

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 26

Chapter 26

Kevin noticed that Norah was scratching her hand, and a red rash had appeared. He quickly grabbed her arm to stop her from scratching. "Don't scratch," he ordered.

Norah felt uncomfortable. "It's itchy," she complained.

Kevin frowned and said softly, "You're allergic to alcohol, and you still drank so much."

Norah, feeling a bit disoriented, opened her eyes and saw Kevin's figure. "Where am I?" she asked.

"You're home," Kevin replied.

He took off her shoes and the clothes that were bothering her, then covered her with a quilt.

As Norah sobered up a little, she remembered that she had attended a class reunion and had a few drinks. Things had gotten a bit out of hand, and Kevin had shown up at just the right moment.

"Did you bring me back?" Norah asked.

Kevin went to the bathroom, brought back a basin of hot water, and soaked a towel. He gently wiped her arm, which was red and covered with rashes from scratching. "Who else would it be?" he replied. "No more drinking next time."

Kevin didn't like her drinking, especially since her alcohol allergy could put her in danger.

Norah watched as Kevin carefully wiped her face and body. His movements were so gentle that she felt a bit moved. "Why are you suddenly taking care of me?" she asked.

Kevin looked back at her. "How else would you sleep tonight? I don't want to share a bed with a drunk."

After cleaning her up, Kevin noticed that Norah still felt itchy and uncomfortable. She lay there with a headache, feeling weak and regretting drinking so much.

Kevin came over with a glass of water and two pills. He held them out to her. "Norah, take the medicine."

"What medicine is this?" Norah asked, opening her eyes.

"It's for your allergy. You'll feel better after taking it," Kevin whispered. "Be good, take it."

His tone was gentle, almost as if he were coaxing a child. Norah had never seen him like this before. He seemed different, more patient and kind. Unsure of why he was acting this way, she obediently took the medicine and lay back down, feeling drowsy.

Kevin watched her flushed face, still affected by the alcohol. She looked soft and delicate, a stark contrast to her usual cold demeanor. He sat by the bed, gently moving the hair from her face.

Norah quickly drifted off to sleep, but she still felt something on her face, so she turned over and rested her head on Kevin's arm.

Kevin didn't move. He just watched her, noticing that even in her sleep, her hands still itched, and she tried to scratch them. He gently stopped her and began to lightly stroke the rash with his fingers, soothing her.

This made Norah feel more comfortable, and after a while, her breathing steadied, and she fell into a deep sleep.

Kevin stopped and tucked her hands under the quilt. As he was tidying up the bed, he suddenly heard Norah mumbling, "Your hands are so warm, I like them very much."

Kevin looked at her, surprised. She was talking in her sleep. A small smile played on his lips until he heard her softly say, "Anthony."

Anthony? Who's Anthony?

Kevin's expression darkened. He stared coldly at Norah's face as she continued to mumble in her sleep, tears welling up in her closed eyes. "Anthony, I like you so much," she whispered, sounding heartbroken.

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Chapter 27

Hearing Norah's words in her sleep, Kevin's expression turned cold, and a heavy feeling settled in his chest. Ignoring her crying, he walked to the window, lit a cigarette, and let the smoke fill the air, thick with tension. After finishing his cigarette, he left the bedroom and didn't return.

The next morning, Norah woke up with a pounding headache. She felt disoriented as she got out of bed, her head feeling heavier than her feet. She poured herself a glass of water to try and clear her head. When she looked in the bathroom mirror, she saw that her eyes were swollen—clearly, she hadn't slept well the night before.

She remembered that Kevin had brought her home last night, but he wasn't in bed next to her, which meant he hadn't slept there. However, she recalled him taking care of her for a long time, something he'd never done before.

Norah was puzzled. Why had Kevin been by her side last night? Despite her foul mood, Kevin hadn't gotten angry; instead, he had comforted her.

After getting ready, Norah went downstairs for breakfast. She expected to see Kevin, but he wasn't there. She asked the servant, "Where's Kevin?"

"The master left early this morning," the servant replied.

It was the weekend. Norah took out her phone and looked at Kevin's WhatsApp contact. She typed a message: Thank you for yesterday.

But she deleted it.

Thank you for taking care of me all night.

She edited the message several times but never sent it. She didn't want to send something that might seem insincere or overly sentimental. What she feared most was that Kevin wouldn't respond at all. His kindness last night might not have meant anything, and she worried she was reading too much into it.

After breakfast, Norah decided to go out. She drove to the largest shopping mall nearby. The weather was getting colder, and it was time to buy warmer clothes.

She planned to buy Kevin a coat. Although she had bought him many clothes before, this time felt different. She wanted to choose something special for him. Before leaving, she had taken the bank card from the drawer.

Norah walked into the luxury shopping mall, where the clothes started at tens of thousands. She casually browsed through a few stores.

“Miss, are you shopping for men’s clothing?” a saleslady asked, noticing Norah browsing through the racks.

Norah hesitated, trying to decide between a coat or a suit.

She smiled at the saleslady, “Yes, the weather is getting colder, and I want to buy something warm.”

“Is it for your boyfriend?” the saleslady asked, understanding the situation.

Norah didn’t deny it.

The saleslady continued, “We have some new arrivals this year. Would you like to take a look?”

Norah walked further into the store. The variety of clothing options overwhelmed her. She had always chosen suits for Kevin, usually in simple, monotonous colors that were easy to buy. This time, she wanted to pick something different that he would like, which made the decision harder.

Norah selected a black coat and paired it with a matching sweater. She imagined how Kevin would look in it—handsome, fitting his image perfectly.

“Miss, you have excellent taste. This is one of our new models. It looks simple but very stylish. Many celebrities have been seen wearing this style in magazines!” the saleslady said.

Kevin’s suits were usually custom-made, but Norah thought this coat would give him a more down-to-earth look. She was satisfied with her choice.

Just then, the saleslady addressed someone else, “Ms. Lynch, your men’s woolen coat has arrived.”

Norah looked over and saw Bianca walking into the store wearing sunglasses. Their eyes met.

Bianca removed her sunglasses and, seeing Norah picking out men’s clothes, smiled. “What a coincidence to run into you here. Are you shopping for Kevin?”

Norah replied calmly, “Who else would I be shopping for except my husband?”

Bianca felt a pang of irritation but tried to hide it. With a condescending tone, she said, “Norah, you really don’t know Kevin at all. You’re actually picking out such cheap clothes for him? The coat you’re holding is probably the cheapest thing Kevin will ever wear.”

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Chapter 28

Norah said with a flat expression, “Kevin wears a lot of designer clothes. If I buy it, he’ll wear it. But who is Ms. Lynch buying clothes for?”

Bianca stepped closer, locking eyes with Norah. Neither of them backed down, and the tension between them was palpable.

With a smirk, Bianca replied, “I’m buying a custom piece for my boyfriend. Only ten exist in the world. Want me to show it to you?”

Her tone was dripping with pride. While Bianca could afford to order exclusive luxury items, Norah was stuck choosing things that were widely available in stores. They were on different levels when it came to dressing their men.

The saleslady brought out a box containing the limited edition coat, which reeked of extravagance.

Norah glanced at her with a hint of sarcasm, “Ms. Lynch, do you always use someone else’s money to buy things? Are you sure this time it’s different?”

Bianca raised an eyebrow, “My boyfriend is happy to spend money on me. Jealous?”

“I’m not jealous,” Norah replied calmly. “I’m just concerned that the money isn’t exactly clean. It might hurt your reputation if the truth gets out.”

Bianca’s face darkened. She knew what Norah was implying. She and Kevin were married, and any money spent on Bianca was technically Norah’s. If Norah wanted, she could cause trouble, which would inevitably damage Bianca’s image.

Bianca was a well-known singer. If it came out that she was involved with a married man, her career could be ruined. She was only keeping quiet because the scandal hadn’t been exposed yet.

“Don’t think you can threaten me,” Bianca snapped, her voice icy. “If you divorce Kevin, you won’t get a penny! You only married him for the Edwards family’s money, and now you’re still dreaming. You’re just a secretary—this coat you’re holding must’ve cost you months of salary.”

Bianca sneered, “You don’t get it, do you? No matter how much you spend on Kevin, it’s a waste. He won’t spend a cent on you.”

Norah didn’t even bother to look at her. She simply said, “Wrap up this coat.”

The saleslady responded, “This coat is \$180,000.”

Norah handed over her card without hesitation.

Seeing this, Bianca laughed, “Norah, you’re so stubborn. Your secretary job doesn’t pay much. This coat probably wiped out half your savings!”

She knew how Norah lived with the Edwards family. Siena didn’t like her, and Kevin was cold to her. It was impossible for him to give her money.

Norah looked at the saleslady, who had already swiped the card, and asked, “How much is left on my card?”

The saleslady replied cheerfully, “Ms. White, your card still has \$99,820,000.”

Bianca’s face turned pale with disbelief. “How is that possible?”

She quickly stepped forward to verify it. There was no way Norah had that much money. She lived a hard life with the Edwards family—why would they give her \$100 million?

Norah noticed Bianca's confusion and said, "This is the card my husband gave me, as pocket money. Why is that so hard to believe? Oh, and Ms. Lynch, if you're not so thick-skinned, you should return that one million. If it goes to court, do you think you can spend it peacefully?"

Her words were subtle but pointed.

Bianca had obtained that one million through questionable means, and Norah knew there were ways to get it back.

Bianca's eyes narrowed, her voice cold, "Where did you get all that money? I don't believe it. You must have some rich boss supporting you. I really underestimated you."

Bianca couldn't believe Kevin would give Norah a card with \$100 million. She had heard that their relationship wasn't good. Kevin barely acknowledged her. Norah had worked as Kevin's secretary for seven years, and he had never given her a second glance.

If Kevin really cared about her, he would have openly announced their relationship, not kept it secret. Bianca would rather believe Norah had a secret benefactor than accept that Kevin gave her that money.

"What's wrong with my nephew giving some money to his wife? Is that really so suspicious? Bianca, sounds like you're just jealous."

Suddenly, a new voice cut into their conversation.

Norah turned and saw Bonnie Edwards walking toward them, her posture graceful and confident. She wore a black cheongsam that highlighted her elegant figure, and her hair was styled in a neat bun. Nearly fifty years old, Bonnie showed no signs of aging. She exuded an aura of sophistication as she approached.

"Auntie," Norah greeted, surprised.

Bonnie smiled, "What a coincidence, I came to shop and ran into you."

Bonnie was Kevin's only aunt, the youngest daughter of Grandpa Edwards. She was known for her free-spirited nature, preferring to live independently and travel often. Seeing her was always a matter of chance.

The last time Norah saw Bonnie was last year, and it had been a brief encounter.

“When did you return, Auntie?” Norah asked. “I hadn’t heard.”

Though Norah didn’t have the best relationship with Siena, she got along well with Bonnie. Bonnie was more open-minded and treated Norah as a friend rather than an elder.

“I just got back recently. Must be fate,” Bonnie responded warmly.

Bianca hadn’t expected to run into Bonnie here.

Bonnie was very close to Kevin, more so than Kevin’s mother. Bianca had always wanted to build a good relationship with Bonnie, believing it would eventually help her become part of the Edwards family.

Smiling, Bianca approached Bonnie with enthusiasm. “Auntie, it’s been so long! I missed you so much. Kevin didn’t tell me you were back. If I’d known, I would’ve visited you right away.”

She tried to take Bonnie’s hand, hoping to get closer to her.

But Bonnie pulled her hand back and gave Bianca a cold look. “Ms. Lynch, aren’t you being a bit too forward? I’m Kevin and Norah’s aunt, not yours. Besides, why would Kevin tell you I’m back? I don’t meet with people who aren’t part of the Edwards family.”

Bianca’s face fell, and she struggled to hide her embarrassment. Bonnie was clearly distancing herself from Bianca.

Bonnie then focused on Norah, noticing the coat she was picking out. “Are you shopping for Kevin? This coat is perfect for him. You have great taste, Norah.”

She complimented Norah, completely ignoring Bianca.

Feeling humiliated, Bianca decided to leave. “Well, Norah, Aunt Edwards, I’ll head out now.”

She didn’t want to stay and be ignored any longer.

But just as she was about to leave, Bonnie's voice stopped her coldly, "Wait!"

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Chapter 29

Bianca hesitated, then turned back with a forced smile. "Aunt Edwards, do you have something else to say?"

Bonnie looked at her, her tone cold. "You're here to buy clothes too, but this coat isn't for you, is it?"

Bianca's face stiffened. "I bought it for someone else."

Bonnie saw through her but chose not to press further. She crossed her arms and continued, "Bianca, you're a public figure. You know what's right and what's wrong. Just because I've turned a blind eye doesn't mean I approve. Don't wait until things blow up and regret it later. I'm not Siena—you can't just do as you please around me."

Bianca's face turned pale, and her eyes reddened at Bonnie's words. She clenched her fingers tightly and responded weakly, "I understand, Aunt Edwards."

Bonnie didn't look at her, simply letting out a cold snort.

Feeling humiliated, Bianca staggered slightly and was helped away by her assistant, Cleo.

Bonnie turned to Norah with a smile. "Norah, since we've run into each other, how about a drink?"

"Sure, Auntie. There's a coffee shop next door. Let's go there."

The two of them headed to the coffee shop.

Even though Bonnie wasn't around the Edwards family much, she still cared about Norah and Kevin. She asked, "You and Kevin have been married for three years now. Have you thought about having a child?"

Norah hesitated, unsure how to respond.

Bonnie, still hopeful, continued, “Norah, you know I don’t have children. Kevin is like a son to me, and I’ve been waiting for you two to give me a grandchild. My friends, who are younger than me, already have grandchildren.”

Norah sipped her coffee, aware of how close Kevin was to Bonnie—closer even than to his own mother, Siena. The relationships within the Edwards family were complicated. Kevin hadn’t grown up with the family and was only brought back by Bonnie when he was older. Siena had been distant toward him, while Bonnie was the one who truly cared for him.

Norah wasn’t sure whether she should mention that she and Kevin were on the brink of divorce. She didn’t want to dash Bonnie’s hopes. “Auntie, Kevin and I are still young, and we’re focused on our careers. Maybe in a few years, we’ll think about it.”

She had given a similar response to Siena, who had criticized her for not having children. But Siena knew well that Kevin had never been affectionate with Norah—he had never even touched her. He was simply using her. But Bonnie was different; she genuinely cared for Norah, and Norah didn’t want to let her down.

Bonnie noticed Norah’s hesitation and guessed the truth. She asked gently, “Are things still the same between you and Kevin?”

Norah was unsure what Bonnie meant. “What do you mean, Auntie?”

“I know how your marriage to Kevin came about.” Norah immediately lowered her head.

“Don’t misunderstand,” Bonnie said kindly, taking Norah’s hand. “I don’t think you married Kevin with ulterior motives. My father liked you, which is why he wanted you to marry Kevin. He was a wise man, and I agree with his choice.”

Bonnie’s words gave Norah some reassurance. “Auntie, why did Grandpa Edwards choose me?”

Norah had never fully understood. Her father had been in debt, and her family background wasn’t on par with the Edwards family. Yet, Grandpa Edwards had paid off their debt and arranged her marriage to Kevin. It felt like a miracle.

Bonnie smiled. “I think Kevin will grow to love you.”

“My father felt a lot of guilt toward Kevin. His wish was for Kevin to find happiness.” Bonnie paused, then added with a meaningful tone, “That’s something Bianca can’t give him. My father would never have allowed Kevin to be with her.”

Norah frowned, puzzled. Why would Grandpa Edwards, who had given Kevin everything, feel guilty? And why was he so against Kevin being with Bianca?

Still, Norah couldn’t help feeling inadequate. “I’ve let Grandpa Edwards down.”

“Don’t say that. I think Kevin cares for you. He hasn’t tired of you after all this time.” Bonnie smiled, then added with a hint of amusement, “He’s just not very bright when it comes to relationships. He doesn’t know how to make his wife happy. Kevin’s been a bit dense since he was a child, and our Norah has had to endure that. I’ll have to give him a little guidance!”

Norah replied softly, “He’s not stupid.”

Kevin just didn’t love her.

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Chapter 30

In Bonnie’s eyes, Norah and Kevin seemed like a good match. She wanted to ask Kevin if he could find happiness with her, but before she could, Bonnie’s tone shifted. With a smile, she said, “I just said a few words, and here you are defending your husband. Norah, I know you love Kevin very much. That’s his blessing. He couldn’t find a wife like you even in eight lifetimes. Maybe he suffered too much as a child, but now that he’s grown up, he must be blessed.”

Norah was puzzled. “Didn’t he have a good life as a child?”

She assumed that Kevin must have had a happier childhood than most, given his privileged upbringing.

Bonnie’s expression changed briefly, but she quickly masked it with a casual smile. “Let’s not dwell on those things. Kevin probably doesn’t want to talk about them. I just hope you’ll let me hold my grandson soon.”

Bonnie had dreams of retiring and caring for a grandchild, envying her friends who already had grandchildren. She looked forward to the day she could show off her grandson and make her friends envious.

Meanwhile, Bianca was in the middle of a photo shoot, but she wasn't feeling well. Bonnie's harsh words had left her feeling down, and she was also experiencing symptoms of hypoglycemia.

Kevin happened to be on patrol and noticed Bianca sitting down, surrounded by people tending to her. He was known for his punctuality, and when he checked the time, he realized something must have gone wrong. He walked over and asked, "What's the matter?"

Cleo, Bianca's assistant, turned around and, with a tone of concern, said, "Ms. Lynch isn't feeling well."

Kevin's voice was cold as he asked, "Wasn't she fine yesterday?"

Cleo glanced at Bianca and explained, "Ms. Lynch went to the mall this morning. It was cold, but she wanted to repay you for a favor, so she bought a coat. But she ran into Norah..."

Bianca gently tugged at Cleo's clothes, her voice weak. "Don't say anything, I'm fine."

Kevin noticed Bianca's pale face, and a look of regret flickered in his eyes. She looked fragile and pitiful, with red eyes. He frowned slightly and asked, "What happened?"

Cleo continued, "Ms. Lynch met Norah at the mall. She tried to greet her politely, but Norah insulted her, saying she was thick-skinned and didn't belong in a place like that. Ms. Lynch was already in low spirits, and with her health being poor and her workload heavy, she couldn't bear the added stress."

Bianca's eyes filled with tears again. "Kevin, I'm fine. Once I feel better, I can finish the shoot quickly."

Kevin turned to his colleague, Kian, and said, "Call the medical staff over."

"It's okay," Bianca quickly interjected.

Kevin looked at her and said gently, "Don't overwork yourself. If you're not feeling well, you should see a doctor. Pushing through won't solve anything. No matter how important work is, your health comes first."

Bianca felt a bit better after hearing Kevin's words. At least he seemed to care about her. She nodded, "I understand."

She then handed Kevin a gift box containing the coat she had bought. "I got this for you. The weather's getting cold, and you should wear something warmer. I ordered it months ago and just received it. Please try it on."

Kevin accepted the gift with a brief smile. "That's thoughtful. Now, sit down and rest." He then passed the gift box to Kian, who was standing nearby.

Bianca, however, noticed that Kevin didn't seem particularly excited or grateful. His lack of emotion made her feel even more downhearted.

Cleo, noticing Bianca's disappointment, tried to encourage Kevin. "Mr. Edwards, Ms. Lynch put a lot of effort into choosing this coat. Don't you want to try it on? It would mean a lot to her."

Bianca quickly intervened, "Cleo, stop talking."

Cleo, however, was frustrated that Kevin hadn't even looked at the coat Bianca had carefully chosen for him. It seemed like all her efforts were in vain.

Although Bianca tried to dismiss it, she secretly hoped that Kevin would appreciate the coat she'd picked out. She kept glancing at the gift box in Kian's hands.

Just as Kevin was about to respond, his phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket, glanced at the screen, and stepped back a few paces before answering.

As soon as he picked up, a voice on the other end shouted urgently, "Kevin, something's wrong! Norah has been kidnapped! You need to come quickly!"