

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 221

Chapter 221

Kevin scanned the room with a faint frown. The apartment was small—so small it could fit into their bedroom with space to spare. Yet, it bore unmistakable traces of her personality. Clean, cozy, and unmistakably Norah.

At the entrance, a pair of fluffy bunny-patterned slippers caught his attention. His eyes softened, glancing toward her with a mixture of surprise and amusement.

Embarrassed, Norah snatched the slippers away. “Have you seen enough?” she asked, her voice tight.

Kevin settled onto the compact sofa and looked around. “Are you comfortable living here?” His tone was measured, but his gaze probed deeper than his question.

“It’s fine,” she replied curtly, standing stiffly by the door.

“This place is tiny,” he remarked. “And it doesn’t even have all the amenities of our house. How could you possibly prefer it here? Why not just come home? We have space, comfort, and people to help you.”

Norah’s patience thinned. “Kevin, I didn’t move out to start a fight or sulk. I left because I’m done. This is my life now. You’ve seen it, so please leave. I have work in the morning.”

Kevin leaned back, crossing his legs as his gaze locked on hers. “We’re married, Norah. It’s not unusual for me to be here. If anything, people should know you’re my wife.”

Her irritation flared. “What do you want from me? To sit here and argue all night?”

He arched an eyebrow. “I already told you, we can separate after two years. But this...” he gestured around, “...isn’t separation. It’s running away. Maybe you just need time to remember what it’s like to live with your husband again.”

“Kevin!” she snapped. “This apartment is tiny. The bed barely fits me, let alone you. Leave. Now.”

He rose abruptly, walking toward the bedroom. “I’ll manage.”

Her heart sank as she hurried after him. The room was small, feminine, and unapologetically hers. The pink curtains, plush bunny pillows, and cozy bedspread—all of it seemed like a world Kevin didn't belong in. Yet here he was, inspecting it like he owned the place.

"Kevin!" she protested, standing in the doorway. "Get out of my room!"

"Come home with me, and I will," he said casually, running his hand over the curtain fabric.

"That's not happening," she said firmly.

"Then I'm staying," he replied, pulling out his phone. Moments later, his assistant, Kian, appeared at the door with a suitcase.

"Mr. Edwards, your belongings," Kian announced, stepping inside.

Norah's eyes widened in disbelief. "You planned this?" she accused, half angry, half incredulous.

Kevin shrugged, unbothered. "Where should Kian put my clothes?"

Kian stood patiently, waiting for instructions. Norah buried her face in her hands, exasperated. "You can't stay here. It's inappropriate."

Kevin glanced around, opened her small wardrobe, and pointed. "There's space here. I'll make do."

"Kian," he called. "Hang everything up."

"Yes, sir."

As Kian efficiently unpacked, Norah felt her resolve waver. Kevin's presence was suffocating, yet beneath her frustration was a flicker of something she couldn't quite place.

Once everything was settled, Kevin turned to her. "You didn't eat dinner earlier. Are you hungry? I can make something."

Norah crossed her arms. "I'm not hungry."

“Even if you’re not, the baby might be,” he said, his voice softening. His gaze briefly flicked to her stomach.

Caught off guard, Norah instinctively placed a hand on her belly. “I’ll handle it myself. There’s nothing here for you to cook anyway.”

Kevin ignored her, rolling up his sleeves. Moments later, Kian reappeared with groceries.

Standing in the doorway, Norah watched in disbelief as Kevin unpacked the bags, revealing fresh vegetables and a chicken. She fought the urge to intervene, silently hoping he’d give up once he realized how unprepared he was.

Instead, he turned on a cooking tutorial on his phone and got to work. It was an oddly endearing sight—his tall frame hunched over the tiny stove, carefully following the video’s instructions.

She hesitated, watching as he clumsily lifted a boiling pot lid with his bare hands. He flinched but set it down gently, pretending not to notice the redness spreading across his fingers.

Her chest tightened. The video title read: *Pregnancy-Friendly Meals*.

Why did he always do this? Just when she thought she’d built enough walls around her heart, he found a way to tear them down.

Kevin continued cooking, unaware of her lingering gaze. Norah bit her lip, torn between frustration and something far more complicated. Her heart was soft, too soft, and no matter how hard she tried to harden it, Kevin had a way of making it ache all over again.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 222

Chapter 222

Norah turned on her heel, ignoring Kevin’s presence. But before she could leave the room, his voice stopped her in her tracks.

“It’ll be ready in ten minutes. Are you that hungry already?” Kevin said, glancing over his shoulder at her.

Norah folded her arms, her tone sharp and unwavering. “I don’t care about your soup. I just want to know when you’re leaving.”

Kevin sighed, turning his attention back to the stove. "Ten minutes."

Despite her resolve, Norah found herself sitting at the table when Kevin placed the bowl of steaming chicken soup in front of her. He wiped his hands with a towel, his expression calm but determined.

"Come on, give it a try," he urged, lifting the lid to reveal the rich aroma of the carefully prepared dish.

Norah hesitated. The recipe was clearly tailored for pregnant women, but the sight of Kevin's earnest effort only deepened her confusion. "You're acting like you've accepted this child," she said, her tone edged with disbelief.

Kevin's face darkened for a moment, his hand pausing mid-motion. He carefully served her a portion and slid the bowl across the table. "Eat," he said quietly, avoiding her eyes.

But Norah didn't lift her spoon. Her voice was calm but cutting. "You, of all people, boiling chicken soup for me? The same person who wanted me to get rid of this baby? How am I supposed to trust this?"

Kevin's jaw tightened. "You think I'd hurt you? Or the child?"

"Should I?" she shot back, her gaze unwavering. "You've done worse to others. Don't think I don't know about the pills you bought for Bianca."

Kevin's expression hardened as the tension in the room thickened. "Bianca has nothing to do with this," he snapped, his voice low but cold.

"Doesn't she?" Norah's laugh was bitter. "Kevin, you wanted her, and I gave you the freedom to be with her. What more do you want from me?"

Kevin reached into his pocket and threw two airline tickets onto the table, his voice sharp with frustration. "Freedom? You call this freedom? Booking tickets for me and Bianca was your idea of fulfilling your duty as a wife?"

Norah glanced at the torn tickets but remained calm. "You didn't go, did you?"

"No, I didn't," Kevin snapped, tearing the tickets into smaller pieces and letting them scatter across the table. "Because you're a coward, Norah. You weren't fulfilling me; you were running away. That's all you ever do—run."

She clenched her fists, her voice trembling with suppressed emotion. “You think I’m running away? Look around, Kevin. Look at this tiny apartment, this life I’ve built without you. Does this look like the life of someone who’s running?”

Kevin leaned forward, his voice cutting like a blade. “And where’s the father of your precious child? He hasn’t come for you, has he?”

Norah turned her head away, refusing to answer.

“I knew it,” Kevin continued, his anger simmering just below the surface. “He doesn’t care about you, Norah. But you’re so desperate to keep his child that you’ll sacrifice everything, even yourself.”

“You don’t get to dictate my life anymore,” she said firmly, her voice laced with exhaustion.

Kevin slammed his hand on the table, his tone dropping to a dangerous calm. “You are my wife, Norah. You can’t make these decisions without me.”

“I’ve already made my decision,” she said, her voice as cold as his. “I’m keeping this child, Kevin. Whether you like it or not.”

Kevin’s eyes narrowed, his face hardening. “Don’t push me, Norah. You won’t like what I’m capable of.”

Her breath hitched, but she refused to back down. Tears welled in her eyes, but she lifted her chin defiantly. “This baby is a part of me. You’ll never understand that, Kevin. It’s not just a child; it’s my hope, my future. You can try to take everything from me, but you will *not* take this baby.”

Kevin’s hardened expression faltered for a moment, replaced by a flicker of something softer. He called her name, his tone gentler now. “Norah...”

But she wouldn’t let him see her cry. Turning her head to the ceiling to hold back her tears, she whispered, “For you, this baby may mean nothing, but to me, it means everything. I’ve endured enough, Kevin. Let me have this one thing.”

For a brief second, silence filled the room, the weight of unspoken emotions pressing down on them. But even as Kevin softened, Norah knew it wasn’t over. She had drawn her line in the sand, but Kevin was a man who didn’t know how to back down.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 223

Chapter 223

Norah stormed into her room, slamming the door shut and cutting off the noise of the world outside.

In the now-silent living room, Kevin sat frozen in his chair, his jaw clenched, and his thoughts a chaotic storm.

Why was she so determined to keep this child? What was it about that man she couldn't let go of?

The man didn't even know she was pregnant, didn't care that she lived in a cramped apartment, and had never once bothered to check on her.

A bitter frustration swelled within Kevin. No matter what he did, Norah was never satisfied. He had painstakingly prepared chicken soup for her, burning his hands in the process, and she wouldn't take a sip—thinking it was poisoned. He glanced down at his scalded fingers, the sting a reminder of his misplaced effort.

Was he a fool, groveling for a woman who didn't care?

Kevin's face darkened as his anger surged. Rising abruptly, he strode to the door.

Kian, who had been waiting outside, was startled to see him. Confused, he asked, "Mr. Edwards, aren't you staying to talk to Mrs. Edwards?"

Kevin scoffed, his voice cold and clipped. "What's the point? Am I supposed to beg her for more insults?" With that, he stormed off.

Kian trailed behind, puzzled. Things had seemed harmonious earlier—what could've gone so wrong in such a short time?

Inside the car, Kevin slammed the door shut, yanked at his tie, and unbuttoned the top of his shirt in frustration. He lit a cigarette, the smoke curling around him as he tried to settle his turbulent emotions.

Then his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen, took another drag, and answered gruffly, "What?"

"Kevin! Where are you?" Esteban's familiar voice came through, tinged with amusement. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"I'm not home," Kevin replied flatly.

"Obviously," Esteban chuckled. "Let me guess—your wife's got you worked up again?"

Kevin said nothing, taking another deep drag of his cigarette.

Esteban, ever the joker, continued, "Man, you're a master at everything, but you can't seem to figure out one woman. What gives?"

"If you don't have anything useful to say, I'm hanging up," Kevin retorted sharply.

"Alright, alright, relax!" Esteban laughed before turning serious. "Kevin, I know Norah left you before. Back then, you acted like you didn't care, but I saw through you. Why are you still pretending?"

Kevin exhaled slowly, the smoke dissipating in the dim light. "It doesn't matter. She doesn't appreciate it anyway."

Esteban paused, then quipped, "Maybe that's because you're always running to Bianca. Kevin, you've put more effort into her than you ever have with Norah."

"Don't start with that nonsense," Kevin snapped. His tone turned icy. "You know Bianca means nothing to me."

"Yeah, / know that. But does Norah?" Esteban countered. "You think she wants to live like this? She probably doesn't feel safe with you, man."

"She doesn't love me," Kevin shot back bitterly. "She loves some loser who doesn't even care she exists."

Esteban sighed. "Or maybe she's just tired of feeling like an afterthought."

The line went quiet for a moment. Kevin stared out the window, his jaw tightening.

Esteban added one final thought. "You've been married for seven years, Kevin. She stuck around for a reason. But if you keep pushing her away, don't expect her to stay much longer."

Kevin hung up without a word, tossing the cigarette out the window.

Looking up, his eyes landed on Norah's apartment. Her lights were still on. She had been crying when he last saw her, and the thought made his chest tighten.

Before he could stop himself, Kevin stepped out of the car.

Kian, who had been waiting nervously, blurted out, “Mr. Edwards, you’re going back to see Mrs.? That’s good! Maybe if you apologize—”

But Kevin was already halfway to the door.

Inside the apartment, everything was eerily quiet. Norah hadn’t come out of her room, and the chicken soup on the table had long gone cold. Kevin took it to the kitchen and began reheating it, determined to make her drink it later.

He wouldn’t drug her. That wasn’t who he was.

Once the soup was on the stove, Kevin made his way to Norah’s room. The door creaked open as he peered inside.

She was asleep, curled up on the bed. Tear stains marked her cheeks, her nose slightly red from crying. Even in her sleep, she looked fragile, her small frame trembling slightly with each soft sob.

Kevin’s heart ached.

He stepped closer, gently adjusting her blanket so she wouldn’t catch a chill.

As he brushed a stray lock of hair from her face, she stirred slightly, murmuring in her sleep, “Kevin...”

He leaned in, his breath hitching, waiting to hear her next words.

“You bastard,” she muttered weakly.

Kevin froze, staring at her. For a moment, he didn’t know whether to laugh or be angry.

Instead, he sighed. What could he do? He couldn’t bring himself to be mad at her—not when she looked so vulnerable.

His fingers gently wiped away the remaining tears from her lashes as he whispered, “Norah...”

Leaning down, he pressed a soft kiss to her forehead, his voice low and hoarse. "I'll find a way to fix this... for us."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 224

Chapter 224

When Norah woke up, the room was empty.

Her eyes felt damp, and she instinctively wiped them, recalling the argument she had with Kevin last night. She glanced at the other side of the bed—untouched. It was clear Kevin hadn't slept there.

She got up and headed straight to the closet, rifling through his things. His clothes were still there, a silent reminder that he wasn't done with her yet. The thought made her heart sink again.

After a quick shower, she got dressed and prepared for work.

At the TV station, the atmosphere was tense. The moment Norah stepped inside, she heard Maxine's voice booming across the room:

"Don't block my way! Do you think your life is more important than mine?"

Maxine was a live wire today, her temper flaring at anyone who crossed her path.

"Maxine, what's your problem?" one of their colleagues finally spoke up. "We all have bad days, but that doesn't mean you can take it out on everyone else."

Maxine shot back without missing a beat, her eyes blazing. "Problem? My problem is that I'm trying to do an important interview while everyone else is just standing around wasting time! Do you think you can do my job? I'm carrying this station on my back, and I don't have time for your nonsense!"

The colleague sighed in frustration. "It's not like you've even secured the interview with Kevin yet. You're acting like the queen of the station for no reason."

Maxine's face darkened. "Just because it's not finalized doesn't mean I won't get it. Unlike you, I have the skills to make it happen. Maybe focus on your own job instead of worrying about mine."

Their exchange had drawn the attention of everyone nearby. Most of the staff avoided getting involved—no one wanted to be on Maxine's bad side.

Norah had just walked in and was observing the scene from the sidelines. Though she usually steered clear of confrontations, it was hard not to feel the tension in the air.

The editor-in-chief, Quinn, arrived just in time to break it up. She looked at the two women with a stern expression. "What's going on here? If you're not working, do you even want to stay employed?"

Maxine immediately switched to a more defensive tone. "Editor-in-chief, I've been running around all day trying to secure Kevin Edwards for an interview. Meanwhile, some people here are more interested in mocking my efforts than actually doing their jobs."

Quinn sighed. She knew Maxine's competitive streak well. While Maxine's drive could be exhausting, her results usually justified her behavior.

"Colt," Quinn addressed the other colleague, "if you're not finished with your tasks, I suggest you get back to work instead of stirring up drama."

"Yes, editor-in-chief," Colt muttered, clearly upset but unwilling to argue further.

Maxine smirked triumphantly, her confidence visibly restored.

Quinn turned back to Maxine and said firmly, "Maxine, you've been putting in a lot of effort lately, but I expect results. Make sure you land that interview."

"Don't worry, I will," Maxine replied confidently, already planning her next move.

Quinn's gaze shifted to Norah, who had been quietly watching from the side. "Norah, how's your assignment coming along?"

Norah straightened. "The article is ready to go. I'll send it out today."

"Good," Quinn nodded. "Even if it's a small story, make sure you give it your best effort."

"Understood," Norah replied.

After Quinn left, Maxine's attention immediately turned to Norah. Her tone softened, but the smugness lingered. "Norah, have you thought about what I mentioned yesterday?"

“I already gave you my answer,” Norah said without looking up from her work.

Maxine clenched her teeth, clearly trying to hold back her frustration. She prided herself on her ability to intimidate others, but Norah wasn’t budging.

Still, Maxine wasn’t ready to give up. “Look, if you help me with this interview, I’ll make sure we share the credit. Think about it—if you work with me, you won’t have to stay stuck writing small stories. I could help you move up. In a year, you could be where I am now.”

Norah finally looked up, a faint smile on her lips. “And how does it make sense for me to help you with an interview you claim you’ve already secured? Shouldn’t you be proving your strength on your own?”

Maxine’s patience snapped. “Don’t act like you’re better than me. I worked hard to get this project—it wasn’t handed to me.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night,” Norah replied, gathering her papers. “But I’m not joining your little crusade. Unlike some people, I don’t need to rely on flattery to get ahead.”

With that, Norah walked over to Emani, who was sitting nearby. “Emani, come with me. We have a project to finish.”

“Oh, okay,” Emani said, quickly closing her laptop and following Norah out of the office.

Maxine’s face turned red with anger. She watched them leave, seething.

One of Maxine’s assistants leaned in and whispered, “You can’t let her get away with that. She’s making you look bad in front of everyone.”

Maxine narrowed her eyes. “Don’t worry. She’ll regret crossing me. When the time comes, she’ll have no choice but to beg for my help.”

In the car, Emani couldn’t hide her admiration. “Ms. White, I can’t believe you stood up to Maxine like that. Everyone else in the office is terrified of her.”

Norah glanced at her and said calmly, “I wasn’t trying to pick a fight. I just don’t see the point in pretending.”

“But Maxine’s not going to let this go. She’ll definitely try to make your life difficult,” Emani warned.

Norah's expression didn't waver. "No one stays on top forever. Maxine may seem untouchable now, but her attitude is making enemies everywhere. When she falls, no one will be there to catch her."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 225

Chapter 225

"Sister Maxine, who is this Norah, anyway? She actually had the nerve to argue with you—it's unbelievable. If she refuses to give you respect, won't the whole office just laugh at you? You've got to put her in her place!" Maxine's devoted follower fanned the flames of discord.

Maxine's eyes darkened with determination. "I'm not letting her off the hook. She'll fall in line, and when she does, she'll come crawling back to me, begging for mercy."

Meanwhile, Norah had taken one of the company cars out for an assignment.

Emani, riding along, couldn't contain her astonishment. "Ms. White, you really went head-to-head with Maxine? Are you out of your mind? Everyone here, except the editor-in-chief, bends over backward to stay on her good side."

Norah kept her eyes on the road, unfazed. "I wasn't trying to stir things up. I just spoke the truth. I don't want trouble with anyone."

"But now you've got it," Emani warned. "Maxine doesn't take insults lightly. She'll target you for sure."

Norah shrugged. "Nobody stays on top forever. Sure, she's in her prime now, but she's burning bridges left and right. When she falls, and she will, everyone will rush to stomp her into the ground."

Emani hesitated, then asked, "Are we heading straight to the orphanage now?"

"That's the plan," Norah replied. "The editor-in-chief wants us to visit. We'll buy some supplies and get reimbursed later. It's part of a public outreach initiative."

"You think they're planning something bigger?" Emani asked, curiosity piqued.

"Probably. My guess is they want to feature the orphanage in a station program—maybe even a variety show or a special segment. Publicity like that could boost ratings and leave a lasting impression."

After a moment of silence, Emani asked, “Did the editor-in-chief say that?”

“Not directly,” Norah admitted. “It’s just a hunch based on how many questions they asked. But I could be wrong.”

The drive to the orphanage took about 20 minutes. As they arrived, a troubling sound greeted them: the sound of children crying.

Norah’s heart sank as she took in the scene. The orphanage’s gate hung awkwardly from its hinges, rusted and half-detached. The place looked as though it had been ransacked.

Emani gasped. “This place looks like it’s been stuck in the past twenty years—or worse.”

Without a word, Norah got out of the car and hurried inside. The hall was in chaos. Children were huddled together, clinging to one another for comfort. The dean, visibly shaken, was trying her best to console them.

“Don’t worry, my darlings,” the dean said, her voice trembling but resolute. “I’ll protect you. No one will hurt you while I’m here.”

Her coat, patched and worn from years of use, was torn. Her hair was disheveled, and bruises marred her hands.

“Dean,” Norah called out as she approached. “What happened here?”

The children ran to Norah, crying, “Auntie, the bad people hurt the dean and the teachers! They even took our food!”

Norah’s jaw tightened as she surveyed the wreckage. Supplies scattered, broken furniture, and the terrified children clinging to her told the story all too clearly.

“Ms. White, you’re here.” The dean greeted her with a strained smile, though a hint of guilt flickered in her eyes.

“Are the kids okay?” Norah asked urgently.

The dean nodded. “They’re fine, but one of the teachers was hurt.”

“Did you call the police?” Norah pressed.

The dean's face went pale, and she shook her head vehemently. "No, we can't. They threatened us—said they'd hurt the children if we called the police!"

"Unbelievable," Emani muttered. "They're monsters. Who could do something like this to children?"

The dean's voice broke as she explained, "They said we were stepping on someone's turf. They warned us not to let you come here anymore, Ms. White. They said if you do, they'll make us suffer."

Norah's stomach churned with anger and guilt. "This is my fault," she said. "I didn't think they'd stoop this low."

"No, Ms. White," the dean said firmly. "Thanks to you, the children got to eat meat for the first time in ages. But it seems you've upset someone powerful, and now they're trying to punish you through us."

Emani cut in, her face red with fury. "It has to be Maxine! She's using this to force you into helping her with that project!"

Norah's expression hardened. "Dean, I promise I'll handle this. I'll make sure the children can live safely and eat well again."

The dean's eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank you, Ms. White. You've done so much already."

Norah knelt down to hug the children. "Don't worry," she said softly. "Auntie will make things right."

As they drove away, Emani turned to Norah. "So, what's the plan? If the orphanage is dragged into this, you'll never finish the project. The editor-in-chief will tear into you, and your career will be over."

Norah's eyes narrowed. "Call Maxine. Tell her I want to meet."

At the café, Maxine strutted in, arriving deliberately late. She smirked as she spotted Norah waiting for her.

"Well, well," Maxine drawled, taking a seat and lighting a cigarette. "What's so urgent that you called me?"

Norah kept her composure despite the irritating smell of smoke. “Was it your doing? The orphanage?”

Maxine feigned innocence. “What are you talking about? I don’t involve myself with your little charity projects.”

Norah’s voice turned cold. “Who else could it be? You’re desperate to pin your failures on someone else.”

Maxine’s smile vanished. She leaned forward, her tone sharp. “Watch your mouth, Norah. You’re the one who needs me right now.”

Norah met her gaze, unflinching. “Let me remind you of something, Maxine. I’m not just anyone. I’m Kevin’s wife. So, by messing with me, you’ve also picked a fight with him. Are you sure that’s a fight you want?”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 226

Chapter 226

“Fanciful as it sounds, I don’t believe a word of it,” Maxine scoffed.

Norah, still technically married to Kevin, thought to herself, *I am his wife in name, at least for now*. Sharing this truth with Maxine might be her easiest way forward, even if Maxine didn’t believe it.

Maxine smirked. “If I help you, will you promise to stay out of the orphanage’s affairs?”

After a long moment of consideration, Norah realized that the best way to minimize her losses was to cooperate this once. What happened after that would depend on Maxine’s ability to negotiate.

Maxine’s mocking tone cut through Norah’s thoughts. “Stop pretending, Norah. Just set up the meeting.”

For Maxine, getting Kevin to agree was a straightforward task. She brushed aside Norah’s hesitation. “Don’t overthink it—it’s business. If this works out, it benefits both sides. Plus, the orphanage will be better off. If it doesn’t, it’s not my problem.”

Norah’s tone remained steady. “Fine. I’ll help you get the meeting.”

Maxine raised an eyebrow, her smirk widening. “You’ve been married to Kevin for years. Surely you can find an excuse to get him to meet. Prove your worth, Norah. If you can’t manage this, forget about making waves at the TV station. You’ll stagnate there forever.”

Her words dripped with condescension, her demeanor exuding the arrogance of a victor. Leaning closer, she added, “Consider this a life lesson. It might sting, but it’s the truth.”

Norah didn’t flinch. “I don’t need lessons from you,” she replied calmly.

Maxine chuckled. “I’ll be waiting for your good news.”

With that, she left, confident that Norah would fall in line. Completing this task would secure Maxine the editor-in-chief role she had long coveted—a culmination of her years of relentless ambition.

After Maxine left, Norah stayed behind, sipping her coffee and scrolling through her phone. She paused at Kevin’s WhatsApp chat, her finger hovering over the screen. She hadn’t messaged him yet. *Do I really want to do this?* she wondered.

Emani, who had kept quiet during Maxine’s confrontation, finally let out her frustration. “I told you she’d stoop to any low to get what she wants! Did you really agree to help her, Norah? I get that you might need to reach out to Kevin, but why should I have to endure her nonsense?”

Norah’s reply was cool and measured. “She won’t get the chance.”

Emani frowned. “What do you mean? Are you saying you can’t arrange the meeting, or that Kevin won’t agree? Either way, isn’t it still going to blow back on you?”

“If I reach out, Kevin won’t agree,” Norah said, her voice calm but firm. “And once I’ve done my part, she won’t have any leverage to use against me.”

Kevin despised being manipulated, and Norah knew it. Maxine’s overconfidence would likely backfire. Still, Norah had to be strategic.

Emani sighed. “It’s so unfair. Maxine’s so resourceful—why doesn’t she just find someone else to handle Kevin? Why put all this on you?”

“She wants to make an example out of me,” Norah replied. “She wants everyone in the department to know that no one can defy her.”

Emani hesitated, then asked, “Norah, earlier you said you were Kevin’s wife. Is that...true?”

Norah paused, shutting off her phone. “It’s true, but not for much longer.”

“Let’s go. We need to get back to work,” she added, cutting off further questions.

Emani, stunned, grabbed her things and followed. She still couldn’t fully grasp what Norah meant—it felt like a yes and no at the same time. Norah’s abruptness left no room for clarification.

When they returned to the office, Maxine and her clique were already celebrating.

“Sister Maxine, you really nailed it this time!” one of her cronies gushed. “You’re amazing!”

“When’s the meeting with Kevin?” another asked excitedly. “I’d love to tag along—I’ve never been around someone so high-profile before!”

Maxine, basking in their admiration, snorted arrogantly. “It’ll happen in the next couple of days. I’ll bring both of you along so you can observe how I handle things. Watch and learn!”

Her words oozed pride. She wasn’t just showing off; she wanted to cement her dominance. “Kevin isn’t like anyone else. He’s a powerhouse in the capital. Securing an interview with him is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.”

“Sister Maxine, you’re incredible!”

Even other colleagues joined the bandwagon, eager to stay in her good graces. “Maxine, if you pull this off, you owe us all a celebratory dinner!”

Maxine laughed, basking in their flattery. “Don’t worry, I’ll remember everyone who supports me.”

“Can’t wait to see you lead us into the future!”

Their enthusiasm was nauseating, and Emani’s face turned green with frustration. She muttered to Norah, “This is unbearable.”

Norah, unbothered, overheard Maxine’s thinly veiled jab. “Unlike some people who make empty promises and embarrass everyone, I always deliver.”

One colleague played along. “Who embarrassed you, Maxine?”

Maxine glanced at Norah, her smirk sharp. “No one worth mentioning. I’m generous like that.”

As she passed Norah’s desk, she whispered, “Don’t forget—set up that meeting with Kevin in the next two days.”

Norah didn’t respond. She simply opened WhatsApp and typed a message to Kevin.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 227

Chapter 227

[There is time at noon.] Norah directly gave Kevin an address.

She followed up with a brief message to Maxine: **[Twelve o’clock sharp.]**

When Maxine received Norah’s reply, a sly smile crept across her face. She had already planned her next move.

Meanwhile, Kevin was in a surprisingly good mood.

For the first time, Norah had reached out to meet him.

He couldn’t help but wonder: *Has she come to her senses?*

Perhaps she didn’t really want a divorce after all. Maybe she’d realized life without him wasn’t so great.

Kevin leaned back, mulling over his options. Should he be cold and distant to make her regret everything? Or should he let her know how lucky she was to have him? After all, no one else would treat her as well as he did.

His thoughts were interrupted by Kian, his assistant, who knocked and entered. “Mr. Edwards, there’s a shareholders’ meeting scheduled for this afternoon.”

“Reschedule it,” Kevin said decisively. “I have somewhere to be at noon.”

Kian raised a brow, surprised. “Where are you headed?”

“Norah asked me to meet her.”

Kian paused for a moment, then grinned. “Reconciliation, huh? Congratulations, Mr. Edwards!”

Kevin’s expression darkened slightly. “Don’t get ahead of yourself. I didn’t say I’d forgive her.”

But Kian knew better. Kevin might play hard to get, but the truth was clear: he was thrilled Norah had reached out.

“Shall I prepare the car?” Kian asked.

“Do it now,” Kevin replied, adjusting his tie. He added thoughtfully, “And about what I’ll say to her—should I approach it differently this time?”

Kian hesitated but finally said, “If I may, sir, perhaps avoid mentioning... *that topic*. It’s still too raw for her. Take it slow. Earn her trust, and she’ll come around in time.”

Kevin frowned. “Are you saying Norah doesn’t trust me?”

“Well,” Kian began carefully, “you’ve been married in secret, sir. That alone can make someone feel insecure. Then there’s the situation with Bianca—”

“There’s *nothing* between Bianca and me,” Kevin interrupted, visibly irritated.

“I know that, but Madame doesn’t. You’ve never told her the full story, and on top of that, you kept the marriage hidden. It’s not about the truth—it’s about how she *feels*.”

Kevin leaned back, his frustration evident. He had done everything to provide for Norah, from financial security to thoughtful gestures. What more could she want?

Kian added gently, “Sir, she’s your wife, not just someone in your life. Show her that she’s not an outsider.”

Kevin sighed, waved him off, and said, “Get the car ready. We’re leaving.”

At the hotel, Norah waited in her car, her gaze fixed on the entrance.

Maxine appeared shortly after, knocking on the window. “This is the place?”

Norah nodded. “Kevin will be here at twelve. The private room is ready.”

“Perfect,” Maxine said, flashing a smug smile. “Don’t worry, Norah. Once I’m promoted to editor-in-chief, you won’t be stuck typing away forever. I’ll make sure of it.”

Norah gave her a tight smile. “Go on in.” She handed Maxine the room number and watched as she walked confidently toward the entrance.

Moments later, Norah’s phone buzzed. She checked her messages, and a small smile appeared on her lips. The orphanage issue had been resolved.

Without wasting another moment, she slipped away, heading in the direction of the orphanage.

Twenty minutes later, Kevin’s car pulled up in front of the hotel.

He checked his reflection in the mirror, adjusted his suit, and straightened his tie before stepping out. Alone, he strode into the hotel, heading toward the private room Norah had indicated.

When he opened the door, his gaze immediately scanned the room—but Norah wasn’t there.

Instead, Maxine sat poised at the table, a self-satisfied smile on her face.

Kevin’s demeanor turned cold, his expression darkening. “Where’s Norah?”

“She stepped out to the bathroom,” Maxine replied smoothly. “She’ll be back soon.”

Kevin narrowed his eyes, suspicious but unwilling to leave just yet. He reluctantly sat down, keeping his distance from her.

Maxine seized the moment, pouring a glass of wine and sliding it toward him. “Mr. Edwards, let’s have a drink while we wait. It’s not every day I get to share a table with you.”

Kevin ignored the glass, his voice icy. “I’m here for Norah.”

Maxine laughed lightly, trying to play it off. “Of course. But we can still enjoy ourselves, can’t we? Norah and I are friends, after all. She thought it’d be nice for us to meet.”

Kevin’s fingers rested on the wine glass, but his piercing gaze remained fixed on her. “Did Norah ask you to drink with me?”

Caught off guard, Maxine hesitated before answering, “Well, not exactly. But she trusts me to—”

“Drink it yourself,” Kevin interrupted curtly, sliding the glass back toward her.

Maxine’s confidence faltered, but she quickly recovered, lifting the glass with a forced smile. “To sincerity!” she said, downing the wine in one gulp.

Kevin’s face grew colder. “Why isn’t Norah here yet?”

Maxine leaned in closer, emboldened by the alcohol. “Mr. Edwards, let’s forget about Norah for a moment. She can’t make you happy like I can.” Her tone turned flirtatious, her words dripping with suggestion.

With a sharp *crash*, Kevin’s wine glass shattered against the floor, cutting off her advances instantly.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 228

Chapter 228

Maxine froze, startled by the sound of the shattered wine glass. “Mr. Edwards!” she stammered.

Kevin’s icy glare pierced through her. “I’ll ask you one last time: where is Norah?”

Maxine glanced nervously at the broken glass on the floor, then back at Kevin’s furious expression. Any hint of boldness drained from her as the wine’s haze evaporated.

“Norah’s not here,” she admitted in a trembling voice. “It’s just me and you, Mr. Edwards.”

Kevin’s eyes darkened, and his voice turned colder. “So, the message she sent... You set this up?”

“Yes,” Maxine confessed hesitantly, still not comprehending the depth of Kevin’s wrath. “Norah works under the Edwards family name. I needed to meet with you, and she helped me. Isn’t that fair? She and I—”

“Enough! Get out!” Kevin roared, his voice reverberating through the room like thunder.

Maxine's face went pale as she stammered, "Mr. Edwards, please, listen! Norah and I are colleagues. Can't you let this slide, just this once?"

With a deafening crash, Kevin flipped the table, silencing her completely. The room was a mess, strewn with broken glass, spilled wine, and the remnants of an ill-conceived plan.

Maxine's legs trembled as she stared at Kevin, now radiating pure fury. She hadn't anticipated just how intense and volatile his anger could be.

Without another word, Kevin stormed out of the room. Kian, his assistant, stood waiting near the car and was immediately alarmed by Kevin's dark expression. Without asking questions, he opened the car door and hurriedly stepped aside.

"Find Norah. Now!" Kevin barked as he climbed in, pulling at his tie in frustration.

Kian scrambled to make a call, quickly gathering information. "Mr. Edwards, Madame is headed to the orphanage."

Kevin's expression hardened. "To the orphanage," he commanded.

....

At the orphanage, Norah had already arrived. Several cars were parked out front, signaling an active day. As she stepped out of her car, she spotted a tall, familiar figure in a sharp suit.

"Lincoln!" she called out with a friendly smile.

Lincoln turned and greeted her warmly. "Norah! It's been too long." He walked over to shake her hand enthusiastically.

Lincoln, an old classmate, had always been an affable and dependable presence. Back in school, he'd been a standout basketball player, and now, he was a successful businessman, running a company that was nearing public listing. They had crossed paths professionally a few times, which led to exchanging WhatsApp contacts.

Recently, Norah had reached out to him after noticing his efforts in promoting agricultural products and engaging in philanthropy. She'd explained the plight of the orphanage, and Lincoln had readily agreed to help.

Norah smiled graciously. "Thank you so much for this. You didn't hesitate for even a moment, and I really appreciate it."

“You’re helping me as much as I’m helping you,” Lincoln replied cheerfully. “Don’t worry. Leave this to me. These kids deserve better lives.”

They walked inside together, greeted immediately by the joyful shouts of children.

“Auntie!” a chorus of voices rang out as the children ran toward Norah.

“Auntie, we have meat to eat again!”

“Auntie, look! I still have my hairpin!”

The kids clamored around her, each eager to share their delight. Their innocence was heartwarming and their happiness contagious.

Norah crouched down, smiling warmly. “I see! From now on, you’ll all have plenty of food, and no one here will ever go hungry again!”

“Thank you, Auntie!” the children cheered.

Norah gestured to Lincoln and said, “You should be thanking this kind uncle. He’s the one helping you.”

“Thank you, Uncle!” they chimed in unison.

Lincoln smiled, his hand ruffling the nearest child’s hair.

The orphanage director passed by briefly, offering Norah a polite greeting before returning to her work.

Suddenly, one of the children tugged at Norah’s hand, eyes wide with curiosity. “Auntie, where’s Uncle Big Bad Wolf? Why didn’t he come with you?”

Norah froze momentarily before replying, “He’s busy with work right now, but he’ll come next time.”

“Okay!” the child said brightly, nodding in understanding. “Uncle Big Bad Wolf is your husband, right? He’s working hard to make money for you, isn’t he?”

The other children erupted in giggles, laughing at their friend’s candid comment.

Norah pressed her lips together, unsure whether to laugh or sigh.

Lincoln raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Is there some truth to what they’re saying?”

“Kids always make up stories,” Norah deflected with a small smile. Changing the subject, she added, “Let me check on the supplies and the photographer.”

Lincoln didn’t press further, but his curiosity lingered as he followed her through the orphanage.

Norah busied herself with taking notes and organizing the delivery process. While walking past a stack of freshly slaughtered livestock, the pungent smell of blood hit her hard. The scent, sharp and overwhelming, made her stomach churn violently.

Meanwhile, Kevin’s car sped toward the orphanage. His jaw was clenched tightly, and his mind raced with frustration.

“Norah, you better have a good explanation,” he muttered under his breath, his eyes darkening with every passing second.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 229

Chapter 229

Norah tried to endure the discomfort, believing she could tough it out. But her nose, far too sensitive, betrayed her, and she suddenly retched.

Lincoln, chatting with her moments before, noticed her sudden reaction. His face turned concerned. “Norah... are you okay?”

Without answering, Norah clasped her hand over her mouth and hurried to the restroom.

Watching her symptoms unfold, Lincoln couldn’t help but draw a conclusion—it was the telltale reaction of a pregnant woman.

His expression shifted as he followed her to the restroom door, waiting for her to reappear.

When Norah finally emerged, pale and visibly drained, Lincoln handed her a tissue.

“Thank you,” she said softly, taking the tissue to dab at her face.

“Norah,” Lincoln began cautiously, “are you... pregnant?”

Norah froze for a second, then exhaled, deciding there was no point in hiding it. “Yes, I am.”

Lincoln’s surprise was evident. “Congratulations! I didn’t expect to hear this after so long. That’s great news!”

Norah forced a faint smile but kept silent. Sensing her reluctance to elaborate, Lincoln shifted topics.

As they resumed their work, Lincoln couldn’t help but feel sympathy for her. She looked exhausted, her pregnancy adding to her burdens. Her decision to leave her prestigious role in the Edwards family and take up work at the TV station suddenly seemed more complex than it appeared.

Still, Norah remained resilient. She masked her struggles, powering through her assignments while shielding herself from the fishy smells that triggered her nausea.

Lincoln, noticing her determination despite her condition, instructed his assistant, “Go buy some essentials for pregnant women. Now.”

“Yes, Mr. Houle,” the assistant replied, hurrying off.

Norah, ever focused on her work, tried to maintain her professionalism. “Lincoln,” she said, closing her notebook, “there’s a new project coming up at the station. I’ll let you know about it once it’s ready. It might be something you’d be interested in.”

“Norah,” Lincoln interrupted gently, “you need to rest. You’re pregnant. Take care of yourself first.”

“I’m fine,” she insisted, brushing off his concern. “Work comes first.”

But her body betrayed her again. A wave of dizziness hit, and Norah stumbled. Lincoln instinctively reached out to support her.

“See?” Lincoln said, steadying her. “You need rest—for yourself and the baby.”

Just then, another hand yanked Lincoln away with brutal force. The next moment, a fist collided with his face, sending him staggering to the ground.

“Kevin!” Norah gasped, snapping out of her daze as she saw Kevin looming over Lincoln, his expression dark with rage.

Kevin’s furious voice filled the air. “So, this is the Anthony you’ve been in love with for years? Is he the father of your child?”

Lincoln, still reeling from the blow, tried to speak, but Kevin grabbed him by the collar and punched him again, not giving him a chance to explain.

Norah stepped forward, shouting, “Kevin, stop it! What are you doing?”

Kevin turned his seething gaze toward her. “I’m doing what I should’ve done a long time ago—getting rid of the man you’ve been hiding from me!”

“Let him go!” Norah yelled, her voice trembling with anger and urgency.

But Kevin’s fury only grew. “You’re defending him? You feel sorry for him? Let me show you what real regret looks like!” With that, he delivered another brutal kick, sending Lincoln sprawling once more.

Norah rushed to Lincoln’s side, helping him sit up. Kevin grabbed her wrist, his grip firm and his tone colder than ever. “How dare you feel sorry for him in front of me?”

Norah shook him off, her own anger boiling over. “You’re completely unreasonable! Lincoln is my business partner!”

Kevin sneered, his voice dripping with disdain. “Business partner? He’s buying things for you, worrying about your child, and hovering around you like a lovesick puppy. You expect me to believe there’s nothing going on?”

“I haven’t lied to you!” Norah shot back.

Kevin’s laughter was bitter and harsh. “You? Not lying? Then explain why you set me up with Maxine. You weren’t even there. What game are you playing?”

Norah’s lips pressed into a thin line. “Fine. I used you, Kevin. I admit it. I didn’t care who accompanied you because I have bigger priorities. Work matters more to me than your feelings. Now, are you happy to hear the truth?”

Her words cut deeper than Kevin expected. His anger twisted into something darker—disappointment. “Norah, do you even hear yourself? What are you trying to prove?”

Norah met his gaze, her voice unwavering. “I don’t love you, Kevin. I never did. And I want a divorce.”

Her words hit like a thunderclap. For a moment, Kevin’s fury melted into disbelief, then icy resolve.

“Fine,” he said, his voice void of warmth. “You want a divorce? You’ll get it.”

Without another word, Kevin stormed off, leaving Norah standing in the wreckage of their relationship, her heart heavier than ever.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 230

Chapter 230

Kevin and Norah faced off, their tension palpable, and no one dared to intervene.

Kevin’s eyes burned with anger, bloodshot and cold. He was so enraged that he’d lost all composure, his rationality completely shattered. Yet, his furious words seemed to have the opposite effect on Norah, calming her down. Her hands clenched into fists, bitterness spreading through her chest like wildfire. The divorce had been her decision—something she had fought for—but now that it was happening, it left her feeling hollow and adrift.

Maybe she hadn’t expected Kevin to react with such fury.

Maybe the chaos of the day had worn her down, leaving her overwhelmed and unable to process the growing rift between them.

Kevin’s sharp gaze pinned her in place, as though he were waiting for her to deliver the final blow.

Norah remained silent for a long moment before finally speaking, her voice steady but strained.

“Fine. I’ll meet you at the Civil Affairs Bureau.”

Her resolve was crumbling, but she wouldn’t show it. Knowing what was coming, her heart ached as if it had been clawed open. And yet, why did a small, desperate part of her still hold onto hope? Kevin, however, let out a bitter laugh.

“Fine,” he said coldly.

Without another word, he turned and walked away, his footsteps heavy with anger. As he passed the pile of maternity supplements on the floor, they caught his eye, irritating him further. With a swift kick, he sent them scattering before storming out of sight.

Norah watched his retreating figure, her emotions a swirling storm. Her head spun, the world tilting precariously until her knees buckled.

“Ms. White!”

The orphanage’s director rushed forward to catch her just before she collapsed.

“Are you okay? Sit down for a moment and rest,” the director urged, her voice filled with concern.

Norah let herself be guided to a chair, her breathing ragged as she tried to steady herself.

“Here, drink some water.” The director handed her a glass, her kindness like a balm to Norah’s frayed nerves.

“Thank you,” Norah whispered, forcing a weak smile as she clutched the cup in trembling hands.

The director, a woman in her thirties, tried to console her. “Marriage isn’t easy. All couples argue. They fight at the head of the bed and make up at the foot of it. Don’t let it get to you.”

Norah forced a nod, but her mind was elsewhere. She and Kevin rarely fought before. If anything, they avoided confrontation. She kept her feelings bottled up, while he dismissed her emotions altogether. It was the indifference of a man who didn’t love her, and she’d learned to accept it.

So why were they clashing now?

Was it because Kevin was demanding more of her, or because her actions were becoming harder to justify?

Today, she’d used Kevin as a pawn to manipulate Maxine. It was cruel and calculated, and she knew it. But achieving her goals often meant sacrificing morality. She wanted Kevin to understand that she’d used him today, and that next time, it might be far worse.

Taking a deep breath, Norah sipped her water to calm herself. Her thoughts drifted to Lincoln, who had been injured in the confrontation with Kevin.

She went to check on him.

Lincoln sat in a chair, dabbing medicine on the bruises that marred his otherwise flawless features. Despite his battered appearance, he remained composed.

“Norah,” he greeted her politely, a faint smile on his lips. “You shouldn’t have come over. You need to rest. I saw how upset you were earlier—it’s not good for your health.”

Norah’s face flushed with guilt. “I’m so sorry, Lincoln. I involved you in this mess, and you got hurt because of me.”

Lincoln waved her apology away with a casual smile. “Don’t worry about it. Today was a win-win for us. As for Kevin’s outburst, it was just an unfortunate twist. I didn’t expect him to be so furious.”

After a pause, he added, “Kevin seems particularly sensitive about the baby. He even accused me of being the father. Is that why you resigned from the Edwards family?”

Norah hesitated, her gaze falling to the floor. “It’s a long story. I wouldn’t even know where to begin.”

Lincoln didn’t press her. “If you don’t want to talk about it, that’s fine. I’ll be heading out soon—do you need a ride?”

“No, thank you. I drove here myself. You go ahead—I’ll apologize properly another day,” Norah replied.

Lincoln smiled, his tone light. “No need to be so formal. This beating wasn’t for nothing. I’m confident your efforts will lead to bigger rewards for both of us.”

After wrapping up their conversation, Lincoln left. But before driving off, he sent a message to Steven:

[Did you know Norah is pregnant?]

Steven, lounging at home in casual clothes with his hair a disheveled mess, read the text. He paused for a moment before replying:

[I didn’t know.]

Lincoln, surprised, shot back:

[Well, things just got a lot more complicated. She's carrying someone else's child. Seems like she has feelings for another man. Are you sure you still want to marry her?]

Steven's expression darkened as he read the message. But after a moment of silence, his face softened into quiet resignation.

[If she's happy, I'll support her. That's all I've ever wanted.]

He followed up with another text:

[But only if she's truly happy.]

Lincoln replied, teasing him lightly:

[You're incredible. The last romantic standing in our group. You've carried a torch for her for over a decade!]

Steven sighed and leaned back on the sofa, his heart heavy. Loving Norah had always been an uphill battle. Every day was a delicate balance between hoping she'd love him back and fearing he wasn't good enough for her.

All he wanted was for her to have a safe, happy life—whether or not he was part of it.

His thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell. Sliding his phone into his pocket, Steven opened the door to find Emma standing there, a bright smile lighting up her face.

"Hey!" Emma greeted him enthusiastically.

Steven blinked in surprise. "Emma? What are you doing here?"

Emma, with her striking features and faintly mixed-race beauty, raised the bag in her hand. "You got drunk last night, so I made some porridge for you. It's good for your stomach."

She breezed past him into the apartment without waiting for an invitation.

"Your parents were worried when they couldn't reach you last night," she added, setting the porridge on the table. "I told them you were with me and that your phone died. But next time, don't make me lie for you, okay? And stop drinking so much!"

Steven barely had time to react as Emma busied herself, chiding him like an older sibling.

"Thanks," he murmured, unsure what else to say.

Emma waved off his gratitude. "No need to thank me. Now come here and eat while it's hot! I spent hours making this for you."

Though Steven wasn't hungry, he found himself sitting at the table as Emma pushed a steaming bowl of porridge toward him, her eyes bright with anticipation.