

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 86

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 86 – Lola had been coming to the company for several days, and the front desk recognized her persistence. The receptionist politely said, “I’ll check for you, please wait.”

Lola held onto hope, replying, “Thank you.”

After making a call, the receptionist informed her, “Miss, Mr. Edwards is not in the office. Please try another time.”

It seemed like Kevin was never there, which was hard to believe.

This time, Lola wasn’t ready to give up. She asked, “Could you call Mr. Edwards directly? I made some special dishes for him to try. Once he tastes them, I’ll leave.”

The receptionist, having seen many women like Lola, tried to brush her off: “Mr. Edwards is very busy and doesn’t meet with guests.”

“I’m not just a guest, I am…” Lola hesitated, unable to explain her relationship with Kevin.

“Miss, please don’t interrupt my work again,” the receptionist warned.

Lola, feeling restless after days of waiting, decided, “I’ll find him myself.”

“Not today, Miss,” the receptionist said firmly.

Previously, Lola had been allowed in under Norah’s name, but this time, her attempt to push her way in wasn’t tolerated. Security was called to stop her.

Clutching the food container, Lola refused to leave without letting Kevin taste her cooking.

“Let her go,” came a voice from behind.

It was Norah, who had come down after hearing about the commotion. “Ms. White,” the receptionist said, recognizing her. “She’s back again.”

Lola, seeing Norah, lit up and ran to her. “Ms. White, they wouldn’t let me in! I brought food for Mr. Edwards, but they stopped me. Thankfully, you’re here.”

Norah remained calm, looking at her. "Mr. Edwards really isn't in today."

Lola's smile faded. "I haven't seen you or Mr. Edwards for a long time. I'm so lonely."

"You could ask someone to keep you company," Norah suggested.

Lola replied, "I don't know anyone here. Aside from the nightclub, I have nowhere else to go. Ms. White, please take me upstairs. I made plenty, you can have some too."

"I've already eaten," Norah replied coldly. "Everyone upstairs is working, it's not appropriate for you to go up."

Lola didn't want to miss the chance. "I promise I won't disturb anyone. I'll just wait quietly in the lounge until Mr. Edwards returns."

Norah, sensing Lola's persistence, firmly said, "You should go home and wait."

Her strong tone made Lola's face pale. She clenched her fists but said nothing.

When Norah looked at her watch, signaling she was about to leave, Lola panicked. "Ms. White, you don't want me to see Mr. Edwards, do you?"

Norah stopped in her tracks.

Seeing her reaction, Lola pressed further. "You see me as a rival, don't you?"

Although it was a bold statement, Lola felt she had no other choice. "Ms. White, I know I come from a humble background, but I understand fair competition. I've never wanted to come between you and Mr. Edwards, but you're preventing me from seeing him. That's not fair."

Norah, frustrated, said, "You're overthinking it. I'm telling you the truth."

"Can you honestly say you don't have feelings for Mr. Edwards?" Lola asked, staring her down.

Norah hesitated, which made Lola feel validated. "You're not denying it, so it must be true."

Lola's instincts told her that Norah had feelings for Kevin. For years, Kevin hadn't shown any romantic interest in her, but it seemed like Norah wasn't letting anyone else get close either.

"Ms. White, let's compete fairly. If Mr. Edwards doesn't like me, I'll leave him alone," Lola said, trying to reason with her.

Norah found it ridiculous. "Do you think I see you as competition?"

Lola explained, "I know you've been with Mr. Edwards for years. He respects you, but it's more like a boss-employee relationship. I understand your feelings, and I hope you can understand mine too."

Lola's words stung Norah. Being labeled as merely an employee hurt, especially after all these years. But she wasn't going to be swayed by Lola's plea. Lola's resemblance to Bianca was obvious, and Norah knew that Kevin had a type.

Putting her hands in her pockets to hide her emotions, Norah replied coldly, "Ms. Gill, you're overthinking it. Don't make me your enemy. If you win Kevin's heart, that's your achievement, but it has nothing to do with me. I've never tried to sabotage anything."

Lola, unable to convince Norah, felt a wave of panic. She had to see Kevin today.

As she turned to leave, disappointed, she suddenly spotted a familiar car pulling up. It was Kevin's!

Lola's heart leapt. Without thinking, she ran towards the car.

"Ms. Gill, Ms. Gill!" the receptionist called out, worried.

Norah turned and saw Lola run straight into the path of the slow-moving Rolls-Royce.

The car screeched to a halt, narrowly avoiding a serious accident. Lola, knocked down but not bleeding, clutched her leg in pain.

Kevin stepped out of the car, his expression icy as he looked down at her.

Lola, desperate, grabbed his pant leg and mumbled something.

Norah, too far away to hear, watched as Kevin, softening slightly, instructed someone to pick Lola up and put her in the car.

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Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 87 – The car quickly drove away from the building.

Norah watched it leave, her hands clenching into fists unconsciously.

“So, it’s true. She really does have a connection with Mr. Edwards,” the receptionist murmured, unsure. “Since they took her, they must be close. If Mr. Edwards blames us, we could be in trouble.”

Hearing this, Norah felt uneasy. She had seen both Kevin’s cruelty toward women and his tenderness, depending on his feelings.

He cared about Bianca, rushing her to the hospital for a minor injury. He was also worried about Lola getting hurt and drove her to the hospital without hesitation.

The receptionist, now nervous, worried that stopping Lola earlier might have caused an accident. She turned to Norah and asked, “Ms. White, if Mr. Edwards gets mad at us, could you put in a good word for us?”

Snapping back to reality, Norah composed herself. “Today was just an accident. Don’t worry, you’re not to blame. If Mr. Edwards says anything, I’ll talk to him.”

“Thank you, Ms. White,” the receptionist said, relieved.

Norah nodded and returned to her office.

Within ten minutes of Kevin taking Lola away, the whole office was buzzing with rumors. People whispered that Kevin had a new favorite, or maybe that was just his type.

Norah wondered, what kind of woman did Kevin really like? Bianca and Lola seemed to fit the same mold. How far was she from his ideal?

When would she ever catch his eye?

Realizing she was being naive, she reminded herself that she could never hold onto a man by pretending to be something she wasn't. She had to stay true to herself.

After work, feeling restless, Norah decided to visit Old Mr. Godin.

Although someone was taking care of him, she hadn't visited in a few days. Like Kevin had said, Old Mr. Godin didn't have many people around, and he was probably lonely.

Norah had been spoiled by her grandparents growing up, and after their passing, she missed that warmth. Being liked by Grandpa Edwards after joining the Edwards family made her feel that comfort again.

When Norah arrived at the hospital, Old Mr. Godin was reading a book with his glasses on. The red star on the cover indicated it was about the Red Army.

He looked pleasantly surprised to see her. "Norah! What brings you here?"

Norah, not very close to him, answered a bit shyly, "Kevin asked me to visit you."

Old Mr. Godin smiled warmly and sat up. Norah quickly helped by arranging a pillow behind him.

"If Kevin wants to be filial, that's his job, not yours. Why didn't he come himself?"

Norah hesitated. "He's busy, but I wanted to come and see you."

"He's busy after work? That's just an excuse. You're always so thoughtful, Norah," he said, then looked out the window. "It's nice outside. Let's go for a walk. I've been cooped up here for too long."

"Sure," Norah agreed.

Old Mr. Godin could walk now but still needed a wheelchair. After dressing him warmly and making sure he was comfortable, she pushed him outside.

The weather was perfect—warm but not too hot.

“Old Mr. Godin, I saw you reading earlier. Do you like reading?” Norah asked as they walked.

He smiled. “Not exactly. I just like learning more. I’ve spent my whole life fighting battles but didn’t experience some of the stories from that time. Now that I’m older, I think back on those days. It was tough, but our ancestors had it worse. At least we had steamed bread. They had to eat tree bark.”

Norah listened carefully. Although she hadn’t lived through those hard times, she could sense how meaningful those memories were to him. Seeing the scar on his leg from a bullet, she could imagine the hardships they faced.

“Old Mr. Godin, the country is strong now, and there won’t be any more wars,” Norah reassured him.

“Don’t get too comfortable,” he cautioned. Then, with a smile, he added, “But there are still many talented people. Kevin is one of them. He achieved so much at such a young age. If Mr. White hadn’t called him back to take over the family business, he’d probably be even more accomplished than I was.”

This surprised Norah. She remembered meeting Kevin when he was still a teenager. Could he have been on a mission back then?

Shifting the topic, Old Mr. Godin said, “Norah, I’m only telling you this because I trust you. Don’t mention it to anyone.”

“Of course,” she replied, remembering Kevin’s words about keeping certain things private.

After a while, she noticed Old Mr. Godin eyeing some children holding sweets. She knew he had a sweet tooth but couldn’t indulge often due to his age and health.

She spotted a vendor selling candied haws and bought him a skewer of sugar-coated dates, which were softer for him to chew.

Old Mr. Godin beamed with joy. “Norah, you’ve only known me for a short time, but you already know me so well. You’re like a granddaughter to me!”

“Just don’t eat too many this month,” Norah gently warned.

“I won’t,” he chuckled, clearly satisfied with his treat.

Norah smiled, enjoying the moment with him. But then she noticed Kevin's figure in the distance, hurrying somewhere.

Was he leaving the hospital? Where was Lola?

She frowned as she saw him heading toward the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Lola's injury wasn't that serious, so why would she be there?

Old Mr. Godin noticed Kevin too but didn't comment, only saying, "Kevin just left the hospital. You weren't with him. He must have gone to see someone."

Then, with a hint of concern, he added, "And from the looks of it, he came from the Obstetrics Department. Be cautious, Norah."

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Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 88 – Old Mr. Godin reminded Norah to take good care of her husband and not let anyone else get close to him.

Norah didn't want him worrying about her relationship with Kevin while being unwell. She smiled and said, "I know. Kevin has told me. It's getting late and chilly outside, let's head in."

"Alright," Old Mr. Godin agreed without saying more.

After taking him to his room, Norah hesitated about going to the obstetrics and gynecology department. Just then, Lola called her, "Ms. White, why don't you come to the hospital? I have something to tell you."

Norah decided to go.

When she arrived, Kian was by the door and looked uneasy when he saw her.

"Secretary White, what brings you here?" he asked with a forced smile.

Norah stayed calm and asked, "What's going on?"

"Well... let's call Mr. Edwards and have him come over first..."

His hesitation made Norah suspicious. "Is there something I shouldn't know?"

Kian was unsure whether to answer, but after glancing at Lola in the room, he sighed, "You should see for yourself."

Norah looked inside at Lola, who didn't look well but had a smile on her face.

Lola greeted her, "Ms. White, you're here."

She tried to get out of bed but stopped herself. "Ms. White, I'm not able to get up right now. Mr. Edwards said I need to rest, so I won't stand to greet you."

Kian found her tone teasing, something he hadn't noticed before.

Norah felt uneasy hearing this but didn't show it. In a professional tone, she asked, "Where did you get hurt?"

Lola smiled faintly, "Just some minor injuries. Nothing serious."

Minor injuries, but hospitalized?

"I'm also pregnant!"

Norah froze in disbelief. Pregnant?

How could this be?

Lola noticed her shock and continued, "The baby has been growing for just over a month. The doctor said my health isn't great, so Mr. Edwards had me hospitalized to protect the baby."

Kian had known this but hesitated to tell Norah. As Kevin's wife, she deserved to know.

Norah looked at Kian, who confirmed, "Ms. Gill... is indeed pregnant."

Norah was confused. How could they both be pregnant at the same time? Did Lola really spend the night with Kevin?

Lola seized the moment. "I'm pregnant with Mr. Edwards' child. Ms. White, I hope you won't stand in my way."

She had always seen Norah as a rival and thought that if she had Kevin's child, Norah would give up.

Norah asked Lola, "How long have you and Kevin known each other?"

Lola didn't fully understand the question but answered, "I've known him for some time, though not as long as you."

She smiled at Kian. "Mr. Kian, could you leave? I'd like to speak with Ms. White privately."

Norah nodded, and Kian left, closing the door behind him.

Lola sat up, gently stroking her belly. "Ms. White, I know Mr. Edwards has someone in his heart."

Norah clenched her fists.

Lola continued, "He pities me because I remind him of someone. I look like her, so he likes me. That's enough for me. I'm satisfied just being pregnant with his child."

Lola looked at Norah. "You know the person is Bianca, right?"

Norah turned pale. How did she know?

"Kevin told you that he loves Bianca and sees you as her replacement?" Norah asked.

Lola shrugged. "I don't care if I'm a substitute. I'm just glad to have a little bit of his affection."

If Kevin hadn't told her this, how would she know?

Norah felt crushed. After all this time, she still couldn't escape these shadows.

Lola pressed on, "Has Mr. Edwards ever cared for you?"

This was meant to wound.

Norah met Lola's gaze, seeing a smug confidence, as if Norah had never been cared for.

"Does it matter?" Norah replied.

“It matters to me,” Lola insisted.

Norah laughed.

“It doesn’t matter. Life goes on without anyone. Without Kevin, maybe...”
Norah thought of her struggles and felt weighed down. “Maybe I can become the best version of myself.”

Lola was startled, not expecting this relaxed response.

If you love someone, you fight to keep them. That’s love, she thought. How could Norah just give up?

She suspected Norah was bluffing.

Lola was content now, pregnant and secure, but she doubted Norah was as calm as she appeared. “I hope you’ll feel the same way in the future,” Lola said.

Just then, she called out, “Mr. Edwards.”

Kevin stood in the doorway, his face cold.

Without looking at Norah, he asked Lola, “Are you feeling better?”

Lola replied, “Much better.”

“The doctor says you need better nutrition. I’ll have the servants prepare more food for you,” Kevin added.

Lola smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Edwards.”

Hearing this, Norah couldn’t stand it any longer. “I’m leaving,” she said, walking out.

Kian was worried, “Secretary White.”

He turned to Kevin. “Mr. Edwards?”

Kevin didn’t move. “Didn’t she say she can be the best version of herself without me? Let her be.”

He left the room, unhappy.

“Mr. Edwards...” Lola wanted to share her ultrasound with him but was disappointed. She thought his mood was Norah’s fault.

Lola then called her boss at the nightclub to share her good news.

“Hello, boss...”

“Lola, I need to tell you something,” her boss sounded panicked. “You’ve got the wrong man. The one from that night wasn’t Mr. Edwards...”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 89

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 89 – “What?” Lola’s face turned pale. She couldn’t believe it. “That’s impossible, boss. The timing matches, and I remember that night. It had to be Mr. Edwards. You must be mistaken.”

“It’s just an unfortunate coincidence,” the person on the phone replied. “When I found out they were looking for someone, I thought you were going to get married, but we were wrong. The room number was incorrect. The man from that night wasn’t Mr. Edwards—it was a man in his forties or fifties.”

Lola’s face lost all color as she looked down at her belly in shock. “How could I be pregnant with a man in his forties or fifties’ child?”

Her happiness vanished. She had been so excited, believing she had secured a future with a rich, handsome man like Kevin. She thought that night had been her biggest success. But now, she learned it had all been a mistake. She had slept with an older man.

“Lola, you need to accept reality,” the voice on the phone continued, trying to comfort her. “Though he’s older, he’s wealthy, and you’ll still be financially secure for life.”

But Lola wasn’t ready to face the truth. She hung up, still in denial. “No! I’m carrying Mr. Edwards’ child, not someone else’s!” She clutched her stomach, trying to convince herself it was all a lie.

Meanwhile, Norah didn’t go home right away after leaving the hospital. She walked aimlessly, the cool night breeze making her feel even more downhearted. She thought to herself, if it was only that one night, then Lola’s

child couldn't be Kevin's. But if there had been other encounters, it was hard to be sure.

She sighed. It was as if Lola was just a stand-in. Norah wondered if she was missing something bigger.

Suddenly, the honking of a car broke her thoughts. She turned and saw a Maybach slowly following her.

"Norah," a familiar voice called out.

It was Steven, smiling warmly from the driver's seat.

Surprised, Norah replied, "I can't believe I'm running into you here."

"You're right outside my office," Steven chuckled. "It's not so surprising."

Norah looked at the building next to her, a little embarrassed. "I hadn't realized. I'm sorry I haven't visited your company yet since you've been back."

Steven smiled. "No need to apologize. It's just full of guys anyway. Nothing interesting to see." He drove closer to her. "Where are you heading? I can give you a lift."

Norah thought for a moment. "I'm not really sure where I'm going."

Steven noticed her troubled expression. "Why don't you hop in? I'll take you somewhere."

"Okay," she agreed, getting into his car.

They drove to a bustling pedestrian street, a lively area filled with food vendors and crowds. Norah rarely visited places like this. She didn't usually enjoy noisy spots, so she didn't expect much from this outing.

As they got out of the car and walked towards a nearby square, colorful balloons and lights filled the sky. A river nearby reflected the scenery, adding to the peaceful beauty of the place.

"Norah, look at that!" Steven said, pointing to the sky.

Norah looked up just in time to see fireworks exploding above. More fireworks followed, lighting up the night sky.

People started to gather around them.

“Fireworks!” someone shouted. “Aren’t they only on weekends? Today’s just Friday.”

“I don’t care!” another voice said. “I’m just glad we get to see them.”

Norah had never seen fireworks so up close and personal. It felt like she had stepped into a magical world. She couldn’t help but feel excited. She had never thought much of fireworks before, seeing them as fleeting and noisy. But now, being here in person, it was different. The beauty of the moment left her in awe.

She stared up at the sky, amazed, as fireworks blossomed into flowers and words, like a shower of meteors.

Steven glanced at her, noticing how much she was enjoying the scene. His lips curved into a small, satisfied smile. For him, this moment made everything worth it.

The fireworks lasted for half an hour, drawing a huge crowd.

Norah smiled. “I’ve never seen so many people gathered for fireworks before.”

“People are always drawn to beautiful things,” Steven said. “Did you like it?”

“I loved it,” she said, her face glowing. “It really changed my perspective. I never thought fireworks could be this stunning.”

“Good,” he said, glad to see her happy.

Norah turned to him, curious. “I overheard some people saying fireworks are usually only on weekends or special occasions. What’s the occasion today?”

Steven kept his eyes ahead, smiling mysteriously. “Maybe it’s just good luck.”

Norah clasped her hands together and said, “Well, in that case, I’m making a wish. I hope it comes true.”

She closed her eyes and wished for her parents' health, for her baby to be safe, and for her troubles to end soon.

Afterward, she noticed a group of people playing a game nearby. "Steven, what's that over there? They're throwing rings."

"It's just a game," he said.

"Let's go try it," she suggested, her curiosity piqued.

"Sure," Steven agreed.

As they approached, Norah overheard someone mention that tonight's fireworks weren't part of a scheduled event. Apparently, someone had spent a thousand coins to have them set off.

Norah thought about it and glanced at Steven. Could he have arranged this to cheer her up?

While they walked, a Rolls-Royce parked nearby caught her attention. Inside, Kevin watched her and Steven from the shadows, his face dark with anger.

Kian, sitting beside Kevin, sensed the tension. He had known Kevin still cared about Norah; otherwise, why else would he come looking for her? But seeing her with another man only made things worse.

Kian spoke cautiously. "Maybe I shouldn't have let Secretary White find out about Ms. Gill's pregnancy. If she hadn't known, then..."

Kevin's voice was cold as he cut him off, his gaze never leaving Norah and Steven. "Who told you she's pregnant with my child?"

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 90

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 90 – Kevin's words left Kian momentarily stunned.

No, Lola is pregnant, and she was with him that night, so the baby must be his.

"Let's go," Kevin suddenly said.

“Oh.” Kian started the car.

“I said, get out of the car!” Kevin demanded.

“Mr. Edwards, don’t you have another meeting? And there are too many people here!” Kian saw the crowd and figured it would be chaotic. Normally, Kevin wouldn’t want to be around this many people without security.

Kevin gave him a sharp look. “You like places like this, right?”

“Huh?” Kian was confused. When did he ever like crowded places? But under Kevin’s intense gaze, he just nodded. “Yes, yes, I like it here.”

“Good. Get out of the car!” Kevin’s eyes remained fixed on the scene outside.

Kevin stepped out first, looking at the busy street filled with people. He couldn’t understand why anyone would want to gather here, especially just for a short fireworks display. He curled his lips in disdain.

“Be careful, Mr. Edwards!” Kian hovered nearby, worried someone might bump into Kevin.

Kevin walked quickly, his eyes locked on Norah. He saw her and Steven playing a ring-toss game, laughing together. Kevin frowned, not understanding how such a childish game could bring so much joy.

Norah had 50 rings in her hand. For \$20, she got 50 chances to win. She was aiming for a large Doraemon doll, the biggest prize. But it was the hardest to win.

“I can’t seem to hit it.” Norah had already spent \$100, tossing 250 rings and still missing the prize.

The shop owner couldn’t help but suggest, “Miss, maybe try for another prize. Look at that smaller doll—it’s nice too.”

“No, I want that one.” Norah was determined. She felt if she just tried a little harder, she could win. The shop owner was pleased. It wasn’t often someone was this persistent, and every miss was money in his pocket.

Seeing her determination, Steven decided to help. “Give me 50 rings,” he told the shop owner.

Steven threw a few rings but also missed. Still, Norah could see he was trying to help her win Doraemon.

Suddenly, on the fifth toss, Steven landed the ring.

“Got it! Got it!” Norah shouted in excitement.

Steven had won the Doraemon, and Norah was so thrilled that she hugged him without thinking.

BANG—

A toy gun fired nearby.

The shop owner next door jumped in fear. “Sir! Watch where you’re shooting! You almost hit me! Even toy guns can hurt!”

Kevin hadn’t been paying attention, focused on Norah and Steven. He didn’t see the balloon he had been aiming at.

“Kian, did you hit the target?” Kevin asked absently.

“...Almost,” Kian said, looking at the pale shop owner.

Steven was caught off guard by Norah’s hug but smiled, seeing how happy she was. “You’re not worried anymore, right?”

“No, I’m really happy,” Norah beamed.

The shop owner, now calmer, handed Doraemon to Norah. She held it tightly, feeling like she had finally won something meaningful.

“What should we do with the extra rings?” Steven asked.

Norah replied, “Let’s just throw them. Whatever I hit is fine.”

“Okay,” Steven agreed and started tossing rings again. He was accurate, winning small trinkets that weren’t useful but fun. Meanwhile, chaos broke out at the next stall.

The shop owner there was panicking. “Sir, please stop shooting! I’ll refund your money, just don’t shoot anymore!”

Kian rushed over to calm him down. "It's fine, we'll pay for anything broken."

Another shot rang out, hitting a porcelain doll. It shattered instantly.

"You're supposed to hit balloons, not my merchandise!" the shop owner yelled, accusing the neighboring stall of sabotaging his business.

The balloon stall owner shot back, "Your business doesn't affect mine! Blame this guy's bad aim!"

Kian hurried to break up the argument. "No, no, it's not like that. We'll compensate everyone!"

Norah noticed the commotion and saw Kevin standing there, with Kian trying to manage the situation. She was shocked.

What is he doing here? This doesn't seem right.

As the argument escalated, Norah rushed over. "What's happening?"

Kian looked relieved to see her. "Secretary White, please help. Mr. Edwards is causing chaos!"

Norah turned to Kevin, who coldly put down the toy gun. "Why are you all arguing over a stray shot? How much is the damage? I'll pay for it."

She frowned and asked, "Why are you here? Are you following me?"

Kevin, who usually hated crowded places, had no reason to be here.

He gave her a cold stare. "You can come here, but I can't?"

Then he looked around. "This place is kind of fun. I don't know why I never noticed it before."

Kian nearly cried. Fun? If Norah hadn't come over, this whole place would have been in chaos!

Norah pressed her lips together. Maybe he had changed after all. There was no reason for him to be following her.

“Well, go ahead then,” she said, looking at Kian. “It’s after work hours. You don’t have to clean up his mess. Just let him be.”