

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 231

## Chapter 231

Emma held the bowl in her hands, ready to feed Steven a spoonful of porridge.

Seeing this, Steven gently declined, wanting to maintain some boundaries. "It's fine, Emma. I can eat it myself."

"If you eat it slowly, it might be too hot," Emma replied with a warm smile, but she backed off and handed him the spoon.

Steven took a couple of sips and then nodded politely. "It's good," he said.

Emma's face lit up. "I knew you'd like it! Everyone says my cooking is great. I even asked your parents what you enjoy eating. Next time, I'll come over and cook for you. What do you think?"

Steven quickly shut down her enthusiasm. "That's really not necessary. I'm busy with work and rarely at home."

Emma hesitated but said, "Then I'll come by when you're free."

Steven decided to be clearer. "Emma, you don't have to go out of your way for me. And honestly, there's a line we shouldn't cross. People might talk if you keep coming over, and that could make things harder for you when you decide to settle down."

His words hit Emma like a splash of cold water. Her bright expression faded, and she sat back in her chair.

After a brief silence, Emma's curiosity got the better of her. "Yesterday, when you were drunk, you kept saying a name—Norah. Do you... like her?"

Steven's gaze softened, and he admitted without hesitation, "Yes."

Emma stiffened, her emotions a tangled mess. "Why? Is she prettier than me?"

Steven gave a faint smile, one filled with sincerity. "To me, she's perfect."

Emma felt like the ground beneath her was crumbling. She had never seen him look this happy before—not with her. His gentleness and warmth were always there, but now she realized they were never truly for her.

She clenched her fists. “Steven, you know your parents want me for you. They wouldn’t approve of her!”

Steven remained calm. “Emma, if you ever get married, it should be to someone you love and who loves you back. Don’t settle for less.”

Emma’s lips trembled as anger and frustration took over. “I won’t!” she snapped before storming out.

Steven watched her leave, his face calm but his heart heavy. He knew how his parents felt about Emma, but his feelings for Norah were something he couldn’t suppress.

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After leaving the orphanage, Kevin’s mood was pitch-black, his rage palpable. The moment he got into his car, he snapped at Kian, “We’re going to the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow morning.”

Kian, surprised by the intensity in Kevin’s voice, asked, “What for?”

“Divorce,” Kevin said coldly, leaving no room for discussion.

Kian was at a loss for words. He had assumed the argument earlier might lead to reconciliation, but it was clear now that the marriage was beyond repair.

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Meanwhile, Norah returned to the TV station but didn’t even make it inside before she was intercepted by Maxine.

“Norah!” Maxine yelled as she stormed toward her.

Norah barely had time to turn around before Maxine raised her hand to slap her. But Norah was faster, grabbing Maxine’s wrist mid-swing.

“You conniving little snake!” Maxine spat, her voice trembling with fury. “You set me up! While I was distracted, you found someone to sponsor the project, stole the spotlight, and even managed to impress the editor-in-chief. How dare you steal what’s mine!”

Norah remained calm and unbothered by Maxine's outburst. "I only defended myself. If you don't have the skills to succeed, don't blame me for doing what you couldn't."

"You dare mock me?" Maxine hissed, her eyes blazing with hatred.

Norah released Maxine's wrist and crossed her arms. "I didn't need to sabotage you. You did that all by yourself. Maybe next time, don't waste so much time scheming against me and actually focus on your work."

Maxine lunged at her, screaming, "You little—!"

Before Maxine could do anything more, security guards rushed in and restrained her.

Norah shot her one last glance and said calmly, "We all work for what we deserve, Maxine. Stop blaming others for your failures."

Ignoring Maxine's hysterical shrieks, Norah left the station and went straight home.

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Exhausted from the day's chaos, Norah collapsed onto her sofa. She was drenched in sweat, her stomach aching from the stress. After taking a quick shower, she prepared for bed.

As she opened her wardrobe, her eyes fell on Kevin's clothes still hanging there. She froze for a moment, her chest tightening.

Tomorrow, they would officially end their marriage. What was the point of holding onto these things?

Shaking off the thought, she grabbed her nightwear, closed the wardrobe, and forced herself not to dwell on the memories.

That night, her sleep was restless, her mind plagued by unsettling dreams.

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The next morning, Kevin waited outside the Civil Affairs Bureau, his patience wearing thin. He had arrived at eight sharp, but Norah was nowhere to be seen.

By 8:30, Kevin's frustration was boiling over.

“She’s late for a divorce. How fitting,” he muttered under his breath, his tone icy.

Just as he was about to leave, he spotted Norah stepping out of a taxi. She was visibly flustered, clearly in a rush.

Kevin strode toward her, his cold gaze locking onto her. “I don’t have time for this. If you’re serious about divorcing me, stop wasting my time.”

Norah, catching her breath, replied quickly, “There was a traffic jam. I came as fast as I could. Let’s just get this over with.”

Without another word, she walked ahead of him into the building.

Kevin watched her go, his expression unreadable. But before he could follow her, Kian called out in alarm, “Sir! Ma’am’s bleeding!”