

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 211

Chapter 211

At Edwards Corporation, competition was cutthroat. Micah, once a standout at his previous job, now found himself among a dozen other programmers of equal talent. The pressure to rise above the rest was unrelenting.

Determined to prove himself, he worked tirelessly, barely pausing to eat. He often settled for a few bites of bread before diving back into his tasks. At that moment, a piece of bread in hand, he suddenly sensed someone towering over him.

Looking up, Micah froze. The bread almost slipped from his hand. "M-Mr. Edwards!"

Kevin Edwards stood before him, his tall, commanding presence exuding authority and a palpable intensity.

Micah scrambled to his feet. "Mr. Edwards, is there something you need?"

Kevin's sharp gaze locked onto him. "Are you Micah?"

"Yes, sir," Micah stammered, unsure why the CEO of all people was addressing him. "I—I haven't done anything wrong!"

Without another word, Kevin turned and strode toward the general manager's office. The general manager motioned for Micah to follow.

"Well? Go!"

Micah rushed into the office, his nerves on edge. Once inside, the atmosphere thickened. Kevin sat casually on the couch, his piercing eyes scanning Micah.

"You know Norah?" Kevin asked coldly.

Micah hesitated. "Norah? Yes, sir. She was my college classmate... I also know she's your personal secretary."

Kevin's expression didn't waver. "What was she doing at the hospital recently?"

Micah blinked, startled by the question. Why would the CEO care about Norah's personal life?

Kevin's gaze sharpened, demanding an answer.

Micah, under the weight of Kevin's scrutiny, suddenly remembered his recent encounter with Norah at the hospital.

"Norah... she's pregnant," Micah blurted out, his voice trembling.

Kevin's face hardened, his sharp features darkening with fury. The room seemed to grow colder as tension hung thick in the air.

Micah nervously continued, "I—I even took a photo. Although the paperwork she tore up was incomplete, I pieced it together. It's clear... it was a pregnancy ultrasound."

He fumbled with his phone, pulling up the fragmented photo and offering it to Kevin.

Kevin didn't need long to see the truth. His jaw clenched, his fists tightening as he suppressed the growing storm inside him.

Norah was pregnant.

But whose child was it?

Kevin's mind spiraled. The pieces began falling into place—her evasive behavior, her sudden departure. She had left him to start a life with someone else. The realization was a blade twisting in his chest.

Kevin stood abruptly, his fury barely contained. Without a word, he stormed out of the office, leaving Micah bewildered.

In the elevator, Kevin seethed, his hands shoved deep into his pockets to mask his rage. His voice was icy when he barked into his phone, "Find out where Norah is. Now."

No matter where she had run, no matter who she was with, Kevin vowed to bring her back.

Kian, sensing the dangerous shift in Kevin's mood, felt a shiver run down his spine.

Meanwhile, Norah was at her desk, dabbing at her watery eyes with a tissue. She had no idea who might be thinking about her at that moment. Her parents? Probably not. She had called them just a few days ago to let them know she was fine.

“Norah, the editor-in-chief wants you to revise this press release,” a colleague said, handing her a document.

“Got it. I’ll get on it right away,” Norah replied with a smile.

She worked as an editor at a television station, a role she had carefully planned for before leaving Kevin. Her strong background in journalism and her college experience as president of the literary club had made the transition easier.

While she was still adjusting to her new environment, she had already built a rapport with her colleagues. Her writing had gained modest recognition, with one of her articles garnering tens of thousands of views—a small but meaningful achievement.

After finishing her revisions, Norah prepared to leave.

“Goodnight, Norah!” her colleague called out.

“Goodnight!” she replied, gathering her belongings and stepping out into the cool evening air.

Her rented apartment was just a ten-minute walk from work. She took her usual route, passing through a lively square where families gathered, children skated, and the air buzzed with chatter.

She paused briefly, enjoying the scene. Resting her hand on her growing belly, she felt a glimmer of hope. She wouldn’t be alone for much longer.

With a small smile, Norah continued her walk.

The streets grew quieter as she neared her apartment. The soft glow of streetlights cast long shadows, and her footsteps echoed in the stillness.

Then she noticed it—a shadow besides her own.

Her heart raced.

She stopped abruptly. The other shadow stopped too.

Trying to suppress her panic, Norah quickened her pace. But the person behind her abandoned all pretense and closed the distance between them.

Before she could react, her arm was grabbed. She swung her bag in defense, but the assailant snatched it away.

A scream tore from her lips as the person lifted her off the ground, holding her tightly.

“Ahh!” Norah cried, fear gripping her.

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Panicking, Norah slapped the man’s back hard and shouted, “Who are you? Let go of me! Let me go!”

Her strikes and protests did nothing to deter him. The man didn’t even flinch. He carried her forward with swift, unyielding steps.

Norah’s heart raced with fear. She didn’t have time to think—her only instinct was to escape.

She had been in this unfamiliar place for only a few days. She didn’t know if it was safe or if there were thieves or worse lurking about. Her first thought was survival; she couldn’t risk getting hurt.

But as she struggled, thrashing with all her might, she realized something strange. The man didn’t retaliate or harm her in any way.

This wasn’t a bandit.

And yet, he wasn’t scared off by her screams. Could it be...

Before she could piece it together, the man stopped abruptly and set her down on the ground.

Norah spun around, ready to lash out—but when her eyes landed on his face, her expression froze.

“You...” she stammered, her voice caught in her throat.

But the words never came. Looking at him, she was reminded of everything that had transpired between them. Her heart clenched, and she clamped her mouth shut, unwilling to say another word.

She turned and started walking away quickly, wanting to put as much distance as possible between herself and Kevin Edwards.

“Running away the moment you see me?” Kevin’s cold voice sliced through the air. “Feeling guilty, are we?”

Norah stopped in her tracks, her mind racing. She had been gone for days, and he hadn’t come for her. She had thought he’d let her go—pride wounded, but unwilling to fight.

After all, they’d reached the point of no return. She had even prepared the divorce papers, confident he’d sign them to end things cleanly. Yet here he was, showing up now.

What did he want?

She didn’t turn to face him as she replied, her voice steady but sharp. “I thought I made myself clear. The divorce agreement is ready. All you need to do is sign it, and we can both move on. Why are you here? Or...” she hesitated, “...are you finally ready to make this official?”

The sound of Kevin’s deliberate footsteps grew closer.

Norah clenched her fists. She didn’t want to flee again—it was pointless. If Kevin wanted to find her, he always would. Besides, running wouldn’t solve anything.

Her thoughts wandered to the people she cared about. Even if she managed to disappear entirely, cutting ties with Kevin meant leaving behind friends and family who might need her.

She exhaled shakily, bracing herself for his arrival.

The moment his familiar scent enveloped her, her breath hitched.

A strong hand seized her neck, shoving her against the wall.

“Divorce?” Kevin’s voice was a low, dangerous growl. “Norah, you’ve got some nerve.”

His grip tightened, and for a moment, she felt like he might actually strangle her.

Gasping for air, she clawed at his hands. “Kevin! What are you doing? Do you want to kill me? Will that satisfy you?”

His piercing gaze bore into her. “Kill you?” he repeated coldly. “After what you’ve done, you’re lucky I haven’t skinned you alive. Do you have any idea what it’s like to be humiliated like this?”

Norah frowned, confused by his words. “What are you talking about? I’ve done nothing to humiliate you. The divorce was always part of our agreement—an agreement you created.”

Kevin’s eyes blazed with fury. “Then explain the baby in your belly.”

Her pupils dilated in shock. He knew.

The revelation struck her like a lightning bolt, leaving her speechless.

Kevin took her silence as confirmation, and a bitter, humorless laugh escaped his lips. “You really are something else,” he sneered. “Do you think you can betray me and walk away unscathed? You’re the first person to ever stab me in the back, Norah. Tell me, how should I punish you?”

Norah’s mind raced. So that’s why he had come looking for her—he had found out about the pregnancy.

Protectively placing a hand over her stomach, she met his furious gaze. “Kevin, even if I’m pregnant, it doesn’t violate our agreement. You said we wouldn’t interfere in each other’s lives, remember? What I do is none of your business. And besides, our marriage isn’t even public. A divorce won’t ruin your reputation. You can move on. Marry someone else. It’s that simple.”

Kevin’s jaw clenched. “Who’s the father?”

Her hands trembled slightly, and she avoided his eyes. “That’s none of your concern. It’s not you—that’s all you need to know.”

“Anthony?” Kevin demanded. “Or is it Steven?”

“Neither!” she shot back, her voice firm.

“Then who?” he pressed, his frustration mounting. “Who is this man you’re so desperate to protect?”

“That’s private,” Norah said, her voice calmer now. “You don’t need to know. And it’s late, Mr. Edwards. I’d like to go home and rest. I have work tomorrow.”

She turned to leave, but Kevin grabbed her arm, pulling her back into his arms.

“Let me go!” she shouted, struggling against him. “We’re nothing to each other anymore! If you don’t stop, I’ll call the police!”

Her defiance only fueled his anger. His grip on her shoulders tightened. “You’re protecting this man, but where is he now? Huh? When you need him most, where is he? He’s a coward, Norah—a worthless man who can’t even provide for you or the child you’re carrying. And yet, you defend him?”

“Kevin!” Norah’s voice was sharp and full of conviction. Her cold gaze locked onto his. “Even if he’s gone—if I never see him again—I don’t regret loving him. And I won’t let you insult him.”

Kevin froze. He had never seen her like this before. The icy resolve in her eyes wasn’t for him—it was for another man.

Something inside him snapped.

Without warning, he pulled her close and crushed his lips against hers.

Norah gasped, trying to push him away, but he overpowered her easily, pinning her hands above her head. His jealousy consumed him, driving him to claim what he thought was his.

“Kevin... stop!” she pleaded, her voice muffled against his relentless kiss.

Her resistance only seemed to spur him on. His hands moved down her waist, his touch igniting both fear and fury within her.

Smack—

Norah’s hand connected with his face, her slap echoing in the silence.

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Kevin didn't flinch as the sharp sound of the slap echoed. A red imprint spread across his cheek like a brand.

He tilted his head slightly, then slowly turned his piercing gaze back to Norah.

Norah froze, staring at her trembling hand. She hadn't meant to hit him that hard—her own palm stung from the impact. The sight of Kevin's rigid posture and the scarlet mark she'd left behind made her chest tighten.

In all their years together, no matter how heated their arguments had been, she'd never raised her hand against him. And as far as she knew, no one else ever had either. Kevin Edwards wasn't the type of man people dared to challenge physically.

"Norah..." Kevin growled, her name dripping from his lips like venom.

She stepped back instinctively, clutching her hand as if it could shield her from the storm brewing in his eyes. "I didn't mean to... But you pushed me too far, Kevin! If you hadn't—"

"You'd do anything for that man, wouldn't you?" Kevin's voice cut through her defense, each word cold and heavy.

Norah stiffened, but she didn't waver. If Kevin thought she'd confess the truth about her pregnancy, he was mistaken. She couldn't risk it. The child was hers—hers alone. No matter how much Kevin pried, she wouldn't let him take this from her.

If she told him, he'd try to control her, just like he always had. He'd force her into staying, into playing the role of a perfect wife. And when the child was born, Kevin would find a way to wrest custody from her.

She wouldn't let that happen. Not this time.

Meeting his glare, Norah mustered all her courage. "You're right," she said firmly. "I would do anything for him."

Kevin's jaw clenched, the cords in his neck tightening as her words pierced him. The fire in his chest flared. She had chosen someone else—again and again, she chose someone else.

“Then I’ll make this simple,” Kevin spat, his gaze dropping to her stomach. “You won’t have that child. I won’t let you.”

Norah recoiled, instinctively protecting her belly with both hands. “If you want to harm my baby, Kevin, you’ll have to kill me first!” she shot back, her voice trembling with fury and fear.

Her defiance pushed Kevin to the edge. His fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white. He hated this—hated the desperation in her eyes, the way she defended the child she carried as if it were her lifeline.

Norah’s resolve only hardened. Her fingers found a loose brick on the ground, and she lifted it with both hands, holding it above her head. “If you take one more step, I’ll end it, Kevin!”

Kevin froze.

He didn’t move.

He didn’t breathe.

The look in her eyes was raw, wild, and unyielding. It hit him harder than her slap had. She was willing to die for the life growing inside her. She wasn’t bluffing.

He hated her for it. He hated her for forcing his hand, for making him face the reality that she would never choose him.

His voice dropped, cold and final. “You’ll regret this, Norah. Mark my words.”

And with that, he turned on his heel and walked away.

Norah stood frozen, brick still clutched tightly in her hands, until the sound of his retreating footsteps faded into silence. Only then did her knees buckle. She dropped the brick and sank to the ground, tears slipping down her face.

She had fought hard, but the weight of loneliness and loss pressed down on her. She wiped her tears away, forcing herself to her feet. She couldn’t afford to break now. Her child needed her strength.

Kevin sat in the back seat of his car, his expression carved in stone. His rage simmered just beneath the surface, threatening to erupt. He slammed his fist into the car door, the sharp sound reverberating inside the vehicle.

The driver glanced nervously in the rearview mirror but didn't dare to speak.

"Find him," Kevin growled. His voice was quiet, but it carried the weight of a command that could not be disobeyed. "Dig up everything. I want to know who he is."

The next morning, Norah arrived at the TV station early. She hoped throwing herself into work would help distract her from the chaos of the night before.

Her editor-in-chief, Quinn Lindsay, was already there, seated at her desk with a stack of Norah's recent articles in front of her.

Quinn glanced up, her short hair framing her face in sharp, professional angles. "Norah, good morning. You've been here a week now, haven't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Norah replied, trying to mask her exhaustion with a polite smile.

Quinn tapped a printed article on the desk. "This is good work. Your writing has already gained traction—this piece broke 10,000 views on the official account."

Norah's cheeks flushed slightly. "Thank you," she said humbly.

"But," Quinn added, sliding a folder across the desk toward her, "it's time for you to step out of your comfort zone. I have a new assignment for you."

Norah hesitated, opening the folder cautiously. As her eyes scanned the document, her face went pale.

Her heart sank. This wasn't the challenge she had hoped for—it was a test she wasn't sure she could handle.

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Norah stared at the document in her hands for a moment, then raised her eyes to meet Quinn's gaze. "You want me to interview the president of the Edwards Group?"

Quinn folded his hands on the desk, exuding calm authority. "That's right. Is there a problem? Not everyone can handle this job, but you're the best fit for it."

Norah closed the document with a firm hand, her voice laced with tension. "My resume makes it clear—I left the Edwards family behind. Are you really asking me to go back?"

She'd joined the TV station to cut ties with the Edwards clan, not to return and risk reopening old wounds. Her relationship with Kevin was far too complicated for this.

Quinn shrugged, brushing off Norah's objections. "Exactly. Because you have a past connection with them, you're the most qualified for this assignment."

Norah's tone sharpened. "Editor-in-chief, I can't accept this task."

Her refusal was resolute, but Quinn remained unfazed. "Didn't you just say you wanted to step out of your comfort zone? Interviewing Kevin Edwards is no small feat, but your prior connection could help. It's a challenge, yes, but also an opportunity to prove yourself."

Quinn leaned closer, her voice soft but firm. "Completing this will demonstrate your capability, and when it's time to assign future high-profile projects, you'll be my first choice. Think of it as a step toward securing your place here."

Norah tried another angle. "But won't this cause conflict with the Edwards family? Isn't that a risk?"

Quinn straightened and dismissed the concern with a wave. "I don't care about the Edwards family. I care about results. And I know you can deliver." With that, she turned and walked back to her office, leaving Norah to grapple with the decision.

Norah sat there, staring at the document. She'd hoped for a fresh start at the TV station, but this assignment felt like a cruel twist of fate. Avoiding Kevin had been one of her main goals, yet here she was—facing a task that would bring her right back into his world.

Her thoughts spiraled through the morning as the document lay on her desk, taunting her with its contents. The exclusive interview with Kevin wasn't just about sitting down with him; it also included creating a documentary, a task that seemed impossible. Kevin had always avoided media attention, granting interviews only on rare occasions.

A loud crash jolted her out of her thoughts. She looked up to see Maxine, a colleague, standing nearby with a smug expression. The document had fallen to the floor.

Maxine crouched down to pick up the scattered pages. Her eyes skimmed the words, and her face shifted into a mixture of envy and disbelief. “The editor-in-chief assigned you to interview Kevin?”

Norah nodded briefly.

Maxine’s tone turned sharp. “Why would she give this to you? You’ve only been here a few days. What makes you think you’re up to it?”

Norah kept her composure, sensing the hostility. “I didn’t say I was. In fact, I think this might be out of my depth.”

Maxine snorted, her disdain obvious, and stormed off toward Quinn’s office.

Emani, a young and friendly colleague, leaned over from her desk and whispered, “Don’t let Maxine get to you. She’s always like that—arrogant and competitive. She thinks she’s better than everyone.”

Norah sighed. “I’ve dealt with people like her before. It’s just part of the job.”

Emani frowned. “But why aren’t you fighting for this? If you land Kevin’s interview, you’ll make a name for yourself here. Don’t let Maxine steal your opportunity.”

Norah shook her head. “Honestly, I’d be happy to let her take it. I’d rather avoid getting tangled up with Kevin again.”

Emani’s brows furrowed in confusion. “But if you don’t push back, she’s going to snatch it right out from under you!”

Sure enough, less than ten minutes later, Maxine strutted out of Quinn’s office with an air of triumph. She marched straight over to Norah’s desk and sneered. “Hand over the Kevin interview documents. The editor-in-chief officially gave me the assignment.”

Emani muttered under her breath, “Told you she’d steal it.”

Norah didn’t argue. She calmly handed over the documents. “It’s all yours.”

Maxine smirked, clearly expecting resistance, but Norah's lack of reaction seemed to annoy her. "Good. Don't get any ideas about taking on work you can't handle. Just stick to typing up fluff pieces and leave the big stories to the pros."

Emani's cheeks flushed with anger as Maxine walked away, but Norah stayed composed. She leaned back in her chair and smiled faintly. Letting Maxine have the assignment was the best decision—for her peace of mind, if nothing else.

But even as she tried to focus on other tasks, a nagging thought lingered in the back of her mind: Was avoiding Kevin worth giving up a potential turning point in her career?

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Norah responded with a soft "Hmm," her voice calm and composed.

Maxine glanced at her, expecting some reaction, but Norah's indifference left her slightly unsettled. Feeling as though she might have overestimated the newcomer, Maxine quickly masked her thoughts, returning to her haughty demeanor. She straightened the stack of papers in her hand, adjusted her posture, and, with the sharp click of her high heels, strutted away without another word.

Watching Maxine's retreating figure, Emani grimaced subtly, her distaste impossible to hide. Norah, noticing Emani's expression, asked casually, "What's the deal with Maxine? Did she provoke you?"

Emani let out a frustrated sigh. "It's not just me—she provokes everyone. But who's going to say anything? She's got the best track record around here, and nobody dares to challenge her."

Norah raised an eyebrow. "She's good at what she does, huh? And I guess she fights tooth and nail for every opportunity?"

"Oh, she fights, alright," Emani agreed bitterly. "She doesn't just fight; she grabs. Hard. I had a promising project once. If I'd gotten it, maybe I wouldn't be stuck typing reports here. I might not have succeeded, but at least I deserved the chance to try. But no—Maxine snatched it right out from under me. She doesn't give newcomers a single break. She's determined to be the TV station's evergreen queen. Mark my words—she's gunning for editor-in-chief and maybe even higher."

Norah listened intently, piecing together a clearer picture of Maxine from Emani's candid complaints. "With an attitude like that, she's bound to have plenty of enemies," Norah mused aloud.

Emani nodded, her voice laced with disdain. "She doesn't care about friends. All she wants is performance and recognition. Take a look at her little entourage. They act like loyal servants now, but wait until she slips up—they'll be the first to turn on her."

Norah followed Emani's gaze. Sure enough, she spotted Maxine's "followers," assisting her with tasks and laughing at her jokes. But their behavior seemed more like opportunism than genuine loyalty. They were biding their time, hoping Maxine's crumbs might someday lead to bigger opportunities for themselves.

"But," Emani added with a smirk, "there's one thing Maxine hasn't managed to snag yet—this interview. And if she fails this time, she'll lose it again. She'll probably go mad over it."

Norah remained silent, deep in thought. She recalled her previous phone calls with Kevin, a man notoriously difficult to interview. He had turned down countless requests, from TV stations to major publications, refusing to indulge even the most persistent journalists. The few scraps of information available about him online were mostly rumors. A legitimate interview with Kevin was a rare prize—and a career-defining achievement.

Maxine, however, wasn't ready to give up. She had tried to secure an interview with Kevin once before, chasing him relentlessly for three months, but he'd been an unyielding wall of refusals. This time, she vowed, things would be different. She'd claim this victory, no matter what it took.

After packing her things, Maxine grabbed her equipment and marched out with two of her subordinates in tow. Both women had been working under her for over a year, and their futures seemed tightly bound to her success.

"Sister Maxine," one of them hesitated, "do you really think we'll get the interview today? Everyone says Kevin is impossible to reach."

Maxine paused, halfway through touching up her makeup in the car. She shot the girl a sharp look. "Don't undermine my confidence. I'm not a rookie. I've tackled bigger challenges before, and I'll win this one, too. Kevin is the one that got away—but not this time."

The other subordinate, eager to stay in Maxine's good graces, chimed in quickly. "Of course, Sister Maxine. You've interviewed some of the most prominent entrepreneurs in the industry. Your professionalism is unmatched. Kevin won't stand a chance!"

Maxine smirked, pleased by the flattery. “When I nail this interview, I’ll be unstoppable. Promotions, raises—you name it. The editor-in-chief position will be mine, and when that happens, I’ll take care of both of you. Stick with me, and you’ll go far.”

“Thank you, Sister Maxine!” the two chimed in unison, their smiles wide and eager.

It took Maxine a four-hour drive to reach the Edwards Building, where she had already bribed the doorman for insider information. She leaned closer to him, asking once more for confirmation. “Are you sure Kevin will leave through the front door at five?”

The doorman nodded confidently. “Most of the time, Mr. Edwards uses the underground garage. But if he’s in a rush, he’ll have his car brought to the front. Lately, he’s been leaving right at five. Something important must be going on.”

“What could be so urgent?” Maxine probed, her curiosity piqued.

The doorman hesitated before answering. “Word is, Mr. Edwards might be getting divorced. No one knows who Mrs. Edwards even is—everyone’s been guessing, but there’s no concrete info.”

“Divorce?” Maxine’s instincts buzzed with excitement. “And the marriage—it’s real?”

“Absolutely,” the doorman confirmed. “He mentioned it publicly once, and it even trended online. But the hot search was pulled down later, so maybe you missed it.”

The more Maxine heard, the more determined she became. This was bigger than she had anticipated. She spent hours waiting outside the building, her eyes glued to the entrance.

At last, Kevin emerged—a tall, striking man with an air of power and mystery. Flanked by his team, he strode purposefully toward a sleek Rolls-Royce parked at the curb.

Maxine’s breath caught. She had interviewed countless entrepreneurs, but few possessed Kevin’s combination of youth, stature, and commanding presence. Her resolve hardened.

Seizing her moment, she approached him with a professional smile. “Mr. Edwards, I’m Maxine from the TV station. Here’s my ID. I’d love to schedule an interview with you. Do you have time?”

Kevin barely glanced at her before frowning. “Hasn’t anyone told you? I don’t like wasting my time.”

Undeterred, Maxine followed him. “Mr. Edwards, please reconsider. A feature on you would draw millions of views. It could redefine your public image!”

Kevin stopped abruptly, his gaze cold and piercing. “Get her out of my way,” he ordered his security team.

As the guards moved to block her, Maxine panicked. “Wait! I’m not some tabloid journalist—I’m here to elevate your story, not exploit it. Just give me a chance!”

Her words gave Kevin pause. He turned back, studying her for a long moment. “Which TV station are you with?” he asked, his tone icy but curious.

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Maxine adjusted her posture and replied confidently, “XNGY. I’m from XNGY TV Station!”

Kevin’s attention sharpened at the mention of the station.

Seeing his interest, Maxine’s spirits lifted. She eagerly stepped past the bodyguards and presented her ID. “Mr. Edwards, I’m a reporter from a reputable station. I’ve interviewed countless prominent figures. If you agree to this interview, I promise it will enhance your reputation and bring immeasurable benefits...”

She dove into her well-rehearsed pitch, extolling her expertise and the opportunities she could bring him.

Kevin’s expression darkened, but not for the reasons Maxine expected. The name of her station had triggered thoughts of someone else—Norah.

What was she doing at XNGY TV Station?

Kevin found it puzzling that someone with her skills and connections had opted to start over in such a competitive environment. She’d already proven herself by his side, reaching heights others could only dream of.

Yet now, she was grinding away at a TV station, exposed to the petty rivalries and cutthroat dynamics of the field.

As Maxine continued to talk, Kevin's thoughts wandered further. Was she struggling there? Being bullied? The thought unsettled him.

"Mr. Edwards?" Maxine's voice cut through his musings, jolting him back to the moment.

Kevin fixed his gaze on her, his tone as cold as steel. "Does your station assign all the good opportunities to you?"

Maxine froze, unsure how to interpret his sudden shift in tone. She forced a smile. "Mr. Edwards, I earned this opportunity through my hard work."

Kevin's lip curled in disdain. "Then find someone more suitable."

Before Maxine could react, the car door slammed shut, leaving her stunned.

She stood there, disbelief etched on her face. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Kevin's initial interest had seemed like a victory. Now it was slipping through her fingers.

"Mr. Edwards! Please wait!" she called out, banging on the car door as it drove away.

Her two assistants rushed to her side.

"Sister Maxine, are you okay?" one asked, noticing her stumble in her high heels.

Maxine grimaced, her ankle throbbing. She waved them off, frustration bubbling to the surface. "Why would he reject me? Does XNGY have someone better suited for this than me?"

Her assistants exchanged uneasy glances.

"Sister Maxine," one ventured cautiously, "didn't Mr. Edwards say something about finding a suitable person? Maybe he was referring to..."

Maxine's glare cut her off. "Are you implying I'm not suitable?"

The girl paled. "No, no! You're the most qualified!"

Still fuming, Maxine bit her lip, pacing. She couldn't let this slip away.

Then, her other assistant hesitated before speaking up. "Sister Maxine, I heard that one of our newer employees used to work for Mr. Edwards..."

Maxine stopped in her tracks. “Who?”

“Norah. She used to work directly for him. Maybe she can help.”

Maxine’s eyes narrowed in thought. She had dismissed Norah as inconsequential, but this revelation changed things. If Norah had connections to Kevin, it explained why the editor-in-chief had entrusted her with certain responsibilities.

The next day, Maxine stormed into the office, heading straight for Norah’s desk.

Norah was busy drafting an article to help an orphanage at risk of shutting down. She had planned to use the TV station’s platform to amplify the issue, but her focus shifted as Maxine approached.

“Norah,” Maxine said curtly, arms crossed, “your former boss was Kevin Edwards, right?”

Norah looked up calmly. “Yes. Why?”

Maxine leaned closer, her tone dripping with authority. “You and I will work together on his interview.”

Without hesitation, Norah replied, “I’m sorry, I can’t. I have other priorities.”

Maxine’s face hardened. “Do you have any idea what you’re turning down? Most people would kill for the chance to collaborate with me. I’m offering you an opportunity, and you’re acting like it’s nothing!”

Norah stood, meeting Maxine’s gaze evenly. “I understand perfectly. And I still decline.”

Gasps rippled through the office as Maxine’s assistants chimed in.

“Why would you say no?” one asked incredulously. “Do you even realize how rare this chance is?”

“Exactly! People dream of working with Sister Maxine. She’s the most renowned journalist here!”

Maxine smirked, feeding off their admiration. “Norah, do you have any idea who I am? The stories I produce get millions of shares. Your refusal shows how short-sighted you are.”

Norah tilted her head, unbothered. "If your reputation is as great as you say, why are you asking for my help? Shouldn't you be able to handle this interview on your own?"

Maxine flushed, caught off guard by the directness of Norah's question.

Before she could respond, Norah continued, her tone sharp. "You're only approaching me because you know I worked closely with Kevin. You think I can leverage that connection to secure the interview for you. And once I do, you'll take all the credit. Am I wrong?"

Silence fell over the room as Norah's words hung in the air.

Maxine's jaw tightened, her composure slipping. "Watch your tone, Norah."

Norah grabbed her bag and prepared to leave. "If you want Kevin's attention, earn it yourself. I don't work for you."

With that, she walked out, leaving Maxine fuming in the middle of the office, her assistants scrambling to console her.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 217

Chapter 217

Norah wasn't naive. She'd already heard enough about Maxine's controlling personality from others. Maxine wanted to be the best at everything and wouldn't tolerate any newcomer outshining her.

Now that Norah had called her out, Maxine's face flushed with frustration. Her pride was wounded, and her voice rose, seething with anger. "Stop running your mouth, Norah! You're coming with me whether you like it or not!"

Norah met her glare with calm defiance. "I have other responsibilities. Excuse me."

Without another word, she brushed past Maxine, refusing to be intimidated or manipulated.

Maxine, furious at being ignored, stomped her foot like a frustrated child. "Norah!" she yelled after her, but Norah didn't even glance back.

The entire office had fallen silent, the tension palpable. Everyone was stunned—no one had ever dismissed Maxine so effortlessly.

Outside, Norah flagged down a taxi and gave the driver the address of the orphanage she planned to visit. The location was remote, far from the city, down rough, unpaved roads.

When she arrived, she stepped out of the cab and was greeted by the sight of a weathered, rusty gate and an old, rundown building. The orphanage looked nothing like the modern, vibrant city of Belourvinelle it belonged to.

A woman in her forties, her hair streaked with gray, approached her. Despite her simple, patched clothes, the warmth in her smile shone through.

“Are you Ms. White?” the woman asked eagerly.

“Yes,” Norah replied, smiling back. “I’m here to do an interview.”

The woman’s face lit up. “Wonderful! Please, come in.”

She opened the creaky iron gate, revealing an even more dilapidated interior. The walls were covered with faded chalk drawings, chipped paint, and missing tiles. It was clear the orphanage had seen better days.

Inside, rows of children sat quietly on worn benches, their wide eyes filled with both curiosity and timidity.

“These are my children,” the woman introduced. “Some were abandoned, others lost their parents, and a few were born with disabilities.” Her voice softened with affection. “They’re all precious to me.”

At her encouragement, the children greeted Norah in unison, their voices high and sweet: “Hello, Ms. White!”

Norah’s heart melted at the sight of them. They were neatly groomed despite their worn, mismatched clothes. Their little faces, red from the cold, looked up at her with hope and longing.

“Actually, call me Auntie,” Norah corrected gently, feeling too old for “sister.”

“But you look so young and beautiful!” a little girl exclaimed, her compliment quickly echoed by the others.

Norah chuckled and pulled a bag of candies from her purse. “Well, I can’t argue with such sweet talkers. Here, a reward for all of you!”

The children’s faces lit up with joy as she handed out the treats. Their clapping and giggles filled the room, their excitement so pure it was contagious.

The dean smiled warmly. “Ms. White, you’re too generous.”

Norah shook her head. “It’s nothing, really. Just a small gift.”

As Norah learned more about the orphanage’s dire situation, her heart grew heavier. Fifty children lived here, crammed into three small floors. Their meals were sparse—many hadn’t tasted meat in over a month. Resources were stretched so thin that even basic necessities felt like luxuries.

While walking through the yard, she spotted a tiny girl, no more than four years old, sitting quietly under a tree. The child held her candy tightly, refusing to eat it. Curious, Norah knelt beside her.

“Why aren’t you eating your candy?” Norah asked gently.

The girl glanced down at the treat in her small hand. “I don’t want it to be gone,” she whispered. “They said it’s the best candy ever, so I’m saving it. I’ll just take a tiny lick so it lasts a long, long time.”

Norah’s throat tightened at the innocence and hardship in those words.

She stroked the girl’s hair. “One day, when you’re all grown up, you’ll have all the candy you want. You’ll be able to buy it for yourself, as much as you like.”

The girl’s eyes lit up. “Really? When I grow up, I can have lots of candy? Candy’s my favorite!”

Norah nodded. “Yes, but only if you study hard and work even harder.”

The little girl smiled shyly. “I will! And when I do, I’ll help people, just like you, Auntie!”

Norah's heart swelled. "That's a beautiful dream. Just remember to take care of yourself, too, okay?"

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of trucks pulling up outside.

"Dean, come quickly!" someone shouted. "There are trucks—lots of them!"

The dean rushed out, Norah close behind. "What trucks?"

Several large vehicles had stopped in front of the orphanage. Workers began unloading crates of supplies: food, clothing, blankets—enough to last the orphanage months.

The dean was stunned. "Ms. White, your article must have reached someone already!"

Norah frowned, confused. "But I haven't published anything yet."

The dean looked equally puzzled. "Then where did this come from?"

Norah approached one of the workers. "Who sent all this?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am," the man replied.

Feeling a sudden suspicion, Norah walked down the dirt road until she spotted a sleek black car parked discreetly behind some trees.

Her jaw tightened. She approached and knocked on the window.

The driver hesitated before rolling it down slightly. "Ms. White," he greeted nervously.

Norah leaned closer, peering into the backseat. "Kevin," she said firmly.

Kevin turned his head, his expression unreadable. "What do you want?" he asked, his voice cold.

Norah crossed her arms. "You sent the supplies, didn't you?"

"It's just charity," he replied flatly. "No need to make a big deal out of it."

She scoffed. “Charity, huh? And how did these people magically know my name? Admit it—it was you.”

Kevin looked away. “It doesn’t matter who sent them.”

“You followed me here, didn’t you?” she pressed.

He finally met her gaze, his eyes sharp and unyielding. “You think you’re the only one who knows this road?”

Norah sighed, exasperated yet oddly touched. “Why can’t you ever just say what you mean?”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 218

Chapter 218

Kevin’s tone was dismissive, but his actions spoke volumes. While the Edwards family had a long history of philanthropy, Kevin had never personally gotten involved like this. Norah pressed again, “It’s not that I’m the only one who could have come here. But I arrived first, and then you show up right after, delivering supplies? That’s too much of a coincidence. If you insist it wasn’t you, I won’t push.”

She had more pressing matters to handle and wasn’t interested in sparring with Kevin, especially since his dissatisfaction with her was palpable.

Kevin, however, didn’t like being brushed off so easily. Watching her act indifferent toward him only deepened his irritation.

Suddenly, a chorus of little voices broke the tension.

“Uncle! Uncle!”

Norah turned to see over a dozen children racing toward them, their tiny legs pumping with determination.

“Uncle!” they called again, their faces lighting up with pure gratitude. They crowded around the car window, gazing at Kevin with wide, curious eyes.

“Thank you, Uncle! You’re amazing!”

Kevin froze. He wasn't used to being surrounded, let alone by a swarm of children. The noise, their messy clothes, and the dirt-smudged faces—it was all too much. His expression darkened, his body language radiating discomfort and rejection.

Norah watched, half amused and half concerned. She was sure Kevin wouldn't appreciate this kind of attention. After all, he'd never struck her as someone who enjoyed the company of children. In fact, she couldn't recall a single instance of him being gentle with anyone's kids.

Worried the children might accidentally provoke him, Norah stepped in quickly. "Hey, you shouldn't disturb this uncle. Let's head back inside."

One boy clung to her sleeve and exclaimed, "But Sister, this uncle brought us all those supplies! We have to thank him properly!"

"Yes! Thank you, Uncle!" The group of children bowed in unison, their gratitude sincere.

Kevin's brows furrowed even more as he surveyed the scene. Then, his gaze shifted to Norah, and his voice turned cold. "They're calling you 'Sister' and me 'Uncle'? Either they call you 'Aunt,' or they start calling me 'Brother.' Pick one."

The children blinked up at him, confused. "Why?"

Kevin stepped out of the car, his tall frame casting a long shadow over the small crowd. The kids craned their necks to look up at him, their faces a mix of awe and fear.

"There's no why," he replied firmly. "You have two options: If she's your sister, I'm your brother. If I'm your uncle, then she's your aunt. Got it?"

His authoritative tone and imposing stance were too much for the little ones. One child burst into tears, and soon the rest followed, their cries echoing through the air.

"Uncle is so scary! Is Uncle a big bad wolf?" one of them wailed, clutching Norah's skirt for safety.

Kevin stiffened, completely caught off guard.

Norah crouched down, pulling the children into a comforting hug. "Okay, okay, don't cry. Uncle isn't a big bad wolf—he's a good guy! Didn't he just bring you all those supplies? You're the bravest kids ever. Crying isn't cool, right?"

The children sniffled and wiped their tears. "We're brave! We won't cry anymore!" they declared, though they still eyed Kevin warily.

Kevin coughed awkwardly and took a step closer, but the children scrambled behind Norah like startled ducklings.

“Go inside,” he said gruffly. “There’s a big bad wolf outside. Better get to safety.”

The kids took his words literally and darted back toward the orphanage.

Norah followed them, chuckling softly. Watching Kevin interact with the children was unexpectedly endearing. There was a certain vulnerability to his frustration, and she couldn’t help but smile.

Left alone, Kevin turned to his driver. “Do I really look that terrifying?”

The driver hesitated before responding, “Terrifying? Not at all, Mr. Edwards! You’re… imposing, that’s all. Very dignified!”

Kevin frowned, clearly unconvinced, and walked into the orphanage.

“The big bad wolf is here!” one child whispered dramatically, earning giggles from the others.

The dean quickly intervened. “What big bad wolf? This man is a kind-hearted benefactor! Thank him properly!”

“Thank you, Uncle!” the children chimed obediently, though the title made Kevin visibly bristle.

“Call me Brother,” he corrected, his voice low but firm.

The dean blinked, taken aback by the unusual request, while Kevin turned back to the children, his tone softening. “Didn’t you say you haven’t had meat in a while? Well, this time, you’ll get to eat plenty!”

“Brother! Brother!” they cheered, their excitement palpable.

Kevin’s expression finally relaxed. Hearing them call him “Brother” instead of “Uncle” was oddly satisfying.

Norah stood to the side, watching the scene unfold with a mixture of amusement and disbelief. Kevin, usually so composed and aloof, was now negotiating titles with a group of kids. The contrast was both ridiculous and strangely heartwarming.

As the children explored the supplies, the dean repeatedly expressed her gratitude. “Ms. White, thank you for your efforts! And Mr. Edwards, I never imagined someone of your stature would personally care about our orphanage. You’ve made an incredible difference.”

Norah nodded. “Don’t worry, Dean. I’ll report everything truthfully so that more people can see the need here. Together, we can make a bigger impact.”

As she and Kevin prepared to leave, the children and staff gathered to see them off.

Norah turned to the dean. “You’re not alone in this. There’s strength in numbers, and I’ll do my best to ensure these kids have a brighter future.”

The dean’s eyes shimmered with gratitude. “Thank you, Ms. White. And Mr. Edwards, thank you for going out of your way. On behalf of the children, I’m truly grateful.”

Kevin offered a polite nod, but his gaze lingered on Norah as they walked to the car. For once, she seemed at peace, her usual guarded demeanor replaced by genuine compassion. It was a side of her he hadn’t seen before, and it stirred something unfamiliar within him.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 219

Chapter 219

“Alright, let’s go,” Norah said, her voice light but ready to move on.

“Okay. I hope we’ll meet again next time,” the dean replied warmly.

Kevin glanced at the group of children nearby, unable to resist giving one final instruction before leaving. “Don’t forget—what do you call us again?”

“Brother! Sister!” the children chorused in unison, their manners impeccable.

Kevin smirked and added, “And if you don’t call us that, what else should you say?”

“Uncle! Aunt!” The children chimed again, clearly well-trained.

Kevin had drilled this lesson into them at least ten times by now, and it finally stuck.

Norah observed Kevin with an amused look. The children's antics seemed to entertain him, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Uncle! Aunt! May you live happily ever after!" the children shouted cheerfully.

Norah's eyes narrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Uncle said earlier that you're his wife," one of the kids explained innocently. "He said we can't mess up the family hierarchy. If we don't call you 'Brother' and 'Sister,' we have to call you 'Uncle' and 'Aunt.'"

Norah was stunned speechless.

At first, she couldn't understand what Kevin was playing at, but now it was clear.

Why on earth was he going around calling her his wife?

Before Norah could respond, the dean beamed at her. "Ms. White, I didn't expect someone as young as you to already be married. And with a husband like Mr. Edwards, who supports your career so much, I'm sure you'll have a wonderful life together."

"I..." Norah hesitated, wanting to clarify their relationship, but the dean continued, oblivious. "It's rare to meet someone like Mr. Edwards, who goes out of his way to support his wife's dreams. He even prepared so much for your visit. And he told me that if we ever need help in the future, he'll be there. I'm truly honored to know both of you."

Norah bit her lip, struggling to find the words.

The dean's heartfelt gratitude overwhelmed her. "I don't know how to thank you enough," the dean added, her tone sincere. "All I can do is wish you and Mr. Edwards a lifetime of happiness."

Faced with the dean's earnest blessings, Norah forced a polite smile, swallowing her protests.

As they walked away, she turned to Kevin. "Why did you tell them I'm your wife?"

Kevin tugged at his sleeves, a trace of satisfaction in his voice. "Because it's true."

"True?" Norah scoffed. "I left the divorce papers on your desk. In my eyes, we're already divorced."

Kevin fixed her with an unwavering stare. “Do you not respect the law?”

“What are you even talking about?” Norah asked, exasperated.

“I just find it... amusing,” Kevin replied with a faint smirk.

Norah bristled at his nonchalance. “Listen, whether you want this divorce or not, it’s already over for me. We’ve been separated for two years—that alone proves this is a loveless marriage. Let it go, Kevin. Stop clinging to something that’s already dead.”

She wanted him to understand—forcing something that wasn’t there was pointless.

Kevin said nothing, his silence a frustrating wall she couldn’t break through.

Feeling her irritation spike, Norah snapped, “Get out of the car!”

Kevin remained motionless, his expression unreadable.

The driver didn’t slow down either, treating her outburst like it hadn’t happened.

“Did you hear me? I said get out!” Norah demanded again.

Kevin finally spoke, his tone calm but cutting. “This area is remote. If you get out now, you’ll have to walk for miles. Don’t act rashly—it’s not your strong suit.”

She glanced out the window, realizing he was right. The road was desolate, and walking alone at this hour wasn’t safe.

Reluctantly, she held her tongue. Sometimes, knowing when to yield was the smart move.

The car eventually stopped in front of the TV station. Kevin glanced at the building’s sign and asked, “Your station recently mentioned wanting to interview me.”

“Really?” Norah replied, her tone indifferent.

Kevin’s dark eyes locked onto hers. “Why not you?”

Norah shook her head. “I’ve only been here for ten days. I’m not at that level yet. All I do is write pieces reflecting social issues.”

Kevin seemed to accept this for now but made no move to leave.

Before she could question him further, a familiar voice called out, "Norah!"

Turning around, she spotted Steven standing nearby.

"Steven," she greeted, surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard you'd started a new job, so I thought I'd check on you. Seems like I was worrying for nothing," Steven said warmly, his gaze flickering to Kevin. "Mr. Edwards, what a coincidence to see you here as well."

Kevin's jaw tightened, clearly irritated. "I wouldn't call it a coincidence, Mr. Lord. It seems you were here deliberately."

"You're right. I came to see Norah," Steven admitted openly. "I wanted to invite her to dinner."

Kevin's expression darkened as his gaze shifted between Norah and Steven. He pulled at his suit, his voice cold. "Perfect timing. I haven't eaten yet either. Let's all go together."

Norah didn't object, though she quickly regretted it. The meal turned into a tense standoff, with Kevin and Steven engaging in a silent battle of wills.

At one point, Kevin raised his glass of wine, his tone mocking. "Mr. Lord, if you're inviting my wife to dinner, shouldn't you also invite me? After all, I *am* her husband."

Steven smiled, unfazed. "As far as I know, you two are divorced. If there's no love left, why hold on? Everyone deserves the chance to pursue happiness."

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "Is that what you call happiness?"

Steven met his gaze steadily. "Yes, and I think I can offer that to her."

Kevin's lips curled into a smirk as he motioned to his assistant. "Bring it here."

Kian stepped forward, handing Kevin a small package wrapped meticulously.

Steven raised an eyebrow. "What's this, Mr. Edwards?"

Kevin unwrapped the package deliberately, revealing its contents with a triumphant air.

“Our marriage certificate,” he said, his tone laced with finality.

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Chapter 220

Steven was momentarily speechless.

Norah glanced at Kevin, her brow furrowed. *Why on earth would he carry their marriage certificate around with him?* She couldn’t make sense of him.

Kevin stood there, unwrapping the layers of protective covering around the certificate. Finally, the small red book emerged. Holding it up like a trophy, he turned to Steven.

“This,” he declared smugly, “is our marriage certificate, Mr. Lord. You might want to take a closer look.”

Steven’s jaw tightened as he stared at the document. In Kevin’s eyes, there was an unmistakable hint of pride—a stark contrast to the indifference Steven expected.

Why would Kevin be proud of this marriage if it was just a contract? Steven wondered. For years, Kevin had barely acknowledged Norah as his wife. Wasn’t he supposed to be eager to sever ties?

The way Kevin flaunted the certificate now told a different story. Who keeps their marriage certificate so meticulously wrapped, only to flaunt it in public?

Steven finally broke the silence, his tone calm and measured. “Mr. Edwards, it doesn’t change the fact that this marriage is bound to end.”

Kevin’s expression hardened. “Who says I want a divorce?”

Steven faltered, his brow furrowing in thought. Kevin’s tone and demeanor didn’t match someone looking for an exit.

Norah interjected, her voice firm. “I said it. I’ve been saying it all along. Even if the marriage certificate is still valid, it’s only a matter of time before it becomes a divorce certificate.”

Steven looked at Norah in quiet surprise.

Kevin, however, locked his eyes on her, his face darkening. Tightening his grip on the certificate, he snapped, “Marriage isn’t something you can discard on a whim, Norah. It’s not a game. You can’t just decide to walk away like a child playing house.”

Norah stared back, her confusion mounting. *Isn’t that exactly what he’s done—treated this marriage like a game?* For years, she had felt nothing but frustration and unhappiness in their relationship. All she wanted now was freedom, a chance to live without his control.

“I’ve made up my mind,” she said flatly, her expression resolute.

Steven, still seated, finally spoke, his tone steady and supportive. “Mr. Edwards, you should respect Norah’s wishes.”

Kevin shot him a glare, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “Respect her wishes? Sure. And let her end up with you? Don’t act like you’re innocent in this, Mr. Lord.”

“What are you implying?” Norah cut in sharply, glaring at Kevin. “Steven and I are just friends. Stop making baseless accusations!”

Kevin’s jaw clenched. “Oh, so you’re worried about his reputation now? Why don’t you ever defend mine?”

Norah stared at him, dumbfounded by his audacity. “You’re being unreasonable,” she muttered, grabbing her bag. “Enjoy your meal. I’m leaving.”

She stood and stormed toward the exit.

Steven moved to follow her, but Kevin blocked his path, his eyes cold. “Mr. Lord,” he said, his voice a low warning. “Norah and I are still husband and wife. You’re overstepping. Don’t make this harder for all of us.”

Steven paused, his expression shifting between anger and frustration. He knew pushing further would only escalate things. Reluctantly, he returned to his seat.

Kevin, however, immediately followed Norah outside.

Norah stepped out of the restaurant and onto the street, intending to hail a cab. But there were none in sight, and her ride-share app informed her it would be at least 30 minutes before a car arrived.

Behind her, Kevin's voice rang out. "Get in the car. I'll drive you home."

Without turning, she called back, "No, thanks!"

Kevin sighed, his patience clearly wearing thin. "It's a twenty-minute drive, Norah. Or you can walk for an hour. Your choice."

"I'll wait for a taxi," she replied curtly.

"Good luck with that," Kevin retorted. "This area is packed. You'll be waiting all night."

She quickened her pace, determined to ignore him.

Kevin leaned on the car horn, causing several pedestrians to glance in their direction. He honked again, louder this time.

"If you don't get in, I'll just keep honking," he warned.

Annoyed and embarrassed, Norah finally spun around and glared at him. *This man has no shame.* Begrudgingly, she climbed into the passenger seat, slamming the door shut.

When the car pulled up to her apartment building, Norah stepped out without a word and headed toward the entrance. But Kevin wasn't far behind.

She stopped and turned to face him, her voice tense. "Thank you for driving me home. You can leave now."

Kevin ignored her and gestured toward the building. "Aren't you going inside?"

With an exasperated sigh, Norah walked toward the elevator, Kevin following closely behind.

"I've never seen where you live," he said casually. "Can't I take a quick look?"

Norah said nothing, hoping he would lose interest once he saw her modest apartment.

Her apartment was small—a one-bedroom unit with just enough space for the essentials. But it was clean and cozy, with modern furnishings. Compared to the lavish lifestyle Kevin was used to, it was practically Spartan.

“This is where I live,” she said, standing at the doorway. “As you can see, it’s simple but functional. You’ve seen it. Now you can go.”

Kevin glanced around, his expression unreadable. “You’re right. It’s small,” he remarked. Then, to her dismay, he stepped inside.