

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 381

Chapter 381

"Captain Edwards isn't back yet, and we don't know when he'll return," the security guard answered.

"Where did he go?" Norah pressed.

"We have no idea."

Asking was pointless. No answers, no solutions.

She needed him, yet he wasn't there.

Her anger had settled somewhat with time. If he just explained everything clearly, she'd believe him. But he wouldn't.

Did he not love her?

Even if he didn't, he owed her an explanation.

She hated this kind of uncertainty.

Still, she pushed forward. "Call Levi. Find out where they are. And ask Kevin when he's coming back."

"Yes, ma'am." The security guard immediately followed her orders.

Norah clung to what little dignity she had left, asking about Kevin's whereabouts in a roundabout way.

The call went through. She stood nearby, waiting as the security guard questioned the person on the other end. When the call ended, he turned to her. "Ma'am, Captain Edwards won't be back tonight."

Norah stiffened. "Where is he?"

“He didn’t say.”

Her lips pressed together as unease swelled in her chest.

Was he deliberately hiding it from her?

Ever since Bianca resurfaced, Kevin had started disappearing. Even his phone was unreachable.

What the hell was he doing?

Frustration and heartbreak tangled together. She hated being left in the dark.

Seeing her head for the door, the security guard stepped forward. “Ma’am, where are you going?”

Norah’s expression was cold and unyielding. “He won’t tell me where he is, so why should I tell him where I’m going?”

“Ma’am, it’s late. If you leave like this, we won’t be able to explain it to Captain Edwards.”

Norah let out a bitter laugh. “Would he even care? I’m sick of his mind games. If he doesn’t want this family, I’ll make it easy for him. The child doesn’t need his last name!”

With that, she turned to leave, her hand instinctively resting on her stomach.

The night was dangerous, especially for a pregnant woman. But she was too angry to care.

“Ma’am,” the security guard pleaded, stepping in front of her.

“Move!” Norah snapped.

“Please, why not rest and wait until morning?” he urged.

“I said move! If you stop me and something happens to my child, you’ll regret it.” Her voice was sharp with warning.

The guards hesitated, torn between duty and fear of making things worse.

One of them quickly made a call, reporting the situation.

To buy time, the security guard tried again. "Ma'am, we've called him. Captain Edwards should be back soon. Maybe you could wait a little longer."

His words only fueled her fury. "He's too busy for me, but suddenly he can rush back when I try to leave? That's just an excuse! If he won't communicate with me, then don't call me his wife. I don't deserve this title!"

Nothing would appease her now.

He worked late, didn't come home, and yet had nowhere else to be?

A husband should act like one.

If he could come back so easily, it meant he had been avoiding her on purpose.

And if he didn't want to see her, why was she holding on?

"Ma'am, you are Captain Edwards' wife. No one is more deserving of that title. Just wait thirty minutes. If he's not back by then, you can leave."

They were desperate to stop her.

But Norah's heart had already grown cold. Kevin's indifference had drained her.

"I'm not leaving because he isn't coming back," she murmured.

She had stood by him all these years, only to be cast aside. His trust in her had faded. His love, if it had ever existed, was gone.

She had forgiven him too easily before. And he had taken her for granted.

She wouldn't make that mistake again.

"Please, ma'am, just wait." The security guard was practically begging.

But she was done listening.

Ignoring their protests, she pushed past them, holding her stomach as she walked.

They didn't dare stop her now.

She left, just as she had intended.

Still, for safety, the guards followed at a distance.

Norah knew she couldn't walk far in her condition. She pulled out her phone and made a call.

She was going home. To her parents.

Ten minutes later, Gloria's car pulled up.

"Norah, what's going on? You just reconciled, and now you're leaving again?" Gloria asked, baffled. She had always believed Kevin loved Norah, but now, just three days after patching things up, everything had fallen apart again.

Norah opened the car door and got in, ignoring the people left behind. "Just drive. I'll explain later."

Right now, she couldn't stand seeing anyone connected to Kevin.

Love and hate—two sides of the same coin. And she was feeling both.

Gloria sighed but started the car.

The ride was silent for a while as Norah tried to steady her emotions. If she let herself dwell on it too much, she knew she'd break down.

Finally, she spoke. "Kevin released Bianca."

"What?" Gloria gasped. "That's impossible! Bianca hurt you—she probably even harmed you as a child. She belongs in prison. Kevin is a captain, he knows the law. Why would he break it for her?"

"I asked him. He admitted it," Norah said bitterly.

She turned to Gloria, her expression filled with pain. "Tell me, is he really that weak? Did he love her so much that he still can't let go? That he can't stand to see her suffer, so he protects her?"

This was the wound that wouldn't heal.

She couldn't bear the thought that Kevin's heart had never fully belonged to her.

Gloria frowned. Something didn't add up.

Norah was too emotionally invested to see it clearly, but Gloria wasn't. She had witnessed the lengths Kevin had gone to for Norah. This didn't make sense.

"Are you sure he loved Bianca? Did he ever actually admit it?" Gloria asked.

"No," Norah admitted. "But it wasn't a secret. Everyone knew back then—Kevin liked Bianca."

"What if that was just a rumor?" Gloria countered. "Bianca is manipulative. She'd do anything to get what she wants. Maybe there was never anything between them."

Norah let out a dry laugh. "He confessed when he was drunk."

Drunk and in bed with her, yet calling out Bianca's name.

She remembered exactly how this child had been conceived.

That was a wound she could never erase.

"I don't understand," Gloria muttered, still trying to piece it together.

"Just take me to my parents'," Norah said, her voice weary.

One wound hadn't healed, and now another was opening.

Her parents had been keeping secrets, too.

Why had they lied?

Why had they hidden her past from her?

Chapter 382

"Okay." Gloria took her back without another word.

Norah remained silent, feeling a hollow emptiness inside. Loving someone meant caring about their attitude and hoping your emotions mattered to them. But the disparity between her hopes and reality was immense.

Just then, Gloria hit the brakes sharply.

Fortunately, Norah had her seatbelt on, but the sudden stop still shocked her.

“Damn it! Who just jumped in front of my car? And why are there so many cars blocking my way?” Gloria fumed, gripping the wheel. Driving at night was nerve-wracking enough without unexpected obstacles, but her skills kept them steady.

Norah squinted against the blinding headlights, unable to make out the scene ahead.

Then, the door opened.

Gloria was ready to curse, but when she recognized the person outside, she bit back her words.

“It’s late. Come back with me. Whatever you need to say, say it at home. I’m already here,” Kevin stood by the car door, his tone calm and firm.

Hearing his voice, Norah looked up. His face was close, his expression urgent. His clothes were disheveled, as if he had rushed here. But the chill in her heart didn’t fade.

He had no time to come home before. Now that she was leaving, suddenly he was in a hurry.

Norah scoffed. “I want to go home. This isn’t my home.”

“You’re my wife. Why wouldn’t it be your home? Everything I have is yours,” Kevin insisted.

Norah let out a cold laugh, meeting his gaze. “When things are good, everything is mine. But when things are bad, I’m handed a divorce agreement, a few million dollars, and a villa. Sounds like I made out well, right? But men’s words are nothing but lies.”

Kevin’s jaw tightened. “Did you go with me to get a divorce certificate?”

Norah’s face stiffened. “The divorce agreement was signed.”

“Signing an agreement isn’t enough. Until we legally finalize it, we’re still married.”

Norah clenched her jaw. “So what? Isn’t it the same as being divorced?”

Kevin rested his hand on the car door, his voice steady but firm. “It’s not the same. No matter what happened before, put it aside. Right now, you’re my wife. Everything I have—my house, my company, my name—is yours.”

Norah’s laugh was bitter. “Now your words sound nice.”

“Because they’re true.” Kevin’s eyes held sincerity. “I know you’re still mad at me. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have hurt you. I shouldn’t have lost my temper. I’ll do better.”

Norah stared at him. His sincerity was almost disarming—almost.

She wanted to forgive him, even for a second. But too many wounds reminded her to be cautious. “Why now? Why do this when you know you can’t undo the damage?”

Kevin hesitated, his expression conflicted. Truthfully, he feared losing her again. Even a single night apart had felt unbearable.

Norah sighed at his silence. “Move your car. You’re not just blocking my way, you’re blocking everyone else’s too. Kevin, just because you have money and power doesn’t mean you can stop people from going where they need to go.”

Kevin’s fists clenched. “If you leave, what about you and the baby?”

Norah hated hearing that. It made her sick. But she still answered. “Do you think I can’t survive without you? I lived just fine when you were with Bianca. I have my friends. I have my parents. My child will be fine. You don’t need to worry.”

Her words were resolute.

Kevin’s heart clenched. He worried about Norah’s future, about her happiness. With him, she was safe. But one day, he feared, he’d become someone who could only hurt her. And that terrified him.

“Are you going back to your parents?” Kevin asked softly.

“Yes.” Norah’s answer was firm.

Kevin’s gaze dropped to her stomach. “Go if you want. But take care of yourself. Don’t get hurt. Don’t take risks. I don’t know if I’ll be there when the baby is born, but I’ll make sure you and the baby have everything you need.”

His words struck her as odd—like a farewell.

She frowned. “What do you mean by that?”

Kevin didn’t clarify. “Gloria will take you. But I’ll have someone follow to make sure you get home safely.”

Nothing was explained. Nothing was resolved.

Norah was furious.

“Fine. Then get out of the way!” Her tone was ice cold.

Kevin sighed and stepped back. Norah slammed the door shut without a second glance, staring straight ahead.

Gloria, who had been silent, was stunned. She had assumed Kevin would convince Norah to stay. He had chased after her—clearly, he cared. But was this how it was going to end?

Still, seeing Norah's anger, she took her friend's side.

The cars in front of them moved, clearing the way. Gloria drove forward.

Norah pretended not to care. But deep down, she did. She cared how much Kevin loved her. She cared whether he would fight for her.

Yet, he didn't.

She couldn't stop herself from glancing in the side mirror—the only way to see him without him knowing.

Kevin stood there, unmoving, watching their car drive away. His eyes held an unbearable sorrow.

Norah's heart ached. She still loved him. And the pain of that love was suffocating.

She forced herself to look away. But her eyes betrayed her, flicking back to the mirror until his silhouette disappeared from sight.

Even if he had said just one word to make her stay...

But he didn't.

Nothing.

Norah sank back into her seat, feeling weak.

"You know," Gloria said, watching Norah carefully. "If you had just said what you really wanted to say, he would have taken you back."

Norah's voice was hollow. "Maybe I just wanted to see if he'd fight for me. Women do that in love, don't they? If the other person truly cares, it shows. If they don't... you just end up looking like a fool."

She gave a small, bitter smile. "Like me now. A fool who thought he'd stop me. But he just let me go."

Chapter 383

"Kevin doesn't come home, he lets Bianca roam free, and when I get angry and lash out, it's understandable. But he just keeps leaving. Even when he does come to me, he agrees when I say I want to go back to my parents' house. Doesn't that mean he's letting go?"

Norah understood what Kevin meant, and her eyes turned red. She was on the verge of tears.

She held them back. If she had to cry, she'd do it in private. She didn't want anyone else to see.

Gloria didn't quite get it. "Why don't you just stay at home for a few days and see what he does? Maybe he's just respecting your decision, afraid that if he begs you to stay, you'll resent him for it. Men and women think differently. But as long as there's love and mutual understanding, you can work through anything."

"Yeah, maybe," Norah said bitterly. "But just once, I want him to be the one to compromise."

"Hey, don't overthink it. Let's go home, get some sleep. Things will look better in the morning," Gloria reassured her.

Norah didn't say anything else. She was sad, but she had to accept reality.

It was just like when they had talked about divorce. They always ended up like this.

"Captain Edwards, Madame has left."

Kevin stood frozen for a long time, staring in the direction Norah had gone. He didn't react.

Frank couldn't stand seeing Kevin like this. He had to say something.

Kevin finally snapped out of it and looked at him. "Then let's go back."

His voice wasn't cold, but it was hollow—like he'd lost his soul.

Frank sighed. "Captain Edwards, forgive me for saying this, but if you still love Madame, why not say something? Talk to her. Apologize. Coax her back. She still loves you. Wouldn't that be better than this? No one's happy like this. I can't stand watching it!"

Their hearts ached.

Anyone who saw them wanted to lock them in a room until they worked things out.

If Kevin loved Norah, he should fight for her.

But this wasn't just about keeping her. It was about how long he could actually stay by her side.

Kevin got into the car, his voice calm but heavy. "Even if I bring her home, how long can I stay with her? What if one day I end up hurting her? She's pregnant. If something happens, she'll hate me forever. I'm not afraid of her hating me—I'm afraid of hurting her. And I'm even more afraid that I won't be her hero anymore."

He was carrying too much.

He wanted to hold onto the last bit of dignity she had left for him.

“Captain Edwards, there’s always a way. We’ll figure it out,” Frank tried to reassure him. He knew how hard this was.

Right now, they were overwhelmed.

Not only did they need to find an antidote, but there were so many other pressing matters. They couldn’t do everything at once.

Kevin knew that, too. The poison in him was different from Norah’s.

He wouldn’t die. But sometimes, living was worse than death.

Jace had told him that. And while searching for an antidote, the most promising solution required testing on someone.

Kevin didn’t even hesitate—he chose Norah.

Jace would have made the same choice, but he still made sure Kevin knew the risks.

Kevin told Jace to focus everything on saving Norah.

As for himself, as long as he was still breathing, there was hope.

Norah returned home. Once again, she had lost. But she didn’t want her parents to know.

She had made her choice. If she admitted she regretted it or was struggling, they’d only worry.

When Gwen saw her, she sighed. “Norah, your belly is so big! You look like you’re about to give birth! And you didn’t even tell us you were pregnant. Are we the last to know?”

Her parents weren’t happy. But she was still their daughter. No matter how upset they were, they had to let it go.

Besides, they were about to become grandparents.

They had waited for this moment for so long. They had always hoped she’d have a child—someone to be with her when they were gone.

It was a relief.

“No, Mom,” Norah said softly. “I just wasn’t ready to tell you at the time. I’m sorry.”

Jack stood at the door. When he saw that only Gloria had brought her home, he immediately guessed, “You and Kevin fought again, didn’t you?”

He was right, but Norah didn’t want to admit it. “Can’t I just come home for a visit? I’ve lived here before. Why do you have to make assumptions?”

“We’re just worried about you,” Gwen said gently. “You’re pregnant. If you’re really upset about something, it would break our hearts. We just want to know what’s going on so we don’t have to worry.”

“No, really. I just wanted to come back for a bit,” Norah insisted. She didn’t want to talk about Kevin. If she did, her parents would take sides, and their opinion of him would only get worse. She wanted to protect his dignity.

“If you say so,” Gwen said, still skeptical.

But she had her doubts. If Norah didn’t come running back within three days, something was seriously wrong.

They tried to be careful about asking too many questions.

Gloria chatted with them for a while before leaving. They had wanted her to stay, but she couldn’t, so she left.

Gwen and Jack saw her off warmly.

“Do you want a snack?” Gwen asked Norah. “You’re pregnant—you’ll get hungry easily. I’ll make you something if you want.”

“No, Mom.” Norah took her hand, then looked at Jack. “Dad, come sit down too.”

Jack sat beside Gwen.

“Have you picked a name yet?” Jack asked, clearly excited. He was looking forward to meeting his grandchild. “If not, you should start thinking. You won’t have much time once the baby’s born!”

Gwen smiled. “That’s true! When you were born, your dad went through the entire dictionary to pick your name. You should start preparing too.”

Norah nodded lightly.

“Will the baby have the Edwards last name or White?” Gwen continued. “I think White sounds nice. White is a strong name...”

Norah sat there, waiting for the right moment. Finally, she asked, “Mom, Dad... I was never kidnapped in junior high. It happened in high school. You both knew, didn’t you? So why didn’t you ever tell me?”

The air went still.

Her parents’ faces stiffened immediately.

Jack was the first to respond. “Who told you that?”

“No one,” Norah said. “I just realized I have a gap in my memory. Does this have anything to do with you?”

She didn’t trust anyone anymore.

Not even them.

They had chosen to keep things from her for years.

Gwen and Jack exchanged glances.

“Norah, we didn’t tell you because we wanted to protect you,” Gwen said softly. “We were afraid it would traumatize you all over again. You’re our only daughter. We just wanted you to be happy. And since you never tried to remember, we thought it was best to leave it alone.”

Chapter 384

“Is that so?” Norah hesitated, uncertain. Her memory was hazy—just fragments of thoughts formed under stress.

She didn’t know what had happened to her.

Jack sighed, his voice deep with regret. “We tried everything to find you, Norah. When you disappeared, we reported it to the police. They searched the school but found nothing. We spent months looking for you. Then one day, you came back—on your own. Your mother and I had no idea what you had been through. When we found you, you were curled up outside our door, bruised and rambling nonsense. You were confused, then suddenly collapsed. You were in a coma for a long time. And when you finally woke up, it was like none of it had ever happened. You couldn’t remember anything. Instead, you replaced those lost memories with someone else’s.”

That time was just as painful for them.

“If you don’t want to remember, we won’t force you. We didn’t want anyone else to know either—we were afraid it would only bring you more harm.” They had been filled with guilt and heartbreak, but when Norah returned to a normal life, all they wanted was for her to be happy.

They had prepared for the worst.

They had also done everything to protect her reputation.

To keep her from reliving the fear, they had agreed to follow her lead.

They had even hidden the terrifying nightmares she must have endured.

In her reality, her missing memories—or the ones she had—shaped themselves according to her own mind.

She had created an illusion she could live with.

Norah stared at them, struggling to believe it. She remembered every detail of her supposed rescue so vividly. And now, they were telling her none of it was real?

Then what was the truth?

Had her junior high school years really been so uneventful?

She knew her parents only wanted to protect her.

But she had been gone for so long. She had escaped from a dangerous place. And yet, she—a young girl, bruised but alive—had somehow managed to survive. That alone was hard to believe.

Her classmates had once hinted that Bianca might have deceived her.

But why would Bianca lie?

Back then, there had been no rivalry between them.

If she had been in love with Kevin and Bianca had resented her for it, maybe that would have made sense. Maybe Bianca would have set her up, led her into danger, even wanted her dead.

But there had been no connection between them at the time. No reason for Bianca to come after her specifically.

It didn't add up.

The world suddenly felt small, the same people appearing in different parts of her life, all tangled in a hidden conspiracy.

Norah knew she had to test Bianca. Only then would she uncover the truth.

“Mom, Dad, now that I know, you don’t have to keep hiding it from me. I never expected I had been through something like this,” Norah admitted. Her memories felt altered—like someone had rewritten them to keep her from knowing too much.

She would rather have a distorted past than be dead.

That was the point.

Gwen, her mother, was still anxious. She held Norah’s hand tightly. “Don’t think about the past anymore. I don’t want you to go through this again. You have to stay safe—for yourself and for your child. Do you understand?”

Norah placed her hand over Gwen’s. “I understand, Mom.”

But Gwen couldn’t shake the unease in her heart. “I don’t know why, but just talking about this makes me panic. I keep seeing you bruised and unconscious at our doorstep. If that happened again, I—” Her voice broke. “I don’t know how I’d survive it.”

“Mom, it won’t happen again. Don’t worry,” Norah reassured her gently.

Even so, Gwen couldn’t stop worrying. She kept telling Norah to let the past go.

Jack sat silently, watching them, his expression heavy with concern.

He didn’t say much, but he was thinking the same thing.

Norah had forgotten everything. But if she was bringing it up now, something must have triggered it.

Or worse—someone from her past had returned.

Gwen’s fear wasn’t unfounded. If Norah was remembering, it meant she was going through it all over again.

As her father, how could he not be afraid for her? He kept his thoughts to himself, not wanting to alarm Gwen further. But in his heart, the fear remained. He worried that history would repeat itself.

That’s what terrified Gwen the most.

Norah comforted her until she calmed down and finally went to rest.

Jack remained in the living room, waiting for Norah.

Once Gwen was in bed, he turned to his daughter, his face unreadable. He took a sip of tea before asking, “What’s going on, Norah?”

She walked over, sensing the weight of his words. “What do you mean, Dad?”

“It’s been a long time since you’ve been home,” Jack said. “Your mother mentioned it. Now you show up, and your belly is so big. Have you even thought about how long you’ve been away? Are you just busy, or is something else going on? Is everything okay with Kevin?”

He wasn’t just worried about her happiness—he was worried about her safety.

Norah smiled softly. “Dad, you don’t need to worry. I can handle it.”

Jack’s expression darkened. “Have they found you again?”

Norah hesitated.

“If they hadn’t, you wouldn’t be asking these questions,” Jack said grimly. “I’m calling the police. Your safety comes first.”

“Dad.” Norah stopped him, her voice firm. “I am your daughter. But there are so many daughters in this world, and every one of them is precious. I know you love me and don’t want me to get hurt. But for the sake of all the daughters out there, I have to be brave. For myself, too. Don’t worry. I’ll protect myself. I won’t let you and Mom live in fear again.”

Calling the police wouldn’t change anything.

They were out in the open. Their enemies lurked in the shadows.

She couldn’t rely on police protection forever.

And even if she could, it wouldn’t solve the problem.

This organization wasn’t just powerful—it was evil. It had ruined countless lives.

It needed to be destroyed.

Jack studied her for a long time. Then he sighed, setting his phone down. “You’ve grown up, Norah. You’re not that little girl who used to ride on my shoulders anymore.”

She smiled at him. “Dad, I have a family now. A career. A child on the way. Just focus on being a grandpa.”

For the first time in a while, Jack’s face softened with a smile.

It gave him hope.

He looked forward to meeting his first grandchild.

They talked for a while, reminiscing about her childhood.

Time passed so quickly. To Jack, it felt like just yesterday that his little girl was learning to walk. Now, she was an adult, making her own way in the world.

And that only reminded him of his own mortality.

He had always been the one protecting her.

But now, he feared he wouldn't be able to anymore.

He only hoped that one day, she would find someone strong enough to protect her in his place.

A Few Days Later

Norah went to look for Bianca.

"What? Bianca hasn't been to the company for a few days?"

"Yeah," someone said. "She just disappeared."

Even her colleagues didn't seem to care.

Chapter 385

Originally, Norah planned to rattle Bianca by making her think she had regained her memory.

She wanted to see if she could get Bianca to slip up and reveal something.

But then, she learned that Bianca hadn't shown up at the company for days.

That was odd.

Norah recalled the events surrounding Bianca's release from prison. Even though her career had taken a nosedive, and her reputation was in shambles, it wasn't bad enough for her to just vanish.

Was she trying to use her disappearance to stir up attention?

That kind of stunt was right up Bianca's alley, so it wasn't out of the question.

But if even the company had no clue where she was, then it probably wasn't just a publicity trick.

Norah asked, "Bianca's missing, and no one's reported it? Shouldn't the company call the police?"

“We’re not her family. Company policy doesn’t allow us to act unless the higher-ups say so. We can’t risk damaging the company’s image,” an employee responded.

Hearing that, Norah couldn’t help but feel a pang of coldness.

Kevin had built this entertainment company for Bianca. Now that she was missing, and no one cared?

At first, Norah was struck by how ruthless and heartless these corporate elites were. But the more she thought about it, the more it didn’t add up.

Bianca had just gotten out of prison and returned to the entertainment industry. The general public didn’t know about her past, so their perception of her wouldn’t have changed. What had damaged her image was the media coverage.

Normally, if the company stepped in, the negative press could be buried. If they pushed hard enough, they could erase it entirely.

But now, Bianca was being left to the wolves.

There was no PR cleanup, and she was still being torn apart online.

And the entertainment company’s former star? Completely abandoned.

Kevin had always cared about Bianca. Wouldn’t he have done something to clean up her image?

Why was there no effort at all?

Just as Norah was piecing things together, a hushed voice whispered, “Mr. Edwards.”

Kevin strode in with his usual commanding presence.

Tall and imposing, he walked in from the sunlight, his sharp features set in stone. His expression was cold, his deep eyes unreadable, exuding authority without needing to say a word.

Norah instinctively avoided his gaze. Their relationship was already hanging by a thread—there was no need for her to be in his line of sight.

That was when she heard Kian’s voice giving orders.

“From now on, all news about Bianca is to be erased. She is never to appear in the public eye again. If anyone asks, no one is to say a word. As far as we’re concerned, Bianca does not exist.”

Norah stiffened.

“Yes, sir,” the employees responded immediately, not daring to question him.

The person Norah had just been speaking with suddenly grew anxious. They had just been discussing Bianca, and now this decree came down. Would it get them in trouble?

Norah ran through the possibilities in her head.

Bianca’s disappearance—Kevin had to be involved.

She didn’t believe he was simply covering something up. That would be pointless. No, this was something else entirely.

Imprisonment?

Or something worse?

Either way, it was illegal.

Kevin wouldn’t—would he?

A sinking feeling settled in her gut. If Kevin had really done something drastic, he was putting his entire future on the line.

Had he used his influence to get Bianca out of prison just to exact revenge?

That seemed... far too reckless.

Norah’s expression darkened. Kevin and his team were heading toward the elevator, and she knew she had to act fast.

“Kevin!” she called out.

Kevin, who had been stone-faced the entire time, finally reacted. He turned to look at her.

Norah quickly walked toward him, worried they would get in the elevator before she could stop them.

Seeing Kevin pause, she exhaled in relief.

Kian greeted her with a respectful, “Madam.”

Norah ignored him, locking eyes with Kevin.

Kevin remained silent, his gaze cool and questioning.

Norah stepped inside the elevator and spoke firmly. “You. Get in. The rest of you, stay out. I need to talk to him alone.”

Her commanding tone left no room for argument.

No one dared to step forward except Kevin, who—though clearly skeptical—obeyed her request.

The elevator doors closed.

When they reached Kevin's private floor, the doors slid open.

Norah walked toward his office without a word.

She knew Kevin would follow.

Once inside, she shut the door behind them, turned to face him, and demanded, "Did you kidnap Bianca?"

Kevin, momentarily caught in the tight space between her and the door, studied her face.

His sharp eyes narrowed, but he didn't answer immediately. Instead, he took a step back, putting some space between them.

"Don't say things you can't prove," he replied flatly. "What evidence do you have that I kidnapped Bianca?"

Norah stepped forward, closing the distance again.

"I heard everything just now. You're trying to erase Bianca from existence. That's impossible. She's a public figure. Too many people know her. You can't just make her disappear." She narrowed her eyes. "What did you do? You're not just the president of the Edwards Group anymore—you know the law. The world doesn't revolve around you. Don't do something you'll regret."

Her voice was firm, her words rapid. She was truly afraid that Kevin had crossed a line.

Kevin remained silent, his expression unreadable.

Unlike Norah, who was growing increasingly agitated, he seemed completely at ease.

That, in itself, was unsettling.

Her frustration flared. "Are you even listening to me?" she snapped.

"I hear you," Kevin said, the corners of his lips curling slightly. "But you've accused me of so many things. Shouldn't you be responsible for those words?"

His tone was amused, his gaze distant.

Norah frowned.

It had only been a few days since she last saw him, but it felt like he had become a different person.

If Kevin really had kidnapped Bianca, then it was clearly for Norah's sake.

That only made her feel worse.

She didn't want him to go down that path—not for her.

“Don't lie to me,” she pleaded, her voice almost trembling. “Whatever's going on between us, just put that aside. I don't want you doing something reckless. I don't want you gambling with your future.”

Kevin's gaze flickered.

“Are you worried about me?”

He took a step forward, closing the space between them.

Norah suddenly felt the shift in atmosphere.

She had come here to talk about something serious, but Kevin's attention was elsewhere.

When she looked up at him, she realized—too late—that his hand was already at her waist.

His voice dropped to a murmur against her ear.

“Norah,” he said slowly, “if you wanted to get close to me, you could've found a better excuse.” His fingers pressed against her back, pulling her closer. “This whole ‘worried about me’ act—it's a bit of a stretch.”

Norah stiffened.

He wasn't taking this seriously at all.

Kevin's lips curled into a smirk.

“If you really can't let me go, just admit it,” he whispered. “Maybe then, I'll consider what to do about us.”