

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 61

Chapter 61

Norah recalled how Bianca had run off crying the other day. But today, Bianca was smiling again, clearly in a good mood as she left the office. Norah wasn't sure what to think and didn't want to embarrass herself, so she chose to ignore Bianca.

Bianca, however, wasn't upset. As she stepped into the elevator, she turned and said with a laugh, "Norah, I know your time is almost up. Enjoy your little moment of glory while you can. Kevin will leave you in the end."

The elevator doors closed, and Norah saw the triumphant smile on Bianca's face, as if she knew that Norah was just a temporary part of Kevin's life.

Norah's expression darkened, and she clenched her fists tightly. She instinctively touched her belly, thinking of the child she was carrying. She had to keep hoping.

When she entered the office, everyone was busy working. Instead of going to her desk, she went straight to Kevin's office. Kevin was on a conference call. When he saw Norah walk in, he paused and asked, "Do you need something?"

"Yes," Norah responded directly.

Kevin ended his call, placed his hands on the table, and asked, "What is it?"

Norah sat down across from him. Kevin's intense gaze made it clear that he knew she had something important to say.

Not knowing how to start, Norah brought up a different topic. "I saw Bianca on my way up. She looks like she's doing well."

"Is that what you came to talk about?" Kevin asked, sounding unimpressed.

Norah felt embarrassed and, after a moment, stared into Kevin's eyes. "Didn't you say you wanted to find the woman from that night?"

Kevin didn't seem to get her point. "And?"

Norah grew nervous. "I know you care a lot about that. What if, and this is just a 'what if,' that woman is pregnant with your child? What would you do then?"

Kevin looked at her suspiciously, so Norah added, "Mr. Edwards, people don't usually think about taking precautions when they're drunk. Did you take any? What if she's pregnant?"

Kevin replied coldly, "You're overthinking things."

Norah felt uneasy but kept her distance. "We're still married. If another woman is pregnant with your child and doesn't have any status..."

"She should abort it," Kevin interrupted without hesitation. "An unexpected child shouldn't be born," he added, his tone icy.

Norah's face went pale, and her lips lost their color. She stared at Kevin in shock, realizing just how ruthless and indifferent he could be. He would want to get rid of an unexpected child.

This child, she thought, was just an accident to him, and he wouldn't want it at all. Especially since he had married her for other reasons and wanted a divorce for the sake of shares. There was no way he'd stay with her.

Norah's palms grew sweaty, and she couldn't continue speaking. She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself as her hands trembled and her body felt cold. She pressed her hands together to stop the shaking.

"So, that's how it is," Norah said softly, lowering her head.

Kevin noticed something was off and asked, "Why did you ask that?"

Norah didn't respond, lost in her own unease. She remained silent for a long time, until Kevin reached out to hold her hand.

Norah flinched, pulling away from his touch, and looked at him with fear in her eyes.

Kevin frowned deeply at her reaction, withdrew his hand, and asked coldly, "Am I that frightening?"

Norah just stared at him, unable to say anything.

Her rejection irritated Kevin, and his expression grew colder. "If you have nothing else to say, leave," he ordered.

It took Norah a while to calm down from the fear that had gripped her. Having a child seemed to change her. She couldn't allow Kevin to harm their baby.

Norah stood up, took a few steps back, and said respectfully, "I'll do what you asked, Mr. Edwards. Don't worry."

Then she left the office without looking back.

Her words left Kevin feeling displeased. The more he thought about it, the more unsettled he became.

A while later, Kian entered and reminded him, "Mr. Edwards, the meeting is still going on..."

"Get out!" Kevin growled.

—

Norah left the office, feeling weak. She couldn't afford to act impulsively. One wrong move, and she'd be in serious trouble. She had to be rational and couldn't let Kevin know she was pregnant!

Kevin's warning on their wedding day about crossing the line echoed in her mind. She couldn't risk her child's safety.

With this in mind, Norah immediately contacted Gloria and sent her a message: "Gloria, can you do me a favor?"

Gloria replied: "What favor?"

Norah: "I need you to find a woman."

Gloria: "Didn't you and Kevin just make up? Why are you trying to find another woman for him? Are you crazy?"

Norah knew Kevin's determination. If he wanted to find someone, he'd go to any length and use every method possible. Now he was letting her do the searching. If she didn't find this woman, it would be worse if Kevin did. If he discovered the truth, both she and the baby would be in danger.

She couldn't let that happen. She had to find someone to play the part.

A few days later, Gloria asked Norah to meet her at a nightclub. Norah was careful to avoid being seen and took a roundabout way to get there.

The nightclub was closed during the day, so there were no other customers except the owner.

Gloria had been waiting for a while. When she saw Norah arrive, she whispered, "Don't worry, I know the owner here, and no one will talk about what happens today."

"Okay," Norah replied.

The nightclub's owner greeted Gloria and said, "The girls you asked for are all in the room."

Norah nodded and followed her inside.

There were more than a dozen girls in the room, all with their heads down when Norah entered. These girls seemed inexperienced and shy, likely coming from poor backgrounds and needing money urgently. People like this would keep quiet if paid enough, no matter when the lie might be exposed.

In the dimly lit corner of the room, Norah noticed a girl with a similar build to hers.

Norah pointed at the girl.

The owner immediately said, "Look up!"

The girl quickly looked up, revealing a pure and beautiful face. She seemed a bit scared, not knowing why she had been called.

Norah asked, "What's your name?"

The girl replied, "My name is Lola Gill."

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Lola Gill had long hair and appeared delicate, frail, and shy. She had a similar build but looked a lot like Bianca—pure and innocent—the kind of girl men couldn't resist.

The lady boss introduced her to Norah, saying, "This is our new girl. She's beautiful, still in training, and has never worked before. She's from the countryside, her mother is sick back home, and she desperately needs money. Her background is spotless."

Norah thought she was perfect.

She was young, beautiful, and would easily trigger a man's protective instincts.

She seemed like the type Kevin would like.

"She's the one," Norah decided.

Lola, looking scared and a bit flustered, stammered, "What do you want? I just got here. I'm here to sell my art, not my body. I won't sell my body."

Norah understood her fear and didn't push her. She spoke gently, "I just need a favor. I'll pay you. I won't force you, but you can contact me if you're interested."

She handed Lola a business card.

Lola hesitantly glanced at it. Though she didn't understand much, she could still read.

Worried that this might not work out, Norah told the lady boss, "Please keep looking for someone else. I'll make sure you're well compensated. I need to find this person quickly."

The lady boss, always motivated by money, smiled and said, "Don't worry, Ms. White. I have plenty of resources. I can find you ten or eight girls like this. You can choose when the time comes."

Norah nodded and walked out.

Lola held the business card so tightly that her knuckles turned white. She hesitated, conflicted. As Norah was about to leave, she called out, "Wait!"

Norah stopped and turned around. Lola bit her lip so hard it almost bled: “How much will you pay me?”

She couldn’t wait any longer. Her family needed money.

Her mother was waiting for medical expenses, and she had two younger brothers to support.

The burden was on her.

She didn’t know when she’d start making money. She had no education, no experience, and feared being cheated in the big city.

She could tell the woman in front of her was wealthy.

If she agreed, she could earn good money and send it back to her mother.

Norah turned around and asked, “How old are you?”

“Twenty,” Lola said, her face pale.

Norah looked at her. Though her face was thin, her eyes were bright and pitiful, and she was pretty: “If you’re willing, your mother’s medical expenses will be covered.”

Lola’s eyes lit up with hope: “Really?”

Norah: “Yes, I’m not lying to you.”

Lola knew there were many beautiful girls in this nightclub. She didn’t know anything, couldn’t compete with them, and might not make enough money.

But if she could save her mother, she’d definitely get a lot of money.

She wasn’t naive; she knew this opportunity was better than working at the nightclub.

If she didn’t agree now, and Norah found someone else, she’d miss her chance.

She couldn’t afford to hesitate.

Lola nodded and gathered her courage: "Okay, I'm willing, as long as you pay me."

Norah thought it would take days to find the right person. But this was beyond her expectations.

As they left the nightclub, Gloria had doubts and asked, "Are you sure about this? Aren't you afraid Kevin will fall for this girl?"

"This girl is young and beautiful. How could any man resist that kind of temptation?"

Gloria was worried. No man was entirely immune to lust. Seeing such a young girl, even the most disciplined would feel tempted.

But Norah had no other options.

"I have no choice." Norah forced a smile: "Even if this happens, I have to do it. Otherwise, I'll regret not making this decision today."

She couldn't take risks with the child.

Gloria didn't fully understand her motives, but she knew Norah must have her reasons.

She didn't pry.

If Norah wanted to share, she would.

Gloria had only seen them reconcile for a few days, and now this situation arose. It had to be serious.

She felt sorry for Norah.

If it weren't for Kevin, Norah would have been happy.

Gloria just reminded her: "Be careful, not just with Kevin, but with the girl too. She seems harmless, but who knows if she has other intentions."

Norah thought about how they were divorced at the time.

They wouldn't cross paths again, and what happened next wouldn't concern her.

Norah appreciated Gloria's unconditional support and felt grateful. She hugged Gloria, surprising her, who then responded, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I just think you're so kind."

"I've always been kind to you, and you've been kind to me. I started from scratch and got where I am today thanks to your help." Gloria was also grateful to Norah. They supported each other and wished each other the best.

When she had just graduated, Gloria was still a young girl with big dreams.

Someone gave her hope, made her believe she could achieve her ambitions, but he turned out to be a pervert in his fifties.

He promised to make her famous, but in reality, he just wanted to take advantage of her under the guise of being a senior.

She remembered the day her dream shattered. She felt everything was impossible, and it was too hard to get ahead.

She wanted to give up and sat on the street crying for hours.

Finally, Norah found her.

At that time, Norah was by Kevin's side, relying on her own abilities.

She confronted the man directly, unafraid of the scene, and exposed his scandals, ruining his reputation in the industry. She told Gloria, "If you love something, don't give up. You'll get through it."

Gloria listened to Norah and didn't give up, leading to her success today.

Norah was her lucky star.

She was someone she would cherish for life.

Norah reflected on their years together. At first, they weren't the best of friends. They didn't talk much about life or their plans.

But in the end, they became close friends, thanks to fate.

Norah smiled and said, “Then when I have a child in the future, I’ll make sure he calls you his godmother!”

“Okay, if I have a child, I’ll make sure he calls you his godmother too. And if yours is a boy and mine is a girl, we can arrange a marriage!” Gloria joked.

Norah shook her head, laughing, “No, they should be free to fall in love. We shouldn’t bind them from childhood. What if they don’t like each other?”

Gloria thought for a moment and agreed, “That’s true.”

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Chapter 63

The two shared a laugh.

Gloria had a meeting to attend, so after a brief chat, they parted ways.

Norah didn’t head home. Her mind was blank as she aimlessly wandered to her old junior high school.

It had been more than ten years since she attended. Over time, the school had undergone significant changes. The interior was renovated, the campus had expanded, and several new buildings had been constructed. However, the stone at the entrance remained unchanged, still bearing the name “Minlan Middle School.”

This was where she first met Kevin.

She would never forget August 13th—the day she nearly died.

It happened right outside the school gates. After school, she and her classmates were leaving when several masked kidnapers with large bags and guns appeared.

The environment back then was chaotic. Guns were illegal, but human greed was rampant. Many students were taken hostage, including her.

A kidnapper grabbed her by the neck, pressing a gun to her head.

He warned her not to move.

She was only fifteen years old.

It was the first time she had faced such danger. She heard screams, the sound of people running, gunshots, and then cries of despair.

She was so terrified that her palms were sweating, and she couldn't utter a word.

The kidnapers forced her and other hostages into a shopping mall. One of their bags tore, spilling cash everywhere.

She realized they had robbed a bank.

Having already killed someone, the kidnapers were desperate, knowing they were on death row. They didn't care about the hostages' lives.

Trapped inside and surrounded by police, they planned to kill all the students, ensuring that even in death, they wouldn't be alone.

Gunshots echoed in her ears, shaking her to the core.

She saw blood everywhere, her classmates falling one by one.

She was frozen with fear, her eyes wide open, knowing she would die that day. She couldn't fight back, couldn't even cry.

Just as the gun against her head clicked—

“Bang.”

A gunshot rang out, but she was still alive.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a handsome boy holding her, pressing her tightly beneath him. His forehead was drenched in sweat, and he whispered urgently, “Don't make a sound!”

She hid behind a pillar, barely breathing, and watched as the boy risked his life for her.

He quickly got up, unhesitatingly charging at the kidnapper. They struggled, guns fired, glass shattered, and blood splattered. Norah was certain he would die, her fear nearly breaking her.

Then, the police shot and killed two of the kidnappers, gradually closing in on the scene.

She frantically searched for the boy, finding him still alive, pinning the last kidnapper down.

He was panting heavily, blood gushing from a wound in his abdomen.

He had been shot!

She wanted to help him, but the doctors and nurses arrived, placing him on a stretcher. She heard someone shout, "Anthony, you were incredible today!"

The boy, lying on the stretcher, relaxed and smiled confidently, "No big deal!"

Doctors and nurses surrounded her as well.

She watched him being carried away, further and further, without even having the chance to thank him.

But she would remember him for the rest of her life.

That brave and selfless soldier had left a lasting mark on her heart.

The tragedy of that day was etched into her memory.

She was the only survivor.

Her classmates had died in a pool of blood, beyond saving.

The trauma haunted her, and it took a long time for her to heal.

She became determined to find the boy who saved her, refusing to let the darkness consume her.

She took a six-month break from school, returning only to search for him.

Eventually, she discovered that he was attending the city's top high school. His name was Kevin. It puzzled her, but she assumed it might be a nickname. She never learned Anthony's last name.

She worked hard and was admitted to the same high school.

But she never approached him, only watching quietly from afar.

He was a basketball player.

One of the top students.

He came from a wealthy family.

He was so remarkable that she felt unworthy of him, so she kept her feelings hidden.

Even when she walked past him, he didn't acknowledge her, having long forgotten the girl he once saved.

"Norah."

Lost in her memories—bittersweet, terrifying, and filled with love—Norah was startled by a voice.

She turned and saw Steven approaching.

Norah quickly composed herself, offering a small smile. "Steven, you're here too."

"I came back to see you," Steven said. "I didn't expect to run into you here. How have you been?"

"Not bad."

Steven glanced around the school, sighing. "It's changed so much. Over a decade has passed in the blink of an eye."

"Yes, everything has changed." Norah looked at the students inside, reflecting on how young and innocent they were—just as she once was.

Steven studied Norah, his eyes deep and contemplative, savoring the moment together.

Her serene expression always carried a hint of gentle calmness, making him smile unconsciously. He quickly hid his emotions, saying, "I thought you'd never come back here."

Norah looked at him, "Why wouldn't I?"

"Mr. Lord!"

At that moment, Principal Norman appeared and enthusiastically greeted Steven, shaking his hand. "You found time to visit the school today! What a wonderful surprise. Come in!"

He noticed Norah, recognition dawning on him. "And this is Norah! A talented student. It's been a long time."

Principal Norman had been her class and head teacher.

Over a decade had passed, and his hair had turned gray, his face lined with wrinkles.

Norah greeted him politely, "Principal Norman, long time no see!"

Principal Norman beamed, "No need for formalities, call me Teacher Norman. Today is a good day—I've run into two of my students at once."

He continued, "Steven went abroad and never came back, which I understand. But Norah, you haven't visited since graduation. I must give you a little criticism for that!"

Norah smiled as she walked behind them, "I've been busy with work. That's on me, but I'm here today to make up for it!"

Principal Norman sighed, speaking earnestly, "I understand. Times have changed, and such a tragedy will never happen again."

The incident weighed heavily on Principal Norman's heart.

After that day, they gathered their class. Among the five students taken, three were in their class.

At the time, Steven had already left for abroad and was unaware of the tragedy until he later saw it on the news.

Fearing the past would reopen old wounds for Norah, Steven said, "Teacher Norman, let's not dwell on the past."

"Yes, yes, let's not bring it up. I'm getting old and forgetful!" Principal Norman agreed, turning to Steven. "Steven, you've accomplished so much and haven't forgotten your alma mater. Thank you for your generous donation of 50 million to the school."

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Chapter 64

"You're too kind. It's my honor to give back to my hometown, especially to my alma mater," Steven replied.

Principal Norman was pleased that his former students had done well and brought pride to the school.

Since Norah started working, she rarely visited the school. When she saw them, she didn't know how to join the conversation, so she just listened quietly.

Steven had donated 50 million to the school. Norah admired him for that. Even though he had studied abroad, he hadn't forgotten his roots.

Others who found success outside might not have returned.

"Norah, I heard you're with the Edwards Group now," Principal Norman suddenly turned to her.

Norah was taken aback.

He asked kindly, "Are you doing okay?"

Norah was surprised. "Mr. Norman, how do you know all this?"

With so many students, she didn't expect him to remember her.

Principal Norman explained, "I've met Mr. Edwards a few times. He mentioned you, so I knew you were with the group, but we haven't had a chance to meet."

Norah, who had been with Kevin for a long time, hadn't realized he was still in touch with Principal Norman. "Maybe it's just a coincidence we haven't crossed paths."

After a brief chat with Norah, Principal Norman turned back to Steven. "We're hosting an event soon. Steven, you should give a speech."

After the conversation ended, Steven waited for Norah.

When he approached her, he asked gently, "Are you tired?"

Norah nodded. "Yeah, I've been walking a lot."

"Let's take a break. Principal Norman's treating us to dinner later. Afterward, I'll take you home," Steven said as he led her to a bench.

He wiped the seat with his hand before letting her sit.

"Thanks," Norah said, looking at him. "Did you come here today just for this?"

"Yes," Steven replied, "but I'm even happier because I got to see you."

Norah looked into his eyes. For some reason, the world seemed brighter when he was around. He was always positive and kind, which left a strong impression on her. Being with someone like him made her feel better, no matter what.

"I'm happy to see you too," Norah replied politely.

Steven smiled, gaining confidence. "Really? I was worried I'd bother you."

Norah reassured him, "Not at all. I actually feel better whenever I see you."

"That's good to hear," Steven said, picking up on her mood. "Are you feeling down? Did something happen recently, or is it just being here?"

Norah hesitated. "A little of both." Then she added, "Earlier, you mentioned that I might not like being here. Did you know I was involved in a kidnapping?"

Steven's expression grew serious as he looked at her with concern. "Yes, I know. How could I not?"

"But you were already in the U.S. by then," Norah said, surprised he knew. She then realized, "Principal Norman must have told you. It was the biggest incident at Minlan Middle School, so it makes sense."

"I didn't hear about it until a year after it happened," Steven explained.

Norah glanced at him again, noticing a hint of sadness in his eyes. Was he worried about her? But she was fine now, so why did he still seem upset?

It surprised her that he found out a year later. "I guess word travels all the way to the U.S.," she joked.

Steven continued, "I came back once that year."

Norah stared at him, unsure where he was going with this.

"But I returned to the U.S. soon after and didn't have time to see you," Steven said.

"It's okay. We weren't that close back then," Norah replied.

Steven smiled. "True, we weren't close then." He paused before adding, "But I still regret it. If I hadn't gone abroad, maybe things would've been different. I could've been there to protect you during the kidnapping and kept you from getting hurt."

"I heard from Uncle White that you developed PTSD afterward and took six months to recover. It must've been so hard for you."

Steven had left not long before the incident. By the time he returned, Norah had recovered and was attending the best high school in the city.

Norah hadn't changed—she was still talented and excelled in everything she did.

Steven often thought about what could've been. If he had been the one to save her, maybe things would be different. She wouldn't have had to wait so long to rebuild her life.

But he also knew he had to improve himself before he could stand by her side.

“It’s all in the past now, and I’ve moved on,” Norah told him. “But I didn’t expect you to know so much about me. You even know my preferences and major events in my life. It’s like you did your homework.”

Steven smiled. “I learned from Uncle White. He only has one daughter, so of course he talks about you often, and I just listened.”

Norah knew her father always talked about her.

“By the way, don’t take anything my dad says when he’s drunk too seriously,” she said. Her father wasn’t happy with her marriage, and his drunken ramblings were half-truths. He liked Steven, but she didn’t want any misunderstandings. “He tends to babble when he’s drunk but forgets it all when he wakes up. If he gives you a hard time, just tell him you already have someone you like.”

She remembered Steven mentioning he had someone special, so he wouldn’t be interested in her.

“I don’t mind,” Steven said. “You don’t need to worry about me. I enjoy talking with Uncle White. He likes me, and that’s fine.”

“Really?” Norah was surprised.

Steven smiled and said, “Next time, I’ll have tea with him.”

Norah couldn’t help but feel a little concerned. Steven knew so much about her, cared about her, and got along well with her father. It almost seemed like he had feelings for her. But since he already had someone he liked, she dismissed the idea.

It was just unlikely.

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Chapter 65

Steven hadn’t been back for long, which was unusual. Norah walked beside him, matching his pace.

Steven enjoyed walking with her, a faint smile on his face.

But soon, a car approached and interrupted the peaceful moment.

The car headed straight toward them. Worried it might hit Norah, Steven instinctively pushed her to the side and stepped in front to shield her.

Kevin saw this in his rearview mirror.

His expression tightened, his face cold, and his lips pressed into a hard line. He also noticed how at ease Norah looked with Steven.

She seemed to enjoy being with Steven, and this wasn't the first time she'd done something like this behind his back.

Didn't she like someone named Anthony?

Steven wasn't Anthony. Kevin clenched his fists, frustrated by the man in Norah's heart and the one in front of her. It made him feel uneasy.

"Mr. Edwards, Secretary White is with another man," Kian said, noticing the scene in the rearview mirror and trying to give a heads-up.

Kevin shot him a cold look.

Kian, realizing his mistake, felt nervous. Mentioning it in front of Kevin was a bad move.

He started sweating and asked hesitantly, "Mr. Edwards, should I stop the car?"

Kevin's eyes remained fixed on the mirror, watching Norah and Steven walking side by side like a couple. He saw the way Steven looked at Norah, and his expression grew even colder. "Did Secretary White leave early today?"

Kian replied, uncertain, "I think... yes."

Kevin's jaw tightened. She had left work early to see Steven.

Retracting his gaze, he ordered sharply, "Stop the car!"

Kian quickly stopped and opened the door for Kevin.

Kevin calmly stepped out, buttoning his suit, not even glancing in Norah's direction, acting as if he hadn't seen her.

Kian, still nervous, glanced at Norah's direction. He didn't know if Kevin was mad at him or at Norah, but he could only hope things wouldn't escalate.

Just then, Norah and Steven walked toward them, and Kevin got out of the car. Both of them noticed him.

Norah was surprised to see Kevin at her old school and stopped in her tracks.

Steven noticed her hesitation, looked up, and greeted Kevin. "Mr. Edwards."

Kevin turned to Steven. "What a coincidence."

Steven responded, "Actually, Principal Norman invited you, didn't he?"

Kevin didn't reply. He just stared at Norah with a cold expression, as if asking why she was with Steven.

Norah hadn't known he was coming to see Principal Norman, but she had no reason to explain. He often came without telling her.

"Mr. Edwards," Norah said formally, like she was speaking to her boss.

Her tone irritated Kevin even more. He snapped, "Secretary White, skipping work to catch up with old classmates?"

Norah froze.

She had run into Steven by chance but couldn't explain her situation.

"I took the day off and reported it to the finance department," she replied.

Kevin sneered. She took leave, but it felt like she had planned to meet Steven. Something seemed off.

Steven, sensing the tension, quickly spoke up. "Mr. Edwards, Norah and I met by coincidence. It's not what you think."

Kevin didn't believe it. There had been too many coincidences. Norah always looked happy around Steven, which made it harder to dismiss.

"Mr. Edwards!" Principal Norman greeted him warmly, unaware of the tension. "Since everyone's here, let's head to the restaurant. I'll treat you to some good food and wine."

Kevin nodded without much interest.

Steven turned to Kevin and said, "After you, Mr. Edwards."

Kevin returned to the car, still cold. He didn't acknowledge Norah, clearly waiting to see if she'd follow.

Kian, trying to smooth things over, said, "Secretary White, why don't you sit next to Mr. Edwards?"

Kian knew Kevin was upset and didn't want Norah to make things worse, so he offered a polite way out.

Norah agreed. Since it was a coincidence they were dining together, and with Kevin around, she knew she had to be careful. She got into the Rolls-Royce without hesitation.

The atmosphere in the car was tense as Kian drove.

Kevin's cold voice broke the silence. "Secretary White, you took leave to meet old classmates. Why not take your old classmate's car?"

Norah found the comment strange, sensing a hint of jealousy. She looked over at Kevin, whose face was cold as ice. "Principal Norman knows I'm your secretary. It would look odd if I didn't ride with you."

Kevin shot back, "He also knows you and Steven are old classmates. Isn't that strange?"

Norah pursed her lips. It was clear Kevin was picking on her, so she reached for the door. "Then I'll ride with Steven."

Kevin's face darkened.

Luckily, Kian quickly locked the doors and sped up, preventing her from leaving.

Seeing no way out, Norah stayed quiet.

Kevin fumed silently. His frustration grew as he wondered why Norah had been angering him so much lately. His emotions were all over the place.

Norah sat quietly, focusing straight ahead, but her attention remained on Kevin. This was her habit as his secretary—keeping track of his moods to avoid trouble.

After a long silence, Norah finally asked, “Mr. Edwards, did you go check on that woman?”

Kevin, still cold, replied, “Didn’t I leave that to you?”

Wasn’t he supposed to let her handle it? Did he not trust her?

Norah took the initiative. “I went to check today. That’s why I wasn’t at the office. Don’t worry, Mr. Edwards, I’ll find out what you need and give you a full report.”

Her proactive attitude annoyed Kevin even more. She seemed eager to be away from him.

His expression darkened further. He asked, in a dangerously calm tone, “Norah, do you really want to help me find this woman?”