaking off the phantom memory, Kevin entered the room and opened the closet. The neat rows of clothes no longer held her touch. The absence of her meticulous care was glaring, the chaos of his once-organized space taunting him.

He closed the door abruptly and retreated to his study.

Confronting the Evidence

Kevin turned on his computer and transferred the surveillance footage from his phone. His chest tightened as the video played.

Norah entered the obstetrics and gynecology department and exited twenty minutes later, clutching a stack of papers. The footage showed her tearing them apart and tossing the shreds into the trash.

Then came the man—a vaguely familiar face from Kevin’s company. He approached Norah, exchanged a few words, and rifled through the trash can after she walked away.

Kevin’s jaw tightened. **Who was he, and what was his connection to Norah?**

The mystery deepened, and with it, Kevin’s unease. For all his wealth and power, the truth remained elusive, slipping further from his grasp.