

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 303

Chapter 303

The man at the front scoffed when he heard Kevin's words. "Love your wife and you'll get rich? Where did you hear that nonsense? I don't buy into superstitions like that. Tell me, have *you* gotten rich? Hahaha."

Another man chimed in from behind. "After being with her for so long, it's already good enough that she doesn't waste money. Rich? Please. If it wasn't for her pregnancy, I wouldn't even be here."

Both men seemed utterly dismissive, like stray dogs barking without reason.

Kevin's tone turned cold. "If you don't believe it, that's your choice."

He completely disagreed with their remarks.

How much money could a wife possibly spend? And where was all this skepticism when they were chasing after their own partners? If they didn't believe in marriage, why did they bother getting married at all?

Noticing Kevin's frosty expression and refusal to agree, the two became even more convinced he wasn't wealthy.

"Look at you. You must still be in the honeymoon phase. Just wait. After a year of marriage, when you start dealing with the daily grind—food, rent, bills—you'll realize the value of marrying someone who's a good wife and mother!"

"Exactly," the other man agreed. "It's hard enough finding someone who can handle life without constantly spending money. My monthly paycheck barely lasts because of her!"

Kevin retorted, "Then maybe it's time to consider improving *your* earning capacity."

This clearly struck a nerve. One of them, irritated, shot back, "How much do you even make in a month? I bring home \$8,000. I used to live comfortably on my own, but ever since I got married, it's been a struggle!"

Kevin's gaze hardened. "\$8,000? And your wife spends five dollars on a snack every day? Even if she eats every day for a month, that's still just a fraction of your income."

"That's still money!" one of them snapped. "And it's not like she eats every day."

Kevin wrinkled his nose. "I can smell the smoke on you. You clearly smoke a pack of cigarettes every day. At \$20 a pack, you're spending far more than her snacks. Who's really wasting money here?"

Their faces darkened. They couldn't refute him but tried to shift the argument back. "Even if we spend, at least we're spending what we earned. Do you seriously think loving your wife will make you rich? Providing for them, saving where you can—that's how you take care of a family."

Kevin remained unfazed. "Instead of nitpicking your wife's spending, focus on earning more."

"How much do *you* earn, then?" one of them challenged. "You're acting high and mighty. Let's hear it—how much more do you make than us? Have you made a fortune?"

Kevin responded calmly but coldly, "I haven't calculated it recently."

The men burst into laughter. "If you make less than \$3,000 a month, you don't even have the right to brag!"

"I don't know how much I have right now," Kevin said seriously. "I haven't checked this month's financial statement yet."

Their laughter grew louder. "A financial statement? Oh, come on! Do you think you're some big-shot CEO? Look at you, standing here in line to buy cakes. No rich man has time for this nonsense!"

Kevin remained composed. "My wife likes these cakes."

"We don't believe you!"

"Neither do I! Who are you trying to fool?"

Their mocking tones betrayed their annoyance.

“If you don’t believe me, that’s fine,” Kevin said with disdain. “But if you’re not buying anything, get out of my way.”

The men’s pride took a hit, and they became angrier. One of them moved as if to confront Kevin physically, but before his hand could reach him, Levi—who had been standing nearby—intervened. With swift precision, Levi twisted the man’s arm, eliciting a cry of pain.

“Ahhh! It hurts, it hurts!”

Levi, a skilled practitioner, wasn’t about to let anyone lay a hand on Kevin.

“Captain Edwards, are you okay?” Levi asked.

“I’m fine.”

The men noticed Levi’s camouflage uniform and his respectful demeanor toward Kevin. It dawned on them that Kevin wasn’t just anyone. They’d clearly underestimated him.

Realizing their mistake, the men quickly apologized. “We’re so sorry, big brother! We were wrong. We shouldn’t have spoken so carelessly!”

“You’re right—loving your wife really does bring blessings!”

“Please don’t hold it against us. We had no idea who we were talking to!”

Kevin’s temper had mellowed over the years, and he decided not to make a big deal out of it. He signaled Levi to release them, and they left, rubbing their sore arms.

Even after Kevin walked away to buy the cakes, the men couldn’t help whispering. “I still don’t believe a rich guy would come here to buy cakes.”

“If I had that kind of money, I’d never waste it on a woman.”

“Exactly. With enough money, you could have countless women. Why bother trying to please one?”

A young woman nearby overheard them and couldn’t resist cutting in. “And that’s exactly why you’ll never be successful in life.”

The men fell silent, embarrassed.

Meanwhile, Kevin returned with the cakes, handing them to Norah.

“What took so long?” Norah asked, noticing the tension earlier. “It looked like you were about to fight someone.”

“They said some foolish things, so I gave them a little lesson. It’s nothing,” Kevin replied softly.

Norah took a bite of the cake. “Mmm, this is delicious. No wonder there’s such a long line.”

Kevin wrapped his arm around her waist, leading her through the lively square.

The atmosphere was festive, with colorful balloons, flocks of pigeons, and vibrant flower displays. The most eye-catching sight was a sea of roses in every shade imaginable—freshly picked and beautifully arranged.

“Is it Valentine’s Day or something? Why are there so many roses?” Norah asked, her eyes lingering on the display.

Kevin followed her gaze. “Do you want some?”

Norah shook her head. “No, I just think it’s nice. Everything feels so cheerful.”

“As long as you’re happy, I’m happy too,” Kevin said with a gentle smile.

Norah turned to him, amused. “You’re acting strange today. Why are you saying all these sweet things?”

“Is it strange to want to make my wife happy?” Kevin asked, lowering his voice. “I just want to give you the best of everything.”

Norah’s lips curled into a smile. “Well, I’m already very happy.”

“There’s even more happiness ahead,” Kevin replied.

Just then, a little girl ran up to them, holding a bouquet of roses. She handed them to Norah with a shy smile.

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“Ah...”

A chubby white pigeon suddenly flew toward them, startling Norah. She instinctively stepped back, worried it might peck her. But then she noticed something—it had a ring in its beak.

Before she could process what was happening, the pigeon swooped down, and the item it was carrying landed in Kevin's hand.

Norah froze, staring at him in disbelief. In his palm was a dazzling diamond ring, its sparkle so brilliant in the sunlight that it nearly blinded her.

She squinted against the glare as Kevin gently took her hand and slid the ring onto her finger.

Out of nowhere, applause erupted around them.

Norah looked up, startled, and saw that passersby were clapping and smiling, their eyes full of envy and delight.

Her face turned red as she stammered, "W-What's going on?"

"This is so romantic! A proposal with roses and even a pigeon—who does that?" someone in the crowd exclaimed.

"It's like a fairy tale—look at them! A prince and his princess. If someone did this for me, I wouldn't care how they looked—I'd say yes in a heartbeat!"

"Why can't I find a man like that? He's so dreamy!"

As the chatter continued, Norah realized the truth—this was a marriage proposal.

And she was the one being proposed to.

Standing amidst a sea of roses with their soft, fragrant aroma drifting through the air, she turned to Kevin. His gaze was steady and filled with affection.

"Marry me?" Kevin asked, his deep voice carrying both warmth and conviction.

Norah blinked, flustered. "Didn't I already marry you? It's been years—why now?"

Kevin leaned in close, his lips brushing against her ear. "You've been my wife for three years, but I never properly proposed to you. That's my regret."

She looked down at the ring on her finger and then back at him, her throat tightening.

It felt surreal.

The man she had silently loved for so long, the one she never thought would reciprocate her feelings, had created this moment for her.

Her vision blurred as tears welled up.

“Why are you crying?” Kevin asked softly, concern etched across his face. He gently wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. “Did I embarrass you?”

Norah shook her head, her voice trembling. “I just... I never thought this day would come. It hasn't been easy, Kevin.”

Kevin pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly. “You've been through so much. I see that now, and I'm so sorry. From this day forward, I promise to take care of you, always.”

Norah pressed her face against his chest, tears streaming freely. “Then you'd better be really good to me. Really, really good!”

Kevin cupped her face, looking into her tear-filled eyes. “I'll make sure of it. Every single day, for the rest of our lives. You'll always be my Mrs. Edwards.”

Norah closed her eyes, overwhelmed, but a small, genuine smile formed on her lips as she whispered, “I'm already so happy.”

The crowd broke into cheers. “Say yes!” they shouted.

The two pulled back just enough to look at each other. Their eyes were red, emotions raw, but there was nothing but love in their expressions.

Kevin leaned down and kissed her gently.

At that moment, it felt like time stopped.

The world around them faded away, leaving just the two of them, bound together by a love so profound that no force could break it.

As their lips met, thousands of balloons floated into the sky, each one carrying the same message: **Kevin loves Norah for a lifetime!**

Above them, helicopters circled, unfurling banners with the same declaration: **Kevin loves Norah for a lifetime!**

It was Kevin's way of letting the world know—his love for Norah was eternal and unchanging.

The proposal was being livestreamed, reaching thousands of viewers.

One of those viewers was Bianca.

She stared at the screen, her nails digging into her palms, her face twisting with jealousy and rage. Watching Kevin publicly declare his love for Norah felt like a knife twisting in her chest.

Her hands shook as she grabbed the nearest object and hurled it across the room. The loud crash didn't soothe her anger; it only fueled it.

Picking up her phone, she dialed a number, her voice nearly a scream as she spat into the receiver, "Do you still want Norah gone or not?!"

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"Yes," the person on the other end of the line answered without hesitation.

"If that's true, then why are you doing this?"

Bianca's anger flared, completely clouding her mind. She couldn't take it anymore.

Why was everything that should have been hers being handed to Norah?

She should have been the one married to Kevin.

She should have been the one enjoying this extravagant proposal!

Not far away, Kevin stood, his eyes fixed on Norah, who was glowing with happiness. A smile spread across his face—the kind of smile he had longed to wear for so many years.

He had waited for this moment.

He had seen Norah so many times before, indifferent and distant, as though their marriage meant nothing to her. He had always wanted to see her happy because of their marriage, to see her genuinely smile for him.

Now, it was finally happening.

For the first time, Norah's sincere smile was real, and it was because of him.

Kevin glanced at his phone, his expression growing serious. He gripped it tightly. "I won't break my promise to you."

Tears streaked Bianca's face as she clenched her jaw. "Fine. Then I want you to give me a wedding—a wedding a hundred times more extravagant than this proposal!"

"Done," Kevin replied without hesitation. "As long as you give me the antidote, I'll do whatever you want."

This was the only thing Kevin asked of Bianca.

To save Norah's life.

Bianca didn't feel triumphant. Kevin's willingness to go to such lengths for Norah stung deeply. Yet, for her, it was a means to an end.

"Good," Bianca said, wiping her tears and forcing composure. Then, with a faint sneer, she added, "I'll let this slide. I know your days with her are numbered. You've been so good to her, but this three-year marriage is almost over. I can be magnanimous about it now, but you'll have to make it up to me in the future."

To her, it was just a proposal. Nothing more.

Bianca reassured herself that she would have so much more than Norah in the end.

She would have Kevin for a lifetime.

Kevin furrowed his brow and glanced up at the clear, blue sky, taking a deep breath. "When can you give me the antidote?"

"She won't die for now," Bianca replied coolly. "After we get married, I promise you it'll be done."

"When do you want to get married?" Kevin asked, his tone cold. "Can it be soon?"

Bianca let out a mocking laugh. "You're that desperate?"

"The sooner it's done, the less she'll suffer," Kevin said evenly.

Even though Norah had the protective beads, the poison was still in her system. She'd begun noticing changes in her body, experiencing discomfort. Kevin didn't know how much longer she could endure it—or how it might affect their children.

The sooner the poison was gone, the better.

Kevin didn't want to waste any more time.

Bianca's fists tightened as her temper flared again. "Norah, Norah! All you ever talk about is Norah! What about me?"

"Bianca," Kevin said, his tone sharp.

For a moment, Bianca's hope flickered. She braced herself for his next words, clinging to the possibility that he might acknowledge her feelings.

But what he said shattered her.

"I don't owe you anything," Kevin stated firmly.

Bianca bit her lip, struggling to respond. She knew Kevin's weakness—his sense of guilt toward her. It had always been her leverage to get what she wanted.

But now he was saying he didn't owe her?

How could this be?

Bianca felt as though the ground beneath her was crumbling. She was losing her hold on him. Desperately, she tried to defend herself.

"How can you say that? Do you think founding an entertainment company for me and helping me enter the industry clears your debt? Even if you hadn't helped me, someone else would have! I nearly lost my life for you, Kevin. I risked everything for you. How can you say you don't owe me anything?"

She was desperate to clear her name, to prove she had sacrificed everything for Kevin without ulterior motives.

But from the moment Bianca poisoned Norah, Kevin had seen her true nature.

Kevin's expression hardened, his eyes cold and unyielding. "Sacrificed for me? In the past, I wouldn't have questioned your intentions. But now, I know the truth. You didn't save me for my sake—you did it for yourself. To erase your own guilt as an accomplice."

Bianca's pupils dilated, her face pale. She couldn't find the words to refute him.

This was a truth she had buried deep, one she never wanted to confront.

But now it was out in the open.

Her hands trembled, her mind racing for an explanation.

A bitter sneer twisted her lips. "Do you know why I've done everything I've done? Do you know how I grew up? I never wanted this life. If it weren't for Siena, if she hadn't abandoned me, I wouldn't have become what I am today! Everything I've done—it's because of you! You forced me into this!"

Bianca's voice cracked, her emotions spiraling out of control.

She hated the life she was born into, hated the circumstances that shaped her.

If she'd been born into the Edwards family, if she'd had Kevin's position, her life would have been different.

But instead, she'd been discarded.

Her father didn't acknowledge her.

Her mother didn't want her.

She wished she had never been born.

Kevin listened in silence, his expression unreadable. Finally, he spoke, his voice calm but resolute.

"You can hate me all you want, but I don't owe you anything."

He had already done everything he could to compensate her for the past.

Hearing his words, Bianca's tears spilled over. Her grief and resentment consumed her.

She hated Siena for abandoning her.

She hated Martin for rejecting her.

And she hated Norah for taking everything she wanted.

Bianca had spent her life fighting to claim what she believed was hers. She had saved Kevin, enduring injuries that left her scarred, using his guilt to manipulate him into giving her opportunities.

But in the end, none of it brought her happiness.

Her hatred burned brighter than ever, fueling her determination. She would rise to the top, no matter what—or who—she had to destroy along the way.