

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 66

## Chapter 66

Norah suddenly understood.

Maybe he wanted to find this woman more, or perhaps he was testing her.

Norah wasn't entirely sure, but she followed his lead, saying, "Mr. Edwards, I'll handle everything you asked, not just this, but all tasks."

Her response was reasonable. As his secretary, it was her job to follow his orders, showing her loyalty.

There was no sadness on her face. She was willing to help him find women he had been with, whether as his wife or as his secretary. She was always considerate.

Kevin looked away, his expression cold. "Secretary White, you're a capable secretary. I couldn't manage without you."

Norah, still tense, relaxed a little after hearing his praise. She replied formally, "That's my duty, and I'll continue to do my best."

Kian, listening to the conversation, thought it was absurd. To someone who didn't know them, it would sound like a work update. But to those who did, it was like talking to a wall—it wasn't getting to the heart of the matter.

He understood the issue. They were husband and wife, but Norah didn't seem to care about finding another woman for Kevin. She didn't show jealousy or take him seriously, which Kevin didn't like.

They were on completely different pages.

Kian didn't dare speak, fearing he'd make the situation worse.

Kevin, his face dark, said, "Secretary White, you don't have to worry so much."

The rest of the drive was silent, but Kian felt the tension. He drove carefully, avoiding any mistakes.

When they arrived at the hotel, everyone got out of the car together.

Principal Norman greeted them warmly, while Steven focused on Norah. He took off his coat and draped it over her. "It's a bit chilly. Don't catch a cold."

Norah was surprised. She quickly removed the coat, saying, "I'm fine, I'm not cold."

Steven smiled and replied, "You should stay warm. Keep it on." He then walked ahead, maintaining some distance.

Principal Norman noticed and laughed, saying to Kevin, "Mr. Edwards, it looks like my student is trying to steal your secretary."

Kevin said nothing, his expression icy as he watched their interaction.

Principal Norman, thinking Steven and Norah made a good match, added, "They're both talented and attractive—it's the perfect time for them to settle down."

He then asked Norah, "You don't have a boyfriend, right?"

Norah glanced at Kevin. "No, not yet."

Principal Norman turned to Steven. "Norah doesn't have a boyfriend yet. You should make your move."

Norah was taken aback. Just earlier, she had asked Steven not to misinterpret her father's intentions. Now, Principal Norman was trying to set them up. She quickly tried to explain, "Teacher Norman, Steven already has..."

But Steven interrupted, "I'll do my best."

Norah was stunned. She had been about to say Steven was interested in someone else, but his response left her speechless. What did he mean?

She looked at Steven, who smiled at her, as if to confirm his words.

Norah was completely shocked. Could Steven really like her?

Kevin's expression darkened, feeling threatened. He said, "Principal Norman, today isn't the time for matchmaking. Whether they like each other or not depends on both of them. It's not enough for just one person to have feelings."

"True," Principal Norman agreed. "Norah's a beautiful woman. I'm sure plenty of men are interested, so her standards are naturally high." He looked at Steven. "But Steven is also excellent—young, successful, and kind."

Kevin's face grew darker. It was clear that Principal Norman was very fond of Steven and eager to match them.

Steven, noticing Kevin's reaction, smiled and said, "You flatter me, Teacher Norman. But Norah really is an incredible person, and she deserves to be well cared for."

Norah felt a bit uneasy, but Steven's words moved her. He had called her the best person in the world, someone who deserved to be cherished.

No woman could resist such kind words.

Kevin noticed Norah's reaction. She seemed touched by Steven, which made him uncomfortable. He tugged at his tie and said coldly, "Talk is easy. But when Norah was at her lowest, Mr. Lord wasn't there to help."

Steven's eyes narrowed slightly. He hadn't been around when Norah needed him most, and that still bothered him. No matter how successful he became, he hadn't been able to support her when it mattered.

Determined not to back down, he replied, "You're right, Mr. Edwards. I'll make sure to be more attentive from now on."

Sensing the rising tension, Norah quickly interrupted. "It's cold out. Let's go inside."

Principal Norman, realizing the conversation's direction, added, "Yes, let's head in for dinner."

They entered a luxurious five-star hotel, known for its elegance and exclusivity.

As they walked in, a young woman approached and called out, "Dad!"

Principal Norman's face lit up. "Alma! You're early. Have you been waiting long?"

"I just got here," Alma replied, looking at the group. "Dad, are these all your guests?"

"Yes," Principal Norman introduced them. "This is Steven, one of my top students, now a financial leader. This is Norah, who used to be a star student and is now Mr. Edwards' secretary. And this is Mr. Edwards himself. They're all remarkable people."

Alma greeted them politely, but her attention lingered on Kevin. She extended her hand, smiling brightly. "Hello, Mr. Edwards. I've heard so much about you. I've always wanted to meet you, but my father never introduced us. It's great to finally meet."

Norah knew about Principal Norman's daughter, but had never met her. She had only heard that Alma had studied abroad. Now, seeing her in person, Alma seemed cheerful, confident, and bold.

It wasn't surprising. Alma was beautiful, full of energy, and unafraid to make her intentions clear.

Kevin barely glanced at her and didn't shake her hand. "Principal Norman, I didn't know your daughter would be joining us today, so I didn't bring a gift."

Principal Norman smiled. "No need, Mr. Edwards. My daughter is just a bit lively, so don't mind her."

Alma wasn't bothered. Growing up abroad had made her passionate and free-spirited. She turned to her father, playfully scolding, "Dad, don't talk about me like that in front of guests."

Principal Norman laughed. "Alright, let's go inside and order. Get whatever you like. Don't say I didn't spoil you."

"Thanks, Dad," Alma said with a smile before heading into the dining room.

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## Chapter 67

Principal Norman adored his only daughter, Alma, and treated her with great care. While he only mentioned her briefly in public, at home he treated her like a treasure. He rarely brought her to events unless she showed interest, but he had never introduced her to Kevin before. He was concerned that Alma wouldn't be able to handle someone as difficult as Kevin.

Originally, Principal Norman wanted to match Alma with Steven, thinking his kind personality would make for a good marriage. But now, things had changed. It was obvious that Steven liked Norah, and Alma seemed interested in Kevin. So, he had no choice but to respect her wishes and see how things played out.

Besides them, Principal Norman had some friends at the dinner as well—older relatives who had watched Alma grow up and cared for her deeply. When they arrived, they eagerly asked about her life, and Alma greeted them warmly.

Once everyone had gathered, Alma turned to Kevin and asked, "Mr. Edwards, do you have any dietary preferences or favorite foods?"

Surprised by the question, Kevin replied coldly, "Ms. Norman, please be careful."

The older guests chuckled and teased, "Alma, there are so many of us here, but you only asked Mr. Edwards. Looks like someone's heart has flown away!"

Alma blushed and said, "Come on, uncles and aunts, don't make things up. I already know all your preferences!"

They all laughed, knowing what was really going on. It was clear Alma was being encouraged to get closer to Kevin.

Norah, having been with Kevin for years, had seen many women try to win his attention, but Alma was the most direct. Kevin remained quiet, sipping his drink, showing no visible reaction.

The conversation at dinner shifted to topics like donations and future plans, focusing on Kevin's work with Principal Norman. Norah didn't need to participate and stayed quiet, listening.

Meanwhile, Steven continued chatting with others but kept offering food to Norah, which made her feel awkward. Taking a chance, she asked him quietly, "Steven, what you said outside earlier..."

"It's true," he replied, not hiding his feelings anymore. This time, he wanted to be clear about his intentions.

"But at the class reunion, you said you liked someone else. How can it be me?" Norah asked, confused.

"I only said that to avoid embarrassing you," Steven admitted. "But I really do have feelings for you."

Norah was at a loss for words, still thinking it might be a joke.

Steven gently continued, "You're probably wondering how I could have such strong feelings after just seeing you again. You might think, given my position, I wouldn't be so easily drawn to anyone, especially with how sure I seemed in front of Teacher Norman."

He had guessed what she was thinking, and she nodded, recalling how they had only met twice since their school days.

Steven took a sip of water and explained, "Norah, I've actually liked you since junior high."

"Junior high?" Norah asked, surprised.

Steven nodded. "That's how I know so much about you. I've been watching you since then, but back in school, you were so amazing, and I didn't feel worthy of you. So, I worked hard to become someone who could stand by your side, like now."

He smiled, remembering his awkward teenage years when he was an overweight kid too shy to approach her.

"Now, I'm the best version of myself," Steven said, clearly proud of how far he had come.

Norah was stunned to hear how long Steven had cared for her. She hadn't noticed any of this back then.

Steven continued with a soft smile, "I even came back from overseas once when I heard you were hurt. It was during high school, and I only dared to look at you from afar. Seeing you safe made me so happy, and I promised myself that when I returned, I'd do everything to make you happy."

Norah felt overwhelmed. She understood how deeply Steven had cared for her, for even longer than her feelings for Kevin had lasted.

She asked, "So, you never liked anyone else all these years?"

Steven smiled, teasing, "Maybe it runs in our family to be loyal and affectionate."

"But, Norah, don't feel pressured. I just want you to know how I feel. Even if we're just friends, I'm happy with that."

Norah stayed silent, feeling grateful. Steven never pressured her, and his presence was always comforting. It must have taken great courage for him to confess his feelings.

"Thank you, Steven," she finally said.

Understanding her hesitation, Steven said gently, "Don't worry, Norah. Just eat and relax. Forget I said anything."

He then turned back to the others, continuing the conversation as if nothing had happened.

Norah admired Steven's calm and strong spirit. She often envied his ability to remain so composed.

Across the table, Kevin sat far away, unable to hear their conversation but noticing how long they were talking.

Suddenly, Alma approached Kevin with a cheerful smile. "Mr. Edwards, I'd like to toast you. Please, do me the honor!"

Kevin, distracted, raised his glass and clinked it with Alma's, saying, "Ms. Norman, there's no need for such formality."

Encouraged by his response, Alma asked, "Then, can we have dinner together sometime?"

Kevin's expression turned cold. "When?"

Alma quickly replied, "Any time that's good for you. I'm free every day, just waiting for your word."

Seeing her boldness, Principal Norman gently warned, "Alma, don't cause trouble for Mr. Edwards. There are a lot of people here."

Confidently, Alma responded, "Dad, Mr. Edwards isn't like that. If he didn't want to, he wouldn't have agreed."

Kevin didn't refuse, but Norah felt uneasy. She understood Kevin's message: if he didn't want to, he wouldn't have answered Alma's request.

During the meal, Alma stayed close to Kevin, trying to engage him.

Feeling overwhelmed, Norah excused herself early and went to the bathroom. On her way out, she heard Alma's playful voice, "Mr. Edwards~"

She looked over and saw Alma standing on her toes, trying to kiss Kevin, her arms wrapped around his neck.

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### Chapter 68

At that moment, Norah felt as if she had been struck by lightning. Her face turned pale, her body froze, and she couldn't move. She wanted to run away, but her feet were like they were nailed to the ground. She couldn't take her eyes off them.

She never imagined that after coming out of the bathroom, things would escalate to the point of them kissing.

But then, Kevin quickly pulled Alma's hand away. His eyes met Norah's, and for a moment, he was stunned. Their eyes locked, filled with doubt and sadness.

Kevin didn't have time to explain. He simply kept his distance from Alma and said coldly, "Ms. Norman, respect yourself."



Alma, not discouraged, followed him out. Seeing Kevin alone, she tried to get close to him. She believed no man could resist a beautiful woman, and she had never been rejected before. She thought that by making the first move, she could win Kevin over.

Even if it was just a one-night stand, she thought it would be worth it. She didn't expect him to pull away.

Maybe he was playing hard to get, Alma thought. Instead of being upset, she smiled and brushed her hair back. "Mr. Edwards, didn't you promise me? Don't you like it when I throw myself at you? Or do you prefer something else?"

She was confident no one could refuse her.

Kevin's face grew cold, and there was disgust in his eyes. "Ms. Norman, if you don't respect yourself, I have no interest. But I don't touch just any woman."

His words made Alma uncomfortable. "Mr. Edwards, I'm not some casual woman. I admire you."

"Ms. Norman, you're acting very casually now," Kevin replied bluntly, not caring about her feelings.

Alma tried again. "I grew up abroad. When I meet someone I like, I'm bolder. I hope I didn't scare you, Mr. Edwards. If you don't like this, I can be more subtle. Just tell me the type of woman you like, and I'll adjust."

Kevin, clearly uninterested, said coldly, "I don't like you, Ms. Norman. Don't waste your time."

He didn't give Alma a chance. He disliked women who clung to him, especially ones like Alma.

Earlier, he had only done this to see Norah's reaction. As his wife, would she be jealous? Even just a little? But she walked away, showing she didn't care.

He looked at Norah, who stood frozen at the door. Maybe she really believed something was going on between him and Alma.

He pushed Alma aside so she wouldn't block Norah's way.

Alma, still in shock at Kevin's coldness, couldn't understand. She believed her charm and confidence would work on him.

How could a man refuse her?

But Kevin was different, and he had humiliated her enough.

Alma turned and saw Norah behind her. Being seen by Norah made her feel even more embarrassed.

"How long are you going to stand there?" Kevin asked, looking at Norah.

Norah bit her lip. Even though nothing happened between them, she felt uneasy. She calmed herself, not wanting to show her emotions. She lowered her head and said, "Sorry, I was just going to the bathroom and interrupted."

Kevin responded coldly, "Norah, are you really going to talk to me like this?"

He hated her indifference.

Besides work, Norah acted like she didn't care about him at all.

Norah felt a sharp sting in her heart, but she knew their marriage was a transaction, and Kevin didn't have feelings for her. Their relationship couldn't go further.

She composed herself, smiled, and glanced at Alma. "Mr. Edwards, as your secretary, I won't see or hear anything I shouldn't. Everything that happens here will stay secret."

Alma immediately understood and said, "Mr. Edwards, is there someone you're worried about? If it's your secretary, she'll keep quiet. You've never had a scandal, and you don't have a public girlfriend. I don't need a title, so how about a secret relationship?"

She admired Kevin and just wanted to get closer to him.

If he showed interest, she would be willing to be his secret lover. She couldn't imagine him rejecting her.

Norah's distance and indifference were already frustrating Kevin, and Alma's persistence annoyed him even more. His cold eyes moved from Norah to Alma.

Alma was smiling, but when she saw Kevin's icy gaze, her smile faded, and she felt a chill.

"Ms. Norman, I've made it clear I'm not interested. You don't want your father to know about your behavior, and you certainly don't want to embarrass yourself."

Alma was overconfident, thinking she could control Kevin by throwing herself at him. But he wasn't like other men. He didn't care about her and wasn't afraid to make it clear. This crushed her pride.

After speaking, Kevin ignored Alma and grabbed Norah's hand, pulling her forward roughly. His grip was so tight, it felt like he wanted to break her bones, venting his anger.

Norah felt pain in her wrist but stayed silent, trying to keep up with his fast pace.

Alma, left behind, felt angry and humiliated. She stomped her feet in frustration as she watched them leave.

Why didn't he like her?

How could he care more about a secretary than her?

She couldn't understand or accept it.

Kevin dragged Norah outside, his anger obvious. Before she could react, he pushed her against the Rolls-Royce. Instinctively, she protected her belly.

Kevin trapped her between the car and himself, his hands pressed against the vehicle. His eyes burned with fury, barely controlled.

Norah's wrists were red, and she looked up into his furious eyes.

"Mr. Edwards, did I upset you?"

“Norah, another woman was coming on to me, and you didn’t stop her. Instead, you walked away. Is this how you do your job as a secretary?” Kevin asked, his tone dark.

Norah didn’t know how to respond.

This wasn’t the first time something like this had happened.

With his status, Kevin naturally attracted beautiful women.

In the past, many models and celebrities tried to get close to him, and she had stopped them, just like he said.

But today, the situation was different. Alma was Principal Norman’s daughter, and her status was higher. Since they were chatting so naturally, Norah thought Kevin liked her and didn’t want to interfere.

“You two seemed to be getting along. I thought you liked her and didn’t want to ruin the mood,” Norah said.

“How considerate of you,” Kevin replied coldly. He didn’t know how to deal with her.

Norah realized she had made a mistake. She wasn’t being a responsible secretary like before. She had acted out of selfishness.

## Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 69

### Chapter 69

“I’m sorry, Mr. Edwards. I made a mistake today. I should’ve stopped things earlier, and I upset you. I’ll make sure it doesn’t happen again.” Norah quickly admitted her fault, worried he might get angry and argue.

Kevin, noticing how fast she admitted it, asked, “Was it for work or personal reasons?”

Norah knew it was personal but stayed silent. “Of course, it was for work. As long as I’m your secretary, I’ll be responsible for my actions. You can deduct my pay if you want, I won’t complain.”

Kevin was silent, clearly unhappy, but couldn't argue further. His face darkened, and he let her go, acting like they hadn't spoken at all.

Norah thought the situation was resolved, but Kevin's expression only got colder. As a secretary, she cautiously asked, "Mr. Edwards, are we not going back inside? You barely ate, are you hungry?"

Kevin, still cold, said, "Call Kian and tell him we're going home!"

The earlier incident with Alma clearly made him more upset. His emotions were always hard to predict.

Norah didn't think too much and quickly called Kian to come out. As she waited, Steven messaged her, worried since she'd been gone for a while. She reassured him and told him she was heading home.

Steven simply replied, "Be careful."

Norah noticed that Steven always kept a respectful distance, never crossing any boundaries, yet still showing concern. It was a strange feeling, almost like he knew something but didn't say it.

When Kevin saw her messaging Steven, his mood worsened. "What were you and Steven whispering about at the table?"

Caught off guard, Norah was still processing Steven's earlier confession. She tried to dodge the question: "We were just reminiscing about school, nothing important."

Kevin scoffed, "You remember things from over ten years ago that clearly? You have a good memory."

Norah lowered her eyes and clenched her hands slightly. "Can you forget everything from ten years ago?"

"Depends on what it is," Kevin said, his tone cold.

She pressed further, "What do you still remember from back then?"

Kevin frowned, rubbing his forehead. "I don't want to think about it."

Norah looked at his perfect face, noticing how detached he was from the past. Sometimes, she thought he had completely changed from the boy she once knew. If today's Kevin had been around back then, he wouldn't have saved her. But it was still him, even if the past didn't matter to him now.

She smiled bitterly to herself. Why couldn't she stop thinking about it? She had survived all these years because she was determined to find him.

"Secretary White."

Norah was startled awake by someone calling her. Kian had opened the car door and was shaking her gently. She sat up. "What's wrong?"

"Mr. Edwards drank a lot tonight and won't wake up," Kian said.

Norah quickly looked over and saw Kevin sleeping in the same position, breathing steadily, showing no signs of waking. He must've been exhausted, though he rarely drank this much.

Seeing they'd arrived home, Norah said, "I'll get someone to help him inside. Mr. Kian, it's late, you should go rest."

Kian nodded. "Take care of Mr. Edwards."

Norah hurried into the house and called the staff to help Kevin to his bedroom. Once he was on the bed, Norah felt drained. She helped take off his shoes and hung his jacket. The strong smell of alcohol lingered.

Suddenly, Kevin turned over and pulled Norah into his arms, holding her tightly. She froze as his face rested against her stomach, and he held her close like a child seeking warmth, completely different from his usual cold self.

Norah looked down at his softened expression, stroking his face gently. If only he could stay like this forever. She smiled briefly but quickly pulled away and went to the bathroom to get a warm towel to clean him up.

Carefully, she unbuttoned his shirt and wiped his face and body. But as she wiped his neck and moved downward, she froze, noticing scars all over his body. Her breathing grew heavy as she sat down on the bed, shocked. The scars were everywhere—on his chest, his abdomen, and likely his back too.

How could he have so many injuries? He was from a wealthy family, living in luxury all his life. How did he get these scars?

Norah gently touched the scar on his abdomen, trembling. She knew he had used her, but seeing his injuries still made her heart ache. One of the scars, caused by a bullet, was from when he saved her.

Tears fell onto his wound. Kevin, half-awake, felt the warmth of her tear and opened his eyes to see her quietly crying. He quickly buttoned his shirt and asked, his voice hoarse, "I'm awake. Did I do something wrong?"

## Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 70

### Chapter 70

Norah quickly wiped her tears, trying to act normal, and said, "You drank a lot tonight. Just lie down and rest."

Kevin frowned slightly and asked, "Were you crying just now?"

Norah looked down, "There was something in my eye."

"Why were you crying?" he asked again.

Kevin rarely saw her cry, so he knew she must have been very upset.

After a pause, Norah said, "I wiped your body earlier and saw all the scars. I didn't know you had so many injuries."

Kevin froze. Her tears had been for him. "Are you feeling sorry for me?" he asked.

His words made Norah's heart race, like her hidden feelings were about to be exposed. "It's just... I've never seen someone with so many scars. It must have hurt a lot."

She was someone who had to mentally prepare even for a simple needle prick, let alone scars like his.

Kevin's expression softened, showing unexpected tenderness. "You care if I'm hurt. Norah, you're the first person to say that."

He smiled slightly, unable to hold back a laugh.

Norah met his eyes and could see emotions there—surprise, joy, and a hint of teasing. “How could that be? You’ve had these injuries for a long time, and there must have been people who cared—your grandpa, your mother, your aunt. Lots of people care about you.”

Norah’s thoughts were simple. Kevin had grown up in luxury, surrounded by people who doted on him. But then she wondered, if he had been so valued, how did he end up with so many injuries? She could understand the bullet wounds, but what about the others?

She was still lost in thought when Kevin, seeing no point in hiding anything, unbuttoned his shirt again, showing her all his scars.

Norah bit her lip, still in shock.

Kevin frowned, not wanting to revisit the past. “It’s been a long time. I don’t want to talk about it anymore.”

Then, looking at her with deep eyes and a relaxed smile, he added, “But seeing you cry for me, I know you really care.”

Norah’s mind raced, trying to interpret his words. Did he mean he was happy that she cared? Or was he just relieved that someone finally felt sorry for him?

She thought back to how he had once risked his life to save her. “Kevin, it must have been hard for you to get this far.”

Kevin’s eyes narrowed slightly, surprised by her words. He chuckled, “Who has it easy? People shouldn’t dwell on the past, but focus on the future.”

If his life had been easy, he wouldn’t be standing here today. He’d likely be long gone.

What he said made sense. Life isn’t easy for anyone—there’s always something harder.

Kevin said nothing more, stood up, and took off his shirt. He was so comfortable with her that he didn’t feel the need to hide anything.

She knew this would happen.



His muscular back was also covered in scars, making him look even more strong, though the scars marred his flawless figure.

As Norah touched his back, Kevin tensed. His eyes darkened, but he didn't pull away. His hoarse voice whispered, "It doesn't hurt anymore."

Those scars pierced Norah's heart. She stayed quiet but clenched her fists.

Kevin didn't want to talk about it—those scars likely carried painful memories, including the time when he had protected her.

Norah took a step back, letting go.

She realized there were still things about Kevin she didn't know.

She even wondered if he had once been "Anthony," not Kevin.

Bonnie had said she didn't like Siena and that she had raised Kevin, claiming Siena had no right to flaunt herself in front of her. Siena was supposed to be Kevin's mother, but she never seemed to care about him. It didn't make sense.

Maybe Siena hadn't loved her son much when he was young, which explained his difficult childhood. But now it seemed Siena had finally come around.

Norah's mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, but she quickly refocused and said, "You smell like alcohol. Go take a shower."

"Okay," Kevin said calmly, pulling on his shirt and heading to the bathroom.

Norah went to the closet and grabbed a set of pajamas for him, placing them by the bathroom door. She had become used to taking care of him, and Kevin had gotten used to it too.

Sometimes, she wondered if, after their divorce, Kevin would struggle without her, or if another woman would step in to care for him and know his habits. If that happened, he would likely forget about her quickly. Life moves on, and Kevin would too.

Norah grabbed her own pajamas and took a bath in the other bathroom. When she returned to the bedroom, she lay on the bed with her eyes closed. Soon, Kevin came out of the bathroom.

She pretended to be asleep as she felt the bed shift and Kevin's body press against hers. His arms wrapped tightly around her waist, and his warm body clung to hers. His breath brushed against her cheek, still carrying a faint smell of alcohol.

She felt his hand move up her pajama top.

When his hand reached her lower abdomen, the heat made Norah jolt.

She turned her head, pretending to be groggy, and met Kevin's slightly drunk gaze. For the first time, she saw a hint of affection in his eyes.

He kissed her neck gently, his touch soft, and his voice husky and magnetic as he whispered, "Norah, don't talk to Steven anymore. Just be my wife."