

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 76

Chapter 76

Kevin had done what Norah wanted, so she should have felt happy. But Norah just pressed her lips together and stayed silent.

Lola noticed the tension in the room and tried to lighten the mood. "Ms. White, why don't you stay and have dinner with me?" she suggested. "Auntie is an amazing cook! Whatever you want, she can make it. You have to try her cooking."

Norah looked at Lola but replied, "No, thank you..."

"Please," Lola quickly added, turning to Kevin with a hopeful expression. "Mr. Edwards, can Ms. White stay? I've been eating alone for so long, and it's so lonely."

Kevin glanced at Norah and replied indifferently, "It's up to you."

Lola, satisfied with his response, turned back to Norah. "See, Mr. Edwards says it's fine. Please stay."

Norah hesitated but finally agreed, "Okay then."

"This place suddenly feels lively. I'm so happy!" Lola said with a smile.

Kevin, however, remained distant. "Secretary White, are you planning to just stand there?"

Feeling awkward under his cold gaze, Norah responded, "I'll go help in the kitchen."

Lola protested, "No, Ms. White, you're a guest. You shouldn't be in the kitchen. Stay here with me..."

But Norah insisted, "I'll go to the kitchen. You two can chat." With a hint of stubbornness, she turned and left.

Lola wanted to say more, but when Norah walked away without looking back, she took a deep breath. She hadn't meant to treat Norah like a maid.

Turning to Kevin, she asked, “Mr. Edwards, isn’t she your secretary? You’re not treating her like a servant, are you?”

Kevin’s expression turned icy as he looked sharply at Lola. His cold demeanor made her tense up. Had she said something wrong?

She nervously clenched her fists, trying to ease the pressure. Kevin’s voice was cutting, “Ms. Gill, if you’re smart, you’ll know there are things you shouldn’t say.”

Lola realized she had crossed a line. She quickly apologized, “I’m sorry, Mr. Edwards. I shouldn’t have said that.”

Kevin didn’t respond, remaining cold and distant. He glanced toward the kitchen, then got up and left the room.

Lola watched him go, feeling a mix of admiration and anxiety. Kevin had saved her like a hero, and she was drawn to him. But she knew she needed to understand him better, to avoid making mistakes, and to show him she could be the perfect companion. With a hopeful smile, she looked forward to the future.

Meanwhile, Norah was in the kitchen. She wasn’t just there for Lola; she was there for Kevin, too. She had hoped for this opportunity.

Lola had become more comfortable around Kevin, warming up to him in a way she hadn’t before. She was grateful for the home he had provided, and she seemed to believe he was the best person in her life.

“Ms. White,” Lola’s voice came from behind Norah.

Norah didn’t turn around, continuing to pick through the vegetables in front of her.

“How long have you worked for Mr. Edwards?” Lola asked curiously.

Norah paused. “Why do you want to know?”

Lola persisted, “I want to know how well you know him.”

Norah turned to face her. There was a smile on Lola's face, but also a look of admiration in her eyes—an eagerness to understand everything about Kevin. Norah recognized that look; she had once felt the same way.

“I know him well enough,” Norah said calmly. “What exactly do you want to know?”

Lola didn't hide her intentions. “I want to know everything. The more I understand him, the less likely I am to make him unhappy.”

Norah looked at her thoughtfully. “You think that if you understand him better and make him happy, he might like you more?”

Lola blushed, embarrassed. “Ms. White, you can tell I like him, can't you? Do you think Mr. Edwards knows too?”

Norah didn't answer, and Lola continued, her ambition clear. “I don't have a fancy background, but Kevin doesn't seem to care about that. Just being around him is enough for me. But sometimes, I think... if I went to college and had a better future, wouldn't I be more worthy of him?”

Her boldness was striking, but it also resonated with Norah. In many ways, she saw herself in Lola—determined to chase after someone she admired. Norah didn't judge Lola for her feelings but gave her a warning: “Lola, you think he's different because he's kind to you. But the truth is, he's like everyone else. This kindness is just a small thing to him. He might never care about it the way you do. You can't control him.”

Norah's words hit Lola hard. She had believed that Kevin's kindness made him special. Now, she felt uncertain, her confidence shaken.

Norah, sensing she had said enough, decided to leave it there. Lola, now deflated, quietly left the kitchen.

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Later, Norah prepared a pear dessert, something to cool down Kevin's temper. She brought it to his study.

Kevin was sitting on the sofa, his expression stern as she entered. He didn't acknowledge her, his face hard as if she had wronged him.

Norah set the bowl down on the table and said gently, “Mr. Edwards, I made pear soup. It’ll help you cool down.”

Kevin glanced at the bowl, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Secretary White, you’ve improved your cooking skills.”

Norah smiled faintly. “You’ve seemed a bit angry lately. I thought this might help.”

Kevin stayed silent, but his anger seemed to lessen.

Feeling the moment was right, Norah quietly added, “I didn’t bring Lola here to see you.”

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Chapter 77

Kevin was surprised by Norah’s comment. “Why didn’t you mention this before?”

“You didn’t give me a chance to explain last time,” Norah replied, remembering how Kevin had walked away without hearing her out.

Kevin was still suspicious. “If you didn’t bring Lola here, she wouldn’t know you. But the first time I saw her, she seemed so familiar with you. You must have known each other for a while.”

It didn’t add up, but luckily, Norah hadn’t said too much when she first met Lola, and no one knew she was searching for a replacement. This gave her a chance to explain herself.

“I did meet her twice,” Norah admitted. “You asked me to find her, so I paid attention to the task you gave me.”

Kevin caught a flaw in her explanation. “She didn’t come, and you didn’t tell me? You kept it a secret?”

Norah hesitated, worried that Kevin might think she had done it intentionally. “I wasn’t sure if it was really her. If I had been certain, I would have brought her to you immediately.”

She still didn't understand what had made him so upset. She had always been a diligent and responsible secretary, but she wasn't going to take blame for something that wasn't her fault. She never thought about the fact that she was still his wife.

Kevin adjusted his tie and said coolly, "I understand. You can go."

Kevin had heard enough and decided he wouldn't hold her responsible for anything in the future.

"Alright, Mr. Edwards, take a rest. I'll call you when dinner is ready," Norah said as she quietly left the room.

Kevin stared at the bowl of steaming rock sugar and snow pear soup she had left. He stirred the soup with the spoon and couldn't help but smile a little.

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Lola noticed Norah wasn't in the kitchen and asked, "Where's Ms. White?"

The maid replied, "Mr. Edwards has been overheated lately, so Ms. White made a bowl of rock sugar and snow pear soup for him."

This piqued Lola's interest. "How long has it been?"

"About ten minutes."

Lola pondered. Norah seemed very concerned about Kevin's health. Was it normal for a secretary to be this involved in someone's personal life? Something didn't seem right.

Norah soon returned with an empty plate, having delivered the soup. Lola watched her closely, thinking that with a secretary as attractive as Norah, it would be hard for any boss not to be interested.

At dinner, the three of them sat together in an awkward silence. Lola, trying to break the tension, picked up some food with the serving chopsticks and offered it to Norah. "Ms. White, try Auntie's specialty. It's sour, spicy, and really delicious."

Kevin glanced up and casually remarked, "She doesn't eat much spicy food."

Lola froze, embarrassed. She quickly withdrew her hand. “Really? I didn’t know. Sorry, Ms. White.”

“It’s fine,” Norah said softly, picking up some ribs for herself. “Just eat what you like. I can serve myself.”

Lola, sensing Norah’s preference, stopped trying to be so kind. She ate quietly, but couldn’t help noticing how well Kevin seemed to know Norah’s likes and dislikes. Would a boss normally know so much about an employee’s preferences?

Suddenly, Norah felt nauseous. She put down her chopsticks, covered her mouth, and hurried to the bathroom.

Lola was startled. “Ms. White...”

Before she could say more, Kevin’s expression turned serious. He quickly stood up and followed Norah, leaving Lola even more surprised. Would a boss really be this concerned about a subordinate?

At the bathroom door, Kevin frowned as he watched Norah retching by the toilet. She looked pale and worn out.

Worried, Kevin went to support her, speaking softly. “Are you feeling unwell?”

Norah, feeling more anxious under his gaze, started vomiting even more. She shook her head, unable to respond.

Kevin had never seen her like this before and became increasingly concerned. “We should go to the hospital.”

“No!” Norah grabbed his sleeve, clearly distressed.

Her strong reaction made Kevin pause, deep in thought. Sensing his suspicion, Norah quickly tried to calm down. She wiped her mouth with a tissue and explained, “It’s just my stomach acting up. Last time, it was hypoglycemia from not eating enough. There’s no need to worry, I’ll be fine after resting.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Kevin asked again.

“Really, I’m fine,” Norah insisted. “You should go back and eat. Don’t worry about me.”

Kevin looked at her pale face for a moment before reluctantly agreeing.

Norah washed her face and returned to the dining room. As soon as she sat down, Kevin brought over a cup of warm milk and placed it in front of her. “Drink this. It’s your favorite sweet milk. It’ll help with the hypoglycemia.”

The milk was still steaming. Norah held the cup in her hands and replied, “I’ll finish it.”

Kevin seemed satisfied with her response.

Lola watched this interaction closely, realizing that their relationship wasn’t just a simple boss-secretary dynamic.

At first, she had thought Kevin was being hard on Norah, but now things seemed much more complicated.

She noticed how Norah smiled slightly when she looked at the milk. Did she appreciate that Kevin remembered her preferences?

Norah had always been calm and composed, not one to smile often. Did she have feelings for Kevin?

Lola clenched her hands, recalling how Norah had warned her not to fall for Kevin, saying he couldn’t be controlled.

Was Norah trying to discourage her on purpose, hoping to eliminate a competitor?

The more Lola thought about it, the more convinced she became that this was the case.

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Chapter 78

Norah later regretted not taking her back. It was clear she didn’t want anyone else around Kevin, fearing it might threaten her position with him.

It made sense why she had changed.

She had feelings for Kevin and wouldn't allow any other woman to come between them, which explained her earlier words.

She thought that if she hadn't come herself, Kevin might never discover she was the one who spent that night with him.

Norah would have likely found a way to cover it up and send her away.

At first, Lola didn't think too deeply about it. Being in such a situation for the first time, she was scared and overwhelmed. She didn't expect the other person to take responsibility. Knowing Kevin was looking for her, she didn't want to cause trouble and just wanted to leave on good terms.

But Kevin was kind and gentle, keeping her close and making her feel loved. So, she decided to stay. Her presence might be a threat to Norah.

Kevin received a call, something important, and after hanging up, he said to Norah, "I have something to take care of, I need to go. Finish your milk, and if you're tired, go home. Don't overwork yourself today."

"Okay, I understand."

Kevin responded briefly, didn't look at Lola, didn't say goodbye, and just walked out.

The Rolls-Royce slowly pulled away from the door.

Watching Kevin leave without acknowledging her, Lola's face went pale, and she felt a wave of sadness. It seemed things had changed again. Initially, Kevin noticed her, but now, with Norah around, she felt invisible.

What did Norah say to Kevin to make him act so differently?

Lola looked at Norah again.

Norah slowly sipped the sweet milk from her cup. Her sense of smell was heightened during pregnancy, and she noticed a slightly off smell in the milk.

The sweetness turned unpleasant.

But Kevin was right. She needed to take care of herself and avoid another bout of hypoglycemia, which wasn't good for her or the baby. Even though she felt nauseous, she forced herself to eat.

Norah lowered her head but felt someone staring at her. She looked up and saw Lola watching her intently, filled with doubt.

Norah put the cup down and asked, "Why are you looking at me?"

Lola didn't want to question Norah's intentions. After all, Norah was the first person she had connected with since coming here.

She even thought that Norah's appearance had changed her fate. Otherwise, she might never have had a chance to change her life. She felt she should be grateful to Norah.

But trust between people is fragile. Lola couldn't fully trust Norah, and now, she was even a bit afraid of her. "Yes, I see you're not feeling well and vomiting a lot," she said.

"My stomach isn't great," Norah replied lightly.

Lola added, "Mr. Edwards seems very kind to you and knows you well. It's rare to have a boss who cares so much about an employee."

Norah paused but didn't respond.

Lola noticed the hesitation. "Ms. White, you haven't told me how long you've been with Mr. Edwards. It must have been a long time. After being with him for so long, do you have feelings for him?"

She was testing Norah.

Norah looked up at Lola again. Her questions today were different, almost as if she was hoping for a certain answer.

It was crossing a line to ask about such personal matters. Norah remained calm, but her words were cold: "These are not questions you should be asking, and I don't need to answer them."

"Isn't the food your aunt made delicious? Then eat more."

Norah put the cup down, clearly done with the conversation.

She was about to leave, and with Kevin gone, Lola feared she wouldn't have another chance to ask her questions.

Before Norah left, Lola said, "Usually, when someone doesn't answer a question directly, it means the answer already exists. You like Mr. Edwards! So, what you said to me earlier was because you're afraid my presence is a threat. Ms. White, do you have any selfish motives? You don't want me around because I had a relationship with Mr. Edwards and it upset you!"

Norah frowned and turned back.

Lola looked at her confidently. She was no longer the timid girl she had been when they first met.

"Where does your confidence come from?" Norah asked calmly. "Did you really have a relationship with Mr. Edwards? I found you by chance. How could it be such a coincidence?"

"So, you still don't believe me," Lola said, standing up. "What do I need to do to make you believe it was me? That day was the first time I went to that hotel, and then that happened. At first, I didn't want to remember it, but I know the man was Mr. Edwards. I don't regret what happened."

Norah stared into Lola's eyes, seeing innocence and sincerity.

Looking at Lola, Norah felt she wasn't lying.

Lola was so sure that Norah was left speechless. "You've already moved in. Your goal isn't to make me believe you; it's to make Mr. Edwards believe you. It only matters if he believes you."

Lola added, "But I like Mr. Edwards."

Norah paused, her lips pursed repeatedly.

"I like Mr. Edwards very much. I'll find a way to make him like me too. Don't try to stop me anymore." The way they interacted earlier made Lola feel threatened. She didn't want Norah's words to undermine her confidence.

"If you like him too, we can compete fairly. Don't play dirty."

Norah realized her words had made Lola suspicious, thinking she had hidden motives.

But if Lola hadn't asked, Norah wouldn't have revealed the truth.

Since Lola was willing to take the risk, Norah wouldn't stop her: "Lola, if you like him, that's your business. It has nothing to do with me."

With that, Norah left.

Lola, however, became more determined to win Kevin's heart. After taking a shower, with wet hair, a naked body, and fair skin, she stood in front of the mirror, her face looking pure and pitiful.

She was blessed with both beauty and youth.

This body, which she never gave to just any man despite her work in a nightclub, would now be dedicated to securing a home. She couldn't afford to let it slip away.

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The next day, Norah woke up early and went to the hospital. The doctor advised her to return for a follow-up when she felt better and also to get an ultrasound. She registered at the hospital and took her number to the gynecology department.

The ultrasound room was crowded, mostly with pregnant women, many accompanied by their husbands. With hundreds of people ahead of her, she realized she wouldn't get a number that morning and would have to wait until the afternoon.

She decided to return early in the afternoon.

The gynecology department was on the third floor, so she took the elevator downstairs.

With a "ding," the door opened, and someone outside was about to enter the elevator.

Norah looked up and saw the person in front of her. Her eyes widened, her face turned pale, and the registration form in her hand fell to the floor.

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Chapter 79

Kevin was the man standing there.

He noticed the registration form Norah had dropped and, puzzled, bent down to pick it up. He was surprised to see her at the hospital so early.

Norah quickly approached him and snatched the form from his hand, her eyes widening with worry. She could feel her secret was on the brink of being discovered. Trying to stay calm, she said, "I'm just here for a checkup."

Kevin's gaze narrowed as he looked at her. "If you're not feeling well, why are you getting a B-ultrasound?"

Norah avoided his eyes, her fists clenching. "I told you, it's just a checkup."

Clearly dissatisfied, Kevin asked coldly, "Why didn't you tell me you were coming to the hospital?"

Norah explained, "You weren't home last night. I couldn't reach you, so I came alone."

"Why didn't you call me?" Kevin questioned.

Norah hesitated before replying, "I called you before, but you didn't answer, so I didn't bother."

Kevin had indeed ignored her calls earlier, still angry about something. But he had kept his phone on yesterday, expecting she might call. He had wondered how she was managing alone at home.

Now, seeing that she had come to the hospital by herself, he realized she didn't need him as much as he thought.

Noticing Kevin still wearing the same suit from yesterday, Norah asked, "Why are you at the hospital so early?"

Kevin replied, "An old friend was admitted, so I came to visit."

He noticed something off about Norah's behavior. "Don't you have an annual checkup? Why this sudden hospital visit?" His eyes drifted to her belly. "Is it serious?"

Norah, instinctively covering her stomach, replied, "It's probably just an endocrine issue since my period's irregular. We'll know more after the ultrasound."

Kevin seemed to recall she hadn't had her period this month. "Have you had the ultrasound yet? If it's too crowded, come back in the afternoon."

Seeing her pale face, he offered, "I can call the dean and get you in sooner."

"No!" Norah blurted out, panicking. She didn't want anyone, especially Kevin, to find out about her pregnancy.

She quickly explained, "The hospital is full of pregnant women waiting for their turn. It wouldn't be fair for me to jump the line. I'll come back later this afternoon."

"You're too considerate," Kevin remarked, a bit surprised by her response.

Norah insisted, "I think it's only right. You should go take care of your own business. I'll be fine."

Kevin, still concerned, suggested, "Since the appointment is later, come with me now. We can go together this afternoon."

This offer startled Norah. Kevin had never been this attentive before, even when she was seriously ill. Now, when she didn't need him, he was offering to stay by her side.

As they stepped into the elevator together, Norah's anxiety grew. She was desperate to escape before he uncovered her secret.

Noticing her discomfort, Kevin asked, "Did you have breakfast?"

Caught off guard, Norah replied quickly, "Yes, I did." She hadn't eaten, but she didn't want to admit it, fearing it might lead to more questions.

Kevin didn't press further.

When they arrived on the eighteenth floor, Kevin led her into a ward filled with flower baskets. He greeted the elderly man on the bed, “Old Mr. Godin.”

The man, nearly eighty, smiled weakly at Kevin. “You’re here again, Kevin. Don’t let my health worry you. You’re too busy for that.”

Kevin responded warmly, “You were my grandfather’s comrade. Of course, I have to visit you.”

The old man sighed, “Your grandfather was always thoughtful, even after he left politics. Now that he’s gone, I feel undeserving of such kindness.”

Kevin sat by his bedside, treating the elderly man like family. “You saved my grandfather’s life. You deserve all this.”

The old man smiled, clearly fond of Kevin. “You’ve been visiting me often. I’m almost better now.”

Norah, listening quietly, was surprised. Could this be why Kevin hadn’t been home recently?

Kevin then turned to Norah, surprising her by introducing her to Old Mr. Godin. Holding her wrist gently, he said, “This is Norah, my wife.”

Norah was stunned. She wasn’t prepared for this sudden introduction and felt a mix of shock and surprise.

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Chapter 80

Norah felt a bit overwhelmed but politely greeted, “Hello, Old Mr. Godin.”

Old Mr. Godin was surprised. He hadn’t heard about Kevin’s marriage before, but he laughed happily and said, “Well, hello! You’re already married, Kevin? When did that happen? You didn’t tell me about such an important event, so this is the first time I’m meeting your wife.”

Old Mr. Godin and Kevin’s grandfather were close comrades in their younger years. They fought together, achieved great things, but later took different paths—Godin went into politics, while Grandpa Edwards pursued business. Their careers kept them apart, and they didn’t see each other much.

Looking at Norah, Old Mr. Godin nodded approvingly, “She’s a good girl, Kevin. You’ve got good taste. She seems kind.”

Kevin explained, “Our wedding was simple and private. You were away, so we didn’t tell you. She prefers a quiet life, so we’ve kept things low-key.”

Old Mr. Godin didn’t complain, saying, “You two are different from other young people. This girl must have had it tough with you.”

As the wife of someone from the Edwards family, Norah hadn’t been introduced publicly, which could be difficult for her.

Kevin admitted, “She’s been through a lot.”

Norah glanced at Kevin, unsure if he was just saying that to appease Old Mr. Godin or if he truly meant it. Their secret marriage was unusual, and she wondered if he was using her as an excuse to deflect questions. But his comment about her hardships made her feel like he had noticed her struggles over the years.

Old Mr. Godin, curious as an elder, asked Norah, “Where are your parents? How many people are in your family? What do they do?”

Before Norah could answer, Kevin spoke up, “Norah comes from an ordinary family. Her parents are working-class.”

Old Mr. Godin responded, “Ordinary is good. Kevin, don’t get me wrong; I just want to know about your wife as an elder should. As long as you’re happy together, that’s all that matters.”

This seemed to relieve Kevin.

Norah found Old Mr. Godin to be kind and cheerful. As they talked more, he started coughing. Norah quickly poured him some water and adjusted his pillow to make him more comfortable. She was naturally good at caring for others.

Old Mr. Godin took a sip of water and said, “You don’t need to fuss over me, girl. Just sit down.”

He addressed her warmly, showing his approval.

Norah replied, "It's no trouble. I'm used to taking care of you and Kevin."

Old Mr. Godin didn't agree with that, saying, "You take care of Kevin, but who takes care of you? Kevin should be looking after you. A man should love his wife."

His words warmed Norah's heart, reminding her of how Kevin's grandfather had also respected and valued women.

Kevin listened and agreed, "You're right, Old Mr. Godin."

He then took Norah's hand and held her close, saying, "I'll take good care of Norah from now on."

Norah, wanting to maintain Kevin's image, added, "Don't worry, Old Mr. Godin. Kevin treats me very well."

"That's good to hear," Old Mr. Godin said, satisfied. A man who loves his wife is happy in his marriage.

Just then, a voice called from outside, "Grandpa Godin."

Norah hadn't seen the person yet, but the voice sounded familiar. Alma walked in, holding a bouquet of flowers.

She seemed surprised to see them there but quickly recovered, smiling and saying, "Grandpa Godin, my mother and I are here to see you."

Clara Norman, Alma's mother, followed, greeting Old Mr. Godin.

Norah realized that the Norman family also knew Old Mr. Godin, and they seemed close.

Old Mr. Godin smiled and asked, "What brings you all here?"

"You're sick, so of course, we came to see you," Alma replied as she put the flowers in a vase and hugged Old Mr. Godin. "But you have guests already."

Old Mr. Godin introduced Kevin, saying, "This is Kevin, my comrade-in-arms' grandson, and my grandson too."

Alma confidently turned to Kevin, "Hello, Mr. Edwards, we meet again."

Old Mr. Godin was surprised, “You’ve been abroad for so long. I didn’t know you knew Kevin.”

Alma explained, “Just a few days ago, my father took me to meet him, and we had dinner together. My father is busy with school today, so he’ll come to see you this evening.”

Old Mr. Godin didn’t mind, “That’s fine. It’s the thought that counts.”

During their chat, Norah learned that Alma’s father, Principal Norman, had served under Old Mr. Godin in the military. Old Mr. Godin had always been kind to those he trained, and Principal Norman had remained filial even after his military service.

Seeing they were engaged in conversation, Kevin said, “Old Mr. Godin, since you have visitors, we’ll leave now.”

Clara, noticing Kevin, enthusiastically tried to get him to stay, “Kevin, why the rush? We finally get to meet you, so let’s chat a bit more. It’s lively with more people around, and Mr. Godin enjoys it. Stay a little longer.”

She seemed pleased with Kevin, saying, “Mr. Edwards, you’re as handsome as they say. My daughter has mentioned you often, but I didn’t believe you were so impressive until now. Anyone close to Mr. Godin must be exceptional.”

Alma smiled, clearly pleased by her mother’s words. It was obvious the Norman family was very interested in Kevin as a potential son-in-law.

Old Mr. Godin understood what was happening. He noticed that Clara and Alma were more focused on Kevin than on him. He quickly interrupted, saying, “Didn’t you come to see me? Why are you getting distracted?”

The mother and daughter turned their attention back to Old Mr. Godin.

Clara responded, “Of course, we came to see you. But we happened to meet Kevin, and since the Edwards family isn’t too familiar to us, we thought we’d get to know him better.”

Old Mr. Godin, seeing through her intentions, said, “I know the Edwards family is well-regarded. Many girls are interested, but Kevin is already married, so you should drop any ideas.”

This revelation shocked Clara and Alma.

“Really? Mr. Edwards is married? That can’t be true, Old Mr. Godin. Are you just saying that to protect your granddaughter?” Clara asked, not believing it.

Old Mr. Godin didn’t appreciate the accusation, “Do you think I would lie about something like that?”

Clara, realizing she had overstepped, quickly backtracked, “I was just joking, Old Mr. Godin. Don’t be upset.”

Kevin confirmed, “I’m married.”

Clara was embarrassed. She had been so eager to impress Kevin, but now it was clear that her efforts were in vain. She glanced at Alma, signaling her to give up.

Alma hesitated but was clearly disappointed.

Kevin said again, “Grandpa Godin, we’ll visit you another time.”

“Alright, you two can go,” Old Mr. Godin said, not trying to stop them.

Kevin and Norah left the ward, but Alma chased after them, calling out, “Kevin.”