

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 271

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## Chapter 271

Norah noticed the red-haired woman's disheveled appearance, and curiosity crept into her thoughts.

But something about the commotion didn't sit right.

The woman, arms crossed over her chest, suddenly smirked knowingly. "Ah, so you're the one next door."

"What's going on?" Norah asked, her tone slightly sharper. "You seemed fine earlier, right?"

"Was it loud?" the red-haired woman replied, arching a brow.

Norah hesitated. "Sort of."

"Sorry if I disturbed you," the woman said with a casual smile. "It's all quiet now. You should be able to sleep well."

Her words seemed polite enough, but the way she glanced at Norah—almost knowingly—left an unsettling impression before she turned and sauntered away.

Once Norah confirmed the silence next door, she closed her door and sighed. The strange events of the night, combined with the minor injury she'd gotten during the day, made her feel uneasy.

Whatever that woman was up to, Norah couldn't shake the feeling it wasn't as innocent as it seemed.

Still, it wasn't her business. She pushed the thoughts aside and crawled back into bed, hoping for a few hours of peace.

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The next morning, Norah arrived at work and was immediately assigned a new task by the editor-in-chief: character interviews.

It was the kind of job usually handled by experienced correspondents.

Quinn, her supervisor, was already waiting for her. As soon as Norah walked into the department, Quinn smiled warmly. “You’ve heard of the Schultz Group, right? Mr. Schultz has finally agreed to an interview for our XNGY profile series. The meeting’s scheduled for noon. You and Emani will handle it together.”

Of course, Norah had heard of the Schultz Group. Even if Quinn had never worked with Edwards’, she knew Mr. Schultz was a major figure in the catering industry—a self-made man who built his company from the ground up.

Still, the assignment felt a bit overwhelming. “It’s just me and Emani?” Norah asked, a hint of uncertainty in her voice. “I haven’t been with XNGY that long. Are you sure someone more experienced shouldn’t take the lead?”

Quinn shook her head, her tone reassuring. “Don’t worry. Everyone has a first time. Besides, this is an opportunity for you. If you do well, it’ll pave the way for your promotion. I believe in you, Norah.”

Her confidence was contagious. Norah nodded firmly. “Okay, I’ll do my best.”

Quinn gave her a quick pat on the shoulder. “That’s the spirit. Completing this task is all I ask of you.”

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Norah spent the next few hours meticulously researching Mr. Schultz. As a journalist, she knew preparation was key. Understanding the person she was interviewing wasn’t just about professionalism—it was about earning their respect.

Emani, on the other hand, was ecstatic. “Norah, we’re finally getting field assignments!” she gushed, practically bouncing with excitement.

Norah glanced up from her notes, amused. “This is what you’ve been waiting for, isn’t it?”

“Absolutely,” Emani beamed. “One step closer to being like Maxine! I mean, sure, she got fired, but she was the star before that. Imagine seeing your own face on TV, reporting live. It’s the dream!”

Norah smiled at her colleague’s enthusiasm. “I hope you achieve it.”

“What about you?” Emani asked, resting her chin in her hand. “Don’t you want to be on TV too?”

Norah paused. “Honestly, I’ve never thought about it. My goal has always been to give a voice to others. I’m not really focused on being in the spotlight.”

Emani leaned closer, her admiration evident. “That’s what makes you different. You’ve already achieved so much—working as Kevin’s senior secretary, practically running the Edwards family’s operations. Walking away from that takes guts. I really look up to you.”

Norah waved off the compliment. “We’re all just regular people, Emani. You’ll get there too. With more experience, you’ll surpass me one day.”

“You’re so humble.” Emani grinned. “Honestly, working with you feels like hitting the jackpot.”

Norah chuckled softly. “Let’s hope your luck lasts.”

The two shared a laugh, their camaraderie lightening the pressure of the day ahead.

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By noon, Norah and Emani were en route to the Schultz Group headquarters.

For Emani, this was her first major assignment, and her nerves were obvious. She spent most of the drive adjusting her outfit and checking her reflection.

“Norah, do I look okay? I don’t want to embarrass you.”

“You look great,” Norah reassured her.

Emani’s confidence visibly grew. “Thanks. Let’s do this.”

When they arrived, the sleek but modest building stood in stark contrast to the sprawling Edwards’ headquarters.

At the front desk, Norah introduced them. “We’re with XNGY TV. We have an appointment with Mr. Schultz.”

The receptionist checked her records, then smiled politely. “The president is expecting you. I’ll take you up.”

The elevator ride to the twentieth floor was uneventful, but when the doors opened, Norah was taken aback.

The entire floor was open and luxurious, with no sign of traditional office spaces.

“Wait here,” the receptionist said. “I’ll let the president know you’ve arrived.”

Norah nodded, her eyes scanning the space.

“This doesn’t feel like an office,” Emani whispered.

“Maybe it’s his private floor,” Norah suggested, though the idea didn’t align with her research. Mr. Schultz was known for his down-to-earth lifestyle.

“Quite the luxury for someone so modest,” Emani murmured.

Before Norah could reply, the receptionist returned. “Ms. White, the president will see you now.”

“Great,” Norah said, then hesitated as the receptionist stopped Emani.

“I’m sorry,” the receptionist explained, still smiling. “The president requested to meet with Ms. White alone.”

Emani looked unsure but nodded. “Go ahead, Norah. He probably values his privacy.”

Norah hesitated briefly, then stepped through the single door.

Inside, her breath caught.

Instead of an office, the room opened up to reveal a massive swimming pool shimmering under skylights.

## Chapter 272

Norah stood frozen, her eyes widening at the sight before her. A massive swimming pool stretched out before her, sparkling under soft, ambient lighting.

Before she could fully process the scene, a loud splash echoed through the room. Startled, she instinctively raised her hands to shield her face from the sudden spray of water.

When the water settled, her gaze shifted toward the pool. A figure emerged, gliding effortlessly through the water. The swimmer's powerful strokes and taut physique hinted at years of disciplined exercise.

Her mind reeled. *Isn't the president of Schultz Group supposed to be in his fifties?* she thought, scrutinizing the familiar contours of the man's broad shoulders and athletic frame.

As he swam closer, her breath hitched. When the man finally surfaced, water dripping from his face, Norah's heart sank.

"You?" she gasped, her voice laced with disbelief.

Kevin Edwards stood there, confident as ever, wiping water from his face. His deep-set eyes locked onto hers, a flicker of amusement in them.

"Why not me?" he replied smoothly, the corner of his lips curling into a faint smile.

Norah's expression darkened, her voice sharpening. "Where's the president of Schultz Group? I came here for a professional interview, not to deal with your games."

Kevin turned away, his movements deliberate and unhurried. Resting his elbows on the pool's edge, he reached for a nearby glass of red wine, swirling it leisurely before taking a sip.

"Why are you silent?" Norah pressed, growing more impatient. "I'm here on assignment, not for your amusement."

Kevin finally spoke, his voice deep and steady. "Always so focused on work, Norah. Do you ever relax?"

Something clicked in her mind. Her lips parted slightly as realization dawned. "Wait... are you saying—"

Kevin turned his head slightly, cutting her off. "You guessed it. Schultz Group is mine now."

Her eyes widened, her emotions a mix of shock and frustration. *All that research, all the preparation... for this?*

"What are you trying to pull?" she asked, her tone sharp. "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

Kevin shrugged casually, as though her irritation was of little concern. "Business is business. Expanding one's portfolio is hardly a game."

Norah clenched her fists, fighting to keep her composure. *Focus, Norah*, she reminded herself. *This is work, not personal.*

With a deep breath, she smoothed her expression and assumed a professional tone. "Mr. Edwards," she said firmly, "I wasn't informed that the interview would be with you. Let's proceed with the questions."

Kevin raised an eyebrow, a faint smirk on his lips. "And if you'd known? Would you have come?"

Norah straightened her posture, meeting his gaze squarely. "I'm here because my editor-in-chief sent me. You know I take my work seriously."

Kevin's smirk deepened. "You used to give everything for others. What's changed?"

Norah bristled at the jab but didn't respond. She wasn't about to let him derail the conversation.

Kevin leaned against the pool's edge again, his chiseled chest glistening under the light. "If you'd told me earlier that you wanted to interview me, I would've saved you the trouble of chasing rumors."

Norah averted her eyes, her cheeks warming despite herself. *Professionalism, Norah. Focus.*

"Let's get started," she said, preparing her recorder. "But first, Mr. Edwards, could you step out of the pool and get dressed? It would make this interview more appropriate."

Kevin tilted his head, feigning confusion. "Doesn't a good journalist adapt to their surroundings? Shouldn't you be prepared for anything?"

Norah gritted her teeth, fighting the urge to roll her eyes. "I'm new to XNGY, Mr. Edwards. I appreciate your patience as I gain experience."

Kevin's arms rested on the pool's edge, muscles taut as he leaned slightly forward. The veins in his forearms were pronounced, his commanding presence impossible to ignore.

"Then come closer," he said, his voice low and steady.

"What for?" she asked, her tone clipped.

"An interview," Kevin replied, his deep gaze unwavering. "Isn't that what you're here for?"

Norah hesitated, her instincts screaming at her to keep her distance. Yet, her professionalism won out. She squared her shoulders, adjusted the recorder clipped to her blouse, and took a cautious step forward.

“Fine,” she said, her voice steady. “Let’s begin.”

Before she could ask her first question, the sound of a splash shattered the moment.

In an instant, Kevin’s long arm shot out, wrapping around her waist with surprising force. With a single, fluid motion, he pulled her into the pool.

Water engulfed her as she struggled to process what had just happened. The world became a blur of cool liquid and muffled sounds.

When she surfaced, gasping for air, her eyes locked onto Kevin’s. He was already grinning, his expression unapologetically mischievous.

“What are you doing?” she sputtered, her voice rising in indignation.

Kevin’s chuckle rumbled low in his chest, his eyes gleaming with amusement. “Adapt, Norah. Isn’t that what you just said?”

## **Chapter 273**

Norah froze in place, her heart racing as Kevin’s words echoed in her ears.

Anthony doesn’t exist? That’s impossible.

But Kevin’s unwavering gaze made her uneasy. His calm confidence, laced with frustration, felt like it could unravel her carefully constructed walls at any moment.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she finally said, her voice quieter than she intended.

Kevin’s lips thinned, his piercing eyes scanning her expression for any crack, any clue. “You mean to tell me you’re carrying this *hero*’s child, yet no one’s met him? Not even your parents? Norah, wake up. If this Anthony is real, he’s hiding something. And if he’s not...”

“Stop it!” Norah snapped, her voice sharp, but her body trembling. “You don’t get to do this, Kevin. You don’t get to question me like this.”

Kevin leaned closer, his voice low but commanding. “Don’t I? You’re standing here, throwing around accusations about my reputation and our past, while you’re holding onto this... fantasy. If this man is who you say he is, then prove it. What’s his full name? Where’s he stationed?”

Norah’s breath hitched. The truth—or at least her version of it—was slipping through her fingers like water. She clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms.

“You don’t need to know those details,” she said, forcing her tone to sound calm, even indifferent. “Anthony will come back. And when he does, you’ll see for yourself.”

Kevin's jaw tightened, his frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "Norah," he said, his voice softer but no less intense, "if Anthony is a soldier, I can find him. Just tell me his unit, his rank—anything."

She shook her head, taking a step back as if trying to escape his relentless questioning. "Why are you so obsessed with this?"

Kevin exhaled sharply, running a hand through his wet hair. "Because, damn it, I've known you for years, Norah. I know when something doesn't add up. And this doesn't add up. Either Anthony is lying to you, or... you're lying to me."

His words hung in the air, heavy and suffocating.

Norah's chest tightened. "You don't know what you're talking about," she said, though her voice lacked conviction.

Kevin took a step closer, his towering frame casting a shadow over her. "Don't I?" he said quietly, his tone cutting through her defenses. "Tell me, Norah. Who is Anthony, really?"

Her heart pounded as she struggled to maintain her composure. "He's everything you're not," she blurted out. "He's kind. He's selfless. He saved me when no one else could."

Kevin's eyes darkened, a storm brewing behind them. "Saved you? From what, Norah? Me?"

The words hit her like a slap. She wanted to lash out, to deny it, but something in his expression stopped her. It wasn't anger or arrogance—it was pain.

"I don't need to explain myself to you," she said, her voice trembling. "You don't matter anymore, Kevin."

He flinched, just slightly, but enough for her to notice.

"Maybe not," he said, his voice quieter now. "But you do. And if this Anthony is as perfect as you say he is, then why can't you give me a straight answer?"

Norah felt a lump rise in her throat. "Because it's none of your business," she said, forcing herself to meet his gaze.

Kevin studied her for a long moment, his expression unreadable. Then, with a resigned sigh, he stepped back.

"Fine," he said. "Keep your secrets. But don't expect me to stop looking for answers."

Norah watched him turn and walk away, his broad shoulders tense, his steps heavy with unspoken words. She wanted to call out to him, to stop him—but she didn't.

Instead, she stood there, her soaked clothes clinging to her skin, her mind spinning with questions she couldn't answer.



Was Kevin right? Was Anthony just an illusion, a story she'd told herself to escape the pain of her failed marriage?

Or was Anthony real, her one lifeline in a world that seemed determined to pull her under?

She didn't know anymore.

And that terrified her.

## Chapter 274

Kevin's sharp eyes stayed fixed on Norah, scrutinizing her every move.

Feeling the weight of his gaze, Norah's heartbeat quickened. Trying to sound composed, she asked, "Are you done swimming? If you are, can I leave now?"

Kevin's eyes darkened. "You're not lying to me, are you?"

A thread of tension wrapped around Norah's chest, suffocating her. Still, she met his intense stare and forced out a steady response. "No."

Kevin's frown deepened, but after a moment, he let go of her hand. His voice dropped to a warning tone. "You lied to me once. I won't allow it a second time."

Norah remained silent, her expression unreadable. Their relationship had already reached a point where truth or lies hardly mattered. She had to look out for herself, even if that meant deceiving him.

Kevin didn't push further. Instead, he gestured toward the changing room. "Go change. I had a fresh set of clothes prepared."

Norah hesitated but eventually headed inside.

Shortly after, a female secretary entered with a set of loose, comfortable sportswear. "Ms. White, Mr. Edwards asked me to bring this to you."

Still drenched, Norah grabbed a towel and began drying her hair. "Thanks. Just leave it here."

The secretary lingered. "Would you like to take a shower first? It might feel more comfortable."

Norah shook her head. "No need. I'll just use a hairdryer."

“Understood. I’ll bring one over.” The secretary left promptly.

Norah sat on the bench, her damp hair dripping as she contemplated the outfit Kevin had provided. The thought of him orchestrating even this felt suffocating.

She was halfway through removing her wet clothes when the door opened unexpectedly. Assuming it was the secretary, she said without turning, “Just leave the hairdryer on the table. I’ll finish changing first.”

The hum of the hairdryer started behind her, followed by a warm breeze ruffling her damp hair.

But something felt off. The fingers brushing through her strands were rough, deliberate, and distinctly familiar.

Norah froze. Turning her head, she found Kevin standing behind her, holding the hairdryer and focusing intently on her hair.

Her breath hitched.

Kevin’s long fingers combed through her hair gently as he asked, “Is this temperature okay?”

The soft light in the changing room illuminated his chiseled features, making his usually sharp expression appear almost tender. His sportswear, identical to the one he’d given her, seemed to soften his aura.

For a fleeting moment, she thought she caught a glimmer of affection in his eyes.

But then reality hit her like a cold wave. Men like Kevin were masters of manipulation.

Snapping out of it, she avoided his gaze. “I can manage on my own.”

She reached for the hairdryer, but Kevin effortlessly raised it out of her reach. “Go change first.”

Norah’s eyes flicked toward the sportswear he’d prepared, the matching design unsettling her. Kevin’s tone turned cold. “Don’t make me force you.”

His meaning was clear—if she resisted, he wouldn’t hesitate to strip her himself.

Grudgingly, Norah grabbed the clothes and entered the dressing room.

While she changed, Kevin's phone buzzed. Stepping out, he answered it, his voice sharp and commanding. "Start digging into the man named Anthony. Focus on the military."

The person on the other end hesitated. "Again? Did you uncover anything last time?"

Kevin's tone grew firmer. "Start there. Maybe Norah's lying, but leave no stone unturned. I want to find this Anthony."

"What's got you so worked up?"

Kevin's jaw tightened, his free hand clenching into a fist. After a pause, he admitted, "I'm worried she's being deceived."

The other end laughed lightly. "She's a grown woman, Kevin. She knows what she's doing."

"Does she?" Kevin sneered. "You think it's normal to blindly trust someone you barely know? If she's being tricked, I won't stand by and let it happen."

The voice on the line softened. "I get it. But Kevin, don't you think you're overreacting?"

Kevin's expression darkened as he looked out the window, his thoughts swirling. "She's inexperienced when it comes to men. Someone could easily manipulate her with a few sweet words. It's not impossible."

After ending the call, Kevin returned to the changing room just as Norah stepped out in her new outfit.

Her hair was still damp, but she avoided looking at him. Grabbing the hairdryer, she muttered, "I'll handle this myself."

Kevin didn't argue. "Fine. I have work to take care of. We'll finish this conversation another time."

Norah nodded curtly, keeping her focus on the hairdryer as he left the room.

As she walked out of the building, she was startled by a familiar voice.

"Norah!"

Turning, she saw Emani standing near the entrance, her expression a mix of shock and excitement.

Emani's eyes darted between Norah and Kevin, who had just exited the elevator. Seeing them both in matching sportswear, she gasped. "Oh my God, Norah! Is this really happening? He's your husband?!"

Emani's voice was shrill with excitement. "You weren't lying. You're really married to *Kevin Edwards!* I can't believe this!"

Kevin's mood visibly lifted at the acknowledgment. He nodded politely at Emani and said to Norah, "I'll arrange a ride for you." Without waiting for a response, he stepped into the elevator.

As soon as he was gone, Emani grabbed Norah's arm. "Why didn't you tell me?! You're married to *him!* Do you know how lucky you are?!"

Norah sighed. "Don't tell anyone. We're getting divorced."

Emani's face fell. "What? Why? He's rich, handsome, and clearly crazy about you! Do you know how hard it is to find someone like him in this city?"

Norah gave her a tired look. "It's not as perfect as it looks from the outside."

Emani frowned, but before she could push further, Norah's phone buzzed with a notification.

"Looks like we're covering the catwalk show," Norah said after reading the message.

"What? Now?" Emani asked.

"Yeah, the assigned reporter got into an accident. We're closest, so we're being sent in."

"Alright, let's go."

The two hurried to the venue, where the atmosphere was buzzing with excitement. They quickly found their places alongside the photographer and got to work, diving headfirst into their next assignment.

## Chapter 275

The runway event was bustling with reporters, and Norah and Emani weren't the only ones there. In today's fast-paced digital age, everyone raced to be the first to break news, knowing that speed and accuracy determined ratings and audience engagement.

Though the fashion show wasn't headline material, it was being live-streamed, and all the media outlets were vying for the initial wave of online traffic.

The models had already started walking down the runway, and a few celebrities were seated in the infield. Norah, scanning the venue for the best angles to snap photos, was interrupted by a familiar voice.

"Ms. White."

She turned to find Sasha standing behind her. Surprised, Norah glanced around at the staff and nearby stars before addressing her.

"Miss Gibson, why are you here?"

Sasha, ever approachable, smiled. "You can just call me Sasha."

Norah, though caught off guard, still liked Sasha and replied, "This section is crowded with staff. You should head back to the infield. If you stay here, you might end up in some awkward shots."

Norah knew firsthand how relentless reporters could be. A celebrity like Sasha venturing into this area was bound to attract unwanted attention.

Sasha, however, seemed unconcerned. She glanced at the reporters, who were preoccupied with capturing bigger stars, and shrugged. "Do you think anyone here is interested in me?"

Norah followed her gaze. True enough, all cameras were either trained on the runway or on the more prominent celebrities. Only then did she understand—Sasha's fame had dimmed in comparison to her earlier years.

Sasha's assistant chimed in, frustration evident. "Ever since Miss Gibson played the supporting role to Bianca, her popularity has been on a steady decline. Meanwhile, Bianca's career is thriving. Miss Gibson has refused roles that don't meet her standards, but now she's practically shelved."

Norah glanced at Sasha, whose serene smile hadn't faltered. Despite her assistant's clear anxiety about her fading stardom, Sasha remained calm and poised.

Sasha turned to Norah, switching the topic. "I remember you used to be with Mr. Edwards. Did you switch careers?"

Norah nodded. "Yes, I'm a reporter now."

Before Sasha could respond, a commotion broke out nearby.

"Make way! Ms. Lynch is coming through!"

Bianca, dressed as extravagantly as ever, emerged from the backstage area, surrounded by a swarm of assistants. Even though her fame had dwindled somewhat, her entourage remained as ostentatious as before.

Despite the negative press Bianca had been receiving, her presence was electric. Reporters scrambled to capture every move she made, proving that controversy could still draw significant attention.

Sasha's assistant couldn't hide her disdain, but Sasha gracefully stepped aside to make room.

Norah watched as Bianca navigated the chaos effortlessly. Her every move was calculated, from her subtle gestures to the way she angled her face for the cameras. Even under scrutiny, she managed to maintain her flawless image.

"Bianca, over here!" called a photographer from a renowned magazine.

Bianca's sharp instincts kicked in. Recognizing the magazine's reputation, she cast a fleeting but perfectly poised glance toward the lens.

Norah couldn't help but admire Bianca's resilience. Despite her tarnished reputation, Bianca had mastered the art of staying relevant. In contrast, Sasha's integrity and refusal to compromise on roles had left her in a precarious position.

"You have talent, Sasha," Norah said, turning to her. "Your acting is phenomenal, and you don't follow the herd. It's rare to see someone like you these days. I truly believe your time will come."

Sasha's eyes softened at the compliment. "Thank you, Reporter Norah. That means a lot to me."

She handed Norah a business card. "My fame might not be what it once was, but if you ever need help with work, just let me know."

Norah accepted the card with a small smile. Sasha's cool exterior belied a warm, genuine heart.

"Ma'am."

The voice startled Norah, and she turned to see Kian approaching her. Relief washed over her when she noticed Kevin wasn't with him.

“Kian, why are you here?”

Kian held up a bag. “Mr. Edwards asked me to bring this to you. He doesn’t want you overworking yourself.”

From the bag, he pulled out a bottle of hot milk. “He said this is your favorite.”

Norah stared at the milk, her lips tightening slightly.

Sasha, noticing the exchange but choosing to remain discreet, nodded politely. “I’ll head inside. Let’s talk another time.”

As Sasha left, Norah turned back to Kian. “I’m working right now.”

Kian remained unfazed. “Mr. Edwards knows how dedicated you are and wanted to remind you to take care of yourself. He’s also concerned about the baby.”

At the mention of her pregnancy, Norah instinctively touched her stomach. Not wanting Kian to linger and draw attention, she accepted the milk. “Fine. I’ll drink it.”

Unbeknownst to Norah, Bianca had been watching the interaction from a distance. Her sharp eyes narrowed as she processed the scene.

Seeing Kian’s attentive care toward Norah, Bianca’s jealousy flared. She recognized the brand of milk immediately—Kevin’s preferred choice during high school. It wasn’t a coincidence. Kevin’s lingering affection for Norah was undeniable.

Her gaze darkened further when she saw Norah’s hand rest protectively on her belly. Realization dawned: Norah was pregnant, and the child was most likely Kevin’s.

Fury simmered beneath Bianca’s composed exterior. If she couldn’t have Kevin, there was no way she’d let Norah keep him—or his child.

Bianca retreated to the lounge, where she sat alone, seething. After a moment, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number at the top of her contact list.

When the call connected, her voice was cold and steady. “I need you to handle something for me.”