

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 301

Chapter 301

The only person living next door to Norah must have had something to do with her situation.

Kevin couldn't stand by any longer as he watched Norah grow thinner and weaker.

"You stay here and keep an eye on her. I need to go somewhere," Kevin said abruptly, already heading out of the room.

Cody, unsure of where Kevin was going, simply nodded. "Alright."

What was clear was that Norah's kidnapping had caused her immense harm.

To have identified her poisoning so quickly and even alleviated some of its effects, the person next door couldn't be ordinary.

Kevin couldn't let go of even the slimmest hope.

He returned to the apartment and stood in front of the door next to Norah's. Without hesitation, he knocked firmly.

In under a minute, the door opened.

Jace, who had been home all along, appeared as though he'd expected Kevin. There was no surprise in his expression. Instead, he simply stepped aside and said, "Come in."

Kevin immediately noticed Jace's pale complexion and frail demeanor. "Did you put that string of beads on Norah?"

Jace poured Kevin a glass of water before replying, "That string of beads was hers to begin with."

Kevin's sharp eyes darkened as he asked, "I've never seen you among Norah's friends. Who are you?"

A faint smirk tugged at Jace's lips. "I'm not a friend. I'm someone who can't be seen in the light."

Jace's words revealed his reality—he existed in the shadows. For years, he'd had no need for friends. But Norah was different. She held a unique place in his heart.

Kevin quickly noticed the injuries on Jace's body, including a cut on his wrist that seemed to have bled heavily.

"Why haven't you gone to the hospital?" Kevin asked.

"I'm a doctor," Jace replied flatly, sitting down across from Kevin. "No one knows my body better than I do."

Kevin's gaze sharpened. "So, you knew Norah was poisoned. The string of beads was to keep her alive."

Jace took a sip of water, his parched lips drinking deeply as though he were a dying man finding relief in the desert. Setting the glass down, he met Kevin's eyes. "Yes, she was poisoned. And the worst part is, I can't cure her. All I can do is keep her alive for now."

Hearing this, Kevin's chest tightened. This wasn't an ordinary poison.

"How long can you sustain her?" Jace touched his wrist, his voice void of emotion. "I don't know. Maybe when the last drop of my blood is gone, her time will run out too."

Jace didn't seem afraid. He had lived this long with only one purpose: to find Norah. His entire existence revolved around her.

"You're a medicine man. Your blood is invaluable. Is she worth it?" Kevin pressed.

"Saving her is the only thing that makes me feel truly free," Jace admitted. His voice carried a mix of helplessness and resignation. "People like us... we don't have freedom."

Obligations and orders defined their lives, leaving no room for autonomy—not even over their own bodies.

"This poison—what is it?" Kevin asked.

“K48,” Jace answered evenly. “I haven’t found the antidote yet. What I do know is that the early stages show bruising on the body. In the middle stages, the victim becomes weak all over. And in the final stage, the body ulcerates until it succumbs.”

Kevin’s brow furrowed. “Who created it?”

“Pharaoh,” Jace said, locking eyes with Kevin. “You’ve heard of him—the leader of that criminal organization.”

Kevin’s jaw tightened. During his time in the military, he had heard Pharaoh’s name, but no one had ever been able to track him down.

“You’ve never seen him?” Kevin asked.

Jace shook his head. “He’s incredibly elusive. He never reveals his true identity. What I do know is that he’s a brilliant virologist and a skilled fighter.”

The mention of this criminal organization escalated the seriousness of the situation.

It also explained Norah’s mysterious disappearance during a summer vacation in high school, around the same time authorities cracked down on a criminal gang. Many had been arrested or killed, but some, like Pharaoh, had evaded capture.

Kevin studied Jace closely. “Aren’t you afraid of retaliation from your organization for telling me all this?”

Jace smiled faintly. “I’ve already told you—my life is for her. As a medicine man, I’m too valuable for them to kill. It takes immense resources to create someone like me.”

Jace’s unwavering dedication to Norah left Kevin surprised—and slightly unsettled. Their connection was undeniable, and Kevin couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy.

“Is she unconscious now?” Jace asked.

“She suddenly fainted,” Kevin replied.

Jace’s brow furrowed in concern.

Kevin made a decision. “You’ve helped Norah. I’ll do everything I can to help you gain your freedom. But first, we need to find the antidote.”

Jace considered this for a moment. "The antidote... maybe she has it."

Kevin leaned forward. "Who?"

...

Norah slept for an entire day and night.

Kevin stayed by her side the whole time, unwilling to leave or rest.

When Norah finally opened her eyes, it was noon. Her body still felt heavy with exhaustion, but she noticed someone holding her hand.

She turned her head and saw Kevin.

Her voice was hoarse as she asked, "What's wrong with me? And why do you look so worn out?"

Kevin's eyes were bloodshot, and his unshaven face showed his fatigue. She had never seen him like this before.

A relieved smile spread across his face. "You're awake. That's all that matters. I promise I'll never make you upset again, okay?"

"Upset?" Norah frowned, trying to recall. "Oh, right. You told me not to provoke Bianca for her sake. That really annoyed me. But... what happened after that? How did I fall asleep?"

Her memory was hazy, but something felt off.

Kevin adjusted her pillow and helped her sit up. "You were exhausted. The doctor said you needed rest."

"Really?" Norah was skeptical. "Then why do you look so worried? I thought I had some terminal illness or something."

"Don't say that." Kevin's voice softened. "You'll live a long, healthy life."

"How long was I asleep?"

"An entire day and night."

“That long?” Norah was surprised. “I’ve never slept that much before.”

Kevin pulled her into his arms. “It’s different when you’re pregnant.”

He tried to sound casual, but his red eyes betrayed his lingering fear. He had been terrified that Norah might not make it.

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life Chapter 302

Chapter 302

Norah, calmer now, could see the worry etched into Kevin’s face. Whatever grievances she once held dissolved in that moment. She wrapped her arms around his waist and said softly, “Let’s not argue anymore. We can talk things through, okay?”

“Okay,” Kevin replied quietly.

Norah noticed something off in his tone. “Why are you so quiet? Are you upset?”

“No,” Kevin said, gently brushing her cheek. “You said no more arguing. How could I be upset?”

Her gaze held his as she countered, “What if you’ve already given up on me? What if you’re ready to walk away? Wouldn’t I be talking to myself?”

“That’s impossible,” Kevin reassured her, his voice steady. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“You’re not divorcing me?” she pressed, testing his resolve.

They had argued endlessly about divorce before. She’d even demanded it, but now, seeing the lengths Kevin had gone for her, she began to reconsider. Maybe things weren’t as broken as they seemed. Perhaps there was still a chance to mend what they had—for herself, for Kevin, and for the baby growing inside her. After all, raising a child in a loving home felt far better than going it alone. But she needed to know where Kevin stood. She couldn’t keep giving without knowing he was equally invested.

“No divorce,” Kevin answered firmly. “You’re the one who kept bringing it up. I never did.”

Norah frowned, recalling her past words. “But you made it clear. You said our marriage was a transaction. You said so many cruel things. Do you even want to make this work? Or was I just clinging to false hope?”

Her voice softened, almost as if pleading for reassurance. Kevin, unwilling to upset her any further, surrendered. “It’s my fault,” he admitted. “I deserve whatever punishment you want to give me.”

His sincerity caught her off guard. His patience disarmed her. How could she hold on to her anger now?

“By the way,” Norah said, shifting gears, “I want to get a checkup.”

“A checkup?” Kevin asked. “What kind?”

“A physical,” she replied, showing him her arm. “Look, there are so many bruises. I’m worried something might be wrong with me. And I’m pregnant—I can’t afford to take chances. I want to get this checked out early, just in case. Of course, I hope it’s nothing serious.”

“I already did,” Kevin said, his voice gentle. “There’s nothing wrong with your body.”

He reached over to adjust her sleeve, covering the bruises. “Don’t overthink it.”

“Really?” she asked, a flicker of doubt in her eyes. “Then why do I have these bruises?”

Kevin straightened her sleeve with care. “Maybe you bumped into something. Don’t worry about it.”

She hesitated but ultimately trusted him. Kevin had never lied to her before. Besides, her last checkup had been fine. Why would anything change so suddenly?

“Put on your shoes,” Kevin urged, placing them in front of her. “Your feet are cold.”

Norah complied without argument. “How’s your recovery going?”

“Much better,” he assured her. “A few more days of rest, and you’ll be ready to leave the hospital. The fact that you’re up and walking is a good sign.”

“That’s a relief,” she said, smiling. Then, a thought struck her. “Next time, I won’t need you to protect me.”

Kevin turned, his brows knitting in confusion. "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm going to learn martial arts," Norah declared with determination. "That way, I can protect myself. I won't have to rely on you."

Kevin chuckled at her seriousness. "Silly girl."

"I'm serious," she insisted. "You have so many skilled people around you. I'll just find someone to teach me."

"I'll teach you," Kevin offered, amused.

Her eyes lit up. "Really? Then I won't need to find a teacher. I'll just be your student."

"We'll talk about it later," Kevin said, trying to appease her. "For now, let's get out of this stuffy hospital. I'll take you somewhere nice."

Norah clasped his hand and said playfully, "I want sugar water and candied fruit."

"You've got such a sweet tooth."

"Pregnancy cravings," she teased.

Moments like these were rare for them, and Norah found herself genuinely happy. She hoped this newfound harmony could last forever.

As Levi drove, Norah grew drowsy in the back seat. After a while, she rested her head on Kevin's shoulder. Seeing her drift off, Kevin gently shifted her so she could sleep more comfortably on his lap.

In the past, Norah would have stirred at the slightest movement. But now, she slept deeply. Too deeply. Kevin couldn't shake the unease in his chest. He stared at her pale face, his brows furrowing. His arms tightened around her as if willing her to stay.

"Captain Edwards, we've arrived," Levi announced from the front.

Kevin glanced at Norah, still fast asleep, and hesitated. "Drive around a little more."

"Yes, sir."

They circled the area three more times before Norah finally stirred. Groggily, she asked, “Are we there yet?”