

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 111

## Chapter 111

Norah's words had an effect.

James seemed to be swayed. Despite his actions, Norah was still his niece, and he had his own concerns about being manipulated by others.

He glanced at the woman beside him, who was growing increasingly anxious and angry. "She's trying to turn you against me! If it weren't for my plan, do you think Norah would be offering you money right now? We're partners!" she snapped.

James knew his goals clearly, despite everything. He looked back at Norah and said, "Norah, give me the password, and I promise she won't hurt you."

Norah hesitated, unsure whether to trust him.

Suddenly, the sound of cars approaching outside made James panic. He grabbed Norah, pressing the knife to her neck, his voice trembling with fear. "There are people outside!" he exclaimed.

Norah's heart raced as she felt the cold blade against her skin. The woman beside them said urgently, "She's stalling for time! She's led you into a trap!"

"Norah, you're betraying me!" James said through clenched teeth, his eyes wild with desperation.

Norah, barely able to breathe, shook her head. "No, Uncle, I didn't. You tied me up—I haven't been in contact with anyone! I just want to survive. I'll give you the password, just please put the knife down."

"If you let her go, Kevin won't let you walk away!" warned the woman in the background.

James was torn, unsure of who to believe. He knew, though, that Norah was his strongest bargaining chip.

Suddenly, the door burst open with a loud crash. James tensed, his grip tightening on the knife. "Norah, give me the password and tell them to back off, or I swear I'll hurt you!" he yelled.

Norah's eyes darted to the entrance. The room's dim light was broken by the sudden sunlight flooding in. She squinted, but recognized the tall figure striding in without hesitation.

"Let her go!" came a stern, unyielding voice.

Norah's eyes widened in shock. Kevin had come to save her. He looked battered and bruised, yet unwavering. She felt both grateful and guilty, realizing that he risked everything to rescue her.

James, sweating and trembling, pressed the knife harder to Norah's neck. "Stay back!" he shouted, clearly terrified.

Kevin locked eyes with James, his voice steady but urgent. "Tell me what you want. I'll give you anything—just let Norah go."

James's desperation showed. "I want money! Fifty million!"

Kevin nodded without hesitation. "Fine, I'll transfer the money right now. Just don't hurt her."

As Kevin reached for his phone, Norah's heart twisted. She couldn't believe he would offer such a huge amount without a second thought—just to save her. The realization of his loyalty and sacrifice hit her deeply.

James, seeing the transaction complete on his phone, couldn't believe his eyes. His greed was now satisfied, but he hesitated. "How do I know you won't come after me once I let her go?" he asked, doubt in his voice.

"There's a car outside. Take it and drive away," Kevin replied, his tone calm but resolute. "I won't stop you."

James, still holding Norah as a shield, edged toward the car. He tried to justify himself to Norah. "I'm sorry, Norah. I didn't want to hurt you. If you'd just given me the money sooner, this wouldn't have happened. Now that I have the money, my family won't need to trouble yours anymore."

Norah's emotions were conflicted as she listened to his words. She felt a pang of sorrow. Despite everything, he was her father's brother—a man her family once cared about deeply.

With a final push, James shoved Norah away and jumped into the car. Norah stumbled, but Kevin was there to catch her, steady and protective.

“Are you okay?” he asked, checking her neck for injuries.

Norah nodded stiffly, unwilling to lean too heavily on him, afraid of causing him further pain. Kevin’s touch was gentle but firm as he assessed her wound. “It’s not too deep,” he said, relieved. “We’ll get you to the hospital, and then—”

Before he could finish his sentence, a sudden, deafening explosion shattered the air.

Norah’s heart stopped for a moment. She turned just in time to see the car James was in engulfed in flames.

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### Chapter 112

The car James was in suddenly exploded.

Flames shot into the air, engulfing the vehicle in a fiery blaze almost instantly. Norah stood there, frozen, her face illuminated by the glow of the flames, her eyes wide with shock.

How could this happen? How could the car explode?

Even though her relationship with James was strained, he was still her uncle. Seeing anyone die like that—especially family—was terrifying.

Norah’s mind went blank, and tears began to stream down her face. She took a few steps forward, almost in a trance, moving toward the burning wreck.

Before she could get too close, Kevin grabbed her wrist, pulling her into his arms. His voice was steady but urgent. “It’s dangerous over there. Don’t go any closer!”

“Kian, get someone to put out the fire!” Kevin commanded.

Norah’s eyes were red, and though she tried to pull away from Kevin, she spoke softly, almost in a whisper. “It’s okay. I’ll stay back. I just need to see... to see if he’s really gone.”

As the firefighters worked to control the blaze, Norah stood at a distance, staring at the burning car. She couldn't believe that only moments ago, James had been talking to her. Now, he was gone.

Suddenly, a pair of hands covered her eyes. "Don't look," Kevin said firmly.

"Why did the car explode like that?" Norah demanded. "Was it intentional? Someone set this up, didn't they?"

Kevin's face grew tense. "Yes, someone sabotaged the car. There was a third person involved—the one who set this all up."

Norah's eyes widened as the realization hit her. "The woman... she killed him to cover her tracks!"

Her breathing became labored, and she felt like the world was closing in on her. The shock was too much, and she collapsed into Kevin's arms.

"Norah!" Kevin called out, patting her cheeks in an attempt to wake her. "Kian, drive us to the hospital, now!"

At the scene, the fire was being extinguished, and the police had already been notified.

At the hospital, Kevin carried Norah into the emergency room, urgently calling for a doctor. He noticed how fragile she looked, how easily she had fainted, and worried that something was seriously wrong.

The doctor arrived quickly. "We'll perform a full check-up right away, Mr. Edwards," he said. Noticing Kevin's injury, the doctor added, "You need to have your wound treated as well."

In his rush to help Norah, Kevin hadn't even noticed that his arm was bleeding again. The reopened wound throbbed with pain, but his focus remained on Norah.

Norah, drifting in and out of consciousness, overheard their conversation about a check-up. Panic welled up inside her. She couldn't let them find out she was pregnant—not Kevin, not anyone.

With sudden determination, she opened her eyes and sat up.

Everyone in the room looked at her in surprise. Kevin moved closer. “Norah, you’re awake. Let the doctor check on you.”

Norah scanned the room, her face calm despite the turmoil in her heart. “I was just exhausted. I don’t need any tests.”

Kevin frowned, clearly not convinced. “You fainted. It’s safer if we make sure you’re okay.”

Norah glanced at Kevin’s injured hand. “You should be the one getting checked. Look at your hand—it needs attention more than I do.”

She quickly got out of the hospital bed. “Doctor, please see to Mr. Edwards first.”

Kevin narrowed his eyes at her, sensing that something was off. There was a hidden tension in her, something she was trying to conceal.

The doctor, sensing their disagreement, said, “Mr. Edwards, let’s get your wounds treated while we wait.”

But Kevin wasn’t ready to let it go. “Norah, why are you avoiding a check-up? What’s so important that you’re keeping it a secret, even from me?”

Norah’s heart pounded with fear, but her expression remained composed. She met his gaze evenly and said, “I went to a private hospital because I value my privacy. I’m not hiding anything; I just didn’t want to make a fuss.”

Kevin looked puzzled. “You’re not a celebrity. Why the need for so much secrecy?”

Norah’s mind raced, trying to come up with a plausible reason. “After that incident at the company, where everyone online was gossiping about me, I became more cautious. I didn’t want my medical information to become a topic of discussion.”

Kevin studied her carefully, searching her face for any sign of dishonesty. “Are you saying this is all because of privacy concerns? Are you hiding something else from me?”

Norah held his gaze, her voice steady. “I’m not hiding anything from you. I’m grateful for everything you’ve done to save me today. Truly, I owe you my life.”

Her words were formal, polite—a stark contrast to the intimate bond they once shared. Kevin’s face darkened. He didn’t want to be thanked like a stranger; he wanted to be her partner, her protector.

In a colder tone, he asked, “Did you really give the divorce agreement to Bianca to pass on to me?”

Norah hesitated briefly, then answered, “Yes, we met by chance that day, and it seemed like the right moment.”

She said it so casually, as if it didn’t matter at all. As if their relationship meant nothing.

Kevin clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. “So it’s that easy for you, huh? Just tossing me away like I’m nothing,” he said, his voice heavy with hurt.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 133**

Chapter 133

“There’s no need for that. Food tastes the same no matter who makes it. I just ate a lot because I was really hungry today,” Norah said, trying to keep Kevin from overthinking.

His attention was too intense, and the more he fixated on her, the higher the stakes became.

“I’m feeling tired. Can I go rest now?” Norah asked.

Kevin’s response was soft, “Of course.”

Norah exhaled in relief and hurried upstairs. Tomorrow, she could go to the office, giving her a chance to be away from this place. After work, she could head home.

Once back in her room, Norah relaxed. But unexpectedly, Kevin followed her.

Seeing him at the door, she stepped back, eyes wary. “Why are you here?”

“This is the main bedroom. If I’m not in here, then where would I be?” Kevin replied matter-of-factly.

“Then I’ll stay in the guest room,” Norah said, trying to make her escape. But before she could move, Kevin grabbed her hand and looked at her intently. “Are we at the point where you feel the need to avoid me? We’ve shared this space for so long—why start sleeping apart now?”

To Kevin, nothing had changed. As long as they weren’t divorced, life continued as it always had. But Norah couldn’t stand to stay near him any longer; being together felt wrong.

“Get some rest,” Kevin said, his tone lighter. “Which side do you want?”

Norah bit her lip, surrendering to the situation. “I’ll take this side,” she muttered, choosing the one closer to the door for an easier escape.

Kevin nodded. “Okay.”

The clock showed it was still early, so he turned on the TV. “No rush to sleep. Let’s watch something.”

He crossed over to the other side of the bed, stretched out, and picked up the remote. Norah hesitated but then lay down, not wanting to push the tension further.

There was a romantic drama playing—exactly the type of show Norah used to enjoy. Kevin thought it would make her feel more at ease, so he joined her, hoping for some normalcy.

“Why are you staring? Relax,” Kevin said, noticing her guarded expression.

Settling in, Norah turned her attention to the screen, making an effort to ignore Kevin. At first, she couldn’t focus, but as the show went on, she found herself drawn into the storyline, momentarily easing her anxiety.

Kevin adjusted his position, trying not to disturb her. When his arm brushed her stomach, he paused, eyes narrowing in thought. “Have you gained some weight recently?” he asked casually.

Norah’s body tensed. “No,” she replied, her voice tight.

Kevin’s hand rested on her abdomen, prompting suspicion. “Feels like your stomach’s a bit rounder,” he noted, half-jokingly.

Panic surged through her, and she pushed his hand away. The sudden movement made Kevin's eyes narrow with curiosity. "What's wrong?" he asked, sensing something deeper.

Norah's heart raced. Was it that noticeable? But it was too soon for anyone to tell—at least, that's what she had thought.

Meeting his gaze, she managed a shaky smile. "I probably just overate. I'm going to sleep now," she said, turning over and shutting her eyes, desperately avoiding more questions.

Kevin's brows furrowed as he studied her. She was different—more distant, more guarded. He couldn't ignore how she had changed, and it gnawed at him. But for now, he let it go, choosing silence over confrontation.

As the night deepened, Kevin wrapped his arm around her. The warmth felt oddly reassuring, and he realized he might not be able to imagine life without her.

Early the next morning, Norah was up, eager to leave for work. The thought of the office as a refuge had never crossed her mind until now.

They left together, sharing the car ride. Thankfully, Kevin kept work and personal matters separate, so once they reached the building, he left her alone.

At her desk, Norah picked up the resumes she'd prepped and headed to the interviews.

Out of the hundreds of applications, she had shortlisted only twenty.

"Ms. White, are you really leaving?" Tessa asked, disbelief evident in her eyes.

"Yes." Norah's tone was firm. "I'm heading to the interviews now. Care to join me?"

Norah had worked at Edwards Corp for seven years, becoming a trusted veteran. The idea of her resignation seemed impossible to most.

Tessa's face fell. "If you go, I'll get yelled at by Mr. Edwards all the time!"



“You’ll have to manage on your own,” Norah replied gently. “It’s time for you to step up.”

Despite her words, Norah knew it was hard to leave a comfort zone.

With determination, she walked to the interview room. Among the candidates, she evaluated each carefully, prioritizing adaptability over experience.

In the end, she chose a bright, sharp young woman fresh out of college.

The new hire, Scarlet Clement, had a confident smile and a respectful posture. “I promise to do my best, Ms. White.”

Norah nodded. “Good. Let’s get you ready to meet Mr. Edwards.”

Handing Scarlet a notebook filled with Kevin’s routines and preferences, she instructed, “Study these carefully.”

Scarlet was diligent, flipping through the pages. But halfway through, she looked up, puzzled. “Ms. White, is there an error here?”

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 114**

Chapter 114

“Some people are just born bad,” whispered a relative. “James died such a tragic death—killed by his own niece. It’s a shame.”

“What did the police say? Is this the end of it?”

“His life was just taken and buried like that, and nothing came of it,” another muttered.

“It’s so unfair. Norah gets all the benefits in the end.”

These comments made Gwen’s face tighten with anger. “They talk too much, even though we’re all family,” she grumbled.

Norah remained unaffected; she was used to people gossiping behind her back. Gwen turned to her and said, “Don’t listen to them. We’ll leave after paying our respects.”

They stepped out of the car, feeling the accusing stares. It was clear what these looks meant—they were not welcome here.

Norah headed toward James's mourning hall. The photo displayed was of him in his younger days. Inside, Linda and her daughter Sierra were sobbing, their faces pale and exhausted. But the moment they saw Norah, Linda's grief turned to fury.

"How dare you show your face here, Norah!" Linda shouted, her eyes red with anger. "You're a murderer! If it weren't for you, your uncle would still be alive. Why didn't the police arrest you, you heartless witch?"

Others held Linda back, but Norah could feel the hatred in her eyes. Still, Norah stayed composed.

"I'm sorry for my uncle's death," she said calmly, "but I didn't kill him. Please, let's not speak nonsense. Our family is also grieving."

But Linda wouldn't listen. "Grieving? You don't care at all!" she spat. "Your uncle was your father's brother, and you let him die like this. Do you know what that means?"

Linda turned to Jack, her voice trembling with rage. "How could you, Jack? How could you let this happen to your own brother? Are you satisfied now?"

Jack kept his eyes on the photo, silent.

Linda continued, "And you, Norah! If you had just given him some money, this wouldn't have happened. A human life meant nothing to you!"

More relatives joined in. "It's true, Norah. If you had helped, this disaster could've been avoided. How do you expect your aunt and cousin to live now?"

"You're so cold-hearted!" another relative accused. "We've heard the stories about your family. You didn't even invite us to your wedding!"

Jack, tired of the gossip, finally spoke up. "We came here to pay our respects to my brother, not to entertain your rumors. You don't know what happened, so stop talking!"

Linda, seething with rage, yelled, "Get out! You're not welcome here! Your family is cursed!"

Others started pushing them toward the exit. “Go back to your big city and leave us alone!” they shouted. “James was just a stepping stone for you!”

Norah, trying to keep her cool, replied, “Fine, we’ll leave. But the real killer is still out there.”

She glanced at Linda. “Aunt, if you truly want justice for Uncle, you should—”

Before she could finish, Sierra grabbed a kettle and hurled water at Norah.

“You killed my father!” Sierra screamed, her voice breaking. “All he ever did was ask you for help, and you drove him to this! You’re the reason he’s dead!”

Norah felt the cold water soak through her clothes, and the icy stares of her relatives pierced her. How did it come to this? When did kidnapping become justified?

She wiped her face, realizing that the root of all this was Linda and Sierra.

Jack stepped in, shielding Norah. “James’s death is a tragedy, but let’s not forget he made mistakes too—”

“You’re his brother!” someone shouted. “How could you say that?”

The crowd’s anger shifted from Norah to her entire family. They refused to listen to reason, their accusations growing more hysterical.

Norah, seeing the chaos, decided she couldn’t just stand there. Spotting a water hose nearby, she turned on the faucet.

Water sprayed over the crowd, and they screamed in shock.

“Only you are allowed to speak nonsense? Are you all calm now?” Norah demanded.

“Are you insane, Norah?” a relative yelled.

“I’m not crazy—you all are!” she shot back.

Amidst the commotion, a deep and stern voice cut through the air.

“Norah is not a murderer,” the voice said firmly. “She is a victim. If you refuse to listen to the truth and prefer to spread lies, this isn’t justice—it’s cruelty.”

The room fell silent as everyone turned toward the voice.

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 115**

### **Chapter 115**

Everyone fell silent in unspoken agreement as their eyes turned to the source of the noise.

A few cars had pulled up, and a tall, imposing figure emerged. The man wore a black and gray suit, his expression icy, eyes deep and penetrating. His presence was distant and intimidating, demanding respect from those around him.

The crowd instinctively parted to make way.

Norah turned, taken aback by the sudden appearance of Kevin. The tension she’d been holding onto eased, and she let the hose drop from her hand.

A few seconds passed in silence before someone barked, “Who are you! This is a private matter of the White family. Who do you think you are to interfere?”

Kevin’s sharp gaze zeroed in on the speaker, causing the man’s arrogance to falter as a shiver ran down his spine. Kevin replied coldly, “I am Norah’s husband. Do you think I’m not qualified?”

The group was stunned. “Husband?” they murmured, both surprised and curious. “Isn’t that a wealthy family?”

In front of them sat several luxury cars, the kind that were rarely seen outside of magazines and movie scenes. The realization set in—Norah had indeed married into a prominent family.

“No wonder there are so many cars here,” someone commented, their eyes still lingering on the vehicles outside.

Kevin walked up to Norah. She asked, “Why are you here?”

She hadn't seen him for several days. During holidays or special occasions, she would spend time with her parents, while Kevin was never around. In their hidden marriage, she lived her life almost as if she were single.

She never expected him to show up at her hometown.

Kevin replied, "You came back for a funeral. As your husband, it's my duty to be here. Is there an issue?"

Norah pressed her lips together. "No issue."

Kevin surveyed the gathering, his expression growing stern. "We live in a society ruled by law," he warned. "It would be wise to disperse. If you choose not to, we'll settle this privately."

Behind him stood over a dozen men, each carrying an air of strength and discipline. Confronting them would clearly be a losing battle.

Someone muttered, "Barbaric! What happened to the rule of law?"

Kevin's gaze cut sharply in the speaker's direction. "If we were truly barbaric, would you still be standing here, mouthing off without a care?" he retorted calmly, silencing the man.

Kian, standing by, cleared his throat and addressed the group. "Madame Norah is innocent. You're quick to believe rumors instead of trusting the police. If she's here with her head held high, it's because she has a clear conscience. Don't let yourselves be led by gossip."

His words resonated with some in the crowd. If rumors could sway them, Kian's reasoning could, too.

Meanwhile, Linda and Sierra's faces shifted between anger and embarrassment. They resented Norah, secretly hoping she'd be publicly humiliated. But with Kevin's arrival, he had not only protected her but also lifted some weight off her parents' shoulders. It frustrated the two, but there was nothing they could do.

Norah made arrangements for her parents to stay at her grandparents' old home, which was still well-kept despite being vacant for a while.

Jack and Gwen, aware of the deteriorating state of their daughter's marriage, were nonetheless grateful to Kevin. They insisted Norah thank him.

Kevin was sitting in the living room when Norah poured him a glass of water. "Mom and Dad wanted me to thank you," she said softly.

"You're welcome," Kevin replied.

Norah sat beside him, a hint of sarcasm in her voice. "You said a few words, and they believed you right away. Meanwhile, I've been explaining myself endlessly, and no one listened. Am I really that weak?"

She couldn't understand it—she thought she could handle things on her own, but in the end, it was Kevin who resolved it.

Kevin took a sip of his water and responded with a calm voice, "Human nature is flawed, especially when it comes to family. They'll magnify your faults and ignore your virtues. Don't waste sympathy on people like that. The more they hate, the more dissatisfied they are with their own lives. Don't dwell on it."

He looked at her with a slight smile. "It's not just you. I go through the same thing. It's just your turn to be in the spotlight now. Trust me, my relatives are scarier than beasts from the river."

Norah pondered his words. "Really?"

Kevin nodded. "Absolutely."

Norah hadn't fully grasped what he meant, but she let the matter drop.

According to local customs, the funeral would last three days, with relatives, friends, and neighbors coming together for meals. At lunchtime, Norah hesitated, unsure if Kevin would be comfortable meeting her relatives in the greenhouse.

"Do you want to join them?" she asked.

"Why wouldn't I?" Kevin responded.

"I just thought you might feel out of place," she said. "If you don't want to, it's fine."

“I want to go,” he insisted.

Norah didn’t push further. She left her parents in the house, planning to bring them food later, and went out with Kevin.

As they walked, Norah saw an elderly man she recognized from her childhood. He was now frail, leaning on a cane, his hair white.

“It’s you, isn’t it?” the old man said, squinting at Norah.

She took a moment to recognize him. “Grandpa Han?”

Years ago, when she used to stay at her grandparents’ home, he was a robust man, always giving her snacks and fruit.

Grandpa Han chuckled warmly. “Time flies. You were just a little thing back then. Now look at you—all grown up and beautiful. I’m half-buried in the ground, and your grandpa White is long gone.”

Norah smiled kindly. “You take care of yourself, Grandpa Han. Live a long, healthy life!”

Her sweet words made the old man beam, but he couldn’t help but ask, “Norah, have you settled down yet? If not, I know some good prospects for you.”

Kevin, standing nearby, couldn’t help but cough softly.

The old man turned his gaze towards Kevin, squinting to see him clearly. “And who might you be?” he asked.

Kevin stepped forward and answered confidently, “I’m Norah’s husband. Kevin Edwards.”

## **Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life chapter 116**

### Chapter 116

Norah listened as Kevin spoke, choosing not to hide the truth any longer. She said, “Grandpa Han, I’m already married, so there’s no need to find me a partner.”

The old man's face lit up. "A handsome husband!" he exclaimed. Grandpa Han remembered when Norah was still a student before her grandfather passed away, and now, seeing Norah married made him happy. He turned to Kevin, smiling, "Such a fine appearance, so talented—a phoenix among dragons! Norah, you have good taste."

"You both must cherish your life together," Grandpa Han continued, with a hint of emotion in his voice. "Meeting each other is fate, and it's not easy to stay together."

Hearing this, the corners of Kevin's lips lifted slightly, but Norah didn't interrupt Grandpa Han. She just listened quietly.

Grandpa Han, eager to join them for dinner, sighed and muttered, "This James... It's fortunate his father has passed away. Otherwise, he would've been so upset."

Norah remained silent, remembering Kevin's advice: Those who are willing to see the truth don't need many words.

As the gathering filled up, Norah braced herself for gossip. But before she could dwell on it, someone called out, "Norah, come sit here! Bring your husband too!"

Norah was suddenly pulled aside by the daughter of her neighbor uncle's family. She glanced at Kevin, who gave her a reassuring look to stay calm.

"Norah hasn't been back for so long, and now she returns with her husband. Come, everyone, meet Norah and her husband!" the woman announced proudly.

"She's so beautiful, and her husband is so handsome! The White family is blessed."

"It's true!" someone chimed in. "Our son-in-law is amazing—a big boss. He likes our family, which means we have charm!"

"Come on, son-in-law, join us for a drink!"

In this hometown, people were eager to boast about their family and achievements. Kevin's status gave them plenty of reasons to celebrate.



The atmosphere turned lively, and Norah felt slightly overwhelmed by all the attention. It was different from earlier when people seemed indifferent. Now they admired her beauty and praised Kevin's capabilities.

Norah understood this wasn't a formal event; these were relatives and neighbors, and here, showing off mattered more. She listened as her neighbor uncle's daughter praised her energetically.

What was initially a tense atmosphere had transformed into a joyous gathering. Norah maintained her poise, smiling without speaking, worried Kevin might not adjust to the older generation's customs. But when she turned, she saw Kevin fitting in effortlessly, drinking and laughing with everyone.

They drank liquor in full glasses, not holding back.

"Norah, look at your husband fitting in so well," the woman whispered in her ear. "He's a big boss, but he's down-to-earth. We like that!"

Norah was momentarily stunned. She glanced at her neighbor's daughter, then at her relatives, who seemed very pleased with Kevin.

Where was that initial tension?

"You can just drink water," Kevin advised gently, pouring her a glass. "Don't drink."

Norah took the glass and responded softly.

"Our son-in-law is so considerate. He thinks of Norah in everything!" someone exclaimed.

Norah and Kevin's small gestures didn't go unnoticed. People joined in, laughing and teasing, which made Norah feel a bit shy.

Kevin raised his glass and smiled. "Of course, I have to spoil my wife."

"Oh, he's such a good son-in-law! If my old man were half as considerate, we wouldn't argue every day!" another joked.

The crowd erupted in laughter.

Norah didn't say much, but she knew Kevin had given her plenty of face in front of everyone. In their eyes, she had married into a wealthy family and had a considerate husband—things that many envied.

She was puzzled, so she asked, "They were indifferent before, and now they're so enthusiastic. Did you do something?"

Kevin mingled easily with her relatives, even though they didn't know each other well. He replied, "Nothing major, just a small gesture."

No wonder. That explained why they were so welcoming now.

He added calmly, "What matters is that your relatives respect you."

His words left Norah momentarily speechless. Was he worried she might be mistreated or criticized by her relatives? Did he want to make sure they felt she had support?

Before she could gather her thoughts, someone called, "Son-in-law, come here! Have a drink with us. I've lived many years and met many people, but you're the first young man I've truly liked!"

An uncle, already a bit drunk, turned and beckoned Kevin over, clearly pleased.

Norah watched as Kevin got up and clinked glasses with them, without the slightest hint of arrogance.

It was the first time she had seen him like this.

In business or daily life, Kevin was always dignified, reserved, and seemingly detached. But now, he appeared down-to-earth, drinking and chatting comfortably with the older generation.

It was hard to reconcile this image with the cold, aloof Kevin she knew.

Watching this, Linda and her mother were seething with anger. This was supposed to be James's funeral, but it had become an opportunity for Norah to shine. No one seemed to remember that someone had died because of Norah.

Linda's mother, nearly seventy and adorned with gold jewelry, was so upset that she threw her water glass to the ground, shattering it.

"Accept your fate," Linda's mother said harshly.

She glared bitterly, saying, "I was against your marriage to James from the beginning, and look what's happened now. He's gone, you're a widow, and this shameful reputation will follow you."

Linda looked at her mother. "Mom, how could you say that? If it weren't for Norah, my husband wouldn't have died, and I wouldn't be a widow. It's all her fault!"

"So what?" her mother snapped, glancing at Sierra. "They're cousins, and look at them. Norah married into a wealthy family, but Sierra didn't. It just shows that fate is cruel!"

"Mom, what are you saying?" Linda retorted angrily. "Sierra just graduated and hasn't even been in a relationship yet. She'll be a hundred times more successful than Norah!"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 117**

### Chapter 117

Linda's mother continued, "I'm just being honest! I heard Norah became a secretary even before graduating. Of course, she can marry into a wealthy family! She's smart. And look at Sierra—no job and a ruined reputation. What kind of life will she have in the future?"

Her blunt words stung Sierra, who was standing nearby. Sierra's eyes filled with tears as she turned to her grandmother and said, "Grandma, you actually think I'm not as good as Norah?"

With that, Sierra ran off, crying.

Linda called out, "Sierra! Sierra!" But she turned to her mother in frustration. "Mom, why would you say that in front of her? How are we supposed to move forward like this?"

Linda's mother sipped her tea, unconcerned. "I said it to motivate you. Sometimes you have to fight for your own future, by any means necessary."

Outside, Sierra stormed to the river, angrily throwing stones into the water. Everyone kept comparing her to Norah—always Norah. It wasn't fair. Norah had been the golden child, praised for her good grades, beauty, and charm. And now she was married into wealth.

But Sierra had tried her best too. She'd worked hard in school, earning her teachers' praise. Still, Norah's accomplishments always overshadowed her own. It was never enough. Sierra had even gone to college, but Norah attended a prestigious university, making Sierra seem lesser in comparison. And now, with Norah married to a wealthy man, everyone saw her as successful and admired her. Meanwhile, Sierra was left jobless with a bad reputation.

Why was Norah so fortunate? Sierra, with the same last name, deserved her own praise for being hardworking, driven, and beautiful. She wanted to be recognized for her efforts, not just living in Norah's shadow.

Wiping her tears, Sierra steeled herself. She would prove to everyone that she was stronger and more capable than Norah.

...

After the banquet, as guests began leaving, they bid their goodbyes.

"Kevin sure can handle his liquor and is so good with people. He's respectful to us elders—you really did find a good husband, Norah!" an uncle praised.

Norah smiled, unsure of what to say. "Thank you. I should help Kevin get home now. Goodbye, everyone."

"Okay!" The guests waved them off cheerfully.

Norah let out a sigh of relief once they were alone. She looked at Kevin, who was waiting for her. Concerned, she approached him. "You drank quite a bit."

Kevin reassured her, "Not too much, don't worry."

"Let's head back inside so you can rest," she said, aware he was still recovering and needed sleep after the heavy drinking.

“Hmm,” Kevin nodded, and they walked back to the house together. Their hometown was cozy, with homes close to one another and filled with the smell of cooking and chatter.

The house had been tidied up, but since it had been empty for a while, there was a faint musty smell. Norah opened the windows to air out the room and took out some fresh linens.

“If you’re tired, lie down here for a bit,” she said.

Kevin sat on the sofa, eyes closed, the scent of wine lingering on him. Norah could tell he was exhausted. She finished organizing the room and encouraged him to rest on the bed.

“Got it,” he murmured, brows furrowed with fatigue.

Norah decided to head to the kitchen to see if there was anything to help sober him up. The house lacked basic supplies, so she planned to step out for a bit.

At that moment, Sierra was watching from afar and saw Norah leave. Knowing that Kevin was alone and likely drunk, she saw an opportunity. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she grabbed a prepared sobering soup and headed upstairs.

Everyone had been fawning over Norah and her wealthy husband, ignoring Sierra and her mother. If Norah’s marriage hit a rough patch, maybe then people wouldn’t look down on them so much.

The door was slightly ajar, and Sierra peeked inside, seeing Kevin sitting on the sofa with his eyes closed. Even from the side, he looked tall, with a chiseled profile.

She thought bitterly, How could Norah deserve a man like him?

Sierra adjusted her skirt, which had a low back and hit just above her knees, and approached Kevin quietly. Her heart raced as she neared him.

Hearing footsteps, Kevin assumed it was Norah. “You came back already?” he asked, eyes still shut.

“Brother-in-law,” Sierra’s voice was soft.

Kevin opened his eyes and was immediately on alert. He frowned, recognizing Sierra. His voice turned cold. "What are you doing here?"

"I brought you some sobering soup," Sierra replied sweetly.

She had put on makeup and chosen her outfit deliberately, knowing she looked attractive and youthful. Her back was exposed, and her legs were long and fair. She leaned down to place the soup on the table, her hair brushing forward and releasing a subtle fragrance.

Sierra believed that no man could resist her charms. With a coy smile, she waited for Kevin to react.

But Kevin's face darkened. He didn't need to guess what her intentions were.

Keeping his voice firm, he replied, "I don't need it."

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 118**

Chapter 118

A cold voice cut through Sierra's thoughts.

"Do you know that I'm your brother-in-law?"

Sierra froze, looking up to meet Kevin's icy stare. There was no trace of desire in his eyes, only cold indifference, as if she was performing a pathetic solo act. A chill ran down her spine.

She forced herself to stay composed, trying to soften her voice. "Of course, I know you're my brother-in-law."

Kevin frowned.

Sierra tried to sound attentive. "Brother-in-law, you must have a headache. Let me massage your head for you."

Before she could reach out, Kevin's voice turned sharp. "If you know I'm your brother-in-law, shouldn't you show some restraint?"

Sierra couldn't believe it. How could he be so distant? What man wouldn't be tempted by a young, beautiful woman? Trying to be coy, she replied, "I'm just

trying to help. My sister isn't home, but I am. I can be more caring than she is."

Her words were laced with suggestion. Kevin's lips curled into a mocking smile. "So, because your sister isn't here, you want to take her place?"

His question seemed like an opportunity. Gaining confidence, Sierra held his gaze. "What's wrong with that? I'm younger and more energetic. You don't have to worry about my sister finding out. It can be our little secret."

She hoped to sow doubt in their marriage. Maybe if she pleased Kevin, she could replace Norah. Emboldened, she reached towards him, her mind racing at the sight of his unbuttoned collar, revealing his chiseled collarbone. Sierra imagined his toned physique beneath his usual suits and felt her heart race with anticipation.

But before she could touch him, Kevin's voice cut through the moment like a knife. "Get out!"

The next thing she knew, he had shoved her away, sending her sprawling to the floor.

"Ah!" Sierra cried out, stunned by his harshness. The pain from her fall shot through her hands, amplifying her embarrassment and rage. How could he be so cruel? She glanced up at Kevin, who now stood, wiping his hands with a towel as if her touch had sullied him.

His disdain was a clear humiliation. "Do I need to escort you out?" he asked coldly, tossing the towel into the trash, making it clear he saw her as dirty.

Tears welled up in Sierra's eyes, but she was too terrified to cry. She scrambled up, desperate to escape, when she saw Norah standing at the door, her face a mix of surprise and confusion. Sierra's humiliation deepened as she hurriedly adjusted her revealing dress and fled, not wanting to face Norah's judgment.

Norah had just finished preparing the sobering tea when she walked in and witnessed the scene—Sierra dressed provocatively, being tossed aside by Kevin. She was taken aback by Sierra's audacity. Why would she target Kevin?

Sierra, now with a scratched elbow and brimming with tears, didn't want to stick around for Norah to say anything. She darted away, trying to preserve the last shreds of her dignity.

Norah turned to Kevin, whose expression remained stern. "Your sister tried to seduce me," he said coldly. "Didn't you see that?"

"I saw," Norah replied calmly.

Kevin's face darkened. "And that's it? No reaction?"

Norah seemed puzzled. "What kind of reaction should I have?"

Kevin's scowl deepened. She hadn't gotten angry, sad, or even shed a tear. Her lack of jealousy bothered him.

After a moment, Norah said, "I didn't expect Sierra to do something like this, but now I understand she holds a grudge against me and wanted revenge. I'm sorry for the trouble."

"That's all?" Kevin pressed.

"Yes," she replied.

His eyes were still cold as he asked, "Norah, are you saying that no matter how many women come around me, it won't trouble you?"

Norah walked closer. "Of course not. Haven't I already stopped other women from approaching you before? But with Sierra, you rejected her, so there was no need for me to intervene."

Kevin scoffed. "Isn't that your job?"

"Yes, it is," Norah said, "even now."

He tightened his lips, feeling frustrated. Did she even care about their marriage, or was it all just business to her?

Noticing his irritation, Norah asked, "Do you want the sobering tea?" She glanced at the cup Sierra had brought earlier. "Or would you prefer what I made?"



Kevin's expression softened a bit. "Bring it here."

Norah quickly handed him the tea she'd prepared. Kevin drank it all and then, feeling exhausted, lay down on the bed to rest.

Once he was asleep, Norah quietly left and went to Linda's house.

When she arrived, Sierra was already there, crying loudly at the table.

"What happened, Sierra?" Linda asked, alarmed by her daughter's disheveled state.

Sierra continued to sob without answering.

Linda's mother, observing the scene, spoke up. "Can't you see what happened?"

Linda examined Sierra's attire and started piecing things together. Her face turned dark with realization. "Sierra, did you do something shameful? Who told you to behave like this?"

Sierra, choking through her tears, protested, "Grandma said I was useless, not as good as Norah. I just wanted to prove her wrong!"

"I never said that!" Linda's mother quickly denied.

Linda's anger boiled over. She turned to her mother, exasperated. "Mom, do you even care about us? You criticize me for marrying poorly and say my daughter isn't good enough. Sierra is still young and has her whole future ahead of her. Can't you show some support for us?"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 119**

### Chapter 119

"I'm only thinking about you!" Linda's mother said sternly. "James just can't measure up to his older brother! Being wealthy is everything—look at Norah's success! So many people praise her, and just mentioning her name gets admiration. What about your daughter? Even if she marries an older man, as long as he's rich, she'll be secure for life!"

“Mom!” Linda objected, “I’m not as shallow as you. I’m not all about money. Everyone says I’m materialistic, and I know why—I take after you! You made me like this, and now you want my daughter to follow the same path!”

“How can you say that? What’s so bad about it?” Linda’s mother replied angrily.

Linda, now emotional, responded, “Look at me! My husband is dead, and I’m left with this mess. What’s so great about that?”

“It’s all your own doing,” her mother accused.

“Fine, I’m useless. Then go, go find your son—just stay away from my daughter!” Linda said coldly, baffled by her mother’s lack of understanding.

Norah overheard this argument from outside the door. She waited until the tension subsided, then knocked.

Upon hearing the knock, Linda, worried about appearing vulnerable, forced herself to speak calmly, “Please come in.”

Norah entered, and Linda’s expression darkened at the sight of her.

Linda’s mother, however, quickly stood up, greeted Norah warmly, and said with a smile, “Oh, it’s the lovely Norah! Come, have a seat. Would you like some tea? I’ll pour you a cup.”

Linda felt even more frustrated with her mother’s overly friendly behavior. Despite knowing there was tension between them, her mother seemed intent on pleasing Norah.

Politely declining the offer, Norah replied, “No, thank you. I’m here to speak with my aunt.”

Linda’s mother nodded and said, “Of course, talk to your aunt.” Turning to Linda, she added, “Linda, don’t be so harsh. Norah is practically like a daughter to you. Be open and maintain harmony.” She glanced at Sierra and reassured her, “Don’t cry; it’s all family here.”

Sierra, not wanting to show her vulnerability in front of Norah, quickly wiped her tears and stayed silent.

Linda's frustration was evident in her tone as she addressed Norah, "What do you want?"

Norah, now seated, looked directly at Sierra, who was dressed provocatively. "Your daughter did something terrible," she began. "Don't you think I should be here?"

Linda's expression soured further, and Sierra instinctively tried to cover herself, anxious about being exposed.

"Are you here to mock me?" Linda asked, her brow furrowed.

"No," Norah replied steadily, "I'm here for something else."

"What is it?" Linda asked coldly.

Norah glanced around the room, recognizing everything built by her uncle. She took a deep breath and said, "The police confirmed that the car my uncle drove was tampered with, leading to an explosion that killed him. I'm here to find out who was behind it."

Hearing this, Linda's face twisted with anger. She snapped, "Don't tell me that! You're the one who caused this! Pretending to be innocent—you're the murderer!"

Norah held Linda's gaze, understanding the pain and anger driving her accusations. But she knew there was more to the story. After letting Linda vent, she spoke calmly, "When my uncle kidnapped me, there was another person—a woman—who altered her voice to stay anonymous. You framed me, and I already know someone else orchestrated this. If you want to discover who truly killed my uncle, you need to face the truth."

"Lies! Utter nonsense!" Linda shouted, refusing to believe it. "You're just trying to justify yourself and escape blame!"

Linda's refusal to accept reality stemmed from her guilt. James' actions led to this tragedy, but Linda clung to her anger at Norah to avoid facing her own regrets.

Norah, her message delivered, said firmly, "Think about it carefully—if my uncle's death meant something, then I won't let that woman get away with it."

Sierra, who had listened silently, was pale and shaken by Norah's words.

Norah left the room.

In a fit of rage, Linda flipped a table, startling Sierra. "Mom, what are you doing?" she cried.

Linda, with tear-filled eyes, replied, "She's trying to clear her name by pinning the blame on someone else. She doesn't care about us—they're all heartless!"

Linda broke down again, and Sierra tried to console her, whispering, "Mom, don't be like this. Dad wouldn't want you to suffer like this."

The day of the funeral arrived. The sky was overcast, and a light drizzle created a somber atmosphere. Everyone wore dark clothing.

James was now buried next to Norah's grandparents' tombstones. Gwen and Jack stood together, and Jack's reddened eyes betrayed his attempt to remain composed. Only Linda and her mother sobbed uncontrollably, holding onto James' tombstone and kneeling on the ground.

No one was more heartbroken than them.

Norah felt the weight of loss too—he had been her uncle, and no matter what people say, death has a finality that cuts deep.

As the funeral concluded and the guests began to leave, Linda and her mother's crying continued unabated.

Out of respect, Norah bid farewell to each person who had come to honor James.

When the last guest had left, Norah felt a chill down her spine, as if someone were watching her. Her instincts were strong.

She scanned the surroundings and spotted a figure on the roadside.

The figure had no umbrella but wore a smug smile. Even through the drizzle, Norah recognized the defiance in her expression.

Norah's face hardened, anger welling up inside her. How dare she show her face here?

She approached quickly and called out, "Lola!"

Lola smiled and replied, "Ms. White, what a coincidence running into you here."

With an air of arrogance, Lola was clearly enjoying herself, and Norah couldn't hold back her anger. "Coincidence? You came here on purpose, didn't you?" Norah demanded.

Feigning innocence, Lola responded, "Ms. White, I don't understand what you mean." She glanced toward the cemetery and added, "You were crying in there—did someone die? Was it a relative of yours?"

Lola's smirk was deliberately provocative.

Norah, her fists clenched, couldn't restrain herself any longer. She slapped Lola hard across the face. "I underestimated you," she seethed. "I didn't realize how vicious you could be!"

## **Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 120**

### Chapter 120

Lola didn't avoid the slap, merely turning her head and then looking back at Norah. "Ms. White, why are you so angry? You know hitting someone is a crime," she said calmly.

Norah shot back, "What you've done could land you in prison for life!"

Lola smiled fearlessly. "Ms. White, don't accuse me unfairly. I haven't done anything. I'm just here on a trip."

Suddenly, Siena's voice came from a short distance away. "Norah, what are you doing?" she demanded, clearly displeased at seeing Norah hit Lola. "You've got quite a temper! How dare you strike Lola when she's carrying our family's child? If something happens to that baby, can you handle the consequences?"

Norah turned to face Siena, recognizing her defense of Lola.

With a smug expression, Lola added, “Auntie, it’s fine. Ms. White is just upset because I’m pregnant and she can’t have children.”

Siena took the opportunity to add, “She can’t conceive, so she thinks others can’t either! Such bitterness!”

Norah frowned, knowing they were confident only because she lacked proof. This was exactly what Lola wanted—to irritate Norah with impunity.

Lola had ensured James couldn’t harm Norah any longer. If he survived, he might testify against her. Instead, Lola eliminated him, leaving no trace of her involvement.

“You’d better not keep provoking Lola,” Siena warned, now helping Lola. “If you harm her or my grandson, I won’t be so forgiving next time.”

Lola played along, gently patting her stomach. “Ms. White, I just came here to clear my head. They say the air here is good for me and the baby.”

Norah glanced at Lola’s stomach. It wasn’t showing yet, but Siena already seemed overjoyed at the idea of having a grandchild.

Norah then spoke with a sharp tone, “We haven’t even done a paternity test yet. Isn’t it too soon to declare it the Edwards family’s child?”

Lola’s face tensed, and she quickly protested, “How can you slander my child like that? Aren’t you afraid of karma?”

Siena, though momentarily taken aback, stubbornly retorted, “You’re just jealous!”

Norah dismissed their self-assurance. “Whatever happens in your family is your business,” she said coldly. “But remember, mistakes come with consequences. You can avoid them for now, but they’ll catch up eventually—perhaps even to the child.”

Lola’s smile faltered, her hand instinctively covering her stomach. “I haven’t done anything wrong,” she insisted, forcing a grin. “I’m not afraid of retribution.”

Siena, sensing the tension but not fully understanding, asked, “Why are you here, Norah?”

Lola quickly replied, "I asked her earlier. Ms. White's here for a funeral."

"Funeral?" Siena's expression changed, and she hastily began pulling Lola away. "Let's go. We shouldn't linger here. It's bad for the baby."

As they left, Sierra, standing at the cemetery gate, caught sight of Lola. Her face turned pale as she recognized her.

"That woman," Sierra muttered, clenching her fists. She recalled Norah's words about another person being involved in her father's death and wondered if there could be a connection.

"Sierra," Linda called out in a hoarse voice. "What are you staring at?"

Linda, looking worn from grief, was ready to head home, but Sierra remained frozen, staring at Norah.

"Why are you looking at her? Your dad died, and she didn't even shed a tear. She's heartless!" Linda said bitterly.

Sierra snapped out of it and turned to her mother. "Let's go home," she said, her voice shaky.

When they arrived home, James's photo hung on the wall, and Linda's tears began to flow again.

Everything felt emptier, lonelier.

Suddenly, Sierra's hand slipped, and a cup shattered on the floor.

The crash startled Linda out of her grief. "Sierra, what's wrong with you? You can't even hold a cup properly!" she scolded. "We're already struggling. We can't afford to break things."

Sierra's face turned even paler, and she hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Mom, have you considered what Cousin Norah said?"

"What are you talking about?" Linda's voice grew tense.

"That someone might have killed Dad," Sierra said softly.

Linda's voice rose with anger. "You believe her nonsense too?"

Sierra bit her lip, clearly conflicted. Linda, noticing her daughter's distant expression, softened slightly. "Sierra," she said, "we only have each other now. If anything's wrong, tell me. Your father may be gone, but I'm still here. I'll protect this family."

That was all Linda could promise—her unwavering determination not to be pitied or dismissed.

Sierra, visibly anxious, fiddled with her fingers before bursting out, "Mom, I'm so sorry! It's my fault. Dad kidnapped Cousin Norah for you, and I didn't stop him. I didn't want him to die!"

As she spoke, Sierra broke down in tears.

Linda, shocked, stopped crying and stared at her daughter. "What do you mean? Explain yourself," she demanded.