

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 361

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## Chapter 361

Jace's expression turned serious. "What's going on here?"

He had assumed Kevin had received the antidote.

After all, Kevin had woken up after being poisoned, which suggested Calvin must have given him some form of cure. So why were these symptoms still appearing?

"I don't know," Kevin admitted, his voice heavy with frustration. He had believed he was fine, but hours later, his body had started reacting violently. "Maybe Calvin didn't give me the real antidote."

Calvin was a cunning man. It wouldn't be surprising if he had planned a fallback.

Jace helped Kevin sit down and examined him carefully. "Your symptoms aren't the same as Norah's," Jace observed.

Based on what he could see, the poison in Kevin's system appeared to be completely different from Norah's.

Kevin wasn't in unbearable pain, but it was clear something was wrong. Perhaps the poison hadn't fully spread through his body, or maybe it wasn't designed to kill quickly.

The symptoms came and went, but Kevin needed answers. "If there's no antidote," he asked quietly, "what will happen to me?"

Jace's serious expression didn't waver.

Over the years, he had seen all kinds of poisons—some deadly, others designed to torment their victims.

Norah's poison was fatal but slow-acting, causing skin ulcers and leading to a painful death.

Kevin's poison, however, appeared to be different. Jace couldn't be certain yet, but it didn't seem to be immediately life-threatening.

"I'll take a blood sample," Jace said, his voice steady.

"Alright," Kevin replied.

Kevin followed Jace to the lab, where Jace quickly got to work. He had to analyze the poison in Kevin's system while studying the remnants of the substance left behind in the lab.

After drawing Kevin's blood, Jace turned to him. "Prepare for the worst," he warned, "but don't lose hope. I'll figure this out."

In this situation, Kevin had no choice but to trust Jace.

Jace was the only one who had direct experience with the organization responsible for the poison, the only one who had studied these deadly substances.

Kevin couldn't help but feel uneasy. As Jace said, he had to prepare for the worst.

His one and only wish was for Norah to survive.

Kevin placed a hand on Jace's shoulder and said earnestly, "If something happens to me, I'm counting on you to take care of Norah."

Jace met Kevin's sincere gaze, and a weight settled on his shoulders.

In that moment, Jace realized the gravity of the situation.

He never imagined that someone like him—someone who had once walked a darker path—would now be working alongside Kevin in such a difficult and unlikely partnership.

A sense of purpose stirred within him. After all, Norah was important to him too.

"I won't let anything happen to you," Jace promised, his voice firm.

Kevin gave a faint smile. "You've done so much for Norah already."

Jace nodded. "Your poison isn't the same as hers, so we won't treat it the same way."

"That's good to hear," Kevin replied, a glimmer of relief in his eyes.

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Meanwhile, Norah sat in the lounge, waiting.

Bored, her thoughts drifted to everything that had happened—the kidnapping, the countless twists and turns. It struck her that she hadn’t reached out to Sasha yet, so she picked up her phone and called her.

Sasha, who was recovering from minor injuries, sounded delighted to hear from Norah. She immediately sat up and answered, “Hey! Where are you?”

“I’m at the police station,” Norah said. “How are you holding up?”

“Just a few scrapes—nothing serious,” Sasha replied cheerfully. “I’m so relieved you’re safe. After everything that happened, no one will dare mess with you again.”

As a public figure, Sasha had never experienced anything as terrifying as her recent kidnapping. It was more intense than anything she had ever filmed.

“You shouldn’t blame yourself,” Sasha continued. “It’s not your fault.”

“What are you talking about?” Norah said, her tone firm. “We’re friends, Sasha. I don’t want to hear that kind of talk. You’ve done so much for me—I should be the one thanking you.”

Sasha laughed softly. “Alright, alright. Speaking of good news, have you had time to check in on our drama? It’s a hit!”

“Really?” Norah asked, surprised.

“Yeah! The ratings are through the roof—we broke a record! Oh, and here’s another bit of good news: *Demon Bone* is flopping hard. People are ripping it apart online, saying the plot fell apart halfway through. The ratings are tanking. We won this round!”

“That’s amazing,” Norah said with a smile. “Though, I can’t say I’m surprised.”

She had always believed in their project, even when things weren’t looking good.

From the start, she had seen the potential. Despite the challenges, she knew they could succeed.

Producing a *Xianxia* drama wasn't easy. The high costs, meticulous filming, special effects, and editing required time and effort. Rushing it would only lead to disaster.

Clearly, *Demon Bone* had cut corners, and now it was paying the price.

Bianca had been desperate to compete, but in the end, her recklessness had cost her.

Norah didn't deny Bianca's talent, but her obsession with competition had led her to ruin her own career. It was a shame, really.

After chatting with Sasha for a while, Norah hung up the phone.

Just then, Kevin walked in.

The moment he saw her, his serious expression softened, and his eyes filled with warmth.

"You've been waiting a long time," he said gently.

Norah stood up and smiled. "It's fine. Are you done?"

"Almost," Kevin replied. "Let's go home."

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Pregnancy comes with its own challenges.

As Norah's belly grew larger, Kevin realized he hadn't fulfilled his role as a father-to-be. He hadn't been there to support her fully, leaving Norah to face much of the burden alone. Guilt weighed heavily on him—he felt he owed her so much.

Noticing Kevin's red-rimmed eyes, Norah smiled softly and placed her hand over his. "The baby is doing well in my belly. Pregnancy can be inconvenient, sure, but even with the discomfort, I'm happy. Every day, I look forward to meeting our child. Just thinking about it fills me with joy."

Kevin's voice softened. "You've been through so much. I don't want you to endure this kind of hardship again."

Norah chuckled. "What? You only want one child?"

Kevin looked at her with sincerity. "Once this baby is born, I'll see how much you've endured. I don't think I'd want you to go through it again."

He'd learned a lot about the challenges of pregnancy. It was a long, grueling process—ten months of constant change, with the baby growing bigger and making Norah increasingly uncomfortable. Whether through natural birth or surgery, the pain was inevitable. Kevin couldn't stand the thought of her suffering again.

"One time is enough," he murmured.

Norah smiled at him. "Before I got pregnant, I thought the same way. I dreaded the idea of childbirth. But now, I feel differently. Sure, it's not easy, but it's also deeply fulfilling." She placed a hand on her belly. "When the baby moves, it feels like we're connected, like he's responding to me. It's emotional in a way I never expected."

Kevin's curiosity lit up his face. He knelt beside her and leaned his head against her belly. "Can I feel it, too?"

Norah laughed. "You're excited, aren't you?"

"Of course," Kevin admitted. "I can't wait."

With a teasing smile, Norah said, "I remember something you said when you were drunk—you told me that even if this baby wasn't yours, you'd still raise him."

Kevin's expression shifted, a mix of embarrassment and thoughtfulness. In the beginning, when he wasn't sure of his feelings for Norah, he couldn't accept the pregnancy and had even considered asking her to terminate it. But seeing how much it would hurt her, he couldn't go through with it.

That was love.

Over time, he realized it didn't matter. Even if the child weren't his, as long as Norah was by his side, nothing else was important.

"Did I really say that?" Kevin chuckled. "Guess I shouldn't drink too much—you remember everything."

Norah laughed lightly. "It did surprise me. I didn't think you'd want this baby at first. Honestly, I was scared when I found out I was pregnant. But now, I know I don't need to worry. This child is yours, Kevin. You're the only man I've ever been with."

Her voice trembled slightly, hoping Kevin would believe her.

Kevin's gaze softened. "I know. I trust you, Norah. After everything we've been through, I'll always believe in you. But I regret not being a better husband and father."

"There's still time to make it right," Norah reassured him.

Kevin looked at her with deep affection. He wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life with her in peace and happiness, free from pain. But deep down, he wasn't sure how much time they had left. For now, he was determined to make her happy.

Suddenly, Kevin froze. "The baby moved!"

Norah laughed. "See? I told you."

Kevin pressed his ear against her belly, his face lighting up with joy. "Do you think he can hear us?"

Norah smiled warmly. "Maybe. Babies are intuitive, even before they're born. He's probably listening to everything we're saying."

Kevin's heart swelled. The connection he felt to his unborn child was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. He kissed Norah's belly gently, cherishing the moment.

Norah ran her fingers through his hair. "You'll have plenty of time to bond with him after he's born. You might feel like you've missed out now, but there's so much time ahead for you two to build a relationship."

Kevin didn't respond, only smiled as he helped Norah to the bedroom. She was ready to take a shower and rest.

For the first time, Kevin took over the little things she usually did for him. He prepared her pajamas, helped her into the bathroom, and even stayed to assist her during her shower. Though a bit clumsy at first, his care and gentleness touched Norah deeply.

Afterward, he carried her back to bed, tucked her in, and went to shower himself. When he returned, he pulled her into his arms, her head resting on his shoulder.

Norah stared at him thoughtfully. "Aren't you curious about Anthony?"

Kevin shook his head. "I couldn't find him, but it doesn't matter. Whoever Anthony is, the only thing I care about is that you're mine now."

Norah laughed softly. "It's always been you, Kevin."

Kevin looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember? Back when I was in junior high, I was kidnapped. The person who saved me—it was you."

Kevin's eyes widened in realization, and his heart filled with emotions he couldn't put into words.

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Kevin: “Hmm.”

Norah froze for a moment, unable to process the revelation. The hero she had cherished in her mind for so long, Anthony, turned out to be a figment of her memory.

Could her entire story with Kevin—the one she had idealized—just be a fabrication of her imagination?

She had spent years following the path of her so-called hero, only to end up with Kevin. And now, he was telling her that it was all the result of a memory lapse.

She couldn't accept it.

It felt like the foundation of her beliefs was beginning to crumble. Despite having doubted it in the past, she clung to that story, refusing to let it lose its beauty.

Her gaze locked on Kevin, a flicker of desperation in her eyes. She rejected the truth outright, shaking her head as if to will it away.

“No, this can't be,” she said, her voice trembling. “It's impossible!”

“It's not a memory issue. I *remember* everything! I have vivid memories!”

Kevin saw her struggling to come to terms with it and tried to comfort her with a soft voice. “Even if it wasn't real, it doesn't change anything. Fate brought us together, Norah. Isn't that what matters?”

But Norah couldn't hear him. If the memories she had cherished weren't real, then what was real? What had she been holding onto for all these years?

She felt as though the past ten years had been built on nothing but fantasy.

“I was the only survivor of that kidnapping. You saved me—you were injured protecting me. I *know* it happened,” she insisted, her words pouring out in a rush. “Principal Norman knows, my parents know—ask them! Why are you telling me it's not true? This doesn't make sense!”

Her voice cracked with desperation as her emotions spilled over.

Kevin gently pulled her into his arms, patting her back as he whispered, “I know, Norah. I know everything.”

This had been the start of their story. Their fate had been sealed from that moment.

But Kevin regretted shattering her dream. He hadn't meant to take it away from her. He just didn't want her to stay lost in a fantasy forever, missing out on the truth of who they had become.

Norah rested against his shoulder, trying to process everything. Her mind raced, filled with confusion and questions. If Anthony wasn't real, then why did she fall for Kevin?

It didn't make sense.

The memories she had cherished so deeply—were they just her own imagination?

The more she thought about it, the more she felt lost. If those memories weren't real, then her feelings for Kevin were nothing but the result of a dream.

She began to feel a wave of guilt. She thought of how much trouble she might have caused Kevin over the years because of her misplaced feelings.

She lowered her gaze, her voice barely above a whisper. "When did you find out?"

Kevin hesitated but decided to answer truthfully. "When I started looking into Anthony," he said. "At first, it was just a suspicion, but someone eventually confirmed it."

Norah's bitter smile returned. "I feel so ridiculous now."

Kevin frowned, his tone firm yet gentle. "Don't say that. You're not ridiculous, Norah. None of this is. I'm still here, aren't I?"

But Norah couldn't let it go. She shook her head. "If my memory hadn't been flawed, I wouldn't have ended up here. I wouldn't have caused you so much trouble. It's all because of me and my imagination..."

"Stop!" Kevin interrupted, his voice full of conviction.

He cupped her face, his gaze unwavering and full of sincerity. "Don't you see? I'm *glad* you had me in your memory. I didn't understand my grandfather's plans back then, but now I do. Norah, you're the greatest gift God has ever given me. You're the reason my life feels complete. Thank you for being in my life."

Kevin's voice softened as he spoke from the heart.

For so long, he had been wandering aimlessly, unsure of his purpose. Despite all his accomplishments, his life had felt hollow, as if something was always missing.

It wasn't until Norah entered his life that everything began to make sense.

Hearing his words, Norah couldn't stop the tears from welling up in her eyes. Maybe it was her pregnancy making her more emotional, but she couldn't help feeling vulnerable.

"Kevin," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Will we be okay? Will we stay together without suspicion, without doubt? We can't be reckless anymore—we have a baby now. He needs both of us. I want him to grow up in a happy home, surrounded by love. Can you promise me that?"



Her plea was filled with worry, fear, and hope.

Kevin froze for a moment, taken aback by the weight of her words. He wanted to promise her the world, but reality lingered in the back of his mind.

He reached out and gently touched her belly, his lips curving into a faint smile. “I’ll do my best, Norah. But I’m back in the army now. The future is unpredictable. There are still challenges ahead, and if something happens... if duty calls... I may not be able to come back...”

Before he could finish, Norah covered his mouth with her hand. Her eyes brimmed with tears as her voice quivered. “Don’t say that. Don’t you dare say that!”

Kevin kissed her hand gently and gave her a soft smile. “Alright, I won’t. But no matter what happens, I promise I’ll always find my way back to you.”

Norah threw her arms around him, holding him tightly.

She couldn’t imagine losing him. Kevin had become her anchor, her home.

But as she held him, a thought crossed her mind, and she laughed softly. “You know, with everything going on, maybe I’ll be the one to go first. My body’s already struggling. Who knows?”

“Nonsense!” Kevin’s tone turned serious as he stared at her. “Don’t say things like that! You’re going to be fine. You’ll stay healthy, and you’ll raise this baby with me. We’ll do it together.”

He pulled her close again, resting his chin on her head. “Norah, I won’t let anything happen to you. You and the baby are my everything.”

Norah smiled, reassured by his words. “I know. I was just kidding. I’ll be fine—there are too many people who need me, who love me. We’ll be fine, Kevin. And maybe... maybe we’ll even have a couple more kids someday. What do you think?”

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Kevin chuckled and playfully pinched her nose. “If you love kids that much, we can always adopt more in the future. I just don’t want you to go through the pain again. This child was unexpected, and you’ve already endured so much.”

Norah smiled gently. “Don’t overthink it. Let’s just take life as it comes. As long as we’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

Kevin gazed at her with undeniable affection, his lips curving into a warm smile. “It’s getting late. Time to sleep.”

“Hmm,” Norah murmured as she lay down, adjusting herself into a comfortable position. Finally, after days of traveling and turmoil, she could rest.

Kevin kissed her forehead, then softly trailed kisses down to her lips, each one filled with tenderness. His touch was soothing, comforting her into a peaceful slumber.

Soon, Norah drifted off. Kevin stayed beside her, watching her sleep. A content smile lingered on his face. With her by his side, no challenge seemed insurmountable. He would carry the weight of the world if it meant protecting her.

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The next morning, Norah woke up late. The sun was already high in the sky, and the bed beside her was empty. If not for the familiar surroundings, she might've thought last night had been a dream—that her reunion with Kevin was just an illusion.

She hurried out of bed and left the bedroom, her heart racing.

The aroma of breakfast greeted her, and she saw the maid busy preparing a meal.

"Kevin," she called out.

From the hallway, Kevin's voice responded. He was speaking on the phone, his expression serious. When he heard her, he quickly ended the call and slid his phone into his pocket before approaching her.

"I'm here."

Kevin was dressed casually in a gray set of loungewear. The outfit softened his usual authoritative aura, making him seem more approachable, almost like a different man.

Seeing him, Norah exhaled a sigh of relief, her face softening. "How long have you been up? The sun's already high, and you didn't wake me."

Kevin stepped closer, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder and entwining his fingers with hers. "You were exhausted. I couldn't bring myself to wake you. Are you hungry? Breakfast is ready."

Norah glanced at the time and shook her head with mock annoyance. "It's practically lunchtime. Breakfast feels a little late now."

Kevin smirked and teased, "Mrs. Edwards, you can wake up whenever you please. I'll wait for you, no matter how late."

She chuckled lightly, but her tone turned thoughtful. "Won't that delay your work? I know you've got so much to handle now that you're back in the army. I don't want to be a burden."

Kevin led her downstairs, careful to keep her steady on the steps. "Don't worry about me. I've got everything under control. But promise me this—if you ever feel tired or unsteady, ask the maid for help. You need to take care of yourself and the baby."

His protective words made her smile. “I know, I’ll listen to you. The baby and I will both be fine.”

Kevin pulled out her chair at the table—a gesture the maids would’ve handled—but he wanted to do it himself. Even small acts of care felt meaningful to him.

Breakfast was simple but balanced, with eggs, beef, and noodles among the options. Norah picked modestly, focusing on what she felt her body needed.

Kevin, however, kept adding food to her plate. “You’re pregnant, but you’re still so light in my arms. You need more nutrition. Eat up.”

Norah shook her head, amused. “I’m pregnant, not a bottomless pit. I know my limits. Besides, not every pregnant woman has to gain a ton of weight. It’s all about balance, so don’t act like this is your first rodeo.”

Kevin paused, momentarily at a loss for words. “My first rodeo, huh?”

Norah laughed softly, sticking to her plate. “I mean it. If the baby grows too big, it’ll make delivery harder. I know what I’m doing, so trust me.”

Kevin finally relented. “Fine, we’ll do it your way.”

Her heart warmed at his willingness to compromise. She leaned over and kissed his cheek, a silent thank-you for his care.

Kevin grinned, touching his face. “Your lips are greasy.”

She smirked mischievously. “I know.”

Caught in her playful mood, Kevin decided to retaliate. He grabbed her and kissed her fiercely, making her laugh as she tried to wriggle free.

“Is it wrong?” he teased in a low voice, still holding her close.

“Wrong! Totally wrong!” Norah cried, laughing uncontrollably and begging for mercy.

Kevin kissed her a couple more times before letting her go, both of them grinning from ear to ear. Their laughter filled the room, a sound of pure happiness.

They gazed at each other, their eyes filled with unspoken affection. Norah leaned in again, wrapping her arms around his neck and placing a gentle kiss on his lips.

Her heart raced, and Kevin, unable to hold back, deepened the kiss. Their connection grew more intense, and he held her tightly, pouring all his love into the moment.

Suddenly, the sound of hurried footsteps broke the spell.

Levi and Frank burst into the room, their voices loud as they competed. "Let's see who reports first!" Levi declared.

"Deal!" Frank shot back, their banter growing louder as they entered.

Completely oblivious to the intimate scene they had interrupted, they stood at attention, saluted, and shouted in unison, "Report!"