

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 471

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## Chapter 471

Kevin understood what Norah couldn't put into words.

He cupped her face and pressed a deep, urgent kiss against her lips, as if trying to fuse her into himself. But just when things reached a critical point, he pulled away.

"Stay here and rest for a few days. I've made arrangements for you to leave soon."

"Okay."

Norah gasped softly as she watched him walk out of the tent.

Kevin had more preparations to make. This time, he had led his troops for Norah, forcing the Yi tribe into surrender. But as a consequence, he was punished—suspended from duty and confined for three days.

He couldn't bring himself to explain it to Norah directly, so he asked Levi to tell her instead.

Norah understood Kevin, but there was still something on her mind.

"Where's Karina?" she asked without thinking.

Levi responded truthfully, "She's in another tent. Don't worry, Ms. White, Karina is doing well. Captain Edwards enlisted her as a female soldier so she could train and build muscle memory."

"Take me to her."

"Of course."

Levi led the way.

Within minutes, Norah spotted Karina out in the open field, hoeing the ground.

"Karina," Levi called out.

Karina set down the hoe and walked quickly toward them. Though she had lost her memories and her mind was a blank slate, she had been well cared for since arriving here. And she liked the name Karina—especially when Levi called her by it.

She approached Levi, but when she saw Norah, something stirred inside her—a strange familiarity.

“Hello, my name is Norah. It’s nice to meet you,” Norah said, extending her hand as if introducing herself for the first time.

Karina hesitated. The name “Norah” triggered something deep inside her, like a switch flipping on. It was familiar—so familiar. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t recall anything specific.

However, Norah’s warm smile struck a chord in her heart.

“Did I know you before?” Karina asked, her breath quickening.

“Yes,” Norah confirmed with a nod.

Karina was at a loss for words. She couldn’t remember anything from before, and if it weren’t for the people here, she’d still be in the slave camp.

“Can I... Can I hug you?” Karina asked cautiously.

“Of course.”

Norah opened her arms, and Karina stepped in.

The embrace felt... right.

Flashes of fragmented memories rushed through Karina’s mind, too fleeting to grasp, but enough to make her certain—Norah was someone important to her.

For the next three days, Norah and Karina worked side by side, hoeing fields, planting vegetables, and even cooking together.

Then, Kevin returned.

The moment Norah saw him, she immediately noticed the dark stubble on his chin and the exhaustion written all over his face.

Kevin wasted no time—he pulled her into his arms, holding her so tightly as if he never wanted to let go.

“I missed you so much,” he murmured hoarsely, his voice thick with emotion.

“I missed you too,” Norah whispered, tightening her hold around his waist.

For the past three days, she had kept herself busy to avoid thinking about him. But now that he was here, all her suppressed emotions came rushing back.

“There’s not much to do around here, otherwise I’d take you for a walk,” Kevin said, cupping her face and pressing a kiss to the corner of her mouth.

Norah shook her head. “You still have duties to take care of. I don’t want to be a distraction.”

Kevin had been locked up because of her. She wanted him to remain in the army, to stay strong. There would be time for them later.

“Foolish girl, you could never be a distraction,” Kevin murmured. His voice was laced with regret. “It’s me... I failed you. I wasn’t strong enough to protect you. I let you get hurt.”

A thin layer of mist clouded Kevin’s eyes, his voice growing even raspier.

Norah quickly pressed a finger to his lips. “Don’t say that. Kevin, I understand. I’ll take Steven and Karina back first.”

But to her surprise, Karina and Steven refused to leave.

Karina had embraced her role as a soldier and found joy in it, while Steven... Steven didn’t have much interaction with Norah, but being near her brought him peace.

They wanted to stay, and Norah respected their wishes.

Still, she felt the need to speak with Steven.

“I don’t understand why you don’t want to go back. The emperor has your family. When you disappeared, they missed you terribly,” she told him.

To Steven, his family felt like strangers. He shook his head. “Norah, I’m fine here. If I go back, I won’t remember them. I’d rather stay here a little longer.”

Norah fell silent. Hearing him call her “Norah” sent a wave of nostalgia crashing over her, as if she had been transported back in time.

After a few moments, she spoke again. “Steven, I believe that if you return to your hometown, being around your parents and loved ones will help trigger your memories. Here... as you can see, war is constant.”

She had hoped to convince them to return to the imperial capital for their safety, but they refused to leave.

Steven nodded. “I understand. But that doesn’t scare me. If you think I have it too easy here, I can enlist as a soldier.”

Just like Karina.

Norah’s eyes widened in alarm. “What? You don’t have any training! Karina has experience. You don’t.”

If something happened to Steven, how could she face the Lord family?

Steven chuckled. “I can learn. And honestly, I feel at peace here.”

Though his past remained a mystery, Steven was sure of one thing—he wanted to stay, and he wanted to stay near Norah.

Norah exhaled heavily. Just as she was about to say something else, Steven smiled and waved her off. “I have something to take care of. We’ll talk later.”

Before she could respond, he walked away.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Steven left, Jace appeared before her.

A deep, unreadable smile played on Jace’s lips. “You had a reason for convincing them. Now tell me—do you have a reason to send me away? Or will you let me stay?”

Jace had once believed his end was near, that his final act would be leaving behind a good impression for the woman he loved.

But now, he had realized something—he couldn't leave. Even if it meant death, he would see this through to the very end.

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"It's not my territory, so I don't have a say," Norah said quietly, her lips pressed into a thin line. She understood what Jace was thinking, but to her, he was just a friend.

"Then I'll go talk to Kevin," Jace replied, his tone serious. Without waiting for a response, he turned and walked away.

Within minutes, Jace found Kevin in his tent. Kevin stood in front of a large map, dressed in his military uniform, every inch the commanding officer. There was a stark difference between them—Kevin's presence was commanding, his demeanor unwavering. It was no wonder Norah was drawn to him.

After a moment of hesitation, Jace approached him. "Norah has a problem. You know that, don't you?"

Kevin's hand stilled. He set down the pen he was holding and looked at Jace. Though he didn't speak, his dark, intense eyes said everything.

Jace continued, "It seems you do."

Kevin gave a single nod. "Hmm."

"She was in a slave camp. After witnessing the suffering of others, she developed a strong sense of empathy. So strong that she started believing their pain was her own. Kevin, in her current state, I can't leave her side." Jace's voice was firm, his determination clear.

Kevin understood Jace's feelings, just as he understood Norah's. But the thought of someone else being so deeply concerned for her weighed heavily on him, like a stone pressing on his chest.

"I know this isn't easy for you," Jace added. "But I won't come between you two. You know who I am and what my role is."

Before Kevin could respond, Frank appeared at the tent's entrance. "Captain Edwards, representatives from the Yi tribe are here. It's Baimo and Pharaoh."

Baimo and Pharaoh had come to see Norah. Given their blood ties, Kevin couldn't stop them. But Norah needed to be informed first—she shouldn't be blindsided by their arrival.

Kevin turned to Jace. "We'll talk more about this later. Right now, I need to see Norah. Frank, keep them waiting for a moment."

"Yes, sir," Frank replied before stepping out.

Kevin strode out of the tent, leaving Jace alone. Jace watched him go, his heart heavy. In just a few seconds, it felt as though an invisible hand had clenched around his chest, making it hard to breathe.

He had met Norah first. She had given him something precious—her trust. Yet, in the end, it was Kevin who stood by her side and won her heart. They say timing is everything, but Jace knew it was more than that. Love wasn't just about who showed up first; it was about connection, about seizing the right moment.

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Kevin found Norah sitting outside, surrounded by a small pile of wildflowers. Karina had picked them for her. Though Karina had no memory of their past, she had quickly grown attached to Norah, treating her like family.

Norah held the flowers, gently smelling their fragrance. When Kevin approached, his gaze softened. "It's a shame I don't have a phone. I'd take a picture of this moment."

Norah smiled faintly. "What kind of situation are we in? After everything we've been through, my perspective has changed."

Before, she had been Kevin's secretary, careful to keep their relationship hidden, never letting anyone suspect a thing. Now, after all they'd endured, the idea of taking pictures felt trivial.

Kevin sat beside her and pulled her into his arms. "Norah, I know I've let you down in so many ways. I'm working to finish what needs to be done so I can give you the life you deserve."

"I know," Norah murmured, leaning into him. Together, they watched the sunset.

Kevin gently stroked her hair. "Norah, Baimo and Pharaoh are here. The Yi tribe has changed. The slave camps are gone, and Baimo is in charge now. Pharaoh has stepped down. As for Julie—"

"Bianca, right?" Norah interrupted with a small laugh.

Kevin's eyes widened in surprise. "When did you figure it out?"

Norah thought for a moment. "Bits and pieces started coming together. Julie was brought back by Calvin, and Bianca was his daughter—"

"Bianca isn't Calvin's daughter," Kevin corrected. "She's Siena's. Calvin and Siena were just... close." Norah had assumed Bianca was their child, but Kevin clarified, "Bianca is dead."

"Dead?" Norah's voice wavered. "When?"

"During Calvin's rebellion. You and Jace escaped, but Bianca didn't make it." Kevin explained the events leading to her death.

Norah fell silent for a moment. “I thought you’d spare her.”

Even if Kevin hadn’t, she had expected Calvin to save his own daughter. But Calvin hadn’t. Reflecting on everything, Bianca had played such a significant role in her life. It was true what they said: even the most hateful people had their own tragedies.

“Go meet Baimo and Pharaoh. You’re his daughter—that hasn’t changed.” Though Kevin respected Norah’s feelings, some things needed to be addressed face-to-face.

Norah didn’t want to see them, but they were here now. She stood up. “Let’s go. I’ll meet them with you.”

Soon, Norah and Kevin entered the tent where Baimo and Pharaoh waited. Baimo looked the same as always, but Pharaoh—without his mask—revealed a long scar across his face. Despite it, his expression was surprisingly gentle.

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Although Norah had never seen Pharaoh without his mask, she knew exactly who he was. Now, standing beside Baimo, Pharaoh’s gaze was fixed deeply on her.

Norah avoided his eyes. “I have no intention of returning to the Yi tribe,” she stated calmly. She refused to acknowledge Pharaoh, feeling an unshakable sense of detachment.

Kevin placed a reassuring arm around her shoulders. Though he said nothing, the unwavering determination in his eyes spoke volumes—he would stand by her side no matter what.

Before Baimo could respond, Pharaoh took a shaky step forward.

“Julie...”

His voice was hoarse, thick with emotion, as if something was lodged in his throat.

Norah lifted a hand, signaling him to stop. “My name isn’t Julie. It’s Norah.”

The sound of his voice unsettled her, pressing on her heart like a heavy stone. People’s feelings and loyalties change, and she had no place for Pharaoh in her life anymore.

Pharaoh had imagined many possible scenarios for their reunion. He had prepared for coldness, for rejection. Yet, facing Norah’s unwavering indifference cut deeper than he had expected.

All he could offer now was compensation.

With a flick of his hand, his shadowy attendants stepped forward, carrying a chest filled with gold and jewels. In his own hand, he held a bank card.

“This is from your father. He—”

Norah didn’t reach for it.

Baimo hesitated before stepping toward her. He had always felt a connection to her, but now that he knew for certain she was Julie, he wanted to close the gap between them. He reached out instinctively, but the cold distance in her expression stopped him. Slowly, he withdrew his hand.

Norah’s voice was steady, but there was no mistaking the finality in her tone. “My father’s name is Jack.”

She refused to acknowledge Pharaoh. She refused to acknowledge Baimo. The atrocities committed by the Yi tribe were too fresh, too overwhelming. How could she possibly accept that her biological father was the very man responsible for so much suffering?

Pharaoh remained silent, visibly shaken.

Julie had been taken from him as a child, but before their separation, they had shared a close bond. She had been kind-hearted, naive to the darkness around her. If she had ever asked for something, he would have given it to her without hesitation. But now, she wanted nothing from him.

For years, he had lived with the pain of losing her. When Calvin had brought Bianca to him, claiming she was Julie, he had clung to the lie, desperate to make amends. But in the end, it had been an illusion.

His eyes grew misty, and he parted his lips to speak, but the words wouldn’t come.

Before Kevin could interject, Norah spoke first. “I came here today to make things clear—I am Norah, and I have no ties to the Yi tribe.”

With that, she pushed Kevin’s arm off her shoulder and turned to leave.

She knew Baimo and Pharaoh hadn’t come just to see her. There was more to their visit.



Pharaoh watched her walk away, anxiety flaring in his chest. He wanted to chase after her, to explain, but Kevin stepped in his path.

Kevin's voice was calm but firm. "She's made her stance clear. If you have no other business here, I suggest you leave."

Kevin had no intention of allowing anyone to force Norah into a reunion she didn't want. He would protect her at all costs.

Baimo exhaled and finally spoke. "There is another matter. The Yi tribe has reorganized. Calvin has allied with external forces, and we believe a partnership could benefit us all."

Calvin had not only shaken the Yi tribe but had also harmed Kevin and Norah. As long as he remained a threat, no one was safe.

Kevin considered this. There was no reason to refuse an alliance against a common enemy. "Alright, we can work together."

Baimo seized the opportunity. "We'd like to stay here for a while."

Kevin knew exactly why Baimo and Pharaoh wanted to stay—it had nothing to do with strategy. They hoped that being close to Norah would change her mind.

Before he could answer, Baimo moved closer and gestured for Kevin to step aside. Kevin signaled his men to tend to Pharaoh before following Baimo out of the tent.

Once outside, Baimo spoke directly. "Kevin, my father was deceived by Calvin. He truly cared for Julie. You have a good relationship with Norah—can you help us reconcile?"

Baimo's eyes held a flicker of hope. If Kevin could influence Norah, perhaps she wouldn't shut them out completely.

Kevin hadn't forgotten Baimo's past kindness. Back in the Yi tribe, Baimo had helped Norah—and even helped him escape safely.

However, Kevin had learned his lesson. In the past, he had made decisions for Norah without her input, and she had resented him for it. He wouldn't make that mistake again.

His voice was low but resolute. "Norah has made her position clear. I won't interfere. You can stay if you wish, but whatever happens is up to her."

Baimo understood—Kevin was remaining neutral.

But as long as they could stay, there was still a chance.

He changed the subject. “The Allied forces are trying to seize control of this region. The Yi tribe will be forced to respond. My father regrets his past mistakes, but we can’t afford any more instability. If war breaks out, we need your help.”

Kevin had come here for two reasons—peacekeeping and finding a cure for the poison in his body.

Calvin was now aligned with the Alliance. Destroying the Yi tribe entirely wasn’t an option.

“I won’t let Calvin have his way,” Kevin said. “I’ll consult my superiors.”

Baimo nodded in understanding. “That’s all I ask.”

Meanwhile, Pharaoh’s eyes fell on Jace.

Jace didn’t flinch. He didn’t run. Instead, he stepped forward with purpose.

“Pharaoh.”

Pharaoh had heard everything—how Jace had risked everything to help Norah escape, how he had played a crucial role in her survival.

As the once-feared leader of the Yi tribe, Pharaoh had always commanded respect. Yet, at this moment, he did something unthinkable—he lowered his head.

“Thank you,” he said softly. “Norah is safe because of you.”

Jace was taken aback. He had never imagined that Pharaoh, a man of such power and authority, would humble himself like this.

For a moment, he was speechless. Then, he finally said, “Pharaoh, protecting Julie was my duty. I was simply fulfilling my purpose.”

But deep down, he knew—if Pharaoh was willing to do this for Norah, there was no telling what else he would do to win her back.

Jace spoke slowly, his eyes growing more resolute with each word. He thought back to Julie from years ago, her smile warm and radiant. She had been his protector, his light in the darkest times. Without her, he wouldn't have survived this long, even if his life was now nearing its end. Being by her side, even now, was his greatest comfort.

When Pharaoh heard Jace's words, he froze for a moment. After a heavy silence, he murmured, "Don't forget, I'm the one who turned you into a medicine man."

The one who created the problem could also solve it. Pharaoh had the power to reverse what he'd done, to give Jace a chance at a normal life. The experiments he once believed in had only brought madness. Now, all he cared about was his child.

"Really?" Jace's eyes lit up with hope and excitement.

When he'd left before, he knew his time was running out. He didn't want Norah, who saw him as a friend, to grieve for him. But when Kevin called, saying Norah was in danger, Jace had rushed back without hesitation. Seeing her suffer under Calvin's experiments had shattered him. He couldn't leave her again.

Now, Pharaoh was offering him a way out—a chance to be normal again. It was everything Jace had dreamed of.

Pharaoh's voice was rough but sincere. "Of course it's true. Consider it my thanks for saving Norah."

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Pharaoh and Baimo stayed in the camp, crossing paths with Norah occasionally. Though she was in military territory, Kevin ensured she was well cared for, even more so after her family arrived. But Norah had no appetite. She often gave her food to the wounded, refusing special treatment.

She made it clear to Kevin, "I don't need privileges. I'll eat what the soldiers eat. If Steven and Karina aren't leaving, neither am I."

Kevin sighed. He'd expected this. "It's not me. Baimo arranged this for you. If you don't want it, you'll have to tell him yourself."

Norah glanced at Baimo and Pharaoh. They were eating too, but their meals were different from hers. When they smiled at her, she felt a pang of discomfort.

"I've made myself clear," Norah said quietly. "Don't disrupt my life. If you need to discuss something with Kevin, talk business. Leave me out of it."

Her mood was heavy, and she didn't want to dwell on it. She stood and left the tent, leaving Pharaoh visibly hurt. He wanted to make amends, to reconnect with his daughter, but in this war-torn place, his options were limited. Norah's rejection stung.

Baimo gave his father a look, then hurried after Norah. She heard his footsteps but didn't turn around, hoping he'd give up. Instead, he jogged ahead and blocked her path. "Norah, wait!"

She didn't like being called Julie, so he avoided it. Norah stopped, her lips pressed together, her eyes filled with doubt. "What do you want?"

Baimo's voice was hoarse. "Norah, I know you're resistant. My father has done terrible things, but his love for us is real. After you disappeared, he never stopped looking for you. When Calvin brought Bianca back, Dad thought it was you. He gave her everything, trying to make up for what he thought he'd lost with you."

Norah raised a hand, trying to stop him, but Baimo pressed on. "You don't know this, but Dad's experiments were driven by ambition. He turned Jace into a medicine man. But now he says he can reverse it. He's willing to do it, to thank Jace for saving you."

Baimo took a deep breath. His father, the once-proud Pharaoh of the Yi tribe, had been manipulated by Calvin for years. Yet, when it came to Norah, he was willing to humble himself. That was the depth of his love for her.

Norah stayed silent, her throat tight, her eyes burning. She hadn't expected this from Pharaoh. Maybe, as Baimo said, he was a flawed man but a loving father. Blood ties couldn't be erased. Still, she couldn't bring herself to accept it.

"I don't want to talk about this right now. Can you just leave me alone?" Norah's voice was weary, her exhaustion both physical and emotional.

Baimo didn't want to push her, but he couldn't let it go. "Norah, I'm not trying to force you. But Dad and I are here now. The Yi tribe has changed. If you don't come back to us, where will you go? You and Kevin are divorced, aren't you?"

Norah's heart sank. Baimo had dug into her past, uncovering details she hadn't shared. Before she could respond, he continued, "Only by coming back to the Yi tribe can we protect you. Dad is determined to make things right. No one can take your place now. I know it's hard, but you have to accept that we're your family. That's something you can't change."

"I don't want to hear this!" Norah snapped. "I've made it clear—I'm not returning to the Yi tribe. Why can't you respect that? I've forgotten the past. My name isn't Julie; it's Norah. I grew up in the imperial capital. I'm not a child anymore. I have the right to decide what I do with my life!"

As her words hung in the air, the urgent blare of a horn echoed through the camp.

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"Get down!" Baimo shouted, tackling Norah to the ground just as chaos erupted in the barracks. The entire camp was on high alert, soldiers scrambling to their positions.

Kevin quickly mobilized his troops, while Jace rushed to Norah's side. Karina and Steven joined the counterattack, following the main force. Baimo, seizing the moment, tried to take Norah away, but Jace stepped in, blocking him. "Young Master Baimo, Kevin specifically ordered no one to move around during the attack. And Julie—Norah—has made it clear she wants nothing to do with the Yi tribe."

Baimo's eyes narrowed sharply. Before he could respond, Norah grabbed his wrist, her face dark with suspicion. "Is this attack your doing? Is this why you're so calm about taking me away?"

They'd been trying to convince her to return to the Yi tribe, yet they hadn't lifted a finger to help Kevin with his poisoning. Norah wasn't buying it.

"Not me," Baimo said firmly, his expression resolute. He despised war. He dreamed of transforming the Yi tribe into a place like Craggaville, though he harbored a deep resentment for Craggaville itself. If it weren't for Norah, he wouldn't have come here at all. Now, she was accusing him of starting this.

Norah stared at him, her eyes filled with doubt. Baimo sighed, his voice low. "Norah, I just think it's unsafe here. If you come with me, I can—"

"What's so great about going with you? Becoming the Yi tribe's prized daughter, drowning in wealth and status?" Norah cut him off, her lips curling into a bitter smile. The upper echelons of the Yi tribe lived in luxury, but the people at the bottom—those in the slave camps—paid the price in blood.

Baimo shook his head. "That's not what I meant. Norah, you're my sister. You belong to the Yi tribe. It's who you are. You were—"

"What was I?" Norah snapped, her voice sharp. Her memories were a jumbled mess, and any mention of the past made her defensive.

"Let's get back to the tent. There will be wounded soon," Jace interjected, trying to steer Norah away. But she pushed him off, her eyes narrowing. "Are you hiding something from me?"

Jace forced a smile. "I wouldn't hide anything from you. I just don't want you upset over this."

Norah didn't believe him. Baimo had mentioned Pharaoh's willingness to help Jace return to normal. Now, Baimo was here, trying to take her away. "I'm not going with you," she said firmly, stepping back from Jace.

Before Jace could explain, one of Kevin's men rushed over, gun drawn, and pointed it at Jace. "Ms. White, come with me," the soldier said, his tone firm.

Jace raised his hands, trying to explain. "I wasn't trying to hurt her!"

But the soldier wasn't listening. Kevin had ordered him to protect Norah, and he wasn't taking any chances. Jace could only watch as Norah was led away, frustration etched on his face.

Baimo, standing nearby, scoffed. "You're clever, I'll give you that." His plan to take Norah during the chaos had failed, thanks to Jace.

Jace opened his mouth to defend himself, but Baimo cut him off. "Find a way to bring her back to the Yi tribe. That's your task now."

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Two hours later, the camp was in turmoil. Shouts of alarm echoed through the barracks as wounded soldiers began returning. Norah rushed out of her tent, her heart pounding. She scanned the crowd but didn't see Kevin, Levi, or Frank. Then, a familiar face caught her eye—Levi, battered and bruised.

"Levi! Where's Kevin? Why isn't he with you?" Norah's voice trembled.

Levi's eyes were heavy with grief. He lowered his head, unable to meet her gaze. "Ms. White, Captain Edwards... he was shot during the fight. He fell into the river. We searched, but... we couldn't find him. The river has crocodiles and pythons..."

Norah's legs gave out. She would have collapsed if Jace hadn't caught her. Her mind reeled, images of Kevin falling, disappearing into the water, flooding her thoughts.

"No... no, that's not true!" Norah cried, her voice breaking. "Levi, tell me you're lying!"

Levi shook his head, his face grim. "I wish I were, Ms. White."

Norah's world shattered. She screamed, a raw, anguished sound, before collapsing into unconsciousness.

When she woke, she was back in the tent. Jace, Levi, Karina, and Steven were there, but the one face she longed to see was missing. She remembered telling Jace she'd do anything to cure Kevin's poisoning, to see him healthy again. Now, he might be gone forever.

She threw off the blanket, desperate to get up, but Jace held her down. "Julie, you're anemic. You can't move around like this. Frank is still searching for Kevin. As long as there's no body, there's hope."

Norah understood what he was saying, but Levi's words haunted her. The river was dangerous. If Kevin's body hadn't been found...

She couldn't bear the thought. "No! I need to find him myself. I need to bring him back!"

Despite their protests, Norah refused to stay put. That night, she joined the search along the riverbank, day after day, refusing to give up.

Three days passed with no sign of Kevin. Meanwhile, the allied forces and Calvin's army clashed, pushing into Yi territory and claiming a third of their land. In the midst of this chaos, Norah couldn't stay out in the open any longer.