

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 266

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## Chapter 266

Norah's heart sank as she opened the door. Standing in front of her was someone she hadn't expected.

"What are you doing here?" she asked cautiously.

Her wariness was palpable. She barely knew him—they'd only crossed paths once because of Bianca. His sudden appearance felt too coincidental.

Jace, noticing her apprehension, replied calmly, "I live next door now."

Norah blinked in confusion. "Next door?"

He pointed to the open door adjacent to hers. "I'm your new neighbor."

It took a moment for Norah to process. The previously vacant apartment had a new occupant, and it was Jace.

"When did you move in?" she asked, still suspicious.

"This morning," Jace answered simply.

Norah tilted her head, recalling the place she'd visited him at previously. "I thought you lived where you work."

"I do stay there sometimes, but I needed my own space," he explained with ease.

His composed demeanor seemed genuine, but Norah couldn't shake the feeling of unease. Their encounters were beginning to feel too coincidental.

Sensing her hesitation, Jace added, "Relax, it's pure coincidence. I promise I mean you no harm."

Norah softened slightly, but she wasn't entirely convinced. "Why did you knock on my door, then?"

He held up a bowl of large, almost black strawberries. "I brought these for you. It's a neighborly gesture. I grew them myself."

Norah's curiosity piqued as she took in the unusual strawberries. "What kind are these? I've never seen ones this dark before."

"They're called Black Pearls," Jace said, his tone casual.

Norah couldn't help but smile a little. She loved strawberries, and these were unlike any she'd tried before. "You grew these yourself?"

He nodded. "I've got a farm with some unused land. I decided to plant strawberries there—several varieties, actually. If you're interested, I could show you the place sometime."

Norah hesitated. His friendliness felt a bit too personal, but she couldn't outright refuse. "Maybe someday."

Then, as if remembering something, she said, "Wait here."

She hurried back into her apartment, leaving Jace standing by the door. He waited patiently, a small smile playing on his lips.

When Norah returned, she held out two bottles of fresh milk. "It's nothing fancy, but this is the milk I drink. It's richer and creamier than most. I thought you might like it."

Jace accepted the bottles with a warm smile. "Thank you."

Norah nodded. "You've helped me before, and I won't forget it."

"I wouldn't call it a favor. You paid for the information," Jace replied smoothly.

"It wasn't just any information—it was crucial." Norah's tone softened. "I appreciate it."

Jace glanced at the milk bottles in his hands, his expression unreadable. "What if I told you I deliberately approached you?"

Norah froze, caught off guard by his words. Her eyes narrowed slightly. "Why would you say that? What could you possibly gain by approaching me? I'm just an ordinary person."

He met her gaze, his brown eyes calm yet revealing a flicker of something deeper. "Maybe nothing."

Before she could press him further, a familiar voice called out.

"Norah!"

Norah turned and saw Gloria waving enthusiastically as she approached.

"Gloria!" Norah greeted her friend with a bright smile.

Gloria pulled her into a quick hug, stepping back to study her. "It's been ages! You look like you've put on a little weight. You've been eating well, huh?"

"Have I?" Norah self-consciously touched her face, unsure.

Gloria's attention shifted to Jace, who stood quietly nearby. Her eyes widened as she took in his tall frame, sharp features, and gold-rimmed glasses. "Wow, Norah! First Kevin, and now this? Your luck with men is incredible. He's gorgeous."

Norah immediately corrected her. "Don't get any ideas. He's just a neighbor."

Jace nodded politely. "Hello."

Gloria grinned. "I'm Gloria, Norah's friend."

"Nice to meet you," Jace replied, his tone courteous.

Gloria clapped her hands together. "Well, what are we standing here for? Let's go inside. Norah, I just got off a flight, and I'm starving. Please tell me you have food."

Norah laughed, already heading back into her apartment. "Of course. Come on in."

She glanced over her shoulder at Jace. "Have you had breakfast? You're welcome to join us."

Jace smiled faintly. "I'd like that."

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Jace hesitated for a brief moment as he stood in the doorway, but eventually, he stepped inside, his long legs carrying him into Norah's apartment.

Gloria made herself at home, tossing her bag onto the couch before plopping down comfortably. Meanwhile, Norah headed to the kitchen to prepare three bowls of noodles.

Jace stood near the door, his sharp brown eyes scanning the room. A subtle smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he quietly observed.

Seeing him lingering, Gloria gestured toward the seating area. "Why are you just standing there? Come and sit."

Jace nodded politely and walked over. Gloria poured him a cup of tea, curiosity sparkling in her eyes as she studied him.

He was undeniably handsome, with a refined air that made him seem mysterious. Gloria's interest was piqued.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked, sipping her tea. "And, if you don't mind me asking, how old are you?"

"I'm a doctor," Jace replied simply, his voice soft but direct. He didn't elaborate and instead lifted the cup of tea she'd poured.

Gloria's gaze landed on the string of beads adorning his wrist. "That's an interesting bracelet," she commented. "Are you Buddhist?"

Jace's lips curved faintly as he responded, "No, I'm not. I just like wearing it."

Sensing that he wasn't eager to share more about himself, Gloria decided to let it go. Not everyone was as open as she was.

Leaving Jace in the living room, Gloria wandered into the kitchen to join Norah. She leaned against the counter and teased, "I'm sorry to make you work so hard first thing in the morning. You're pregnant, for goodness' sake! Let me help."

Norah shook her head firmly. "It's fine. Cooking noodles isn't hard, and I do this for myself all the time. Go sit down—I've got it."

Reluctantly, Gloria stepped back but couldn't resist striking up a conversation. "So, has Kevin been in touch with you?"

"Yes," Norah admitted.

Gloria frowned. "Really? He's still coming around after everything? That doesn't seem like the typical behavior of a high-powered CEO."

Norah didn't respond immediately. Instead, she focused on finishing the noodles.

"When's the divorce happening?" Gloria pressed.

Norah sighed. "I haven't had time to deal with it yet. I meant to, but other things came up. It just... hasn't been brought up again."

"Well, you've dragged it out long enough," Gloria said pointedly. "The longer this drags on, the harder it'll be to let go."

By then, Norah had finished cooking and carried the bowls out to the table. Jace, still seated on the couch, looked up expectantly.

"Come eat," she called.

As they sat down, Gloria's attention shifted to the strawberries on the table. "What kind of strawberries are these? They're so dark, almost black. I've never seen anything like them."

"They're from Jace," Norah explained.

"Well, they look fancy," Gloria said, glancing at him. "I guess they suit you."

Jace smiled slightly but said nothing.

"Can I try one?" Gloria asked.

"Go ahead," Norah replied.

Gloria popped a strawberry into her mouth and immediately lit up. "Oh wow, these are amazing! So sweet and fragrant. Norah, you have to try one."

Norah hesitated, but after a moment, she took one for herself. The flavor burst on her tongue—sweet with just a hint of tartness.

"They're incredible," she admitted, reaching for another. "This is probably the best strawberry I've ever tasted."

Jace seemed pleased. "If you like them, I'll bring more when the next batch is ready."

Norah shook her head. "That's really not necessary. Don't go out of your way."

"It's no trouble," Jace said casually. "I don't eat much fruit, and they'd just go to waste otherwise."

Gloria studied him carefully, her brows furrowing slightly. There was something about the way Jace looked at Norah—like he was genuinely invested in her.

“Eat up before the noodles get cold,” Norah interrupted.

The three of them ate together, but Jace took his time, savoring each bite. His deliberate pace gave Norah and Gloria time to clear their bowls before he was even halfway done.

As Norah gathered the empty dishes, Gloria followed her into the kitchen. She leaned close and whispered, “Does he like you?”

Norah nearly choked. “What? No! That’s ridiculous. We’ve only met three times, and we barely talk.”

“Still,” Gloria mused, “it’s a little suspicious. He seems... attentive. Like he’s been paying attention to what you like.”

Norah frowned. “It’s just a coincidence. It has to be.”

“Maybe,” Gloria conceded. “But having someone care about you isn’t a bad thing. Better that than someone trying to hurt you.”

Norah’s expression darkened. “How do you know he doesn’t mean me harm?”

Gloria shrugged. “I just don’t get that vibe from him. If anything, it seems like he’s been trying to win you over for a while now.”

Norah hesitated. “I’ve had these strange dreams lately,” she admitted. “Dreams of being locked in a dark room. There was a boy there with me. He’d tell me stories to comfort me, but every time I tried to see his face, I’d wake up.”

“Do you think it was him?” Gloria asked.

“The voice is similar,” Norah said softly. “But if it’s just a dream, why does it feel so... real?”

Gloria placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “Don’t overthink it. Dreams are just dreams. They don’t mean anything.”

At that moment, Jace appeared in the kitchen doorway, holding his empty bowl. “I’m done. The noodles were great. Thanks.”

He handed the bowl to Norah with a small smile, his warm brown eyes lingering on her for just a moment too long.

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“It’s impressive; even the soup is gone,” Gloria teased, her tone light but playful.

Norah nudged her with an elbow, silently urging her to stop the chatter as she took Jace’s bowl.

"I like soup," Jace said with a small smile. Then, with a polite nod, he added, "I've got work to attend to, so I won't stay long."

"Alright," Norah replied.

Jace nodded again and left the apartment. Norah walked him to the door, closing it softly behind him.

As the sound of the door echoed, Jace hesitated outside. He turned back, his gaze lingering on the door for a moment before he finally headed downstairs. Waiting for him was a sleek Mercedes, but his attention was caught by a nearby sports car. Its window rolled down, revealing a stunning red-haired woman with long, wavy hair and piercing eyes.

"Why the sudden change of scenery?" she asked, her tone laced with intrigue.

Jace met her gaze, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "You found me quickly."

The red-haired woman stepped out of her car, her tall frame balanced effortlessly on a pair of razor-thin heels. She scanned the building with a skeptical look. "This doesn't seem like your style, Jace. Why here?"

Jace shrugged casually. "Trying something different. Is there a reason you're here?"

She smiled knowingly. "The boss wants to see you."

His expression tightened briefly before he nodded. "Understood." Without another word, he climbed into his car, following her lead as they drove off.

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Back in the apartment, Norah packed her belongings for work. "If you're staying, the spare key's here," she said, motioning to the table.

Gloria, still engrossed in her phone, remarked, "Your mom asked if you're divorced. I told her the truth—that you aren't."

Norah froze mid-step, switching her shoes. "Why did you have to bring that up?"

Gloria shrugged. "She's your mom. What was I supposed to do? Lie? If she found out, she'd never trust me again."

Norah sighed. "Fine. If she knows, she knows." Grabbing a box of strawberries, she added, "I'm heading out."

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Near her office, Norah was overcome with morning sickness and decided to walk the last stretch to get some fresh air. As she strolled, snacking on strawberries, she noticed a sports car trailing her. The engine purred softly, the car moving just fast enough to keep pace.

The red-haired woman leaned out of the car window, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Where'd you get those strawberries?"

Caught off guard, Norah hesitated. "I didn't buy them."

The woman smirked, as if she already knew. "Thought so. They must've come from him."

Norah frowned. "What are you talking about?"

The woman chuckled softly. "Nothing. Just... envy." Her gaze lingered on Norah, as if assessing her.

Feeling the weight of the woman's scrutiny, Norah asked cautiously, "You know Jace?"

"Friend," the woman answered, her voice light but vague.

"These strawberries—what's so special about them?" Norah pressed.

The woman's smile deepened. "They're his. Nobody else gets to touch them. Not even me."

Norah froze. The casual tone in the woman's voice carried an underlying weight. Before Norah could respond, the woman sped off, leaving her standing there, box of strawberries in hand, her thoughts spinning.

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Later at work, Norah received a call from her mother, Gwen. "Mom," she answered.

"How's work?" Gwen asked, her voice warm.

"Not bad. I'm adjusting," Norah replied.

"Good. It's been too long since you've been home. Come by for dinner tonight," Gwen insisted.

"I'm busy today—"

Gwen cut her off. "You can't be busy all the time. Tomorrow's Sunday. You'll have time. Your father and I want to see you, and we'll have some guests over."

"Guests?" Norah asked, her curiosity piqued.

"You'll see," Gwen said cryptically. "Promise you'll come?"



After a brief pause, Norah agreed. “Alright. I’ll come by tomorrow.”

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The next day, instead of hosting dinner at home, Gwen arranged for a meal at an upscale hotel. As Norah arrived, she spotted her mother waiting eagerly at the entrance.

“Mom,” Norah greeted as she stepped out of the car. “Why are we at a hotel? And where’s Dad? Is there a special occasion?”

Gwen beamed. “Of course, there’s a reason. Let’s head inside.”

Norah followed her into a private dining room, where a middle-aged couple and a young man sat waiting. The man, dressed sharply in a suit, looked about her age. His smile was warm but nervous as he stood to greet her.

Gwen gestured to the young man. “This is Aunt Loewen’s son. He just got back to Craggaville. It’s a good opportunity for you two to get to know each other.”

Realization dawned on Norah. This wasn’t just dinner—it was a blind date.

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Meanwhile, back at Norah’s apartment, Kevin arrived and rang the doorbell several times. When no one answered, his frustration grew.

“Where could she be?” he muttered, more to himself than anyone else.

“Check where Norah is,” he instructed Kian, his assistant.

Moments later, Kian replied, “Sir, it seems Madam went back to her family. From what I’ve heard... she might be on a blind date.”

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“Blind date?” Kevin’s expression darkened as the news hit him like a thunderclap. His sharp eyes narrowed, radiating a cold, steely anger.

*She hasn’t even divorced me yet, and she’s already going on blind dates?*

Clenching his fists tightly, Kevin’s voice was ice-cold. “Find out who this man is. Let’s see just how good this so-called blind date can be.”

Despite the chill in his tone, his entire body was tense, barely containing the storm of emotions brewing inside. His mind reeled with thoughts of this other man trying to encroach on what was his.

Just then, Jace stepped out of his room.

Kevin's gaze locked onto Jace like a hawk. Their eyes met, an unspoken tension crackling between them.

Jace didn't look away; instead, his meaningful stare seemed to size Kevin up.

Kevin, unwilling to show any weakness, held his ground. Their silent exchange was brief yet charged, a battle of wills without a single word spoken.

Jace eventually broke eye contact, walking away with an air of calm indifference.

Kevin's jaw tightened as he watched him leave. *This man isn't ordinary. And why is he still living so close to Norah?*

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Meanwhile, in the private dining room at the hotel, Norah was trying to navigate an awkward situation.

The man across the table introduced himself with a warm smile. "Hi, Norah, I'm Christian Godbout. I don't know if you remember me, but when we were kids, our families were neighbors."

Christian's demeanor was friendly and unassuming, and he seemed genuinely happy to see her.

Gwen, clearly playing the role of matchmaker, chimed in with a nostalgic laugh. "Oh, Christian, you adored Norah when you were little. I still remember how you'd wake up from naps asking where she was so you could play together."

The room filled with light chuckles at the memory.

Blushing slightly, Christian nodded. "Yeah, Aunt Gwen, I was pretty attached to her."

Gwen grinned, clearly pleased with the chemistry she thought she was fostering. "You two have had a special bond since you were kids. Some things are just meant to be."

Norah, however, wasn't on the same page. Frowning slightly, she interrupted, "That was a long time ago, Mom. What's the point of bringing it up now?"

Ignoring her daughter's tone, Gwen continued, "Christian is a wonderful young man. His family lives abroad now, but after all these years, they still remember us—and you. Doesn't that say a lot about how sincere they are?"

Norah turned to Gwen with a skeptical look. "Mom, you're not seriously trying to set me up on a blind date, are you?"

Christian's parents exchanged a glance, sensing Norah's resistance. Gently, Christian's mother, Aunt Loewen, spoke up. "Norah, we just wanted to have a nice meal and reconnect. Your mom mentioned how special you are to her, and we thought it would be lovely to meet you again."

Feeling the tension rise, Norah took a deep breath and addressed them calmly. "Aunt Loewen, Uncle Godbout, I appreciate the thought, but I think my mom left out one crucial detail—I'm married."

The room fell silent for a moment.

Gwen's face stiffened, her plans unraveling before her eyes.

Christian's parents, however, remained unfazed. With a gentle smile, Aunt Loewen said, "Oh, your mom told us. But it's not a problem. These things happen. A marriage certificate is just a piece of paper, after all. What matters is finding the right person to share your life with."

Norah was taken aback. "You're saying you don't mind?"

Christian nodded earnestly. "Norah, my parents are right. I don't mind either. Everyone deserves a fresh start."

Aunt Loewen leaned in, her tone reassuring. "We're not the type to dwell on the past. We've lived abroad for so long, and we've embraced modern values. All we care about is that you're happy and treated well. We'd love to see you thrive, Norah."

Gwen, emboldened by their support, added, "See, Norah? Christian's family understands. They'll treat you like a treasure."

Norah sighed, feeling trapped. "I appreciate your kindness, but—"

Before she could finish, the door to the private room burst open.

Kevin strode in, his presence commanding and his expression as cold as ice. "Norah hasn't divorced me yet," he declared, his voice firm and unyielding. "She's still my wife."

All eyes turned to him in shock.

Gwen shot up from her seat, her face flushed with frustration. "Kevin, what are you doing here? You weren't invited. Leave now!"

But Kevin didn't budge. Instead, a group of men followed him into the room, their imposing figures surrounding everyone inside.

Gwen's voice trembled as she demanded, "Kevin, what is the meaning of this? Are you planning to threaten us?"

Despite the chaos, Kevin's voice remained calm yet authoritative. "Mom," he said, addressing Gwen respectfully, "Norah and I are still married. Bringing her here for a blind date isn't fair to her—or to Christian. I'm here to take my wife home. That's all."

Gwen's anger flared. "Norah doesn't want to be with you anymore. You can't just barge in here and make decisions for her!"

Kevin's gaze softened slightly as he turned to Norah. "Norah, you're my wife. If you're unhappy, we'll work it out. But running away or letting someone else step in isn't the solution."

The room was silent, the tension palpable. All eyes were on Norah, waiting for her response.

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Kevin knelt on one knee, and the group of men behind him followed suit. The sheer force of the gesture sent a wave of tension through the room.

Gwen stumbled backward, her confidence faltering. Even Norah, who rarely showed surprise, stood frozen, her expression betraying her shock.

"Kevin, what are you doing?" Gwen demanded, her voice laced with unease.

Lowering his head, Kevin replied firmly, "Mom, please, entrust Norah to me."

Kevin's usual demeanor with others was assertive and commanding, but with Norah's family, he was unfailingly respectful.

Gwen, despite her growing doubts about their marriage, was taken aback. For someone as proud as Kevin to humble himself like this—it forced her to reconsider. She hesitated, caught between anger and uncertainty.

"Aren't they divorced?" Aunt Loewen asked gently, breaking the silence.

Gwen winced, unsure of how to respond. "They're in the process... at least, I thought they were."

"It's fine," Aunt Loewen reassured her. "This young man seems sincere. If there's still hope for reconciliation, we won't stand in the way. It's up to Norah to decide."

Sensing the tension, Aunt Loewen's family rose from their seats. They clearly didn't want to be caught in the middle of a messy situation.

"We'll excuse ourselves," Aunt Loewen said with an understanding smile.

Gwen flushed with embarrassment. "I'm so sorry for the confusion. I had no idea things were this complicated."

"It's alright," Aunt Loewen said, her tone calm and empathetic. "Take care of your family first." With that, they left, casting wary glances at Kevin's entourage as they passed.

When Gwen turned back, her temper flared. "Get up already! Everyone's gone!"

Kevin remained kneeling. "If you're upset with me, I'll stay here until your anger subsides."

Gwen's frustration softened slightly at his persistence. "If you knew this would happen, why didn't you fix things earlier?" she muttered.

Norah stepped forward, her voice sharp. "Did you ever think to ask me how I feel about all this?"

Kevin raised his head, his eyes pleading. "What can I do to make things right?"

Norah's gaze was cold, her tone unwavering. "You can't fix what's already broken. I've told you before, love shouldn't feel forced. Whatever debt I owed you has been paid. Stop clinging to something that's already over."

Her words hung heavy in the air, even surprising Gwen, who had assumed Norah was the one hesitant to let go.

Without waiting for a response, Norah turned and walked toward the door.

"Norah!" Kevin called after her, springing to his feet.

She paused, her expression indifferent. "You think a little humility will change my mind? Maybe when I was younger, I'd have been swayed. But now? It doesn't work anymore."

Kevin's voice dropped to a low, almost desperate tone. "Norah..."

"Legally, we're still married, but that's just paperwork. I don't care about the divorce certificate. Stay out of my life. If you ever decide to finalize the divorce, send the papers to my lawyer. There's nothing left to say, Mr. Edwards. Let's keep things strictly professional from now on."

Her words struck like a blow, leaving Kevin stunned and silent as she walked out of the hotel.

Kian, Kevin's assistant, watched anxiously. "Aren't you going after her?"

Kevin shook his head, his voice grim. "Didn't you see how much she resents me? Chasing her will only push her further away."

"So... what now?" Kian asked hesitantly.

Kevin's expression hardened. "I'll find another way."

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Norah returned home, her heart lighter than it had been in months. Leaving Kevin had been the right choice, and she felt a newfound sense of clarity.

As she passed Jace's door, she paused, her thoughts drifting to the strawberries he'd given her. They were clearly special to him—something he cherished but didn't eat himself. The gesture had been strange, almost puzzling.

She considered knocking to ask him about it but decided against it. Jace was probably busy, and she didn't want to intrude.

Letting herself into her apartment, she settled in for the night. But sometime around midnight, she woke to an unusual noise.

Frowning, she sat up and listened carefully. It sounded like someone rummaging through drawers next door—in Jace's apartment.

Could it be a burglar?

Her curiosity piqued, Norah crept to her door and opened it a crack. The hallway was dim, but soon, she spotted movement.

A tall woman with disheveled red hair emerged from Jace's apartment, her expression harried. As their eyes met, the woman froze.

"It's you!" the red-haired woman said, her tone sharp with recognition.

Norah stiffened, her own voice echoing the same surprise. "It's you!"