

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 36

Chapter 36

How could Kevin say something like that?

Bianca was stunned. She stopped crying and stared at Kevin in disbelief.

This wasn't the Kevin she knew.

He used to love her the most, never letting her suffer. But now, he had changed. He didn't comfort her or show any pity.

Bianca couldn't believe this was the same Kevin. There had to be a reason for his behavior.

She let go of his hand and tried to force a smile, but couldn't manage it. "Let's make peace. How are you going to do that?"

Kevin replied, "Fix your ears."

"I won't! I'd rather die!" Bianca became more frantic and grabbed a fruit knife, ready to cut her wrist.

Cleo quickly restrained her. "Don't do this, Ms. Lynch."

Bianca's eyes were red with emotion. "Kevin, everything I've done was for you. I love you so much I'd risk my life for you. You owe me, and there's no way you can repay it!"

Just then, the doctor entered and saw how upset Bianca was. He turned to Kevin. "Mr. Edwards, she's emotionally unstable. You shouldn't provoke her any further."

Kevin tightened his fist slightly and said coldly, "Give her a tranquilizer."

Following Kevin's order, the doctor gave Bianca an injection.

Bianca resisted, and it took several nurses to hold her down. She looked at Kevin with a mix of love and desperation. "Kevin, you wouldn't be so cruel to me. You promised you'd always protect me... You always keep your word."

After the injection, Bianca lay quietly on the bed, her hands limp, with only her eyes moving.

“Take good care of her,” Kevin instructed Cleo before walking out.

Kevin stood at the door of the ward for a long time. He looked at Bianca through the window one last time before leaving.

Meanwhile, Norah walked aimlessly, thinking about Bianca’s question.

If she hadn’t been involved, would Bianca have been able to marry Kevin without any issues?

Deep down, Norah already knew the answer, but it still hurt.

Her phone rang. It was Kevin calling, probably to ask if she was home.

As Mrs. Edwards, it was her duty to be there, but she was tired of following the rules and doing what Kevin liked.

She ignored several calls in a row, and eventually, he stopped calling.

Finally, her mother called. Norah hadn’t been in touch with her family for a long time due to work and other responsibilities.

“Norah,” Gwen’s voice was warm and cheerful. “Are you busy right now? Am I interrupting your work?”

Hearing her mother’s voice, Norah’s eyes filled with tears. No matter how hard things were, her parents were always her safe haven. She suppressed her tears and said, “Mom, I’m not busy. It’s the weekend, and I’m off work.”

Gwen responded happily, “That’s good. I didn’t want to bother you, but your father and I miss you. You haven’t been home in a long time. We miss you so much.”

Norah held the phone tightly. “I miss you too, Mom. I really do.”

Gwen asked, “Would you like to come home for dinner?”

“Okay,” Norah agreed.

It felt good to go home and feel her parents' warmth. She hadn't spent much time with them since graduating, focusing instead on work and her own family. Her parents rarely called, not wanting to disturb her, and she had been too busy to reach out.

When Norah arrived home, her father, Jack, opened the door. He was holding a newspaper and wearing reading glasses. His serious face softened into a smile when he saw her. "Norah's back. Come on in."

Norah walked in, and Jack handed her some slippers. "Your mother's in the kitchen cooking your favorite dishes. You're in for a treat today."

"Thanks, Dad. I can't wait to have Mom's sweet and sour pork ribs," Norah said, taking Jack's arm. "And I'd love to have some of the wild fish you catch."

Jack chuckled. "You're always thinking about food."

Norah took off her coat and rolled up her sleeves. "I'll help Mom in the kitchen."

"Oh, no need," Jack said, trying to stop her.

But before she could get to the kitchen, she saw someone else in there. Not only was her mother, Gwen, cooking, but there was also a tall figure—Kevin. He had taken off his expensive suit and was washing vegetables. When he saw her, he turned and said quietly, "You're back."

"Norah's here," Gwen said happily, wiping her hands on her apron. She walked over to Norah. "Let me have a good look at you. Have you lost weight?"

Gwen beamed with pride. "It doesn't look like it. Kevin must be taking good care of you."

Norah looked at Kevin, surprised. "Mom, why is he here?"

Gwen replied, "Norah, didn't you ask Kevin to come visit us? He's so thoughtful, helping me in the kitchen. He's a businessman, but he's willing to cook. You're so lucky to have him!"

Gwen smiled, clearly pleased. As long as her daughter was happy, she was too.

After washing the vegetables, Kevin spoke to Gwen, “Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll always take good care of Norah.”

“Honey, we have such a wonderful son-in-law,” Gwen said to Jack. “Isn’t that right?”

Jack glanced up from his newspaper, nodded, and went back to reading.

Norah bit her lip.

Gwen led Norah to a table filled with things.

“Norah, Kevin bought all of this. He even got me a massage chair because he knows I have neck pain. He bought this for your dad. Look at all these thoughtful gifts!” Gwen praised. “I’ve never met a man more considerate than Kevin. You need to cherish him.”

Norah had never told her family the truth about her relationship with Kevin. They thought she and Kevin were in love. When she married into the Edwards family, they believed Kevin loved her and was grateful to her family. They had no idea that old Mr. Edwards had intervened.

Norah didn’t want to worry them or make them think she had married for money, so she never mentioned it.

She could only respond with a forced smile, “I know, Mom.”

“Have you been having neck pain again?” Norah asked with concern.

Gwen sighed, “Everyone feels aches and pains as they get older. Sometimes the pain keeps me up at night.”

Norah started massaging her mother’s shoulders, but Gwen gently pushed her away. “Norah, don’t worry about me. Go check on Kevin. He’s still in the kitchen.”

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Chapter 37

Gwen urged them to spend some time alone, pushing Norah into the kitchen.

Kevin continued preparing the ingredients without pausing. Norah found this surprising—Kevin never used to do things like this.

“Why are you here, Kevin?” Norah asked.

“You didn’t answer my calls, so I asked Mom where you were,” Kevin replied.

As they washed vegetables together, Norah said, “I don’t remember you ever doing this before.”

Kevin smirked and said, “Just trying to impress my mother-in-law.”

Norah responded, “You don’t have to.”

Kevin then asked, “Why didn’t you answer my calls?”

Norah hesitated. “I didn’t want to disturb you and Bianca.”

Kevin laughed, which puzzled Norah. “What’s so funny?” she asked.

“Are you jealous?” he teased.

Norah denied it quickly. “No, and it wouldn’t be the first time. If I got jealous every time, I’d be miserable.”

Kevin didn’t reply, but when some water splashed on Norah’s face, he gently stopped her from wiping it with her sleeve. Instead, he dried his hands and used a tissue to carefully wipe her face.

Norah felt his tender care and found herself staring at him. At that moment, Kevin’s focused and gentle demeanor reminded her of the boy he used to be.

“Be careful,” Kevin said in a hushed voice. “You shouldn’t be doing this; you’ll just get yourself dirty.” He took the vegetables from her and continued the task.

Gwen, watching from the doorway, saw the affection between the couple. She turned to Jack and said, “See, I told you our daughter is happy. Kevin treats her so well.”

But Jack wasn’t convinced. “What if he’s just putting on a show? Who knows how he treats her when we’re not around.”

Gwen dismissed his concerns. "You're overthinking. If Kevin didn't care about her, why would he marry her?"

Jack remained skeptical. "How often have we seen them like this since they got married? And remember, Norah once told us not to talk about their relationship. That's not normal. Something's off."

Kevin's sudden arrival made Jack uneasy, even though he appreciated Kevin's help. He knew Norah well enough to sense that she might hide her true feelings from them. He hoped for her happiness but couldn't shake his doubts.

Gwen returned to cooking, while Norah sat outside, making tea for Jack.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Norah went to answer it and was surprised to see Steven standing there.

"Steven?" she exclaimed.

Steven smiled and asked, "Am I interrupting?"

"Of course not, come in," Norah said, ushering him inside.

Steven carried several gifts and greeted Gwen and Jack warmly.

Gwen looked at Steven, trying to place him, while Jack immediately recognized him and welcomed him with enthusiasm.

"Steven! It's been years! When did you get back to Craggaville?" Jack asked.

"I returned not long ago," Steven replied. "Norah and I have already caught up, but I'm sorry it took me this long to visit you."

Gwen finally remembered him. "So, it's Steven! You used to live just a street away. You've grown so much more handsome!"

"Thank you, Auntie," Steven said, clearly pleased. But then he noticed Kevin sitting on the sofa, his sharp eyes locked on him.

"Is Mr. Edwards here too?" Steven asked, surprised.

The room fell silent, unsure of how to respond.

Norah quickly said, "Yes, Mr. Edwards is visiting today. Steven, please have a seat."

Gwen chimed in, "Steven, stay for dinner. You can't leave."

"Thank you, Auntie," Steven replied politely.

The large sofa provided enough space for everyone. Steven sat diagonally across from Kevin.

Jack and Steven reminisced about old times, and Norah realized that Steven had once lived nearby and was quite familiar with her parents.

As she listened, Kevin's mood darkened. He felt like an outsider as they chatted about the past.

During dinner, Steven showed special attention to Norah, pouring her a glass of milk. "Here, for you," he said.

"Thank you," Norah replied.

Kevin watched and, with a cold tone, asked, "Mr. Lord, how do you know Norah likes milk?"

Steven explained, "I used to see her drink it often when we were in school. I wondered if she still does."

Norah was surprised Steven remembered that, but Kevin felt uneasy. He wasn't pleased that someone else knew Norah's preferences.

As Kevin reached for something on the table, he accidentally knocked over the cup of milk, spilling it.

"I'll get another cup," Kevin said, his voice cold as he glared at Steven.

Norah noticed Kevin's strange behavior.

When Kevin returned, he handed Norah a cup, saying, "It's hot, the weather's cool."

Norah felt warmth in her heart and quickly held the cup, which seemed to ease Kevin's mood.

Steven noticed the interaction between them but didn't comment, continuing his conversation with Jack.

As the evening went on, Jack, who had drunk a bit too much, began praising Steven. "You've done so well for yourself, starting from scratch. It's impressive."

Steven humbly replied, "I've just been lucky, Uncle White."

Jack, still in high spirits, suddenly proposed, "Steven, what do you think of my daughter? She's beautiful and has a good temper. How about I betroth her to you?"

The room fell silent, everyone's expressions shifting.

Gwen was shocked, and Norah felt embarrassed. Kevin's face darkened instantly, while Steven just smiled, saying nothing.

Gwen quickly tried to smooth things over. "Husband, you're drunk. Stop talking nonsense!"

"I'm not drunk," Jack insisted. "Steven is a good man, and he's come back to see us after all these years. That shows he's grateful. I believe my daughter would be happy with him."

Gwen apologized to Steven, "Please don't mind him. He's had too much to drink."

Steven responded kindly, "I don't mind at all, Auntie. I understand."

But Kevin, looking furious, glared at Steven and said, "Don't take those words seriously."

Steven, taken aback, asked, "What do you mean, Mr. Edwards?"

Kevin's eyes narrowed as he coldly replied, "You'll never marry Norah."

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Chapter 38

Kevin's words were firm and possessive. He could easily see that this man,

Steven, liked Norah and kept showing up around her. Kevin decided it was time to make it clear that Steven had no chance.

Steven locked eyes with Kevin, and tension filled the air. After a long silence, Steven finally spoke. "Mr. Edwards, it's too soon to say that."

Steven remained composed, taking a sip of water before adding, "No one can predict the future. When fate intervenes, nothing can stop it."

Kevin was irritated by this but tightened his grip on Norah's hand.

Norah could sense Kevin's tension. Since Steven arrived, Kevin had been acting out, targeting her in subtle ways.

However, Norah remained rational and didn't act impulsively. She gently pulled her hand away and tried to defuse the situation. "What are you all talking about? Everything was fine until you started talking about me. Mom, why don't you help Dad rest? He's had too much to drink and might say something silly."

"Okay," Gwen quickly agreed, eager to avoid any awkwardness. "Honey, let's get you to bed so you can sober up."

Jack agreed but, before leaving, gave Steven an approving nod. "Steven, I believe in you. Let's have another drink later and enjoy ourselves."

"Of course," Steven replied politely as he stood up.

With Jack escorted out by Gwen, only Kevin, Norah, and Steven remained at the table. The sudden silence made Norah uncomfortable.

Ignoring Kevin's cold stare, Steven gently spoke to Norah, "You didn't eat much earlier. Was it because you couldn't reach the food?"

He moved to serve her, but Kevin quickly intervened. "No need. She doesn't like that."

Steven, unfazed by Kevin's hostility, smiled and said, "Mr. Edwards, I know you're Norah's boss, but there's no need to be so concerned. I served the dishes she likes because they're on my side, and I didn't want her to struggle to get them."

Norah was surprised by how well Steven knew her preferences.

Kevin's gaze hardened, and his voice turned icy. "Mr. Lord, I've been with Norah for years. Don't you think I know her better than you?"

Norah remained silent, just pressing her lips together.

Confidently, Steven smiled and asked, "Mr. Edwards, if you know her so well, do you know what Norah likes and dislikes?"

Kevin hesitated as he realized he hadn't paid much attention to Norah's preferences over the years. He had always been too focused on himself.

Steven continued, "Norah is easily stressed and likes to drink milk to relax. She's not picky about food but dislikes carrots and peppercorns. She prefers warm-colored clothes, though she wears a lot of black for work now."

Norah was stunned. Steven knew her so well. "Steven, how do you know all this?" she asked, still in shock.

Kevin's expression darkened, feeling frustrated that another man knew these details better than he did.

Steven, noticing Kevin's discomfort, remained composed. "I've observed these things over time. Now, please eat."

Norah felt a little embarrassed. To her, Steven was just an old classmate, not even a close friend, yet he was so attentive to her.

She picked up a piece of meat, but as soon as she smelled it, she felt a wave of nausea, losing her appetite.

"What's wrong? Can't eat anymore?" Steven asked, concerned.

Norah put down her chopsticks and smiled weakly. "I have a small appetite, so I'm already full."

Kevin stood up abruptly. "If you're full, then stop eating."

Norah could sense his displeasure and looked at him as he prepared to leave.

With Gwen still attending to Jack, Norah felt obligated to see Steven out.

Noticing her pale face, Steven gently said, "You don't need to walk me out if you're not feeling well. Get some rest. I'll visit you again soon."

Norah had many questions, but with Kevin present, she simply nodded. "Alright, take care."

"Goodbye," Steven said before leaving.

Kevin grabbed his coat and, with a cold tone, asked, "Why does Steven know you so well? Were you two close before?"

Norah replied, "I have no idea."

Kevin pressed on. "Can't you see? Steven clearly cares about you."

Norah met his gaze and calmly responded, "Don't make assumptions. He's just a classmate. We haven't been in touch for years. How could he care about me?"

Kevin's frustration grew. "Don't contact him anymore."

Norah didn't hesitate. "Why shouldn't I? He's my friend."

"I don't like him," Kevin stated bluntly.

"There are plenty of people you don't like, but that doesn't mean I feel the same way," Norah countered.

Seeing she didn't grasp his concern, Kevin's frustration boiled over. "Norah, can't you see how clueless you are?"

Norah found his attitude absurd. "Kevin, don't you think it's strange that after all these years, Steven knows me better than you do? Shouldn't that bother you?"

She looked at him, determined to get her point across. "You don't care about me, and you don't know my preferences. You had to learn these small details from someone else. You have no right to judge me!"

Kevin could understand Bianca, but he didn't understand Norah.

“Norah, anyone else is fine, but not him!” Kevin insisted, his expression serious.

Norah stared at him. He was deadly serious, so she asked, “And what if I don’t listen?”

Kevin’s response was swift. “Then we’ll divorce!”

Norah was taken aback. The word “divorce” rolled off his tongue so easily. Whenever she mentioned it, he dismissed it, but when he said it, she had no say.

She felt powerless, like Kevin held all the control.

Anger and frustration surged within her, making her stomach churn. Norah suddenly felt nauseous and began to retch.

“Ugh...”

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Chapter 39

Norah clung to the wall, feeling extremely unwell. Her face was pale, and she kept trying to vomit but couldn’t.

Kevin, noticing her distress, rushed over and asked, “What’s wrong? Where does it hurt?”

Norah pushed him away, tears in her eyes. “You just talked about divorce. Why are you acting concerned now?”

Seeing her pale face, Kevin’s tone softened. “Let’s go home. We can talk about this later.”

He gently supported her as they left. Norah didn’t resist; she didn’t want to cause a scene in front of her parents and make them worry. Even though her marriage was unhappy, she didn’t want to burden them.

At the car, Kevin looked at Norah’s pale face, sighed, and hugged her again. “Norah, what am I going to do with you?”

Norah leaned into his chest, feeling both sad and vulnerable. She wasn't sure when she had become so sensitive, but any sign of affection from Kevin made her more demanding, more fragile.

"Kevin," Norah murmured, "Thank you for everything."

Kevin gently patted her back. "You don't need to thank me for what I do for you."

Norah continued, "Thank you for coming to my parents' house and making them feel I'm okay. Thank you for the money you spent to help my family. I'll never forget that."

She paused, then added, "And thank you for saving me."

Her words were filled with meaning, but Kevin didn't catch it. His earlier frustration melted away with her gratitude. He held her tightly, perhaps afraid of losing her, and said, "I'm your husband; it's my duty."

Norah smiled faintly, lowering her gaze. Despite Kevin giving her the title of "Mrs. Edwards," she knew it was temporary, and one day, she'd have to wake up from this dream.

Kevin handed her a bottle of water. After drinking, he asked, "Are you still feeling sick?"

Norah shook her head. "I'm feeling better."

"Does your stomach hurt?" he asked.

"No, just a bit of nausea. Maybe something I ate," Norah replied.

Kevin fastened her seatbelt and adjusted the seat. "Rest for a bit. We'll be home soon."

Norah nodded and soon fell asleep.

When they arrived home, Kevin had to wake her up. She still felt exhausted.

After a shower, Norah went straight to bed and slept until morning. When she woke up, she was almost late for work.

Kevin hadn't woken her, probably wanting her to rest more. But Norah had never been late before, and her work ethic kicked in. She rushed to get ready, skipping breakfast to make it to work on time.

Downstairs, she saw Siena busy in the kitchen. Siena told the servant, "Make sure the soup simmers well. I'll take it to Bianca at the hospital."

Norah noted how much Siena cared for Bianca. It was clear she was determined to visit her.

Siena had several containers packed for Bianca. When she saw Norah still at home, she frowned and asked, "Why are you still here? It's late. Were you sleeping in?"

Norah replied, "I'm heading to the office now."

"You're just in time," Siena said. "I made some supplements for you." She instructed the servant, "Bring the medicine for Norah."

Norah found it odd that Siena, who was so focused on Bianca, had also prepared something for her.

Siena's gaze settled on Norah's stomach. "This medicine is from an old doctor. He said it will help with pregnancy. Drink it, and you might conceive."

The servant brought the medicine, but the smell made Norah feel nauseous again.

She pushed it away, saying, "Take it away. I can't drink that."

Siena's expression darkened. "Norah, what's wrong with you? This is a remedy I worked hard to prepare for you. If your stomach is weak, you need to take care of it. Drink it."

The servant tried to give her the medicine again, but the smell overwhelmed Norah. She rushed to the bathroom.

"Norah, are you pretending it's that bad?" Siena shouted as Norah retched, though nothing came out.

After washing her face, Norah returned, but Siena was more focused on meeting Bianca. She told Norah, “Skip work today and help me take this to Bianca at the hospital. You know Kevin must have visited her.”

Norah hesitated. “I’ll be late for work.”

Siena smirked, “You’re going to the company with Kevin anyway. You might as well stop by the hospital first.”

It was true—Norah was both Kevin’s wife and his personal secretary.

As they arrived at the hospital, Siena carried so many bags it felt more like visiting a relative than seeing a patient. It was clear that Siena truly saw Bianca as part of the family.

At the ward door, Siena’s eyes reddened. She opened the door and cried out, “Bianca, my poor Bianca!”

“Auntie,” Bianca replied, and the two embraced, both with teary eyes.

“You’ve lost so much weight, Bianca,” Siena said, shaking her head. “It’s only been a few days, and you’re so thin. Why are you holding on to all this pain?”

“I’m fine, Auntie,” Bianca said, though she still looked pale. “I won’t let it get this bad again.”

“Talk to me if anything’s bothering you. Don’t do anything rash. If something happened to you, I’d be heartbroken. I still hope you can marry Kevin,” Siena said, her concern evident.

Bianca shed silent tears.

Norah stood awkwardly by the door, feeling out of place. The bond between Siena and Bianca was so strong they seemed like mother and daughter. Norah didn’t know how to react and felt embarrassed, especially since Kevin was nowhere to be seen.

Bianca, trying to regain composure, said, “Auntie, I could use some hot water.”

Siena immediately turned to Norah. “Norah, get some hot water for Bianca.”

Norah was more than willing to leave the room, so she went to fetch the water.

At the water station, Norah saw Bianca standing behind her in the mirror.

“Norah, you’re really enduring a lot to stay in the Edwards family. Auntie treats me like a daughter-in-law, so what are you?” Bianca sneered.

“I’m Kevin’s wife, legally,” Norah replied calmly, not wanting to engage.

Bianca’s expression darkened. She blocked Norah’s way and said, “Do you really think Kevin cares about you? He’s just using you.”

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Chapter 40

Bianca’s words made Norah stop.

Kevin using her? Why would he?

Kevin, being smart, would never do such a thing.

Seeing Norah hesitate, Bianca smirked, “Don’t you want to know why he’s using you?”

The idea seemed far-fetched to Norah, but she knew Bianca would do anything to create distance between her and Kevin. Bianca was clearly hoping Norah would ask her to explain, so Norah decided to flip the script.

“You seem more eager to tell me than I am to know,” Norah replied.

Bianca’s confident expression faltered. Norah’s unpredictability was clearly frustrating her.

Norah continued, “Your goal is to get me to divorce Kevin so you can marry him. Are you starting to feel threatened?”

Bianca clenched her fists but tried to maintain her composure. “You’ll get divorced sooner or later. Why would I feel threatened?”

Noticing the anger in Bianca’s voice, Norah smirked. “If you’re not threatened, why do you keep bringing up divorce? You’re more anxious about it than

Kevin. If he doesn't want to divorce me, you should be more worried about that. Since you can't get him to leave me, you're trying to pressure me instead."

"Don't flatter yourself, Norah. I'm only doing this for your own good!" Bianca snapped.

"For my own good?" Norah laughed. "That's a joke. If you want me to leave Kevin, talk to him. See if he agrees."

Bianca's chest heaved with anger, and tears welled up in her eyes.

At that moment, Siena appeared with Kevin and the others. Worried that Bianca might be upset, Siena rushed over. "Bianca, why did you come out? You're sick; you should be resting!"

Bianca's condition worsened, and she started bleeding again, her face turning pale.

When Siena reached her, Bianca collapsed into her arms, weak like a broken doll.

"Bianca!" Siena cried out in panic. "What happened? Why are you bleeding so much?"

She turned to Norah with anger. "What did you say to Bianca? Did you upset her again? You're always bullying her when no one's looking!"

She then scolded Kevin, "Look at the wife you married. She's nothing but trouble—a heartless woman!"

Norah knew Siena was playing the victim and didn't want to be blamed for Bianca's condition. "Mom, I understand you like Bianca, but please be fair. I only came to get hot water for her. She followed me, and I didn't even touch her. How can you blame me?"

"You're just making excuses," Siena retorted. "You know she can't handle stress, but you still upset her!"

"If she didn't follow me, there wouldn't have been a problem," Norah replied calmly.

Siena, fuming, said, "You're hopeless..."

"Enough," Kevin interrupted sternly. "Let's get Bianca back to her room."

The doctors and nurses arrived to take Bianca away.

Siena still glared at Norah but focused on Bianca's condition instead.

As Bianca was wheeled away, Siena stayed close by, praying with worry outside the emergency room.

Kevin discussed Bianca's condition with the doctors, ignoring Norah.

Norah stood there, feeling like an outsider as they all worked to help Bianca.

After Bianca was stabilized, Kevin noticed Norah trailing behind. He turned to her and said, "Bianca can't be stressed right now. Don't be alone with her."

Norah's heart sank. Was he blaming her?

Kevin, sensing her silence, tried to comfort her by stroking her hair. "What's wrong? Are you upset?"

Before Norah could respond, Siena called out from the ward, "Kevin, hurry! Bianca needs you!"

Kevin glanced back at Norah. "Wait here. I'll be back soon."

Norah didn't answer, knowing that when it came to Bianca, she'd always be the one left behind.

She sat outside, feeling like an insignificant bystander, watching as Bianca cried in Kevin's arms. Kevin comforted her, gently patting her back.

Norah's back ached from sitting too long, so she moved to a bench and waited quietly for them to finish. Time seemed to crawl until someone tapped her shoulder.

"Norah."

Bonnie hurried over, relieved to see Norah was okay. "I thought you were sick! Why are you sitting out here? Where's Kevin?"

Norah nodded toward the ward. "He's in there."

Bonnie followed her gaze, her expression tightening. "Is he taking care of someone else?"

Bonnie started to walk toward the ward, ready to confront them, but Norah grabbed her arm. "Auntie, don't. It won't help."

Bonnie looked at Norah. "How long have you been sitting here? You're Kevin's wife. You should be by his side. Letting this happen just gives them more opportunities."

Norah shook her head. "I'm used to it."

Bonnie felt a pang of sorrow for Norah. She must have endured scenes like this many times, being too patient and too humble. "Norah, if you love Kevin, you need to fight for him. You're his wife. You can have whatever you want. I know Kevin can be yours if you want him."

Norah gave a bitter smile. She appreciated Bonnie's confidence, but she knew better. "Auntie, Kevin and I are about to get divorced."

This time, Norah didn't hide the truth. She didn't want Bonnie to waste her energy on a lost cause.

"What?" Bonnie was shocked, her surprise quickly turning to anger and disappointment.