

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 306

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## Chapter 306

"Kevin, who are you calling? Why did it take so long?" Norah asked curiously. Although she wasn't standing right next to him, she could see him on the phone. It wasn't a long call, but it seemed important.

Kevin slipped his phone into his pocket, reached out for her hand, and pulled her into his arms. "Just a conference call. When it's something urgent, I can't avoid it, but I kept it short. You've already been waiting too long."

Norah smiled up at him and shook her head. "It's fine. I'm not upset. I just noticed you were frowning and thought something might've been bothering you."

She was always attentive to others, especially Kevin. As her husband, his well-being naturally mattered to her.

Kevin's lips curved into a reassuring smile. "Nothing's wrong. How could I be unhappy on a day like this? Today is one of the happiest days of my life!"

He leaned down and planted a kiss on her cheek.

Norah blushed, wrapping her arms around his neck. "It can get even better."

Kevin chuckled, his hands gently supporting her waist as he rested his forehead against hers. "Oh? And what could possibly make it better?"

Norah's face turned even redder, her gaze lowering shyly. She hesitated for a moment, her demeanor like a bashful bride.

"We've been married for a while now. Maybe it's time we think about having a baby. My little aunt's been waiting to become a grandma, after all..."

Before she could finish her thought, Levi approached with a serious expression.

“Captain Edwards!” Levi called out, addressing Kevin formally. His gaze was grave. “We’ve located something in the suburbs…”

Levi stopped mid-sentence, noticing Norah standing there. Not wanting to alarm her, he chose not to elaborate further.

Kevin caught the look in Levi’s eyes and immediately understood the gravity of the situation.

“I’ll be there shortly,” Kevin said, releasing Norah from his embrace. He turned to her, his tone softening. “I’ll be back soon.”

Norah nodded, understanding his responsibilities. “Alright. Let me know when you’re back.”

Kevin reached out, gently stroking her hair before leaving with Levi.

As she watched him walk away, Norah felt a pang of worry. She knew he carried the weight of heavy responsibilities, not just as the CEO of the Edwards family but also as a highly respected captain. Yet, she couldn’t shake the fear that his duties often put him in danger.

Later, as she prepared to head home, Norah spotted Elodie stepping out of another military vehicle. The younger girl waved excitedly. “Sister!”

A warm smile spread across Norah’s face. “Elodie.”

Without hesitation, Elodie rushed over and threw herself into Norah’s arms. “Sister, it’s been forever since I’ve seen you!”

Norah hugged her tightly. Elodie’s youthful innocence and liveliness were qualities Norah deeply admired but felt she herself lacked.

“I’ve been busy with work and haven’t had much time to visit. But why are you here?” Norah asked, curious about her sudden appearance.

Elodie clung to Norah’s arm, leaning into her affectionately. “I pestered Brother Levi to bring me along. He said you and Brother Kevin were here, so of course, I had to come see you!”

As she nestled into Norah’s embrace, Elodie frowned slightly. “Sister, you feel thinner. Have you not been eating properly?”

Norah laughed lightly. “Thinner? A few days ago, someone said I looked like I’d gained weight.”

Elodie tilted her head and examined Norah. “No, you’ve definitely lost weight. Have you not been taking care of yourself?”

“It’s nothing like that,” Norah replied. “I’ve just been a little tired lately.”

Elodie’s expression turned serious. “Well, you need to take better care of yourself.” Then, she brightened up. “I told Grandpa I’d be staying with you for the next few days. I even brought my luggage!”

Norah glanced over to see someone loading Elodie’s bags into her car.

“Alright, but only if you let Kevin cook for you,” Norah teased.

“Really?” Elodie’s eyes lit up with excitement. “Then you have to make him cook! We’ll feast like royalty!”

Back at the villa, it felt as though no time had passed since Norah’s last visit, even though it had been a while. Elodie, a self-proclaimed foodie, had already stocked up on snacks. The two of them spent the evening watching TV and enjoying their treats.

As the news came on, a report about a body discovered in the suburbs played on the screen. The details were gruesome—the victim’s internal organs had been hollowed out.

Elodie turned pale. “What kind of monster could do something like that? Who would hollow out someone’s insides?!”

Norah, already uneasy, felt a chill run down her spine. Levi’s earlier words replayed in her mind. Could Kevin have gone to the crime scene?

Her instincts told her it was connected.

“Did you hear anything about this when you and Levi were coming over?” Norah asked Elodie.

Elodie shook her head. “No. And even if they knew something, they wouldn’t talk about it in front of me.”

Born into a military family, Elodie had lived a relatively sheltered life. The horrors of the world remained distant from her reality.

Norah chose not to press further but couldn't shake the creeping unease in her heart. The thought of someone harvesting organs made her feel cold and hollow inside.

"Sister, are you okay?" Elodie asked, concerned.

Norah forced a smile. "I'm fine. I just need to rest for a bit."

"Let me help you upstairs," Elodie said, immediately dropping her snacks to assist.

Norah spent the rest of the evening in her room, waiting for Kevin to return. Her unease lingered, but exhaustion eventually pulled her into a restless sleep.

She woke in the middle of the night to the sound of a car pulling into the driveway.

Kevin was home.

Norah jumped out of bed, hurriedly putting on her slippers before heading downstairs.

She saw him just as he walked in, handing his coat to a maid. His face was lined with exhaustion.

"You must be tired. Let me pour you some tea—or should I draw a bath for you?" Norah offered softly.

Kevin stopped her, his tone gentle but firm. "It's alright. I'll take care of it myself."

Norah watched as he headed upstairs without another word.

She stood frozen for a moment, feeling a pang of sadness. He'd been so warm and affectionate earlier. Why did he feel so distant now? Was it her imagination?

Shaking off the thought, she followed him upstairs.

In the bedroom, she pretended to be asleep, waiting for him to come in.

When Kevin finally entered, he tossed his phone onto the bedside table. "I'm going to shower," he said simply.

“Okay,” she replied.

As he disappeared into the bathroom, Norah’s gaze fell on his phone. Something wasn’t sitting right with her.

Unable to resist, she picked up the phone and opened his call log.

Her breath caught in her throat. The call from earlier wasn’t a conference call at all.

It was to Bianca.

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Norah’s expression soured, but she still set her phone aside.

Lying on her side in bed, she listened to the sound of running water in the bathroom. Her heart was restless.

What was Kevin doing this afternoon?

Did he visit the crime scene of the female corpse, or was he with Bianca?

A vague unease crept in. She trusted Kevin. After three years of marriage, he had never acted this strangely. He had always been attentive, caring, and protective of her.

She could see the love in his eyes—love meant solely for her.

He had always promised to love her forever.

She would always be his Mrs. Edwards.

But Kevin’s recent behavior unsettled her. It felt like there were things he wasn’t telling her, secrets he was hiding.

Lost in her thoughts, Norah barely noticed Kevin finishing his shower.

He stepped out, drying his hair with a towel, and glanced over to see if she was asleep.

Norah stirred and looked up at him.

Kevin lowered his gaze and walked toward her. “You’re still awake?”

“I was waiting for you,” she replied softly.

Kevin finished drying his hair and climbed into bed.

Instinctively, Norah wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head against him.

Kevin gently stroked her hair. "What's wrong?"

Norah hesitated. She didn't ask why he had called Bianca.

If it had been an innocent conversation, why did his expression look so heavy afterward?

Shaking her head, she said, "It's nothing. Let's just sleep."

Kevin lay beside her, staring at the ceiling in silence. After a long pause, he finally said, "I'll be home late tomorrow. You should rest early."

Norah, who had already closed her eyes, opened them again. "Alright, I understand."

Kevin turned toward her, wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her close.

Norah had countless questions, but as Kevin embraced her tightly, all her doubts melted away.

They were husband and wife, after all.

Norah took his hand and placed it on her stomach. "Whatever it is, we can face it together."

Kevin felt her warmth, and his eyes flickered with emotion.

Her words stirred something deep within him, but he held back his feelings.

Kevin had his own worries—his own helplessness.

He hugged her even tighter, burying his face in her hair so she couldn't see his troubled expression. "Go to sleep," he murmured.

Norah smiled faintly and closed her eyes.

She had been feeling more tired lately and could barely keep her eyes open waiting for Kevin to return. Soon, she drifted off to sleep.

Kevin, however, couldn't rest.

He lay awake, watching her peaceful face as she slept.

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The next day, Norah woke up around noon.

Kevin was already gone.

She dragged herself out of the bedroom just as Elodie was coming downstairs.

“Sis, you’re finally awake! It’s already noon. I’ve been waiting for you all morning!” Elodie pouted.

Norah had promised they’d go out together today.

“I slept for over ten hours,” Norah remarked, surprised.

“Why are you sleeping so much? Is it normal for pregnant women to sleep this long?” Elodie asked, puzzled.

Norah wasn’t sure either. Was it really okay to be this tired?

“And Brother Kevin left early this morning,” Elodie muttered. “He promised to have lunch with you, didn’t he?”

Norah smiled understandingly. “He’s been busy lately. We’ll catch up when he has time.”

“Whatever,” Elodie grinned. “Let’s go to the mall. I’ll get you a cute vegetable basket—practical and stylish!”

Norah chuckled. “So generous of you!”

“Of course! If I don’t treat you well, Brother Kevin will glare at me.”

Norah laughed, quickly changing into something comfortable before heading out with Elodie.

A driver and bodyguard escorted them to the mall.

Norah had taken time off from the TV station, but she still kept tabs on Emani’s situation and any pressing matters at work.

Meanwhile, Sasha had been discharged from the hospital, and the lead role in their drama was recast. Though Sasha was initially set to continue, she declined.

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At the mall, luxury brands lined every corner—clothes, bags, and shoes everywhere.

VIP customers like Elodie never had to wait in line. The moment they walked in, sales associates attended to them immediately.

Elodie handed Norah a vegetable basket to try. “This one suits you perfectly—lightweight and a great color for you.”

“It’s nice,” Norah agreed, “but I like the one over there better.”

Elodie spotted it. “Oh, Chanel? Say no more, let’s check it out!”

Norah teased, “Isn’t it pricey? I don’t want to bankrupt you.”

Elodie smirked. “Sis, I’ll buy you ten baskets if you want. Brother Kevin might scare me, but I’m no cheapskate!”

“You’re such a show-off,” Norah joked, laughing.

The two browsed for a while, purchasing a few items before moving to another store.

“This bag is stunning!” Elodie exclaimed.

“It’s part of our latest limited edition,” the sales associate chimed in. “Only ten exist worldwide.”

A familiar voice cut through the chatter.

“Do you think this bag suits me?” Bianca’s voice carried across the room.

Norah looked up and froze.

There was Bianca, holding the bag she had seen in a magazine.

“It’s perfect,” Bianca said, turning to the man beside her.

Norah’s breath hitched as Kevin stepped forward and handed a gold card to the clerk.

“Charge it to my card,” he said firmly.

“Yes, Mr. Edwards,” the clerk replied.

Norah’s heart sank as she stared at Kevin standing beside Bianca.

This must be a nightmare.

She tried to convince herself it wasn’t real, that it couldn’t be true.

But deep down, she knew Kevin’s affection for Bianca was real.

“Isn’t that Brother Kevin?” Elodie exclaimed. “How could he be with another woman, buying her bags? This isn’t right!”

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Norah turned her head, her voice trembling. “Is it Kevin?”



Elodie met Norah's disbelieving eyes. The shock and heartbreak were etched on Norah's face. She couldn't accept what she was seeing. Elodie, her expression dark with anger, spat, "That bastard! I thought Brother Kevin was different, but I guess no man can be trusted!"

Elodie continued her tirade, but Norah didn't hear her. Her gaze remained fixed on Kevin and Bianca.

Bianca held Kevin's hand, their closeness unmistakable. They looked like they had reconciled, like everything had returned to how it used to be.

Norah stood frozen, her feet rooted to the ground as though she couldn't move.

When they finally walked out of the store, Bianca clung to Kevin's arm, smiling as she said, "Kevin, thank you for buying me such an expensive bag."

There was a giddiness in her tone—a woman basking in the joy of receiving something precious from a man she adored.

"It's nothing," Kevin replied coolly. "As long as you like it."

Bianca tilted her head toward him, her voice soft and sweet. "So, anything I like, you'll make sure I have it, right?"

Kevin's response was brief but telling. "Hmm."

Bianca chuckled lightly. "You're so good to me. I knew it—you're the only man for me. I'll wait for you, Kevin. I'll wait for your divorce, and then..."

Before she could finish, they both stopped—facing Norah.

The moment froze.

Bianca's lips curled into a smirk when she saw Norah's stricken face. "Well, isn't this a coincidence, Norah? What are the odds we'd run into each other here?"

She deliberately tightened her grip on Kevin's arm, as if to make it clear who he belonged to.

Norah's focus, however, was entirely on Kevin.

His expression was unreadable. His lips pressed into a thin line, and his eyes revealed nothing. He didn't even attempt to explain.

Elodie broke the silence, her tone sharp with indignation. "Brother Kevin, you're a married man! How can you be out here buying bags for another woman? That's just wrong!"

Bianca let out a light laugh. "Oh, you must be Elodie, Old Mr. Godin's granddaughter. You've grown so much."

Elodie glared at her. “Who I am is none of your business. What *is* your business is how shameless you are, ruining someone else’s marriage. You’re nothing but trouble!”

Bianca didn’t flinch. Instead, she calmly shifted her attention back to Norah. “Why don’t you ask Norah about it? She knows better than anyone else. She’s the one living through it, after all.”

Elodie turned back to Norah, her face twisted with anger and sadness. “Sister Norah, you’re my sister-in-law! *She’s* not! She’s just a homewrecker—a fox stealing from someone else’s home!”

“Elodie!” Kevin’s voice was cold and firm. “That’s enough. Don’t say things like that.”

But Elodie wasn’t backing down. “What’s wrong with me calling her out? She’s breaking up a family! And you, Brother Kevin—you’re no better! You’re acting like a scumbag! You’re hurting Sister Norah!”

Tears welled in her eyes. She couldn’t believe what she was witnessing.

Norah finally found her voice and gently touched Elodie’s hand. “Elodie, stop.”

She turned to Kevin, her voice trembling. “Is it true?”

Kevin’s eyes met hers, but he said nothing.

Norah pressed on, her desperation spilling out. “Are you with Bianca? Tell me the truth. I’ll only believe what you say!”

Still, Kevin remained silent.

Tears filled Norah’s eyes as she searched for any sign of hope. “If you tell me this isn’t true, I’ll believe you. Even if I saw you holding her hand, even if I saw her clinging to you, I’ll believe there’s an explanation. Just say something. Please, give me a reason to hope.”

Her voice cracked under the weight of her emotions. She felt her entire world crumbling.

Kevin’s silence was deafening.

Tears streamed down her face as the realization sank in. All the love, the promises, the marriage—it all seemed like a cruel illusion.

Finally, Kevin clenched his fists, his hands trembling. His emotions were tightly restrained, but the words that came next felt like a dagger.

“Norah, let’s divorce,” he said flatly.

Bianca’s smirk grew wider. This was the moment she’d been waiting for.

Norah stared at him in disbelief, her voice shaking. “What did you say?”

Kevin forced himself to repeat the words. “Let’s get a divorce.”

Norah’s body felt numb, her mind struggling to process what she was hearing. She let out a bitter laugh, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “Are you serious? You proposed to me in front of everyone. You told me you’d love me forever. You made promises that everyone in the capital knew about. And now you’re talking about divorce? Was it all just a lie?”

Kevin’s voice remained cold. “It’s the end of our three-year marriage. I’ll compensate you.”

Norah laughed again, this time with tears streaming down her cheeks. “Compensate me? Is that what this is to you? A transaction? Was our love—was *I*—just something you needed to fulfill an obligation?”

Her voice cracked, the pain in her heart unbearable. “Why, Kevin? Why did you give me hope just to take it all away? You knew how much I loved you. I chased after you for years, and now you’re telling me it was all for nothing? How could you be so heartless?”

Kevin’s jaw tightened as he looked away, unable to meet her tearful gaze.

“After the divorce... we won’t see each other again,” he said in a low voice. “You can hate me if that helps.”

Norah’s voice rose, filled with anguish. “How can you say that? Kevin, I’m pregnant with your child!”

## **Chapter 309**

Bianca was momentarily stunned when she heard the news.

Did Kevin not know Norah was pregnant?

Or was there another reason behind his indifference?

Kevin’s eyes betrayed no emotion. His deep gaze remained cold, as though Norah’s situation had ceased to matter to him.

Norah had clung to the hope that their unborn child might change Kevin’s heart.

But she was mistaken.

When a man turns heartless, even a child means nothing.

Norah realized she shouldn’t have told him.

Her last shred of hope was gone, leaving her utterly devastated.

Bianca, leaning against Kevin, broke the tense silence. “Kevin, let’s go,” she said casually. Turning to Norah, she added with a smirk, “Norah, don’t waste your energy. If you’d gotten rid of it earlier, you wouldn’t be in this position now.”

Kevin’s gaze shifted slightly, his breathing uneven, but his voice remained cold and merciless. “Let’s go. Don’t pay attention to her. For someone desperate to hold onto the Edwards family name, she’ll say anything.”

Without looking back, Kevin and Bianca walked away.

As Bianca passed Norah, she purposefully bumped her shoulder, wearing a triumphant smile.

Norah staggered back, and Elodie caught her. Watching their retreating figures, Elodie seethed. “How could she be so cruel? That vixen must have filled Kevin’s head with lies! Sister Norah, we should—”

“There’s no point,” Norah interrupted, her voice tinged with bitterness. Kevin had changed, and nothing she said would matter anymore. “No matter what I say, Kevin will think I’m lying.”

Elodie’s face twisted with frustration. “I wish we hadn’t come out today. None of this would’ve happened!”

Norah offered a strained smile, one that looked more like a grimace. “Does it even matter? This day was bound to come. Better to end the pain now than drag it out.”

She didn’t want anyone’s pity.

She just wanted to leave—escape the humiliation. Kevin had failed her again, and she couldn’t keep falling apart over him.

“Sister,” Elodie said, noticing how pale Norah looked, “you’re not well. Let’s get you somewhere to rest.”

“I don’t need to rest,” Norah said, leaning against a nearby pillar and gasping for air. “Just call a car. I want to go home.”

The word *home* felt strange on Elodie’s ears.

Kevin’s house wasn’t really a home for Norah anymore. If she went back, she’d just be kicked out again.

Elodie hesitated. “Are you sure you want to go back? You’re still married. That’s your house, too. And if a divorce happens, you’re entitled to something. Why let that vixen take over your home?”

Norah thought about it and nodded weakly. “You’re right. I’ll go back. I need to hear what Kevin has to say for himself.”

When Norah returned, the house felt emptier than ever—more like a cage than a home.

She sank into the couch and waited for Kevin.

Elodie, however, wasn't allowed to stay. The Godin family sent a car to pick her up. Despite her protests, Elodie had to leave.

Norah insisted it was for the best. This wasn't a fight Elodie could help her with.

Even as Elodie reluctantly departed, Norah remained resolute. The hardest days were behind her. She could endure anything now.

But deep down, she knew the truth. Kevin didn't care about her—or their child.

Even if the baby was born, it wouldn't be welcomed.

Inside the quiet villa, hours passed.

Sitting alone, Norah's mind wandered back to her past with Kevin—their early days working together, the excitement of becoming his wife, and the silent pain of never earning his love.

She had endured so much, even sacrificing her dignity. Yet now, it all seemed like a cruel joke.

She couldn't shake the faint hope that Kevin wouldn't go through with the divorce.

That hope, however, was shattered when Kevin finally returned in the middle of the night.

He didn't come back alone.

A lawyer followed him into the living room.

Kevin sat across from Norah, his demeanor cold and businesslike, as though he were meeting a stranger.

Without sparing her a glance, he gestured for the lawyer to speak. The man placed a document on the table and said, "Ms. White, this is the divorce agreement. The apartment where you live has been transferred to your name, and you will also retain this house. Additionally, Mr. Edwards has arranged a payment of twenty million as compensation. Please review the terms. If you have any other conditions, feel free to include them. Our goal is to finalize the divorce as quickly as possible."

Norah opened the document, confirming that Kevin's signature was indeed there.

It felt surreal, like a dream—or a nightmare.

Her fingers trembled as she flipped through the pages. She couldn't help but ask, "Why did you wait until after the proposal? Why didn't you divorce me then? What were you waiting for? Was it for the shares?"

Kevin's expression turned icy. His voice was mechanical as he replied, "You're right. You have no value anymore. Don't overestimate a man's feelings, Norah. One minute, he likes you. The next, he doesn't. It's as simple as that. The proposal meant nothing. Do you think it was anything more than a formality? Something I could've done with anyone?"

Norah clenched her fists, her heart breaking all over again.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she asked, "What about the child? Don't you feel anything for your own child?"

Kevin sneered. "Do you think you can fool me? I'm not about to play the fool and take responsibility for a child that isn't mine."

"It's your child!" Norah cried, desperate to make him see the truth.

But Kevin cut her off coldly. "Norah, I've never touched you."

His words were like a slap to her face.

Kevin's gaze was unyielding as he continued, "Stop trying to use a child to hold onto me. I told you before to get rid of it. If you'd listened, maybe I'd have considered staying in this marriage. But now? Don't waste your time."

He leaned back, his tone dripping with contempt. "As for the child? Steven can deal with it. He seems like the type who'd step in."

*Slap!*

Norah's hand connected with Kevin's cheek, the sound echoing in the silent room.

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"Shut up!" Norah snapped, her voice trembling with anger. "I can't believe you would stoop this low! I completely misjudged you!"

Kevin didn't dodge. Her slap landed squarely on his cheek, leaving it red. Yet, he didn't flinch. Instead, the corners of his lips curved into a cold, detached smirk.

Norah was furious, her entire body trembling from the weight of his cruelty. She had never encountered anyone as heartless as him.

"If this is what it takes to get me to sign, congratulations—you've succeeded!" Norah grabbed the pen without hesitation, scrawling her name on the divorce agreement. Then, with all the

strength she could muster, she threw the document at him. “Now get out! Get out of my house!”

Kevin’s expression didn’t change. Her anger didn’t faze him in the slightest.

The lawyer quickly retrieved the divorce agreement, his movements swift and professional. “Mr. Edwards, everything is finalized,” he reported.

Kevin gave a curt nod, his face as cold as ever. Without sparing Norah another glance, he stood and walked out of the villa.

As the door slammed shut behind him, Norah collapsed onto the sofa, completely drained. She watched his retreating figure through the door, her fists clenched tightly. A heavy weight pressed down on her chest, making it impossible to breathe.

Outside, Kevin stopped at the villa’s entrance. His face was grim as he turned to glance back one last time, his gaze lingering on the doorway. But he didn’t step back inside.

“Mr. Edwards,” the lawyer spoke cautiously. “Ms. White has signed. We can complete the divorce paperwork immediately.”

“Get out!” Kevin barked, his voice sharp and full of rage.

The lawyer flinched at Kevin’s sudden outburst but quickly composed himself. Avoiding Kevin’s fiery glare, he hurriedly left with the documents.

Kevin, still standing by the wall, clenched his fists. His suppressed emotions boiled over, and he slammed his hand against the wall in frustration. One punch wasn’t enough. He struck it again, and again, until blood trickled from his knuckles, staining the wall.

His eyes burned red, filled with a mix of pain and anger as he stared back at the house he had just walked away from. He could still imagine Norah’s tear-streaked face, her shattered expression etched in his mind.

But this had to be done. It was the only way to protect her.

As long as she was alive, there was still a chance—still hope.

“Mr. Edwards, where should we go now?” Kian asked cautiously, his eyes darting to Kevin’s bloodied hand.

Kevin glanced down at his injured hand but dismissed it. He let the blood drip freely and ordered flatly, “Get in the car.”

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The lawyer, having completed his task, returned to Bianca’s residence.

He was, after all, Bianca's lawyer.

Bianca was in her loungewear, sipping hot milk as she removed her makeup. "Is it done?" she asked, her tone calm but eager.

"Yes," the lawyer confirmed. "Everything is finalized."

A pleased smile spread across Bianca's face as she reached for the divorce agreement. She skimmed through it, her gaze zeroing in on both signatures at the bottom of the document.

"Finally," she said, her tone triumphant. "They're divorced." Setting the document down, she added with a smirk, "Process everything quickly. I want to marry Kevin as soon as possible."

She was ready. Ready to solidify her position as Mrs. Edwards.

"Understood," the lawyer said before excusing himself.

As the door closed, Bianca leaned back in her chair, a satisfied grin spreading across her face. She felt victorious, envisioning the grand wedding she would soon have. She would be the happiest bride in the world.

As she relished the thought, footsteps echoed down the hall. Assuming it was her maid, she called out, "Don't worry about this room. Go back downstairs."

But the footsteps didn't stop.

Irritated, Bianca peeled off her face mask. "I said—"

Her voice faltered when she looked up and saw who it was. Shock flickered in her eyes as she quickly stood and adjusted her expression. "Dad."

The man, in his fifties, stood tall and imposing. His graying hair only added to his commanding presence. He smiled warmly. "It's been a while. You've grown into a fine young woman."

Bianca rushed to hug him. "Dad, you're finally out!"

The man, still strong despite his age, patted her head affectionately. "You've worked hard all these years," he said.

Bianca's voice softened. "It's nothing compared to what you've been through. Besides, I'm a star now. My career lets me take care of myself—and you."

The man's gaze turned calculating. "I appreciate your efforts, but I don't need you to take care of me. Our work isn't finished yet. I'm here to rebuild what we lost."

Bianca's face stiffened. "Dad, are you serious? So many people died because of that. Even if you're free now, the police will be watching your every move. It's too dangerous!"



He ignored her concerns and changed the subject. “Do you still care about Kevin?”

“Dad...” Bianca hesitated, her eyes dropping.

The man chuckled knowingly. “Don’t think I don’t know about the things you’ve done—including poisoning Kevin’s wife. That poison? It came from Pharaoh. And if you have that poison, you’re already tied to him.”

Bianca’s expression darkened. “Can’t I choose for myself, just once?”

Her father ignored her plea. “I saw your mother recently,” he said, his tone colder now. “She’s as foolish as ever, still unable to admit her mistakes.”

Bianca’s jaw tightened. “Why even bring her up? I don’t acknowledge her.”

The man smiled faintly. “You’re my daughter, through and through. You know what it takes to survive. Your hands are already stained with blood. There’s no turning back now.”

Bianca’s mind drifted to her past actions, actions she had justified for Kevin’s sake. She knew her father was right. There was no erasing what she had done.

“Fine,” she said finally, a faint smile curling her lips. “I’ll do whatever it takes.”

Her father stroked her hair approvingly. “Good girl. Don’t worry. Pharaoh still values you. As long as you’re Bianca, you’ll always have leverage.”

Bianca frowned slightly, confused by his words. Why wouldn’t Pharaoh target her?

But she didn’t press further. For now, this was enough.