

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 561.

They arrived at the entrance of the night market. From a distance, the place looked dim and crowded. Kevin immediately pulled Norah into his arms and whispered, "Let's go change first. I don't want anyone putting their hands on you."

Norah snorted. "Oh really? Didn't think about that when you picked out my dress? I'm not changing. You actually look good tonight, and I want people to see it. Not changing."

Kevin couldn't argue with her. He could only stay close and shield her as best he could.

Norah decided to enjoy herself and let go of her worries.

Whenever she saw something good to eat, she tried it and handed the leftovers to Kevin. If she couldn't finish it, he got the rest. When something looked fun, she jumped in. If it got scary, she ran straight into Kevin's arms.

She sparkled like the brightest star in the sky—playful, glowing, and catching everyone's eye.

Naturally, that also drew in the wrong kind of attention.

While waiting in line for ice cream, someone bumped into Norah, and her expression instantly darkened.

Kevin noticed. "What's wrong?"

"Someone touched my butt."

Norah scanned the crowd, but no one stood out. Still, she was sure about what happened.

Kevin's face turned grim.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the clothing store next door. His tone was firm. "Change. Or we're going home. Now."

"Why are you yelling? It's not like it was my fault."

"I know it's not. But I'm upset. For you, and for me."

Who could really understand Kevin's frustration? His woman had just been harassed, and he didn't even know who did it—so there was no way to do anything about it.

Feeling wronged, Norah picked out the most conservative outfit she could find and stormed into the fitting room.

She didn't come out right away, figuring Kevin must be angry and deserved to wait.

Let's see who gets more anxious—him or me.

But when she finally stepped out, Kevin was gone.

"Wow, Kevin. Really?" she muttered, stomping her foot. Furious, she got dressed and headed out to find him.

The market was packed, full of noise and voices calling out deals.

Norah wandered aimlessly through the crowd, unable to find him.

Just as she was about to give up and head back alone, she heard Kevin's voice coming from a nearby alley.

"Ma'am, why are you blocking my way with flowers? I'm not who you're looking for."

He sounded frustrated. A woman in a long dress stood in front of him.

From behind, her figure wasn't bad—maybe even close to Norah's.

The woman blushed. "Sir, I think I fell for you the moment I saw you. I know this sounds sudden—it shocked me too—but when we crossed paths at the corner, my heart started racing. I've never felt anything like it. I know it's real love."

Kevin frowned, slightly annoyed. Why hadn't he thought of saying stuff like that when he was chasing Norah?

The woman kept going. "Can you give me a chance? I want to be with you."

She held out a massive bouquet of flowers—bigger than the one at the hotel earlier.

Norah, hiding nearby, clenched her fists. If Kevin dared to say yes, he was going to regret it.

The breeze carried the scent of grilled meat from the night market.

Kevin smiled slightly. "Miss, I'm married. See this ring? My wife gave me a beautiful baby boy. If we hadn't wanted some time to ourselves tonight, you'd be meeting him too."

"But sir..."

"Yes, my wife's right in front of that shop. Want me to take you to meet her?"

He pointed toward the alley's entrance—where Norah was standing.

She ducked out of sight, heart racing.

Then she heard the woman say, sounding disappointed, "It's clear you love your wife. She's lucky. You and I just weren't meant to be. I won't give you these flowers after all."

That's it?

You're not even going to fight for it?

Norah screamed internally. Still, she couldn't help worrying. What if the woman kept coming back?

It's not about whether your man cheats—it's about whether another woman is serious.

No guy can completely ignore someone throwing themselves at him.

"Kevin, you're something else," she muttered under her breath.

Suddenly, someone stepped in front of her. She looked up—and saw Kevin's warm gaze.

"Didn't that woman come to find you? Why don't you go be with her? Just say yes already, like this..."

"Okay, I'll go."

Norah grabbed his arm. "You better not."

Kevin smirked, stealing a quick kiss. "I wouldn't dare. I won't. I've got you and Cooper—that's all I need."

With that promise, Norah smiled.

That little scene helped them forget the earlier harassment. After they'd eaten their fill and walked around the market some more, Norah started yawning nonstop.

It was getting late.

Kevin hailed a cab and took her to the hotel. He clearly had no intention of going home that night.

Valentine's Day always brought an extra spark—young couples celebrating with passion, while the older ones reflected quietly.

The night slipped by.

By the time morning came, Norah slowly woke up, still dazed. Her mind was spinning with flashes from the night before.

She shook her head and tried to snap out of it.

Then she checked the time—it was way past when Cooper needed to be dropped off at school.

Panicked, she changed quickly and rushed downstairs, not even checking if Kevin was still asleep.

“Honey, what’s the rush? Can’t you tell I’m nervous here?”.

Bonnie greeted her at the door, clearly distressed. When Norah looked confused, Bonnie leaned in and whispered, “I really need your help this time.”.

Norah followed her gaze to a young man sitting by the window, watching them.

“What’s going on?”.

“Mike. We met at an event a few months ago. He’s been trying to get me to go out with him ever since. I didn’t meet him last night, and now he’s here...”.

Before she could finish, Mike walked over.

He glanced at Norah, then raised an eyebrow. “Bonnie, is this your girlfriend?”.

Bonnie nodded and wrapped her arm around Norah. “Why, don’t we look alike? People say we make a great couple.”.

Norah nearly groaned out loud. Bonnie had backed herself into a corner—and this was her only way out?

Isn’t she worried no one will want to marry her later?

“Hi, I’m Mike—Bonnie’s admirer,” he said, testing them. “She said you two are together, but I don’t buy it.”.

Norah was uncomfortable. How do you even prove something like that? Say it's not safe for kids?

Mike had no shame, but Norah still had her pride.

Then an idea popped into her head. She blinked, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Babe," she said, voice trembling, "last night you said I was the only one. And now you're meeting someone else first thing in the morning? Were you lying to me?"

"No! I'd never lie to you!" Bonnie panicked—completely out of her depth, especially with anything LGBTQ-related.

Norah stepped in front of Bonnie, gently cupping her face so she had to look at her.

"Then swear to me. Swear that I'm the only one you love. Promise you'll cut ties with him—no meetings, no business, nothing."

She choked up halfway through. Even Mike started to feel bad.

Bonnie saw his expression shift and turned to him, serious now. "Mike, you see how upset she is because of you. I think it's best if we don't talk again."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

6 min read

Chapter 562.

Mike looked a bit reluctant as he pulled Bonnie aside. "Bonnie, I really like you. No matter who you are or how you live your life, I still like you."

Bonnie wasn't Kevin's biological aunt, but ever since the shake-up in the Edwards family, her status in Kevin's life had changed. He now treated her like family—his real aunt.

It showed in the way she'd started appearing in all kinds of Edwards' Advertising Department campaigns.

Mike had worked hard to win her over. Now that he was finally getting somewhere, he wasn't ready to walk away.

Bonnie didn't understand any of that. She just thought Mike was being overly pushy.

She turned to Norah for help, not wanting Mike's hands anywhere near her face.

Startled, she shoved him away.

Norah let out a dramatic wail, rushed over like a whirlwind, and threw her arms around Bonnie, sobbing uncontrollably.

"You can't be with him. No—no way. I won't let it happen. You promised me. You said... you said..." Her voice broke off into choked sobs.

She looked like a woman scorned, and the nearby onlookers started whispering among themselves.

Bonnie gently tried to comfort her, then turned to Mike with a cold stare. "Mike, I don't like men. Let it go. Please don't contact me again."

With that, she wrapped an arm around Norah and walked out of the hotel. Neither of them dared to look back, terrified that Mike would follow and keep harassing them.

"Is he coming after us?" Bonnie asked, her voice trembling.

Norah shook her head. "No, but... he's watching. And wait—Kevin's downstairs now."

Bonnie picked up the pace, worried that Kevin would ruin everything.

"No, he's walking toward Mike. They're talking..."

Norah nudged Bonnie aside and narrowed her eyes, trying to read Kevin's lips.

"He said that if Mike doesn't back off, he'll blacklist him."

Norah turned to Bonnie, confused. "Mike's famous or something?"

Bonnie shrugged. "Not really. Just a signed model under Edwards'. Anyway, forget him. Let's go."

She was desperate to avoid another entanglement. She'd just escaped one mess and didn't want to get dragged into another.

They had barely gotten away when Kevin's car pulled up behind them.

Norah muttered something under her breath and exchanged a look with Bonnie.

Bonnie quickly called Kevin. "Kevin, Norah and I already have plans. You go take care of your stuff."

"There's a party. I got you an invite. But be careful—Mike's not going to give up easily."

"Got it. Can Norah come too?"

Bonnie looked at Norah. They both nodded with interest. Who wouldn't want to go to a party?

But Kevin warned, "If you bring her, I'll personally support Mike in chasing you."

Bonnie groaned and swore she wouldn't take Norah.

Still, she couldn't help but wonder—what kind of party was it that Norah wasn't allowed to attend?

After the recent chaos, the Edwards Group had a lot to clean up. Even though most people had come around to support Kevin, there were always a few who couldn't let go of the past.

One of them was Armano Wang, the former Head of HR. He still held a grudge over being permanently let go for supporting Martin.

But instead of going after Kevin directly, Armano pulled some strings and found Siena, who was currently living in a sanatorium.

A light breeze blew strands of hair across Siena's face. A nurse by her side quickly brushed them back. The gesture was so gentle, even Armano felt a little uncomfortable watching it.

Especially because the "nurse" was actually a man in his early forties—making the scene feel a bit... odd.

"Mr. Wang, you didn't come all this way just to sit in the sun with me, did you?" Siena said without even glancing at him. She had no interest in anything related to the Edwards family.

Armano smiled. "Ma'am, I came to discuss something with you. I don't know if you've heard, but there's been a major shake-up at Edwards. Kevin's gotten rid of all of Mr. Edwards' old people. Edwards Group now belongs entirely to him."

Siena let out a disinterested "Oh," saying nothing more.

Armano pressed on. "Ma'am, if Mr. Edwards were still in charge, you wouldn't be stuck in a place like this. I heard you've been wanting to go abroad, but the financial means just aren't there. That's all because of Kevin. He's controlling everything."

"What are you trying to say?" Siena asked, her face still unreadable.

Armano finally leaned in to whisper something.

Siena's lips curled into a faint smile. "Alright. I'll leave it to you, Mr. Wang."

Armano nearly jumped with joy and promised he'd take care of everything.

His plan? A family reunion.

Technically speaking, Siena was still considered Kevin's mother figure. If she called for a gathering, no one would dare ignore it.

And of course, Kevin wouldn't refuse.

That evening, under the glow of streetlamps, Kevin showed up right on time at the club with Norah and Cooper.

When he saw Siena, he simply nodded—no other greeting.

Siena looked at Cooper with a gentle expression. "Cooper, call me Grandma."

Kevin hesitated, but Cooper softly said, "Grandma."

Siena lit up and handed him a thick red envelope.

Kevin and Norah exchanged surprised glances. Siena seemed... different.

And since it was a family gathering, Bonnie had to be there too. As soon as they sat down, her voice floated in from the hallway.

"You're still so careless," Siena scolded softly, clearly annoyed but keeping her voice low since Kevin and Norah were nearby. She looked at Norah. "Tell me, did I say anything wrong?"

"Aunt Bonnie's actually really sweet," Norah replied carefully. "She's probably just excited today. Don't take it personally."

Norah silently cursed herself. She really shouldn't have come.

Bonnie finally entered and greeted everyone before sitting beside Norah. She gave Siena only the briefest nod.

As with most family events, a speech from the elders was inevitable.

Siena stood up and lowered her voice. "Since we're all gathered here, I won't get into too much. But there's something I want to address."

Kevin smiled and jumped in, "Let me do the honors. Everyone, meet our new Head of Finance at Edwards Group."

The title instantly brought a smile to Siena's face.

The Finance Department—closest to the money. Who wouldn't love that job?

Bonnie subtly nudged Kevin under the table, silently urging him to reconsider.

Kevin, unfazed, filled Siena's plate and chatted about her time at the sanatorium. His knowledge of the details made it clear he'd done his homework—showing just how much he valued her.

Siena felt a wave of emotions. In that moment, she really felt like his mother. It made her hesitate about what she was planning.

Their conversation flowed smoothly until Kevin shifted gears.

"I remember before the sanatorium, you used to travel a lot. Didn't you always say your dream was to live in Paris?"

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

8 min read

Chapter 563.

"You're such a thoughtful kid. Honestly, I almost forgot about it. I really did want to settle down in Paris before, but..."

Siena trailed off. She didn't need to say more—everyone understood what she meant.

Norah handed her a gift box and smiled. "Let's not dwell on the sad stuff. Here's something we prepared for you. Hope you like it."

Siena opened the box and was stunned to find a set of keys and a property deed inside.

When she saw the address was in Paris, she couldn't hold back her tears.

Norah stepped forward to comfort her. "You can choose who to bring with you. Don't worry about the medical team—Kevin's already taken care of everything."

Bonnie was shocked. She had suspected that Siena had an agenda in calling this family gathering and was worried Kevin might fall into a trap.

Now, it was clear—no one could outplay Kevin.

Siena was genuinely pleased with the arrangement and immediately agreed to hand over all her property rights and let Kevin take over the Edwards family affairs.

In short, all she wanted now was a peaceful retirement. Nothing else mattered to her.

When the three walked out of the club, Bonnie finally let out a laugh.

Everyone knew that from this point forward, the Edwards family would truly be at peace.

"You're incredible," Bonnie said. "But Kevin, how did you know she wanted to settle in Paris?"

It had been bugging her all night—Kevin couldn't possibly be that intuitive.

Norah looked at him too, just as curious.

Kevin started the car, drove for a bit, and then finally said, "When Armano went to see her, I got suspicious and had someone bribe the nurse who was always with Siena. After Armano left that day, the nurse sent me a message."

Now it made sense.

They both suddenly realized and asked at the same time, "Then, is Siena taking the nurse with her abroad?"

"No need to guess," Kevin replied with a sly smile.

The two rolled their eyes. Sending a caregiver abroad with her was basically planting a surveillance camera by her side.

Siena couldn't wait to move overseas, and just two days later, everyone gathered at the airport to see her off. Even though she knew it was all part of a plan, Norah still carefully reminded her about things to be cautious of while living abroad.

Once the plane took off, the capital finally felt calm again.

Bonnie looked up at the sky and sighed, "It's crazy how much everything—and everyone—has changed."

"Then hurry up and get married. And don't forget about the party tomorrow," Kevin reminded her, straight-faced. Before she could respond, he pulled Norah into the car and drove off.

Bonnie was left behind, fuming. As she went to grab a taxi, she realized her purse was still in the car. She groaned in frustration.

"Bonnie."

She turned around at the familiar voice. It was Mike.

Caught off guard, she muttered awkwardly, "What a coincidence."

"I think I just saw your girlfriend get into a car with some guy. What's going on? You two fighting?"

It sounded like a caring question, but Bonnie could tell he was fishing for information.

She gave a small smile. "That's her family. I have something else to take care of, so I'll get going."

She quickly got into a waiting car—only for Mike to jump in right after.

"Edwards Group," they both said at the same time.

The driver chuckled, "You two must really be fated to meet. Tell you what, I'll just charge for one passenger."

Bonnie wanted to get out, but the car had already pulled away from the airport.

The ride was awkwardly silent.

Mike kept trying to make small talk, but Bonnie ignored him. When they finally got to the Edwards Building, she remembered she had no phone or money.

"I'll pay you back later," she said reluctantly. "Can you cover the fare for now?"

"The driver said one charge only, right? Consider it on me. You don't need to pay me back."

Mike paid, got out, walked around to her side, and opened the door for her.

Just then, Norah stepped out of her car and saw the scene. Without hesitation, she rushed over and blocked Bonnie protectively.

"You two are together?"

She wasn't even pretending to be jealous—Bonnie gave her a thumbs-up for that.

Mike chuckled. "Norah, should I call you Mrs. Edwards or Miss White?"

Both women froze.

So, he already knew the truth—he had just been pretending.

Bonnie, annoyed, grabbed Norah's hand and dragged her inside.

"Bonnie, I told you—I like you. No matter what you say, I'm not backing down. You're mine!" Mike called after her.

His loud declaration caught the attention of everyone nearby. Those who recognized them started whispering.

Bonnie assumed Mike was just goofing around. She and Norah went up to the top floor to find Kevin.

The party was held at a resort hotel on the outskirts of town. The organizer had booked the entire place so guests could have fun.

Bonnie arrived alone and felt confused the moment she walked in.

The crowd was full of men and women of all kinds—it didn't feel like a normal party. More like a massive blind date.

She soon noticed a sign confirming her suspicion.

Now she understood why Norah didn't come.

"Miss, would you care to dance?" a man asked politely.

Bonnie shook her head. She wasn't interested in blind dating—she only came to unwind.

But some people had other plans.

"Her name's Bonnie, Kevin Edwards' aunt. A woman like that wouldn't be interested in you—give it up."

Mike had arrived, dressed to the nines in a tux, clearly trying to impress.

The man picked up on the hostility and quickly walked away.

Bonnie ignored Mike, grabbed a glass of wine, and headed toward another group.

Mike tailed her.

Annoyed, she snapped, "What do you want now? Haven't I made myself clear?"

"You said you're not into men, but you're at a blind date party? Bonnie, you're not getting rid of me that easily."

Mike smirked, and as the music started, he pulled her into a spin, dancing her into the center of the floor.

"Let me go," she hissed.

"People are watching. You want them laughing at you?" Mike whispered back.

Bonnie bit her tongue and decided to finish the dance to avoid a scene.

The sight of them—an elegant woman and a handsome man—quickly drew attention.

In a dark corner, a man wearing sunglasses narrowed his eyes. A cold glint flickered behind the lenses, like he could burn a hole through Mike.

When the song ended, Bonnie tried to leave, but Mike blocked her path.

"What now?"

"Nice dance. Let's keep it going."

He turned to the crowd. "Didn't Miss Edwards dance beautifully? Any gentlemen want to join her for the next round?"

Someone took him up on the offer. "Dancing with you is no fun." The man walked over and pushed Mike aside.

Mike shrugged. "If I'm not good enough, I'll let you have the honor."

Bonnie had no choice. With everyone watching, she became like a puppet, pulled into another dance.

When the music stopped, her new dance partner guided her to a booth to rest.

He handed her a drink and introduced himself. "I'm Nash Lamothe. I'm in the textile dyeing business. Hopefully, we'll get a chance to work with the Edwards Group."

"Sounds good. Now that we've met—cheers."

Mike appeared again, clinked glasses with both of them, and pushed Bonnie to drink.

She didn't notice the subtle glance between Mike and Nash.

But the man in the corner didn't miss it. Not one bit.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 564.

Bonnie knew something was off the moment the dizziness kicked in. With her alcohol tolerance, she should've been fine—so the problem had to be the drink itself.

But it was already too late. Her head spun, and her legs went weak.

She had been drugged.

This was Mike's doing.

Without thinking too much, she walked up to a man nearby. "Sir, did you drive here? I'm not feeling well. Could you give me a ride?"

The man exchanged a quick glance with Mike and nodded. "Sure. I haven't had anything to drink."

He helped her out, and while she wasn't paying attention, signaled to Mike, who slipped out another exit and got into the car ahead of them.

The man opened the car door, and Bonnie immediately noticed Mike in the passenger seat. Her face darkened.

“Why is he here?”.

“Oh, he’s my buddy. Came with me. Since I’m leaving, I figured I’d drop him off too. Don’t worry, Miss Edwards. I’ll take you home first, then him.”.

The man’s explanation triggered something in Bonnie.

She quickly pulled her arm away and stepped back, suddenly alert. These two were in on it together—she couldn’t get in that car.

Her eyes darted around, looking for help.

Mike noticed and snapped, “Get her in the car, you idiot!”.

The man lunged forward to grab her. Bonnie panicked and cried out, “Help! Somebody help!”.

A man suddenly rushed out from the hotel entrance—but before he could reach them, another man beat him to it.

This second man had come sprinting from the convenience store across the street. He took down Bonnie’s attacker in just a few moves and positioned himself between her and the danger.

Mike stepped out of the car, glaring coldly at the newcomer. “You wanna play hero? Better make sure you’ve got what it takes.”.

With that, he pulled out a knife and started advancing.

“Mike,” the man said calmly, “you should leave now. Because even if it costs me everything, I’ll send you straight to hell.”.

Bonnie wanted to mention Kevin’s name but held back.

Anyone tied to the Edwards name would draw suspicion—and danger.

Mike sneered. "Really? I'd love to see you try."

They were only a meter apart now. Mike narrowed his eyes and warned the man, "This is your last chance. Walk away now. Later, I won't give you the option."

"When did the capital become so lawless that women get ambushed in public? You're Mike, right? That washed-up model? I've seen your work—it's alright. Too bad you're not."

The man didn't flinch, speaking with an easy confidence.

"Enough talk. This doesn't concern you. Move."

Mike, now humiliated, snapped.

But the man just chuckled—and then in a flash, took Mike down with one swift move.

He was fast—like someone who had real training.

Mike tried to fight back but was pinned under the man's foot.

"So," the man said coolly, "you want to deal with the cops—or with me?"

Before Mike could answer, there was a thud—Bonnie collapsed.

The sound startled them both. The man immediately released Mike and caught Bonnie.

Just then, a cold wind swept in from behind. The man's eyes sharpened—he dodged Mike's surprise attack and retaliated with a powerful kick.

"Ah!"

Mike screamed and passed out.

The man turned to Mike's friends. "Turn yourselves in. If you don't, I'll show you what a living nightmare really looks like."

He carried Bonnie across the street. At the hotel entrance, a man in sunglasses smiled faintly.

His assistant leaned in. "Boss Edwards, aren't you going after her?"

"No need. That's Isaac Laurin—the young master of the Laurin family. Didn't expect him to be back in the capital."

Kevin recognized him too—Isaac Laurin, the carefree heir who had traveled the world since he was a kid.

Isaac had grown up.

The Laurins were known for being strict with their children. Talent wasn't mandatory, but integrity was.

Kevin trusted that Isaac wouldn't harm Bonnie. Even if he did....

Kevin smiled slightly. He wouldn't mind going to the Laurin family to demand they marry Bonnie to him. In fact, it could work to his advantage—getting closer to the Laurins wouldn't be such a bad thing.

"But Mr. Edwards," his assistant said, "they used the strongest drug on Miss Edwards."

Kevin's eyes twitched. Looks like something interesting is about to happen.

In the hospital, Isaac stood outside the emergency room, talking on the phone.

Whatever he heard made his eyes turn sharp. "So Grandma wants me to go on a blind date? You know I hate being set up. Help me figure something out. Solve this for me, and I'll recommend you for manager at the new hotel. Big money in it."

He sighed. "If I had another option, I wouldn't be calling you."

Just then, the emergency room doors opened. Isaac hung up and rushed over. "Doctor, how is she?"

"She was drugged, but we've administered an antidote. The drug is strong and takes time to wear off. If she feels fine by morning, she can go home. If not, we'll have to treat her again."

Isaac nodded, walked the doctor out, and headed to the ward.

Bonnie had fallen asleep due to the conflicting effects of the drugs.

She looked peaceful—like a sleeping beauty. Isaac stared for a moment, captivated.

Her beauty wasn't shallow like most girls her age. There was depth to it—charm.

Yes, charm.

Suddenly, an idea sparked. He called home and asked the butler to come to the hospital after breakfast.

Then, he lay down on the couch and fell into a sweet sleep.

At dawn, a ringing phone woke him up. Isaac answered groggily.

"What? You woke me up—this better be good."

"Young Master, I'm already at the hospital. Which department should I go to?"

Isaac shot up and rushed to the ward door. "I'll give you the room number."

Bonnie recognized him as the man who saved her and waited for him to finish the call before smiling gratefully.

"Um, thank you for last night. My name is—"

"Listen," he interrupted, "someone's coming in soon. No matter what he asks or what I say, don't talk. Just look at me. If I ask you to nod, nod. Got it?"

Bonnie hesitated at the secrecy, but he had saved her—so she agreed.

She nodded.

Just as she was about to ask why, the door opened. An old man with white hair and a thermos walked in.

“Young Master, I brought breakfast. And this is...”

“My girlfriend,” Isaac said casually. “Didn’t plan to introduce her this early, but I can’t stand restaurant food, so...”

He shrugged, playing the part.

Bonnie froze.

Girlfriend? Since when? They barely knew each other. He saved her, sure—but that was it!

She opened her mouth to explain, but Isaac subtly shook his head.

She remembered her promise—and said nothing.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 565.

Isaac took the breakfast from the butler, unwrapped everything, and laid it out on the small table. He glanced warily at the butler standing nearby.

“Young Master, allow me,” the butler offered politely.

But he wasn’t just being helpful—he was trying to figure out whether Bonnie was truly Isaac’s girlfriend or just someone he’d hired to fool the old lady.

Isaac saw right through him and frowned. "I'm taking care of my girlfriend and you want to step in? Have you forgotten the house rules just because I've been away a few years?"

The butler immediately backed off. "Of course not. I only meant to serve you. Since you're handling it, I'll excuse myself."

Isaac waved him off and sat beside the bed to feed Bonnie some porridge.

"Careful—it's hot. This seafood porridge is packed with nutrients. If you like it, I'll have them make it again. Whatever you want, I'll cook it."

"You better mean that. Don't go back on your word," Bonnie replied, playing along.

If they were going to fake it, they had to make it believable.

Bonnie gave him a playful glance. The butler had already left, but word of the scene quickly spread through the Laurin household.

Even though Isaac continued feeding her, Bonnie eventually pulled away.

Understanding her hesitation, he smiled and set the bowl down. "Then feed yourself. By the way, I'm Isaac Laurin—the fourth son of the Laurin family in Belourvinelle. Maybe you've heard of us, maybe not. Doesn't matter. That title was given to me by my elders. It's not something I consider an honor."

"What do you consider an honor then?"

Bonnie was familiar with the Laurin family and their strict expectations, though she'd never interacted with anyone from their circle—until now.

"It's building something of your own," she said. "That's what real honor is—especially for a man. If everything you have comes from your family, you're not really a man. Just someone who happens to be male."

Isaac leaned in a little, eyes locked on hers. "You don't mind pretending to be my girlfriend, do you? I'm not into blind dates. If you're okay with it, I might ask you to help me out again..."

"No. I do mind."

Bonnie shut him down immediately. There was no way she'd agree to something like that.

When she saw his face darken, she climbed out of bed and grabbed her purse. "Thanks for what you did last night. And I helped you just now, so let's call it even. Consider your life-saving deed repaid. I don't think we need to see each other again."

Worried he might cling to her, she left in a hurry.

Bonnie hadn't come home all night, and Kevin had waited for her at her apartment. When she finally walked in, clearly flustered, he gave her a quick once-over, checking for any signs she'd been taken advantage of. But she was fully dressed and looked fine, so he relaxed.

He got up from the couch, speaking like an overprotective big brother. "Where were you last night?"

"You told me to go to that party, didn't you?"

Bonnie rolled her eyes. "Seriously, Kevin? A blind date party? You really thought I needed that? Do I seem like the kind of woman who needs to go on a blind date?"

Kevin scratched his nose awkwardly. "Not really. But I just wanted to help you stay away from smooth-talking guys who might play you."

At that, Bonnie's anger flared. The memory of nearly being drugged by Mike last night hit hard. But she couldn't direct that anger at Kevin—he had meant well—so she just stomped upstairs.

She bumped into Norah on her way down. Norah immediately picked up on the faint smell of disinfectant.

"You were at the hospital last night?" Norah asked, surprised. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Mike drugged me, but someone stepped in and took me to the hospital. And it was someone's idea to send me to that party in the first place," Bonnie said, shooting Kevin a glare.

Norah knew about the blind date party. She patted Bonnie's shoulder gently. "Kevin meant well, but yeah... total fail. You probably didn't sleep at all. Go lie down. I'll make you something nice for lunch."

"Deal," Bonnie smiled, kissed her on the cheek, and ran upstairs.

Norah noticed something strange in Kevin's expression—a sly, calculating look, like a hunter who'd found a trail.

She slipped her arm around his and leaned in. "What are you hiding from me, hmm?"

With a gorgeous woman in his arms, Kevin couldn't keep calm. He pulled her in for a deep kiss that nearly left her breathless.

"Spill it or you're going down," she muttered, slightly out of breath and a little annoyed.

Kevin whispered in her ear, "The person who saved Bonnie last night? It was Isaac Laurin."

Isaac Laurin?

It took Norah a moment to place the name. He was the young master of the Laurin family. Known for being hard to pin down—but what did this have to do with good news?

She was about to ask when she noticed the glint in Kevin's eye—and suddenly, she got it.

"Auntie really draws the puppies, huh? But is this something we should worry about?"

Dealing with Mike was already enough. If the Laurin family got involved, even she and Kevin might be out of their depth.

But Kevin didn't seem the least bit concerned. A man from the Laurin family wouldn't need to play dirty just to get rich.

If this was some kind of setup, maybe the goal wasn't money... Maybe Isaac was after the whole Edwards family empire?

Kevin chuckled. "I doubt it. It's probably just a coincidence—or fate, if you want to get poetic about it."

"Fate or not, we'll find out soon enough. Go change. We've got a meeting with a former Laurin family client. Maybe we can dig up something useful."

Kevin nodded and gave her another intense kiss before heading out.

Meanwhile, in the top-floor reception room of Edwards Group, a bearded man was nervously sipping his fifth cup of tea. His stomach was starting to twist.

Face tight, he asked in a low voice, "When is Mr. Edwards getting here? If it's going to be a while, I really need to use the restroom."

"I'm sorry for the delay. Mr. Edwards is on his way. But if it's urgent, feel free to go. I'll explain to him."

"Thank you," the man said, rushing off.

Right after he left, Kevin and Norah arrived.

The secretary quickly filled them in, and Kevin shot Norah a look—she was supposed to be here nearly an hour ago.

Norah's cheeks flushed. She didn't respond to the scolding. Instead, she asked the secretary to prepare breakfast.

If the client was that laid-back, they might as well eat.

When the bearded man—Mr. Jacob—returned, he was stunned to see the table full of food.

“Uh... am I—?”

“Mr. Jacob, relax,” Kevin said with a smile. “We’re sorry to keep you waiting. Don’t go telling people we made you sit here for an hour without offering anything.”

It was clearly a joke, but it made Jacob break into a cold sweat.

“I swear, Mr. Edwards, I won’t say a word!” he promised, pulling a contract from his briefcase. “Actually, I’ve decided to knock off another 10% from the price. If you’re okay with it, we can sign right now.”

Another 10%? That was an unusually generous offer.

Norah narrowed her eyes, watching Jacob closely. There had to be more to this than met the eye.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 566.

Norah’s cold stare rattled Mr. Jacob. If not for his years of experience in sales, he might’ve completely lost his composure.

After a long pause, Mr. Jacob forced a polite smile and stepped toward Kevin with a hint of flattery. “Mr. Edwards, I’m really sorry for bothering you with this shipment. I had no other choice.”

Kevin didn’t bother sugarcoating anything. “Weren’t you working with the Laurin Group before? Why did that stop?”

He cut straight to the point and waited for an answer.

Mr. Jacob looked visibly uncomfortable. After hesitating a few times, he let out a heavy sigh.

Something wasn't right. Business partnerships don't normally fall apart like this. Kevin grew suspicious and signaled Norah to look into it.

Just then, Norah's phone rang—it was Cooper's teacher.

"Excuse me, I need to take this," she said, stepping out of the room. She answered politely, "Hello, this is Norah, Cooper's mother. How can I help you?"

"Ms. Norah, please come to the school. Cooper got into a fight and injured another student. The boy's parents are demanding you come in."

A fight? School had just started—kids barely knew each other. Why would he fight already?

Norah rushed to the school. Before she even opened the office door, she heard a sharp, unfamiliar voice inside.

"I don't want an apology. I want compensation, and I want it now!"

Norah stepped in. "If my son is at fault, I'll pay whatever is needed. But if he's not, I'm not giving a dime."

"Who are you?" the woman snapped, nose in the air.

Norah took a moment to size her up—bright red dress, pearl necklace, dangling earrings, diamond ring. Definitely someone from a wealthy background.

Trying to stay calm, Norah softened her tone. "May I ask your name?"

The woman scoffed. "Call me Mrs. Laurin. Don't waste time—I won't settle for even a scratch on my son."

The moment she opened her mouth, it was all about money.

Norah examined her again. Nothing she wore looked fake. If she wasn't hurting for cash, why demand money so aggressively?

Norah turned away from her and looked for Cooper.

"Mom." Cooper ran into her arms, his voice trembling. "I didn't mean to hit him. He called me a bumpkin and said I was ignorant. That's fine, I could take that. But then he said... he said you were a mistress. I couldn't take it anymore."

"It's an honor for your mother to be insulted by my son," Mrs. Laurin sneered. "And she dares to raise her hand to him? Outrageous."

She dragged the principal over. "Principal, I demand she pays compensation. If not, I'm going to the Education Bureau."

Norah didn't want to put the principal in a tough spot. Holding Cooper close, she looked at Mrs. Laurin and smiled calmly. "Since your son insulted me, let's talk compensation—shall we, Mrs. Laurin? My lawyer will be in touch."

She left with Cooper in her arms, ignoring the woman's yelling echoing from behind.

Cooper glanced up nervously. "Mom, she was really aggressive... Will we be okay?"

Norah smiled. "We didn't do anything wrong. Don't be afraid."

"But he said his family is powerful—that if his dad wanted us out of the capital, it'd take just one word."

Norah stopped and looked at him seriously, debating whether to tell him that they were more powerful than he realized—that he didn't need to be scared of anyone.

But she decided he was still too young for that kind of talk. As for Mrs. Laurin, Norah would handle it legally.

When they got home, she gave Kevin a quick call and then had her lawyer reach out to Mrs. Laurin.

To her, the matter was closed.

She walked into Cooper's room and saw he was already asleep. Then she headed downstairs to start dinner.

But the moment she closed the door, Cooper sat up in bed and whispered, "Grandpa, did you hear what I said?"

Pharaoh's voice came through the phone. "I heard. Someone's bullying you?"

"Yes, Grandpa. You can't let anyone pick on Mom. Hurting her is like hurting you too." Cooper didn't wait for a reply. "Grandpa, do you have money? A lot? Can I borrow some?"

"Grandpa has plenty," Pharaoh said. "Don't worry. Whether it's money or anything else, I'll take care of it. Just wait—I'll handle this right away."

He immediately arranged for people to head to the capital. Cooper was right—bullying Norah meant crossing him.

He was about to call Norah but then saw a message from Cooper: Keep it a secret, Grandpa.

Pharaoh understood immediately. He'd deal with it quietly and told his people to keep things under the radar.

—

Back at Edwards Group, Kevin saw Mr. Jacob out, then headed to the top floor and watched him leave.

He told his secretary, "Contact Isaac. Tell him Mr. Jacob wants me to work with him."

The secretary left and came back a few minutes later. "Mr. Edwards, Isaac said he's on his way. He also asked if Miss Bonnie Edwards is in the office."

"Tell him she's here. Then call Bonnie and tell her to get to the office immediately—I need to talk to her."

Kevin's expression grew darker. He knew Isaac wasn't involved in Laurin Group's business operations, and that was a problem.

Isaac had tricked Bonnie into coming here under false pretenses. That wasn't just business—it was betrayal.

Kevin pressed his lips together, frowning.

"When Isaac arrives, have him wait in the reception room. I need to step out."

Kevin grabbed his keys and headed to the parking lot, only to receive a text that made him pause.

Pharaoh had sent people to the capital. What was he planning?

The capital was no ordinary place. Kevin couldn't afford to ignore it.

He made a call. "Keep an eye on those people's movements. If anything comes up, let me know right away. If it gets serious, stop them."

The capital was complicated. A lot of hidden players were just waiting for someone to make a wrong move. If Pharaoh acted rashly, it might open the door for them.

Kevin stayed in the car and listened to music instead of leaving.

—

Bonnie arrived by taxi and saw Isaac Laurin at the front desk. Without a second thought, she turned to leave.

“Miss Edwards,” Isaac called out.

Bonnie stopped and forced a polite smile. “Mr. Laurin, what a surprise. I just remembered something urgent—I’ll have to catch you another time.”

“What’s so urgent?” Isaac said casually. “Mr. Edwards invited me here to talk business. He said you’d join the meeting. If you’ve got something pressing, I’ll just head out.”

He turned to leave, but Bonnie stopped him.

Kevin had invited Isaac—what if this was serious? It would seem petty to avoid him over personal issues.

“What’s this about, Miss Edwards?” Isaac asked, glancing at her hand on his arm, amused.

Bonnie looked embarrassed. “Well... it’s not that urgent. I’ll go up with you. Since I’m here, I should handle company matters first.”

They exchanged polite smiles as they walked to the elevator. Bonnie made sure to keep her distance.

“Afraid of me, Miss Edwards?” Isaac asked, eyes narrowing slightly.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 567.

“No, I just... I just can’t get used to this.” Bonnie wanted nothing more than to disappear. She had no idea why Kevin, of all people, had sent her—someone from the advertising department—to talk to Isaac.

She kept going over it in her head but couldn’t come up with a single possible collaboration between the advertising department and the Laurin Group. Then suddenly, it hit her—and she was stunned.

Heart pounding, Bonnie made her way to the reception room. When she learned Kevin wasn't even at the office, she could've strangled him.

"Ms. Edwards—no, Manager Edwards—would you like some tea first?"

Isaac knew perfectly well Bonnie had been set up. But he didn't call it out. If Kevin arranged this, he clearly had a sense of what Isaac was thinking. So there was no need to pretend otherwise.

After taking a few sips of tea, Isaac felt dizzy—like he'd had alcohol. If he didn't know Kevin better, he might've thought something had been slipped into his drink.

"Master Laurin, I'm not sure what kind of business you're here to discuss."

Bonnie just wanted to get this over with. If it had nothing to do with her role, she'd find a way to politely back out.

Isaac stood up and drank a glass of water, but the dizziness wouldn't go away. He narrowed his eyes, frustrated.

He took a few steps toward her, leaning in over the table to close the distance. "Miss Edwards, what's your goal with the Edwards Group? Did I give you too much credit?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Bonnie could hear the contempt in his voice. She pushed him aside and stepped away. "If there's no business to discuss, then I won't waste any more time. I've got work to do."

"You drugged my tea. What are you trying to do—seduce me?"

Isaac sneered, stepped forward, and cornered her against the wall. His face hovered just inches from hers. "Still, if something did happen between us... I wouldn't mind. But just know, from now on, I'll see you—and your entire family—differently."

Bonnie froze. There was no way Kevin kept something like this from her. She shouldn't have to make this kind of sacrifice... It just wasn't right.

The more she thought about it, the more panicked she felt. She stared blankly at Isaac, now just inches away.

Everything felt wrong. If she didn't resist, she'd be playing right into Kevin's plan. But if she pushed him away, Isaac would think she was playing hard to get.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

A single tear fell onto Isaac's face. He wiped it away, frowning. "Are you upset? Did someone hurt you?"

"It's not me... I don't know... I don't know anything..." Bonnie was crying now, overwhelmed with frustration.

She had been wronged—almost drugged and taken away by Mike at the blind date event. And now, betrayed again by someone she trusted. How could she not feel crushed?

"I'm sorry, Master Laurin. Please... just let me go. You know the kind of person I am. I don't know anything about this."

She couldn't even look him in the eye. But when she finally did, she locked eyes with him—and froze.

There was pain in his gaze. He looked like he was torn inside. It was as if his expression was silently begging her to understand, to stay.

Her hand moved instinctively, almost brushing against his face. But Isaac quickly stepped back.

"Ms. Edwards, I believe you didn't know about the drugging. But the truth is—I was drugged. Please leave. I'm afraid I won't be able to control myself... and I don't want to hurt you."

He turned around and walked to the corner.

Bonnie ran out of the room and headed straight to the secretary's desk.

She demanded to know what was in the tea.

But the secretary looked confused—she didn't know what Bonnie was talking about.

Bonnie, growing frantic, asked, "Where's Kevin? Does he think hiding from me makes this okay? Go tell him—what's the difference between him and Martin if he's using the same dirty tricks?"

The secretary was flustered and quickly tried calling Kevin, but his line was busy.

"Forget it. Don't call him. Call 911 and tell them someone's been drugged!"

"Manager Edwards, who was drugged? What's going on? I made the tea myself—I swear, I didn't do anything. You have to believe me!"

The secretary reached out to stop her, but Bonnie pushed her away.

Suddenly, a loud crash came from the reception room.

Bonnie rushed over and flung the door open. Isaac had knocked over a chair and collapsed in pain.

"Stay back! Damn it—Kevin really went all out with this drug."

"I'll call an ambulance! Just hang in there."

Understanding the gravity of the situation, Bonnie offered a few words of comfort, closed the door, and told her secretary to dial emergency services.

The ambulance arrived quickly—followed by a swarm of reporters.

The media had clearly caught wind of something. As Isaac was wheeled out by the doctors, cameras flashed nonstop.

"Master Laurin, were you drugged? Who did it?"

"Why were you at the Edwards Group, given there's no business relationship?"

“What substance were you given?”

The questions came fast and relentless. Isaac couldn't say a word.

He wanted to speak up—but the words caught in his throat.

He was furious, especially because he had been trying to stand up for Bonnie.

If he didn't defend her, he knew she'd be hurt. But now, saying anything would only make it worse.

So he said nothing—and urged the doctors to take him away.

The news made headlines almost immediately. Kevin didn't even hear about it until Norah called.

By the time he got back to the top floor, the medical team had already left.

Bonnie was waiting for him in his office.

“Aunt,” Kevin greeted as he sat down.

Bonnie lifted her gaze, her expression cold. “Kevin, I've treated you well. Was it really necessary to do this to me?”

“I don't know what you're talking about, Aunt. I told Isaac you were at the office to get him to come here. A Laurin Group client wanted to work with us, and something felt off... so—”

“So you drugged his tea and tried to get him to sleep with me? Then what—blackmail him?” Bonnie was furious. “Is that what this was?”

“No! I didn't arrange anything like that!”

Kevin called his secretary for an update. When he found out she had made the tea herself, he was even more confused.

She wouldn't dare spike the tea. Which meant someone else must've gone into the reception room.

“I’ll get to the bottom of this, Aunt. Go home and rest. I’ll let you know as soon as I have answers.”.

Kevin planned to check the security footage. With cameras throughout the office—two in the reception room alone—he was confident the truth would come out.

Bonnie was still angry, but after seeing how Kevin had handled Siena before, she didn’t dare argue with him.

“But you do need to handle PR for this. If this blows up any further, it’s going to hurt the Edwards Group badly.”.

At the door, Bonnie turned and reminded him again to contact the PR team.

Kevin didn’t respond. After she left, he stood up and sat at his desk.

He entered his password and powered up the laptop. With practiced ease, he pulled up the surveillance software, paused, and began reviewing the footage from one hour ago.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 568.

“Something happened to Isaac here? How is that even possible?”.

Norah pushed the door open and stepped into the office. Seeing Kevin reviewing the security footage, she lowered her voice, “What’s going on? Tell me you didn’t do this.”.

“You think I’d drug him?” Kevin shot her a sharp look as he watched the secretary walk out of the break room. When a figure suddenly flashed across the screen, he immediately told Norah to focus.

Truthfully, she was already locked in on the person on the monitor—something about him felt familiar.

The man clearly knew where the surveillance cameras were positioned—he kept his back to them the entire time. He wore a baseball cap, and with his hair completely covered, it was impossible to identify him. Still, Norah couldn't shake the feeling she knew him.

The footage showed the man walking confidently out of the break room, unnoticed by anyone.

"Doesn't he look familiar to you?" Norah finally said what had been on her mind.

Kevin didn't respond, his face tense as he switched the camera view to the hallway outside his office. They caught the man stepping into the elevator.

"This guy's got nerve," Norah muttered.

The way he exited so casually—he had to be someone from inside the company.

"I say we call the police. I don't care who he is—he's not getting away with it."

Norah looked at Kevin, uncertain if he'd want to take that step. "If it's awkward for you to handle this, I'll take the heat. I'll be the bad guy."

"No need," Kevin said firmly. He couldn't bear the thought of her being dragged into the mess. He leaned over and kissed her cheek with a smile. "Let's be honest, I'm too good-looking not to play the villain."

Norah rolled her eyes. "Shameless."

"I've only got thick skin when I'm around you, Norah," he replied.

After sharing that brief moment, Kevin had his secretary call the police, then he and Norah headed to the hospital to check on Isaac.

To avoid the press, Kevin had already arranged with the hospital to use a back entrance. When their car pulled up in the alley, the hospital director himself was waiting for them.

After a few formalities, they all went upstairs.

On the way, the director gave them a quick update—Isaac’s condition wasn’t serious, but the Laurin family was treating the situation with extreme caution.

Kevin’s brows furrowed. “Did they release any kind of statement?”

Even though Isaac wasn’t the Laurin family’s eldest son, he’d always been outstanding—beloved by the elders. That’s why he’d been allowed to travel freely for so many years. If it had been any other family member, they’d have been packed off for training long ago, not handed generous allowances every month.

“That’s the strange part,” the director said. “No one from the Laurin family showed up. Just Isaac’s mother called and asked us to take good care of him.”

Kevin read between the lines immediately.

The Laurin family was clearly watching, but they weren’t jumping to conclusions.

They were waiting—waiting to see how Isaac himself would respond before making any public move.

If Kevin’s hunch was right, the key was to keep Isaac calm. He cursed under his breath—he should’ve brought Bonnie.

It was like a reflex now. He kept thinking of using Bonnie to rein Isaac in.

Even if he wouldn’t admit it out loud, it was the truth—and it was effective.

At the ward, the director excused himself for other duties but warned them not to stir up any misunderstandings—if things got out of hand, he wouldn’t be able to protect them.

Kevin nodded, then walked inside.

"Kevin," Isaac called out weakly.

Kevin nodded in response.

Isaac's eyes shifted to Norah. "Is this your wife? You two really look like a couple. I knew it the second I saw you together—no wonder you get along so well."

His expression was full of envy, and Norah immediately picked up on his tone.

She set down the fruit basket she brought and pulled a stool up next to the bed.

"Looking like a couple doesn't mean much," she said. "What matters is two people who truly care about each other. You're an incredible guy, Young Master Laurin—you'll find the right person."

She didn't name anyone in particular. She wanted Isaac to admit it himself—that he liked Bonnie.

Isaac wasn't oblivious. He gave a wry smile. "I'm afraid that ship has sailed. I was too competitive when I was younger and ruined my chances. Guess this is my karma. Maybe I'm just meant to end up alone."

"Well, now I don't even know how to respond," Norah said. "But let's be real—did this happen because you were drugged at our company?"

She wasn't going to sugarcoat anything or say something fake. She cut straight to the point.

Isaac glanced at Kevin and gave a bitter laugh.

Norah and Kevin exchanged looks. She let out a sigh.

"What's wrong, Madam Edwards?" Isaac teased. "Trying to out-sad me? No need for that. Don't worry—I know this whole thing is all over the news. Once I recover, I'll speak up. I won't let Bonnie take the fall for any of this."

"Young Master Laurin, it's Kevin who's being hit the hardest right now. Don't get it twisted." Norah's tone sharpened. "We didn't drug you. Sure, it happened in our building, so we take responsibility, but don't forget—".

"Norah, it's okay," Kevin cut her off, noticing the flash of irritation in Isaac's eyes.

He gently patted Norah's back. "Give us a moment. I want to talk to him alone."

Norah left the room and sat on a bench outside. She replayed the surveillance footage in her mind—the figure's posture, the way he moved. The more she thought about it, the more familiar it seemed.

But she just couldn't place it.

The sound of footsteps caught her attention. She looked up and saw someone sneaking around the stairwell.

Mike.

Norah suddenly remembered.

She leapt up from the bench and burst back into the ward.

"I know who it was!"

"Who?" Kevin looked at her.

"It was Mike—he's right outside! He's still holding a grudge over what happened with Bonnie. He blames Isaac for getting in the way last time."

"Mike?" Isaac's expression darkened as the name clicked. A sneer spread across his face. "If that's the case, I'll take care of him myself."

“What are you going to do?” Kevin asked.

He’d already let Mike off the hook once. There was no chance he’d do that again.

Mike needed to learn his lesson—and regret not listening the first time.

Isaac replied, “I’ve got a plan. Don’t worry, Mr. Edwards. Bonnie won’t be affected.”

“Alright. He’s all yours,” Kevin said, handing him a copy of the surveillance footage. “I won’t interfere or ask questions.”

They exchanged a few polite words, then Kevin and Norah left.

He was genuinely curious how Isaac would handle it. Every prominent figure in the Laurin family had their own way of doing things. Kevin was eager to see whether Isaac would follow in his brothers’ footsteps—or carve his own path.

As they left the hospital, Kevin got an urgent call from his men: Pharaoh’s crew had kidnapped someone from the Laurin family.

This new development was a disaster.

Things weren’t even settled with Isaac yet, and now he was dragging the Laurin family into another mess.

Kevin hit the gas and headed out immediately.

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 569.

When they arrived at the abandoned park on the outskirts of town, Kevin finally met the so-called Mrs. Laurin.

“She’s the parent of the kid who fought with Cooper,” Norah whispered, confused. Why would Pharaoh capture this woman? Did she offend him somehow?

As soon as Mrs. Laurin saw Norah, she lunged at her, eyes burning with rage like she wanted to tear her apart.

Kevin motioned for Pharaoh’s men to remove the rag from her mouth.

“I’ll never let you off the hook! I want you ruined—publicly humiliated! You deserve to die with no one to bury you!” she screamed, seething with hatred.

One of Pharaoh’s men stepped forward to shut her up again, but Kevin stopped him. Instead, he kicked her in frustration, letting out some of his anger.

She cried out in pain but didn’t stop cursing.

“I know this isn’t the best way to meet, but tell me—what’s your husband’s full name?” Kevin asked calmly.

“You think you have the right to know my husband’s name? Let me go now, or when I get out of here, he’ll sue you into the ground and throw you all in jail!”.

With that, she spat at Kevin.

Kevin dodged it, visibly disgusted. He peeled off his coat and tossed it on the ground. His voice turned cold. “There’s only one Laurin family in Belourvinelle—and you’re not part of it. Don’t throw their name around like it means something. Be honest with me now, and maybe I’ll let you walk away in one piece.”.

Kevin didn’t have to shout to sound threatening. His tone alone made her go pale with dread.

“You... you...”.

She stammered, unable to finish a sentence.

"You've got two options," Kevin continued. "One, tell me who you really are and get your husband on the phone—I want to talk to him. Or two, keep running your mouth, and I'll leave you here with these men. I won't ask what they do with you."

He smirked. "Oh, and I'm Kevin Edwards. I don't think there's another Kevin in Belourvinelle. Am I right?"

Her face drained of color. Despair settled in.

She never imagined she'd end up crossing someone like Kevin Edwards. She dropped to her knees immediately.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards! I was wrong—please, forgive me! I'll have my son apologize to Young Master Edwards! He'll even be his servant if that's what it takes!"

Kevin raised an eyebrow. "Isn't it a little beneath someone from the Laurin family to be my son's servant?"

She shook her head frantically. "We're not that Laurin family! My husband's last name is Laurin, yes, but he's just a nobody—we run a small business. Please, Mr. Edwards, you're a generous man. Forgive my stupidity."

Kevin turned to Norah, gently rubbing her head. He lowered his voice. "What do you think?"

Norah pursed her lips, looking conflicted.

Kevin immediately turned back to the woman, face darkening. "Mrs. Laurin, my wife isn't too impressed with your apology. So until she is, I'm not answering any of your questions."

Mrs. Laurin tried to crawl toward Norah but was stopped by the men behind her.

Norah stood and walked away.

Pharaoh had totally messed this up. They could've handled everything legally, but now things were unnecessarily complicated.

She was furious—at Pharaoh for acting on his own. This wasn't the Yi tribe. This was the capital.

She wanted to call Pharaoh and scold him—father or not.

"Mrs. Edwards, please! What do I need to do to make this right? I know I failed as a parent. Please... give me another chance!"

Norah didn't stop walking.

Kevin followed her. "What's wrong? Why the sudden shift in mood?"

She shook her head. "Let her go. Make her kid transfer to another school. I don't want Cooper seeing him again."

"Got it. I'll take care of it." Kevin could tell she was deeply upset, and he knew it had everything to do with Mrs. Laurin.

Since Pharaoh had already made a move—and the woman wasn't from the real Laurin family—there was no reason to show mercy.

He whispered to one of his men, "Take them away. Tell them the young lady doesn't want to see them again."

His orders were followed instantly. One man knocked Mrs. Laurin unconscious while another stuffed her into a sack and hauled her off.

They started heading down the stairs, but Kevin reminded them to wait until he'd left first.

That night, Kevin stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, holding Norah in his arms, gazing down at the glowing city streets.

“She called me a mistress,” Norah murmured. “And the more I think about it, the more I wonder—do other people think that too? But I can’t go around explaining to everyone that I’m not.”

She looked up at him.

Kevin nodded. “Yeah, we’ve got to clear that up. We need to make it crystal clear you’re not a mistress. But what’s the best way to do that?”

He tilted his head, thinking.

Norah frowned, lips pouting. “I don’t care how you do it, just figure it out. I don’t want to hear anyone say that again—or I’ll come after you.”

“Got it, boss.” Kevin had already come up with a plan—but he wasn’t ready to share it just yet.

Meanwhile, the news about Isaac’s incident at the Edwards Group was blowing up. It was everywhere, trending across all platforms, with people speculating wildly.

By the time work started, the Edwards Group was in full panic mode. Some employees were even considering quitting.

At nine sharp, a black SUV pulled up in front of the building, and Isaac stepped out.

The moment he walked in, word spread like wildfire. Everyone was watching him—some openly, others more discreetly.

Isaac ignored them all and went straight to the top floor.

Kevin and Norah had been waiting by the elevator and greeted him immediately.

“Is the press conference ready?” Isaac asked.

Norah glanced at Kevin, puzzled.

Kevin froze. "Oh shoot... I forgot."

Isaac shook his head. "Wow, Mr. Edwards, way to show some sincerity."

"Luckily," he added, "I have a backup plan."

He pulled out his phone and sent a voice message, giving instructions.

Before Kevin and Norah could react, reporters' vans started pulling up out front. Within thirty minutes, the parking lot was packed.

Norah checked her phone—and was stunned by what she saw.

Isaac had publicly demanded an explanation from the Edwards Group—and threatened to take over the company if one wasn't given.

She couldn't believe it.

She shoved the phone in Kevin's hands.

Kevin's jaw clenched. He waited until Norah was distracted, then leaned toward Isaac and whispered, "You really planning to take over the Edwards Group?"

Isaac smirked. "If I didn't say that, how would I get the reporters to show up so fast? And don't forget—if you're not ready, don't even bother showing up. I won't let anyone embarrass me."

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

7 min read

Chapter 570.

"Just wait and see," Kevin said with a mysterious smile before heading into the office with Norah.

Before the three could sit down, the secretary knocked and stepped in, clearly nervous as he glanced at Isaac, unsure if he should speak.

"Go ahead. Say what you came to say," Isaac said.

"Mike's downstairs talking trash to the reporters about you and Master Laurin."

Before the secretary could finish, Isaac jumped up, ready to confront Mike.

Kevin stopped him, speaking seriously. "You stole his girl. Let him talk. He's already lost everything. Let him vent—it's all he's got left."

Isaac froze, then burst into laughter. "You're right. If it makes him feel better, let him go on. There's no need to shut him up."

They exchanged a look and smiled, nothing more needing to be said.

The press conference might've seemed like a defensive move, but it was actually all part of Kevin's plan.

They had their secretary guide the reporters to the first-floor reception room before they calmly made their way down. Even before they got there, they could hear Mike ranting about Isaac.

The three of them exchanged looks, shaking their heads.

Kevin pushed open the door and walked in first. The noisy room fell silent, the only sound left was the echo of their footsteps.

"Is that Mrs. Edwards? That must be Norah. What's she doing here? Shouldn't Bonnie be the one attending?"

"Beats me. Maybe Bonnie didn't want to show up and sent Norah instead."

Whispers filled the room, but Kevin and the others acted like they didn't hear a thing. They sat down calmly and had the secretary hand out gifts.

The buzz of confusion grew louder. Everyone was waiting for Isaac to speak.

"Everyone knows Master Laurin was drugged in my company. He asked for an explanation. And honestly—".

"Mr. Edwards, enough talk. Just tell us what you're going to do about it."

Isaac cut him off. Kevin shot him a questioning look, but Isaac ignored it. Instead, he turned to the reporters.

"Do you even know what I was drugged with? It was an aphrodisiac. I'm sure you all know what that does. So tell me, Mr. Edwards—what was the point of this? Were you trying to humiliate me? Or did you want one of your employees to sleep with me?"

Gasps and murmurs rippled through the crowd.

Kevin's face darkened, and he gripped Norah's hand tightly.

Norah was now convinced Isaac really did plan to take over the Edwards Group. She was about to tell the secretary to call Bonnie, but Kevin stopped her.

She pointed at her phone, referring to the trending headlines she'd just read.

Kevin nodded, then shook his head, choosing to say nothing.

"Master Laurin, since you're demanding an explanation, why don't you first explain your relationship with Miss Bonnie? Word is you harassed her and made her life miserable."

Mike stood up, glaring at Isaac coldly.

"Is that true, Master Laurin? Is that why Bonnie isn't here today? Is she afraid of you?"

"I heard you once sent Bonnie to the hospital. Can you explain why?"

All eyes turned to Isaac—just the distraction Kevin needed.

He nodded at the secretary, who quietly slipped out. Then Kevin gave Isaac a discreet kick.

“Ow!”.

Isaac shot Kevin an annoyed look. He was already frustrated Kevin wasn't defending him. Getting kicked just made it worse.

Everyone in the room stared in awkward silence.

Kevin put on an innocent face. “When did you send my aunt to the hospital? Was she sick, or did you do something to her? You'd better clear this up, Master Laurin. Even if I can't take on the Laurin family, I won't let anyone hurt my aunt.”.

“You...”.

Isaac was speechless. Kevin was clearly not playing by the rules.

Then again—neither was he.

Realization dawned on Isaac. He smirked and turned to Kevin. “What if I said I wanted to be your uncle? Would you have a problem with that, Mr. Edwards?”.

The room fell completely silent.

“I don't agree!” Mike shouted.

“And who are you?” someone shot back. “You don't have any say here.”.

“Exactly. If Mr. Edwards agrees, it would be a powerful alliance. The Edwards Group could go even further.”.

“This would be huge news for the entire capital!”.

Some reporters actually supported the idea of Kevin and Isaac becoming family through marriage. When did reporters—who usually loved stirring the pot—start rooting for happy endings?

Norah looked at Kevin. He shifted uncomfortably under her gaze and quietly explained, "This is my turf. I had to plant a few people in the crowd. I can't afford to be ambushed in my own home."

"That's fair," Norah said after a moment.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd said excitedly, "Maybe Mr. Edwards drugged Young Master Laurin to force a confession of feelings! Maybe they just hadn't had the guts to say it yet!"

Kevin raised an eyebrow with a half-smile, saying nothing.

A sharp-eyed reporter caught the look, snapped a photo, and asked, "Mr. Edwards, since your plan didn't succeed, what's your next move?"

Norah rolled her eyes. These reporters were too much.

So obsessed with everyone else's secrets—weren't they worried their own would be exposed?

She slammed her water glass down on the table. The loud thud made everyone jump.

Mike stood again, pointing a finger at Isaac. "What if you drugged yourself just to frame Mr. Edwards when things didn't go your way? Isn't that more likely?"

Isaac was done playing nice. "Mike, I've ignored you long enough. But slandering Bonnie? That's where I draw the line."

He walked to the projector, connected his phone, and played a surveillance video.

The footage showed Mike entering the Edwards Group building, changing clothes, heading to the top floor, and walking into the tea room....

Before the video even ended, the secretary gasped.

“So it was you! You spiked the tea I made for Young Master Laurin. Why would you do that?”

She turned to Kevin, tears in her eyes. “Boss Edwards, you saw it. I didn’t mess up. It was Mike!”

Mike’s face turned pale. He never expected them to actually have proof. Realizing the jig was up, he made a break for the back door—but the police were already waiting.

“Mike, even if you got away,” Isaac said coldly, “Bonnie will never choose you after all this.”

With the truth out, Kevin no longer owed Isaac an explanation.

The reporters began packing up.

And just then, music started to play, and the projector screen faded from the surveillance footage... to a love confession.