

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 246

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## Chapter 246

Steven's expression froze in shock. "How could that be? It's Norah," he muttered, his disbelief palpable.

Back then, Steven had liked Norah. He cared about her deeply, so much so that he had rushed back to Craggaville overnight when he thought she needed him.

The assistant glanced at the old newspaper again and frowned, as if trying to reconcile his memory with what he was reading. "I recall you mentioning that you and Norah were classmates, but this survivor was listed as being a grade below you."

Steven's shock deepened, his hand trembling as he grabbed the paper for a closer look.

The headline detailed a school tragedy: a murder, several casualties, and a lone survivor.

Steven's eyes scanned the text over and over, trying to process the revelation. The survivor's name was indeed Norah—but the grade didn't match.

"How is this possible?" Steven whispered, as though the newspaper itself had betrayed him. Was it an error? Or had he misunderstood something critical all along?

Steven's thoughts spiraled. The Norah he knew had always recounted her tragic experience in a way that left no doubt. But now, with this evidence in front of him, everything felt uncertain.

As he stood there, lost in thought, Norah walked into the room. Her soft voice snapped him out of his daze. "Steven, do you need any help? You've been quiet for a while now."

He quickly hid the newspaper under a stack of books and forced a smile. "No, everything's fine. My assistant will take care of the rest."

Norah studied him for a moment, noticing his unease. "If it's inconvenient for us to stay here, Aunt Bonnie and I can leave. We don't want to impose."

Steven shook his head firmly. "It's not that. Don't overthink it."

To change the subject, he added, "I was actually thinking we could have dinner together tonight. Does that sound okay?"

Norah nodded. "Of course. Aunt Bonnie loves a lively atmosphere."

Steven handed the box containing the newspaper to his assistant, who took it without question.

Norah's eyes lingered on the box for a moment, sensing a strange tension between Steven and his assistant. Still, she decided against pressing the issue.

Steven clapped his hands lightly. "So, dinner. Should we order takeout?"

"I can cook something instead," Norah offered. "It's the least I can do since you're hosting us."

Steven hesitated but eventually agreed. "Alright, that sounds nice."

However, his mind remained preoccupied with the newspaper and the puzzle it presented.

Meanwhile, Bonnie lounged on the couch, watching TV. She was calm, though the show airing was ironically covering her own "scandal."

Norah joined her just as the segment switched to an interview with Bianca.

On screen, Maxine, the reporter, was in Bianca's hospital room, speaking to her as cameras rolled.

"Ms. Lynch, can you hear me?" Maxine asked, her voice sharp and direct.

Bianca looked frail, pale, and visibly annoyed by the intrusion. "Stop filming. I don't want to see anyone right now," she said weakly.

The camera lingered on Bianca's haggard face, capturing every detail of her apparent misery.

Maxine turned to the audience. "Ms. Lynch is not only deaf but also deeply traumatized. This has severely impacted her career and emotional state. We can only hope the person responsible steps forward and apologizes for their actions."

Norah grabbed the remote and turned off the TV.

Bonnie frowned. “Hey, I was watching that!”

“You already know how Maxine operates,” Norah said firmly. “She’s clearly twisting the story to make Bianca look like a helpless victim.”

Bonnie chuckled as she popped a sunflower seed into her mouth. “My reputation’s already in the gutter. What’s the harm in watching a little drama?”

Norah folded her arms. “Bianca said reporters weren’t allowed in her room. How did Maxine get in?”

Bonnie shrugged. “Maxine would move mountains for a scoop. But Bianca’s performance is obvious. She’s playing the victim card, milking it for all it’s worth.”

Norah sighed. “Don’t let it get to you. I ordered takeout—your favorite foods. And yes, there’s wine.”

Bonnie brightened at the mention of wine. “Good. I need a drink after all this nonsense.”

But Norah couldn’t shake her unease. She stepped away to make a call.

“Keep an eye on Bianca,” she instructed quietly. “Don’t let her notice, but I need to know if anything strange happens. Report back to me immediately.”

Over at the Edwards mansion, Bianca walked through the lavish grounds, her eyes scanning the perfectly manicured flowers and shrubs. She entered the grand hall and sank onto the plush couch.

“Ms. Lynch,” a maid greeted her politely.

Bianca glanced at the maid but didn’t respond. She preferred being addressed as “Madame,” though she didn’t openly object.

Inside, Bianca felt a mix of triumph and frustration. She had achieved proximity to power but still wasn’t fully satisfied. This wasn’t enough—not yet.

## Chapter 247

Time was on Bianca’s side. She was confident that one day, she would become the true mistress of the Edwards Mansion. No—she was already one step closer.

Bianca glanced at Kian, who had accompanied her.

Since Kian was Kevin's right-hand man, Bianca knew she had to stay on his good side. Flashing a friendly smile, she asked, "Mr. Kian, does Kevin stay here often?"

Kian typed his reply into his phone and showed it to her: *"He's been here a lot recently, but Mr. Edwards hasn't visited in a few days."*

Bianca's expression tightened slightly, though she managed to keep her tone casual. "So Kevin isn't returning to the Edwards mansion?"

It had been a while since Bianca last spoke with Siena. Between her rising stardom and hectic schedule, she hadn't had the time to reply to Siena's messages.

Kian, still neutral, replied, "Mr. Edwards occasionally goes back. But Madame doesn't like being there, so he doesn't go back as much either."

Bianca's fists clenched ever so slightly, but her face betrayed nothing. "Do you think Kevin will be stopping by soon?"

"I'm not sure," Kian said, his tone steady. "Mr. Edwards has been busy with work. If anything, he'll likely visit Madame first."

Kian's words hit Bianca like a cold slap. It was clear whose side he was on. Years of loyalty to Kevin and Norah meant Kian wasn't easily swayed, no matter how much Bianca tried. But Bianca kept her composure. She wasn't ready to make an enemy of him—at least, not yet.

With a cool smile, she turned to Kian and said, "If there's nothing else, you can leave. I don't need any assistance here."

Kian didn't argue. He placed Bianca's luggage down and left without another word.

Once he was gone, Bianca called for a maid. "Help me bring my things upstairs."

The maid nodded and carried her bags. As they reached the second floor, Bianca paused outside a door and pointed. "I want to stay in this room."

The maid froze, her voice hesitant but firm. "That's the master bedroom, Miss. It belongs to Mr. Edwards and Madame. Guests stay in the guest room."

Bianca's jaw tightened, but she quickly covered her frustration with a forced smile. "It's not like they've been here recently."

She reluctantly followed the maid to the guest room, though the smaller space left her feeling cramped and irritated. The master bedroom was what she truly wanted—it symbolized the status she craved. One day, it would be hers.

After unpacking, Bianca sent a message to Siena.

Siena, who had been relaxing with a face mask, immediately sat upright when she saw the text. She called Bianca right away, but the call went unanswered. Confused, Siena received another message: *“I can’t answer right now. It’s not convenient.”*

Siena quickly texted back: *“Are you busy? Bianca, you’re such a big star now—I’m so proud of you!”*

Bianca responded, *“Thank you, Aunt. I’m staying at the Edwards Mansion now. I have some free time; I’d love to see you soon.”*

Siena’s excitement bubbled over. *“How about now? I can come to you right away!”*

Bianca smirked at the response. Siena was predictable. She loved to fawn over her and wouldn’t pass up an opportunity to visit. Bianca leaned back, satisfied. She would simply wait for Siena to arrive.

But as she waited, her curiosity got the better of her. Bianca wandered to the master bedroom, the one she was denied earlier. Quietly, she opened the door and stepped inside.

The room had clearly been unused for some time. Bianca scanned the space before heading to the closet. Her eyes lit up when she found several women’s pajamas still in their packaging. Among them were a few sexy, lacy nightgowns. She held one up to herself and twirled in front of the mirror, imagining Kevin’s reaction if he saw her in it.

She let out a small laugh, returning the pajamas to the closet. Her time would come. She left the master bedroom, closing the door behind her just as Siena arrived.

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Siena’s voice echoed through the house. “Bianca! Where are you?”

The maid quickly approached. “Ms. Lynch is upstairs, ma’am. But she has trouble hearing, so you might need to go up to her.”

“Trouble hearing?” Siena’s face twisted in alarm. Without waiting for further explanation, she rushed upstairs and burst into the guest room. “Bianca!”

Bianca had her back turned, unaware of Siena’s entrance.

Seeing this, Siena hurried over and tapped Bianca’s shoulder. “Bianca, it’s me!”

Bianca turned around slowly, her face pale and weary. “Auntie.”

Siena’s heart broke at the sight of Bianca’s haggard appearance. “What’s going on? Why can’t you hear? Who did this to you?” Tears welled in Siena’s eyes as she spoke.

Bianca forced a faint smile, trying to read Siena's lips. "Auntie, I'm fine... I've just been a little sick."

"Sick?!" Siena scribbled a note on her phone and showed it to Bianca. *"I don't believe it. Someone must have done this to you! Was it Norah? Or someone jealous of your success?"*

At the mention of Norah's name, Bianca's tears spilled over. She buried her face in Siena's shoulder. "Auntie, please don't ask anymore."

Siena, however, was fuming. "So it's true, then? Is Bonnie behind this?!" Her anger surged. "If that woman laid a finger on you, I'll make her pay!"

"Auntie, please don't!" Bianca pleaded, gripping Siena's arm tightly. "Don't stir up trouble."

But Siena wouldn't be dissuaded. Her mind was already set. She grabbed her phone and dialed Bonnie's number.

Bonnie, in the middle of her meal, picked up the call with mild irritation. Before she could speak, Siena's venomous voice rang out: "Bonnie, you've gone too far this time! Why would you take out your anger on Bianca? What did she ever do to you?"

## Chapter 248

Bonnie didn't expect a call from Siena, and her irritation flared up instantly. "What's the problem now? Did Bianca run crying to you again? Fine, let's hear it—what's her latest complaint?"

Siena's voice was sharp. "Where are you right now?"

Bonnie scoffed, spinning a stray sunflower seed in her fingers. "Why should I tell you? Who do you think you are?"

Siena's tone dripped with disdain. "Afraid I'll come find you? I know your precious beauty salon got trashed, and now you're hiding like a coward."

"Afraid? Me? Never! Don't forget, Siena—you're only part of this family because you married Kevin's father. If it weren't for that, you'd be nothing to me!" Bonnie's voice cracked like a whip.

"Fine," Siena snapped. "Let's settle this once and for all. Meet me, if you're not too much of a coward."

"Don't think I won't. You want to hash it out? Let's do it."

Bonnie slammed the phone down, grabbed her purse, and stormed out.

Norah, alarmed by the sudden outburst, ran after her. “Aunt, where are you going? Let me come with you.”

Bonnie turned back, her eyes blazing. “No. This is between Siena and me. Watch closely—you’ll see her try and fail to put me in my place.”

“But what if—”

“Stay out of it!” Bonnie snapped before jumping into a taxi.

Norah turned to Steven, her voice trembling. “I need to follow her. I can’t let her walk into something dangerous.”

Steven hesitated, then nodded. “I’ll drive you.”

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Bonnie’s taxi pulled up to a cemetery. Her face tightened as she stepped out. *A cemetery? Really, Siena? What kind of game is this?*

She spotted Siena standing by a tombstone, holding a bundle of incense. Bianca stood beside her, her face pale but composed.

“Auntie,” Bianca was saying, her voice soft and pleading. “Please, don’t fight with Aunt Bonnie over me. Grandpa Edwards wouldn’t want to see this.”

Siena clutched Bianca’s hand and wrote on a notepad, knowing Bianca couldn’t hear: *This is for you, Bianca. I won’t let her get away with this.*

Bonnie strode forward, her heels clicking against the stone pathway. “Siena!” she called out, her voice sharp.

Siena turned, her expression hardening. “Perfect timing. Let’s settle this here, in front of my father. You hurt Bianca, and you’re going to answer for it.”

Bonnie’s gaze slid to Bianca, her lips curling into a sneer. “You’re unbelievable, Siena. Wasting your energy on this girl? If you’d spent half as much effort supporting Kevin, things wouldn’t have turned out this way. But no—you’ve always had your priorities backward.”

Siena’s eyes flashed. “Don’t you dare lecture me! Kevin is my son. *My* blood. What are you? Just his aunt. A bystander.”

Bonnie’s laughter was cold and sharp. “Your son? Don’t make me laugh. If it weren’t for me, Kevin wouldn’t have survived his first month. You gave up on him the moment he was born!”

Siena’s hands trembled, her eyes reddening. “Don’t drag up the past. If anyone failed, it was Martin! He abandoned us!”

Bonnie crossed her arms, her voice cutting. "And you, Siena? You've spent your life destroying one family after another. Have you ever once looked in the mirror and admitted your own mistakes?"

"I've done nothing wrong!" Siena's voice cracked, her fists clenched.

"You've done nothing but wrong!" Bonnie shot back.

Bianca stepped between them, her face pale but her voice steady. "Auntie, please. Both of you, stop. I'm fine. I don't blame anyone."

Bonnie turned on Bianca, her voice dripping with venom. "Don't play the victim, Bianca. You're nothing but a manipulative little snake. Pretending to be innocent while stirring up trouble behind everyone's back. You disgust me."

Siena lunged forward, shoving Bonnie. "Who are you to insult her like that? She can't even hear you, you coward!"

Bonnie shoved back, her voice rising. "You want to fight, Siena? Let's see who wins!"

The two women collided, their argument exploding into a physical scuffle. They clawed and shoved at each other, their shouts echoing through the cemetery.

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Norah and Steven arrived just in time to see the chaos unfold.

"Aunt!" Norah cried, running toward them. The uneven stairs made every step treacherous.

"Norah, be careful!" Steven called, rushing after her.

Siena and Bonnie were locked in a fierce battle, hair tangled and clothes disheveled.

"You've been nothing but a poison in Kevin's life!" Siena shouted, her voice raw with fury. "You kept him from me, and now you're trying to destroy Bianca too. I won't forgive you!"

Bonnie's face was red with anger, her voice dripping with scorn. "And you've been a terrible mother from the start! Kevin is not your own son, but you are so indifferent to him. Do you think Martin left you because you were innocent? You've always been selfish, Siena, and Kevin has paid the price!"

The words struck like a thunderclap. Norah froze, her breath catching in her throat.

Kevin... wasn't Siena's biological son?

Her mind raced, but before she could process it, she noticed someone standing in the shadows, silently watching the entire scene unfold.



## Chapter 249

“Kevin.”

Siena froze when she noticed Kevin standing there. Her heart sank.

Norah followed Siena’s gaze and saw Kevin as well. He was standing a few steps away, his expression calm and unreadable, as if their heated words hadn’t fazed him.

Bonnie was the first to break the silence. The sight of Kevin’s detached eyes unsettled her, filling her with instant regret. She hadn’t intended for Kevin to overhear the truth—not like this.

“Kevin...” Bonnie murmured, her voice faltering.

Kevin didn’t respond. He hadn’t come here to confront them; he’d come out of concern, knowing something was bound to happen.

Siena’s shock quickly turned to anger. “Bonnie, what the hell were you thinking? Why would you say that? You just can’t stand to see me at peace, can you?” she snapped, shoving Bonnie in a fit of rage.

Bonnie, distracted by Kevin’s presence, didn’t see it coming. She lost her balance and stumbled backward, falling down the cemetery stairs.

“Bonnie!” Norah screamed, her voice breaking as she watched her aunt tumble.

Everyone turned toward the horrifying scene. Kevin’s face, usually so composed, flickered with a rare hint of panic.

Bonnie landed hard, her body bruised and scraped, her head bleeding. She was completely unconscious.

Norah rushed to her side but hesitated to touch her, terrified of making things worse. “Aunt Bonnie, wake up! Please!”

Siena, standing frozen above, stared in disbelief at what she’d done. Her hands trembled as if she could see blood staining them. “I... I didn’t mean it. She pushed me to the edge. This isn’t my fault!” she stammered.

Kevin wasted no time. He darted down the stairs, his movements precise as he scooped Bonnie into his arms. His expression hardened, cold as steel.

“We need to get her to the hospital,” he said, his voice steady but charged with urgency.

Without another glance at Siena, Kevin carried Bonnie toward the car. Norah followed close behind, her face pale with worry.

“Kevin!” Siena called after him, desperate, but he didn’t stop or even turn.

Realizing the severity of what had happened, Siena scrambled after them, Bianca trailing silently behind her.

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At the hospital, Kevin paced outside the emergency room, tension radiating from his every step.

Siena arrived moments later, her eyes locked on Kevin. “Kevin...” she started, her voice shaky, almost pleading.

He stopped pacing but didn’t face her. “What do you want?” he asked coldly.

Siena flinched at his tone, her guilt pressing down on her. “Don’t listen to Bonnie. She’s trying to drive a wedge between us. You’re my son—”

Kevin cut her off sharply. “You think I don’t remember? The person who raised me, who stood by me, was my aunt. Not you.”

Those words hit Siena like a physical blow. Her eyes filled with tears as she tried to explain, her voice trembling. “It wasn’t easy for me in the Edwards family. Your father didn’t care about me. I was desperate, Kevin. I made mistakes, but I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Kevin turned to her, his gaze icy. “Mistakes? You abused me, starved me, left me to fend for myself. I was nothing more than a pawn to you. And when I outlived my usefulness, you cast me aside.”

Siena’s tears spilled over as she reached for his arm. “I know I failed you. I regret it every single day. Please, let me make it right. I can be the mother you deserve.”

Kevin shook his head, his voice cutting through her desperation. “That time has passed. I don’t need your love now. Calling you ‘Mom’ is the best you’ll get from me. Be grateful for that.”

Siena staggered back as if struck. Her tears turned into sobs, but Kevin didn’t waver.

“You can’t do this to me,” she cried. “You’re my son! You’re all I have left!”

Kevin’s voice grew even colder. “You had your chance. You ruined it. Now, you want me to forgive you so you can ease your own guilt? No. Live with it.”

His words stung like a whip, leaving Siena reeling. Memories of her past mistakes clawed at her. She had built her life on selfishness and control, and now she was paying the price.

Bianca, who had been silently watching, stepped forward, tears in her eyes. “Kevin, please don’t be angry at your mom. It’s my fault. If I hadn’t been there, none of this would’ve happened.”

Kevin glanced at her but didn't reply.

Bianca's voice cracked as she continued, "I should've stopped her. I should've done something! It's my fault Aunt Bonnie fell down the stairs. I'm sorry!"

She raised her hand and slapped herself hard, tears streaming down her face.

"Bianca, stop it!" Siena grabbed her wrist, pulling her close. "This isn't your fault. Don't hurt yourself."

But Bianca shook her head, sobbing. "I'm the one who caused all this trouble. If I wasn't around—"

"Enough!" Siena shouted, her voice breaking. She hugged Bianca tightly, shielding her. "Don't blame yourself. None of this is on you."

Norah, who had been silent until now, finally spoke, her voice sharp and cold. "Of course she's wrong."

Everyone turned toward Norah, whose piercing gaze was locked on Siena.

## Chapter 250

Siena looked at Norah as she spoke and snapped, "Norah, stop talking like that! Don't make things worse and hurt her even more!"

Her immediate instinct was to protect Bianca.

Norah walked over and saw Bianca crying, her face streaked with tears, her body limp, looking fragile and helpless. She turned to Siena and said, "Why are you so concerned about Bianca? What you're really worried about is that your son is gone. Bianca's just playing the victim here, trying to avoid blame. But I saw it with my own eyes—Bonnie was pushed down, and you're the one responsible. Bianca is probably the one who started all of this!"

Bonnie had been rushed into surgery, her injuries severe, and Norah's concern for them was practically non-existent.

"Stop talking nonsense!" Siena snapped. "I pushed Bonnie, but it was a light push. Why don't you admit that Bonnie fell on purpose?"

Norah looked at Siena, unimpressed. "The push wasn't light. We all saw what happened."

Siena's voice rose. "Norah, you're speaking to me like this? I'm an elder in this family—your mother-in-law! Do you really want to make things worse for yourself?"

Norah sneered. "If you don't want to own up to your actions, you'll just use your status to try to intimidate me? You denied me from the start. Now, just because of Bianca, you're suddenly

on her side, defending her. Who do you think she is, that you're protecting her so carefully, afraid she'll get hurt?"

Siena grabbed Norah's arm. "You don't get to worry about this. If you hadn't egged Bonnie on, she wouldn't have done anything to Bianca, causing her hearing loss!"

Norah glanced back at Bianca, who was still crying, her tears flowing freely. She had always relied on her hearing loss to avoid responsibility, expecting others to clean up the mess for her.

"She told you Bonnie made her deaf?" Norah asked, amused. "Ask Kevin. He knows exactly what happened to Bianca's ears—who really caused the damage. It wasn't my aunt, and you're just a pawn in all this."

Siena froze for a moment and turned to look at Bianca.

Bianca cried even harder, fear in her eyes. "Auntie..."

Siena turned back to Norah, her voice defensive. "Even if Bonnie didn't cause it, she still hurt Bianca in other ways. Why do you think so many people online are speaking out against her? Bianca is a star, a household name. Of course, the elders are speaking up for her!"

Norah's face remained cold as she suddenly pushed Bianca.

"Ahh!" Bianca cried out as she stumbled, falling hard to the ground.

Norah hadn't used enough force to seriously hurt her, but it was enough to cause discomfort.

Siena's face twisted with anger. "Norah, what are you doing? How dare you treat her like this in front of me?"

Norah, looking at Bianca sobbing on the floor, snapped, "You want to stand up for her, but why can't I stand up for my aunt? What's wrong with giving her a little push? I didn't hit her—I showed restraint!"

Siena's anger flared. "You're impossible!" She moved toward Norah, her eyes burning with fury.

In the heat of the moment, she reached out to grab Norah by the hair, but Kevin stepped in, his voice cold. "Enough!"

Siena turned toward Kevin, frustration evident on her face. "Kevin, see for yourself! This is Norah's true nature. She's always trying to push Bianca around. She's not worthy of being part of this family! Bianca is the one who deserves to be your wife. You need to divorce her now!"

Kevin's expression remained flat, his voice firm. "Don't get involved. My aunt's in surgery, and you're the one who's responsible. Don't try to blame anyone else. If something happens to

her, you'll have to face the consequences. This was your mistake, Siena. You'll have to live with it."

Siena's face went pale. "Kevin!"

But Kevin turned and walked away, leaving her standing there, fuming but powerless.

Siena, feeling helpless, went to comfort Bianca, who was still sobbing in her arms. "Bianca, stop crying. You're not a burden."

Bianca clung to her, tears streaming down her face. "Auntie, am I just a bother? Do I make everyone hate me?"

"No, no, you're not a bother," Siena reassured her, gently patting her back. "Everyone loves you."

Bianca cried harder, her sorrow palpable. Despite any mistakes she had made, she had become the victim in everyone's eyes.

Siena felt the weight of her own guilt. If it weren't for the hospital setting and the people around, Norah would have torn Bianca apart, exposing all of her pretenses.

But no matter what, Siena would continue to defend Bianca, no matter what the truth was. Their bond was unshakable.

Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps.

"How's Bonnie?" Martin's voice cut through the tension.

Norah looked up and saw Martin coming toward them. He was dressed in a suit, his hair neatly combed. Though he was in his fifties, he still had a youthful, handsome appearance, but his eyes were cold and distant, showing a hint of concern for Bonnie's condition.

After all, Bonnie was his sister, and no matter the distance, he cared about her.

Norah had only seen Martin a few times during her years in the Edwards family. Their relationship was distant, and despite being the son of Grandpa Edwards, Martin didn't seem close to anyone in the family.

When Grandpa Edwards passed away, Martin didn't return to the family home. The family business had passed to Kevin, not him.

Martin didn't even acknowledge Siena. He went straight to Kevin. "How's your aunt?"

Kevin frowned slightly and answered coldly, "She's still in surgery."

Martin paused, then said simply, "We wait."

Siena, seeing Martin, was struck with surprise. She had hoped that Martin would defend her, but his indifference only deepened her frustration.

Her voice trembled with anger. "You've never been there for me! I was sick and you didn't visit, but as soon as Bonnie gets hurt, you rush over! You treat me like I'm invisible, don't you?"

Martin turned to her, his face cold, his eyes filled with disdain. "Don't think I don't know what you did. I'll settle it with you once Bonnie wakes up."

"She deserved it!" Siena cried. "If she hadn't hurt Bianca, I wouldn't have had to push her! You're just as indifferent now as ever!"

Martin's gaze flickered to Bianca, who had stopped crying but was now tense and avoiding his gaze. She whispered cautiously, "Uncle... Uncle."

Martin's cold expression softened just a bit, but his tone remained harsh. "For the sake of an outsider, you're losing your mind. You're going too far!"

Siena, in disbelief, shot back, "You want a divorce? After all these years of marriage, you want to throw me away for some... woman?" She spat the words. "I'll never leave the Edwards family. Even if I die, I won't let you go!"

Martin's expression twisted with disgust.