

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 346

Chapter 346

"You think you can use Kevin to threaten me? I'm ready to kill him myself!" Archer snarled, his anger palpable. "If you don't want to die, shut up and stay quiet. You might still have a chance to live!"

The situation had completely spiraled out of control.

Norah's hands were clammy with sweat. Fear gripped her, not just for herself, but for the child growing inside her. She knew she couldn't afford to make a reckless move.

"You're holding up well," Archer sneered, his eyes narrowing as he turned to Norah. "Kevin must've gone to great lengths for you."

Norah scoffed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Kevin? Don't make me laugh. That man dumped me! If I could, I'd kill him myself."

Archer's gaze shifted to Bianca, his expression darkening. "It seems this woman has some tricks up her sleeve, just like her father."

Norah bit back her fear and challenged him, "I still don't get it. Why kidnap me? Whatever beef you have with Kevin has nothing to do with me. I've never done anything to you!"

Archer paced in front of them, his smile twisted. "You're right—you haven't. But Kevin's got connections to both of you. To make sure I didn't grab the wrong person, I had to take you both. Better safe than sorry."

His words were laced with malice. One was Kevin's wife, the other was his rumored girlfriend. Having them both gave him leverage—and he wasn't about to let that go to waste.

"They're closing in on us!"

Karina burst into the room, her face pale with panic. She glanced at Archer, her voice trembling. "If you're going to act, do it now!"

Norah's heart sank at the sight of Karina. She couldn't understand why Karina was still involved with Archer, but she did know one thing—if Karina stayed, she was heading straight for her death.

Archer's eyes turned cold. Without warning, he kicked Karina in the stomach, sending her sprawling several feet away. She groaned in pain but forced herself up, kneeling before him.

"Jace? Did you and Jace both betray me? Do you think you're strong enough to take me on now?" Archer hissed.

Karina steadied her voice, masking her pain. "I would never betray you, Father. If you asked me to kill Jace, I'd do it without question. But I don't know where he is—he doesn't tell me anything. I only heard him mention Pharaoh once."

At the mention of Pharaoh, Archer's expression darkened. He muttered under his breath, piecing together the betrayal he feared had been brewing.

Jace was a valuable asset, a medicine man whose death would draw Pharaoh's ire. Karina, meanwhile, was just a pawn, a tool to be used until her last breath.

"Take them downstairs!" Archer barked at Karina.

"Yes, Father," she said, ignoring her injuries as she led the men to drag Norah and Bianca away.

Norah watched in silent disbelief as Karina followed Archer's orders without hesitation. The disdain in Archer's eyes made it clear he viewed them all as expendable.

"Karina, don't listen to him!" Bianca cried, trying to appeal to Karina's humanity. "Let me go, and Kevin will wipe them out. You'll finally be free!"

Karina shot Bianca a cold glare. "My life belongs to Archer. I'll serve him until my last breath."

"You're insane!" Bianca retorted, her voice rising. "He's nothing more than a criminal, and you're his lapdog!"

Karina snapped her fingers, signaling her men. One of them shoved a filthy rag into Bianca's mouth, silencing her.

"Mmph!" Bianca's muffled screams were filled with disgust and frustration.

Karina turned her attention to Norah. Their eyes met, and Karina's gaze softened just enough for Norah to see the hidden message within it.

Karina didn't want to help Archer—she wanted to help *her*.

Norah's chest tightened. She shook her head subtly, silently pleading for Karina not to take such a risk.

But Karina's faint smile said it all: she had already made up her mind.

Suddenly, the sharp sound of gunfire and explosions echoed from outside, followed by terrified screams.

The chaos made Norah's head spin. The stench of blood filled the air, and her pale face grew even whiter. Archer and his men began retreating, but not without ensuring their hostages were secured.

"Adoptive Father, tie them back up!" Karina urged, keeping up appearances.

Norah and Bianca were bound once more, this time to two pillars in the hall.

Archer laughed, his voice booming with a mix of defiance and resignation. "I didn't think I'd live to see this day."

He slumped into a chair, sipping tea as though he weren't surrounded by chaos.

In minutes, the sound of footsteps filled the room. A squad of armed special forces entered, their weapons drawn.

Archer stood his ground, holding a gun of his own. He wasn't planning to go down without a fight.

Amid the tension, Norah spotted Levi and Frank entering, their faces painted with camouflage. Her eyes widened as she saw Kevin step into the room behind them, his expression steely, dressed in military fatigues instead of his usual sharp suits.

Bianca squirmed against her bonds, making muffled noises in an attempt to get Kevin's attention.

Norah, however, just stared at him, her heart heavy with fear and uncertainty.

“Captain Edwards,” Archer sneered, “we meet again. That bullet didn’t take you out last time, huh? Looks like fate gave you an extension.”

Kevin’s voice was cold, detached. “Enough talking. Surrender now.”

Archer’s laugh was chilling. He stepped behind Norah and Bianca, holding up a syringe filled with a blue liquid.

“You can take one of them,” Archer said, his tone mocking. “The other stays here. Who’s it gonna be, Kevin? Pick one.”

Kevin’s expression didn’t change. “Just one?” he asked evenly.

“That’s right,” Archer replied with a grin. “The other gets to die with me.”

Bianca’s eyes darted to the syringe, terror filling her gaze. She knew exactly what that poison could do—it was a fate worse than death. She struggled desperately, her muffled cries pleading for Kevin to save her.

Chapter 347

Norah remained tied up, motionless. She had already been injected once and knew what awaited her. Fear no longer consumed her. Instead, her eyes were fixed on Kevin. He stood tall among the others, his figure commanding attention. Yet, she no longer saw the light she once thought was meant for her in his eyes.

She couldn’t explain the feeling.

Kevin wasn’t just Kevin anymore—he was Captain Edwards. But in that moment, he felt like a stranger. Maybe it was because his focus wasn’t on her. He was here on a mission, not out of love, and that realization hit her harder than anything else.

A wave of loss swept through her.

Deep, endless loss.

It was a feeling she couldn’t put into words.

Kevin’s hesitation lingered as Archer grew impatient. “Make your choice quickly, or they both die!” Archer barked, his voice cutting through the tension like a knife.

Norah’s body felt heavy and unsteady. Her confinement, her inability to move, and the weight of her pregnancy left her pale and gasping for air.

Bianca, on the other hand, was in tears. Her head shook violently as her wide, pleading eyes locked onto Kevin. She begged silently, desperate for him to choose her.

Kevin's gaze darted between the two women. The weight of the decision pressed down on him, but eventually, he pointed to one.

"I choose her," he said firmly.

At that moment, Norah's heart shattered. Her eyes closed, shutting out the painful reality she had just witnessed. Despair consumed her.

Across from her, Bianca's face lit up. Hope replaced her tears, and for a fleeting moment, she felt joy unlike anything else. Kevin had chosen her. She believed it now—she was the one he cared about, the one he wanted to protect.

Bianca struggled harder against her restraints, making muffled sounds as if urging them to set her free.

But then...

A maniacal laugh echoed through the room.

Norah's body suddenly tilted forward, her restraints loosening and sending her tumbling to the ground.

Karina watched as Norah fell, her expression shifting ever so slightly. She said nothing, only clenching her fists tightly at her sides.

Norah was stunned.

What just happened?

Didn't Kevin choose Bianca? Why was *she* the one being released?

Her confused gaze shifted to Archer, who had descended further into madness. His attention wasn't on her anymore. His hatred and fury were fixated solely on Kevin.

"Pain is far worse when your loved ones die and you're left alive to grieve them," Archer sneered, his voice dripping with venom. "Since you care so much about her, then she has to die. I won't let her live!"

Bianca's face drained of color as her brief joy turned to terror. Her wide eyes locked onto the syringe in Archer's hand, and the blood froze in her veins.

She recognized it instantly.

It was one of Pharaoh's poisons—worse than death itself.

Bianca struggled violently, her muffled screams ripping through the room, but the gag in her mouth rendered her silent.

Kevin's eyes sharpened the moment Archer made his move. Without hesitation, he fired a shot at the pillar behind Archer.

The deafening bang echoed through the room. Archer dodged just in time, but Kevin was already moving.

Gunfire erupted again.

The chaotic battle between the police and Archer's men reignited with a vengeance.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Norah was frozen in place, her ears ringing from the relentless gunfire.

"Norah!" Karina's voice cut through the noise. She rushed over, helping Norah to a safer spot.

Norah followed Karina's lead, squeezing into the corner of the room where a small door offered some protection.

"Stay here," Karina instructed. "It's not safe outside, but this spot will shield you from the worst of it. Archer's cornered now. Once this is over, you'll be safe."

Norah grabbed Karina's arm before she could leave. "What about you?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Karina's expression softened. "Don't worry about me. I can handle myself—I have to help them."

She offered Norah a reassuring smile before disappearing into the chaos.

Left alone, Norah huddled in the darkness, the door providing a fragile barrier between her and the gunfire outside. Fear gnawed at her, but she clung to one thought: she had to survive—for herself and for the child growing inside her.

Wrapping her arms tightly around her body, she shut her eyes and tried to block out the relentless noise. Her mind drifted to a distant memory, one she hadn't thought of in years.

She saw a slender girl with yellow hair, her clothes tattered, her face smeared with dirt, yet she smiled as if the world hadn't broken her.

"Why don't you say something? There aren't many people alive here. If you don't talk, it's boring," the girl had said.

"Are you afraid?" Norah remembered asking.

“No,” the girl replied, her smile unwavering. “I’ve been here since I was a kid. I’ve seen too many people die. I’m not afraid anymore. I don’t even know if I’ll make it out myself.”

“You can’t die,” Norah had insisted.

“It’s okay,” the girl had laughed. “My parents abandoned me. My life should’ve ended a long time ago.”

Norah shook herself out of the memory, clutching her chest as the sounds of battle brought her back to the present.

Meanwhile, Kevin was locked in a brutal fight with Archer.

Archer’s focus remained fixed on Bianca. The syringe in his hand was his ultimate weapon, and he was determined to use it.

Kevin knew Archer’s intentions. He wasn’t just fighting for Bianca’s life—he was fighting to ensure Archer couldn’t use her as a tool to break him.

“You have no way out!” Kevin shouted. “It’s not too late to surrender!”

Archer laughed coldly. “Surrender? At this point? You’re more naïve than I thought. But I have to admit, this was a good gamble. Bianca really is your weakness, isn’t she?”

Kevin’s face was unreadable, but his tone was cold and steady. “You’re cornered, Archer. This ends now.”

“Cornered?” Archer sneered. “You think I didn’t plan for this? I didn’t expect you and Calvin to team up. You really made him your father-in-law? Guess betrayal runs in the family.”

Chapter 348

Kevin’s eyes narrowed, his gaze turning cold and intense.

Archer laughed maniacally. “What a joke,” he sneered. “A righteous man like you throwing everything away for a woman.”

But his arrogance didn’t last. Kevin lunged forward and landed a brutal kick to Archer’s stomach.

Doubling over in pain, Archer clutched his abdomen. Instead of retreating, he pulled a mini pistol from his waistband.

Kevin dodged instinctively, but Archer wasn’t aiming to kill him. A sinister grin spread across his face as he rushed toward Bianca, the syringe of poison still in his hand.

Bianca’s eyes filled with panic. “Be careful!” she cried out.

Kevin sprang into action, diving at Archer. The two collided, and the syringe plunged into Kevin's shoulder.

Bianca screamed, her face pale with horror. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she struggled against her restraints, her voice breaking, "Kevin! Tell me it didn't happen! You weren't injected, right? Say something!"

But the syringe was empty.

Kevin's body shook violently as the venom coursed through his veins. His head throbbed, his ears rang, and every nerve felt like it was on fire. Yet, he gritted his teeth and held on, refusing to let the pain consume him.

Nearby, Karina's focus locked onto Archer, who was trying to escape amid the chaos.

"You're not getting away!" she shouted, chasing after him.

Archer, bleeding from a gunshot wound in his arm, glared at her. "Karina, don't push your luck. You dare stand in my way?"

"I don't care about your plans!" Karina snapped. "Just give me the antidote. That's all I want. Do that, and I'll let you go. I won't tell anyone where you've escaped."

Archer's expression darkened. "You've betrayed me, Karina."

Her voice softened but didn't waver. "I've followed you for years. I've never asked for anything until now. Please... give me the antidote, and I'll walk away. You can rebuild your empire somewhere else."

For a moment, Archer's lips curled into a cruel smile. "Fine. Come closer."

Hope flickered in Karina's eyes as she approached him cautiously. "You mean it?"

"It's in my pocket," he said.

But as she reached for it, Archer's eyes turned cold. Without warning, he swung his weapon at her.

Karina dodged, narrowly avoiding the blow. "You lied to me!" she cried out, realizing his true intent.

Archer didn't deny it. Instead, he kicked her hard in the leg, and a sickening crack echoed through the air. Karina fell to the ground, clutching her broken leg.

"You forgot who trained you," Archer sneered, towering over her. "You think you can threaten me? You're nothing but a dog I raised. And disobedient dogs—" He pressed his foot against her chest. "—get put down."

Coughing up blood, Karina reached out weakly. "The antidote... please..."

Archer smirked, leaning down to whisper. "There is no antidote. Did you really think I'd have one?" He let out a low laugh. "You've always been so easy to fool, Karina. Always."

Her face went pale. "No... antidote?"

"None," he confirmed with a chilling grin. "You've wasted your life on a lie."

Tears filled Karina's eyes as anger flared within her. With every ounce of strength left in her broken body, she pulled out a small knife and slashed at Archer's face.

Archer jerked back, but the blade grazed his cheek, leaving a bleeding cut. His eyes burned with fury.

"Was everything a lie?" Karina demanded, trembling. "Even what you said about my parents? Were they just another one of your stories?"

He touched his bleeding face and laughed coldly. "You'll never know who your parents are. The people who end up here are either abandoned or dead. You've always been just a tool to me."

Her rage boiled over. "You ruined my life!"

Karina pulled out a gun and fired.

Bang!

Archer retaliated with his own shot.

Bang!

In the small dark room, Norah cowered in fear. The sound of gunshots outside made her body stiffen. Her tears fell freely, her heart heavy with sorrow.

The nightmare she was living seemed endless, filled with despair and pain.

Suddenly, the door creaked open, and a beam of light pierced through the darkness.

"There's someone in here!" shouted a member of the special forces.

Norah squinted against the light, raising her trembling hand toward them. "I... I'm saved," she murmured through choked sobs. "I'm finally out."

The special forces helped her out, but as her eyes adjusted to the scene outside, she froze.

Blood stained the ground, lifeless bodies scattered everywhere. The sight drained all color from her face, and she felt a wave of nausea rise.

“Karina...” Norah whispered, her voice trembling.

She suddenly remembered Karina’s promise to come back. But Karina was nowhere to be seen.

Panic overtook her. Breaking free from the soldiers’ support, she shouted, “I have to find her!”

“Miss, wait!” they called after her.

Norah ignored them, stumbling through the chaos, searching desperately for Karina. She looked around frantically until her eyes landed on a figure lying motionless in a pool of blood.

“No...”

Karina’s vibrant red hair was unmistakable, but it was soaked with blood. Her pale face was lifeless.

Norah’s legs gave out beneath her as she crawled to Karina’s side. She cradled her in her arms, wiping blood from her face.

“Karina, wake up,” Norah begged, her voice breaking. “Please, wake up. Your face is dirty... you’re always so beautiful. You can’t leave it like this.”

Tears poured down her cheeks as she screamed, “Karina, you can’t die! You can’t leave me!”

But Karina’s lifeless body didn’t respond.

Chapter 349

Karina’s fingers twitched as her tired eyes fluttered open. She caught sight of Norah’s tear-streaked face and reached for her hand.

Norah noticed and quickly held her hand tightly. “Karina!”

Karina’s weak voice broke through. “It’s so cold...”

Norah hugged her trembling frame. “I’ve got you. You’re not cold anymore. I’m here.”

“Am I... dying?” Karina’s voice faltered. “I’m sorry... I couldn’t find the antidote for you... I...” She broke into a fit of coughing, her body shaking from the effort.

“It’s okay! Don’t talk,” Norah said, trying to calm her. “The ambulance is coming. You’ll be fine. I promise.”

Karina's gaze drifted as her strength faded. "Don't feel sorry for me," she murmured. "I don't matter much to you... but I did it for Jace... Living has always been exhausting. Maybe... it's finally over."

Her voice was laced with resignation. Karina had endured a life void of joy, a life where survival was her only achievement. She had no family, no love—only loneliness.

"Stop saying that!" Norah's voice rose, desperate to spark a will to live in her. "You can live a good life now. Archer's been arrested. This place is done for. No one can control you anymore. You can live the life you've always wanted. You love beauty, don't you? You can live beautifully, but you have to fight. You can't give up now!"

Her plea seemed to strike a chord. Karina's dull eyes slowly focused on Norah. A faint smile tugged at her lips. "Can I... really live a good life?"

"Yes, you can!" Norah wiped the blood from Karina's face with trembling hands. "You'll have friends. You'll have a family. You'll be loved, cared for, and never abandoned again. You'll be free!"

Tears streamed down Karina's face as she whispered, "That... that sounds nice. I've never been loved before. Maybe... maybe I'd like to try."

The medics arrived with a stretcher, laying it down beside Karina. Norah clung to Karina's hand, feeling her shallow breaths and refusing to let go until the medics took over.

As they lifted Karina onto the stretcher, she held Norah's gaze. In a hoarse whisper, she said, "I envy you, Norah... I really envy you."

Norah felt her heart tighten. Karina envied her resilience, her positivity, her ability to emerge from darkness untainted.

"Sister!" Norah called out, her voice cracking. "I can protect you now!"

Karina's teary eyes widened in surprise. Her lips quivered into a faint smile, bittersweet and full of pain. "You... protect me?" she whispered. "Your delicate self couldn't even take a hit."

Norah's heart ached at the self-deprecating humor.

Karina had been her protector in that dark, desolate place they had both endured. A place where children fought each other for scraps of food and survival. Karina had fought for her, shielded her, while surviving her own ten-year nightmare.

Now, Norah felt helpless as Karina was taken away in one ambulance while she was guided into another. Through the car window, she saw the aftermath of the battle. Bandits were detained, bodies were being carried away, and the operation's toll was clear.

In the chaos, she caught a glimpse of Archer. His head was covered, hands bound, and his battered body dragged along by soldiers. Levi and Frank emerged, their faces dark and tense, but Kevin was nowhere to be seen.

Her mind raced. *Where is Kevin? Why isn't he with them?*

Her chest tightened as she recalled Kevin shielding Bianca. Maybe he had stayed behind with her.

A faint, humorless smile crossed her lips. *Kevin always puts her first.*

Ten minutes earlier.

Kevin lay crumpled on the ground, writhing in pain. His breathing was ragged, and his face was pale.

Bianca knelt beside him, tears streaming down her face. "Kevin... you can't leave me. You can't."

Her voice trembled with desperation as she tried to lift him, but her strength wasn't enough.

Looking around frantically, she screamed at Kevin's guards. "What are you doing? Help him! Get him to the car!"

The guards hesitated only for a moment before rushing to Kevin. They lifted his convulsing body and carried him toward the nearest vehicle.

Bianca followed closely, her hands shaking as she watched Kevin struggle to breathe. Once he was placed in the back seat, she climbed into the driver's seat and locked the doors.

"Captain Edwards..." one of the guards began, but Bianca cut him off.

"If you don't want him to die, stay out of my way!" she snapped, her voice filled with panic and fury.

Slamming her foot on the accelerator, Bianca sped off, tears blurring her vision. "Hold on, Kevin. Just hold on."

Her heart pounded as she raced against time, praying she could save him.

Chapter 350

The group chasing them fell behind, unable to keep up.

Bianca glanced in the rearview mirror, catching a glimpse of Kevin in the back seat. Her anxiety spiked at the sight of his deteriorating condition. His trembling had lessened, but it was far from reassuring—it only made her more desperate.

“Hold on, Kevin. Please, hold on for me. We’re almost there! I won’t let you die. Just stay with me!” she shouted, her voice breaking.

Her determination burned fiercely. She couldn’t let him go—not like this. If she could just keep him alive a little longer, she’d find a way to save him.

Driving recklessly through winding roads, Bianca left the forest behind, sped through downtown, and finally reached an abandoned factory. Tires screeched as she slammed on the brakes.

A car appearing on the factory’s surveillance triggered an immediate alert.

Bianca leapt out, screaming for help. “Dad! It’s me! Please, help!”

Rushing to the back seat, she struggled to pull Kevin out, her frantic movements betraying her panic.

At that moment, Calvin’s trusted men emerged from the shadows. They recognized Bianca instantly.

Inside the factory, Calvin stared at the surveillance footage. He didn’t flinch when he saw Bianca. He’d been expecting this moment and was testing Kevin’s loyalty.

Would Kevin go to such lengths to take down Archer for them?

Calvin’s eyes narrowed with suspicion. The man’s motives weren’t entirely clear, and trust didn’t come easily.

Outside, Bianca was shouting at the top of her lungs. “What are you standing there for? Help me!”

Her desperation caught Calvin’s attention. Calmly, he walked outside. His tone, however, was far from reassuring. “Didn’t I tell you not to come here unless absolutely necessary? And you bring him here of all places?”

Bianca dropped to her knees, her voice cracking with emotion. “Dad, Kevin was poisoned by Archer while saving me. He did it for me! He’s risked his life for us. You doubted him before—don’t do it now! He doesn’t deserve to die. I can’t lose him!”

Calvin hesitated, his distrust of Kevin still lingering. But Bianca’s tears and the severity of Kevin’s condition swayed him.

“Bring him inside,” Calvin finally ordered.

Bianca's face lit up with hope. "Thank you, Dad! Thank you!"

Still skeptical, Calvin asked, "What about Archer?"

"He's been arrested, and his base is gone. Kevin made it all happen. He's proven himself, Dad. Please trust him this time!" Bianca pleaded.

Calvin remained guarded, but Kevin's poisoned state suggested his sacrifice was genuine. A poisoned man wasn't a threat—this act of loyalty couldn't be overlooked.

"Fine," Calvin muttered. "But remember, Bianca, he's still a soldier—a soldier who works against us. Light and dark don't mix easily."

Bianca shot back, "Who says they can't? Black and white can coexist."

Calvin didn't answer immediately. The thought lingered in his mind—perhaps Kevin could serve as a bridge between worlds, aiding their cause.

Kevin was carried inside and taken to the laboratory, a hidden facility on the factory's upper floor. The place was filled with rows of shelves holding bottles and test tubes of colorful liquids, distillation equipment bubbling in the background. Researchers in full gear worked tirelessly, surrounded by the faint hum of machinery.

Kevin was laid unconscious on a sofa, his breathing shallow and his face pale.

At the hospital, Norah underwent a full examination. Aside from some bruises and scrapes, she was unharmed. Karina's protection had saved her life.

But Norah's concern for Karina lingered. Karina had no one. No family. No friends. Even in the operating room, she was utterly alone.

Norah waited outside the operating room, determined to be there when Karina woke up. She wanted to give her a reason to hold on—a reminder that someone cared.

Three hours later, the surgery was over.

When the doctors wheeled Karina out, Norah stood immediately. Relief washed over her when she saw Karina was alive.

"The operation was successful," the doctor said. "The bullet has been removed, but she'll need time to recover."

"Thank you," Norah replied, her gratitude evident.

But as soon as Karina was moved to a room, a group of police officers arrived. Levi, leading the team, stationed guards outside her door.

“What’s going on? Why are you guarding her room?” Norah demanded.

“She’s connected to the bandits,” Levi explained. “We suspect she’s a key accomplice, so we need to keep her under watch.”

Norah’s heart sank. “She was forced into this! Are you seriously blaming her for surviving?”

“That’s not for me to decide,” Levi said evenly. “Her role will be determined during the investigation.”

Norah clenched her fists, her emotions spilling over. “If someone has no choice but to do whatever it takes to survive, how can you punish them for that? What do you expect them to do—die instead?”

Levi remained calm, trying to reassure her. “Ma’am, nothing has been decided yet. There’s still hope.”

But Norah wasn’t convinced. She couldn’t shake her memories of Karina—the girl who had protected her when no one else would.

Karina’s life had been filled with suffering, and Norah’s heart broke knowing no one truly understood her pain.

Wiping away her tears, Norah turned to Levi with a sharp question. “Where’s Kevin? Why haven’t I seen him? You and Frank are always by his side, yet you’re here. Where is he?”

Levi’s expression stiffened. He hesitated, clearly uncomfortable.

Norah’s suspicion grew. “You’re hiding something from me, aren’t you?”