

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 367

---

## Chapter 367

Clearly, they hadn't fulfilled their duties as elders. Why were they so harsh on Bianca? They didn't love her at all! She hated them. She had become so unbearable because of them, and they were to blame for it all.

Kevin said calmly, "Whether you believe it or not, this is the truth."

"No! None of them ever loved me. Only you—you love me!" Bianca was frantic, clutching the iron rod as if it were her lifeline. She refused to believe Kevin's kindness toward her was just out of obligation, something his grandfather had passed on to him.

Kevin spoke again, his tone steady but distant. "Grandpa is a rational man. He knows what's right and wrong. The Edwards family didn't fall into Martin's hands but into mine—an outsider—because Grandpa knew the family couldn't be destroyed like this."

This was why Bianca couldn't return to the Edwards family. Her irrationality and impulsiveness were things Grandpa had noticed long ago. Even though she was his granddaughter, he had to prioritize the family's survival. While he felt guilty, he concealed it for the greater good.

If Bianca were to return, she'd become a catalyst for chaos, drawing danger to the family and putting everyone—including Kevin—at risk. This truth was a devastating blow to Bianca.

Bianca had been living off the belief that Kevin's love for her was her salvation. She was convinced he would fall for her again. But now, hearing him say his kindness came from family obligation and not love, her world crumbled.

"What debt do I owe? I don't care about the Edwards family or any title. All I want is your love!" Bianca's voice cracked as she stared at him. "Don't tell me this isn't real. Don't tell me you pity me. That's not what I want. I just want you!"

Kevin, unmoved by her desperation, simply said, "It's time to wake up from this dream."

His words hit Bianca like a thunderclap. She was left devastated. The hatred she harbored toward the Edwards family had sustained her optimism, but she never hated Kevin. He had been her only reason to keep going.

If only he had been good to her, without Norah in the picture, she could've been a better person—for him. But her hope and faith collapsed completely.

She laughed bitterly, tears streaming down her face, a mix of sorrow and despair. Wiping away her tears, she forced a smile. "Kevin, here's something you should know. The antidotes in Calvin's lab are all unfinished products. The poisons may come from Pharaoh, but the research—the medicines—those are Calvin's. He's been trying to crack the poison formula but hasn't succeeded. All those antidotes? They're just experiments. Hahaha..."

Kevin's face darkened as her words sunk in. Before he could process it, Jace rushed in, out of breath.

"The rats are reacting again!" Jace exclaimed.

It became clear—the antidote wasn't truly effective. Calvin's experiments had failed. Twenty minutes after appearing healthy, the test rats collapsed once more.

Kevin didn't hesitate. "I'm going to see Norah!" he said, rushing out.

Bianca watched his retreating figure, her face void of emotion. She didn't know whether to pity Kevin or mock him.

"Jace, have you struck a deal with Kevin?" she asked, her tone detached. "It looks like you're running out of options."

Jace kept his face neutral, his hands clasped behind his back. "You should worry about yourself."

Bianca shook her head. "I don't get it. Is Norah that special? Why are you and Kevin both willing to risk everything for her? You're all insane!"

Jace ignored her and walked out. He knew Norah's life depended on him. He had to save her, no matter what.

Bianca stayed behind, her mind swirling with confusion and madness. Everyone seemed crazier than she was—Kevin, Jace, all of them.

In their desperation to find a cure, Kevin had staged a life-threatening play. Yet, what did it bring him? Nothing. There was no antidote.

Bianca laughed and cried simultaneously, unsure if she should pity herself or everyone else. In the end, they were all victims.

...

On the road, Norah began to feel unwell.

At first, she had been energetic and joyful, but out of nowhere, a sharp pain took over her body. It was unbearable.

She curled up, sweat drenching her as bruises began to reappear on her skin. Realization dawned—it wasn't a cure.

"Levi..." Norah called out weakly.

"Yes, ma'am?" Levi replied, startled by her pale and sweating face. "What's wrong? What's happening?"

Norah's voice trembled as she clung to the car window for support. "The antidote... it's not real..."

Levi froze for a moment before yelling for the driver to rush to the hospital. Kevin's call came just then, instructing him to do the same.

Levi didn't waste a second. Norah's life—and the life of the child she carried—was more precious than anything.

Norah gritted her teeth, trying to endure the pain. She had grown used to the poison slowly eating away at her, but this time, it felt worse.

When they arrived at the hospital, she was soaked in sweat, lying motionless in the back seat.

Kevin was already there.

As the car came to a stop, Kevin opened the door and scooped Norah into his arms. "Norah!" he called out, panic evident in his voice.

Norah opened her eyes, barely able to focus on him. She grabbed his collar weakly. "I'm fine... I can handle it... You don't have to worry..."

Her faint words shattered Kevin. His eyes turned red as his heart twisted in pain. "I'm sorry. I've failed you!"

Norah placed her hand over his mouth and smiled faintly. "Don't say that. You're my hero, Kevin. You're the hero for me and our baby..."

## **Chapter 368**

Norah didn't want Kevin to blame himself. He had done everything he could for her.

The world was unpredictable, and she had learned to face it with a calm heart. All she hoped for now was that Kevin wouldn't carry too much of the burden.

Hearing her voice, Kevin felt even more overwhelmed. He could save everyone, but not her.

Not wanting her to see the redness in his eyes, he hugged her tightly and kissed her forehead, seeking relief from the pain and stress.

He wished he could take her pain upon himself. Even if it meant doubling it, he was willing.

Norah was carefully placed on the hospital bed. She took Kevin's hand, hoping to give him courage while summoning her own.

She could survive. She *would* survive.

Moments later, Jace arrived.

This hospital was one of Kevin's investments, equipped with the most advanced medical technology. But Kevin knew only Jace could save Norah. He hadn't let any doctors in, waiting instead for Jace to show up.

"How is she?" Jace asked.

Norah answered weakly, "I was sweating all over. It hurt, but I couldn't tell where. There are also bruises on my arms."

Jace immediately entered the sterile room, donning a fresh white coat, gloves, and a mask.

Norah lay on the bed, her face pale and drenched in sweat. Her lips were white, and there wasn't a trace of color on her cheeks.

After his examination, Jace confirmed the poison had no known cure. The antidote they had was experimental at best.

There had been hope—belief that Calvin’s research might hold a solution, especially since he was the closest to Pharaoh. But that hope had crumbled, leaving nothing but disappointment.

Jace drew a vial of Norah’s warm blood. Even if the antidote was experimental, it might provide a glimmer of hope, however brief. They couldn’t rely on anyone else to create the cure. Jace had to do it himself.

The only viable option for now was to transfuse her with his blood.

Without hesitation, Jace reopened old wounds, letting his blood flow to stabilize Norah. Slowly, her trembling stopped, and she regained calmness.

Once finished, Jace skillfully bandaged his arm, a skill he had perfected over time.

He turned to grab a blanket for Norah, but dizziness hit him hard. Steadying himself, he glanced at the bloodied bandage on his arm and frowned slightly before tucking it out of sight.

“It should be fine now,” Jace told them. “Her life isn’t in danger.”

Relief washed over everyone in the room.

Kevin, however, knew the cost Jace had paid. Dismissing the others, he said, “I’ll take it from here.”

“Captain Edwards, shouldn’t we stay to guard Madam?”

“No need. I’ve got it covered.”

The others hesitated but eventually left.

Kevin walked over to Jace. “How are you holding up?”

Jace gave a faint smile. “I’m still standing.”

The two sat on a nearby bench.

“What can I do to help you?” Kevin asked.

Jace shook his head. “Don’t worry about me. Focus on Norah.”

Kevin hesitated before saying, “Have you considered that Norah might worry about you, too?”

Jace hadn’t. He saw Norah as his reason for living. She was his salvation. If not for her, he would have died long ago, unable to endure the torment of becoming a medicine man.

The process had been excruciating.

“Don’t tell her,” Jace said firmly.

“If you’re in danger, she’ll find out,” Kevin replied.

Jace smirked faintly, a man resigned to his fate. “I won’t die anytime soon. If I do, tell her I passed from an illness.”

Kevin frowned. If it were him, he might have been selfish enough to keep Norah’s focus entirely on himself. But Jace’s devotion to her was so pure it couldn’t be ignored.

“You don’t want her to grieve,” Kevin said, understanding his intentions.

Jace nodded. “Exactly. If she remembers, it’ll only hurt her more.”

Changing the subject, Kevin asked, “Do you have a family? Should I help you find them?”

Jace shook his head. “No need. Wherever I am, that’s home.”

He stood, hands in his pockets. “Don’t rely on others for the cure. I’ll figure it out. You just take care of Norah.”

Then, almost as an afterthought, he added, “But there’s something strange...”

“What is it?” Kevin asked.

Jace replied, “Pharaoh’s poison is deadly, but it hasn’t completely affected Norah. Her child is perfectly healthy. Even after taking my blood, the baby hasn’t been contaminated. It’s like her body is producing antibodies to protect it.”

Kevin fell silent, deep in thought. Norah’s past was full of unanswered questions.

“When you first met Norah, was she used as a test subject?” Kevin wondered.

Jace shook his head. “She wasn’t like me or Karina. She was protected, free for a time. I don’t think she was experimented on, but... I’m not sure.”

“What if she’s special?” Kevin pressed.

Jace hesitated but admitted, “It’s possible. She’s the only one who’s escaped and stayed untainted. And she’s lost her memory—too many coincidences.”

As the conversation ended, Jace stood. “As long as Norah is safe, nothing else matters. I’ll head back to the lab.”

Kevin nodded.

## Chapter 369

"I'm going to see Norah!" Karina declared, her patience in the hospital room completely gone.

"You can't leave. You're under watch," Levi said firmly.

"Come with me then. Do you really think I can run like this?" Karina shot back, her tone sharp. She couldn't believe Levi was so stubborn and unreasonable.

Levi's response was unwavering. "No orders from above, no leaving. Not even a step."

Karina's expression darkened. "And what if I demand to see her?"

"That's not—" Levi started but was cut off when Karina slapped him, the sharp sound echoing in the room.

Levi was stunned. He'd never been hit by anyone, let alone a woman.

"You crazy—" he began, but Karina, using her cane for support, kicked him.

She wasn't about to back down, not after everything she'd endured under Levi's suffocating rules.

Levi dodged, frowning. "You're injured! Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"Mind your own business!" Karina snapped, swinging her cane again.

Frank, standing nearby, finally spoke up. "Hey, stop it! Levi, she's just a girl. Can't you cut her some slack?"

Levi glared at him. "Do me a favor and zip it, Frank. You're not helping."

Karina smirked. "At least he's a hundred times kinder than you."

Levi's frustration grew. "He's just stirring the pot! I'm following orders!"

Karina, her energy waning but her resolve intact, threw her crutches aside. When she swayed unsteadily, Levi instinctively reached out, his arms wrapping around her waist to steady her.

Frank raised an eyebrow, watching the scene unfold. "Well, this just got interesting."

Levi froze, realizing the compromising position. Karina's face twisted with fury.

**Smack. Smack.**

Her hands struck Levi's cheeks hard, leaving them flushed and stinging.

“Pervert!” she spat.

Levi released her, rubbing his reddened face. “I was trying to help!”

Karina snatched up her crutches and sneered. “Help? Spare me. I’ve seen your type before, using protection as an excuse to grope women. Don’t think being a soldier makes you any different!”

Levi, visibly exasperated, held back his retort. He couldn’t win.

“Levi, stop being so harsh,” Frank interjected. “She’s right. She can’t escape in her condition, and she hasn’t been charged yet. Just let her see Norah.”

After a long pause, Levi relented with a grumble.

Karina steadied herself on her crutches, her expression softening slightly. These two men—annoying as they were—were among the few who seemed to care, even if in their own infuriating ways.

They escorted her to Norah’s hospital room, where Kevin stood watch.

“Where’s Jace?” Karina asked, her voice tense as her gaze fell on Norah’s pale face.

Kevin answered calmly, “He’s in the lab, working on an antidote.”

Karina’s chest tightened. She turned to Kevin, desperation in her voice. “Is there really no antidote? If Norah and Jace both end up in danger, what’s the point of any of this?”

Kevin stayed silent for a moment, then asked, “How much do you know about Pharaoh?”

Karina’s head snapped toward him, her fists clenching instinctively at the name.

“You’re thinking about going to Pharaoh?” she asked, disbelief etched on her face.

Kevin nodded. “If there’s any chance he has the antidote, I’ll find it. We can’t wait for Jace.”

Karina hesitated, then sighed. “Neither Jace nor I have ever seen Pharaoh’s true face. He’s always masked, always cloaked. Only his inner circle—Calvin and Archer—know what he looks like.”

Kevin’s gaze hardened. “Archer’s locked up.”

Karina exhaled in relief. “As long as he stays there, we’re safe.”

But then her expression shifted, uncertainty creeping in. “And what about me?”

## **Chapter 370**



Kevin glanced at Karina and asked with indifference, “What kind of fate do you think you’re facing?”

Karina’s smile was bitter. “I don’t know if I’ll die or end up in prison. I’ve accepted whatever comes. I’m not a good person, after all.”

Kevin’s gaze sharpened. “What if there was a way to make amends?”

Karina raised her head, hope flickering in her eyes. “Is that really possible?”

Kevin responded, “Anything that benefits the country can make up for your past.”

Karina’s eyes filled with doubt. “Then there’s no chance for me. What use am I? I’m only good for fighting and causing trouble.”

Kevin shook his head. “You’re still useful. There are people out there waiting for you to save them, to heal.”

Karina looked at him, a spark of hope igniting within her.

She still had worth. Her life wasn’t over. She could still help others. It wasn’t as hopeless as it had seemed. She found herself energized, her confidence surging. She longed to be recognized.

Kevin left the ward, where Levi and Frank were waiting. “Levi, help Karina back to her room,” he said.

Levi blinked in surprise. “Me?”

Kevin’s voice turned firm. “You’re coming with me to the prison, Frank.”

“Yes, Captain.”

As they left the hospital, Levi suddenly felt like he had fallen out of favor.

“Why don’t you hurry up and help me?” Karina snapped at him.

Levi hesitated, his eyes darting between her and Kevin.

“Did you forget Team Edwards’ orders? Help me now!” Karina stretched out her hand, taking advantage of the situation to push his buttons.

Levi couldn’t refuse, so he reluctantly helped her.

...

Kevin and Frank arrived at the prison. Upon seeing Kevin, the guards greeted him respectfully, "Captain Edwards."

The prison was vast, situated on an island. After a long walk, they reached the underground facility, where high-profile prisoners were held.

"Captain Edwards!" the warden greeted them as they arrived. "Archer is in the interrogation room."

Kevin's face tightened. "He's an important prisoner. Has he been secured according to my orders?"

"Don't worry, Captain. We've been patrolling around the clock. No one will get to him."

Kevin's cold gaze never wavered. "Anyone who has come into contact with him must undergo a thorough inspection."

The warden hesitated for a moment but replied, "We've done that, Captain."

"Good."

Kevin entered the interrogation room. Archer was shackled, hands and feet heavy with chains, yet he seemed unusually calm, almost as if he were in a familiar place. His injuries had been treated, and he appeared well-fed.

When Kevin entered, Archer looked up, momentarily stunned, then smirked. "I didn't think Captain Edwards would pay so much attention to me. Am I the most important prisoner here?"

He said it almost as if it were an honor.

"Shut up!" a guard snapped. "Captain Edwards didn't ask you to speak."

"Everyone out!" Kevin ordered coldly.

The guards filed out, leaving just Kevin and Archer.

Kevin turned off the camera and stood tall, his presence imposing. "I'm giving you a chance to make up for your mistakes."

"Oh?" Archer raised an eyebrow, amused. "I didn't expect that. You must've gotten the antidote from Calvin. But wait—Calvin couldn't have developed a real antidote. It's impossible."

His eyes scanned Kevin, a puzzled expression crossing his face. "Didn't you feel anything strange in your body?"

Bang—

Kevin slammed his hands on the table, making a loud noise. His gaze locked onto Archer's with a cold intensity. "Enough with the games. Speak."

Archer, still calm, smirked. "You didn't get the antidote."

Kevin's muscles tensed, his eyes burning with anger. "Tell me what you know!"

Archer's smirk deepened. He seemed to enjoy the tension. "Pharaoh doesn't reveal his true face. Neither I nor Calvin have seen it. The people I've encountered... should not exist in this world. As for why Calvin and I 'turned against' each other? It's simple. He tried to take my share. I threatened him. And in the end, I lost. Now I'm a prisoner."

He said it with a casual shrug, as if the whole ordeal meant little to him.

"Threatened him?" Kevin growled, stepping closer. "What do you know about threats?"

Archer paused, his lips curling slightly, but he didn't answer. Instead, he grabbed the water on the table and took a slow sip, as if savoring the moment.

Kevin's eyes narrowed, suspicion rising in him. He reached for Archer's hand before he could drink further. "Don't move!"

Archer looked at him calmly. "The prison's full of your people. Do you really think you can kill me? I've checked everything."

Before he could finish, Archer suddenly choked. His throat tightened, and he looked down at the cup in alarm.

Kevin watched in horror as Archer coughed violently, spitting blood.

"Did you drink it?" Kevin demanded, his voice frantic.

Archer couldn't respond. Blood poured from his mouth as he collapsed onto the chair, gasping for air. With trembling hands, he scribbled something on Kevin's palm.

Kevin opened his hand to read it. It was only three words, barely legible, but it was enough to confirm the poison.

"The doctor! Get the doctor!" Kevin shouted, panic rising in his chest.

The warden and doctor rushed in, but by the time they arrived, Archer was dead.

Kevin stood motionless for a moment, fists clenched, his mind racing. He turned to the warden with burning rage. "You said no one suspicious had contact with him."

The warden stammered, "I... I don't know. It should have been secure. No one should have—"

Kevin's rage flared. He grabbed the warden by the collar, lifting him off the ground. "How did this happen? This is an underground prison. There shouldn't have been any way for this to happen!"

The warden was visibly shaken, cold sweat dripping from his brow. "I-I'm sorry, Captain Edwards! I didn't expect this!"

Kevin's anger only grew. "Someone poisoned him! Get me answers!"

"Captain Edwards, we've caught a suspect!" the warden announced as they dragged a prison guard into the room. The guard was kneeling, hands cuffed.

The warden's eyes widened in disbelief. "You?! How could it be you?"

The prison guard met the warden's gaze, his eyes hard. "I'm sorry. He had to die."

The prison warden's expression of hatred: "You ....."

He was too angry to speak.

This prison guard can be regarded as the prison warden's henchman. He's been working with him for six or seven years. He also trusted him a lot. Who knows, it's actually an undercover agent lurking here!