

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 666

Ophelia froze. The voices around her were icy and piercing.

Her fingers stiffened, her limbs numb—only her lifeless body remained standing there.

So this... this is what Kian had been hiding from her?

It took her a while to snap out of it and head upstairs.

When she got there, Kian was already in the living room. His face looked colder than when he arrived, and his eyes were like frozen glass—completely devoid of warmth.

Standing off to the side, Teresa was so anxious she nearly lost her composure. She glanced at Mrs. Paterson. "Aunt Paterson..."

She didn't understand. She was an exceptional woman.

And she had come here secretly, against her mother's wishes.

After Frida found out Kian was married, she wanted nothing to do with him as a potential son-in-law. But Teresa couldn't let go. She still remembered that first night she met him.

So, she came while Frida wasn't home.

But even now, Kian wouldn't give her the time of day.

What made her so inferior to his ex-wife?

"Kian, Teresa made a real effort to come here. Don't be so cold," Mrs. Paterson said, trying to ease the tension.

But Kian hadn't come for a date. He came to pick up something Mrs. Paterson promised him—nothing more. She had tricked him into coming.

His patience wore thin. He stood up abruptly, his expression like ice. "If you're not going to give it to me, I came here for nothing."

And with that, he turned to leave.

Mrs. Paterson had gone through so much trouble to get him here—she couldn't let that happen.

Her face turned tense as she blocked the door. Teresa stood up too, alarmed.

"Fine, fine, I'll get it! Happy now?" Mrs. Paterson snapped, frustrated.

Seeing her give in, Kian sat back down.

But even as he sat, he had nothing to say to the woman beside him.

Teresa looked at his cold profile, her heart pounding faster and faster. A wave of disappointment surged through her.

"Mr. Paterson, I actually wanted to tell you this before... I don't mind—"

"Ms. Gratton." Kian cut her off, his voice sharp and direct. "I don't think anyone should be trying to wreck someone else's marriage."

"You mean... you're not divorced?" Teresa's face turned pale.

"My mother's the one trying to separate me and my wife." He paused, looking straight at her. "But I love my wife very much. I don't want to be apart from her, and I'm not interested in anyone else. Got it?"

His words were cold and detached, slicing through the fragile hope she held. Her feelings split in half—one side crumbled to pieces, while the other kept beating painfully in her chest. The icy air felt like it froze her lips.

She bit down hard and nodded. "I understand."

At that moment, the secret crush she never even got to confess—died quietly inside her.

But for reasons even she couldn't explain, Teresa didn't leave.

She decided to wait for Aunt Paterson to return first. After all, she had been invited, and Aunt Paterson had always been kind to her.

Even if she had to leave, it was only polite to say goodbye.

She didn't want to think too hard about whether she was just making excuses to stay.

Soon, Mrs. Paterson returned with a jar of *Rhodiola rosea*.

Besides the sealed jar, she also brought a glass pot with *Rhodiola rosea* already soaking in water.

Smiling, she poured two cups and handed one to each of them. “*Rhodiola rosea* is good for you. Come on, have some.”

Kian didn’t want to drink it.

He just wanted to take the jar and leave. But when he looked at Mrs. Paterson, there was something pleading yet forceful in her eyes. It kept him from turning her down completely.

He also needed that jar—to explain things to Ophelia. She had to know what caused the miscarriage. That, and Mrs. Paterson had raised him for over twenty years.

His throat tightened. He picked up the glass and drank it in one go.

Let this glass be the end of everything.

Then, he grabbed the jar and turned to leave.

“Mr. Paterson, where are you going?” Teresa stood up in shock. The moment the words left her lips, her body shuddered and her face flushed unnaturally red.

At the doorway, Kian suddenly grabbed his head and staggered backward, collapsing onto the couch. His long legs hit the coffee table, sending it rattling.

A fire roared in his lower abdomen, burning through him. Sweat poured down his face, his Adam’s apple bobbing as a powerful, indescribable desire surged through his body.

Teresa was worse off—her self-control slipping fast. Kian managed to hold on, but barely.

She felt like she was on fire, desperate to rip her clothes off.

Kian turned away, keeping his distance.

And then it hit him—what this was.

“You drugged the water?” Kian stared at Mrs. Paterson in shock, his pupils shaking.

He couldn’t believe it. His own mother?

Mrs. Paterson didn’t answer—there was no need.

She could see the drug had kicked in. She quickly signaled Mr. Paterson, who had been waiting in the other room.

The soundproofing in the house was good. It took Mr. Paterson a minute to hear the noise and come out.

“Quick, get him and Teresa upstairs,” Mrs. Paterson ordered.

There were three empty bedrooms on the second floor. Two of them were at opposite ends of the hall—far apart enough that any noise wouldn't carry downstairs.

Still, Mr. Paterson hesitated. "You drugged our own son? Are you serious?"

"Oh, now you've got a conscience? Where were you before?" she sneered. "Don't forget, he's your son. You're really going to let him keep getting dragged down by Ophelia?"

In the end, Mr. Paterson gave in.

Kian glared at Mrs. Paterson. His mouth filled with the taste of blood—he had bitten the tip of his tongue.

But the drug was too strong. Even that didn't help.

It was obvious how far Mrs. Paterson was willing to go to make this happen.

Under his gaze, she grew nervous. She avoided eye contact and muttered to herself, "One day, you'll thank me for this."

The couple carried Kian and Teresa upstairs, tossed them on the bed, and shut the door.

As the door slammed, Kian stared at the ceiling.

In this smaller room, the heat was even worse.

A soft hand reached toward him, brushing his chest. Under the drug's effect, even that light touch felt dangerously seductive.

Kian shoved her away, eyes cold. He shot up and went straight to the bathroom.

Cold water splashed inside.

But that wasn't enough.

Ten minutes passed before the drug's effects eased slightly.

Kian ran a hand through his soaked hair, dried off, got dressed, and opened the bathroom door.

The moment he did, a warm body fell against him.

"Kian... you want me. I know you do..."

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Kian pushed her away coldly. Teresa fell back onto the bed with a groan. If he hadn't held back, she might've hit the floor instead.

"I told you—I'm not interested in other women," he said coldly.

He walked to the door and grabbed the handle. He twisted it again and again, but the door wouldn't budge.

It was locked—from the outside.

He heard soft sobbing behind him. Kian turned around, thinking maybe she really was a victim too. His lips moved slightly. "Go take a cold shower."

Teresa looked up, her eyes red. "I don't have any clothes."

Kian paused. "...Forget it, then."

He didn't have anything she could wear. Was he supposed to lend her his?

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Ophelia climbed several flights of stairs before finally reaching Kian's place.

She stood at the door, hand hovering over the bell, hesitating for a long moment before pressing it.

A few moments later, Mrs. Paterson opened the door.

Just like last time, the moment she saw Ophelia, she instinctively moved to shut the door again.

But then, as if thinking twice, Mrs. Paterson gave her a strange smile and opened it fully.

"Miss Labrie, you're just in time. Come in."

Her attitude was off—too odd to ignore.

Ophelia had seen how Mrs. Paterson initially didn't want to let her in. So why the sudden change of heart?

Could it really be like those neighbors said—Kian was here, alone with another woman?

If she walked through this door, would she see Kian laughing and flirting with someone else?

The thought stung deeply.

Still, Ophelia took a breath and stepped inside.

She wouldn't back down until she saw the truth with her own eyes.

She had braced herself for the worst, but what she saw inside wasn't what she expected. Kian wasn't even there.

Only Mr. Paterson sat quietly in the living room.

Had she been wrong?

Doubt crept in. Maybe Kian wasn't here after all. Maybe she had believed too easily.

That tense knot in her chest loosened a bit.

Then Mrs. Paterson spoke. "You're here to see Kian? He's upstairs with Teresa. If you don't mind waiting, feel free to sit here. But I can't say how long he'll be."

Ophelia froze. Her eyes widened with disbelief and pain.

She hadn't been paranoid. Mrs. Paterson's words were carefully chosen—too suggestive. A man and a woman locked in a room for so long... who wouldn't assume the worst?

"Aunt Paterson... I don't understand what you mean," Ophelia said, forcing a smile.

Mrs. Paterson replied flatly, "You're a smart girl. You know what I mean. Honestly, I've never thought you and Kian were a good match. Now that the child is gone, he has a better option. Isn't that the best outcome for everyone?"

Ophelia suddenly stood up and ran upstairs.

Mr. Paterson didn't stop her—guilt stopped him. And Mrs. Paterson didn't care. She thought there was no need.

Some truths had to be seen to be believed.

No one knew better than Mrs. Paterson how potent the drug was. Kian and Teresa had been locked in there for a while—who knows what had already happened?

Now was the perfect time for Ophelia to walk in. One look, and it would all be over between her and Kian.

A slight smirk played on Mrs. Paterson's lips.

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Ophelia rushed down the left corridor on the second floor. She stopped in front of the bedroom door, noting the key still in the lock.

She lowered her head, glanced at it, and turned the knob—click.

Just then, Teresa, overwhelmed by the effects of the drug, flung herself into Kian's arms.

Kian didn't expect it. He was caught completely off guard. Just as he tried to help her, she suddenly shoved him, knocking him onto the bed.

She fumbled toward him, lips landing on his chin.

Kian's face darkened. He turned away sharply to dodge her. That's when the door opened.

Startled, Kian looked up—and saw Ophelia standing there.

She staggered a step back.

"Ophelia, wait! Nothing happened between us!" he shouted, the composure on his face crumbling as he scrambled to his feet.

But the faster he moved, the quicker Ophelia backed away. Her face was filled with heartbreak as she turned and ran.

Kian tried to chase after her, but Teresa clung to him tightly.

He could only watch her retreating figure, his eyes bloodshot.

It was just like before.

Last time, after she left, he'd searched day and night, waited for days before she finally came back. But this time... how long would she be gone?

Would she ever come back?

—

Ophelia returned home in a daze.

Aunt Chun had just come back from vacation. When she saw her, she was surprised. "Ma'am? Why are you home? Shouldn't you still be at the hospital?"

Ophelia didn't answer. Right now, she didn't want to talk to anyone.

She went straight to her room and locked the door.

The scent of him lingered in every corner of the room, stabbing at her heart.

The toothbrush, the cup, the towel... even half the quilt on the bed still belonged to him.

He once told her she was the only one he wanted.

But he didn't keep his word.

They say seeing is believing.

And she saw him—holding someone else.

Ophelia instinctively touched her lower abdomen. It was a habit she'd picked up over the past few months, one of the few ways she could feel close to the child she'd carried.

Every time she touched that little curve, she felt so fulfilled.

But now, her belly was flat.

The child was gone. And now, so was the home she dreamed of.

Grief and heartache crashed over her like a tidal wave. She felt like someone was strangling her, leaving her barely able to breathe.

She had lost everything—her child, her family, her future.

So what reason did she have to stay?

—

From downstairs, Aunt Chun heard the sounds of things being tossed around. She didn't know what Ophelia was doing, but she dared not go up.

Ophelia seemed off—especially after just losing her baby. Aunt Chun didn't want to trigger her.

Then the door burst open—Kian rushed in, eyes bloodshot.

No one knew what he had gone through before coming back. His suit was wrinkled, and he looked completely drained.

He only asked one thing: "Where is she?"

Startled, Aunt Chun pointed upstairs.

By the time Kian got up there, Ophelia had already packed her things.

Though "packed" was a stretch. She didn't take much—just a towel, a few clothes, and the baby toys and tiny outfits she had bought.

They weren't useful anymore.

But she still wanted to take them.

As if the child were still with her.

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Sophia's Side

Sophia had always behaved well in front of Kevin and Norah.

Cooper really liked her. Norah had initially considered placing Sophia in an orphanage, but Sophia clung to her arm and wouldn't let go. "Auntie, can I come to your house now?"

"It's not *my* house, it's *our* house," Cooper corrected her. "If you want, you can stay with us forever. My parents are great, and my sister's really cute."

Some kids are shy around strangers, but Reina was never like that.

Whenever she met someone new, she'd smile—never cried, never made a fuss.

"Yeah," Sophia nodded excitedly, grabbing Cooper's hand with her free one. "It's so nice having you with me."

Kevin and Norah had originally planned to stay in Lin City for a couple of days, but with Sophia now in their care, they decided to head back home sooner.

Before leaving, they asked the kids, "Cooper, Sophia, do you two want to go to the amusement park?"

"I do!" Cooper nodded eagerly.

He'd been to the amusement park before, but always alone. Today was different. He had his parents—and his new friend Sophia—with him.

Sophia, on the other hand, looked a little unsure. "Can I ask... what's an amusement park?"

"It's a super fun place," Cooper explained. "There are all kinds of rides—you can ride a big horse, spin in the air, and there are giant dolls taller than people. Plus, tons of yummy food!"

Sophia's eyes sparkled. "There's actually a place like that?"

"Of course! You've never been to one?" Cooper asked, surprised.

Even kids abroad go to amusement parks, don't they?

Norah swatted his hand away, her face red.
“Stop that. The kids are right outside. What if they hear?”

Cooper was so smart—if he asked questions, Norah wouldn’t even know how to answer. She was dying of embarrassment.

“The hotel’s soundproofing is good,” Kevin said. “And the TV’s on. If you’re worried, I’ll just turn the volume up.”

Before she could protest, Kevin grabbed the remote and bumped the volume up two notches.

Then he rolled over and kissed her.

Norah quickly melted in his arms.

It was nearly midnight by the time they finally stopped. Norah turned off the TV and lay down.

She really wanted to shower off the stickiness, but she was too tired to move.

Kevin quietly went to the bathroom, ran the bath, then came back, picked her up, and gently placed her in the warm water.

The moment her body touched the water, she felt every muscle relax.

“Norah,” Kevin said softly, his voice almost magical, “Can I sleep with you?”

Norah almost said yes—but snapped out of it just in time.

“No way,” she said firmly. “Not a chance. I’ve got to take the kids to the amusement park tomorrow.”

She was already sore from earlier. If they did it again, she probably wouldn’t be able to walk tomorrow.

Kevin just smiled deeper.
“Take your time. I’ll wait for you outside.”

He couldn’t bring himself to push her too far.

After Norah finished her bath, she came out wrapped in a towel and sat in a chair. Kevin picked up the hair dryer and gently dried her hair.

The moment felt like a painting.

Meanwhile, behind the door, Sophia clutched her quilt and huddled close to Cooper. One small hand snuck out from under the blanket to tug on his sleeve.

“Brother, I’m scared... What if I wake up and you’re all gone?”

If that happened, she’d be all alone again.

“That won’t happen,” Cooper said, turning to face her. He gently patted her back like their mom used to do.
“I’m here. So are Mom and Dad. We’re not going anywhere.”

That night, the three of them slept peacefully—except Sophia.

She woke up from nightmares twice. In the dark, she stared at the moon and stars. She really liked this new brother, but...

Before she could make sense of her feelings, sleep crept back over her, and she drifted off again.

The next morning, Norah—already dressed—opened the door to wake them up.

“Good morning, Mom and Dad,” Cooper said, rubbing his sleepy eyes and sitting up with a yawn.

Sophia was still fast asleep next to him.

Cooper gently shook her shoulder.
“Wake up, we’re going to the amusement park today.”

At those words, Sophia’s eyes flew open.
“The amusement park? I’ll go wash up right now!”

The two kids were full of energy. They quickly got ready and followed Norah and Kevin to the buffet on the first floor.

The breakfast spread had all kinds of tasty options—Chinese and Western dishes alike.