

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 378

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## Chapter 378

At the sound of the noise, Kevin quickly let go of Norah.

He noticed her wrist had turned red.

Norah looked at her hand, stunned. She couldn't believe how much force Kevin had suddenly used. Her expression darkened as she stared at him.

Kevin followed her gaze to her reddened wrist, his emotions conflicted—guilt taking over. His voice was low and urgent as he apologized, "I'm sorry."

But the words felt hollow. He had hurt her, even if it was unintentional.

Norah hadn't expected him to act so aggressively.

So out of control.

She was furious—not just because of what had just happened, but because of Bianca. The situation between the three of them was unbearable. No woman could tolerate it.

Now, Kevin was physically hurting her too.

Emotionally, she refused to accept his apology. "Saying 'I'm sorry' doesn't change what you did. I don't want this. Maybe I shouldn't be here."

This wasn't her home, after all.

She and Kevin were divorced. She had no right to throw him out, so she had no choice but to leave.

But before she could take more than two steps, Kevin stopped her again. His voice was quiet, restrained. "You're pregnant. It's not safe for you to leave. Stay. I'll go."

Norah froze and turned to look at him.

Kevin didn't meet her eyes. Without hesitation, he walked past her and left.

Norah's heart clenched as she watched him go. He didn't even try to explain.

If he really cared, shouldn't he have fought for her?

Even if she didn't believe him, he could have tried.

Even if he had lost control and hurt her, he could have begged for her forgiveness. Even if she insisted on leaving, he should have said something to calm her down.

But he just walked away.

Did this prove that he couldn't give up on Bianca?

Norah stood there, waiting—hoping he would stop, that he would turn back.

But he never did.

A mix of anger and heartbreak surged inside her. This wasn't how it was supposed to be.

She glanced at her wrist, the red mark still visible. A cold shiver ran down her spine.

Why had he done this to her?

Her eyes burned, but she held back the tears. The pain in her chest was suffocating.

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Outside, Kevin felt the weight of his actions crushing him.

He was losing control.

No matter how much he wanted to protect Norah, his emotions kept spiraling out of control.

And sooner or later, he would hurt her again.

Jace had already warned him.

The poison in his body wouldn't kill him, but it would destroy his life.

It was only a matter of time before he completely lost himself.

Right now, he could still function, still pass as normal. But one day, he would turn into something unrecognizable—a monster incapable of distinguishing friend from foe.

He thought about Norah.

What if he became something she didn't recognize?

The thought was unbearable.

Kevin stared at his hands, feeling the weight of an inevitable future.

That's why he had to leave.

Before things got worse.

Before he did something irreversible.

He clenched his fists and muttered under his breath, "Let's go."

A voice interrupted him. "Captain Edwards, where are you headed?"

Anyone paying attention could see the turmoil in Kevin's eyes.

But he had work to do. Before he completely lost himself, he had to take care of unfinished business.

His expression darkened. "We're going to the old place. Find Bianca. Again."

Levi hesitated, then nodded.

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Meanwhile, Bianca was at an event, trying to salvage her reputation.

After facing relentless public backlash, she had lost endorsements left and right. But she refused to disappear.

She had to do damage control.

She issued a public statement denying everything, claiming she was being slandered, even attaching a legal notice to make it seem official.

But the damage was already done.

Most of her work was now on hold.

Still, she wasn't giving up. She had no safety net—no one to rely on.

She had to stay in the public eye.

Thankfully, she hadn't been blacklisted. She was still able to attend a gaming event, where she planned to cosplay as a popular fantasy character.

A strategic move.

She understood her audience. Gamers and anime fans were loyal. If she played her cards right, she could rebuild her image.

Bianca was always good at grabbing attention.

She planned to be the center of the show.

At the same time, she was waiting for good news from Siena.

Norah had humiliated her. She wouldn't let that slide.

Siena was supposed to take care of it.

If Siena succeeded, Bianca could finally breathe easy.

She wouldn't have to get her hands dirty.

She had learned her lesson—if she got caught, her career was over.

But then, bad news arrived.

One of her informants rushed in, whispering urgently.

“Siena's been arrested.”

Bianca's face went pale. "What? That's impossible! She's Kevin's mother! He wouldn't let her go to jail."

"That's just it—he didn't protect her. He let her go down for Norah's sake."

Bianca's stomach dropped.

Everything was falling apart.

She clenched her fists, her voice trembling with rage. "Idiots. All of you."

She could scream all she wanted, but it wouldn't change anything.

"Ms. Lynch, you need to be careful," the man warned. "You're alone now. No one's going to save you."

Bianca didn't respond.

She already knew—she was backed into a corner.

Everyone who could have helped her was gone.

Her once-glamorous life was slipping into darkness.

The man left as quickly as he had arrived, not wanting to be associated with her downfall.

Bianca's hands shook.

What now?

She glanced at her reflection in the mirror, forcing herself to focus.

She still had a chance.

She still had her beauty.

She could still win over fans, use their adoration to climb back up.

She straightened her posture, forcing a confident smile.

Summoning the makeup artist, she spoke like nothing had happened. “Make me look stunning. I need to be the highlight of the event.”

The makeup artist nodded and got to work.

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The event was packed with internet celebrities, all dressed in elaborate costumes.

Fans cheered as their favorite characters appeared.

The energy in the room was electric.

Bianca, waiting backstage, knew she had to nail this.

She was the only real star here.

Before, she would have scoffed at an event like this—too lowbrow for her.

But now?

Now, she needed it.

She was the finale.

With a radiant smile, she stepped onto the stage as the host introduced her.

In the past, a star’s entrance would have sent the crowd into a frenzy.

But this time?

Silence.

Bianca waved, keeping her expression graceful.

Then, a voice rang out from the audience.

“Why is she here? She’s got such a bad reputation! Who invited her?”

“Get off the stage!”

More voices joined in.

A chant.

“Go down! Go down!”

Bianca’s smile stiffened.

This wasn’t the reaction she had planned for.

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Bianca’s face changed instantly, overwhelmed by the hostility of the crowd.

She had endured public disgrace before, but this time was different—this time, she was being openly condemned. The hostility in the eyes of the people around her was unmistakable.

The host tried to maintain order. “Bianca is here for the first time. Don’t believe everything you read online. Spreading baseless rumors is unfair to her...”

“No smoke without fire! If she didn’t do anything wrong, why would people be talking about her? Concerned netizens have been tracking Bianca’s movements, and her actions are highly suspicious. We should call for a police investigation. Artists with questionable reputations have no place in the public eye!”

“Everyone, please calm down,” the host urged. “If Bianca had really done something wrong, she wouldn’t be here...”

But the audience wasn’t listening. Their hatred for Bianca boiled over. Objects started flying through the air, hurled directly at her.

“Ahh...!”

The staff rushed in to shield Bianca and escort her away, but the furious crowd refused to back down.

“The recent murder case has put everyone on edge! If Bianca is involved, she’s not just a bad person—she’s a monster! A snake! I’m speaking on behalf of every woman out there! If someone like her can continue acting and making money in this industry, who will stand up for the victim?”

Their words struck a nerve. More voices joined in, rallying together.

“Bianca, get off the stage!”

“Bianca, get off the stage!”

For the first time, Bianca truly feared the wrath of the public. Their hatred was suffocating, their fury relentless.

She was done for.

Even if she wasn't in prison, even if no solid evidence pointed to her, the court of public opinion had already sentenced her to death.

She was supposed to be a glamorous, untouchable star. How had she fallen so low?

Backstage, Bianca was trembling, her hands shaking as she clutched her arms. The impact of the thrown objects had left her bruised and battered.

"Ms. Lynch, are you alright?" one of the event organizers asked, looking at her with a mix of concern and frustration.

Bianca was still reeling from the humiliation. But instead of comforting her, the organizer shoved her aside, furious. "This is the person you invited? Look at her—she's been pelted with garbage! How are we supposed to let her continue? This is a disaster!"

Bianca's eyes widened. Even the organizers were treating her like a liability now. Though they were frustrated, they still tried to be diplomatic. "Ms. Lynch, we didn't anticipate this reaction. We'll cover your medical expenses, but you can't participate any further."

They didn't want their event to turn into a scandal.

Bianca was stunned. "You're canceling my appearance? Just like that?" Her voice trembled with disbelief. "I'm busy! You invited me here, and now you're telling me to leave? You're wasting my time!"

"We're sorry, Ms. Lynch."

The apology did nothing to soothe her embarrassment. But realizing she couldn't argue her way back in, she stormed off to the lounge.

The moment she got inside, she lost it. She trashed the room, throwing anything she could get her hands on.

"Norah!" Bianca seethed through gritted teeth. "You destroyed me! I'll never forgive you!"

A few minutes later, a knock sounded at the door.

The organizer's voice came through. "Ms. Lynch, please vacate the lounge. Others need to use it."

Cleo, Bianca's assistant, snapped, "What's the rush? She's obviously leaving soon!"

She hurriedly gathered Bianca's things.



Tears welled in Bianca's eyes, but her expression remained cold. She wasn't ready to give up—not yet. She had clawed her way into the industry, and if she wanted to remain untouchable, she couldn't afford to surrender.

Another knock at the door.

Irritated, Cleo yanked it open. "What's the—"

She stopped mid-sentence. Standing outside were Kevin's men.

A spark of hope flickered in Cleo's eyes. "Ms. Lynch..."

Bianca had been drowning in despair, but the sight of Kevin's people sent a jolt of relief through her. Wiping away her tears, she rushed forward. "Kevin... Does he want to see me?" she asked eagerly, standing at the doorway.

This was her last lifeline. If Kevin was still willing to help her, then she wasn't finished.

"Ms. Lynch, let's go."

"Yes! I knew Kevin wouldn't abandon me. He still cares. I'll see him now!" Bianca declared, clinging to the belief that Kevin had never truly left her behind.

She convinced herself once again—just like every other time—that Kevin still cared.

Without hesitation, she followed them.

The car ride was eerily silent. Bianca had questions, but none of them were answered. It didn't matter. As long as she could see Kevin, nothing else was important.

Her obsession with him ran deep.

But this time, luck wasn't on her side.

When the car finally stopped, Bianca looked around. They had taken her to a remote location, surrounded by mountains. The eerie silence unsettled her.

Before she could process her surroundings, she was suddenly shoved out of the vehicle.

"What the hell?! Be careful with me! I'm Kevin's fiancée! You have no idea what you're doing—"

Before she could finish, rough hands grabbed her, and ropes were tightened around her wrists.

"What are you doing?!" Bianca thrashed against their grip. "Let me go!"

One of Kevin's men leaned in, voice cold. "Ms. Lynch, if you want to stay alive a little longer, shut up."

Bianca's eyes widened in fear.

She was blindfolded and forced deeper into the forest. Panic surged through her, but she kept telling herself that Kevin wouldn't hurt her. He had released her from prison—he must still care.

She clung to that belief, even as sharp branches scratched her legs, tearing through her skin.

Her body ached. The cold air bit at her exposed wounds. She had never suffered like this before.

And then, suddenly—

She was shoved again.

"Agh!"

She hit the ground hard, pain shooting through her limbs. The impact scraped her knees, blood trickling down.

Then, the blindfold was yanked off.

Bianca blinked against the sudden brightness, her vision adjusting. And then, she saw him.

Kevin sat before her, his presence imposing, his gaze colder than she had ever seen it.

He looked at her with complete indifference, his expression unreadable.

Bianca felt a wave of fear wash over her.

Still, she clung to hope. She crawled toward him, grabbing onto his pant leg, pleading. "Kevin, they were too rough with me! Look at my legs—they're bleeding! I'm your fiancée! You can't let them treat me like this! Punish them!"

She had always seen Kevin as her last refuge. No matter what happened, he had always been there.

But this time was different.

There was no warmth in his eyes—only a chilling, bloodthirsty glint.

His gaze flicked down at her hands clutching his pants.

And with pure disgust, he kicked her away.

Bianca gasped, stunned.

Kevin had never treated her like this before.

For the first time, she realized—

She was truly alone.

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Bianca was stunned, then overwhelmed with panic.

She had nothing left—Kevin was her only hope. If he abandoned her too, she would truly hit rock bottom. And from there, a comeback would be nearly impossible.

“Kevin...” Tears streamed down her face as she ignored the pain wracking her body and crawled toward him. “I was wrong. I know I was wrong. Please don’t do this.”

Kevin looked down at her like she was nothing more than a pitiful dog. A cruel smirk played on his lips as he grasped her chin between his fingers. “Wrong? Do you even know what you did wrong?”

Bianca froze. What had she done wrong? In her mind, she had done nothing but fight for the life she wanted. Kevin had given her a chance, and she had simply done what was necessary to keep it.

She softened her voice, hoping to gain his sympathy. “Whatever you say I did wrong, then I was wrong. I won’t do it again. Please, just forgive me this once.”

Tears trickled down her face as she gazed at him with pleading eyes, hoping—desperately—that he would have mercy on her.

But Kevin only shoved her away in disgust. Her head snapped to the side from the force, and he quickly grabbed a sanitized towel, wiping his hand as though touching her had tainted him. “Bianca, you’re willing to grovel to survive, but I don’t see any real remorse.”

Bianca struggled to sit up. “What do you want me to do?”

Kevin’s gaze darkened. “When you poisoned Norah, did you ever think about this moment?”

Bianca’s lips trembled. “I already told you—if you marry me, she’ll get the antidote!”

A flicker of fury crossed Kevin’s face. The veins on his forehead pulsed as his hands shot forward, closing around her throat. “Where is the antidote? Do you even have one? Tell me! Do you have the antidote?!”

From the beginning, he had suspected there was no antidote. He had only played along, waiting for a chance to find it. But Bianca had made things far more complicated than he had

anticipated. The so-called antidote was likely nothing more than an experimental formula, with no guarantee it would even work.

Bianca gasped as her airway constricted. Her entire body trembled in fear, yet she managed to choke out, “I... I did it because I love you...”

Kevin’s grip tightened. “Love? Don’t say that disgusting word to me.”

Bianca’s face turned purple as she clawed at his hands, struggling for breath. Just as she felt herself losing consciousness, Kevin suddenly released her.

She collapsed to the ground, coughing violently as she sucked in air. “Cough... cough...”

Kevin looked down at her, his voice as cold as ice. “Death would be too easy for you. You should suffer.”

Bianca’s entire body tensed. “What are you going to do to me?”

Kevin smirked. “Did you really think you were free just because you walked out of prison?”

Bianca’s face drained of color. The way he looked at her terrified her. “You... you want to lock me up? Is prison not enough for you? You want to torture me?”

As the realization hit her, she instinctively backed away. She had believed Kevin’s mercy had set her free. Now, she understood—he had only been waiting for the perfect moment to deliver his punishment.

Kevin’s voice was laced with mockery. “You’re not as dumb as I thought.” His words felt like a death sentence. “Your life should come to an end.”

“No! You can’t do this!” Bianca screamed. “If you keep me locked up, that’s a crime, Kevin! You’re only destroying yourself!”

Panic surged through her. If she had to choose between prison and Kevin’s personal hell, she would take prison any day. She had to escape. The moment the thought crossed her mind, she scrambled to her feet and ran.

Kevin made no effort to stop her. He didn’t need to. There was nowhere for her to go.

Bianca ran blindly, unaware of her surroundings. She had no idea what kind of place she was in. All she knew was that she had to keep going.

But no matter how far she ran, exhaustion soon set in. Her body ached, her breath came in ragged gasps, and sweat drenched her skin. Yet she couldn’t stop. Fear propelled her forward.

The more she ran, the more lost she became.

Tall trees loomed overhead, their dense foliage blocking out the sun. Ahead of her, a dark abyss stretched into the unknown. Where was she?

“Ahh!” She stumbled, falling to the ground. Sharp thorns dug into her palms, drawing blood.

Covered in dirt and sweat, her hair clung to her face. Any semblance of the glamorous star she once was had long disappeared. But that was the least of her concerns now.

Tears welled in her eyes as she realized the cold, terrifying truth—she had no way out.

Just then, a low hiss filled the air. She lifted her head slowly and froze.

A massive snake slithered toward her, its tongue flickering menacingly.

Bianca’s pupils shrank in sheer terror. She couldn’t move. She couldn’t breathe. Panic consumed her.

She no longer dared to run.

She had only one option left.

She had to go back.

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Meanwhile, Norah sat in the living room, waiting. She had dozed off on the couch but woke up at the slightest sound.

Blinking away sleep, she looked around. The house was empty. Kevin hadn’t returned yet.

A quick glance at the clock told her it was already ten at night.

Normally, Kevin would have been home by now. But tonight, there was nothing. No messages. No calls.

The silence gnawed at her unease.

Checking her phone, she found nothing from him.

Her heart sank.

The lingering shadow of Bianca still loomed over her, feeding her insecurity. And Kevin’s silence only made it worse.

If he truly cared, he would know how she felt. He would have reassured her.

But he hadn’t. And she wasn’t the type to keep quiet about it.

She couldn't let this fester.

Finally, she made a decision. She wouldn't wait any longer.

Norah approached the security guards at the front gate. "Has Kevin come back? Do you know when he'll return?"

She had a feeling she wouldn't like their answer.