

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 311

Chapter 311

For Bianca, this was the only path forward.

Norah didn't know how she managed to endure the night—it was unbearably long and tormenting.

She spent the entire night wide awake on the couch.

By the time she came to her senses, the first light of dawn was already creeping into the eastern sky.

She was utterly drained.

Dragging her exhausted body to the bathroom, Norah splashed cold water on her face. But when she looked in the mirror, she froze.

For a moment, she thought she was staring at a ghost.

Her eyes were bloodshot, her face pale and gaunt—she looked like someone terminally ill.

She reached up and touched her face, barely recognizing herself.

Was heartbreak supposed to leave someone so utterly shattered?

Would her life really fall apart just because Kevin was no longer in it?

The answer was a resolute no.

Hadn't she already considered walking away from him, thought about divorce long before he even brought it up?

She still had a life to live—a life she had to make even more vibrant and fulfilling than before.

Steeling herself, Norah decided that last night's sorrow was enough. From this moment on, she would focus on living a life full of beauty and purpose.

She scrubbed her face vigorously, as if trying to cleanse herself of despair, forcing herself to wake up and move on.

But when she straightened up too quickly, the room spun, her vision darkened, and she collapsed to the floor.

She tried to stay conscious, but everything faded.

When Norah woke up, she felt as though she'd been drained of every ounce of energy—both physically and emotionally.

She was stunned that Kevin's actions had taken such a toll on her.

Looking around the room, she was startled to see Jace sitting beside her, his expression filled with concern.

"Jace? What are you doing here?" she croaked, her voice hoarse.

Jace had never been to her home before. How could he suddenly show up like this?

"I came to check on you," Jace said gently. "You've been out for hours. Are you feeling okay now?"

His voice carried genuine concern, which only deepened Norah's confusion.

She tried to sit up, but her body resisted.

Jace immediately helped her, propping a pillow behind her back.

"You haven't answered me," Norah said, her voice still weak.

Jace handed her a glass of warm water and said, "I know where you live. I hadn't heard from you in a while and got worried, so I came over. When I found you unconscious, I had to help. Luckily, it wasn't serious."

"You know that much about me?" Norah asked, her eyebrows knitting together.

The timing of Jace's appearance seemed almost too perfect.

"How is it that a doctor like you just happened to come by at the right moment to save me?"

"Your health's been fragile lately, hasn't it?" Jace said, dodging her suspicion. "But don't worry—you're not dying or anything."

Norah forced a small laugh, though it was tinged with bitterness. "So I'm not terminally ill? That's a relief."

Her attempt at humor didn't fully mask her unease.

"Your body's fine," Jace assured her, though his expression gave away that there was more to the story.

Norah raised her eyebrows. "Healthy? Then why do I feel like something's off? I've been so tired lately, like my energy is being drained away."

"It's because of the pregnancy," Jace finally admitted. "The baby is taking a lot of nutrients from you, which explains your exhaustion. Don't overthink it."

Pregnancy?

The revelation hit her like a bolt of lightning, leaving her speechless.

She stared at Jace, searching his face for any hint of insincerity. But his gaze remained steady and reassuring.

Finally, Norah broke the silence. "Jace, why are you always there for me? Did we... have something in the past that I've forgotten? Did I fight for you once? Did you love me back then?"

Her questions hung in the air, her voice tinged with both curiosity and vulnerability.

Jace chuckled softly, his warm brown eyes locking onto hers. "You didn't fight for me, but you did save me. You've done more for me than you'll ever know."

He didn't elaborate, leaving Norah with more questions than answers.

Still, there was a strange comfort in his presence—like a lifeline she hadn't realized she needed.

Norah leaned back against the pillows, studying him with fresh curiosity.

"Don't you have any friends, Jace?" she asked suddenly.

Jace shook his head. "No."

"No friends? Not even one?"

"I've never needed them," he said simply.

"What about family?"

"I don't know who my family is," he admitted.

Norah's heart ached for him. "That must be so lonely. No friends, no family—your life must feel so empty."

Her words hit Jace harder than she intended.

For the first time in a long while, he felt the weight of his solitude.

"It's not so bad," he said, his voice calm but distant.

Norah wasn't convinced. "Well, you have me now," she said with a small smile. "If you ever need someone to talk to—whether you're happy or sad—I'll be here."

Her kindness caught him off guard, but he nodded. "Thank you, Norah. That means a lot."

She reached out tentatively, her gaze falling to his pale, elegant hands. "May I... may I shake your hand?"

Jace stiffened, instinctively pulling his hands away. "I... don't want to dirty you."

Norah frowned. "Dirty me? Jace, your hands are beautiful. Don't say that about yourself."

Before he could stop her, she reached out and clasped his hand in hers.

It was cold to the touch, trembling slightly in her grasp.

Norah smiled warmly. “See? There’s nothing dirty about them. You’ve saved lives with these hands. They’re incredible.”

For a moment, Jace stared at her, speechless.

And in that brief connection, something shifted between them—something neither of them fully understood yet.

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Jace’s expression turned complex. If Norah ever found out about his past, she wouldn’t be saying such kind things to him now.

He couldn’t even bring himself to touch her hand, let alone reveal the darkness he carried.

But this time, Jace didn’t pull away. He let her hold his hand, even if it filled him with unease.

They sat together in silence for a while. Norah noticed the string of Buddhist beads on her wrist. The red hue of the beads seemed to have deepened. She held them up to the light and frowned.

“Is it just me, or have these beads gotten darker?”

Jace’s calm gaze didn’t falter. “Are you sure?”

Norah studied them closely, moving the beads under the sunlight. The red gleamed more vividly now. “I could’ve sworn these beads were lighter when you gave them to me. Did you notice the change? They even smell faintly of herbs... and blood.”

Her observation made Jace tense slightly. He instinctively rubbed his wrist, forcing a faint smile. “They’re probably fake. I never really checked if they were authentic.”

Norah looked at him intently. “Fake? You’ve worn these beads for so long, Jace. If they were fake, why would you keep them so close?”

She paused, her brows knitting together. “It’s strange, though. Why would beads like these carry a scent like that?”

Jace tried to brush it off. “I wouldn’t read too much into it. Maybe it’s just your imagination.”

But Norah wasn’t convinced. Her sharp instincts told her something was off, yet she chose to let it go. She gently touched the beads and smiled.

“Well, whether they’re strange or not, they seem to be working. I feel a lot better than I did earlier. Maybe they really are keeping me safe.”

Norah changed the subject, turning her attention to Jace. “You’ve been here all day. Are you hungry? I can make us something to eat.”

Jace shook his head. “No need. I’ll cook for you.”

“You? Cook?” Norah asked, her surprise evident. She had been to his house and knew there wasn’t even a hint of a home-cooked meal in his life.

Jace smirked. “You’ll see.”

Curious, Norah followed him to the kitchen. She noticed a basket of strawberries sitting on the counter—the same deep red and black variety he always brought her.

“You and your strawberries,” she teased, popping one into her mouth. “Don’t you grow anything else?”

“They’re the sweetest,” Jace replied, his tone soft. “A little sweetness can take away the bitterness.”

Norah blinked, surprised again. He even knew about the bitter taste lingering in her mouth. How could he notice something so small? It was as if he could read her mind.

While she sat nibbling strawberries, Jace busied himself in the kitchen. The clinking of pots and pans echoed in the background. His movements were meticulous, almost surgical, and for a moment, Norah felt like she was watching him perform an operation rather than cook.

She leaned against the doorway, observing him. The sight of him working reminded her of Kevin. The thought tugged at her heart, but she quickly pushed it aside. That chapter of her life was closed.

“How’s it going?” she asked.

“Almost done,” Jace replied without looking back.

“First time cooking?” she teased.

“Yes.”

“Well, who knows? Maybe you’ll discover you have a hidden talent,” she said with a grin.

When Jace finally brought the dishes to the table, Norah’s excitement faded. Her eyes widened in shock.

Laid before her were dishes of chicken hearts, chicken livers, and other internal organs. Everything was neatly arranged, as if dissected for an anatomy class.

“I left the organs intact for you,” Jace said earnestly, mistaking her hesitation for admiration.

Norah tried to suppress her unease. “Jace... this isn’t a surgical demonstration. It’s supposed to be a meal.”

His face fell slightly. “I thought you’d appreciate it.”

Norah bit her lip, trying not to laugh at his sincerity. “Do you have anything else?”

“I made potato chips too,” he said.

Relieved, Norah perked up. “Potato chips sound great! I’ve been craving those.”

Jace fetched the chips from the oven, but when he placed them on the table, they were blackened and burnt beyond recognition.

“I followed the instructions perfectly,” he muttered, visibly disheartened.

Norah couldn’t help but chuckle. “It’s fine, Jace. Cooking clearly isn’t your thing, but I bet you’re a first-rate surgeon.”

A small smile tugged at his lips. “You’re not upset?”

“Why would I be? Let’s just order takeout.”

Jace’s smile grew. “Thank you for being so understanding. It’s moments like this that make me feel lucky to know you.”

“Well, I’ll make sure you see me smile more often,” Norah replied warmly. “Maybe it’ll bring some joy into your life.”

Her words lit up Jace’s eyes, filling them with a rare happiness. Even in the most ordinary moments, like sharing a failed meal, Norah had a way of making everything feel meaningful.

But as they sat together, a single drop of blood suddenly fell onto the table.

Jace stiffened. His expression darkened as he quickly wiped his hand.

“Wait!” Norah exclaimed.

She reached out to grab his hand, her concern evident.

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Jace instinctively pulled his hand away, avoiding Norah’s touch.

His reluctance only made her more suspicious. “Why are you still bleeding?” she pressed.

The wound had been there for some time, and even if his body hadn't fully healed, constant bleeding was unusual—unless it was a fresh injury.

Jace clenched his cuffs tighter, his forced smile barely masking his discomfort. "I accidentally cut myself while cooking earlier. It's nothing serious."

Norah wasn't buying it.

"You handle a scalpel daily—you're too precise to make such a careless mistake. Don't try to fool me," she said, narrowing her eyes. "That wound doesn't look like something you'd get while cooking. What really happened?"

Jace fell silent, unwilling to answer. But Norah wasn't letting this go. She grabbed his wrist and uncovered the bandage, revealing a poorly wrapped injury.

"You did this to yourself, didn't you?" Norah asked, her voice firm, her suspicion growing.

Jace hesitated, then spoke softly, "Why do you think that?"

Norah pointed at the bandage. "Look at this. The cut is too clean—it's clearly self-inflicted. And the bandaging... it's sloppy, like you did it one-handed and in a rush. Plus, there's still fresh blood. Jace, this isn't normal."

Jace's silence was all the confirmation Norah needed.

His hesitation was his downfall. He'd underestimated her sharp intuition.

Earlier, when he'd arrived to find Norah unconscious, he hadn't hesitated. He'd cut his wrist, knowing his blood could restore her strength. In the rush to tend to her, he'd quickly bandaged the wound and hadn't taken the time to do it properly.

But now, faced with her questioning, Jace felt cornered.

"Why would you do this to yourself?" Norah demanded, her tone filled with both confusion and concern.

Jace sighed. "My blood isn't... ordinary. It has medicinal properties. It helps people heal faster."

Norah stared at him, stunned. "What?"

Jace met her eyes, his expression calm but serious. "I'm what they call a 'medicine man.' My blood contains healing properties."

The concept was so surreal that Norah couldn't process it. "A medicine man? That's... that's not real. It sounds like something out of a fantasy novel."

But the look in Jace's eyes told her it was no joke.

Desperate for answers, Norah pulled out her phone and searched the term. What she found left her horrified.

Medicine men were subjected to inhumane treatment from childhood, forced to consume herbs, poisons, and toxins. Many didn't survive the brutal process of conditioning. Those who did were seen as commodities, their blood sold at exorbitant prices.

The more she read, the more disgusted she became. The process was cruel and dehumanizing—treating humans as tools rather than people.

Norah looked up from her phone, her heart aching for Jace. “Why would anyone do this? It's monstrous.”

Jace gave her a faint smile. “It's just the life I was born into.”

Norah's voice shook with anger. “You're not an object. You're a person. You shouldn't have to sacrifice yourself for anyone—not for me, not for anyone.”

“It's just a little blood,” Jace replied softly, brushing off her concern. “I'd rather lose a bit of blood than lose you.”

“No,” Norah said firmly. “You can't do this again. You're not some machine to be used up. You're free now, Jace. You don't owe anyone anything.”

Jace nodded, but his smile didn't quite reach his eyes. “I hear you, Norah. I'll keep it in mind.”

“Promise me,” she insisted. “Promise you won't do this again.”

“I promise,” Jace said, his voice gentle but noncommittal.

Norah wasn't entirely convinced, but she chose not to push further. Instead, she shifted the conversation. “By the way, how's Karina? I haven't seen her since that day.”

Jace's expression darkened slightly. “Why do you ask?”

“She's been through a lot,” Norah said simply. “I hope she's doing okay.”

Jace didn't respond, but his silence spoke volumes.

Later, Norah decided to spend some time in the garden. She'd dismissed the household staff to save money—her new life didn't require such extravagance. Instead, she threw herself into maintaining the villa herself, planting roses of every color to brighten the once-lifeless garden.

Days passed, and the villa finally began to feel like home. With her free time, Norah caught up on news and checked her phone, noticing missed calls from Gloria, Emani, and some former colleagues.

Before she could decide who to call back, her phone buzzed again. It was Gloria.

As soon as Norah picked up, Gloria's angry voice burst through the line. "What's going on with you and Kevin? I thought you two were back together! Now I hear you're divorced? And Kevin—he's still involved with that shameless vixen? Are you kidding me? After everything you went through? Norah, what happened?"

Norah closed her eyes, a bitter smile on her lips. "It's true," she said quietly. "We're divorced."

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Gloria thought she must be dreaming. Her mind raced as she tried to process what she'd just heard. She had seen how deeply Norah and Kevin loved each other—how could they divorce so easily? "What happened? That scumbag Kevin! He switched gears way too fast. No, I'm going to confront him right now!"

Norah, however, had already come to terms with it. "There's no need for that. Honestly, it's fine. The divorce is done, and I'm at peace with it. I've still got my house and some money. I'm practically a rich single woman now! Even if I never work another day in my life, I won't starve. So, congratulations to me, right?"

"It's still not fair to let that mistress win!" Gloria was indignant. She couldn't imagine how Norah had tolerated it.

"Fair? Cheap? What does it matter now?" Norah said with a faint smile. "You don't have to worry about me. It's over."

"I'm not just worried about the situation—I'm worried about you!" Gloria's tone softened. "I don't know how you've been holding up. You weren't answering your phone, and I had no idea what you were going through. I was scared for you."

Norah appreciated her concern but reassured her, "I'm fine, really. I'll be getting back to work soon."

Gloria hesitated before asking, "But aren't you pregnant? Shouldn't you take it easy and just focus on the baby?"

Norah shook her head. "I'm fine to work. It's not like I'll be doing any heavy lifting or anything."

Gloria didn't push further. She knew Norah was fiercely independent and had endured more than most people ever could.

After the call ended, Norah turned on the TV.

That's when she saw the news.

Bianca's voice was practically ringing in her ears. The woman was high-profile and unapologetic, openly flaunting her relationship with Kevin in front of reporters. She claimed to be his girlfriend, using the publicity to gain attention for herself.

But that wasn't enough—Bianca made sure to attend public events with Kevin by her side. While Kevin didn't outright confirm their relationship, his indifference and silence were as good as an admission.

It didn't take long for the media to pick up on the timeline. Attentive netizens quickly pieced together the puzzle: Kevin had proposed to Norah not long ago, yet here he was, publicly embracing Bianca as his girlfriend.

The backlash was swift. Kevin's reputation was shredded, and he earned the title of a shameless, two-timing scumbag.

Even Bianca wasn't spared. Fans warned her to open her eyes before she, too, was hurt by Kevin.

But Bianca leaned into the controversy, loudly declaring her love for Kevin and even hinting at marriage plans. To prove it, she showed off the massive diamond ring he had given her.

The ring was the final blow.

It was from the same luxury brand as the one Kevin had given Norah.

Norah stared at her own ring, still on her finger. It wasn't just a symbol of her failed marriage—it felt like a mockery now.

She quickly yanked it off, ready to throw it away. But as she held it in her hand, her practical side took over.

The ring had cost a small fortune. Tossing it would be a waste.

Instead, she decided to sell it.

Later that evening, while watering the garden, Norah mentioned her plan to Jace.

"I'm heading out for a bit," she said, grabbing her bike.

"Where to? Will you be gone long?" Jace asked, pausing his work with the water hose.

"Not too long. Just have something to take care of."

"Alright," he replied, watching her ride off.

Norah pedaled toward the city center, weaving through the light traffic. It wasn't far—the villa Kevin had left her was in a prime location.

When she reached the jewelry shop, she walked in and placed the diamond ring on the counter.

The shop owner, an older man with glasses and a round belly, looked up from his seat. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to sell this ring," Norah replied, setting it down.

The man's eyes lit up when he saw the ring's size and quality. Pulling out a magnifying glass, he inspected it closely. "Is this 18K gold?"

"I think so," Norah said, though she wasn't entirely sure. She knew Kevin wouldn't have skimmed on quality. "How much can you give me for it?"

The man smiled, clearly trying to lowball her. "\$10,000. That's the best I can do."

Norah narrowed her eyes. "Are you serious? This ring is worth way more than that."

"Diamonds aren't what they used to be," the man explained, attempting to sound convincing. "These days, there are so many synthetic ones on the market that the value's dropped. I'm only offering you this much because the ring's in good condition."

Norah snatched the ring back. "If that's your price, I'll just keep it."

"Wait, wait!" the man called after her, sensing her determination. "Alright, name your price."

"Fifty thousand," Norah said firmly.

The man hesitated, but his greed got the better of him. "Deal."

His quick acceptance told Norah everything she needed to know—the ring was worth far more than \$50,000.

But she wasn't in the mood to haggle.

"Do you have a restroom I can use?" she asked.

"Of course, right this way." The man, now eager to please, showed her to the back.

As Norah stepped away, the man took the ring under his magnifying glass again, grinning to himself.

However, his moment of triumph didn't last long.

Behind him, the shop door opened, and a group of people walked in.

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When Norah came out of the restroom, she found the shop owner trembling at the door. His face was pale, and cold sweat glistened on his forehead, as though he'd seen a ghost.

The moment he spotted her, his expression shifted into one of panic. He clasped his hands together nervously. "Oh, thank goodness you're out! My dear girl, take your ring and go. I don't want it anymore!"

He shoved the ring back into her hands.

"Wait, what? Didn't you just agree to buy it for \$50,000?" Norah asked, confused.

"Forget it! I don't want it!" The man's voice was firm, almost frantic. "Please, just take it and leave. Sell it somewhere else if you must!"

Before she could respond, he practically pushed her out the door, slamming it shut behind her. The once-bustling shop was now eerily silent.

Norah stared at the door, bewildered. What just happened? She glanced down at her phone, noticing that the \$50,000 he'd transferred was still in her account. "He didn't even ask for the money back..." she muttered under her breath.

Something was off.

Norah wasn't the type to take advantage of others, so she tried to return the money. But the shop owner wouldn't answer her calls. She decided to try selling the ring elsewhere.

However, every jewelry store she visited turned her away, their reactions almost identical. The moment they saw the ring, they treated her like she was carrying something cursed.

"Sorry, miss, we can't buy this," one store owner said, his tone uneasy.

By the third rejection, Norah realized this wasn't a coincidence.

She gave up. If no one wanted the ring, she'd just keep it. After all, she wasn't desperate for the money.

Riding her bicycle, she decided to stop at the supermarket. The place was bustling with people. Norah grabbed a cart and began picking out her favorite yogurt, fresh fruits, vegetables, and a few snacks. By the time she was done, her cart was overflowing.

At the checkout counter, she bagged her items and hoisted the large bag onto her shoulder. Despite being pregnant, she carried the weight with ease. Independence was second nature to her.

As she exited the store, a young man approached her. "Need help with that? It looks heavy. Where's your car? I can help you load it."

"No, thank you," Norah replied politely but firmly. "I came by bike, and it's parked right outside."

The man frowned. "A bike? With all that stuff? That doesn't sound safe. How about I give you a ride? I've got a pickup truck. I can load your bike too."

Norah eyed him suspiciously. Something about his eagerness felt off.

"Who sent you?" she asked bluntly.

The man stiffened, his expression faltering. "What? No one sent me. I was just trying to help..."

Norah's gaze sharpened. "Don't lie to me. Someone's been clearing obstacles from my path all day, keeping an eye on me everywhere I go. You're part of it, aren't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he stammered, avoiding her eyes.

Norah's tone turned icy. "If you don't tell me who sent you, I'll call the police."

The man hesitated, then touched the earpiece hidden in his ear. After a moment, he muttered something under his breath and walked away.

Even after he left, Norah could feel eyes on her. Someone was still following her.

Fed up, she stopped her bike, pretending to lose her balance. "Ah!" she cried out as the bicycle tilted dangerously.

Before she could fall, a steady hand caught her arm, keeping her upright.

When she turned to look, her breath caught in her throat. Kevin stood there, his face calm yet unreadable, the glow of the setting sun casting a melancholic shadow over his features.

"Kevin!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with shock and anger.

Kevin withdrew his hand and took a step back. "What about me?"

Her expression hardened. "You've been following me, haven't you? All day, people have been interfering in my life, and now here you are. This isn't a coincidence."

"I'm just passing through," Kevin replied, his deep voice devoid of emotion. "I saw someone struggling to keep their balance, so I helped. I didn't know it was you."

Norah didn't believe a word he said. She glared at him, but arguing with Kevin felt like talking to a brick wall.

"I don't need your help," she said coldly, mounting her bike again. "Thanks for your kindness, but I'm going home. Goodbye, Kevin. I hope we never cross paths again."

With that, she pedaled away without looking back.

But Kevin didn't leave. He watched her retreating figure, his brows furrowing. Something about letting her go didn't sit right with him.

"Follow her," he instructed quietly.

From the bike's rearview mirror, Norah caught sight of his car creeping along behind her. Her grip on the handlebars tightened.

She stopped abruptly and turned to face him.

Kevin rolled down the window, his expression calm yet firm.

"What are you doing, Kevin?" she demanded, her frustration boiling over. "Why are you following me? Didn't you say you weren't going my way? Or is this some sick joke to humiliate me further? We're divorced. My house is mine. I've done everything you asked. What more do you want from me?"

Kevin's face remained impassive. "This road doesn't belong to you, Norah. I'm free to drive wherever I want."

"You're not driving. You're tailing me," she snapped. "Admit it."

Kevin met her gaze, his eyes unreadable. "And if I am?"