

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 241

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## Chapter 241

Steven smiled faintly. "I'm not sad."

"I know." Norah nodded, her tone soft but firm. "You shared your feelings with me, and I respect that. But Steven, I'm not ready to start another relationship right now."

Steven chuckled lightly. "What do you think I am, Norah? Don't underestimate me. I'll admit I have selfish intentions, but that doesn't mean I don't care about you as a friend. You're one of my closest."

Norah frowned. "What's so good about me, Steven? I've wondered about that for years."

Steven hesitated, then simply said, "You're just... you."

Norah couldn't help but laugh.

Steven stayed by her side until she drifted off to sleep. Watching her so closely, he reached out as if to touch her face but stopped himself.

Her brow furrowed even in sleep, worry etched into her expression. Gently, he smoothed the wrinkles with his thumb and whispered softly, "Norah, I'll never ask for anything from you. Everything I have now... I owe it to you."

After covering her with a blanket, he quietly stood and left, hoping she'd finally get the peace she deserved—if not in life, then at least tonight.

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Norah woke up to her alarm. The room was dark, and she blinked groggily as she checked the time.

Reaching for her phone, she opened her notifications and saw a headline that made her heart sink:

**[Bianca is gravely ill and was driven to despair. But why?]**

Her chest tightened as she read through the comments.

- *Who would be so cruel as to harass someone in the hospital? Don't they have bodyguards to protect her?*
- *You can tell from her face she's been through hell. Why isn't her company stepping in to help?*
- *I heard there's some shady connection between her boss and the person who did this. Bianca deserves justice!*
- *We fans won't let her be treated like this. Someone has to pay!*

Fans were outraged, demanding action. Personal attacks poured in against someone named Bonnie.

One comment stood out:

- *I know who she is. Her name's Bonnie. She owns a chain of beauty salons and has plenty of money. But does that give her the right to bully people?*

Attached were photos of Bonnie's beauty salon—its façade vandalized with red paint and the words "*Vile Woman, You'll Get What's Coming!*" scrawled across it.

Norah's face paled. In just ten minutes, Bonnie's business had become a target, and Norah feared it wouldn't stop there. She tried calling Bonnie, but the call wouldn't go through. Anxiety churned in her gut as she rushed to get dressed, determined to check on her.

Before she could leave, the door opened, and Bonnie walked in, carrying bags of food.

"Look what I brought you!" Bonnie said cheerfully. "I heard you've been feeling queasy, so I brought some sweet and sour pickles and your favorite crucian carp soup."

Norah's relief was instant. She ran to hug her aunt tightly. "Thank God you're okay!"

Bonnie raised an eyebrow. "What's with the dramatics? Did something happen?"

Pulling back, Norah inspected her aunt from head to toe. "You're not hurt, are you? No one's attacked you?"

Bonnie rolled her eyes and chuckled. “Please, Norah. Who would dare mess with me? I’d put them in their place real quick.”

“But, Aunt, didn’t you see the news? Your beauty salon was vandalized!”

Bonnie plopped down on the couch, crossing her legs as she pulled out a handful of sunflower seeds. “So what? Let them smash it. They’ll have to pay for the damages. If they can’t, they’ll face the law. A little money won’t ruin me. Beauty salons are just pocket change!”

Norah admired her aunt’s carefree attitude but couldn’t shake her worry. “What about your safety? You’re staying here tonight, right?”

Bonnie waved it off. “Relax. I don’t stay in one place for long. One night here, another night there—who can keep track?”

“But the internet is going crazy! Bianca’s fans are furious, and they’re targeting you. This won’t just blow over.”

Bonnie shrugged. “It’s all noise. People will move on to the next scandal soon enough. Trust me, it’ll be forgotten in a few days.”

Norah shook her head. “No, Aunt. I can’t let you take the fall for this. Bianca’s situation is more complicated than it seems. She’s deaf, and now there’s this video painting her as the victim. People won’t let it go.”

Bonnie sighed, clearly unmoved. “Norah, don’t stress yourself out over this. You’re pregnant. Focus on taking care of yourself. Let people say what they want—I couldn’t care less.”

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Meanwhile, Kevin was fuming in his office.

Slamming his hands on the table, he growled, “What’s the point of having a PR team if you can’t even contain a story? I thought I told you to block this news!”

One of his staff stammered, “Mr. Edwards, we did block it initially, but the video came from a third party. We couldn’t stop it from spreading.”

Kevin clenched his fists. He hadn’t even seen the video yet, but he knew the damage it could cause—not just to Bianca, but to Bonnie as well.

The thought of Bonnie facing backlash made his blood boil.

## Chapter 242

Trouble always finds a way.

This wasn't just about Bonnie anymore; the ripple effects were starting to impact the company as well.

Kevin sat in his office, watching the leaked video. The footage was taken from the doorway—either secretly by someone with an agenda or by someone who had been present. Several people had been there at the time, but Kevin realized he'd overlooked a potential culprit.

"This benefits someone," he muttered.

"Suppress the trending topic," Kevin ordered his team. "We need to minimize the damage."

Bonnie wasn't someone who thrived under societal constraints. She valued her independence, and Kevin knew how relentless online outrage could be. He couldn't allow this storm to destroy her.

"Yes, Mr. Edwards," his PR team responded, already bracing for the long night ahead to bury the scandal.

After giving instructions to handle the chaos, Kevin wrapped up a meeting and immediately headed to the hospital.

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Meanwhile, Bonnie and Norah were chatting casually in one of the hospital's quiet corners. Before they could leave, they noticed a swarm of reporters outside, clamoring for information about Bianca. Cameras flashed incessantly, with journalists yelling questions and speculations about Bianca's condition.

Norah stiffened, immediately pulling Bonnie away from the scene. "Aunt, we can't go out that way. They'll make this mess even worse if they spot you."

Bonnie scoffed, unconcerned. "They can't get in here."

"That's not the point," Norah said urgently. "With everything going on, if they see you, it'll add fuel to the fire. They'll twist the story however they want."

Bonnie sighed but followed Norah's lead. "Fine. But when Bianca wakes up, I'm not holding back. I'll tell the truth about everything, and we'll see how she recovers from that!"

Norah hesitated. "Aunt, don't. If you accuse her without evidence, it'll only backfire on us. It's not worth it."

Bonnie rolled her eyes but relented. “Fine. I’ll save my ammunition for when it really counts. No need to hand them more drama on a silver platter.”

The two avoided the commotion and moved further inside, but outside, the media frenzy only grew.

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Maxine arrived at the hospital, determination etched into her features. She shoved through the crowd of reporters, elbowing her way to the front.

“Move!” she barked, unapologetically pushing others aside.

“Maxine, just because you’re late doesn’t mean we’ll let you take over. Stop acting like you own the place,” another reporter snapped.

Maxine smirked but didn’t slow down. “Suit yourselves, but let’s face it—none of you are getting in without my tactics.”

Her confidence irritated the crowd, but no one could deny her persistence. She was desperate to redeem herself after failing to secure her interview with Kevin, and Bianca’s scandal was her golden ticket.

“This is our chance,” she whispered to her assistant. “We’re not leaving without something exclusive.”

When traditional methods didn’t work, Maxine resorted to a plan. Spotting a nurse walking by, she had an idea. Discreetly, she slipped away, determined to get inside, no matter what it took.

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Inside the hospital, Kevin had just arrived at Bianca’s ward. He spotted Norah and Bonnie heading in the same direction.

For a brief moment, Kevin and Norah’s gazes met. She quickly looked away, and Kevin shifted his focus as well.

Bonnie, however, wasn’t one to hold back. “Why are you still here?” she asked Kevin sharply. “Do you care that much about Bianca? How do you think Norah feels, seeing her husband so concerned about another woman?”

“Aunt, it’s fine,” Norah interjected softly.

“No, it’s not!” Bonnie argued. “It’s not fine for a wife to see her husband running around, worrying about someone else. How could that not bother you?”

Kevin's expression darkened. "I have my reasons," he said coldly.

"Reasons?" Bonnie sneered. "There's chaos outside, and you don't seem nearly as concerned about that as you do about Bianca."

Kevin's patience wore thin. "Aunt, for the next few days, stay home and avoid going out."

Bonnie crossed her arms. "I know people are calling me all sorts of names online, accusing me of harming Bianca. But let me be clear—I don't regret exposing her true colors."

Kevin's brow furrowed. "Bianca's public image makes this a dangerous game. Your actions are provoking a lot of outrage."

"Isn't that your fault?" Bonnie snapped. "She wouldn't have this platform if you hadn't helped her. Now, not only am I being dragged through the mud, but they're also attacking you for doing nothing about it!"

Before Kevin could respond, a soft voice interrupted them.

"Ms. Lynch, you're awake!"

Everyone turned to look at the hospital bed.

Bianca's face was pale, her head wrapped in bandages. Her hollow eyes flickered open, and tears immediately rolled down her cheeks.

"Kevin..." she whispered weakly. "You're here. I missed you so much. Am I dreaming, or are you really in front of me?"

"Ms. Lynch..." Cleo sobbed at the sight, her voice breaking.

## **Chapter 243**

Bianca looked at Cleo with confusion written across her face. "Who... Who are you? I don't know you. Kevin, who is she? Who are they?"

Everyone in the room froze in stunned silence.

Cleo, looking equally bewildered, said, "Ms. Lynch, don't you recognize me? I'm Cleo, your assistant."

But Bianca shoved her away. "Get away from me! Kevin, what's happening to me? Why can't I hear anything? Please, come closer—I'm scared!"

Bonnie, watching the scene unfold, shook her head in disbelief. “First, she goes deaf, and now she has amnesia? If this were a drama, it’d be downright tragic!”

Kevin stepped forward.

Bianca immediately clutched his sleeve, as if he were her lifeline. She hid behind him, eyeing the others nervously. “Kevin, who are these people? Why are they staring at me like that? Make them leave. I’m terrified.”

Kevin, sensing her panic, said, “Everyone, leave.”

Bonnie’s frustration boiled over. “Kevin, are you seriously buying this act? Are you that gullible?”

“Get out!” Kevin’s voice was firm, cutting off any further argument.

Norah clenched her fists but remained silent, feeling like an outsider in her own life.

Bonnie glared at Kevin, her anger seething. “Fine! Do what you want. But don’t come crying to me when you regret this. You’ll lose your wife and your aunt!”

Kevin didn’t flinch or even look their way as they stormed out.

Walking down the hallway, Bonnie turned to Norah. “If you want a divorce, just go for it. I’m done trying to fix this. Kevin might be my nephew, but I won’t stand by while he humiliates you!”

Norah offered a small smile. “Even without Kevin, you’ll always be my aunt.”

Nearby, Maxine had been eavesdropping. Her eyes widened as she pieced the conversation together. *So Norah really is Kevin’s wife? And they’re talking about a divorce?*

The gears in Maxine’s mind started turning. She’d heard rumors about Kevin and Bianca, and now it seemed like there was more to the story—a wealthy wife potentially cast aside. This was a golden opportunity.

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Back in the hospital room, Bianca clung to Kevin, her voice trembling. “Kevin, who were those people? They seemed so hostile. And why can’t I hear anything? What’s happening to me?”

Kevin looked at her for a long moment. “Do you really not remember anything?”

Bianca stared at his lips, trying to read his words. “What are you saying?”

Kevin typed on his phone and showed it to her: *What do you remember?*

Bianca hesitated. “I remember... we were in school. I was with you, and then I went abroad. Kevin, I never should have left. I had no choice back then, but I’ll never leave you again!”

Tears streamed down her face as she wrapped her arms around his waist.

Kevin gently pushed her away. “That was a long time ago.”

Bianca’s eyes searched his face. “A long time ago? Did I come back to Craggaville? How did I even get here? I don’t remember. Did I do something wrong? Why does it feel like... you don’t like me anymore?”

Cleo chimed in, typing on her phone: *Ms. Lynch, no one dislikes you. Don’t be afraid. You’re a big star now!*

Bianca’s confusion deepened. “A star? What did I miss? And why can’t I hear? Is it some kind of illness?”

Cleo reassured her. “No, nothing like that.”

Kevin watched Bianca intently, studying her every move. Her demeanor seemed genuine, almost identical to how she’d been in the past. He typed another question: *There are reporters outside who want to interview you. Do you want to face them?*

Bianca immediately shook her head. “No, I don’t want to!”

Kevin’s suspicions about her grew. She’d awakened as a supposed victim, and her memory loss seemed too convenient.

Later, when confronted, Cleo confessed, “I leaked the video. Ms. Lynch was being attacked, and no one stood up for her. I wanted the public to see the truth. If no one will protect her, then her fans will. I’m one of them. If you want to punish me, fine—but I stand by what I did!”

Kevin didn’t hesitate. “You’re fired.”



Cleo's eyes filled with tears as she glanced at Bianca one last time. "Ms. Lynch, I can't be here for you anymore, but if you ever need me, I'll come back."

Bianca, hiding behind Kevin, didn't even acknowledge Cleo's words.

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After Cleo left, Bianca turned to Kevin, her voice trembling. "I can't hear. Do you... do you think less of me now? Can we still be together?"

Her words carried a desperate plea for reassurance.

Kevin gazed into her tear-filled eyes before typing: *There are too many reporters outside. It's not safe here. I'll have someone prepare the villa for you.*

Bianca's face lit up with a hopeful smile. "I knew you wouldn't abandon me, Kevin."

Kevin simply nodded. "I'll have it arranged," he said before stepping out of the room.

As he left, Maxine slipped in unnoticed.

Bianca, still riding the high of Kevin's words, looked up sharply. "Who are you?"

Maxine removed her mask and smiled. "Ms. Lynch, it's me."

Bianca's tense expression relaxed.

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Meanwhile, Kevin was in the hospital director's office, making a call.

Bonian's voice was incredulous over the phone. "You're letting Bianca move into your villa? Are you out of your mind? What about your wife?"

Kevin's tone was measured. "Bianca is deaf and claims to have amnesia. Don't you think that's suspicious?"

Bonian paused. "Suspicious? Are you saying she's faking it?"

"I'm saying there's more to this," Kevin replied, his voice laced with doubt. "Do you know why Bianca went abroad all those years ago?"

“No idea. Wasn’t she your childhood sweetheart?”

Kevin leaned against the wall, his brow furrowed. “I think there’s someone helping her behind the scenes. She’s not the type to make such drastic sacrifices on her own. And I suspect that her leaving for abroad and her sudden return to Craggaville are tied to that case.”

## Chapter 244

Kevin’s voice was calm but probing. “Are you talking about the abduction case?”

Bonian nodded, his tone grave. “Yes, it was a severe criminal case. I was part of the defense team. It wasn’t even taken to public trial—there was too much darkness wrapped around it. That case left a mark.”

Kevin’s expression remained unreadable. “I know.”

Bonian furrowed his brow. “But what does this have to do with Bianca? She’s just a girl. Are you sure she’s connected to something so sinister?”

Kevin’s jaw tightened. “It was around the same time that Bianca left and went abroad. I can’t ignore the timing.”

Bonian mulled it over. “It could just be a coincidence. Bianca doesn’t seem like the type to get tangled up in something so massive. But if she is, you’re dealing with a far bigger problem than just her.”

“She isn’t simple,” Kevin admitted. “And this case—though technically closed—was never truly solved. The mastermind behind it was never caught.”

Bonian leaned back, his tone cautious. “You suffered serious injuries because of that case, Kevin. Your memory was affected, especially when you drank. Do you even remember all the details clearly?”

Kevin hesitated, the shadows of his past creeping in. “I remember enough. During that mission, I infiltrated as an undercover operative to rescue trafficked women and children. It wasn’t just human trafficking—they dealt in arms and drugs, too. Pure evil.”

He paused, his voice dropping to a near whisper. “There was a girl locked away in a small, guarded room. She wasn’t like the others. It’s blurry now, but she’s the one I remember most vividly.”

Bonian broke the silence. “And what about her? You told me back then she didn’t survive.”

Kevin’s gaze darkened. “That’s what I thought, but...” His words trailed off, weighed down by doubt.

Bonian shook his head, trying to pull him back to reality. "Listen, if the mastermind behind that case resurfaces, you'll be their first target. Don't dig too deep. You're not in the military anymore, Kevin. You're the president of Edwards Group now. You don't owe anyone your life anymore."

Kevin's response was firm. "If they appear, I'll be ready."

Bonian sighed, his voice taking on a pleading tone. "If Bianca's connected to all this, she'll eventually slip up. But don't risk everything again. You've done enough."

"I know," Kevin replied, his tone steady but unyielding.

The conversation ended, but Kevin noticed movement at the door. His instincts kicked in. "Who's there?"

The door creaked open, and Norah stepped inside, her expression cold and guarded. "Sorry to interrupt. I was looking for the doctor. I didn't expect you to be here."

Kevin's sharp gaze softened slightly. "The doctor isn't here."

"I figured that out," Norah replied, turning to leave.

"Norah," Kevin called after her.

She paused, glancing back over her shoulder. "What is it?"

Kevin approached her, his voice low and earnest. "Don't get involved in my aunt's matters. It's more complicated than it looks."

Norah's eyes narrowed. "Your aunt is being attacked because of me. How can I not care? I know you're trying to protect Bianca, but Aunt Bonnie doesn't deserve to be bullied without a fight. I'll find a way to help her, even if you won't."

Kevin's tone deepened. "It's not that simple."

Norah's laugh was bitter. "Of course, it's not simple. Bianca isn't some innocent bystander. If she's bold enough to act, she should be prepared to face the consequences. If you won't stand up for Aunt Bonnie, I will."

Kevin sighed, his frustration evident. "I never said I wouldn't help my aunt. Just be cautious. Stay indoors as much as possible until things settle."

Norah didn't respond. Instead, she turned and walked away, her expression a mix of defiance and disappointment.

Kevin watched her retreating figure, his concern growing. He made a quick call, instructing his team to shadow and protect Norah and Bonnie.

Meanwhile, Bianca's belongings were packed and ready.

"Kevin," Bianca said softly, her voice tentative. "We can go now."

As she reached for his hand, Kevin stepped back, avoiding her touch. "I've arranged for someone to take you."

Bianca blinked in surprise. "You're not coming with me?"

Kevin's expression remained impassive as he typed a response on his phone. *"I'm sending you to the Edwards mansion for your safety. I have other matters to handle. If you need anything, contact Kian or the staff there."*

Bianca's smile faltered, replaced by unease. "I see. Well, thank you for taking care of me. I just... I feel so helpless right now. I can't hear, and I'm not sure I can manage everything alone. But knowing you're looking out for me makes me feel safe."

Kevin didn't respond immediately. Instead, he fiddled with a lighter, his gaze distant. Finally, he asked, "By the way, I don't think I've ever met your parents. Are they still abroad?"

Bianca's face stiffened, her fingers curling nervously. "Yes, they're still abroad. I returned here because I couldn't let go of you or adjust to the air there. But they stayed behind."

Kevin's sharp eyes caught her unease. He didn't press further, merely nodded. "Pack up. Kian is waiting downstairs."

Bianca followed Kian, her disguise shielding her from the throng of reporters gathered outside. She slipped through the underground garage, her mind buzzing with thoughts.

Kevin, however, remained behind, lost in the puzzle of Bianca's past.

## **Chapter 245**

Norah and Bonnie walked hand in hand. Bonnie was fuming, her frustration spilling over with every step. "That boy! Kevin! I've lost count of how many times I've cursed him today," she grumbled, her face flushed with anger.

Norah tried to console her. "Aunt, don't be upset. I'm here with you, so you won't feel lonely."

Bonnie's frustration was relentless. "I told myself long ago, a daughter would've been better—a daughter is a caring little jacket for your heart. But look at Kevin, the so-called pride of the Edwards family, and all he's done is embarrass me. Now, he doesn't even acknowledge me! I swear, my blood pressure is going through the roof!"

Norah tried to calm her. "Maybe Kevin has his reasons, Aunt. He might not be able to explain everything."

“Reasons? What reasons?” Bonnie snapped. “I don’t want to hear any excuses. The more I think about him, the more my heart aches like it’s bleeding. Let’s just leave. The farther away from him, the better!”

Bonnie had no intention of staying at the hospital any longer.

Norah changed the topic in an attempt to divert her attention. “I spoke to the doctor earlier. They mentioned that hearing loss could be intentional in some cases.”

Bonnie’s brows knitted together as she considered this. “Are you saying Bianca did this to herself?”

Norah hesitated but nodded. “It’s a possibility. It’s just... I don’t know why she’d go that far.”

Bonnie frowned. “To win sympathy?”

“But going deaf?” Norah questioned. “Isn’t that an extreme price to pay? There are easier ways to gain sympathy. And don’t forget, Bianca has amnesia now.”

Bonnie fell silent, her expression contemplative. “You’re right. It’s puzzling.”

At that moment, Steven arrived to pick up Norah. Seeing Bonnie’s displeased mood, he greeted her politely. “Good evening, Aunt Bonnie.”

Bonnie gave him a long look before asking Norah, “And who might this be?”

“My friend, Steven,” Norah replied, her tone even.

Bonnie wasn’t convinced. “Just a friend?”

Steven smiled warmly. “Yes, ma’am. Just a friend.”

Bonnie didn’t hold back. “Well, if Kevin keeps acting the way he does, you might need to look elsewhere, Norah. You deserve better. As for Kevin, let him deal with the consequences of his actions. He’ll regret it when he realizes what he’s lost!”

“Aunt, it’s not like that,” Norah protested. “Steven and I have been friends since junior high. I’ve known him longer than I’ve known Kevin.”

Ignoring her, Bonnie turned to Steven with a new suggestion. “Steven, you’re here with your car, right? Why don’t you give me and Norah a ride?”

“Of course,” Steven agreed readily.

Bonnie hesitated briefly, unsure where to go. Norah’s apartment wasn’t an option due to its lack of privacy, and Bonnie couldn’t stomach the idea of returning to the Edwards family villa. It felt tainted with Kevin’s betrayal.

Sensing their dilemma, Steven offered a solution. “Why don’t you both stay at my place? It’s secure, private, and spacious. No one will bother you there.”

Bonnie’s face lit up. “You’re a lifesaver, Steven! I’ll never forget your kindness. If you ever need anything, just say the word. I owe you.”

Steven chuckled. “It’s nothing, Aunt. I’m happy to help.”

When they arrived at Steven’s residence, Bonnie and Norah were impressed by the high-level security and the spacious layout.

“This is more than enough,” Bonnie remarked. “You’ve thought of everything, Steven.”

Steven replied, “I already called my assistant to tidy up the place. It should be comfortable for both of you.”

“Thank you,” Norah said sincerely. “We appreciate this.”

Steven waved her gratitude away. “It’s no trouble. You should both get some rest. Norah, let me know if you need anything—especially milk. It’s good for you, considering your condition.”

Norah smiled faintly and nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Bonnie watched the interaction with a discerning eye, noting Steven’s genuine concern for Norah. While she was furious with Kevin, the idea of Norah moving on with someone else still tugged at her heart. No matter how much she criticized Kevin, he was family, and family was hard to replace.

As the night settled in, Steven excused himself to check on his assistant, who was organizing his study. A yellowed newspaper fell out of an old book.

“Mr. Lord,” the assistant called. “This newspaper is years old. Do you still want to keep it?”

Steven glanced at the headline and smiled wistfully. “Yes, keep it. That paper marks the beginning of my story with Norah.”

The assistant looked confused. “The article is about a kidnapping. How does that connect to Ms. White?”

Steven’s expression darkened slightly. “Let’s just say it was the first time I realized how much she meant to me. Half a year after the incident, I rushed back to Craggaville because of this.”

The assistant hesitated before pointing at the photo in the article. “Sir, I don’t think this girl is Ms. White...”