

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 365

Chapter 365

Frank was a little slower than Levi.

Levi smirked at him and said, "Hurry up!"

Inside the house, Norah was startled by the commotion. Panicking, she pushed Kevin away.

Kevin, unfazed, picked up his fork and continued eating as if nothing had happened.

Norah, her face flushed, didn't dare to lift her head. She hoped they wouldn't notice anything unusual.

When Norah pushed Kevin, he stumbled back slightly, caught off guard by her strength. Glancing toward the door, Kevin saw Levi and Frank standing there like sentinels, blocking the view.

Kevin's expression darkened. He was clearly annoyed—good moments ruined were never welcome. His sharp, cold eyes locked on the two.

Levi and Frank peeked inside and noticed the pair casually eating. They had no idea that just moments ago, the atmosphere had been far more intimate.

Kevin's wrinkled shirt bore evidence of Norah's earlier grip. Levi, clueless and eager to help, offered earnestly, "Captain Edwards, you must've slept poorly last night. Your clothes are all wrinkled. Let me straighten them for you!"

Kevin's response was swift—a sharp kick to Levi's leg.

"Ouch!" Levi yelped, rubbing his leg. "Captain Edwards, why'd you kick me?"

Frank, meanwhile, couldn't stop snickering.

Levi, annoyed, shot Frank a glare. Kevin, however, cut the moment short. "You two, go run a hundred laps!"

Frank's laughter ceased instantly. He protested, "Captain, why me? He's the one who messed up!"

Kevin's icy stare turned to Frank. "Make it one hundred and fifty for you."

Frank's face fell. Levi, on the other hand, was relieved.

"Move!" Kevin barked.

Neither dared to disobey. They stood at attention, saluted, and marched outside.

The weather was great, but neither expected to start their day with such punishment.

"Yes, sir!" they chorused, beginning their grueling run.

Inside, Norah finally dared to speak. "Wasn't that a bit harsh?"

Kevin replied calmly, "It's daily training—they're used to it. Don't worry about them."

Norah watched as Kevin started changing clothes. "When will you be back?" she asked softly.

"I'll be home tonight," he replied. "If you're bored, invite a friend out. I'll assign someone to keep you safe."

Norah nodded. As usual, she helped him straighten his attire.

Kevin smiled and said, "You don't need to worry so much. I can manage."

Norah laughed. "My husband looks neat and handsome every day because of me. That's my sense of accomplishment."

Kevin teased, "Too handsome—aren't you afraid someone might steal me away?"

Norah smirked. "Who'd dare? If you were that easy to steal, someone would've done it long ago. But no, you'll just come back to me, won't you?"

Her confidence stemmed from their seven years together. Kevin, despite being surrounded by temptation, had always remained disciplined.

Dressed and ready, Kevin knelt to kiss her growing belly. "Baby, Daddy's going to work. Be good and don't trouble Mommy, okay?"

He kissed Norah's forehead before heading out.

Norah followed him to the door, noticing Levi and Frank still running laps, drenched in sweat and chanting their routine slogans.

Satisfied with their efforts, Kevin got into his car and signaled them to stop. Only then did they finish.

Norah watched them leave before returning inside.

She picked up her phone and saw the growing popularity of *Glory*. Nellie had praised her for her vision, claiming her script was a cut above the rest.

Meanwhile, Sasha's fame had skyrocketed. Her posters dominated the city, and fans even funded subway ads promoting her show multiple times daily.

Sasha, recently discharged from the hospital, was now swamped with endorsements and projects. Despite her hectic schedule, she still messaged Norah often to maintain their bond.

Looking at Sasha's glowing success, Norah felt immense pride—just as she had when she first helped Sasha rise to the top.

In high spirits, Norah returned to her bedroom, picked out a few flattering maternity dresses, and admired herself in the mirror.

Kevin arrived at the research lab. The room was dim, and Jace was immersed in an experiment. Seeing Kevin, Jace stopped and handed him a vial.

"I tested this on mice. It should neutralize Norah's poison," Jace said.

Kevin's face lit up. "Really? This will save her!"

Jace nodded. "You should take it to her right away."

Grateful, Kevin responded, "Thank you, Jace!"

Jace waved it off. "I still need to analyze the poison in your blood. Let me get back to work."

Kevin didn't linger. Holding the antidote tightly, he was about to leave when someone approached.

"Captain Edwards, Bianca insists on seeing you. She says it's urgent."

Kevin frowned. Handing the antidote to Levi, he ordered, "Deliver this to Madam personally."

"Yes, sir!" Levi took the task seriously and left immediately.

Kevin went to see Bianca, who was confined in a detention cell.

She sat on the floor, shackled, her hair disheveled, looking deranged.

Kevin stood outside, his expression cold.

When Bianca noticed him, she forced a smile, attempting to tidy her hair. "Kevin, you're here! Are you here to take me out?"

Her hopeful tone didn't faze him.

"I'm here to hear what's so important—not your fantasies," Kevin replied icily.

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Norah slipped into a fresh dress, dabbed on some lipstick, and instantly looked more vibrant. Grabbing her bag, she was about to step out when Levi's car pulled up at the entrance.

He quickly got out.
"Ma'am," Levi called out.

Norah paused, slightly surprised. "Weren't you with Kevin?"

Levi beamed. "Captain Edwards sent me back to deliver this." He held up a securely packed antidote.

Norah blinked in disbelief as she took it from him. "It's ready?"

"Yes. Captain Edwards made sure I brought it to you immediately," Levi said, his excitement evident.

“Okay,” she replied, holding the antidote tightly. Her heart raced. After all the stress and uncertainty, she couldn’t believe it had been completed so quickly.

Though relieved, doubt lingered. Steven was still overseas, desperately searching for an antidote. Could it really be this easy? She didn’t voice her concerns but silently worried about Steven’s safety. Every attempt to contact him had failed—his phone remained unreachable.

Kevin and Jace had worked tirelessly to find this cure, and she couldn’t let their efforts go in vain. Once she recovered, she’d also be able to continue searching for Steven.

With a deep breath and a hopeful heart, Norah swallowed the antidote in one gulp. It tasted bland.

Levi watched her closely. “How do you feel, ma’am?”

A few moments later, Norah glanced at her arm. “I feel... lighter.”

The bruises on her skin, which had worsened earlier, now seemed to vanish almost instantly.

“It’s incredible,” she murmured. For the first time in a long while, she felt the difference—her body felt unburdened, her mind clear. She hadn’t realized how much the poison had weighed her down.

“This must be the antidote,” Norah said, her tone filled with relief.

Levi nodded. “Your complexion has improved too, but I’ll still take you for a check-up. Captain Edwards insisted we confirm it’s fully cleared.”

“Alright,” she agreed and got into the car.

Feeling rejuvenated, Norah looked out the window as they headed to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Kevin received the update about Norah: the antidote had worked. Relief washed over him. Finally, the weight on his shoulders lifted.

He tucked his phone away, his expression betraying the emotional rollercoaster he’d been on. Bianca, who had been watching him, caught the shift in his demeanor.

Even without asking, she knew—it was about Norah.

Her chest tightened. A flicker of hope had kept her going, but Kevin had crushed it again.

She studied him, her obsession with him written all over her face.

“You found the antidote, didn’t you?” Bianca asked, her voice calm yet piercing.

Kevin’s expression turned cold. “That’s none of your concern. If there’s nothing else, I’ll leave.”

Bianca pushed her hair back, trying to maintain her composure. She was a former star, now reduced to this—a prisoner. How had it come to this?

She walked up to the bars, gripping them tightly, her eyes locking onto Kevin. “Do you know why I care so much about you?”

Kevin frowned, impatience flickering in his gaze. “Is this the important thing you wanted to say?”

“No,” Bianca replied softly, her tone almost tender. “But it’s the most important thing to me. And once I tell you, it’ll matter to you too.”

Kevin didn’t respond, his expression demanding an answer.

Bianca’s smile was bittersweet. “Have I ever lied to you?” she asked, her voice trembling slightly. “Listen to me, Kevin. You’ll understand.”

Taking a steadying breath, she began. “You know I saved you from that terrorist group, but what you don’t know is that you saved me too. I used your kindness, I know. But you... you gave me hope. No one had ever treated me the way you did.

“When you woke up, the first thing you asked for was the voice that guided you. That was me. When you looked at me with those gentle eyes, I knew I was doomed—I was falling for you.

“You were my everything. You wiped away my tears, gave me a new start, and made me believe I could be a good person. I thought you loved me... until Norah came into your life. She changed everything.”

Her voice cracked. “I shouldn’t have gone abroad. If I hadn’t left, you would’ve been mine. But I had no choice. If I stayed, they would’ve found me. I had to go abroad to clear my past and fix my body.”

Kevin’s patience ran thin, but he answered her doubts. “Do you want to know why I was good to you?”

Tears welled up in Bianca’s eyes. “Because I saved you. That’s where our story began.”

Kevin’s voice was cold as he replied, “I’ve known since I was a child that I’m not biologically related to the Edwards family.”

Bianca froze, stunned.

“And I’ve known you’re their child since you first arrived at the Edwards family’s home,” Kevin continued.

Bianca’s disbelief was palpable. “That early? That’s impossible!”

Kevin’s tone was firm. “It’s true. I treated you well because the Edwards family owed you. Grandpa owed you. Your parents didn’t take responsibility, but Grandpa did. He funded your education, your life abroad—everything. I was only following his wishes.”

“No!” Bianca cried, her voice breaking. “He didn’t want me to marry you. Why would he care about me? It doesn’t make sense!”

Her memories of the old man’s indifference clashed with Kevin’s words. She had respected the family because of Kevin, but knowing the truth only fueled her resentment.

“They all failed me,” she whispered bitterly. “And Calvin most of all. He owes me everything.”