

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 321

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## Chapter 321

Levi glared at Frank. "You're unbelievable! I treated you like a brother, and this is how you repay me!"

Frank wasn't backing down. "Same here!"

With no other option, Levi turned to Norah, offering a forced smile. "Madam, I'm sorry. I wasn't careful. I didn't mean for any of this to happen. It's all my fault!"

Norah responded coldly, "I think you did it on purpose."

"How could that be? I'm a good soldier, always serving the people!" Levi protested, standing stiffly and saluting.

"Then why are you here?" Norah asked, her expression darkening.

Levi paused, then tugged at Frank. "Let's have dinner," he suggested.

Frank eagerly agreed, "Yes, we came here to eat."

Norah's expression grew colder. "The restaurant is small, yet I didn't see you two. You were eating, and then you ran to the back kitchen? And even broke things?" She paused, her voice stern. "Aren't you causing trouble for other people?"

The two men fell silent.

"Did Kevin send you to follow me?" Norah continued, her gaze sharp. "What exactly does he want?"

The two hesitated, unsure of what to say.

"Where is Kevin?" Norah pressed.

"Captain Edwards isn't here," Levi replied. "We're here to protect you."

Norah scoffed. "It's good if you don't cause more trouble."

The men stayed quiet, offering no response.

"I'm divorced from Captain Edwards. What protection do I need?" Norah said coldly. "What's his plan? Does he want everyone to think he's some kind of good guy, still caring for his ex-wife? Does his current wife agree with this?"

No matter how much Norah ridiculed him, Kevin couldn't hear her, so she didn't waste her breath.

"Take me to see him," Norah demanded.

The two men couldn't refuse.

They all knew that after Kevin's divorce from Norah, no one could understand the pain and helplessness he was going through.

They didn't want their relationship to be like this.

But there was nothing Norah could do.

Some things couldn't be said.

She had already said enough the last time! She just wanted to wake Kevin up, tell him to stop pretending.

It seemed she hadn't been harsh enough.

This time, she intended to make sure he understood—no more trouble from him in the future!

Before leaving, she said goodbye to Steven and Jace. She immediately got into their military vehicle and headed toward Kevin's residence.

Her apartment was quite far from the villa. But to her surprise, Kevin lived nearby. It only took them about ten minutes to get there.

Kevin had the means to acquire properties in this area, so it wasn't surprising that he owned a place here.

However, there were no servants.

Apart from a few soldiers, the place was eerily quiet.

Norah stepped out of the car, her anger growing. Without a word, she marched into the villa, her steps fast and determined.

Frank and Levi followed closely behind, worried. If they were discovered this time, there would definitely be consequences. They'd be stuck with late-night training, no escape.

The front door was open. Norah pushed it further and shouted, "Kevin!"

The room was empty.

The place was luxuriously decorated but felt like it had never been lived in.

Norah didn't care. She moved toward the stairs, her voice loud as she called out, "Kevin, come out! Don't think I won't come after you if you hide! You had someone follow me, and now you've disrupted my life. What's the point of this? Is it that hard to be clear with both sides? If you send someone after me again, I'll call the police!"

On the second floor, she spotted a half-open door.

Kevin had to be inside.

Norah rolled up her sleeves, her expression cold, and pushed open the door. "Kevin, stop being a coward! Why can't you just be honest...?"

She froze in the doorway when she saw Kevin lying on the floor.

He was sprawled out in a mess of wine bottles, a half-empty bottle still in his hand.

It was clear that Kevin had been drinking all day.

Norah's anger flared, and she had already prepared herself to confront him, to tear into him with harsh words. She wanted to tear down his ego.

But the scene before her was not what she had imagined.

Looking at the drunk Kevin, Norah couldn't bring herself to say anything sharp.

Kevin couldn't hear her, but she couldn't understand why he'd drunk himself into this state.

Hadn't he moved on with Bianca and Mimi?

Hadn't he gotten rid of her?

He had tricked her, which probably fed his pride. He should have been happy, so why was he so miserable?

This was a side of him she had never seen—his helplessness, frustration, and pain, all laid bare.

Norah's fist tightened, and a rush of mixed emotions flooded her. She hadn't planned on arguing with him, so she turned to leave the room.

But just as she was about to exit, she heard a faint voice.

"Norah."

It was hoarse and low.

Norah paused, frowning, and didn't intend to look back.

"Norah..."

She was almost out the door when Kevin called her again.

Now, Norah was torn. She hesitated, then turned back to face him.

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Norah sat there for what felt like an eternity, her heart heavy with sadness.

Kevin didn't move, only the sound of his steady breathing filled the silence.

Norah wanted to ask something, but no words came.

Maybe she didn't need to ask. She already knew the answer.

Eventually, Norah got up quietly and left.

This time, her mood was different.

It felt more bitter.

“Ma’am.”

Levi hesitated as he saw Norah come out, concern in his voice. “You didn’t have an argument with Captain Edwards, did you?”

Frank nudged Levi, urging him to keep quiet.

Seeing Norah’s face, it was clear the situation wasn’t a happy one.

Norah glanced at Levi briefly and said, “Take care of him.” Then, without another word, she walked out.

Levi stood still, thinking about the two people who couldn’t be together. He sighed.

It was fate.

Back at her apartment, Jace was waiting for her.

“How did it go?” Jace asked, his voice soft. “Everything okay?”

Norah looked at him and asked, “Do you know Kevin?”

The question caught Jace off guard, and he didn’t immediately know how to respond. “Why do you ask?” he finally said.

“When I passed out, it couldn’t have been a coincidence that you found me,” Norah said. “Did Kevin ask you to come?”

Norah wasn’t blind to Kevin’s strange behavior. She knew he had some hidden motive, even though it only fueled her anger. She had a feeling Kevin’s actions weren’t as simple as they seemed.

She was upset, but she couldn’t shake the idea that Kevin had a reason for everything.

Jace didn’t try to hide the truth. He smiled and said, “I can’t fool you.”

Norah said, “Don’t listen to him. You’re my friend, not his.”

Jace met her gaze. “If you need me, I’ll help, no matter who asks me to.”

Norah smiled at him. “Thank you, Jace. I didn’t expect you to be here for me in the end.”

She truly appreciated her friends.

She’d remember everything Jace had done for her, and if he ever needed her, she’d be there.

"It's not over yet," Jace said, his voice hesitant. "I may not be able to stay with you until the end."

Norah didn't fully understand what Jace meant, but she could tell he understood her.

He had been there when she was at her lowest. She would always remember that kindness, but everyone had their own path.

"No matter where life takes you, I just want you to live in the sunlight," Norah said, her words sincere.

Jace looked at her with gentle eyes. Being close to her, in this moment, was his greatest wish.

In the past, this belief had kept him going.

He wanted to be with Julie again, to live beside her with dignity and integrity.

"Let's go inside," Jace said, raising his hand. He didn't dare to touch her, but just waved it in the air.

Norah nodded, then walked inside. At the door, she called out, "You should rest too."

Once Norah shut the door, Jace didn't immediately leave.

He leaned against the doorframe, waiting quietly. The distance between them was small, but it felt enough. His face, however, was pale—devoid of its usual vitality.

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Back at Steven's place, he searched relentlessly for any information on the mysterious organization called Nile.

He had to know how to reach them, how he might find a way to get the antidote he desperately needed.

Steven spent the entire night searching.

The organization was elusive. They stayed out of the country to avoid sanctions, operating in border regions instead. Some of the people arrested years ago didn't even speak the same language. They seemed to be from a different ethnic group.

Just as Steven's frustration was growing, the door opened, and Milena walked in.

"Steven, what are you doing? Why's everything such a mess?"

Steven didn't look up. "I'm searching for information."

“What kind of information is this? You haven’t been sleeping, have you?” Milena asked gently, concern filling her voice. “You’ve been so busy with work lately, you haven’t been resting well. You need to take care of yourself, and don’t forget Emma and the others are coming over. You should relax for a bit.”

Milena pulled Steven toward the couch. “Lie down for a while.”

Looking at his tired face, Milena couldn’t hide her worry.

“I’m fine, Mom,” Steven said, brushing off her concern. “I have to keep looking.”

Milena noticed the papers he was scouring through. “What’s this? I thought you were working, but this looks like something to do with a criminal organization. Are you planning to become a cop?”

Steven’s reply was firm. “People’s lives are at stake.”

“But not more than my son’s life,” Milena said softly. “Take care of yourself first. Look at you—you’re losing weight.”

Steven paused, considering her words, then glanced back at her. “Mom, what did you say about Emma’s background?”

Milena’s face lit up with a smile. “Ah, now you’re asking about Emma! Her father is from the Yi tribe. They’re a mixed ethnic group. They’re beautiful people, and she’s a perfect match for you!”

Steven looked at the information again and found it all matched.

The Yi tribe was known for their skill in crafting medicine and poisons.

Could there be a connection?

“When is Emma coming over?” Steven asked.

“She’ll be here shortly. I’ve already told her I’m making some porridge.” Milena smiled, eager. “She’s a sweet girl, I really like her. If things work out...”

Milena looked up but saw Steven had already left the room.

“This boy’s always in a hurry!” she muttered, following him.

Less than ten minutes later, Emma arrived.

She was dressed in a beautiful outfit, carrying gifts. As she entered, she cheerfully called out, “Aunt Lord!”

Milena and Steven were there.

Milena immediately stood to greet her. “Oh, Emma, you’re here! What gifts did you bring? We’re so glad to see you!”

Emma smiled. “Just a small token, Auntie. I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, no, we don’t mind at all!” Milena exclaimed. She quickly turned to Steven. “You asked about her just now, didn’t you? I can tell you’re interested.”

Emma blushed. “Really? Auntie, you can’t be joking with me!”

“I’m serious!” Milena laughed with joy.

Milena had tried to match them before, but Steven was always stubborn, never engaging.

This time, however, Steven was direct. “I heard from my mom that your father is from the Yi tribe.”

“Yes,” Emma replied, sitting down. “Why? Steven, are you interested in our family?”

Steven continued, “Are the people from the Yi tribe known for their skill in making poisons and pharmaceuticals? Do they have a special talent?”

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Emma was taken aback by Steven’s unexpected questions. “I’ve heard people talk about it... Why do you ask?”

Steven pressed on: “Can the poison made by the Yi people be turned into an antidote?”

Emma was puzzled by his persistence but answered carefully: “I don’t know. My father is from the Yi people, and I have their blood, but I don’t know much about their customs. I only heard my father mention that their homeland is chaotic—divided into high and low castes.”

She pointed to someone in the newspaper. “This person is from the lower caste. His skin is dark, and his status is low. My father, however, belongs to the higher caste.”

Steven didn’t know much about the Yi people. The country they came from was poor, backward, and still clinging to monarchy, with a civilization that was barely understood.

He made a decision: he needed to go see it for himself. There might be something useful there.

Emma’s concern was evident. “It’s very dangerous there. The people have low education, and many disappear from curiosity or get lost. I don’t know what happens to them. You can’t go—it’s too dangerous!”



She knew that Steven was determined, but she feared for his safety. The Yi people had ties to the mysterious organization he was searching for, and they were skilled in pharmaceuticals. It was the only place Steven might find the antidote he needed.

For this reason, Steven consulted Jace, who was more experienced. Jace had never been to the Yi homeland but had been near the border. He also advised Steven against going.

“In a civilized country, everything is controlled and known. But once you cross into their territory, everything is a mystery.”

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Kevin awoke with a splitting headache, unlike any he'd had before. He groaned as he sat up, seeing Levi and Frank standing by, worry etched on their faces.

“Captain Edwards, you're awake,” Levi said softly.

Frank immediately offered him water. “Drink some. It'll help you sober up.”

Kevin blinked and tried to shake off the foggiest in his mind. He'd dreamed of Norah—vividly, like she was right there with him.

“Why are you here?” Kevin's voice was hoarse, and he rubbed his forehead. “What's going on?”

“Captain Edwards, you're hungover,” Levi explained. “We're just worried about you. We know you're already working on a plan, and you've sent people to the border. We'll have news soon.”

They did their best to comfort him, but their attempts were transparent. Kevin remained silent, feeling the weight of his own thoughts pressing on him.

After a moment, he asked, “I wasn't here yesterday. What happened while I was gone?”

Levi and Frank stiffened, caught off guard by the question.

“We didn't do anything,” Levi said quickly. “We were just trying to look out for you.”

Kevin's sharp gaze met theirs. “Did you really do nothing?”

Frank lowered his head. “When we were watching over Madame, we saw her with another man. We were worried, and we thought she might be starting to move on... We didn't want you to worry.”

Kevin's expression darkened. “So, what I saw wasn't just a dream?”

“Madame did leave, and we thought she was angry with you. We weren’t sure, but it seemed like she was heartbroken too.”

Kevin closed his eyes, overwhelmed by the pain in his head and the emotions swirling inside him. The memory felt distant, like a dream, but it hurt all the same.

He finally spoke, voice hoarse. “Leave.”

“Yes, Captain.”

The two men left, but within minutes, Levi returned with a report: “Captain Edwards, Ms. Lynch is here.”

Kevin quickly washed up and dressed. Though he was annoyed, he hid it behind a cold exterior. “Tell her to wait downstairs.”

Bianca, in a good mood after securing the lead role in a hot TV drama, waited for Kevin downstairs. She was eager to share her news with him, knowing that this opportunity could catapult her into stardom.

When Kevin appeared, Bianca immediately rushed to him, glowing with excitement. “Kevin!”

Kevin didn’t look at her. “What’s the matter?”

Ignoring his coldness, Bianca grabbed his arm. “I got the lead in *Demon Bone*! I’m going to make this drama explode. It’ll solidify my place in the industry, and I’ll be right there by your side. Everything I do is for you.”

Kevin’s eyes flickered, and his tone was flat. “What you’ve done has nothing to do with me.”

Bianca’s smile faltered. “You can’t say that! I’m doing everything to be worthy of you!”

Kevin didn’t want to argue. He could see where this was going and wasn’t interested. He briefly replied to her claims, offering no more than a few words of pleasantries.

Bianca sat next to him, clearly looking for validation, but Kevin had already lost interest. He scrolled through his phone, his focus on the latest news.

Sasha, who starred in a dark drama called *Glory*, had received mixed reviews. The show’s popularity was nowhere near Bianca’s, and Kevin noted that the investors behind it were familiar.

He glanced at the name again. Could she still be involved with the investors?

Bianca noticed Kevin’s distraction and saw the news he was looking at. She smirked. “I don’t get it. Why would Norah invest in a show like this? The script’s written by a rookie director, and it’s been a flop. People are barely talking about it. Why bother?”

Kevin remained silent. No matter what Bianca said, he would support Norah's decisions.

Bianca didn't seem to notice his lack of interest. "Let's go. The directors are waiting. I'm joining the set soon. By the way, their crew is in the same area as ours, so we might run into them."