

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 251

Chapter 251

Martin didn't bother arguing with Siena; instead, he coldly ignored her tears. To him, her crying meant absolutely nothing.

Siena, desperate and overwhelmed, could only watch as her husband's indifference chipped away at her defenses. Her voice grew louder, trembling with emotion. "Say something, Martin! Why won't you speak? Am I not your wife? Is Bonnie more important to you than I am? You married me, Martin! You can't treat me like this!"

Her red, tear-streaked eyes begged for even the smallest gesture of concern—a glance, a word, anything to soothe her growing unease and despair.

But Martin remained silent, treating her like a stranger, calm and unbothered.

Kevin, observing their tense dynamic, didn't flinch. He wasn't surprised by their behavior and chose not to intervene. For him, they were only "parents" in name. Having grown up in such an emotionally barren environment, he had long since grown numb to the chaos, viewing it all with detached indifference.

Finally, Martin, unable to endure Siena any longer, stood up abruptly. Turning to Kevin, he said flatly, "I'll be downstairs. Let me know when Bonnie wakes up."

Kevin didn't bother looking at him, his icy expression unchanged. He didn't respond, and Martin didn't wait for an answer.

Martin expected nothing from his son; the father-son relationship had never been warm. Pretending otherwise seemed pointless. Kevin didn't like Martin, and Martin didn't care. His only concern was Bonnie, his sister, and no one else.

Without another word, Martin walked away.

Siena, distraught, chased after him. "Martin, don't go! You owe me an explanation!"

Bianca, watching Siena unravel, couldn't help but feel concerned. The emotional intensity Siena displayed in this argument with Martin far surpassed any conflict she'd ever had with Bonnie.

And in this room, Siena had only one ally—Bianca. Naturally, she followed.

When Siena grabbed Martin's sleeve in desperation, he yanked his arm away as though her touch was repulsive. His cold, unfeeling glare pierced her as he spoke, "I've done my duty by you. Stop doing things that disgust me."

He pulled a wet wipe from his pocket, meticulously cleaning the spot where she had touched him before tossing the wipe into a nearby trash can.

"Auntie," Bianca called softly, worried.

She rushed to Siena's side, steadying her as she stumbled, shaken by Martin's indifference.

Norah, standing nearby, witnessed the entire scene unfold—Siena's desperate pleas and Martin's heartless rejection. It was hard to watch.

She couldn't help but feel the disgust herself.

This was what a loveless marriage looked like at its worst.

Siena had lost—completely and utterly.

Though Norah had only met Martin a handful of times, it was clear their marriage had long been irreparably broken. She just hadn't realized how devastatingly bad things had become.

Now, there was no denying it.

Martin never even looked at Siena. Her tears, her anger, her desperation—none of it mattered to him. She was the last person he wanted to see.

From a woman's perspective, Norah thought, having a husband this indifferent would be utterly soul-crushing.

A chilling thought crossed her mind: would she eventually become like Siena?

The circumstances in the Edwards family could easily push her into a similar position.

And with that, Martin walked away, leaving behind a room heavy with silence.

Siena collapsed into sobs, and Bianca stayed by her side, trying to comfort her.

Norah glanced over at Kevin.

He stood there, leaning against the doorframe, his face void of emotion. He didn't ask questions, didn't react to Siena's breakdown. It was as though he had expected it all along and didn't care.

Did Kevin already know the truth—that he wasn't Siena's biological son?

Norah recalled a few moments when Bonnie had hinted at it before, but she hadn't pieced it together. Now it seemed obvious. Kevin must have known all along. He had simply accepted it.

"Norah," Steven's voice interrupted her thoughts as he approached her gently. "You've been standing too long. You should rest for a bit."

Norah's lower back ached, but she shook her head. "I'll wait here until Aunt Bonnie wakes up."

"Then I'll stay with you," Steven said firmly.

She nodded, grateful for his support.

Kevin, leaning against the doorframe, noticed Steven's unwavering attention. It annoyed him, the way Steven's concern for Norah was so obvious, almost suffocatingly so.

A surge of irritation surged through Kevin, and he kicked a chair near Steven, making a loud noise.

"Sorry," Kevin said coldly. "Didn't mean to."

"It's fine," Steven replied easily, unaffected.

Kevin's lips curled into a sarcastic smile. "This is a waiting area for family. Don't you have a business to run, Mr. Lord?"

Steven smiled back, his tone calm and confident. "Norah's pregnant. She wanted to stay and wait for her aunt, and I didn't feel comfortable leaving her here alone. She needs someone to support her, after all."

"Aunt?" Kevin's voice dripped with sarcasm. "Since when did Aunt Bonnie become *your* aunt?"

Steven's eyes glinted with amusement, but his tone remained polite. "Norah respects Bonnie, and as someone close to Norah, I respect her too. That's how it works."

Kevin clenched his fists, his anger bubbling just beneath the surface.

"Taking advantage of the situation, are we, Mr. Lord? Just because Norah calls her 'aunt' doesn't mean you get to."

Steven stayed calm, his words unbothered but pointed. "I'm with Norah, so I follow her lead."

Kevin's temper flared as Steven's words implied an intimacy that didn't sit well with him.

Before Kevin could lash out, Norah interjected. "This is a hospital, Kevin. Steven is here to help, and he's been nothing but kind. You should focus on what matters instead of picking fights."

Kevin sneered. "Oh, defending him now? What's next, Norah? Are you going to marry him?"

Norah held his gaze, her voice steady. "Maybe I will."

Kevin's eyes burned with frustration, his anger palpable. He stared at her, as though trying to understand how she could say such a thing.

Their tension was interrupted by the sound of the operating room doors opening.

Bonnie was wheeled out on a hospital bed.

All eyes turned to her, and the hostility in the room was momentarily forgotten.

Norah rushed to Bonnie's side, her hands trembling as she clutched the bed rail. Bonnie's usually lively face looked pale and fragile, her head and body covered in bandages.

Tears welled in Norah's eyes as she whispered, "Bonnie..."

A nurse spoke up. “Who’s the patient’s family?”

“Me!” Norah and Kevin both blurted out in unison.

They exchanged a brief, awkward glance before looking away, their unresolved tension still simmering beneath the surface.

The nurse smiled knowingly. “Ah, so you’re husband and wife.”

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“It’s not,” Norah said firmly.

Kevin’s expression darkened. “She’s about to become my ex-wife,” he retorted coldly.

The doctor paused, clearly taken aback by their tense exchange. After a moment, he continued professionally, “The patient has a minor concussion and a fractured hand. She’ll be fine with some rest and recovery. No need to worry too much.”

Relieved, Norah quickly responded, “Thank you, doctor.”

“You’re welcome.”

Norah and Kevin followed Bonnie as she was transferred to a ward.

Once settled, Norah noticed Bonnie’s lips were dry. She immediately fetched some warm water and gently moistened Bonnie’s lips with a cotton swab. Kevin remained nearby, silently standing guard.

The ward was kept quiet, with only a few people present to avoid disturbing Bonnie’s rest. Norah, unable to leave Bonnie’s side, sat nearby and watched over her with unwavering focus.

Eventually, exhaustion overcame her, and she dozed off with her head resting on the bedside.

When Norah woke up, she was startled. Her dream had been unsettling—a dark, suffocating space enveloped her. It wasn’t the first time she’d had such dreams. They always left her uneasy. As she stirred, she noticed a jacket draped over her shoulders.

She picked up the garment and instantly recognized Kevin’s familiar scent. His gesture was unexpected. Yet, Norah reminded herself not to let her guard down. Kevin’s brief kindness didn’t erase his past actions—or make her special.

Bonnie was still asleep. Norah decided to step out to buy some essentials Bonnie might need during her hospital stay.

As she exited the ward, she noticed Steven sitting nearby.

“Steven,” she called.

He turned toward her. “You’re awake.”

“It’s late. Why didn’t you go home?” she asked, slightly concerned.

Steven rose from his seat. “I wanted to make sure you were okay before leaving.”

“I’m sorry for making you wait. I must’ve fallen asleep,” Norah said apologetically.

“It’s fine,” Steven replied warmly. “It wasn’t a problem.”

Norah smiled. “Let me walk you out. I’ll call you when my aunt wakes up so you don’t worry.”

“Hm,” Steven nodded and walked with her.

The two made their way downstairs. As Steven prepared to leave, he turned to Norah and said, “Call me if you need anything. I’ll visit Aunt Bonnie tomorrow. Make sure you get some rest—you’ve been running yourself ragged.”

Norah nodded. “Thank you, Steven. You should get some rest, too. It’s been a long day for you.”

Steven waved goodbye and drove off, leaving Norah to head toward a nearby mall. She bought toiletries and a few sets of soft, comfortable pajamas, knowing Bonnie would appreciate the care and comfort.

Leaving the mall, laden with shopping bags, Norah suddenly collided with someone. The impact sent everything in her hands tumbling to the ground.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized immediately, crouching down to pick up her things.

The stranger knelt down as well, his deep voice cutting through the moment. “No, it’s my fault. Let me help you.”

Their hands touched briefly as they reached for the same item. His hand was ice-cold—unnaturally so. Startled, Norah quickly withdrew her hand.

Looking up, she saw a man in a black coat and sweater. His fair complexion was almost unnerving, his features sharp and refined. He wore gold-rimmed glasses, and a faint smile played on his lips. A tear mole at the corner of his left eye added an enigmatic air.

Yet, there was something chilling about him. His presence sent an involuntary shiver down Norah’s spine.

“Julie...” the man murmured softly, his eyes fixed on her.

Norah stiffened. “Who are you calling?”

The man tilted his head slightly, the faint smile still lingering. “My mistake. I thought you were someone else.”

“Can I have my things back?” Norah asked, her voice steady despite her unease.

The man handed her the shopping bag, his cold fingers brushing hers once more.

Norah grabbed her belongings and stepped aside quickly. “Excuse me.”

The man moved aside, letting her pass. As Norah walked away, she resisted the urge to glance back. Something about him felt deeply unsettling.

Behind her, the man’s gaze lingered on her retreating figure. He whispered again, “Julie...”

The name carried a strange, ominous weight.

The man eventually turned and walked away, coiling a string of green beads around his fingers. After navigating through a series of quiet streets, he arrived at an inconspicuous office building.

The building was almost deserted, its upper floors rarely used. He climbed to the fourth floor, where only a single room awaited.

Pushing the door open, the man stepped inside.

“Finally! I’ve been waiting for you,” Bianca’s impatient voice called out.

The man closed the door behind him, removed his black coat, and slipped on a white lab coat, transforming into a doctor. Adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses, he smirked. “What’s the rush? Couldn’t handle a few days without me?”

Bianca’s glare was icy. “I’m tired of this. Fix my hearing already. I need to get back to work. This is ruining my life!”

The man leaned back in his chair, his fingers still playing with the beads. His narrowed eyes scrutinized her. “Didn’t you deliberately lose your hearing to get Kevin’s attention? You can’t have it both ways.”

“I’ve done enough,” Bianca snapped. “This act is over. Restore my hearing now!”

The man chuckled darkly. “Oh, Bianca. You’re so good at lying, even you start to believe yourself. But the play isn’t over just yet.”

He leaned closer, his voice a soft threat. “Unless, of course, you’d like to spin another story for Julie...”

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Bianca’s face tensed as she forced herself to respond, her voice firm but tinged with unease. “No. I can’t do something like that anymore. I’m Bianca now—a big star. I’ve left all that behind!”

Jace chuckled softly, his voice laced with sarcasm. “Bianca, huh? You think that name makes you clean? People like us, born in the dark, don’t get to step into the light.”

He tapped his long, slender fingers rhythmically on the desk, his gaze piercing.

Bianca paled at his words, clenching her fists. “It’s over. We can leave it all behind. We deserve to be clean, to start fresh.”

Her words hung in the still air, trembling with desperate hope.

Jace leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowing as he studied her. “Is that what you believe?”

Bianca’s voice softened, almost pleading. “I want a normal life. I’ve worked so hard for my career. I want to build a family someday. You can have that too, Jace. You can still walk away.”

For a moment, her sincerity seemed to reach him. Jace’s expression flickered, his steely resolve almost cracking.

But then, he smirked faintly. “The past isn’t done with us yet.”

Bianca froze.

“They’ll come for us. Again and again.”

Her voice broke as she whispered, “Is there no way out?”

“There’s one way.” His voice was calm, almost detached. “Die.”

Bianca stared at him, horrified.

Jace shrugged, his slender fingers playing with the string of emerald beads in his hand. “It’s the only escape. Death is the only end for people like us. No matter how far we run, it catches up. The darkness never lets go.”

A sudden knock at the door shattered the silence, and Bianca jumped, her fear spilling over.

Jace glanced at the door, unfazed. "You've been followed."

Her face went pale. "What? Followed? By who?"

Jace moved to the window, pulling back the curtain slightly. "There might be more than one. You've been exposed."

Bianca's panic bubbled over. "It's Norah! It has to be her! What do I do?!"

Jace calmly pointed toward a corner of the room. "There's a back door."

Without hesitation, Bianca rushed toward the door but stopped abruptly. She spun back to Jace, her desperation twisting into a sinister determination. "Norah's been after me for too long. She's not just a problem for me; she's dangerous for you too. She's a threat to everything. Why don't you deal with her? End this, right here and now!"

Jace's lips curved into a knowing smile, his eyes distant as he gazed out the window. "I'll handle it."

Satisfied, Bianca slipped out the back door, leaving the room cloaked in silence.

Jace opened the door minutes later to find Norah standing there, her expression resolute.

She'd been waiting for this moment. Her investigation into Bianca had brought her here, and she wasn't leaving empty-handed.

But as the door swung open, her confidence faltered.

"You?" she blurted, recognizing the tall figure before her.

Jace's lips curled into a faint smile. "What a coincidence."

Norah's eyes darted past him, scanning the space. She was looking for Bianca, convinced her trackers hadn't made a mistake.

"You're a doctor?" she asked cautiously.

Jace nodded. "I am."

Norah pressed further. "A friend of mine—Bianca—was here earlier, wasn't she?"

Jace didn't flinch. "You're right. Bianca was here. Come in, and I'll tell you everything you want to know."

He stepped aside, leaving the door wide open.

Norah hesitated, her instincts screaming at her to be cautious. But his openness disarmed her just enough to push her forward. She stepped inside.

The space was vast yet unsettling, with no walls separating the bedroom, kitchen, and office. Her eyes flicked over the sparse furniture, the neatly arranged medical tools, and the sterile atmosphere.

“Sit,” Jace said, his voice calm but commanding.

Norah sat reluctantly, clutching the cup of coffee he placed in front of her. The warmth seeped into her hands, momentarily easing the chill in her chest.

“What is it you want to ask?” Jace’s voice was measured, his demeanor unsettlingly composed.

Norah hesitated, her mind racing. “Have we met before?”

At this, Jace’s brown eyes locked onto hers, sharp and unyielding. The emerald beads in his hand clicked softly as he toyed with them.

“I don’t think so,” he said finally, his voice cool. “We just crossed paths earlier today.”

Norah forced a nervous smile, trying to brush off her unease. “Sorry, my mistake.”

She shifted the conversation. “You said Bianca was here. Why would she come to you?”

Jace took a sip of his coffee, his gaze never leaving hers. “Bianca is my patient. She came to me for help. Specifically, to restore her hearing.”

Norah’s breath hitched. She hadn’t expected him to be so forthcoming. “You... you’re the one who made her deaf?”

Jace leaned back, his expression unreadable. “Yes. She asked for it. And now, she’s asking me to reverse it.”

Norah was stunned. “Why are you telling me this? Aren’t doctors supposed to keep their patients’ secrets?”

Jace’s lips twitched into a faint smile, but his eyes remained cold. “Let’s just say Bianca and I have a... unique understanding. And so do you and I now.”

Norah’s grip tightened on the coffee cup. She wasn’t sure if she’d walked into a trap or stumbled upon the truth. Either way, she wasn’t leaving without answers.

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Jace's lips curled into a sly smile, the tear-shaped mole near the corner of his eye becoming more prominent. "Isn't this what you wanted to know? I'm just being honest," he said.

Norah felt uneasy. The room's open layout made it clear that Bianca wasn't here, and she wasn't entirely sure Jace was telling the truth.

"How do I know you're not lying to me?" she asked cautiously.

Jace leaned back slightly, his gaze steady. "What do I gain from lying? Here, take a look." He gestured to a medical record sheet on the table. "This proves Bianca came to me for treatment."

Norah grabbed the document and scanned it carefully. It was undeniable—Bianca had sought Jace's help.

If other doctors couldn't fix it, Jace could.

The evidence suggested that Jace's medical skills were extraordinary. He had the ability to make Bianca deaf and just as easily restore her hearing.

This revelation sent a chill down Norah's spine.

"If you know the truth, aren't you worried about dying?" Jace's voice broke through her thoughts, the words cutting like ice.

Norah looked up at him, her pulse quickening. She hadn't forgotten that she was in his space—his territory. The danger felt tangible.

Her gaze darted to the scalpel on the table, her hands instinctively clenching into fists. If he made a move, she needed to be ready.

"I'm sure you made a hefty sum helping Bianca," Norah said, her voice steady despite her fear. "I can pay you double for that medical record. There's no need for bloodshed here. Let's make this simple—take my offer and let me leave."

Jace leaned forward, his hands resting on the table. His voice dropped, cold and unwavering. "I don't compromise my integrity."

Norah froze, her heart pounding. Her eyes flicked to his hands, half expecting him to grab the scalpel.

Desperate to shift the tension, she gripped the medical record tightly and pressed on. "I..."

But before she could continue, Jace chuckled softly, the sound breaking the silence.

Norah's confusion deepened as Jace sat back, his demeanor lightening. "The truth is, I've never had much integrity to begin with," he admitted with a smirk.

Despite his words, Norah's anxiety only grew. She couldn't trust him.

"Can you really let me have this medical record?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly. She reached into her pocket. "I'll pay you now."

Jace nodded casually. "Of course. A deal is a deal."

Relieved, Norah quickly transferred the money using the QR code on his desk and tucked the medical record securely into her bag.

"I'll be going now," she said, turning toward the door.

"Good luck out there," Jace called after her.

Just as she was about to step outside, he added, "Norah."

She hesitated, turning back to face him. His dark, enigmatic eyes locked onto hers.

"That's my name," Jace said, his tone smooth yet chilling.

Norah nodded, her throat dry. "Got it."

Without another word, she hurried out, her steps echoing in the quiet hallway.

Behind her, Jace remained seated, watching her leave. When she finally disappeared from view, he tilted his head back and let out a low, unsettling laugh that reverberated through the empty room.

Outside, Norah made her way down the stairs when someone suddenly grabbed her arm.

Startled, she instinctively lashed out, her fists swinging.

"It's me!" Kevin's voice broke through her panic.

Norah stopped and looked up at him, relief washing over her. "Kevin? What are you doing here?"

Kevin's face was grim. "I should be asking you that. What were you doing up there?"

Her grip tightened on the medical record tucked in her bag. She couldn't let Kevin know about it.

"I was meeting a friend," she said casually, trying to sound convincing.

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "Do you really think I'll believe that? You went up to the fourth floor. Do you have any idea how dangerous that was?"

"I got out just fine, didn't I?" she shot back, feigning nonchalance.

Kevin's expression darkened. "Norah, do you realize how close you came to something happening to you? You can't just walk into a stranger's territory and expect to come out unscathed."

Her resolve wavered under his intense gaze, but she quickly recovered. "I'll be more careful next time," she said lightly, brushing him off.

Kevin exhaled, clearly frustrated but relieved she was safe. "Let's go. I'll take you home."

Norah hesitated but nodded. As they walked away, Kevin glanced at her, his mind already working through what he had seen and what she might be hiding.

Back at the Edwards Mansion, Bianca returned soaked from the rain.

Siena was pacing anxiously in the foyer, her worry etched across her face. When she saw Bianca, she hurried over.

"Bianca, where were you? You're not well—you shouldn't be wandering around like this! And you're soaking wet," Siena exclaimed, her hands fluttering as she fussed over Bianca.

Bianca's eyes softened as she looked at her aunt. "I forgot my umbrella. It rained," she said quietly.

Siena placed a hand on Bianca's forehead. "You're cold. Go change, and I'll make you some ginger tea."

Bianca nodded and started toward the stairs but paused midway.

"Aunt," she called softly, her voice laced with an unfamiliar bitterness.

Siena stopped. "What is it, Bianca? Did something happen?"

Bianca clenched her fists, her gaze distant. "Why are you so kind to me now? If only you'd treated me like this before..."

Siena's face froze, her guilt heavy and visible. "Bianca—"

But Bianca didn't wait for a reply. She turned and walked upstairs without another word.

Siena watched her go, tears welling in her eyes. She had failed Bianca in so many ways, and now, the weight of those failures felt unbearable.

At that moment, Martin walked in, his presence breaking the tense silence.

"You're finally back," Siena said, wiping her tears quickly.

Martin's expression was cold. "Don't think I don't know what you've done. Clean up your own mess, Siena. It's long overdue."

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"Isn't Kevin your child?" Siena's voice cracked with pain.

Martin's cold gaze didn't waver. "I never wanted a marriage—why would I want children?"

Siena's face went pale. "I knew you'd say that. Martin, why did I marry you? I regret it. If I could do it all over again, I'd rather have never married you!"

Martin's tone was cutting. "Didn't you do everything you could to trap me into this marriage? Do you think I wanted this?"

Siena's heart felt like it was breaking apart. Her eyes reddened with tears. "Yes, I did. And you've been punishing me ever since!"

Since their wedding, Martin had rarely come home. When he did, it was brief and impersonal. Siena felt more like a widow than a wife.

"I've had my revenge," Martin sneered. "You've never mattered to me."

Her chest tightened, but she refused to cry in front of him. She had clung to the hope that he might change, that maybe one day he'd see her differently. But deep down, she knew that was a fantasy.

Martin walked past her without a glance, as though her heartbreak meant nothing. He had always treated this house as if it didn't belong to him, and her as if she didn't exist. Even when his father, Old Mr. Edwards, passed away, Martin hadn't returned for the funeral.

Siena's voice trembled. "You're heartless, Martin!"

Bianca, descending the stairs, overheard their argument. She froze, calling softly, "Uncle."

Martin stopped and looked up at her, his face hard and unyielding. “This is the Edwards family. If you have anything to say, take it up with your parents—not her.” He gestured dismissively toward Siena.

Bianca clenched her fists, her voice steady but resolute. “Don’t you regret anything, even for a moment?”

“I never regret anything,” Martin replied coldly.

The words stung, not just Siena but Bianca too. She forced a bitter smile but said nothing further. Martin turned and walked away without a second thought.

Bianca glanced at her aunt, whose tear-streaked face told a story of years of suffering. At that moment, Bianca understood that this family had no love to offer.

It was a cold, barren household. She had to stand on her own because no one else would stand with her.

Swallowing her emotions, Bianca whispered to herself, *I can’t be weak. I have to be strong. I can’t afford to lose.*

She walked down the stairs, her steps determined, and approached Siena. “Aunt, I’m heading back now.”

Siena wiped her tears quickly and managed a soft smile. “At least wait for the ginger tea. You’ll catch a cold if you don’t warm up first.”

Siena hurried to the kitchen, still concerned for Bianca despite her own heartbreak.

Bianca watched her aunt bustling around. A wave of indifference swept over her. She understood why Siena was suddenly so attentive, but it was too little, too late.

They hadn’t been there for her when she needed them most.

Without another word, Bianca walked out of the house. When Siena returned with the ginger tea, she found only an empty room.

At that moment, Siena felt utterly alone.

Norah returned to the hospital, carrying bags of supplies.

Bonnie was awake but looked exhausted, lying motionless in the hospital bed.

“Aunt,” Norah greeted softly.

Bonnie turned her head, a faint smile brightening her face. “Norah.”

“How are you feeling? Any discomfort? Let me know,” Norah said gently, sitting by her side.

Bonnie glanced at Kevin, who stood behind Norah, his expression unreadable. She hesitated before speaking. “The pain is still there, but it’s manageable. Don’t worry—I’ll be fine in a couple of days.”

Norah nodded. “Good. Let me know if you need anything.”

Bonnie’s gaze shifted to Kevin, her tone apologetic. “Kevin, I’m sorry for what I said earlier. I spoke out of turn. I hope you won’t hold it against me.”

Kevin’s expression softened slightly. “It’s forgotten. Don’t worry about it.”

Bonnie sighed, her face shadowed with regret. “You’ve endured so much since you were a child. No one cared for you properly except me and your grandfather. I know I couldn’t protect you from everything, and I feel guilty about it. If it weren’t for our family, you would’ve had a much better life.”

Kevin’s voice was firm. “I’m fine now, Aunt. Don’t dwell on the past—just focus on your recovery.”

Bonnie took both Kevin’s and Norah’s hands in hers. “My only wish is for you two to take care of each other. Kevin, promise me you’ll protect Norah and the baby.”

Kevin gave her a reassuring nod. “You have my word.”

Norah smiled faintly. “Don’t stress, Aunt. I’ll take care of myself.”

Bonnie sighed again. “I don’t know why, but I’ve been feeling uneasy lately.”

Kevin urged her gently, “Get some rest, Aunt. You need it.”

Bonnie nodded, closing her eyes.

After ensuring Bonnie was comfortable, Norah left the ward. Kevin followed her into the hallway.

“Norah,” he called.

She stopped and turned to face him. “Yes?”

Kevin’s eyes were serious. “Stay out of Bianca’s affairs.”

Norah frowned. “Are you worried about Bianca, or are you worried about how it might affect your company?”

“There’s more to this than you realize,” Kevin said firmly. “I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

Norah hesitated before replying, “I know what I’m doing, Kevin. I’m not a child. I’ll take responsibility for my actions—just as Bianca should for hers.”

Kevin’s brows furrowed. “Norah...”

Before he could say more, Steven arrived, interrupting them.

“Norah,” Steven greeted, ready to take her home.

Norah glanced at Kevin before turning to Steven. “I’ll head out now. Take care of Aunt Bonnie.”

Kevin’s expression darkened as he watched Steven approach. “Are you and Steven getting close?”

Norah raised an eyebrow. “He’s giving me a ride. I don’t have a car.”

“What about the car I gave you?” Kevin asked sharply.

Norah’s tone was even. “I left it behind when I left the Edwards family. It wasn’t mine to keep.”