

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 356

Chapter 356:

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Several gunshots rang out from behind Calvin.

Yet, none of them hit Norah.

Norah squeezed her eyes shut, trembling with fear. Her heart pounded wildly in her chest. When the gunfire finally ceased, she realized the bullets had missed her, grazing past her cheek. She felt the searing heat of sparks scattering into the woods.

Opening her eyes, she saw Calvin drop his weapon and dive into the rushing water without hesitation.

He hadn't shot her.

Or rather, he couldn't bring himself to shoot her.

Norah stood frozen, gasping for air, her gaze fixed on where Calvin had just been.

The river's end loomed ahead — a massive waterfall with a powerful current. Anyone who fell would face certain death or crippling injury.

Calvin had no other choice.

"Norah!"

Kevin's voice snapped her out of her daze. He ran toward her, grabbing her arm and quickly scanning her for injuries. "Are you hurt?"

Norah's pale face reflected her shock. She struggled to steady her breathing and shook her head. "I'm fine," she managed to say.

But she was shaken to her core. She'd gambled on Calvin's hesitation—and she'd been right.

Calvin couldn't kill her. He didn't dare. But why? Killing her would have removed the threat she posed to him. Yet, Norah had sensed it in his eyes—a deep fear of her.

He wanted her gone, but something held him back. Under the pressure of the moment, he couldn't do it.

The special forces team pursued Calvin, but the swift current left them with no way forward. They reached the edge of the waterfall and watched the relentless torrent swallow any trace of his escape.

"Captain Edwards, he got away again," one officer muttered. "But he won't get far this time."

"Search the city," Kevin ordered coldly. "If Calvin's still here, we'll find him. He's not escaping justice this time."

Kevin's stern gaze shifted to Norah. His tone softened but was laced with frustration. "Why are you here? Don't you realize how dangerous this was? You should've stayed in the car. Instead, you put yourself in harm's way! Do you even think about how worried I get?"

Norah's lips trembled. "He wouldn't kill me," she whispered.

Kevin frowned. "What?"

"He wouldn't dare," she repeated, meeting his eyes.

Kevin's brow furrowed in disbelief. "You're telling me you confronted a dangerous man because you thought he wouldn't shoot you?"

"He fired at me," Norah explained, her voice steady. "But he missed. His aim wasn't off; he hesitated. I could feel his fear. He didn't dare pull the trigger."

Kevin's eyes darted to the empty bullet casings embedded in the tree. He realized she was telling the truth, but it baffled him.

Why would Calvin, capable of poisoning Norah, hesitate to shoot her?

Relief washed over Kevin, knowing Calvin's hesitation had spared her. Still, frustration lingered. "You took a huge risk, Norah. Even if it worked this time, what about next time? You can't keep gambling with your life. Promise me you'll never do something this reckless again."

Norah's face fell as she nodded. "I know. I'll be more careful."

"How did you know Calvin would come out this way?" Kevin's tone shifted to curiosity. "The lab is a maze. Everyone else gets lost in it, but you found his escape route so quickly."

Norah's expression turned blank. "I don't know," she admitted. "When I got here, everything felt oddly familiar. I followed my instincts, and they led me here. I didn't expect to run into Calvin... it's like something was pulling me, guiding me."

Kevin studied her, astonished. "Do you understand how the lab works?"

Norah's eyes clouded with confusion as she tried to process his question.

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"I don't know." Norah was still processing the shocking truth she'd uncovered.

Calvin had disappeared behind the rushing waterfall.

They couldn't locate him and had no choice but to retrace their steps.

The lab was in chaos, yet nothing significant seemed to have changed.

Kevin hesitated as he recalled what was inside and advised, "Maybe you shouldn't go in."

"Why not?" Norah asked. "You were just asking if I knew anything about the mechanisms in there. I need to go inside to figure it out."

Kevin frowned slightly. "The things in there... they're not easy to look at."

"That's what you're worried about?" Norah said, her voice steady. "I've already seen and heard enough unbelievable things. Nothing can scare me now."

Her calm confidence dispelled Kevin's concerns.

Even so, her composure faltered slightly once she stepped inside. The horrors in the laboratory were beyond anything she could have imagined.

Human organs, likely part of some grotesque experiment, were laid out in plain view. Malformed animals, failed results of similar experiments, were scattered throughout.

A caged orangutan barked incessantly, mutilating its fingers until they bled.

The air was thick with a nauseating stench—a blend of blood and chemicals that turned Norah's stomach.

"I'm fine," she reassured herself.

In the center of the room, Jace stood with a test tube in his gloved hand, examining its contents. When he noticed Norah, his expression softened with relief. "You're okay," he said gently. "But there's bad news—the test tubes here don't contain the real formula. These might be fakes."

"Fakes?" Kevin's face hardened. "That sneaky old fox, Calvin!"

Jace nodded. "Calvin was here, so the real formula must still be close by. It's unlikely he took it far."

"Hole in the ground," someone murmured.

The group turned toward the spot where Calvin had fled. It seemed the perfect place to hide something important.

Norah silently approached the area and pressed a switch without hesitation. The ground shifted, revealing a staircase leading down.

Without a second thought, Norah started descending.

Kevin caught her hand. "Wait."

She turned, confused. "Isn't it already open?"

"Let me go first," Kevin said firmly. If there was danger ahead, he wouldn't let Norah face it.

Norah hesitated but stepped back, allowing Kevin to take the lead. Levi, concerned for Kevin's safety, offered, "Captain Edwards, let us go ahead."

Kevin shot him a sharp look. "A hole in the ground is enough to stop me? What happens when we face thousands of troops?"

Levi didn't argue further.

Kevin tightened his grip on Norah's hand as they descended together. Tension filled the air, and Norah clung to him, momentarily forgetting the fragile state of their relationship.

The descent was suffocatingly dark, and every step felt like a battle against the unknown.

"You're doing great," Kevin murmured softly, trying to calm her. "We'll get through this."

His steady reassurance helped, but when Norah heard the faint sound of hollow footsteps ahead, she froze. "Stop!" she whispered urgently.

Kevin halted immediately.

A faint light flickered ahead, casting eerie shadows. Norah's fingers brushed against the wall, feeling for anything unusual. Her hand found a small bump, and she pressed it.

An arrow shot out, embedding itself in the stone wall with a loud *thunk*. Moments later, dim lights illuminated the path, revealing ordinary-looking stone walls lined with hidden traps.

"You really do know your way around," Kevin said, impressed.

Norah didn't reply, relying on her instincts to navigate the maze of traps. Eventually, they reached a hidden chamber.

"This must be it!" someone exclaimed from behind them.

Words were etched into the chamber's entrance, written in a rare dialect few could understand.

Norah studied the writing but couldn't decipher it. Ignoring it for the moment, she opened the chamber door. A blast of cold air escaped, revealing another laboratory inside.

Unlike the first lab, this one was pristine, equipped with advanced tools and filled with vials of potions.

"This is it," Jace said with certainty.

Kevin asked, "Can you identify the right one?"

"I'll run some tests," Jace replied. "Leave this to me."

"Thanks," Kevin said solemnly.

"It's no trouble. This is valuable experience for me," Jace said. As a doctor, he was both fascinated and repulsed by the potions. Unlocking their secrets could mark a significant breakthrough in his medical career.

It wasn't just about defeating Calvin—it was about liberating others and breaking free from the pharaoh's influence.

"It's cold here. Let's head back up," Kevin suggested to Norah. "We've noted the traps, so there won't be an issue."

Norah glanced one last time at the mysterious writing before nodding. "Okay."

Once they emerged, the chaos outside had subsided. Norah returned to the car, where Kevin immediately draped a blanket over her. "Stay here," he instructed. "I'll come back after handling the rest."

Norah nodded, watching him intently.

Still concerned, Kevin added, "Promise me you won't wander off."

"I promise," she said.

Not fully reassured, Kevin assigned Frank to stay with her. After making the arrangements, Kevin left.

As Norah waited, she noticed another car parked nearby. Inside, Bianca, Kevin's fiancée, was causing a commotion. She thrashed and screamed, refusing to leave.

"Let go of me!" Bianca shrieked. "I'm Bianca, Kevin's fiancée! A star! You can't treat me like this! Take me to him now!"

Her face was red from crying, her voice hoarse as she spiraled into hysteria, kicking and biting anyone who came near.

In the end, the guards had no choice but to restrain her.

"You're tying me up?!" Bianca screamed. "I've done nothing wrong! You're the ones at fault!"

Watching the scene, Norah felt a pang of pity but quickly dismissed it.

"Ma'am, Captain Edwards said not to wander off," Frank reminded her.

"I'm not wandering," Norah replied. "I just need to stretch my legs. You can come with me."

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Norah couldn't shake off her unease, so Frank stayed close, following her every step.

Bianca, refusing to get into the car, was determined to find Kevin. Her frantic eyes darted around, searching desperately. But instead of Kevin, she saw Norah—and froze in shock.

How is she still alive? Bianca thought. She was supposed to die at Archer's hands.

The disbelief quickly turned into fury, and Bianca's voice rose.

"Norah!"

"Norah!"

Bianca shoved past everyone in her way, charging toward Norah like a woman possessed.

Frank immediately stepped in to block her path, but Norah held up a hand, stopping him.

Bianca's emotions spiraled out of control. Her wide eyes burned with hatred as she screamed, "Why are you here? Why aren't you dead? You're the one who should have died!"

Without warning, Bianca lunged at Norah, but Norah didn't flinch. Her face turned ice cold, her gaze sharper than a blade. As Bianca reached for her, Norah grabbed her by the hair and delivered a sharp, resounding slap.

"Ahh!" Bianca cried out in pain.

Norah had been holding back for too long. She glared at the onlookers and said in a steady, cutting tone, "You all saw it. She tried to attack me. This is self-defense."

No one dared to argue.

Bianca stared at Norah in disbelief, her face stinging and her pride in shambles. But she wasn't done yet. Through clenched teeth, she spat, "How dare you hit me? I'll tell Kevin, and he'll make you pay!"

Norah's cold smile deepened. She studied Bianca, who looked like a shell of her former self—desperate, unhinged, pathetic. "Kevin?" Norah scoffed. "If Kevin was going to take your side, do you think you'd be in this mess right now?"

Bianca faltered, glancing down at herself. Her disheveled state was undeniable, but she refused to accept it. She clung to her delusion, the fantasy that Kevin still cared.

Straightening up, Bianca wiped her tears, trying to reclaim her dignity. "Norah, you just want me in prison, don't you? Well, it's not happening! I had nothing to do with this! I came here for medical treatment—I saved Kevin! You should all be thanking me! I risked my life for him! I'm his savior!"

Norah's expression darkened. "Do you really think you're innocent? Calvin is your father. You're as guilty as he is. You can't just walk away from this."

Bianca's voice rose in defiance. "No! I had nothing to do with Calvin! He's not even my real father! Whatever he's done has nothing to do with me. I didn't break any laws! You're just jealous. Jealous that Kevin liked me first. That's why you want to destroy me!"

She turned to the others, desperation creeping into her voice. "You all heard her! Norah's lying! She's the one who wants me dead. She's the criminal here, not me!"

Norah's icy stare didn't waver. Bianca's theatrics didn't faze her.

"Stubborn as ever," Norah said quietly, almost to herself. "You've always been this way, Bianca. You refuse to take responsibility. But that doesn't change the truth."

Bianca flinched.

"You think you've escaped justice, but your hands are far from clean," Norah continued. "You can't outrun what's coming. Justice doesn't forget, and it's never too late."

Norah had nothing more to say to her. Turning away, she refused to let Bianca's madness consume her any further.

But then...

Bianca laughed. The sound was hollow, chilling, filled with bitterness.

Norah stopped in her tracks.

Bianca rubbed her sore cheek, her lips curling into a mocking smile. "Do you think this is over?" she sneered.

Norah turned her head slightly, her eyes narrowing.

Bianca's voice dropped, dripping with malice. "Do you really think the poison in your body is that easy to cure?"

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Norah turned to look at Bianca again.

Bianca's eyes gleamed with twisted pride, her lips curling into a cruel smile. Her words dripped with venom as she sneered, "You can't survive this. No one can save you. This is your fate. I'm the winner—I'll shine, and you'll rot into nothing but dirt. Hahaha..."

Her laughter grew louder, echoing with madness.

It was the first time Norah had seen Bianca laugh like this—so wild, so unhinged.

Bianca's words hit her like a curse. Norah's expression shifted, her confidence faltering as unease crept into her heart.

Just then, Kevin approached, his face grim.

"Kevin." Bianca's laughter stopped abruptly. Tears welled in her eyes as she transformed into the image of a fragile, innocent woman. Her voice softened, brimming with hope. "Kevin, did you come to save me?"

Hearing her words, Norah turned to Kevin.

He walked to Norah's side, ignoring Bianca completely. Taking Norah's hand, he asked, "Why didn't you stay in the car like I told you? Are you feeling unwell?"

Norah shook her head. "I just needed some fresh air."

She glanced at Bianca and asked, "What's going to happen to her?"

Only then did Kevin spare Bianca a glance.

Bianca's voice rose, trembling with desperation. "Kevin, they're treating me like a criminal! I saved you, and this is how they repay me?"

Kevin's expression remained cold and indifferent. "Follow the procedure," he said flatly.

Bianca's face fell, her voice breaking as she pleaded, "Why, Kevin? What did I do wrong? Have you forgotten how I fought to save you?"

Kevin's gaze was icy as he replied, "If that's true, then why did you take me to your father?"

Bianca froze, her world crumbling as the realization hit her.

Tears streamed from her already reddened eyes. "What are you saying? Was it all fake?" she choked out. "Did you pretend to care about me just to get to Calvin? Were you doing it for *her*?"

Her voice cracked, her hysteria spilling over as she yelled, "You used me, Kevin! You trampled all over my love for you!"

Kevin's tone remained calm, but his words were sharp. "You're right. I wanted the antidote for Norah. That was all."

Bianca staggered back as if he had struck her. "How could you do this to me?" she cried. "I loved you! I gave everything for you—even took you to my father at the risk of my own life. And what did you do? You destroyed everything. My father's fate is uncertain, and you betrayed me. Kevin, how could you be so heartless?"

Kevin's eyes narrowed. He was unfazed by Bianca's accusations. "Heartless?" he said coldly. "If you hadn't made those choices, you wouldn't be here now. Do you think your father's actions were right? Don't forget who you are and what you've done. This outcome was inevitable."

He continued, his tone laced with finality, "Out of respect for your parents, I once had affection for you. But you didn't value it. You walked yourself into this dead end."

Kevin's affection for Bianca had long faded. He'd once cared for her, partly because she had saved his life and partly because of Siena, her mother. Their shared history gave him a sense of responsibility, but Bianca's choices had severed those ties.

Listening to his words, Bianca's heart shattered. Her love for him—her one desperate hope—was crushed under the weight of his coldness.

Tears streamed down her face silently. But she couldn't stop herself from asking, "Even when you risked your life for me... was that a lie too? You acted like you didn't care about your own life. Was it all just a show?"

Kevin glanced at Norah, as if reluctant to reveal everything in front of her. He didn't answer Bianca's question directly. Instead, he said, "Take her away."

Bianca began to laugh again, tears mingling with her laughter. But as she looked at Kevin, there was no hatred in her eyes—only unshakable obsession.

When Bianca left the terrorist organization, she had used Kevin as her way out. But back then, he had been kind to her. His gentleness had been a rare, foreign feeling in her life, and she had clung to it desperately.

Even now, she couldn't bring herself to hate him. She wanted to stand beside him, to be the woman worthy of him.

Bianca didn't resist as they escorted her into the car.

When the door shut behind her, it also sealed off any connection she had left with Kevin.

She stared blankly ahead, her thoughts spiraling. Why couldn't the dream last a little longer? Even if it was a lie, she didn't want to wake up so soon.

Her anger burned—not at Kevin, but at Norah.

If Norah hadn't appeared, none of this would've happened. She and Kevin could've been happy together. It was Norah's fault, and the Edwards family's fault too.

Kevin interrupted Norah's thoughts. "Let's go. Don't look anymore."

He opened the car door for her. "Get in. Let's go home."

Norah hesitated, watching Bianca's car disappear into the distance. Turning back to Kevin, she asked, "What did she mean by that? What did she mean when she said you risked your life for her? What did you do?"

Kevin's face remained calm, but he didn't answer right away.

Norah's eyes bore into his, waiting for him to explain.

Finally, Kevin said, "Archer gave me a choice: save one person. I didn't choose Bianca. But in the end, Archer didn't let her go. I fought for her. That's what she meant."

"That's it?" Norah asked, her voice tinged with doubt.

Kevin's lips curved into a faint smile as he gently touched her face. "Don't overthink it, little fool. It's not that complicated."

Norah quickly knocked his hand away. "Don't touch me! We're divorced, Kevin. Don't cross the line."

Kevin sighed, his eyes full of helplessness. “Norah, I’m sorry.”

“Sorry doesn’t fix anything,” she snapped, turning away. “You broke my heart.”

Kevin’s voice softened. “I didn’t have a choice. I couldn’t let you die.”

His words hung in the air, heavy with regret. Kevin knew he wasn’t invincible. In the face of death, all he could do was surrender—because losing her was his greatest fear.

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Kevin couldn’t take any risks. Even if it meant betting with Bianca’s life, he feared the gamble might fail.

Hearing Kevin’s words, Norah felt a pang of sadness.

The prolonged cold war between them had forced her to face everything on her own, and it was exhausting. She had always put up a brave front, pretending to be strong, but love had a way of breaking down even the toughest walls. Hearing Kevin admit the truth broke something inside her. Her eyes reddened, and tears streamed down uncontrollably.

The weight of her pain and sadness came crashing down like a waterfall.

Kevin noticed her trembling shoulders and immediately pulled her into his arms.

“I’m sorry,” he murmured softly, his voice filled with guilt. “I’ve made you suffer.”

He knew exactly how hard it had been for her. Pregnant and left to handle everything alone—he had given her more pain than she deserved.

He felt remorseful, but his choice had been clear. No matter the cost, he had to protect her life.

Love, he thought, could be repaid. But life? Life was irreplaceable.

Norah, still sobbing in his arms, started pounding on his chest. “Why couldn’t you face it with me? Do you think it’s okay to bear everything alone? We’re supposed to be a team, Kevin! Do you even understand what it means to be husband and wife? It means we face things together. Leaving me behind doesn’t make you a hero—it makes you selfish! I won’t accept this. I can’t stand it!”

Kevin let her hit him, his eyes soft and full of love.

Even if she despised him in that moment, even if her fists were full of anger, he didn’t mind.

He held her tightly, as if she might disappear if he let go. “I know I was wrong,” he said gently, “but I couldn’t let you suffer. Even if it cost me my life, I wanted you to bear as little pain as

possible. Don't you see? I'd rather have you hate me than watch you face death alone. Norah, I'll do whatever it takes to make sure you live!"

This was his unwavering belief.

He had protected her in the only way he knew how. Seeing her suffer from the effects of the poison had broken him, and he had been desperate to find a solution.

He owed her. He owed Jace, too.

But even though Jace had willingly helped them, Kevin had been selfish. He had prioritized Norah above everyone else, and no one else's life had mattered to him in the same way.

Norah cried out all the pain she had bottled up over the past few months. It had been building for far too long, and her emotions finally spilled over.

After some time, her sobs softened, and the storm of grief passed.

She didn't say she forgave Kevin, but at least, for now, they had a shared goal: survival.

They climbed into the car and drove away from the chaos.

On the way, Kevin turned to her. "I need to stop by the police station. You're pregnant—you should go home and rest."

"Can't I go with you?" Norah asked, her voice calm but firm.

Kevin studied her for a moment before nodding. "All right, but you'll need to stay in the lounge and rest while I handle things. Once I'm done, we'll head home together."

Norah gave him a small smile.

"Okay."

Kevin couldn't help but reach over and gently ruffle her hair, pulling her into his arms for a brief moment. But as he held her, his brows furrowed.

Something was wrong.

He felt his body's abnormal reactions intensify, a wave of discomfort washing over him.

He stayed quiet, unwilling to let Norah notice.

When they arrived at the police station, Norah followed Kevin inside but stayed in the lounge, as promised. She watched through the window as Jace approached Kevin, and the two men walked off together in another direction.

Norah sighed and settled into the couch, her thoughts racing.

Out of her sight, Kevin leaned heavily against the wall, breathing hard. A persistent ringing in his ears made it difficult to focus.

Jace, walking beside him, noticed something was wrong.

Kevin had suddenly stopped, his body visibly tense.

“Didn’t you get the antidote?” Jace asked, his tone sharp and concerned.

Kevin clenched his fists, his whole body straining against the power surging within him. His voice was hoarse as he spoke.

“Don’t tell Norah...”