

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 391

Chapter 391

Norah heard a strained, wheezing sound, followed by Steven's voice: "I think I'm close to finding it, but I don't know what happens next. I can't bring a phone, and no one else who goes in can either. If they find out, it'll be bad. So, if someone picks up this call, please let my contacts know that I'm alive—not just for her, but for everyone who's been hurt. Thank you."

Then the call ended.

He'll be safe!

Norah gripped her phone tightly, silently reassuring herself that things weren't as bad as they seemed. Everything would be okay.

She thanked the caller and hung up, but unease still gnawed at her.

She knew nothing about this organization. If Steven really went in, could he make it back out? And how was she supposed to explain this to his parents?

Norah wanted to rush over immediately, but she was still recovering and hadn't learned any self-defense. Going now would be a huge disadvantage.

Late that night.

Kevin came to see Norah.

He waited until she was asleep before entering, moving quietly.

The curtains were open, letting moonlight spill into the room, casting a soft glow on her skin.

Kevin stood by the bed, gazing at her with deep, unreadable eyes. Maybe it was affection, or something even deeper. He didn't move for a long time, just watched her in silence.

Finally, he reached out and gently touched her face.

But the moment his fingertips met her skin, Norah grabbed his hand and opened her eyes.

Kevin froze. She hadn't been asleep after all.

"Why are you here so late?" she asked, staring at him. "And why have you just been standing there?"

"I thought you were asleep. I didn't want to wake you," Kevin said quietly.

Norah held his hand tightly. "I got a call from Steven today. It wasn't his voice, just a recording. He said he was going to that organization. It's been so long, and there's still no news. Do you think he's in danger?"

She desperately needed someone to tell her Steven was safe. That was the only thing that could ease her worries.

Kevin asked, "Are you so worried that you can't sleep?"

Norah exhaled, frustration creeping into her voice. "Every time I close my eyes, I imagine his face covered in blood. I can't sleep at all."

Kevin frowned slightly and reached out to touch her cold cheek again. "Don't panic. No news might be the best news."

"That's the only thing keeping me from falling apart," she admitted. "But it's not enough."

She looked at Kevin, feeling helpless. "Do you have a way to find him?"

Kevin nodded. "I sent people to look for him. I'll tell you as soon as I hear anything. For now, try to rest."

"You sent someone..." Norah hesitated. "Then they haven't found the organization yet? Do you think there's an undercover agent? Is that why you can't tell me anything? Can they find Steven? I'm really worried. He doesn't deserve this kind of suffering."

"I know," Kevin said. "You're too tense. Steven will be fine."

Norah felt a lump in her throat. She had lost so many people—people who were still alive, but somehow felt distant. And if she lost Steven, too...

Kevin gently urged her, "Try to sleep."

Norah clutched his sleeve. “Will you stay? Can you hold me?”

Kevin hesitated.

Norah noticed. “I just... I don’t know what to do anymore. I need someone here. I feel so alone. I can’t even see my baby. I’m really struggling.”

She was holding onto hope, but the uncertainty was unbearable.

She needed strength—something to keep her going.

She wanted Kevin to give her that strength.

Seeing her vulnerability, Kevin’s resolve softened. He lay down beside her, still in his clothes, and let her curl up against his chest. “Steven is a good person.”

Norah relaxed slightly. “Of course he is.”

“I want someone to be with you, too,” Kevin murmured.

Norah stiffened and looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

Kevin gently stroked her back. “Just helping you sleep.”

Norah frowned. “Since when do you put me to sleep like this? You’ve changed, Kevin. Lately, you feel so distant.”

Her words struck him. He wasn’t sure if he should keep his distance or stay close.

Instinct took over. He pulled her into his arms. “I’m afraid of making you unhappy. I don’t want you to hate me.”

Norah realized that, despite everything, she felt more alone than ever.

She clung to his waist. “What’s wrong with me? Why does it feel like everything is slipping away? The baby isn’t here. Steven is missing. And even you—somehow, it feels like you’re gone, too.”

She felt completely untethered.

Kevin clenched his fists, then turned on his side and wrapped her in his arms again, resting his chin against her head. "I'm still here. I'll always be here. No matter where I am, my heart won't leave you."

"Really?" she whispered, unsure if she believed him.

Kevin met her gaze. "I wouldn't lie to you. I just want you to live well."

Norah buried her face in his chest, tears threatening to spill. "When I woke up, everything felt different. I didn't die... Maybe God took pity on me. But how long do I really have? Will I ever get to see my baby?"

"You will see your baby," Kevin said firmly.

"That's all I want," Norah said, laughing through her tears. "I just want the people I love to be safe."

She lay awake for hours, lost in her thoughts. It wasn't until nearly dawn that exhaustion finally took over and she fell asleep.

Kevin stayed with her until then. He couldn't sleep at all.

Once she was in a deep sleep, he gently pried her hand from his waist and got up.

He pulled the blanket over her, making sure she was warm before leaving the room.

Outside, people were waiting for him.

"Lawyer Lepage called," someone informed him. "He said if you still want to find that girl, he might be able to help."

Kevin shook his head. "No. I already know the answer."

He cast one last glance at Norah's door before walking away without another word.

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Days passed.

Norah was restless. She was told she couldn't leave until her recovery period was over, but she couldn't stop thinking about the baby.

No matter how many times she asked, she got no updates. They wouldn't even show her a picture.

Doubt crept in, but she refused to let herself assume the worst.

She finally decided—she had to see the baby, even if only from a distance.

Without telling the nurse, she followed the directions to the nursery.

She found a glass window where she could see inside.

The moment her eyes landed on the baby in the incubator, a warm, motherly smile spread across her face.

A nurse came out, checking on the routine rounds.

Norah couldn't help herself. "Excuse me, nurse, where's my baby? Can I see them? Just tell me which one, I'll look from here."

The nurse glanced at her. "What's your name?"

"Norah. Norah White," she answered quickly.

The nurse checked the records, then looked back at her. "There's no record of your name here. Your child isn't registered in this facility."

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Norah was in complete shock. She thought the nurse was joking.

How could her baby not be here?

She forced a smile through her disbelief. "No... Nurse, you must be mistaken. I just gave birth. If my baby isn't here, where else could he be?"

Trying to stay rational, she considered another possibility. "If my name isn't registered, then the father's should be. Kevin, check again."

She wanted to believe there had been a mistake, but panic was already creeping in.

The nurse checked once more.

“There’s no record,” she confirmed.

“That’s impossible!” Norah refused to accept it. “I’ll find it myself!”

Her hands trembled as she took the records and scanned them herself. But no matter how many times she looked, her name wasn’t there.

Her heart sank.

Still, she clung to denial. “Maybe you missed it. I’ll check again!”

She was spiraling, pretending to stay calm as she desperately searched for an answer.

“Miss, you can’t go in. Parents aren’t allowed past this point,” the nurse stopped her.

Norah’s emotions boiled over. “I’m the mother! I just gave birth! Everyone told me my baby was in the incubator! How can he not be here? You’re lying! You’re all lying to me!”

The words echoed in her head. The nurse in her room had said the same thing—the baby was in the incubator. If that was a lie, then what else had they lied about?

“Miss, please calm down,” the nurse urged. “We can check again.”

“Check again?” Norah’s voice cracked. “You already checked! If you didn’t find him then, how will you find him now? Where is my baby? Where did he go?”

She grabbed the nurse, her desperation overwhelming her.

More nurses rushed in, trying to restrain her.

“Ms. White, please calm down.”

But how could she?

“Calm down? Will that bring my baby back? Why are you lying to me?” She turned to the nurse from her room and grabbed her. “You know the truth! Where is my child? Even if I can’t hold him, I should at least see him! Tell me where he is!”

The nurse looked away, unable to answer.

Silence filled the room.

Norah scanned their faces. So many nurses, so many people in this hospital—and yet no one could tell her where her baby was.

Why?

At that moment, Kevin entered the room. He already knew what had happened.

Norah turned to him like he was her last hope. Tears filled her eyes as she rushed to him, grabbing his hand. “Kevin, tell them! Tell them the baby is here! Didn’t you say he had big eyes like mine?”

Kevin’s expression was grim. His brows furrowed, and the look in his eyes made her heart freeze.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” she asked, her voice shaking.

Kevin clenched his jaw before finally speaking. “The baby... didn’t make it.”

Norah’s entire world shattered.

Her pupils dilated. It felt like a thousand bolts of lightning had struck her at once.

Her face turned pale, her legs weak.

“What are you saying...?” She shook her head violently. “No... That’s impossible! He was healthy! How could he die? You’re lying! You have to be lying!”

Her red-rimmed eyes locked onto Kevin as she gritted her teeth. “Why do you always lie to me? Why are you lying about my baby?!”

“I’m sorry,” Kevin said softly.

“Sorry? What good is sorry?! Will it bring him back?! What did you do? How could he die?! What did you do to my baby?!”

Kevin’s eyes were bloodshot. His lips pressed into a thin line, his expression filled with suppressed pain.

“He was stillborn.”

Norah's heart broke.

She stared at him, her grief turning into fury. She grabbed Kevin's arm and sank her teeth into him.

Kevin didn't flinch. He let her bite him, let her unleash her agony.

Blood dripped from her lips onto the floor.

But it wasn't enough.

She pulled away, her voice ice-cold. "Kevin, why do you bring disaster into my life? Why did I survive, but my baby didn't? Why did you keep this from me? Tell me where he is! I need to see him!"

"He's already been buried," Kevin admitted.

Norah's body went rigid. "Where?"

"Norah, you just gave birth. You need to rest. Once you recover—"

"Where is my baby buried?!"

"Norah!"

"Kevin!" she screamed. "Tell me, or I will hate you for the rest of my life!"

Kevin's fists clenched. He saw the raw determination in her eyes. This loss had shattered her.

"It happened so suddenly. He's buried on the hill behind the hospital."

As soon as she heard the words, Norah bolted.

Kevin reached for her arm. "Don't go out."

Norah wrenched free. "You have no right to stop me! I endured everything for this baby! And now he's gone, and we are over! Isn't this what you wanted?! Are you satisfied now?! You were never fit to be a father! Steven, who's thousands of miles away, cared more about me than you ever did! Why wasn't it you who died instead of him?!"

With that, she ran.

Kevin stood frozen. His arm bled freely, his fingers trembling as he clenched his fist.

Norah's heart was breaking. She had carried that child for ten months, endured everything, just to meet him.

And now he was gone.

It wasn't fair.

She would have traded her life to save him.

Why was fate so cruel?

Norah fell to her knees at the tiny grave on the hill. She let out a guttural scream and started digging with her bare hands.

Tears streamed down her face.

Her world had collapsed.

There was no reason left to keep going.

Her fingers bled as she dug frantically until she uncovered a small box.

She froze. Her hands trembled as she reached for it.

Tears blurred her vision as she whispered, "Baby... how could this happen? Mommy didn't even get to name you... She didn't even get to see you... How could you be gone...?!"

She sobbed, clutching the box to her chest.

She couldn't take it.

She couldn't accept it.

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She clutched the box tightly and broke into uncontrollable sobs.

She had never felt such unbearable sorrow. But there was nothing she could do. She had exchanged her life for another.

She survived, but her child didn't. The pain was too much to bear.

Kevin approached, his expression solemn as he watched her fall apart. The outcome was irreversible, and all he could do was try to console her. He gently picked her up and said, "You can still have another child. Please, don't lose hope."

But Norah was inconsolable. The pain was suffocating.

She had anticipated his arrival with so much hope, yet now, all she felt was devastation.

It was worse than death.

Seeing Kevin only made it worse. She shoved him away forcefully. "Get out! What have you done? What have you done? Another child? Is that all you have to say? Do you even care? Do you even have a heart? Did you ever love him at all?"

Kevin pressed his lips together and said nothing. Instead, he reached out to wipe away her tears.

But as soon as he raised his hand, Norah jerked away. "You have no right to touch me!"

His hand hung in the air, hesitation flickering in his eyes.

Norah saw it. He was always hesitant with her, never firm in his love.

He had never truly fought for her.

She was never his first choice.

Norah locked eyes with him. "You have the freedom to love anyone now, because love for you is just a tool to maintain your position. But did you ever choose me? Stand by me no matter what? No. Even now, after our child is gone, you feel nothing!"

She had once understood him.

He was busy with responsibilities, always putting others first.

Even when she was pregnant, she barely saw him.

But now, she saw things differently.

Every time, he had chosen to let her go.

“You’re right,” Kevin admitted, his voice cold. “I don’t love him as much as you think. And if you hate me, so be it. Maybe now you finally see me for who I really am. I never expected this child the way you did.”

Norah stared at him, stunned.

How could he say that?

His indifference was a knife to her heart.

Fury surged through her, and she slapped him hard across the face.

A loud crack echoed in the air.

Kevin didn’t dodge. He took the slap, his head turning slightly from the impact.

A bright red mark bloomed on his cheek.

Just then, others rushed in, witnessing the scene.

They saw Norah hit Kevin and exchanged shocked glances.

“How could you say something like that?” Norah’s voice broke with grief. “You act so surprised when a child is born wrong. Was it all just an act? Pretending to love him? Just like you pretended to love me?”

Kevin looked back at her, his expression unreadable. “You can doubt everything else, but my love for you was real.”

Norah let out a bitter laugh. “What good is love if it changes nothing? Can it bring my child back? Can you promise to protect me for the rest of my life?”

Deep down, maybe a small part of her still clung to hope.

But she knew better.

Kevin had never been able to give her that.

And she couldn't keep waiting for something that would never come.

Everything felt so empty now.

No more illusions.

Norah didn't wait for his answer. She stood up, her hands covered in dirt, her tear-streaked face smeared with mud.

She was a mess.

But as she rose to her feet, her body gave out, and she collapsed.

Kevin caught her before she hit the ground. For the first time, she was silent, but even in unconsciousness, tears slipped from her closed eyes.

Kevin gazed at her, gently wiping them away.

"Captain Edwards."

The others stood waiting.

Kevin held Norah close. "Take care of things here."

Karina's face darkened. "Is that all?"

She was heartbroken, too.

Kevin sighed. "If not this way, she would have chosen death. As long as she's alive, there's hope. Even if this child is gone, she has to live."

To Kevin, Norah's life mattered more than anything.

Even if she hated him for it, he could accept that.

Karina fell silent. Norah's grief was unbearable to witness.

“The rest is up to you,” Kevin told her. “You remember everything I instructed, right?”

Karina straightened. “I do. I won’t let you down.”

“Good.” Kevin nodded and carried Norah away.

He laid her on the bed, took a towel, and carefully wiped her face and hands. He cleaned the dirt from her nails, tending to her as if she were the most fragile thing in the world.

Seeing her hands scratched and bruised made his heart ache.

He repeated the process over and over, changing the water several times, his patience never wavering.

His gaze lingered on her face, memorizing every detail.

He sat there for hours, just watching her.

Because he knew—

When she woke up, she would never forgive him.

She would hate him. She wouldn’t want to see him.

And if that was the case, then he would just watch over her now, while she was still unaware.

By the time the sun set, Kevin finally stood.

He leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips.

Then he left.

No words were spoken, but outside, a group of people was already waiting.

As soon as Kevin stepped out, they all prepared to leave.

He didn’t hesitate. He walked forward with purpose.

Karina watched them go, a deep sense of unease settling in her chest. She rushed after him.
“Captain Edwards!”

Kevin turned.

“Take care of Norah,” she said. She knew those were Norah’s words, too.

He gave a small nod.

And then they left.

Several black vehicles pulled away, disappearing into the night.

The silence that followed was deafening.

Even in a hospital, a place usually filled with noise and movement, there was only an overwhelming emptiness.

Like the end of a song that leaves nothing but sorrow behind.

That’s how Karina felt.

She had finally found a sense of belonging.

And now, once again, everything was falling apart.

But she still had a purpose.

For Norah.

For the people she cared about.

She would complete her mission.

...

Three days later.

Norah woke up.

She stared at the ceiling, her eyes blank and unfocused.

Karina had been waiting anxiously. When she saw Norah stir, she let out a breath of relief. “Norah! You’re awake! You’ve been unconscious for three days.”

Norah's voice was hoarse. "Why am I still alive?"

She thought she would die this time.

She thought she would follow her child.

Why was she still here?

Karina gripped her hand. "You're not going to die. You can't."

Norah turned her head to look at her. "Why not?"

Karina bit her lip, avoiding her gaze. She got up, trying to change the subject. "You must be hungry. I have your food ready, still warm. Come on, sit up and eat."

Norah sat up slowly. "Why am I still here, Karina? Tell me."

Karina hesitated, struggling for words.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.