

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 31

Chapter 31

Kevin was stunned when he heard the voice. "Where are you? I'm coming right now!" he said, frowning.

"Kevin, what's wrong?" Bianca asked, noticing his urgency.

"Something happened to Norah!" Kevin replied, running out without looking back at Bianca.

Bianca could tell he was very worried about Norah. But Norah was fine this morning—what could have happened so suddenly?

She looked at the gift box Kevin had left behind and felt a pang of disappointment.

Cleo chimed in, "Norah was fine just a few hours ago. What could've gone wrong? Maybe she found out Mr. Edwards was here and is causing trouble to mess up your relationship."

Bianca's face paled, but she maintained her composure. "I don't think so. Norah isn't that kind of person. Something serious must've happened. I'm wondering if I should go help."

"You're too kind, Ms. Lynch," Cleo said. "Norah is strong-willed. You can't let her push you around. You and Mr. Edwards are a couple, and she was the one who took him from you. You shouldn't sympathize with her. If it weren't for her, you and Mr. Edwards would've been together long ago."

Kevin, meanwhile, rushed to the hotel address he was given. He hurried upstairs and flung open the door of the suite. "Norah!"

He found Norah lying on the bed, asleep. There didn't seem to be any danger, but he checked the room just in case. Then, he walked over and gently called her name.

Norah woke up and saw Kevin standing by the bed. "Why are you here?" she asked, sitting up.

She had been drinking coffee and chatting with Bonnie. Bonnie suggested they continue their conversation in a hotel room nearby since she was tired of sitting in the café. Norah had agreed, and they continued chatting in the room. Eventually, she got tired and fell asleep. Now, she noticed Bonnie was no longer there.

Kevin realized he'd been tricked, and his tense mood began to ease. "Are you okay?" he asked.

Norah looked confused. "Of course, I am. Why wouldn't I be?" Then she asked, "Is Auntie—"

"Norah, was this some kind of joke?" Kevin interrupted, his voice serious. "Do you know how worried I was?"

Norah was still trying to piece together what had happened. She remembered Bonnie asking her if Kevin would be concerned about her.

Seeing Kevin sweating and out of breath, she realized he must have rushed over, truly worried.

"I just took a nap," Norah explained. "I didn't know you'd be so worried. If I had known, I wouldn't have done this."

She suspected that Bonnie had done something to make Kevin so anxious.

Kevin was torn between relief and frustration. Feeling hot, he leaned against the wall and loosened his tie.

Norah, trying to lighten the mood, mentioned, "Why don't you take a rest? I bought you a coat at the mall today. It's not expensive, but it's a gift from the heart."

At that moment, Kian entered the room and whispered something urgent to Kevin.

Kevin's expression turned more serious. He was still sweating, and his gaze became cold as he looked at Norah. "No need to bother. Next time, please be mindful of the situation and don't play pranks that disrupt my work."

Norah felt a sting of hurt as his words sank in. The coat she had carefully chosen felt heavier in her hand, and she slowly lowered it.

Without another word, Kevin turned and walked out, ignoring Norah's feelings completely.

Just as he was leaving, Bonnie appeared in the doorway, blocking his exit. "Kevin, you're not going anywhere today!" she declared, staring him down.

Kevin stopped in his tracks, narrowing his eyes slightly. "Auntie," he greeted.

Bonnie was furious. "You still know I'm your aunt? How could you leave Norah alone like that? Are you running off to see Bianca?"

Kevin frowned. "Don't jump to conclusions. Stop saying things like that."

Norah, standing nearby, couldn't help but smile bitterly. No matter the situation, Kevin always defended Bianca.

But Bonnie wasn't convinced. "I know you, Kevin. Who else but Bianca could've called you away from Norah in such a hurry? Did something happen to her? Did the sky fall, or is she dying? She can't seem to manage without you. Well, you're not leaving today. You're staying right here to take care of Norah."

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Chapter 32

Bonnie was firm in her stance.

Kevin, still respectful, tried to explain calmly, "I have work to do."

"I don't care if your business collapses—you're not leaving!" Bonnie shot back. "Nothing is more important than Norah. I couldn't care less about your job today. Remember, Norah is your wife. Other women don't matter, even if they're on their deathbed!"

Kevin knew that if Norah lost hope, he'd regret it deeply. Bonnie feared that Kevin would let his emotions cloud his judgment, neglecting those who truly cared for him, all for a woman who wasn't worth it. If Norah, such a good person, ever walked away, Kevin would be left in despair. As his aunt, Bonnie couldn't let that happen. She was determined to make him realize what really mattered while she still had the chance.

Kevin glanced back at Norah and noticed she looked upset. She wasn't even looking at him, just holding onto the clothes she didn't know what to do with. He knew Bonnie wouldn't let him leave today, and if he did, it would only lead to more chaos down the road.

Kevin finally said, "She's my wife. I know what I need to do."

"Good. Keep your word and don't try to fool me when it matters!" Bonnie replied coldly, giving Kian a sharp look. It was his fault—if he hadn't whispered something in Kevin's ear, she wouldn't have had to intervene.

Kian felt a shiver down his spine and quickly left the room.

Bonnie then closed the door, leaving Kevin and Norah alone.

Kevin took a deep breath and turned to Norah. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Norah replied quietly.

"You were drunk last night. Does your head still hurt?" Kevin asked, sitting down beside her again.

This time, Norah didn't mention the coat she had bought for him. Once you say something and it isn't acknowledged, repeating it feels awkward.

Norah knew Kevin's heart was with Bianca. Bianca had bought him clothes, so why would he wear something from someone else?

She set the coat aside and shook her head. "No, it doesn't hurt anymore. I hope I didn't cause you any trouble last night."

She wasn't sure if she had been a burden, but it had certainly been one of her most embarrassing moments.

Kevin didn't respond, but he gently touched her forehead, then took her arm and rolled up her sleeve.

Norah was puzzled by his actions.

"Your forehead's still a bit warm, and the rash hasn't completely gone away. You should take some allergy medication," Kevin said.

Norah's heart sank as she remembered last night. She had been allergic to alcohol, her skin itching terribly. Kevin had taken care of her, stopping her from scratching herself raw.

Even without love, even with the difficulties she faced in the Edwards family, Kevin still showed her some compassion.

She pulled her hand away, bitterness in her voice as she said, "It'll get better gradually. The allergy medicine might not work completely, so don't worry too much. You should go to work. I'll open the door for you. Don't take Aunt Bonnie's words too seriously. Even if you leave, I won't mention it to her."

She walked over to open the door, but found it locked from the inside.

"We'll stay here tonight. The door will open tomorrow morning, and we'll go home then," Kevin said. He knew Bonnie had planned this, which is why he didn't want to leave.

Norah had no choice but to accept. "Okay."

Kevin took off his suit jacket, leaving just his shirt on. He looked at her again. "Are you hungry?"

Norah had only eaten breakfast that day. With Bonnie, she had only sipped some coffee.

"A little."

Kevin picked up the landline and called. A voice on the other end responded, "Kevin, don't even think about leaving this hotel today!"

Bonnie had made sure no one would interfere. She didn't want anyone getting in the way of her plans to ensure Kevin and Norah spent time together, hoping for a future grandchild.

Kevin wasn't exempt from her determination. "Auntie, Norah is hungry. Could you send some food up?"

Bonnie's tone softened immediately. "Oh, it's Norah who's hungry! I'll send something right away. Just wait."

Then she hung up.

Kevin looked at the phone and shook his head with a smile. He turned back to Norah and joked, "My aunt treats you better than she treats me. She scolded me when she answered the phone, but as soon as she knew you were hungry, she changed her tune and rushed to get food for you."

Norah asked, "Was that your aunt on the phone?"

"Yes, she owns this hotel," Kevin explained. "She's determined that we stay here tonight, and she's gone all out to make it happen."

It was clear that Bonnie was serious about mending Norah and Kevin's relationship.

A little while later, the doorbell rang, and a waiter entered with a dining cart.

"Sir, Madam, this is a candlelight dinner prepared just for you."

The table was set with candles, roses, and red wine, creating a romantic atmosphere.

Norah had never experienced a candlelight dinner alone with Kevin. She had only seen such scenes in TV dramas and had always envied them, hoping for a day when she and her partner could share something even more romantic.

Bonnie had been very thoughtful.

"Sir, Madam, please enjoy," the waiter said, setting the table before leaving.

Kevin pulled out a chair for Norah. "Please, sit."

Norah, still in a bit of a daze, sat down as Kevin had suggested.

"Your body's still recovering, so no alcohol today—you'll have milk instead," Kevin said, carefully pouring milk into a wine glass and setting it in front of her.

Norah watched as he poured himself a little red wine and began cutting the steak.

In the dim light, Kevin's features were even more striking—his high nose, soft hair, and the charm that seemed to radiate from him.

He was as calm and handsome as he had been over ten years ago when he first appeared in her life like a hero.

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Chapter 33

As time passed, Kevin grew more mature and composed. He noticed Norah gazing at him with a faint smile on her lips. "What's on your mind, looking at me like that?" he asked.

Caught off guard, Norah shifted her gaze, replying guiltily, "Nothing."

Kevin pressed, "You were clearly peeking at me."

Norah turned the tables, "How would you know I was peeking if you weren't looking at me?"

"Alright, I did look at you," Kevin admitted simply, revealing that he noticed her every move, even unintentionally.

Norah was at a loss for words, feeling her heart race.

Kevin cut the steak and handed it to her. "It's ready. Eat."

Norah appreciated his thoughtfulness, and her heart warmed instantly.

Whenever Kevin took a step towards her, the world seemed more beautiful.

As she picked up the knife and fork, she asked, "Do you know what I was thinking when I looked at you earlier?"

Kevin took a sip of wine and replied, "What were you thinking?"

Norah smiled. "I was thinking about how lucky I've been all these years. I've never faced real hardship in life or work. My family wasn't wealthy, but my parents always made sure I didn't suffer too much and sent me to college. After meeting you, I was even happier—you helped me pay off my father's debt, and we got married without a hitch. I almost died once, but I was saved. I truly am luckier than most."

Norah felt content.

Kevin listened closely. He had been with her for many years and knew a fair amount about her family. She was cherished by her parents, but...

"Almost died? You never mentioned that," Kevin asked, concerned. "What happened?"

Norah locked eyes with Kevin and took a deep breath. "I was kidnapped once."

Kevin's gaze intensified.

Norah's expression remained gentle. "I nearly died, and I wasn't the only one taken. But I was the only one who survived," she said, still saddened by the memory.

"Did someone save you?" Kevin asked.

Norah's eyes brightened slightly. "Yes, someone did. He was like a hero descending from the sky. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be here."

That event was the biggest turning point in her life, something she could never forget.

But Kevin's demeanor changed. He set down his glass and, in a cold tone, asked, "His name was Anthony, wasn't it?"

Norah looked at Kevin again, her hands gripping the tablecloth tightly.

How did Kevin know?

At that moment, Norah felt her secret was about to be exposed. She was filled with both fear and anticipation.

Kevin's eyes were icy, piercing her heart like an arrow. "If you liked him so much, why did you marry me?"

His words caused Norah's face to pale, and she loosened her grip on the tablecloth, her expression turning somewhat grim. "What?"

Kevin stood up. "Am I wrong? You loved Anthony, but you married me instead. He's the hero you've held in your heart, the one you've been thinking about all this time."

Norah felt like cold water had been poured over her heart.

Kevin knew nothing. Maybe he was overthinking things. Norah realized that what felt like a romantic and brave experience to her might be just a fleeting moment in someone else's life. It was unforgettable for her, but to Kevin, it meant nothing.

She felt a pang of sadness, wondering what Kevin might find worth remembering.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Kevin's mood darkened. Seeing her silence, he lifted her chin, demanding, "Did I hit the mark?"

Norah looked into his cold eyes and asked, "Kevin, do you have a memory that stands out above all others?"

Kevin's expression turned distant, and a vague image of a girl flitted through his mind. He shook his head, then tightened his grip on Norah. "You still haven't answered me—do you like him that much?"

Norah replied, "I did like him."

This admission ignited Kevin's anger.

"But... um..."

Before Norah could finish, Kevin kissed her forcefully. It was so unexpected that she widened her eyes, seeing the rage in Kevin as he kissed her intensely, his hands moving to her waist.

His body radiated heat, like boiling water, overwhelming her bit by bit.

"Kevin..."

Norah called his name, but it only seemed to fuel his passion. He picked her up and carried her to the bed.

She noticed his eyes were bloodshot, his breath heavy. Realizing something was off, she placed her hands on his chest. "Kevin..."

Kevin laid her on the bed, pressing his body against hers. He panted, his hand trailing along her neck before he leaned in to kiss her again.

“Mm...”

Norah couldn't help but make a sound, though her body resisted.

Kevin pinned her hands above her head and whispered hoarsely in her ear, “Don't move.”

Norah felt his body's changes against her, making her stiffen and her heart race.

“Kevin, was something wrong with the wine?” Norah wondered aloud. It didn't make sense for him to lose control so suddenly—maybe the wine he drank was drugged.

She hadn't drunk any, so she was fine. But Kevin...

Kevin's gaze deepened, his voice soft and hoarse as he asked, “Is this okay?”

His partially exposed chest heaved, like a wolf barely holding back. If she agreed, he would tear her clothes off in an instant.

Norah felt herself drowning in his eyes, her reason slipping away. She remained silent, torn between logic and emotion.

Unable to wait for her response, Kevin kissed her swollen lips again.

“Mmm...”

Norah's voice escaped.

Outside, Bonnie was eavesdropping at the door, curious if the drug had taken effect. Hearing the sounds inside, she smiled.

She immediately called someone to share her excitement. “Kevin did well today. I'm sure the young couple will be together tonight, and soon we'll have grandchildren to spoil.”

She laughed as she walked away.

Inside, the room grew hotter.

Norah lost herself, letting her guard down under Kevin's relentless touch. She was swept away, like a calm lake suddenly stirred by waves.

Her body softened, tingling, unable to muster any strength.

"Ring, ring, ring~"

Kevin's phone kept ringing. No one answered, but it kept ringing again and again.

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Chapter 34

The sudden ringing of the phone seemed to bring a strange calm to the tense moment.

Kevin got off Norah, his eyes still filled with desire. He remembered that the man she loved was Anthony. He couldn't bring himself to take away something so precious from her. Taking a deep breath, he tried to control his emotions. He glanced at the phone, saw the name on the screen, muted it, and slipped it into his pocket.

Regaining his composure, Kevin spoke in a low, raspy voice, "I'm going to take a shower."

He then headed to the bathroom, and soon, the sound of running water filled the room.

Norah lay quietly on the bed, feeling a deep sense of loss. Kevin had managed to restrain himself, wanting to save his virginity for Bianca. Though he hadn't said it outright, Norah knew the caller was Bianca; she had seen the name on the screen.

Even under the influence of the drug, Kevin's self-control showed how much he loved Bianca.

Norah slowly sat up, adjusted her clothes, and got out of bed. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, looking haggard, lost, and a bit disgusted.

Why did Kevin seem indifferent while she cared so much?

The loved one is fearless, but does loving someone mean you have to be so humble?

Feeling down, Norah leaned against the sofa. She noticed a pack of cigarettes on the table, picked one up, lit it, and took a drag. As smoke surrounded her, her once beautiful face took on a hardened look. She was fully aware of her descent into despair but couldn't stop herself.

The ash from the cigarette fell, burning her hand—a sharp, brief pain, much like the way Kevin's actions always hurt her. Not enough to cause lasting harm, but enough to make her uncomfortable.

Kevin emerged from the bathroom, now fully in control. As he dried his hair with a towel, he caught the scent of smoke.

He saw Norah sitting there with a cigarette in her hand and frowned, "Norah, when did you start smoking?"

He had never known her to smoke.

Norah looked at him, her disappointment masked by a neutral expression. "I smoke occasionally."

Kevin walked over and took the cigarette from her hand. "Girls shouldn't smoke."

He also put away the lighter and the pack of cigarettes.

Norah looked at him and said, "You don't like girls who smoke."

Kevin replied, "No, I don't."

Norah smiled faintly. No matter how hard she tried, she could never be the type of girl Kevin liked. She always seemed to fall short.

Kevin's tone grew colder as he said, "Go take a shower."

Without another word, Norah went to the bathroom as instructed.

When she returned, Kevin was lying on the edge of the bed, seemingly asleep. Norah couldn't understand why he had become so distant.

Had Bianca said something to make him keep his distance?

It was hard to believe that just moments earlier, they had been so close.

Norah lay on the other side of the bed, curling up with her hands clenched into fists.

Her mind was filled with too many thoughts, leaving her confused. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to sleep, hoping to escape her troubled mind.

Thinking too much was exhausting, and she didn't want to keep wasting her energy like this.

Once Norah's breathing became steady, Kevin opened his eyes and looked at her sleeping form, frowning slightly.

But he still carefully pulled the blanket over her.

His deep eyes focused on the back of her head as he gently played with her hair. In a low voice, he asked, "Is that man Anthony really so special that you can't forget him?"

Even while drunk, the first name she had uttered was Anthony.

When she spoke of him, her face lit up with the innocent joy of a young girl. It was clear Anthony was the "white moonlight" in her heart. She liked him very much.

The next morning, Norah woke up to see Kevin tying his tie.

Seeing she was awake, Kevin reminded her, "There's some milk on the bedside table. Drink it when you get up."

Norah glanced at the bedside and then asked, "Where are you going?"

She hadn't forgotten that he had said they would go home when they woke up.

"Something came up," Kevin said, looking at her. "I'll have your driver take you home first."

Norah sat on the edge of the bed, quietly watching Kevin.

Kevin finished getting dressed. Noticing that Norah hadn't spoken, he walked over, picked up the milk, and handed it to her. "Drink it while it's hot," he said softly.

Norah took the glass and pursed her lips. "I remember you once said you don't like drinking this."

"As long as you like it."

Norah looked up, surprised to hear these words from him.

Kevin used to frown at the sight of sweet drinks, or so the servants had told her. After that, she had stopped drinking them.

Norah took a sip of the sweet milk, a taste she hadn't experienced in a long time. Back when she was a student, she would drink a glass of this whenever she was stressed about exams or feeling down. It used to calm her. But she had given it up for Kevin's sake.

"Does it taste good?" Kevin asked.

Norah smiled slightly. "Yes."

Seeing her smile, Kevin seemed pleased. He reached out and gently touched her head. "If you like it, I'll have the servants prepare some for you at home."

"Really?" Norah asked, surprised.

She was easily content, and a glass of sweet milk was enough to lift her spirits. She hadn't expected Kevin to change so much.

"When have I ever broken a promise?"

Kevin quickly gathered his things and put on the coat she had bought for him. The weather was colder today, and the coat was just right for him.

Norah's earlier sadness was lifted by Kevin's actions, making her feel better. She smiled, "Kevin, you look really good today."

Kevin bent down and kissed her forehead. "The driver is waiting outside. When you're ready, let him take you home."

“Okay,” Norah replied obediently. She watched Kevin’s figure as she drank the sweet milk, noticing that it tasted different now.

It wasn’t just about soothing unhappiness anymore; it tasted like being valued.

After quickly getting ready, she left the house. The driver was already waiting at the door. “Ma’am,” he greeted her.

Norah said, “Take me home.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

The driver quickly opened the door for her.

Sitting in the car, Norah checked her phone and saw the news about Bianca’s suicide.

Her expression changed as she thought about the phone call that kept ringing last night. That call had been from Bianca.

Was Kevin in such a rush to leave just to see Bianca?

She wasn’t sure but couldn’t help but suspect it. “Take me to the hospital first,” she instructed.

When they arrived at the hospital, she saw Kevin’s car parked in a secluded spot. Kian was waiting in the driver’s seat, but Kevin was nowhere to be seen.

A group of reporters crowded the entrance, trying to get the latest scoop.

Norah got out of the car and knocked on Kian’s window.

Kian noticed her and quickly got out of the car, addressing her as “Mrs. Edwards.”

Kian hadn’t known about the relationship between Norah and Kevin before. But after yesterday, he understood that there was a reason Norah could always stay close to Kevin.

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Chapter 35

Norah and Kevin were married, so Kian knew he should show more respect and not act as he did before.

Norah asked knowingly, "Has Kevin gone in?"

"Mr. Edwards just went in a little while ago," Kian replied, hesitating.

Norah glanced at the reporters at the entrance, confirming that they were both thinking the same thing.

Kevin always stepped forward without hesitation when it came to Bianca, never worrying about what others might think.

Kian, concerned she might misinterpret the situation, quickly explained, "Mrs. Edwards, please don't misunderstand Mr. Edwards. He came to the hospital for work."

Norah smiled at Kian and said, "I didn't misunderstand. You don't need to explain."

Kian felt relieved. "That's good."

With reporters at the main entrance, Norah decided to maintain her privacy and entered the hospital through the back door.

She took the elevator upstairs and saw Cleo, Bianca's assistant, which gave her a clue about which ward Bianca was in.

Bianca was staying in a VIP room, which was relatively quiet. As Norah approached, she could hear Bianca sobbing: "Why did you save me? You should have let me die. What am I now? What have I become?"

"Stop it, Bianca."

Hearing Kevin's voice, Norah's heart skipped a beat.

Bianca continued, "Why are you here now? When I needed you, you were never there. You weren't like this before. You used to love me the most."

Whenever I was sad, you would be by my side. You've changed. What's the point of me living?"

Bianca's tears flowed, and her face looked pale and worn, as if she had lost a lot of weight.

Seeing this, Kevin frowned and stepped closer, and Bianca immediately fell into his arms.

Norah didn't want to confront the situation, but her feet moved on their own, drawing her closer.

Kevin took a tissue to wipe Bianca's tears. Bianca kept crying in his arms, her hands still attached to IV needles. She truly looked miserable.

Norah's eyes filled with sadness as she watched.

"Kevin, please don't leave me, okay? Without you, I'll die. I've already died once; do you want me to die again?" Bianca cried, clutching his waist tightly.

"I'll stay with you," Kevin said in a cold tone, gently patting Bianca's back.

In the morning, Kevin had left the house wearing the coat Norah had bought him. Now he wasn't wearing it, perhaps to avoid upsetting Bianca.

As she watched them embrace, Norah clenched her fists, suppressing the bitterness in her heart.

Just a moment ago, Kevin had been caring and tender with her. Now, he was even more attentive to another woman.

Was it guilt that made him treat her better?

He always reserved his deepest tenderness for Bianca.

At that moment, Bianca weakly asked, "Kevin, if I hadn't gone abroad and left you, would you have married me?"

This question struck a chord in Norah's heart as well.

If Bianca hadn't left, would Kevin have married her?

Kevin pulled Bianca's hand away, frowning, and said, "Don't ask about the past."

Bianca shed more tears, deeply hurt. "Why won't you tell me? If I had stayed by your side, I would be the one standing next to you now, right? But I've suffered so much all these years. Do you know why I went abroad? I went abroad because..."

"Norah, what are you doing here? Are you here to see how miserable I am?"

While Norah was lost in thought, Cleo approached and saw her standing at the door without entering, so she called out loudly.

Cleo's words startled the two people inside.

Kevin looked over and saw Norah standing at the door, and immediately let go of Bianca.

Norah felt caught off guard and hurriedly lowered her head, walking away.

Seeing her leave, Kevin quickly chased after her, calling out, "Norah!"

Norah walked quickly, not knowing how to face Kevin. But Kevin caught up to her and grabbed her hand.

Norah turned around, her eyes red, and looked at Kevin with a blank expression.

Kevin reached out to wipe her tears, but Norah turned her head away, saying, "Go take care of Bianca. Don't worry about me."

"Why are you at the hospital?" Kevin didn't answer her but asked, "Are you feeling unwell? Is the rash on your body getting worse?"

He tried to roll up her sleeves to check her arm.

Norah felt even sadder and pulled her hand back, refusing to let him see it.

"I'm fine," Norah said, glancing toward the ward. "The important thing you mentioned yesterday was Bianca, right?"

To Kevin, Bianca always came first. Whenever she had a problem, he would rush to her side without hesitation.

“Bianca’s vocal cords were damaged, and her left ear is deaf. If she doesn’t recover, her career will be over.” Kevin’s expression remained tense.

It turned out Bianca had gone through such a tough experience.

The end of Bianca’s career would be a devastating blow. No wonder she had thought of suicide.

Norah lowered her eyes, unable to feel any joy. She simply said, “I understand.”

Bianca also came after them, standing at the door with Cleo holding her IV bottle. She looked at Kevin with deep affection and called out, “Kevin.”

Kevin turned around and said to Norah, “I’ll come home after I finish this. Wait for me at home, okay?”

After that, Kevin walked back to Bianca. Norah could only wait for him at home, as she had done for so many days, yet nothing changed. She watched him go, feeling helpless.

What could she do? Create a scene to win back her husband’s heart, or start a fight with Bianca? Neither would help.

Bianca was still crying softly. “Kevin, why did Norah come here? Did she misunderstand us, or did I keep you from being with her?”

“Don’t overthink it,” Kevin replied coldly. “Focus on taking care of yourself and stop doing anything foolish. I’ll find the best doctor to treat you, and your career won’t be over!”

Bianca, feeling insecure, needed reassurance. Seeing Kevin step away, she held his hand tightly and asked, “Will you and Norah get divorced when I get better?”

Kevin’s expression turned icy, and he pulled his hand away. “Bianca, that’s not a question you should be asking.”

“You know I still love you,” Bianca said tearfully, her voice trembling with emotion. “All I want is you. I can lose everything else, but I can’t lose you. If I hadn’t been sick and gone abroad, I would be the one who married you, not Norah! You still care about me; how could you forget me?”

“Bianca!” Kevin interrupted her sharply. Seeing her cry, his sympathy faded, and he said coldly, “When you recover, we’ll be even.”