

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 234

Chapter 234

"Kevin..."

Norah's voice was soft, but before she could finish, the door burst open.

Bonnie hurried into the room, her eyes lighting up as she saw Norah. A wide smile spread across her face. "Oh, my sweet girl! You're pregnant, and you didn't tell your aunt? I had to find out like this? If I'd known earlier, I wouldn't have gone traveling! Am I the last person to know?"

Bonnie looked like she'd just stepped off a plane. She was still carrying her suitcase, her head wrapped in a colorful scarf, and oversized sunglasses perched on her face. Her skin was darker than usual, hinting at time spent under the sun, but her energy was unmistakable.

"Aunt!" Norah exclaimed, sitting up quickly. Her face lit up with happiness, as if Bonnie's presence had swept away all the lingering clouds of stress.

Bonnie dropped her suitcase and strode over, shoving Kevin aside with no hesitation. She wrapped Norah in a tight embrace. "My precious Norah, you must've gone through so much carrying the future of the Edwards family!"

Norah clung to her aunt, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. Whether it was the overwhelming emotions or the recent chaos in her life, she couldn't help but sniffle. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I've missed you so much."

Bonnie cupped Norah's face. "I wanted to surprise you! Plus, I had to make sure Kevin wasn't mistreating you."

Kevin stood to the side, his lips pressing into a straight line. He wisely kept quiet as Bonnie continued fussing over Norah.

In the Edwards family, Bonnie was Norah's favorite. She was bold, lively, and had a knack for understanding the younger generation. More importantly, she treated Norah like the family's crown jewel.

"It's fine, Aunt. I'm okay," Norah assured her.

"I don't believe that for a second!" Bonnie retorted, removing her sunglasses to glare at Kevin. "If he wasn't mistreating you, why are you in a hospital? Pregnant women need rest, not stress. Just say the word, and I'll sort him out for you!"

Norah grabbed Bonnie's arm, laughing nervously. "It's nothing like that! I was just overworking myself, and Kevin brought me here."

Bonnie frowned. "Overworking yourself? What kind of job is more important than my grandchild's health?" She studied Norah closely, her expression softening. "You've lost weight! A lot of it. Kevin, are you feeding her properly?"

Behind them, Kevin's jaw tightened, his tone cool. "Aunt, you just got back. Why didn't you go home first instead of coming here with your suitcase?"

Bonnie shot him a sharp look. "How could I? When I heard Norah was in the hospital, I came straight here. What kind of aunt would I be if I didn't?"

Kevin didn't argue.

"And another thing!" Bonnie exclaimed, crossing her arms. "Why didn't anyone tell me Norah was pregnant? I had to find out on my own. Kevin, what are you doing? Do you even know how to take care of a pregnant woman?"

Bonnie didn't wait for an answer. She plopped her bag onto the table and began unpacking containers. "I brought food! It's all prepared by top chefs, specifically for Norah." She opened one container after another. "This is crucian carp soup, perfect for boosting nutrition. Here's pork liver porridge, great for building blood. And this? Soybean-stewed pig's trotters—it's amazing for keeping pregnant women strong."

Kevin watched silently as Bonnie pushed aside the hotel-prepared meals he had ordered. She was clearly unimpressed.

"You should take notes, Kevin," Bonnie said, barely sparing him a glance. "A husband's job is to make sure his wife gets proper care, not let her overwork herself into a hospital bed. You've got a lot to learn!"

Kevin's expression remained unreadable. His gaze flickered to Norah's stomach, then back to Bonnie. "She doesn't have to work anymore," he said quietly.

Norah quickly intervened, sensing the tension. "Aunt, sit down. I'm hungry. Let's eat something together."

Bonnie's stern demeanor softened instantly. "Alright, sweet girl. Let me get this ready for you."

She handed Norah a bowl of warm soup, her voice suddenly tender. "It's still hot. Eat slowly, okay?"

Norah nodded and smiled, grateful for the distraction.

Kevin stood by the window, watching the scene unfold. Norah was visibly more relaxed with Bonnie around, her laughter soft but genuine. Understanding that they needed some time alone, Kevin left the room without a word.

Downstairs, Kevin lit a cigarette, exhaling slowly.

Halfway through his cigarette, he noticed Cleo, Bianca's assistant, walking toward him. Her sudden appearance caught his attention.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Bonnie's protective instincts were in full force.

"Sweetheart, don't eat too fast. And don't overdo it on the supplements," Bonnie advised, watching Norah carefully. "You don't want the baby growing too big. If it's seven or eight pounds, childbirth will be harder, and you'll put unnecessary strain on your body."

Norah chuckled, setting her spoon down. "Aunt, I get it. I'll be careful, I promise. Don't stress yourself out over me—you'll end up losing sleep!"

Bonnie laughed, running a hand through her sleek black hair. "Losing sleep is one thing, but losing my hair? That's not happening! My hair is my pride!"

Norah grinned, grateful for Bonnie's lightheartedness.

The two women continued chatting, their laughter filling the room. It was the most relaxed Norah had felt in weeks.

Outside the room, Kevin lingered for a moment, glancing through the window at the pair. The warmth on Norah's face was unmistakable, a stark contrast to the strain she'd been under lately.

Kevin turned away, his thoughts heavy. He didn't voice it, but deep down, there was still a lingering tension within him.

Downstairs, Cleo approached with purposeful steps, her expression unreadable.