

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 329

Chapter 329

Jace: "Stop saying nonsense."

Tears streamed down Karina's face, but they weren't for Jace. They were for herself.

"It's true," Karina said, her voice hollow, her eyes vacant. "Every time I have a nightmare, I see myself lying dead, and no one comes to collect my body. No family, no friends... just discarded like garbage."

Jace tried to comfort her. "That won't happen."

Karina closed her eyes, trapped in a sadness she couldn't escape. Her life had always been different from others'. Other girls had parents. She didn't.

Her world was filled with killing and survival. They said her parents sold her for \$8,000. What kind of parents do that? Parents who don't love their children.

It was absurd.

Her parents didn't love her.

They wanted a boy, not a girl, and they sold her without hesitation, sending her into a world of horror.

Her childhood was nothing but beatings and coldness. She was reduced to a machine—trained to kill, to steal. She didn't even have the right to choose her own life. Knowing this, she had no choice but to jump into the darkness.

If she didn't, she'd die.

Sometimes she wished she had never been born.

That would've been better than being trafficked into a criminal organization, forced to do despicable things every day.

She had always wanted to be a good person.

But that wasn't allowed from the start.

Karina wondered if she had ever truly lived for herself.

No.

Her life was a series of desperate acts to stay alive, hidden in the shadows.

As Archer once said, she was worthless. If her parents didn't love her, who would? She lacked so much, and in her hands, she held nothing.

The only time she felt alive was when she was with Jace.

Sometimes, she envied him. He had a sense of self, a purpose. He knew what he wanted.

She didn't.

How could she dream of wanting anything when she couldn't even control her own fate?

Karina had given up. Maybe Jace was her only source of joy.

If she couldn't find happiness, she wouldn't take his away.

Life and death—what was the difference?

Still, she let him go, her fingertips grazing his wrist as she whispered, "I hope you don't regret it. I hope it's worth it."

Norah wandered aimlessly down the street.

Suddenly, she didn't know where to go.

Where did she belong?

It felt as though her world had crumbled.

Everyone around her seemed unreliable.

Who could she trust?

She looked at her hands, which seemed fine, but inside, she knew the truth: she was poisoned. She was dying.

But she felt healthy.

She couldn't process everything at once. It felt like a dream.

She wished it were a dream.

But when she pinched herself, it hurt.

This was real.

Norah's eyes were blank as she walked, her spirit drained.

She bumped into someone on the street.

"What's wrong with you?" the person snapped.

"I'm sorry," Norah muttered before continuing.

The sky grew darker, heavy with the promise of rain.

Pedestrians hurried home, but Norah didn't notice.

Where was home for her?

Did she even have a home?

Her marriage was over. She had no family. Now, she faced death.

Thunder cracked in the distance, but Norah didn't flinch.

She couldn't even hear it.

Passersby rushed past her as the rain began to fall.

Drops turned into a downpour.

A car followed her closely.

Someone inside was on the phone. "Captain Edwards, something's wrong. Mrs. Edwards has been acting strange ever since she left Dr. Jace."

Kevin was at a party when he got the call.

"I'm on my way," he said, setting his drink down.

Bianca, unaware, continued mingling with producers and directors, trying to secure her future. She didn't notice Kevin leaving.

By the time she realized, all that remained was her unfinished glass of wine.

Thunder roared again.

Rain fell harder, flooding the streets.

When Kevin arrived, he saw Norah. She looked like a shell of herself, wandering aimlessly, soaked to the bone.

Frowning, Kevin got out of the car and strode toward her, ignoring the rain.

Grabbing her arm, he yelled, "What are you doing? Can't you see it's raining? Are you crazy?"

Norah turned to him, her expression hollow. She looked at his tailored suit, the polished shoes—everything about him screamed perfection.

Her lips curled into a bitter smile. "Well, Mr. Edwards, you look sharp tonight. Big event? Must've been glamorous."

Kevin's face darkened, but Norah laughed, her tone laced with sarcasm.

Without another word, she turned and kept walking.

Kevin caught up, grabbing her arm again. "Norah, come with me."

She yanked free. "I told you—I'm crazy! Why do you care?"

"Stop it!" he barked, his voice firm.

Norah looked at him, her eyes filling with tears. Her laugh was hollow. “Stop? Be obedient? That’s all I’ve ever been, Kevin—your obedient, invisible Mrs. Edwards. But guess what? I’m not your wife anymore. So why do you care now?”

Kevin clenched his fists, his patience wearing thin. “Just come home with me!”

“Home?” Norah’s voice broke. “What home? I’m dying, Kevin. I don’t have a home!”

Kevin froze, the weight of her words crashing into him. His hands tightened into fists, his heart sinking.

He grabbed her shoulders. “Who told you that?”

Rain poured harder, thunder rumbling overhead as they stood in the storm.

Norah stared at him, her eyes filled with pain and betrayal. Her voice was sharp, each word a dagger. “You knew, didn’t you? You knew I was dying, but you chose to hide it. You abandoned me, thinking I wouldn’t find out. Were you trying to feel less guilty? Did you think keeping me in the dark would make it all go away?”

Kevin’s face tightened as her words cut deep.

She shook off his grip, her voice trembling with anger. “You lied to me. You let Steven risk his life for me, and you lied to me! What gives you the right to decide what I should know? What am I to you—a fragile doll? Kevin, you’ve been lying to me this whole time!”

Kevin’s heart sank. “You know everything now,” he muttered, his voice heavy with regret.

Norah glared at him. “Yes, I know. And it’s your fault. You’ve been deceiving me all along...”

Her voice cracked as Kevin pulled her into his arms.

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The moment Norah collapsed into Kevin’s arms, she felt her eyes burn with emotion.

“Let go of me!” Norah shoved Kevin away, glaring at him. “I don’t need your pity.”

“Norah...” Kevin’s voice was filled with helplessness.

Norah took a step back, sneering. “Don’t look at me like that. After the divorce, we’ll have nothing to do with each other. Take your people and leave.”

“How could I not care about you?” Kevin took a step forward. “Things aren’t as simple as you think.”

“Don’t come any closer! Enough already!” Norah shouted, her voice breaking with anger. “Kevin, I hate you! You hid everything from me, you let Steven risk his life for me... It’s too late to stop it now. If anything happens to him, I’ll hate you forever!”

Kevin’s expression grew heavy as he asked, “For Steven, you’re willing to do this to me?”

Norah shot back, “Isn’t Steven a hundred times better than you? He’s willing to risk his life for me. Can you say the same? When I was at my lowest, you didn’t choose me. You chose someone else!”

“Is that how you see me?” Kevin’s voice cracked with sadness.

Norah smirked bitterly. “What do you want me to think? Go be with Bianca. You can’t be a good person with me.”

“Kevin, there’s no hope for us anymore.”

With those final words, Norah took a step back, then turned and disappeared into the rain, leaving Kevin standing there, motionless.

His feet felt rooted to the spot, unable to move.

Her words echoed in his mind, each one cutting deeper than the last. Her words always led back to Steven, and it seemed that every moment he spent searching for a cure had only pushed her closer to him. So where did that leave Kevin?

“Captain Edwards!”

Levi’s voice broke through the fog of his thoughts. He stood by Kevin, holding an umbrella over his head.

“It’s raining. Let’s get inside.”

Kevin’s gaze was distant, his fists clenched in frustration. He didn’t respond, but the weight of his silence spoke volumes.

The car slowly drove away, and Norah, walking in the opposite direction, was steadily making her way home. Her eyes were red from crying, and tears still flowed freely. She finally stopped, her heart breaking. She looked back at the car that had just disappeared from view.

That’s fine, she thought. She didn’t want to burden anyone. She didn’t want to be a problem.

Norah wiped her tears, but the gray sky seemed to mirror her pain, as if even God was grieving with her.

With a bleak smile, she disappeared into the lonely street corner.

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“Captain Edwards, since Madame already knows, it might be better to tell her the truth. She’s misunderstanding everything,” Levi suggested gently.

Frank nodded. “This situation is more heartbreaking than any TV drama. If she knows you’re working on an antidote for her, she’ll be grateful.”

Both of them tried to persuade Kevin, but he seemed distant, lost in his own thoughts. His earlier confidence had vanished, and now he stood, soaked, with no energy left to move.

“How about the antidote? Do you have any other options?” Kevin’s voice was flat, his exhaustion apparent.

Levi and Frank exchanged uneasy glances. While dealing with Bianca, they also had to track down the antidote.

“It’s not just that Steven’s taking risks for her,” Levi began. “You’ve done your part, too.”

Kevin frowned. “I didn’t expect Steven to know. He shouldn’t have gone to those lengths.”

“We’ll find another way,” Frank reassured. “Madam needs comfort now, though.”

Kevin shook his head, a bitter smile on his lips. “She hates me now. Anything I do will only make things worse.”

After a moment of silence, Kevin went upstairs to change out of his wet clothes, with Levi and Frank trailing behind him, their faces reflecting the weight of his sadness.

Even though Kevin was a strong man, they could see the vulnerability in him when it came to his emotions.

“Solving the real problem is more important than anything else,” Kevin muttered, his voice resolute. Despite Norah’s anger, he still had one priority—finding the antidote.

Just then, the sound of a car engine reached their ears. Bianca’s BMW pulled up outside.

She rushed in, her high heels clicking sharply on the floor. She paused when she saw the drenched men, still in their wet clothes.

“Kevin, why are you out in the rain?” Bianca’s voice was filled with concern, her hand reaching for a towel to dry him off. “You’ll catch a cold if you stay like this.”

Kevin didn’t speak, only looked at her coldly. As she tried to wipe him down, he grabbed her hand firmly, his eyes icy. “When will there be an antidote?”

Bianca's smile faltered. "I told you before. The antidote will be ready on the day we marry. Why are you so impatient?"

Kevin's jaw tightened. "When are we getting married?"

Bianca thought for a moment. "Once I finish filming this drama, it's very important to me. After that, I'll marry you in style."

Kevin's expression hardened. "Can Norah hold out that long?"

"I'll make sure she holds on!" Bianca said confidently. "It's just a matter of time. Don't worry, I won't let her die."

Kevin's eyes darkened with suspicion. "Do you really have an antidote?"

"Of course," Bianca replied, her voice filled with assurance. "For you, I've worked hard."

Kevin, overwhelmed by frustration, grabbed her neck with one hand, his eyes cold as ice. "You better not be lying to me. If your promises mean nothing, I'll make sure you pay."

Bianca gasped for air, grabbing his arm in desperation. "Without me... she won't survive either!"

Kevin released her, but the anger in his chest was still burning hot.

Bianca coughed violently, looking up at him. She could see the coldness in his eyes, and a knot of fear began to form in her chest.

Although she had Kevin, it seemed like he was slipping farther and farther away from her. His thoughts were no longer on her—they were on Norah.

"Did you go to find Norah?" Bianca asked, her voice quiet, but laced with concern.