

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

## Chapter 5

Norah stopped. Instead of the harmonious relationship they once had, their dynamic had become more like that of a superior and subordinate: "Mr. Edwards, is there anything else you want to say?"

Kevin turned around and stared at Norah's distant face. In a commanding tone, he said, "Sit down."

Norah suddenly didn't understand what he wanted to do. Kevin walked over to her, and as he got closer, she felt the air thin, making her feel nervous and a little strange. She didn't move, but Kevin took the initiative to hold her hand.

When his warm palm touched her, she felt like she was burned by something and wanted to pull away, but Kevin held her hand firmly, not giving her a chance to pull it back. He pulled her aside and asked with a frown, "Your hand is injured, didn't you notice?"

His concern surprised Norah. "I-I'm fine."

"Your hand has blisters," Kevin said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Norah lowered her eyes and looked at his large palms as he examined her wounds. Over the years, she had longed to hold his hand, to be warmed, and to be led in a direction, but there had been no opportunity. When she wanted to give up, he gave her a little warmth.

"It's a small matter. I think it will be fine in two days," Norah replied.

"I'll ask someone to bring the medicine," Kevin said.

Norah felt her eyes grow hot. After years of perseverance, it seemed she was finally getting some reward. But she reminded herself that he didn't love her.

Kevin took the medicine and applied it to her wound. As she watched him carefully tend to her injury, she felt a glimmer of hope that she might become the woman he loved. It seemed that a small wound could make him pay more attention to her.

A tear fell from her eye, landing on the back of Kevin's hand.

Kevin looked up and saw Norah's wet eyes. It was the first time he had seen her show such emotion in front of him.

"Why are you crying? Did it hurt?" Kevin asked.

Norah felt her emotions were too volatile, unlike her usual self. "It doesn't hurt. My eyes are just uncomfortable. Mr. Edwards, I won't do this next time."

Kevin had heard her polite words countless times and was a little tired of them. He frowned and said, "At home, not in the company, you don't have to be fully armed in front of me every day. At home, you can call me by my name."

But Norah had been like this for the past seven years. In the company, she was a qualified secretary. At home, with the title of Mrs. Edwards, she was just doing what a secretary should do.

Norah looked at his face, which she had admired for many years. Feelings that were not reciprocated would eventually lead to exhaustion. She paused but still said, "Kevin, when are we going to get the divorce?"

Kevin pulled her into his arms, making Norah's body stiffen, her head resting on his shoulder, unable to say anything.

"I'm tired today. Let's talk about it tomorrow," Kevin said.

Norah had no choice but to drop the topic. Lying on the bed, she felt Kevin's body close to hers, feeling his warmth.

His hands were around her waist, and she was enveloped in the sharp fragrance of cypress and pine, which gave her a sense of security.

His large palms rested on her lower abdomen, making her body shrink slightly. His warm breath reached her ears again: "Are you ticklish?"

Norah lowered her eyes. "I'm not used to it."

Hearing this, Kevin became more proactive, holding her tightly in his arms. "Then slowly get used to it. One day you will."

Norah leaned into his arms, feeling his hot breath on her face, making her cheeks flush slightly.

She looked up and wondered if there could be a turnaround in their marriage. She longed to change her identity.

She said, "Kevin, if possible, can we..."

Kevin's phone rang, drawing his attention.

Norah's unspoken words lingered. Could she be his wife? Could she stop appearing in his life only as a secretary?

But this fleeting hope vanished when she saw the name "Bianca" on the screen. It brought her back to reality.

Kevin's face regained its calm as he let go of her, sat up, and took the call.

"Hello."

Norah watched him walk out of the bedroom to answer Bianca's call. Her heart sank, and a sneer appeared on her lips: 'Norah, how could you have such a fantasy? His heart is with Bianca, and he will never have feelings for you. He said this when you got married three years ago.'

Norah raised her head, feeling a profound sadness. The warmth in her eyes intensified. She closed her eyes, determined not to cry for him anymore.

Kevin didn't know that since she learned of Bianca, she had only cried for him in secret, never letting him see. She remembered her identity well, just a secretary beside him.

Kevin walked back after answering the phone. Seeing that Norah was still awake, he reminded her, "Something happened at the company. I have to go back. You should go to bed early."

Norah didn't look at him, not wanting him to see her vulnerable side. "I know. Go ahead. I'll be at work on time tomorrow."

"Yeah," Kevin responded, took his coat, and left.

Hearing the car start and the sound fade away, her heart felt like it was breaking.

Norah didn't sleep much that night.

The next day, she went to work very early. There were only a few people in the office, and she performed her duties as usual, taking care of Kevin's work in an orderly manner.

But Kevin didn't come to the office today. Norah called him several times, but his phone was always turned off.

Tessa, another secretary, was anxious. "Ms. White, Mr. Edwards isn't here today, and I don't know where he went. The inspection work at the construction site can only rely on you."

As Kevin's secretary, Norah was familiar with most of the company's work and knew this project well.

After making one last call and giving up when she couldn't reach him, Norah remembered he had answered Bianca's call last night. He hadn't come to the office and hadn't returned all night. He must have gone to see her.

She suppressed the bitterness in her heart. "Then let's not wait for Mr. Edwards. Let's go first."

The scorching heat outside greeted her as she arrived at the construction site. The building under construction was still just a framework, messy and full of dust and steel bars. The machines made a huge noise.

Norah had been here several times and was familiar with it, so she quickly went through the process.

But suddenly, someone shouted: "Be careful!"

Norah looked up, only to see a piece of glass falling directly towards her head.