

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 351

Chapter 351

Norah's questioning left Levi visibly flustered.

"Madam, you're overthinking," Levi replied, dodging her sharp gaze. He decided to keep things under wraps, honoring Kevin's wishes. "Captain Edwards is handling business. It's normal that you can't see him right now."

Norah pressed further. "And Bianca? Where is she?"

Levi hesitated. "I don't know much about that."

Realizing she wasn't going to get any answers, Norah reluctantly stopped her questioning.

"Fine. I'll stay here with Karina," she stated.

Levi's response was hesitant. "Uh... well..."

"Is that a problem?" Norah asked, her voice firm.

Levi finally gave in. "No, it's fine. But Karina is under strict surveillance. She can't leave the ward without permission, and you'll need to go through inspection whenever you come and go. That's our protocol."

Though the procedure was impersonal, Norah understood. "Got it," she replied and entered the room.

Levi remained outside, pacing anxiously. He hadn't received any updates from Kevin's side, and the uncertainty was eating at him. Each passing moment felt like an eternity, yet he knew he couldn't act prematurely.

Inside the hospital room, Norah sat at Karina's bedside, gazing at her pale, unconscious face. Karina looked almost lifeless, her once vibrant red hair now dull and lifeless. Her lips were parched, so Norah gently moistened them with a cotton swab.

As she tended to Karina, her thoughts wandered back to that chaotic day. She recalled being in the car with Sasha, unsure of her fate. Concerned, she stepped out to ask Levi about Sasha's condition.

"Sasha sustained minor injuries. She's recovering in the hospital," Levi informed her, then handed Norah her phone. "Oh, by the way, here's the phone you lost that day. Thought it might keep you occupied."

Norah took the phone, relieved it was still intact despite the day's chaos. The memories came flooding back—the shattered windows, the damaged roads, the injured and the dead. The terror of that day was still fresh in her mind.

As she replayed everything, questions began to form in her mind. "If Archer wanted me, but also wanted to capture Bianca and poison her... does that mean Bianca is connected to this? Is her father involved? And if so, how does Kevin fit into all this?"

She voiced her thoughts aloud, causing Levi to stiffen. Each question brought her closer to the truth, and Levi felt increasingly uneasy.

"Madam, I really don't know. Please stop asking me," Levi said, avoiding her gaze.

Norah scrutinized him, noticing the unease in his eyes. It confirmed her suspicions—they were deliberately keeping her in the dark.

She recalled the earlier incident when they had hidden the truth about her being poisoned. It was likely the same reason now. Kevin was probably trying to get the antidote for her.

But Archer? He wasn't the key to the antidote. That much she knew. The poison might have come from someone else, and the antidote was surely not in Archer's possession.

Her thoughts shifted to Bianca's father. Who was he, and what role did he play in all this?

Norah looked back at Karina, unconscious in the hospital bed. Perhaps Karina knew the answers.

Sitting down, she turned on her phone and scrolled through the news. The road bombing had already made headlines. Though officials confirmed an anti-bandit operation was underway, no details were provided. Quinn had mentioned that specifics would only be revealed after the operation was fully concluded, which meant the worst might not be over.

If the operation was ongoing, was Kevin still on a mission?

Norah's heart sank at the thought. She knew this wasn't just a simple case—it was far more complicated.

Levi brought her dinner, interrupting her thoughts.

"Madam, you've been here all day. You should eat something," Levi said, carefully unpacking the meal and setting it up for her.

Norah glanced at him, her mind still racing. "Don't you find it odd?"

Levi paused, unsure of her meaning. "Odd? About what?"

"Here's what's strange," Norah began, her tone sharp. "I'm divorced from Kevin, yet you still call me 'Madam.' Why is that? Do you think Kevin and I can really continue our relationship? What gives you that confidence—Kevin himself?"

Levi froze, unsure how to respond.

"And Archer is in custody, but the operation isn't over. So Kevin must still be on a mission, right?" she continued, her piercing questions leaving Levi flustered.

He stammered, "Madam... no, Ms. White. The food is here. Please eat."

Levi hurriedly stepped away, eager to escape her relentless questioning.

"Stop!" Norah called after him.

Levi reluctantly turned back, feeling cornered.

"Why are you so nervous?" Norah asked. "Your reaction only confirms that I'm right. You're hiding something. No—Kevin doesn't want you to tell me."

Levi sighed, his frustration evident. "Ms. White, I really don't know anything. I'm just following orders."

Realizing she wouldn't get anything more from him, Norah let him go. Levi practically bolted out of the room, choosing to stand guard outside rather than face her again.

Later that evening, Karina finally stirred.

Her fingers twitched slightly, drawing Norah's attention.

"Karina," Norah called softly, leaning closer.

Karina's eyelids fluttered open, her gaze unfocused. She looked at Norah, her voice weak and strained. "Where... where am I? Am I... not dead?"

"Of course, you're not dead," Norah reassured her, stroking her face gently. "You're alive, Karina. You're alive."

Karina's lips curled into a faint smile. "It feels... warm. Not cold anymore. Just... a little painful..."

Tears welled in Norah's eyes as she held Karina's hand, her heart aching for the woman who had endured so much.

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"It might hurt a bit as the anesthetic wears off, but hold on. You'll feel better in a couple of days," Norah reassured Karina.

Karina smiled, her voice calm. "It's fine. Pain is nothing to me. I'm just happy to see you again."

Norah sat beside her, tightly holding her hand. "You'll see me often from now on, and I promise, your wishes will come true."

Karina nodded, her heart full. Just being cared for and feeling a hint of love was enough to satisfy her.

"I'd like some water," Karina said softly.

Norah immediately got up to pour her a glass. Karina drank it in a few quick sips, feeling the soothing effect. Her throat wasn't as sore anymore.

"Do you want to rest?" Norah asked.

Karina shook her head. "No. If I sleep, I won't be able to savor this quiet moment. Even lying in a hospital bed, I finally feel like a normal person."

Without Archer's control, she was free.

After brushing so close to death, she now cherished life and wanted to live it without regrets.

Noticing someone standing outside the ward, Karina frowned. “Who’s out there? Why is he standing in front of our room?”

“Just a soldier,” Norah replied casually. “Don’t worry about him—focus on recovering.”

Karina quickly pieced it together. “I get it. Since I used to be close to Archer, it makes sense to have strict security.”

Norah hesitated, concerned Karina might feel uneasy.

But Karina surprised her with a smile. “That soldier out there looks so serious—he’s almost adorable.”

Norah glanced outside, following Karina’s gaze, and saw Levi standing stiffly in his military posture.

“That’s Levi,” Norah explained. “He’s part of Kevin’s team.”

“Wow, Kevin keeps geese like that around him?” Karina joked, laughing softly.

Norah raised an eyebrow. Though Karina found Levi amusing, if he could make her laugh, even a “goose” had its value.

But Norah had serious matters on her mind.

“Karina, do you know Bianca’s father?” Norah asked, hoping Karina might reveal what Levi wouldn’t.

Karina’s smile faded, and she looked at Norah cautiously. “Do you mean Calvin?”

“Yes. Did he have any bad blood with Archer?”

Karina thought for a moment. “Not really. They were both under Pharaoh’s command. Calvin is more into experiments, like Pharaoh, while Archer relies on brute force. But Archer’s recent rebellion threatened Calvin’s interests, which led to trouble. When Kevin raided Archer’s base, I suspect he had Calvin’s backing. Calvin won’t let a traitor like Archer off the hook, but Archer holds something over Calvin.”

“What kind of leverage?” Norah pressed.

Karina hesitated. “I’m not sure. Archer never said. I only know it’s tied to Bianca. Whatever it is, it must be enough to make Calvin feel vulnerable. They’re all still afraid of Pharaoh.”

“Was Pharaoh really that terrifying?” Norah asked, her tone serious.

Karina nodded firmly. “Absolutely. Pharaoh commands absolute loyalty. But he’s far away, so people think they can act behind his back. Still, no one truly escapes his grasp. I’ve never met him—he’s more like a myth. People speak of him, but no one’s seen him.”

“Calvin and Kevin teamed up to take down Archer. Calvin works for Pharaoh, but Kevin...?” Norah trailed off, her thoughts racing. Then it hit her, and her face darkened. “Is Kevin trying to get close to Calvin to gain his trust?”

Karina frowned. “What are you saying?”

Norah glanced at Levi again. He stood rigidly, his face occasionally betraying unease.

Her suspicions deepened.

“Levi, did Kevin go to meet Calvin?” Norah asked abruptly.

Levi hesitated. “Captain Edwards will return soon. Don’t worry. I’ll inform you the moment he’s back.”

Karina quickly added, “If Kevin really did go to see Calvin, it’s probably for the antidote. Calvin’s a skilled chemist, trained by Pharaoh. He must have his own lab.”

Norah’s face tightened as she turned back to Levi. “Why didn’t you go with him? Did Kevin go alone? Isn’t that dangerous?”

Levi looked flustered. “Captain Edwards ordered us not to follow him.”

Karina, despite her injuries, smirked. “He probably didn’t want this ‘dumb goose’ tagging along.”

Levi’s face turned red with irritation. “Watch your words! Insulting an officer is a serious offense. Keep it up, and I’ll have you detained!”

Karina feigned innocence, laughing. “So fierce! Do your superiors know how you treat patients?”

“You—!” Levi sputtered, unable to hide his frustration.

“Levi,” Norah interrupted, “don’t blame Karina. Even if she hadn’t said anything, I’d still have my doubts. Kevin broke up with me out of nowhere—how could I not suspect something? I just hate that he didn’t trust me enough to tell me. Does he think I can’t handle it?”

Levi attempted to defend Kevin. “Captain Edwards just didn’t want you to get hurt—”

“But his actions *did* hurt me,” Norah snapped. “He only thought from his perspective, never mine!”

Karina chimed in, “Men always think they’re doing the right thing, but it’s the women who pay the price.”

Levi shot her a glare. “Enough! You’re just stirring trouble.”

Karina smirked, unbothered.

Norah turned to Levi again. “When will you make your move?”

“Not yet,” Levi replied. “But we’re ready to act at the first sign of trouble.”

“Then I’m coming too,” Norah said decisively.

“No way—it’s too dangerous,” Levi objected.

“I’ll stay in the car,” she countered calmly.

Levi hesitated but eventually nodded. As long as she stayed safe, it might be manageable.

Meanwhile, Bianca sat anxiously by Kevin, who was unconscious on the sofa. “Dad, will Kevin be okay? Why hasn’t he woken up yet?”

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“When Kevin gets enough rest, he’ll wake up,” Calvin said calmly, showing no urgency.

Bianca glanced at Calvin, her worry evident. “This medicine—does it have any side effects? Will there be any lasting damage?”

Calvin hesitated for a moment, as if deciding how to respond.

Just then, Kevin stirred. His fingers twitched slightly, drawing Bianca’s full attention. Her heart leaped with joy.

“Kevin!”

She gently shook him. “Are you feeling better?”

She hoped he was okay. She wasn’t certain. Medicine wasn’t her expertise, but she trusted her father to have a solution.

Kevin groaned, his head pounding. Slowly, he opened his eyes and blinked, his gaze locking onto Bianca’s face.

“Kevin, it’s me, Bianca. Are you alright?” she asked, her voice laced with worry.

Kevin sat up. The moment he moved, the armed men surrounding him raised their guns, aiming directly at him.

Still uneasy, Kevin scanned the room.

Bianca stepped forward defensively. "What are you doing? Put those guns down! He's my boyfriend—my future husband! Show some respect!"

The men, loyal to Calvin, hesitated but lowered their weapons.

Kevin stayed silent, his expression unreadable. Calvin studied him with interest. "Kevin, do you know who I am?"

Kevin's eyes narrowed as he replied, "You managed to escape prison, keep your loyal followers close, and slip under the police radar. Impressive."

Calvin chuckled. "It's not easy earning obedience."

Kevin adjusted his posture and spoke with an indifferent tone. "But you still want Archer gone, don't you? I've already taken care of that for you. Consider it a gift."

Calvin's grin widened. "Good! I never thought we'd end up cooperating."

Kevin's eyes glinted with a sharp edge. "Cooperation depends on what's in it for me. What can you offer?"

Calvin gestured to Bianca with a sly smile. "I've already given you my daughter. Isn't that enough?"

Kevin glanced at Bianca briefly before smirking. "Love is one thing, profit another. I'm not interested in losing out."

Calvin stood and spread his arms, gesturing to the laboratory. "Take a good look. Everything here is for you to see. This should prove I'm serious. With you in white and me in black, we'd be unstoppable."

Kevin's gaze swept the room. He stood, triggering the guards to tighten their grip on their weapons. Calvin raised a hand, signaling them to back off.

Kevin walked over, his expression darkening as he observed the lab. Mutated rats scurried in cages, and frenzied orangutans thrashed in confinement. But what shocked him most were the human organs preserved in solution.

Calvin, clearly proud, watched Kevin's reaction. "What do you think? This is my masterpiece."

Kevin studied the rows of potions, trying to discern their purpose.

Bianca stepped closer. "Kevin, my father truly respects you. He knows you'd do anything for me, and he's acknowledged your worth."

Kevin didn't reply, instead pointing to a vial. "What's this?"

"Poison," Bianca said quietly.

Kevin raised an eyebrow. "You dabble in making drugs too?"

Bianca nodded eagerly. "Dad's learned a lot. He's really talented."

Kevin's voice turned cold. "Is there an antidote?"

Calvin pointed to another shelf. "Over there. But good luck figuring out which is which."

Kevin's lips tightened. "You're asking for my cooperation?"

Calvin's expression hardened. "You're marrying my daughter. That makes us family. Refusing me would be an insult."

His men tensed, ready to draw their weapons.

Bianca's voice trembled as she pleaded, "Dad, Kevin is on my side. Kevin, please listen to him! He saved you. No one will find out what you're doing. There's nothing to worry about."

Kevin examined the potions, his gaze calculating.

"Kevin," Calvin pressed, "what's your answer?"

Kevin asked evenly, "Where's the antidote?"

Calvin frowned. "What antidote?"

Kevin's tone turned icy. "Norah's antidote."

Calvin's face darkened. "You're still thinking about Norah?"

Kevin's reply was calm but firm. "That's why I came here in the first place."

Bianca's voice wavered as she tried to mediate. "Dad, if you give him the antidote, he'll end things with Norah. Isn't that what you want?"

Her desperation was clear, her belief in Kevin unshaken.

But Calvin snapped angrily, "If he really cared about you, he wouldn't even mention another woman!"

The tension in the room escalated as the guards raised their guns again.

Kevin's gaze didn't waver. "You've kept yourself well hidden, Calvin. How else would I find your lair? All I want is the antidote."

Just then, a guard burst in. "Calvin, there's a car approaching!"

Calvin's eyes sharpened. He glared at Kevin. "This was your plan all along, wasn't it?"

Kevin smirked. "To catch a tiger, you have to enter its den."

Calvin, furious, pulled out a gun and fired. Kevin dived behind the sofa, narrowly escaping the bullet.

"Kevin!" Bianca screamed, throwing herself between him and her father. Her love clouded her judgment.

"Don't you see?" Calvin roared. "He's using you!"

Bianca, tears streaming, shook her head. "No! He just wants the antidote. He loves me, Dad—"

Calvin's anger flared, and he shoved her aside. She hit the ground hard.

Gunshots erupted again as reinforcements swarmed in.

Levi emerged from the arriving vehicle and turned to Norah. "Stay in the car, ma'am. This will be over soon."

Norah nodded nervously, gripping her sleeves as tension filled the air. Her eyes were fixed on the factory, her worry for Kevin growing.

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The special forces kept advancing, one after another, only to be subdued every time.

None of them had any idea what was happening.

Kevin crouched behind a sofa, unarmed and alone. This was a battle of life and death, but he had no choice. If he didn't fight, Calvin would never trust him, and his mission would fail.

His goal was clear: locate Calvin's hideout. The risk he'd taken earlier—blocking a needle meant for Bianca—was a calculated move to ensure she'd bring him here.

Only Calvin held the antidote to Kevin's poison. If Calvin could cure him, there was a chance Norah's poison could be cured too.

Hope was all Kevin had, and he would cling to it—even at the cost of his life.

Brushing off his fear, Kevin steadied his breathing and stood up, knowing retreat wasn't an option.

Raising his hands, he looked Calvin square in the eye and smirked. "Kill me, and you won't make it out of here alive."

Calvin's expression darkened. "So, this was your plan all along?"

Kevin nodded. "A win-win, don't you think?"

"You manipulated me into discovering Archer's betrayal, knowing I'd try to eliminate him," Calvin snapped. "You played me!"

Kevin's gaze didn't waver. "In your eyes, wasn't I just a useful pawn all along?"

Calvin aimed his gun. "You've mastered this act of sacrifice. Aren't you afraid of death?"

"I am," Kevin admitted. "But I'm more afraid of others dying because of me."

Calvin finally saw the bigger picture. Kevin's ultimate goal was to have Bianca lead him here, straight to Calvin's lair. Finding Calvin meant finding the lab—and the antidote.

Kevin was willing to gamble everything, including his life.

Calvin let out a bitter laugh. "You tricked me. But you'll pay for this!"

Kevin's calm resolve only fueled Calvin's rage. Just as Calvin raised his gun to fire, Bianca's desperate voice rang out.

"Dad, don't shoot! Please, don't kill him!" she cried, her voice trembling.

The chaos outside was closing in. Calvin needed to escape. But Bianca's pleas distracted him, giving Kevin the opening he needed.

In a flash, Kevin grabbed Calvin's arm and wrested the pistol away.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Kevin dodged the gunfire and ducked behind cover as Bianca screamed in fear, her hands covering her head.

"Which bottle is the antidote?" Kevin demanded.

Calvin sneered. "Do you really think I'd tell you?"

"Tell me, and I'll let you live."

"You've destroyed my lab!" Calvin yelled, grabbing a submachine gun and firing wildly.

Kevin remained calm. "Even if you don't say, it's only a matter of time."

Calvin's fury reached its peak as bullets tore through the walls, turning the lab into ruins. His men fought off the special forces outside, but Kevin knew Calvin was planning his escape.

True to Kevin's suspicion, Calvin activated a hidden mechanism, opening a tunnel beneath the lab.

Kevin lunged, but Calvin was already gone, locking the gate behind him.

By the time Kevin reached the tunnel's entrance, it was pitch black, and Calvin had vanished.

Bianca's panicked cries echoed through the ruins. "Kevin, Kevin!"

Ignoring her, Kevin focused on the mission.

"Captain Edwards!" Levi called out as he rushed in, relief evident on his face. "Are you alright? Did Calvin escape?"

Kevin pointed to the tunnel. "Search the area. Capture everyone in the lab—I'll need them."

"Yes, sir." Levi mobilized his team to secure the lab.

Jace entered with a toolbox, unfazed by the chaos. Kevin turned to him. "Jace, check the medicines. Is the antidote here?"

Jace put on gloves and inspected the vials methodically. "I'll need a few days to run tests, but there's hope."

"Do whatever it takes," Kevin urged.

Suddenly, pain surged through Kevin's body. He clenched his fists, his face pale, but he refused to falter.

Jace noticed his condition. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Kevin nodded through gritted teeth. "Just a bruise. Focus on finding the antidote."

Jace nodded. "Even the smallest clue can lead to a breakthrough."

Meanwhile, Frank approached Kevin, gesturing toward Bianca, who was curled up in a corner. "What about her?"

Bianca's tear-streaked face turned to Kevin. "I'm scared. Hold me, Kevin!"

Kevin's gaze hardened. "Arrest her," he ordered coldly. "She's no longer my concern."

"Kevin! Kevin!" Bianca screamed as the soldiers dragged her away, her cries fading into the background.

Levi returned, frustrated. "Captain Edwards, the tunnel is too complex. We couldn't catch him."

Kevin's jaw tightened. "Lock down the entire city."

"Yes, sir!"

Levi hesitated before adding, "By the way, Captain Edwards, Madame is here."

Kevin froze. "What? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Without wasting a second, he bolted out of the lab and headed for Norah's car. But when he flung the door open, she wasn't there.

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Kevin was flustered and asked urgently, "What about Norah?"

Levi, equally confused, replied, "She was just here a moment ago."

Kevin's heart sank. The possibility of Norah being kidnapped gnawed at him. This time, there could be no slip-ups. "Are there any suspicious people around?" he pressed.

"No way," Levi assured him. "Everyone here is one of ours."

But Kevin wasn't willing to take any chances. Even with trusted people, there was always the risk of betrayal.

"Go find her—" Kevin's command cut off as a sharp, piercing tinnitus hit his ears. He instinctively clenched his brow, the pain in his head intensifying.

Meanwhile, Norah, driven by an inexplicable pull, had ventured toward the back of the laboratory. The path was long and treacherous, but she was determined to uncover the reason behind this intense feeling.

The overgrown weeds rustled under her careful steps as she kept an eye out for snakes or insects. Then she heard movement. Fearful it might be someone from the lab, she ducked into the grass. Moments later, a man crawled out of a hole in the ground.

The man was injured but determined, limping toward a small boat by the river. It was clear he had planned his escape well in advance.

As Norah watched, a wave of familiarity washed over her. She knew this man—or at least felt like she did. Something about him disgusted her, as if he had stolen something important from her. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't pinpoint what it was.

Instinctively, Norah called for help through her communicator. "Captain Edwards, Madam is behind the lab in the mountains!"

"Search the area immediately!" Kevin barked.

The back mountain was a maze of artificial designs, likely meant as an escape route for insiders. Kevin couldn't fathom why Norah would go there of all places. Wasn't it too dangerous? Without wasting a second, he ordered his team to locate her.

Hidden in the grass, Norah watched as the man—Calvin—emerged carrying a small box. He was clearly about to board the boat and make his escape.

Norah couldn't let that happen. She needed to stall him.

She deliberately made a noise.

"Who's there?" Calvin's sharp ears caught the sound immediately, and he turned toward it, his eyes alert and wary.

Norah clenched her teeth and stepped out from her hiding spot.

Dressed in a white skirt and cloak, her hair disheveled, she slowly rose from the grass. In the dim light, she looked almost ghostly.

"Trying to escape?" she challenged, her voice steady.

Calvin's eyes widened in shock, his pupils shrinking. Panic flickered across his face, and the box in his hand nearly slipped into the boat. "It's you!" he exclaimed, incredulous. But then his expression hardened. "No, you should've died a long time ago!"

Norah froze. *Died a long time ago?*

What did he mean? Did he mistake her for someone else, or was there more to this than she knew?

Drawing a deep breath, Norah shouted, "Calvin! You're Calvin, aren't you? You're not getting away!"

Calvin's composure cracked. He stared at her, uncertain whether she was human or something else. "Are you a ghost?"

The wind blew through the clearing, tossing Norah's hair and making her pale face appear even more haunting.

Calvin's jaw tightened under the pressure.

Norah, however, stayed calm. She could sense he was hiding something—something that terrified him.

She took a calculated step forward. "I'm not afraid of you, Calvin. You seem pretty shaken to see me. What's the matter? Do I remind you of someone?"

Calvin sneered, trying to mask his unease. "You're not afraid of death, huh?"

“Don’t move!” Norah shot back. “Maybe there are snipers in the trees.”

Calvin hesitated, his eyes scanning the mountains around them. It was a perfect location for an ambush. But after a moment, he laughed mockingly. “If there were snipers, I’d already be dead. You’re bluffing, Norah. Coming here alone—you’re either incredibly brave or incredibly foolish.”

He aimed his gun at her.

“Then shoot,” Norah challenged coldly. “Let’s see if you can escape after killing me.”

Calvin faltered. He wasn’t ready to die—not after all the lives he’d sacrificed to escape.

“Don’t come any closer!” he barked, panic creeping into his voice. “One more step, and I’ll shoot!”

But Norah held her ground. She needed answers. “Why did you lock me in that room? Who told you to do it?”

Sweat beaded on Calvin’s forehead. Her words struck a nerve. He clenched his fists, visibly struggling to maintain control.

“Why me?” Norah pressed. “Why did you target me?”

Calvin’s eyes darted around, desperate for an escape. He had no intention of answering.

As the tension reached its peak, Calvin raised his gun and pulled the trigger.

“Bang—”

A single gunshot echoed through the mountains.