

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 331

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Chapter 331

Kevin muttered, "She doesn't need me anymore."

So, their relationship was really falling apart?

No wonder he came back drenched.

No matter how strong a relationship is, even a little distance can break it beyond repair.

Bianca felt a flicker of satisfaction. She gazed at Kevin, her eyes shining with certainty as she said, "Kevin, I'll always need you. I won't leave you. Believe me, I love you more than anyone. If Norah loved you enough, she wouldn't treat you like this."

With that, she nestled into his arms, a sense of joy radiating from her.

...

Meanwhile, Norah, now aware of her poisoning, went to the hospital for a checkup.

She wondered how long she had left—if she'd even live long enough to give birth.

But when the doctor assured her that everything looked fine, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong.

Could it be that the hospital just couldn't detect the poison?

Norah's mind was clouded with uncertainty. She faced so many questions at once.

What if she didn't survive long enough to see her child born?

What if she gave birth and then died?

She had to ensure a future for her child, no matter what.

Truth be told, Norah was terrified of death. But she couldn't bear the thought of dying before her child had a chance to live.

As her hand gently rested on her belly, she found herself at a crossroads.

Should she terminate the pregnancy?

But if she did, the child would grow up with a life of hardship. Would it be fair to bring them into a world where she couldn't be a mother to them?

The thought of it broke her heart.

Tears filled her eyes as she struggled with this overwhelming decision.

She had never been more conflicted.

Determined, she walked toward the operating room.

But as she stepped into the sterile, cold room, a shiver ran down her spine. The place felt devoid of warmth, of life.

Then, something stirred in her stomach.

It was at that exact moment that Norah realized what she was about to do.

How could she end the life of this little one growing inside her?

Her resolve faltered. Fear gripped her heart, and she rushed out of the operating room.

Sitting outside, catching her breath, she instinctively cradled her stomach.

"Baby, I'm sorry. I'm sorry," Norah whispered, tears streaming down her face. "I promise, I'll give you life. I'll make sure you live a happy one, I swear."

It was the first time she'd felt her baby move, and a bittersweet joy filled her. But her happiness was mixed with uncertainty. Was the child even healthy? The poison she was carrying might affect them.

But she couldn't waste any more time dwelling on those worries. She had to keep going.

Norah was alone, and the weight of motherhood pressed heavily on her. She had to work hard to secure her child's future.

As her pregnancy progressed, Norah's belly grew, and the filming of *Glory* continued.

Despite being an investor, she poured herself into the production. She spent countless hours watching the scenes and studying them.

One day, tragedy struck when Nellie sprained her foot on set and tore a ligament, forcing her to rest in the hospital for several days.

The crew couldn't afford to delay, and so, as a last resort, Norah stepped in for her.

"Okay, take a break!" Norah called out as filming paused.

Sasha had just wrapped up a heated scene with the male lead, Tanan. Tanan, a rising star, stood at 1.88 meters, with a handsome face, a charming smile, and noticeable dimples. His performance was drawing attention, especially in a script that highlighted sibling-like romance.

"Ms. White," Tanan greeted her, freshly out of his scene, his bare upper body showing off his well-toned physique.

He was destined to be a future heartthrob if the drama took off.

Tanan approached Norah, watching the footage on the monitor.

"Did I miss anything?" he asked, concerned about a scene he had filmed with Sasha in the pool.

"Not at all," Norah reassured him. "Your character is still figuring things out. Your performance is exactly what it needs to be."

Tanan nodded, grateful for her feedback.

Sasha, dressed in her swimsuit, wiped off the water and joined them, her attention also on the footage.

"No worries," she told Tanan. "You'll be fine."

“Thank you, Ms. Gibson,” Tanan smiled.

“Let’s all rest up. Night scenes start soon!” Norah said as she tried to lighten the mood.

Sasha, noticing how tirelessly Norah was working, expressed concern. “Norah, you’re pregnant! Even if you’re taking Nellie’s place, you need to rest. You can always have Emani step in if you need help.”

Norah smiled, despite the exhaustion. “I’m fine. I need to be on top of everything here. I can’t let things slip. And besides, I’m doing this for my child.”

Sasha raised an eyebrow, a bit skeptical. “But the child’s father should be helping too. You can’t do it all on your own.”

Norah shrugged it off, offering a wry smile. “Relying on others is never reliable. Better to rely on yourself.”

Her words made Sasha pause. “What’s going on with you? Since that day when Steven’s family showed up, you’ve seemed different. You’re working harder than ever. Why all this pressure? The child’s father and the godmothers will all help. You don’t have to do everything.”

In the past, several people had volunteered to be the child’s godmother.

“No one else can be trusted,” Norah replied softly. “I can only count on myself.”

Sasha’s suspicions deepened. “What’s really going on? Ever since that day, you’ve been a different person. It’s like you’re preparing for something... What’s really bothering you?”

Norah just gave a small laugh. “Maybe I’m just being cautious.”

Sasha nodded but still seemed worried. “Please, get some rest. Focus on your face for tonight’s shoot. You don’t want to look tired on camera.”

Norah walked off on her own, her phone in hand. She had been trying to reach Steven for days but couldn’t get through. The Lord family had caused trouble again, and more than anyone, she wanted to know about Steven’s well-being.

Finally, after several attempts, her phone rang.

It was Steven.

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The joy on Norah's face was undeniable. She quickly grabbed her phone, exclaiming, "Steven!"

But the voice on the other end was garbled, and she couldn't make sense of it.

Her face froze. "What are you saying? You're not Steven?"

All she could hear was a man's voice in a chaotic background, making it impossible for Norah to understand him. Her anxiety surged.

Why wasn't Steven answering his phone?

"Don't hang up! I'll find someone who can help," she rushed, trying to think of a translator—but how could she find one that quickly?

"Hello? Hello?"

Before she could even finish, the call ended abruptly.

Frustration hit as Norah dialed again, but the phone went straight to voicemail.

Panic set in.

The phone clearly wasn't with Steven. Could he be in trouble?

A surge of panic flooded Norah. She didn't know what to do.

"Norah," Sasha called out, noticing her panic. She quickly rushed over. "What's wrong? What happened?"

Norah's voice wavered as she looked at Sasha. "Steven is in danger."

"Steven?" Sasha asked, connecting the dots. "Is this the call about Steven you just received?"

"The person on the other end was a stranger," Norah explained, her voice filled with worry. "They were speaking something I couldn't understand, and the phone isn't with Steven. Doesn't that mean he's in danger?"

Sasha tried to calm her. "Norah, don't jump to conclusions. You can't think so negatively without knowing more."

"Yes," Norah agreed, trying to reassure herself. "It's not that bad. He'll be fine."

But deep down, a gnawing worry remained. What if he really was in trouble? What should she do?

She couldn't shake the feeling of helplessness, despite telling herself every day that Steven would return safely. The guilt still weighed on her heart.

"I'm going to find him!" Norah declared, determined to act.

Sasha stopped her. "No. You can't go. What about the drama? And you have to think about the baby!"

Norah hesitated. She wanted to go, but Sasha was right. She wasn't free to act as she pleased, and the weight of responsibility for her baby kept her from running off.

Sitting down in a chair, Norah pressed her hands to her forehead, overwhelmed with helplessness.

"I don't know what's really going on," Sasha said, her tone soft. "But staying here is probably the best choice for now. Steven wouldn't want you to risk everything."

Norah understood, but the guilt still gnawed at her. She hated the thought of being a burden on others.

She went to the bathroom to wash her face, trying to clear her mind. When she returned, the crew was looking at her with concern.

"I'm fine," she reassured them. "Let's focus on filming. That's the most important thing right now."

Sasha sighed in relief, but still couldn't shake her worry about Norah. In the meantime, the crew was talking about disturbing news that was spreading throughout the city—another female corpse had been found, and rumors of organ trafficking were circulating.

"Be careful tonight," one of them warned. "Don't go anywhere remote. There's news of a killer on the loose!"

"Terrifying," another said. "It's like we're back in the dark ages."

"Girls, stay safe!" someone else added. "Even if it's not the same case, there's always the risk of something happening in quiet areas."

Hearing these warnings, Norah felt a creeping unease. She couldn't help but think of the organization she had in mind—the organ trafficking. Had it become that widespread?

Her fists clenched, pushing aside her fear, replaced with a burning desire to do something about it.

After filming wrapped, Norah prepared to head home. Sasha reminded her once more to be careful and avoid dangerous areas.

As Norah walked, accompanied by Emani for a while before parting ways, she couldn't shake the feeling that someone was following her. Despite the bustling streets, the sense of being watched unsettled her.

At a street corner, Norah quickened her pace, but before she could react, she felt a sharp pain at the back of her head from a blow with a stick.

"It's you!" she exclaimed, realizing who it was.

She had thought it was a man, but it was Karina, who had tied her hair up and was wearing a baseball cap.

Karina pulled off her hat, an amused glint in her eye. "You're getting paranoid."

Norah frowned, confused by Karina's behavior. "Does this have anything to do with the recent female corpse case? Were you stalking me?"

"If I had bad intentions, you wouldn't be standing here," Karina said coldly, lighting a cigarette. "But then I saw your belly."

She quickly put out the cigarette when she noticed Norah was pregnant. "Sorry. I didn't know."

"What's your deal?" Norah asked, still on edge. "Does the organ trafficking have anything to do with you?"

"I haven't done anything," Karina replied, exhaling smoke. "And I don't know about the trafficking either."

She paused and then added, her voice softer, "I followed you to warn you. Don't let your anger go to Jace. He doesn't deserve it."

Norah was taken aback. "That's your message to me?"

Karina nodded, her eyes shadowed with sadness. "Who else could I care about besides Jace?"

"Do you like him?" Norah asked, curious.

Karina let out a laugh, though it was laced with bitterness. "Like him? I don't know. He's the only one left in my life. He's like family to me."

Norah didn't quite understand. "What do you mean? Why is he gone?"

Karina's face darkened. "You don't remember? We were all locked in that dark room. How can you not remember?"

Norah paused, trying to recall, but it was a blur. “I don’t really remember... I just had a dream where you and Jace were familiar to me.”

Karina’s lips curled into a bitter smile. “You’re lucky. You weren’t treated like a puppet, like Jace and I were.”

Norah felt a wave of sympathy and curiosity. Despite the poison Karina had given her, Norah wanted answers.

She took a deep breath and said, “Let’s go back and talk about this.”

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Karina didn’t speak, simply following Norah inside.

As they stepped through the door, Karina felt a warmth that immediately surrounded her. She looked around at the well-kept interior of the house.

A subtle fragrance filled the air.

The place was carefully furnished, each detail thoughtfully chosen.

It was clear that Norah was someone who truly appreciated life.

Even in a small space, everything felt deliberate and beautiful—someone with a positive, optimistic spirit.

Karina watched her prepare tea.

She couldn’t help but feel a sense of envy toward Norah.

Karina had once had a similar chance at happiness, but Norah had broken free from her constraints and built a good life.

Karina also longed for a life of normalcy.

“Sit,” Norah said, noticing that Karina was still standing at the door. She gestured for Karina to come in.

Karina nodded and moved to the couch, sitting down.

Norah set the tea she had brewed on the table.

Karina grasped the cup, the warmth spreading through her hands, and watched as a few petals floated in the clear tea.

How long had it been since she'd lived such a delicate, thoughtful life? Though Karina took pride in her appearance, her life had been anything but gentle.

She sipped the tea, enjoying the faint fragrance that lingered in her mouth. It was a feeling she truly cherished.

"What kind of tea is this?" she asked.

"Jasmine tea."

"It's delicious," Karina said, savoring the taste. "It lingers on my lips and teeth."

"If you like it, take some with you," Norah offered generously, though it was just an ordinary tea.

Karina took another sip, then set the cup back on the table.

"Is the man with the knife the same one from across the bridge that day?" Norah asked. "Was he poisoned? If they wanted my life, why use this method?"

Karina fixed her gaze on Norah. "You must have noticed—there's something off about all of this."

Norah's expression shifted slightly. "If someone wants me alive, does that mean my life is a threat to others?"

"Exactly," Karina replied. "They're using your life as leverage."

"Is the antidote with your organization?" Norah pressed.

"The real danger isn't here," Karina's voice became serious. "The people who truly scare me aren't part of this. Not even Archer, who raised us. The real terror is the Pharaoh—he developed the poison. He's the only one who knows about the antidote."

A chill ran down Norah's spine.

"Why is there another person?" she asked, still processing the weight of Karina's words.

Karina gave a helpless smile. "What do you think? I've never seen him either. I've been forced into situations I can't control. If I don't comply, it's my life that's at stake."

It was a bitter reality.

Before, Karina had thought her survival depended on Jace.

But now, as she shared this experience with Norah, a complicated mix of emotions stirred within her.

She had once been warned—by the organization—that emotions were a liability.

Even family could turn on her.

But she hadn't been able to shake those feelings.

That's why she was at the fringes of the organization, where her death would only be met with indifference or exploitation.

"There are many people locked away in the dark, and you managed to escape," Karina said, gazing at Norah. "I really envy you. You've managed to live a normal, good life."

Norah, however, seemed unaffected. Her memories were clouded, and she only recalled being kidnapped once.

Could it be that her memory was distorted?

"What about the others?" Norah asked quietly.

"They're dead," Karina replied coldly.

Her words hit Norah like a stone, sinking deep into her heart.

Norah's hands trembled involuntarily. "Were they all teenage girls?"

Karina's response was chilling. "Age doesn't matter. The survivors were exploited. The dead had their organs harvested... there weren't even bodies left."

Norah's face turned pale.

"I don't know who you are," Karina continued, "but if you managed to escape, it means you're not ordinary. Jace is desperate to protect you... You can't die. This is his wish, and I'll make sure it's fulfilled."

At those words, Norah clenched her fists, her expression turning complex before hardening. "Did you come here just to tell me this?"

Karina sighed. "I think you should be careful. Now that you're pregnant, you need to take care of yourself."

"Is that all? Do you think I'll thank you for this?" Norah's cold response took Karina by surprise.

She hadn't expected Norah to be so resistant to kindness.

Norah's eyes locked onto Karina's, a sneer forming. "Everyone says nice things. Don't forget who gave me the poison. Do you think I'd believe you?"

Karina's face tightened. "I'm just trying to help..."

"I don't need your help," Norah shot back. "Leave now!"

With that, Norah shoved Karina out the door.

Karina didn't resist.

She stood there, confused, before calling out, "Julie..."

"Don't call me Julie!" Norah snapped. "I'm Norah. Not Julie. If you and Jace had stayed away from me from the beginning, none of this would've happened."

Karina's heart ached at her words.

She couldn't convince Norah.

Without the antidote, there would be no future.

Jace wouldn't be like this.

It was all Karina's fault.

Leaning against the door, she stared at the ground, eyes full of regret. "Norah, you're right. If it weren't for me, none of this would have happened."

Meanwhile, Norah's eyes were red. She'd reached her limit and slowly collapsed.

"I'll handle everything," Karina continued. "I just hope you're kind to Jace."

But Norah didn't respond.

The silence made Karina uneasy.

"Are you listening?" she asked, voice quivering.

Still no reply.

Karina's anxiety grew. "Norah!"

She knocked urgently on the door.

But Norah had already collapsed, unconscious on the floor.

Karina's heart raced as she feared for Norah's safety.

She had to get Jace.

The door was forced open.

Karina rushed in to find Norah lying on the ground.

Without hesitation, Jace lifted her and placed her on the sofa, then pulled out a scalpel and carefully stabbed at an old wound.

Karina couldn't bear to look, but her eyes welled with warmth as she saw his care for Norah.

No one else could bring warmth to their lives but Jace.

Norah, still weak, muttered in a daze, "Go away..."

Jace, covered in blood and pale, grew more exhausted. He staggered, dizziness overtaking him.

Karina quickly steadied him. "How is she?"

Jace steadied himself for a moment, then his gray-brown eyes met Norah's unconscious form. "We need to go."

"Won't you stay and take care of Norah?" Karina asked.

"Norah doesn't want us here. Don't bother her!" Jace replied coldly.

Karina looked at him, hesitant. "Could it be that she's just pushing us away to protect us?"

### **Chapter 335**

The moment Kevin rushed over, he immediately pulled Norah into his arms.

Norah didn't react right away.

Kevin, so consumed with worry, didn't even notice she had just been through an examination. He simply held her tightly and whispered, "I'm sorry..."

His words, simple as they were, carried a world of emotion.

Norah, still stunned by the sudden embrace, pushed against his chest. "What are you doing?"

Kevin's eyes were red, and when he met her gaze, he faltered, his mind racing.

Norah was momentarily thrown off by his unshaven appearance—it didn't feel like the Kevin she knew.

"You... are you okay?" Kevin asked, his voice softening when he saw she wasn't critically ill.

"I'm... fine," Norah replied, her tone light, and then she quickly added, "I'm just here for an examination."

Kevin glanced around, realizing they were in a testing area. He stood up and muttered, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Norah responded, her voice calm.

Kevin waited outside, his eyes never straying far from Norah as she went through the tests. Seeing her suffer like this tore at his heart.

He could do nothing but wait. But soon, he'd find the antidote.

Gloria, noticing Kevin's red eyes, saw the obvious pain in him. "As I suspected, you and Norah haven't reached a point of no return," she said, her tone soft with understanding.

Kevin glanced at her, then quickly masked his emotions. "How did you know?"

"Your divorce came too suddenly. Norah knows it, too. What's wrong with her?" Gloria asked, her voice filled with concern.

Kevin nodded solemnly. "She'll be fine. We'll cure the poison."

"Poisoned? Wasn't it Bianca's doing?" Gloria instantly thought of Bianca. "Did she threaten you through Norah?"

Kevin hesitated. "It's a long story. This poison... it might not have an antidote. Our only chance is getting close to Bianca."

Pharaoh's poison, Luman's voice... the antidote was elusive. But Bianca might hold the key to unlocking it.

Gloria hadn't anticipated the complexity of it all.

Norah finished her test and stepped out, spotting Gloria immediately.

"Gloria?" Norah asked, a little surprised.

Gloria smiled brightly, her worry easing a bit. "Why didn't you tell me you were at the hospital? I've been worried. How's the baby?"

Norah glanced at Kevin and then back at Gloria. "I haven't gotten the results yet."

"Well, you two talk. I'm going to grab something." Gloria smiled and walked off.

Kevin looked at Norah. She looked so frail, her hand gently resting on her stomach.

He hadn't shaved in days, his face looking older, more worn. His eyes never left her.

"Even though we're not together anymore, you could at least greet me as a friend," he said quietly.

Norah sighed. "Yes, friend."

"I'll stay with you while you wait," Kevin offered softly.

"Okay."

The words between them were minimal. Norah walked ahead, Kevin trailing behind. He couldn't help but notice how difficult it was for her to walk with the weight of her pregnancy. His hand reached out, but he quickly stopped himself.

It was better not to touch her.

Kevin's phone rang, and Norah glanced at the screen. Bianca's name flashed on the display.

Kevin didn't answer, instead muting the call and sending a quick message.

Bianca stopped calling.

The minutes stretched on. Norah, exhausted, began to doze off, her head drooping.

Kevin watched, his heart aching. She was so exhausted, and this waiting was torture.

He sat beside her, gently resting her head on his shoulder.

For a moment, Norah seemed to relax, her body leaning into him as if the weight of the world could rest for a brief second.

Kevin stared at her, his eyes softening. He wished time could freeze in this quiet moment, holding them both in peace.

Hours passed. People moved in and out of the hospital, but Kevin and Norah stayed in their corner.

"Ms. White..." The doctor's voice cut through the stillness.

Norah startled awake, sitting up. "Here!"

She was so eager to hear about her condition, especially about the baby.

The doctor's face was grave, and Norah's heart dropped.

“We’ve found that your body’s functions are slowly failing…” the doctor said, the words like a thunderclap.

“How could this be? The last tests were fine,” Norah thought, stunned.

Before she could ask, Kevin spoke up urgently. “She has a rare poison. If there’s no antidote, how long can she last? How can we slow it down?”

The doctor looked serious. “We’ve found a virus in Ms. White’s system. It’s unlike anything we’ve seen before. There were no symptoms until now. The virus is accelerating, especially with her pregnancy. If it can’t be cured, she may only survive until the child is born.”

The doctor hesitated, then looked at Kevin. “Mr. Edwards, please come to my office.”

Kevin’s face hardened as he followed the doctor.

Norah stood at the door, her palms sweating. She could only wait and wonder what they were discussing.

It was clear she had a limited time. She could hold on until the child was born.

But what about after that?

She thought about everything she still needed to do. Who would care for the child if she wasn’t around?

Her parents were aging, and she didn’t think they could raise a child. Kevin? If he married Bianca, she didn’t trust him to care for her child.

Norah made a decision then. She would leave money behind for the child’s future, ensuring they never had to worry about anything.

Just as she was lost in thought, the door slammed open.

Kevin’s face was cold as he grabbed her hand, pulling her toward him.

“What’s going on? What did the doctor say?” Norah asked, her voice rising with anxiety.

Kevin didn’t answer right away. He just dragged her in the opposite direction.

“Kevin, please! What did the doctor say?” Norah pressed, her frustration building. “They said I can make it until the baby’s born. There’s still hope!”

Kevin turned to her with a blank expression. “Terminate the pregnancy.”