

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 394

---

## Chapter 394

Norah's gaze followed the movement outside.

"Someone's coming."

Karina walked over and opened the door.

It was Kian.

Norah had expected Kevin, and her expression shifted. But it was just Kian.

She glanced past him. No one else.

Kian entered, holding a folder, his demeanor serious. Norah frowned in confusion.

"Ma'am." Kian nodded warmly.

Norah, setting aside her uneasy thoughts, sat up and asked coolly, "What are you doing here? Where's Kevin? Did he send you? What's this about?"

Her tone carried a trace of impatience. Kian understood—there was still tension between her and Kevin, and it wouldn't be mended overnight.

He pulled out a document from the folder. "Mr. Edwards sent me. He needs you to sign this."

Norah let out a sharp laugh. "Sign what? The divorce agreement is already done. What else is there?"

She didn't understand.

Technically, they were still married—Kevin had pointed out they had signed the divorce papers but never finalized it legally.

Even so, what else could possibly need her signature?

“It’s a property and equity transfer.” Kian handed her the document.

Norah froze, thinking she had misheard.

She lifted her gaze to Kian, then down at the stack of papers.

There were several documents.

A quick glance was enough to tell her—everything under Kevin’s name was being transferred to her.

She was completely baffled.

During the divorce, she had only received a villa and a sum of money.

Now, Kevin was giving her *everything*.

Was he leaving with nothing?

This wasn’t like him at all.

A strange unease settled in her chest.

She flipped through the pages, scanning the dense text. The more she read, the more absurd it seemed.

She looked back at Kian. “What is he doing? Why is he giving me everything? What about *him*?”

Kian replied calmly, “This is Mr. Edwards’ decision. He wanted to compensate you.”

Norah’s expression darkened. “Compensate me? He thinks handing over everything makes up for it? Will that bring my child back? Where is he? Let him come talk to me!”

She couldn’t make sense of it.

Something about this felt off.

It was as if he was letting go of *everything*—as if he was saying goodbye.

Kian added, "Even if you refuse to sign, it's already been notarized. The transfer is legally binding. Everything he owns now belongs to you."

Norah's brows furrowed. "And where is he?"

Kian remained silent.

Norah's patience snapped. "Did he ask me before doing this? Does he think I'd be *impressed*?"

"Mr. Edwards didn't mean it that way." Kian had expected this conversation to go smoothly, but Norah's reaction caught him off guard.

She demanded again, "Where *is* he?"

Kian hesitated. "I don't know exactly."

"You *don't know*?" Norah's voice sharpened. "Are you kidding me?"

Kian said nothing.

Frustrated, Norah shut the folder and tossed it back at him. "Then take it back. I don't want anything from him. If he really felt guilty, he wouldn't just throw money at me—he'd figure out how to be a better husband, a better father."

Kian remained composed. "I can take the document, but it won't change anything. It's already done."

Norah's frown deepened. "So why isn't he here to explain this himself?"

Silence.

She had asked the same question three times. Still no answer.

Her chest tightened. "If you won't tell me, do you think I *won't* figure it out?"

Karina, standing quietly nearby, knew this couldn't be kept from Norah forever.

She would find out sooner or later.

And sooner was better than leaving her to spiral in confusion.

“Captain Edwards left,” Karina said at last.

Norah turned to her, noting the serious expression on her face. “Where did he go?”

Karina hesitated. Then: “He went to the Yi Tribe.”

Norah’s heart lurched. “What? Why? Is he trying to get the antidote?”

Karina shook her head. “No.”

Seeing Norah’s bewilderment, she continued, “Norah, haven’t you noticed? Your body’s stronger. You’ve been feeling better, haven’t you?”

Norah stiffened.

She *had* felt different. But she hadn’t thought much of it. The antidote had been ineffective for so long, she never considered that it might’ve worked after all.

She looked down at her arms—no bruises.

Her body was recovering.

The doctors had said she wouldn’t survive after childbirth.

But she had.

There was only one explanation—her poison had been cured.

“My poison...” Norah whispered. “It’s gone?”

Karina nodded.

Norah’s voice was unsteady. “Was it the antidote Jace made?”

“No.” Karina pursed her lips. “Kevin found the cure.”

Norah’s mind went blank.

Kevin had saved her.

But he couldn’t save their child.

It felt like the universe's cruelest joke.

Silence fell between them, but beneath it, grief churned in Norah's chest.

Karina's voice was heavy. "Captain Edwards did everything to get the antidote. Now he's gone to the Yi Tribe, and no one knows what will happen."

Norah lowered her head, her lashes trembling. Her voice was eerily calm. "You're telling me he might *die* there, aren't you?"

Karina didn't respond.

Norah's nails dug into her palms. "Why? Why would he go? Does it have to be *him*?"

She couldn't understand if rejoining the army had been for the best or the worst.

Karina answered quietly, "Maybe he's trying to bring Steven back."

Norah's breath hitched.

"You owe Steven a life," Karina continued. "Kevin wants to repay it for you. It's what he *can* do."

Norah felt sick.

Her mind replayed the cruelest things she had ever said to Kevin.

Every accusation. Every word that cut him deep.

He had *heard* it all.

Yes, she had blamed him for their child's death.

But losing their child hadn't been entirely his fault.

She had just needed somewhere to direct her anger—and Kevin had been her easiest target.

Tears burned in her eyes.

"I owe Steven. Why is *he* the one paying for it?" she whispered, her voice raw. "Why does he always make decisions *for* me?"

Her fists clenched. “How long has he been gone?”

Karina hesitated. “A few days.”

Norah’s throat tightened. “Can you reach him?”

Karina paused. “Before he left, Captain Edwards said there would be no contact with family.”

Norah turned to Kian, her chest tightening. “He transferred everything to me, left with nothing. Is he... leaving things in order?”

Kian’s voice was steady but gentle. “The only thing Mr. Edwards couldn’t leave behind was you. He just wanted to give you everything he had.”

## Chapter 395

A sharp, bitter laugh escaped Norah’s lips. “Is this what I wanted?” she murmured, her voice laced with pain.

Kian remained silent.

He had watched Kevin and Norah’s relationship unfold over the years. He had seen Norah pour her heart out for Kevin. And yet, why hadn’t Kevin ever truly given her the love she deserved?

At this moment, Kian had no answer.

Norah’s expression twisted as her emotions surged. She smiled—a hollow, self-deprecating smile that grew more forced by the second. “This isn’t what I wanted at all!”

Her voice shook with frustration, her pain raw and exposed.

Kian stood frozen.

Mr. Edwards had given Norah everything. And yet, she still said this wasn’t what she wanted.

Then what *did* she want?

Wasn’t this Kevin’s way of showing love?

But Kian didn’t understand. What Norah truly wanted wasn’t Kevin’s wealth or sacrifices—it was *him*. His presence. She wanted him by her side, facing life’s struggles *together*, not walking away every time things got hard.

Karina's heart ached as she watched Norah break down. Gently, she picked up a tissue from the bedside table and dabbed away the tears pooling in Norah's eyes. "Norah, you're still recovering. You can't cry or get too worked up. It'll hurt your body."

Kian shifted uncomfortably.

But this was Kevin's decision. He had chosen this path.

And Kevin never explained himself—not to Kian, not to anyone.

Yet Kian had been by his side long enough to understand. Whatever Kevin was doing now, it was dangerous. So dangerous that he refused to let Norah be a part of it.

Kian swallowed hard, his voice slightly hoarse as he set the documents down on the bedside table. "Madam, Mr. Edwards gave these instructions. I'm just following orders. Please... just accept them."

Even saying this felt wrong.

Kian hesitated before placing a second document beside the first—the divorce certificate.

Before he could say more, Norah's bloodshot eyes snapped up to meet his. "What about Jace?"

Kevin had been gone for days.

And now, out of nowhere, a marriage certificate was waiting for her? None of this felt normal. She needed answers.

Kian's lips parted slowly. "Madam, Jace has been in contact with Mr. Edwards. Nothing to worry about. For now, I'm just handling the company's affairs as instructed."

Norah didn't respond. Her sharp gaze remained locked on Kian, her silence pressing down on him like a weight.

Kian felt uneasy under her stare. "Madam, I swear—I don't know anything more. Before he left, Mr. Edwards only told me what needed to be done. He didn't tell me where he was going. Please, just focus on resting. If you need anything, call me. I'll be nearby."

With that, Kian turned toward the door. But as he reached it, he paused. His chest tightened, and he blinked hard to push back the burning in his eyes.

Norah hadn't even *looked* at the documents.

Money, status—none of it mattered to her.

What she cared about was *him*.

Kevin.

Norah clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms. A wave of frustration threatened to consume her, but she forced herself to stay composed.

Losing control wouldn't change anything. Kevin had already made his choice.

No matter how she reacted, he had already cut himself out of her life.

Just as she opened her mouth to say something, Kian unexpectedly turned back.

Karina, already irritated, was about to snap at him when he spoke first. "Madam, please take care of yourself. Your health is what matters most right now."

Karina's tone turned firm. "With me here, she'll be fine. I won't let anything happen to her."

Kian nodded, then finally left.

For a while, neither Norah nor Karina spoke. The silence in the room felt heavy, almost suffocating.

Karina studied Norah's face. Her expression was unreadable, but there was something unsettling about her stillness. Worry crept into Karina's voice. "Norah, say something. You're scaring me."

"I'm fine," Norah muttered, her voice hoarse but steady.

Even though she was in pain, she refused to fall apart. That had never been her way.

Karina hesitated. "Do you want to go outside for a bit? Or I could call some friends over?" She offered gently.

Norah shook her head. She turned to face Karina, her voice barely above a whisper. "I don't want to see anyone right now."

Karina sighed. "Then rest for a while."

She moved to the small sofa in the room, debating whether to step outside. But in the end, she stayed. She knew Norah too well—if left alone, Norah might do something reckless.

And Karina couldn't let that happen.

She waited. Five long hours passed before Norah finally sat up.

By then, night had fallen.

Norah's voice broke the silence. "I'm a little hungry."



It wasn't much, but Karina exhaled in relief. At least she was talking again.

Karina pulled out the insulated meal box and started unpacking the food. As she did, Norah spoke again—this time, her voice steady, filled with quiet determination.

“Karina, I'm going to the Yi Tribe. And I know what you're going to say, but I've already made up my mind. I want to learn self-defense from you. Will you teach me?”

Karina stiffened, her grip tightening on the utensils.

Norah's poisoning was tied to the Yi Tribe. Steven's disappearance was connected to them. And now, Kevin had gone there, too.

This had all started because of *her*.

How could she just sit here and let others fight her battles?

Karina studied Norah's expression. She already knew—once Norah made up her mind, there was no changing it.

If she refused to help, Norah would just find someone else.

Karina sighed in defeat. “First, finish your recovery. Once your body is strong again, I'll teach you everything you need to know.”

Norah nodded. “Okay.”

The days that followed were different.

She took her medicine without complaint. Ate every meal. Slept on time.

But beyond that, she studied.

She started researching the Yi Tribe—their culture, their politics, their land. She learned their beliefs, their customs.

She even began folding stars and paper cranes, a small act of faith in something bigger than herself.

Karina noticed but said nothing. She understood. And she respected it.

When the day finally arrived—when Norah's confinement ended—her friends gathered to see her.

Nellie, Sasha, Gloria. Even Kian showed up, carrying two massive bouquets of roses—one red, one pink. Her favorites. There was no need to ask who had sent them.

Kevin hadn't reached out once during all this time. No calls. No messages. Nothing.

And there was still no news of Steven.

Norah turned to Kian, her gaze sharp. "Did Kevin contact you? Or did he plan all of this before he left?"

Karina stood behind her, watching Kian closely.

She *wanted* to believe Kevin had reached out. But deep down, she already knew the answer.