

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 233

Chapter 233

Bianca's heart dropped as she read the message. Her pupils shrank in disbelief, then anger surged through her. Before she knew it, her trembling hand had hurled her phone across the room, shattering the screen as it hit the ground.

Cleo, her assistant, rushed in just in time to witness the outburst. "Ms. Lynch! What happened? Why are you so upset?"

The phone was still vibrating, but Bianca couldn't focus. Her mind was consumed by the words on the screen.

Norah is pregnant.

Her thoughts spiraled out of control. Whose child could it be? How? Wasn't she supposed to be divorced? Weren't they no longer intimate? Then why—*how*—did she get pregnant?

Bianca's hands clenched tightly, her knuckles white. When Cleo tried to console her, Bianca angrily shrugged her off. "Don't touch me!" she snapped.

Startled, Cleo backed away. Bianca caught herself, realizing the rage written across her face. Slowly, she softened her expression, allowing tears to well up in her eyes. The transformation was flawless—her grief now looked raw and heartbreaking.

Cleo hesitated but moved closer again, her sympathy overriding her fear. "Ms. Lynch, don't cry. Please don't be sad."

Bianca buried her face in Cleo's shoulder, her voice trembling with carefully curated sorrow. "Why? Why is it that no matter how much I do for him, it's never enough? How can Kevin forget everything I've done for him?"

Cleo's heart ached for her boss. Seeing Bianca so distraught stirred a sense of loyalty, making it impossible to blame her.

Meanwhile, Norah was being wheeled out of surgery. Kevin, who had been pacing anxiously outside the operating room, shot to his feet the second he saw her. He rushed to her side, his face tense with worry.

Her face was pale, nearly translucent, as if drained of all life. Kevin's voice came fast, urgent, and relentless. "When will she wake up? Why does she still look so weak? And what about the baby—was the baby saved?"

The doctor, accustomed to panicked relatives, answered calmly, "The child was nearly lost, but we managed to save them both. However, the patient needs rest, proper nutrition, and absolutely no stress. She's far too undernourished, which puts both her and the baby at risk."

Kevin's shoulders sagged with relief. "Thank you, doctor. I'll make sure she gets everything she needs."

Once Norah was settled in the hospital room, Kevin pulled up a chair beside her bed. He held her hand in his, lifting it to his lips to kiss it softly. His eyes, shadowed with exhaustion, never left her face.

Kian entered quietly, arms full of items he had picked up. Watching Kevin, he couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for his boss. For all Kevin's talk of divorce, it was clear to anyone that Norah was still at the center of his world.

"You've been here all night, sir," Kian murmured. "You should rest."

Kevin shook his head stubbornly. "I'm not leaving her side."

Kian sighed. He could see the toll this was taking on Kevin. Perhaps the mention of divorce had been a moment of anger or confusion. But now, seeing Kevin so devoted to Norah, Kian knew his boss's feelings ran far deeper than Kevin himself might admit.

Kevin gently squeezed Norah's hand, his voice low but resolute. "We're not getting divorced. I won't let her leave me again."

His gaze softened as he studied her pale face. "I'll take care of you from now on, Norah. I promise."

Standing just outside the hospital room, Bianca watched everything through the small window. She wore sunglasses to disguise her presence, but her clenched fists and icy expression gave her away.

Kevin's tenderness toward Norah was a dagger to her heart. It was a kind of love he had never shown her.

Yes, he had given her material things, fulfilled her requests without hesitation. But now she realized those gestures had been born out of guilt, not love.

Her nails dug into her palms, the pain grounding her in her fury. If Kevin wanted to give Norah everything, she would make sure he paid for it. She would make him carry that guilt for the rest of his life.

With one last glance into the room, Bianca turned and walked away, her eyes cold and her resolve burning.

Norah woke in the middle of the night to the faint pressure of a hand holding hers. Groggily, she turned her head and saw Kevin slumped over beside her, fast asleep. His grip on her hand was firm, almost desperate, as if afraid she'd disappear if he let go.

His disheveled appearance startled her. His usually immaculate hair was a mess, and faint stubble shadowed his jaw. For a man who prided himself on control, he looked completely unraveled.

Her chest tightened, conflicting emotions swirling inside her.

Just then, Kian entered the room, careful not to make a sound. He carried several bags, setting them down quietly on the table. When he saw Norah awake, he smiled and whispered, "You're up, ma'am."

Norah nodded weakly. Her voice was hoarse as she asked, "The baby...?"

"The baby is fine," Kian assured her. "You were lucky. The doctor said it was close, but they managed to save both you and the baby. And Mr. Edwards..." He paused, glancing at Kevin, still slumped over her bed. "He was terrified, ma'am. The moment you were taken into surgery, he was a wreck. He's been by your side ever since, refusing to leave."

Norah's throat tightened. "Did he really say that?"

Kian nodded. "He's more afraid of losing you than anything else. Even if the baby isn't his, he wouldn't force you to give it up. He knows how much it means to you, and he's afraid that if he makes one wrong move, he'll lose you forever."

Norah's gaze lingered on Kevin. A part of her wanted to believe Kian's words, but doubt lingered. Could she trust Kevin with her heart again?

Her hand moved slightly, and Kevin stirred awake. His bloodshot eyes immediately focused on her, softening with relief. “Norah,” he whispered. “You’re awake. Are you in pain? How do you feel?”

His hand instinctively moved to her stomach, his touch warm and protective.

For the first time in what felt like forever, Norah saw a glimpse of vulnerability in him. It wasn’t the domineering, unyielding Kevin she was used to—it was a man who genuinely cared.

Her heart softened despite herself. Tentatively, she placed her hand over his, letting him feel the faint movement beneath her skin. Tears welled in her eyes as she whispered, “Kevin, this baby... it’s our future. Please protect it.”

Kevin’s throat tightened. He nodded, his voice low and raw. “I will, Norah. I swear I’ll protect you both.”