

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

## Chapter 4

"Miss White seems to be in a bad mood today. She didn't want to deliver the documents, so I had to do it," Bianca said, showing Kevin her burned hand. "Kevin, don't blame Miss White. I don't think she did it on purpose. It didn't delay the time."

Kevin's face darkened, but he maintained his composure in front of Bianca. He loosened his tie and said calmly, "It's okay."

Changing the subject, he added, "Since you're here, have a seat for a while."

Bianca felt a surge of happiness. At least he accepted her presence and didn't seem to hate her.

"Don't you have a meeting? Will I disturb you?" she asked.

Kevin made a phone call. "The meeting will be postponed for half an hour."

Bianca's lips curled into a smile. Before coming, she had worried whether Kevin would resent her for leaving without saying goodbye. But it seemed things weren't as bad as she had imagined. Time could be made up.

Bianca sat on the sofa, eager to explain herself. "Kevin, I have a lot to say to you. I know it was wrong of me to leave without saying goodbye, but I'm back..."

"I'll take care of my work first," Kevin interrupted her.

Swallowing her words, Bianca nodded. "Then I'll wait until you're done."

She didn't dare interrupt and watched as Kevin busied himself. She didn't know how long it would be before they could talk face to face.

It wasn't until Kian came in that Kevin paused his work.

Bianca smiled and called out, "Kevin, I..."

Kevin asked, "Does your hand still hurt?"

Did he notice her injury and care about her?

Bianca quickly shook her head. "It doesn't hurt anymore."

"Good," Kevin responded lightly, taking a bowl of soup from Kian. "I heard you weren't used to the climate and water since returning to Craggaville. Your throat is uncomfortable. Drink this medicine. It's good for your throat."

Bianca looked at the steaming bowl of soup, feeling a sense of relief.

Kevin had been keeping up with her news, even knowing about her throat discomfort. It showed he still cared about her.

She took the medicine, smiling. "Kevin, you still care about me so much. I'm very grateful."

The medicine had an unpleasant smell, but Bianca drank it all in one gulp, not leaving a drop.

Seeing her finish the soup, Kevin shifted his gaze.

"Mr. Edwards, the meeting is about to start," Kian reminded him.

Kevin looked at Bianca. "I'm busy. You should go back."

Bianca wiped her mouth, unable to say anything else. She nodded sympathetically. "Okay, I'll come to see you later."

Kevin walked out.

Bianca watched him leave, her eyes lingering until he disappeared. She sent a text message to her agent: "I made the right bet this time. He still loves me."

As Kevin walked towards the meeting room, Kian asked, "Mr. Edwards, why did we need to add contraceptive pills to the soup?"

Kevin's expression remained cold. "Bianca has been to the hotel."

Kian understood now. Kevin feared that the woman from last night might have been Bianca, and he wanted to prevent any chance of pregnancy.

One day, Norah didn't come to the company, nor did she call in for leave. Normally, she was always with Kevin, his right-hand, never making mistakes. But recently, she had become more willful, not showing up and not saying anything.

Kevin was angry, his face gloomy all day, making the company's employees fearful of making mistakes.

After work, Kevin returned to Edwards Villa.

By then, Norah had been released.

In the bedroom, Norah lay on the bed, her hands still trembling, her eyes red, and she was in shock. The burn on her hand had formed blisters.

Compared to the scars on her heart, the physical pain was hardly noticeable. Kevin arrived at the door, and a servant came over to change his shoes.

He looked gloomy and asked, "Where is madam?"

"She's upstairs," the servant replied. "Madam hasn't come out since she came back."

Kevin went upstairs. He opened the bedroom door and saw a lump on the bed, even her head covered.

Her abnormal behavior confused Kevin. He walked to the head of the bed, bent over, and touched the quilt.

"Don't touch me!" Norah slapped his hand away.

She had heard the noise at the door, thinking they were coming to lock her up again. Every footstep felt like it was crushing her heart. She covered herself tightly with the quilt, falling into endless panic until someone lifted it. She pushed his hand away.

Kevin was surprised by her reaction. His face sank, and his voice turned cold. "Norah, if you weren't pretending to be a ghost, do you think I want to touch you?"

Realizing it was Kevin, Norah's anxious heart calmed slightly. But his words still hurt her broken heart. She replied, "Mr. Edwards, I didn't know it was you."

"If not me, who else could be in this house?" Kevin mocked. "Or has your mind drifted outside?"

Norah pursed her lips, Siena's harsh words replaying in her mind. Yes, Bianca was more suitable for Kevin. Now that Bianca was back, they could resume their relationship, and she would have no place.

"I'm not feeling well today," Norah said, knowing she had become the unnecessary one. "Bianca delivered the documents. I hope it didn't delay your work."

Her willful behavior today made Kevin agitated. "Norah, since you're so sensible, why did you cause so many problems!"

Norah thought, what kind of trouble did she make? She had only made her mother angry and hurt Bianca's hand.

She hid her hand under the quilt, her heart growing colder. "It won't happen again."

After the divorce, such things wouldn't occur. She wouldn't hinder them anymore.

Norah's body stiffened. She asked, "Has the woman from last night been found?"

"The surveillance is broken, and she hasn't been found yet," Kevin frowned, staring at her. "What did you do at home all day?"

Norah looked outside; it was already dark.

Kevin felt she had been lazy, not coming to the company for a day.

"I'll go now," Norah said, not wanting to explain further. After repaying her debt to the Edwards family, they would be even.

The seven-year one-sided relationship should come to an end. She got up, dressed, and walked around him to leave. Without him, she had no place to stay. She was tired and didn't want to suffer anymore.

Kevin noticed her burned hand, more serious than Bianca's.

As Norah was about to leave, Kevin said, "Wait!"