

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 232

Chapter 232

Norah glanced down and froze. Blood stained her pants.

Her face paled instantly.

She'd been feeling unwell since yesterday—her stomach tight, discomfort lingering—but she'd been too consumed with work to address it. In her inexperience, she'd brushed it off. But now, the pain intensified, twisting her insides.

Instinctively, Norah clutched her abdomen and hunched forward. Cold sweat trickled down her face as her complexion turned ghostly white.

Kevin's sharp eyes caught the blood, and his expression shifted to alarm. Without hesitation, he strode over and steadied her. "Norah!"

Her body trembled as the pain overwhelmed her. She gripped his arm tightly, her voice trembling. "The baby... save the baby..."

Kevin didn't waste a second. Scooping her up, he barked orders with urgency. "It's going to be okay. I'll get you to the hospital!"

"Kian, start the car. Now!"

Kian fumbled momentarily, startled by the sight of Norah's condition, before quickly opening the car door.

Kevin eased her into the back seat, resting her head on his lap. Her skin was cold and clammy, her lips drained of all color. His chest tightened at the sight of her so fragile, her life slipping through his fingers.

"Stay with me, Norah. You'll be fine. I won't let anything happen to you," he whispered, his voice hoarse.

Norah's fingers dug into his hand. Pain etched across her face, she gritted her teeth and pleaded, "Kevin, promise me... promise you'll save the baby. Please!"

Her desperate, tearful eyes pierced through him, shaking him to his core.

Kevin hesitated, his jaw tightening. He wanted to reassure her, but the truth he kept buried stirred within him: he didn't want this child. Yet, at that moment, seeing her desperation, all he could think about was how much she was suffering.

"I'll save you," he said quietly.

Norah's gaze burned with defiance. Even through her agony, she grabbed his collar, her strength surprising. "No, Kevin! Save *both* of us. This is the only thing I've ever begged of you in seven years. and I haven't begged you for anything, I just want you to keep this child..... Because the child is" Her voice faltered, her words cut short by the stabbing pain.

Before she could finish, her body gave in. She slumped into his arms, unconscious.

"The child is.... What were she going to say?"

Kevin didn't hear clearly.

His voice cracked as he gently shook her. "Norah, stay with me! Norah!"

Her silence was deafening.

Kevin's panic surged. "Drive faster, Kian! Move!" His voice roared through the car as he clung to her limp form.

Kian slammed his foot on the accelerator, speeding through red lights.

When they finally arrived at the hospital, Kevin jumped out, carrying Norah in his arms. "Someone help! She's bleeding!" His desperate shouts echoed through the emergency entrance.

A nurse rushed out with a stretcher. Kevin gently placed Norah down, his hands trembling as he stared at her lifeless face.

"Save her," he demanded, his voice choked. "And save the baby."

The nurse nodded. "We'll do everything we can."

Kevin followed as they wheeled her toward the operating room, but the doors slammed shut before he could enter. He was left standing outside, staring at the sterile white walls, his breath shallow.

The stillness suffocated him.

Kevin sank into a chair, his head in his hands, sweat dripping down his temples. His mind raced, flashes of Norah's pale face haunting him.

For the first time in years, fear took hold of him.

He was terrified of losing her.

Though he had long convinced himself he didn't want this child, the thought of Norah hating him—of her slipping away forever—was unbearable.

Time stretched endlessly as he sat in silence, his heart pounding against his ribs. His palms were damp with sweat, and his chest heaved with the weight of his guilt.

Kian approached cautiously, his phone buzzing incessantly in his pocket. "Mr. Edwards..."

Kevin didn't even look up. "I don't care who it is. Don't answer."

Kian hesitated, glanced at the caller ID, and decided to hang up.

The assistant on the other end sighed and turned to Bianca. "Ms. Lynch, he's not picking up."

Bianca raised an eyebrow, adjusting her earrings. "Really? I was being thoughtful, reminding him about the premiere. And this is how he responds?"

Lately, Bianca had been careful to maintain her distance. After Kevin's blunt rejection, she knew better than to push him. Still, she had no intention of fading into the background.

"I'll bet he's caught up with that woman again," the assistant muttered.

Bianca's expression tightened, her fingers freezing mid-motion. "Norah?"

"Yes. Rumor has it he visits her every chance he gets."

Bianca's lipstick snapped in half as her grip tightened.

Though her face remained composed, her mind raced with frustration. After everything, Kevin still couldn't let Norah go.

“I’ll handle it,” Bianca said smoothly, tossing the broken lipstick into the trash.

Once alone, she pulled out her phone and sent a message: **[What’s Norah up to these days?]**

A reply came swiftly: **[She’s working at the TV station.]**

Bianca’s eyes narrowed as she processed the information.

Moments later, another message arrived: **[She might be pregnant.]**

Her grip on the phone tightened, her lips curling into a cold smile. **“Pregnant, huh? Let’s see how long this lasts.”**