

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 662

Norah couldn't let the little girl go off alone.

She was just a child—if anything happened to her, if someone kidnapped her, it would be the end.

Norah picked her up again, gently wiping away her tears. “Can you tell Auntie what happened to your family? Why did you say you don't have a mom or dad?”

“My dad left. Everyone said he was never coming back. Then my mom left me alone. I don't know where she went. No one took care of me, and I almost starved.”

Norah felt a chill in her chest with every word.

She pieced it together—the girl's dad had died, and her mom saw her as a burden, so she just walked away.

She was too young to remember her address or phone number. She didn't even know her real name.

“Auntie, no one ever called me by a name. They just called me Skyla.” Her eyes were red and glassy. “Am I stupid? Maybe if I were smarter, my mom wouldn't have left me.”

“No, sweetie. It's not like that,” Norah said, her voice shaking.

Even if she were slow, that didn't make it okay. The problem wasn't the child—it was her mother.

They didn't even use her real name at home. How was she supposed to know it herself?

Having a child means being responsible. Smart or not, you don't just abandon your child. Every child deserves love.

Still, Norah didn't want to say something too harsh. The truth—that her mother didn't love her—was too cruel for a child to process.

So she came up with a comforting lie. "Maybe your mom is busy with something important and she'll come back once she's done."

"She won't come back," the girl said quietly. "She said I killed Dad and she didn't want to be dragged down by me. I tried to find her, but the lady at the airport said I was too young to fly, and I didn't have a passport to go home."

Kevin looked at her closely. "Wait, are you from another country?"

You couldn't tell just by looking at her.

They'd assumed she was from this city. If she was from abroad, things were going to be even harder.

"Should we take her to an orphanage?" Norah asked hesitantly.

But without ID or a passport, it might not even be possible. And even if it were, how would she fit in? Her upbringing was different, her culture, her language...

"Mom." Cooper gently tugged Norah's sleeve. "Can we keep her? Please? She's so pitiful."

"Thank you, big brother," the little girl sniffed. "You're the first one who's ever been nice to me. But if you can't keep me, that's okay. I understand. You don't have to help me."

Norah's chest tightened.

Cooper and the little girl got along so well, and he rarely asked for anything. Now that he did, how could she say no?

Kevin said, "Let's do what the kids want. We'll take her back for now. If we can't find her parents, we'll help her find a good adoptive family."

Norah nodded. "Let's do that."

"You're really taking me home?" the girl asked, stunned. "I'm not dreaming?"

She pinched herself hard—and yelped in pain as a bruise bloomed on her arm.

Norah quickly stopped her. “Sweetie, don’t hurt yourself.”

“I didn’t mean to. I just... I’m scared this is a dream. But it’s not. You’re real. I finally have a home—with an uncle, aunt, and brother.”

“Yes,” Norah said, gently hugging her. “And we’re going to take good care of you.”

Her mind flashed to Reina. She had a daughter too. How could someone abandon their own child in a foreign country?

That woman never planned on giving her child a chance to survive.

Now that Norah had taken her in, she needed to give her a real name. She couldn’t keep calling her Skyla.

“Can I call you Sophia? If you don’t like it, we’ll change it,” she said gently.

“A real name? I finally have a name! I love it—I love when you call me Sophia.”

She would’ve loved any name Norah gave her.

Norah chose “Sophia Brown” because it symbolized hope—a fresh start and a better future.

Sophia smiled from ear to ear.

“Let’s go eat. There’s a hotel next door. I’m sure the kids are starving,” Kevin said, taking Cooper’s hand. Sophia held Cooper’s hand too.

Norah stayed beside Sophia. The four of them walked into the restaurant like a real family.

The waiter greeted them warmly. “Right this way! Your kids are beautiful, ma’am.”

“Thank you. They’re both sweet,” Norah said, not correcting him.

Sophia’s smile widened.

At the table, she eagerly tried to pour water for everyone, but the teapot was too heavy. She lost her grip, spilling it.

“I’m so sorry! I messed up again. I’m so useless,” she cried, hitting herself lightly on the head.

Kevin wiped up the mess with a napkin while Norah hugged her and calmed her down. Then she handed her the menu.

At first, Sophia was too shy to order, saying she could eat anything. But with Norah's gentle encouragement, she finally chose two dishes she liked.

Then Cooper and Kevin ordered too. Norah handed the menu to the waiter after choosing a soup.

The food came quickly. The four of them—two adults, two kids—sat around the table, happy and full of warmth.

Norah kept picking food for Sophia, making sure she felt just as loved as everyone else.

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But it was all just an illusion.

Sophia watched the scene with jealousy burning in her heart, but she couldn't find the right moment to make a move.

Meanwhile, on Kian's side—

Ophelia lay in bed in a daze, as if all the strength had been drained from her body. She pulled the quilt over herself, silent tears soaking into the fabric drop by drop.

Kian stood there, watching, heart aching at the sight.

He had been having a rough time for days.

Just when he was feeling completely lost, a man approached. Kian noticed a flash of surprise on his face. "Boss Edwards."

Kevin gave him a slight nod, his eyes shifting toward the ward.

On his way over, he'd already heard about what had happened to Ophelia.

He asked Kian quietly, "How is she doing?"

Kian's expression tightened. He tried to force a smile but couldn't manage one. "Not good. She doesn't even want to see me. I got kicked out."

"Someone murdered Ophelia's baby. And once I find out who it is..."

Kian clenched his fists, unable to finish the sentence.

But the icy look in his eyes said enough.

This time, he was truly furious. Someone had dared to hurt Ophelia and their child. That crossed the line.

“I came here to tell you something,” Kevin said seriously, his gaze sharp. “Have you ever suspected someone close to you?”

Kian stared at him, stunned.

Soon, Aunt Chun was brought in for questioning.

That’s when Kian learned that Mrs. Paterson had visited Ophelia that day. At first, it sounded like nothing unusual.

“Unusual?” he asked.

Aunt Chun nodded. “No, it seemed pretty normal. Your mother often comes to visit the Madam. You know that. Oh! And that day she even brought a thermos for her.”

“She said it was a rare health tonic... What was it called again...? Oh, right—*Rhodiola rosea*!”

Kian went completely silent.

Aunt Chun glanced at him, but the moment she caught the chilling look in his eyes, she froze.

Two days later, Mrs. Paterson finally found out Ophelia had miscarried.

At first, she panicked. She was scared someone would find out the truth. For a while, she lived in fear.

But then, she changed her thinking.

She was Kian’s mother. What could he possibly do to her? Turn on his own mother over a woman?

“No, it’s better this way,” she muttered, picking up her phone with a smug smile. “Now that she’s out of the way, Kian can finally move on and be with someone else.”

She dialed.

“Tell Kian to come over tonight for dinner. I’ve arranged for him to meet someone. They’ll definitely hit it off!”

Mr. Paterson hesitated. “Don’t you think this is too soon...”

He wasn't a fan of Ophelia either, but she had just lost their grandchild. No matter what, the child was still of Paterson blood.

"What do you mean? Do you think I didn't care about the child?" Mrs. Paterson snapped. "Why do you think I was running over to care for her all the time? But now that the child's gone, maybe it just wasn't meant to be."

She avoided his eyes, afraid he might catch the guilt flashing across hers. Her hands trembled.

Not even Mr. Paterson knew the truth—that the child hadn't just been lost.

Mrs. Paterson hadn't brought *Rhodiola rosea* that day. What she gave Ophelia was saffron.

Saffron was also considered a tonic.

But while it was harmless for most people—maybe even good for circulation—it was toxic for pregnant women. The wrong dose could cause a miscarriage.

That's exactly what she used it for.

Even though she suffered from nightmares after doing it, she thought it was worth it. Better than letting someone like Ophelia into their family.

"Watch what you say," she warned, glaring at him. "I'll call Kian now. Just make sure you don't spill anything. If you do, I won't forgive you."

"Whatever," Mr. Paterson muttered. "I'm done."

Five minutes later, Mrs. Paterson called her son.

"Are you coming by for dinner tonight? I've invited Teresa and her mother over. Teresa is the daughter of one of my old classmates. She's lovely—well-educated, studied overseas. I think you two would really get along. Can you at least come meet her?"

She smiled brightly. "If not tonight, then in two days. I'll reschedule. Just promise me you'll come."

Then she hung up, looking smug.

"You really think he'll move on that easily?" Mr. Paterson asked.

Mrs. Paterson scoffed. "You don't know anything. What if he's realized the truth? Ophelia never really cared about him. He was just tricked by her—and tied down because of that child. Now that the baby's gone, there's no reason he'd stay obsessed with her."

Hearing her talk about the child over and over again, Mr. Paterson's frown deepened. A horrible thought began to form.

But it was too dark. He didn't want to believe it.

So in the end, all Mrs. Paterson could do was continue with her plans.

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Ophelia remained in the hospital for five full days.

From the moment she regained consciousness, she hadn't said a word. She refused to speak to anyone, ignored every visitor—even Kian.

He didn't know what else to do.

All he could do was show up every day and talk to her about work, hoping that something—anything—might pull her out of the darkness.

The nurses watched him visit again and again, unable to hide their admiration.

"The woman in Room 302 is so lucky. Her husband is so handsome, rich, and devoted."

"He never misses a day. Always here."

"Ugh! When will I meet someone like that? If I ever do, my life will be complete."

But Ophelia didn't hear any of it.

She sat in silence, staring at the windowsill where a small pot of green ivy stood.

Hospitals often kept plants like these to help lift patients' moods. After all, staring at a blank wall all day could make anyone feel worse.

But the ivy's lush green color did nothing for Ophelia. Her heart remained cold and heavy.

She stared at it until her thoughts turned to her lost baby.

Just two days before, the doctor had said everything was perfect. The baby was healthy, developing well.

And now... it was gone. Just like that. A puddle of blood. No chance to see the world, no chance to take a breath.

Why did it have to be her child?

If someone had a problem with her, why not come after her directly? Why take it out on an innocent baby?

Tears fell silently from her eyes, one after another.

“Ophelia, please don’t do this!”

Suddenly, someone rushed in and pulled her into their arms.

She stumbled back and sat down on the bed, her face blank and full of pain.

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Ophelia came to her senses and realized she had unknowingly walked to the window.

The inpatient ward was on the seventh floor.

There were no safety barriers on the windows. If someone leaned out even a little with the wrong thoughts, they could fall and die.

She had unknowingly brushed past death.

Still, Ophelia felt nothing—no fear, no excitement, no emotion at all. Just confusion.

She had no idea what she’d just done.

“Ophelia, you...” Kian started to speak but hesitated, then switched to, “Are you hungry? I brought some shrimp porridge from your favorite place, along with soy milk. Try it—see if it still tastes the same.”

The shrimp porridge was steaming, giving off a rich seafood aroma with bits of green onion floating on top.

Ophelia used to love this. Even after all this time, Kian hadn’t forgotten.

While she quietly ate her breakfast, Kian slipped out to speak to the doctor.

He frowned as he described the dazed state he’d just seen her in.

The doctor’s expression grew serious. “This is what I wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Paterson. Your wife is likely suffering from depression.”

“This is fairly common during pregnancy. It’s usually classified as prenatal or postpartum depression. Miss Labrie’s case is a bit different, but the trauma of losing her baby and the emotional toll could have triggered it.”

Kian was stunned.

It wasn’t that he didn’t believe it—it just never occurred to him that Ophelia, someone who used to laugh and joke so much, could be going through this.

But thinking back... it had been a long time since he’d heard her raise her voice.

She had always been a pampered heiress, never needing to compromise or struggle—until she got involved with him.

Kian's heart ached, and a deep wave of guilt hit him. He moved his lips and asked, "Is there anything I can do to help her?"

"The most important thing is to take care of her closely and make sure she doesn't have any suicidal thoughts."

Five minutes later, Kian stepped out of the doctor's office. His gait had changed—no longer steady, but unbalanced, like he could collapse at any moment.

On his way back, he kept replaying the doctor's words. But when he saw Ophelia again, he forced himself to push the swirling thoughts aside.

He noticed she'd barely touched the porridge—just two bites. He frowned and was about to comment but caught himself and softened his tone.

"Why'd you eat so little? You need to eat more. Not eating will make you weak."

"I can't eat anymore," Ophelia said, shaking her head.

Seeing her pale face and the discomfort on it, Kian could tell she genuinely couldn't eat. He sighed and didn't press her. "I'll give you my assistant's number. If you get hungry later, have him bring you something."

Since launching his company, Kian now had a personal assistant.

When Ophelia was first hospitalized, he wanted someone there to take care of her.

But Aunt Chun had to take a leave of absence for personal reasons. Kian didn't trust anyone else, so he asked his assistant to fill in.

Ophelia's lashes trembled slightly as she looked at Kian staring at her. When she noticed his gaze, she simply pressed her lips together and stayed quiet.

That evening, Kian glanced at the time and remembered his earlier arrangement with Mrs. Paterson. His expression turned cold.

But when he looked back at Ophelia, his tone softened again. "I have to step out tonight for something. If you need anything, call me. I'll be back as soon as I can, alright?"

Ophelia opened her mouth, wanting to ask where he was going.

But in the end, she said nothing.

Kian left the hospital and headed to a four-star hotel.

Mrs. Paterson had booked a private dining room there earlier that morning. Kian was the last to arrive. Standing at the door, he could already hear the laughter and chatter coming from inside.

He clenched his fists, eyes darkening, and remembered what Kevin had said to him that day.

“Your maid, Aunt Chun, took time off to go home, right?” Kevin had said. “Before she left, I spoke with her. If you had too, you’d know who was there the day Ophelia had her accident.”

At the time, those words had made Kian’s heart sink. A terrible suspicion he’d never dared entertain suddenly surfaced.

Maybe deep down, he’d always known. He just didn’t want to admit it.

But now, the door was right in front of him, and he had no choice but to face it.

Kian shoved the door open.

The laughter inside stopped instantly, all eyes turning to him. He saw his mother, the woman she called “Teresa,” and another middle-aged woman sitting nearby.

The woman was seated close to Teresa, likely her mother.

This was the “old classmate” Mrs. Paterson had been going on about.

Again, Kian heard Aunt Chun’s words echo in his mind: “I heard the tonic Madam drank that day was specially brought back by Madam Paterson’s old classmate.”

A chill flickered in Kian’s eyes, so sharp it could cut. His gaze alone made the air in the room feel icy.

Teresa instinctively shrank toward her mother.

Seeing this, the woman turned to Mrs. Paterson and asked uneasily, “Who’s this?”

“Kian, you’re finally here. Come meet your Aunt Gratton,” Mrs. Paterson said quickly, putting on a warm smile. “Teresa, this is your Aunt Gratton. We were classmates in middle and high school—known each other for years.”

She gestured to the woman beside Teresa. “And this is Teresa, the one I’ve been telling you about. She majored in music overseas—a top student in the arts. Now she tours with a music group. She’s doing very well.”

Teresa blushed, clearly flustered by the praise. “Auntie, you’re exaggerating... It’s really nothing.”

Still, she couldn’t help glancing at Kian.

Even though he'd walked in with a cold, intimidating air—more like a debt collector than a dinner guest—his appearance was striking.

He had sharp, defined features and flawless skin. The tailored suit outlined his lean figure perfectly. His eyes were intense and piercing. One look, and you couldn't look away.

She'd never seen a man like him before.

There were plenty of handsome men abroad, but none of them were anything like this one.

Teresa sat back down, sneaking glances at Kian whenever she could.

Her mother, sitting right next to her, caught every little look.

Noticing her daughter's interest, Frida understood immediately—Teresa was smitten. And honestly, she approved of Kian too.

After a moment of thought, she put down her chopsticks and smiled at Mrs. Paterson. "Kian looks so young. I wonder if he already has someone in his life? At his age, many are already married."

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As soon as Frida asked the question, the private room fell into an awkward silence.

Mrs. Paterson's face froze. Seeing the change in Frida and Teresa's expressions, she quickly tried to recover.

Kian spoke up, "I'm already married."

Teresa's chopsticks slipped from her hand and hit the floor. She was stunned, her eyes turning red.

Frida stood up in anger. "Why didn't you tell me your son was already married?"

"No, he's lying..." Mrs. Paterson shot a glare at Kian. "There's a woman who's been clinging to him, but they broke up a long time ago."

Frida scoffed.

That kind of excuse might fool someone else, but not someone like her who'd seen it all.

If they broke up so long ago, why wasn't it mentioned upfront? Even if it were true, Kian was still a man with a failed marriage behind him.

So what if he was doing well financially? Did that mean her daughter had to marry a divorced man?

Frida grabbed Teresa's hand and shot them a cold glare. "My daughter isn't desperate enough to marry a man like that. We're leaving."

Still in a daze, Teresa let herself be dragged away. Before they exited, she looked back at Kian, reluctant to leave.

Mrs. Paterson stood there, fuming as she watched them walk out.

She turned to Kian, frustrated. "Why'd you say that just now? If you'd just kept quiet, that girl clearly liked you. It wouldn't have been hard to make something work."

"Mom," Kian cut in coldly, "I came to ask you something."

His tone held no warmth. The intensity in his eyes made Mrs. Paterson instinctively step back.

"What is it you want to ask?" she muttered.

"Did you do anything to Ophelia's baby?" Kian asked, each word sharp and heavy. His presence pressed in on her until she backed away again.

Realizing how far she had retreated, Mrs. Paterson's face darkened. "I'm your mother. How can you question me like this?"

Kian didn't answer. His eyes, dark and intense, stayed locked on her.

"You really are bewitched by that woman," Mrs. Paterson snapped. "Now even you don't trust your own mother? You think I hurt her baby? Fine! Call the police. Say I'm a murderer if that's what you believe."

Her voice rose in defiance, but her energy slowly faded—layer by layer—until the tough exterior she wore crumbled, exposing the vulnerability beneath.

Kian's expression turned colder, but there was also a flash of sadness in his eyes.

Mrs. Paterson suddenly felt afraid. Not before—when she was planning or lying—but now. Now she was truly afraid.

"Son, please..." Her tone softened. "Everything I did was for you. If Ophelia stays by your side, she'll ruin you! I swear, it's not just public pressure. I looked into that man she was rumored to be with—he's from the Fletcher Group. That company's a giant. We're nobodies compared to them. Your business is just getting off the ground—you don't stand a chance against someone like that..."

"No, Mom. You're wrong," Kian said, shaking his head. "I don't care about the company."

He never wanted to build an empire. After years of working as Kevin's assistant, he'd gotten used to staying in the background. And honestly, that was fine by him.

He only started this company for Ophelia—to build a better life for her.

But was she really living a better life now?

A flicker of doubt crossed Kian's eyes. He didn't know anymore if his efforts were right or wrong.

Maybe if he hadn't started the business, they could have handled Brody and the others differently. Maybe things wouldn't have ended like this.

"You can go," Kian finally said. "I'm not leaving again." He paused. "Give me the rest of your saffron."

Without waiting for a response, he turned and walked out.

The conversation ended in a cold, bitter silence.

From then on, Kian stayed by Ophelia's side constantly. He even stepped away from the company, leaving things in others' hands.

Luckily, Kevin was there to keep things running.

With Kian by her side day and night, Ophelia slowly started to improve. She was no longer trapped in the darkness of losing her child. Though sometimes, she'd stare blankly at a baby bottle or a small toy...

But overall, she was healing.

Seeing her get better, Kian finally allowed himself to relax. A few days later, his mother called and agreed to give him the saffron.

He immediately sent his assistant to go get it.

But Mrs. Paterson wasn't about to let things be that easy. "You want it? Come get it yourself."

Kian thought for a moment, then agreed. He let Ophelia know and headed to his mother's house.

What he didn't expect was that not long after he left, Ophelia snuck out of the hospital to follow him.

"Driver, can you help me catch up with that Audi ahead? Please," she said.

The driver glanced at the black Audi a few cars ahead and gave her a suspicious look. "Miss, this doesn't look good in broad daylight."

He was ready to give her a lecture.

“My husband’s cheating on me. I’m going to catch him,” Ophelia said coldly.

That shut him up instantly. She gripped her phone tightly, her face expressionless.

Technically, it wasn’t a lie.

She opened a message she’d received the day before. It was from an unknown number.

A picture.

It showed a man and woman having dinner together, clearly being set up by two other people. One of them was Mrs. Paterson. And the man... was Kian.

Ophelia stared at the low-resolution photo, her fingers tightening around the phone. Her chest ached like it was being crushed from the inside out.

She didn’t want to believe the message. She had to see it for herself.

Noticing her silence, the driver seemed to understand and, without another word, stepped on the gas.

Fifteen minutes later, Ophelia arrived outside the Patersons’ apartment complex.

It was a residential area with a small playground out front—a favorite spot for gossiping seniors.

And as luck would have it, Ophelia overheard two women talking.

“I just saw the Paterson boy. So handsome.”

“Right? I heard he started his own business and became a boss. It’s a shame he already has such a great girlfriend. Just now, I saw him take a girl upstairs with his mother. Looks like she’s met the parents already. They must be getting married soon.”