

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 476

Chapter 476

Jace grabbed Norah's arm. "Julie, it's been so many days. You've searched the river countless times and found nothing. Even Frank, who's more experienced than you, came up empty-handed. I'm afraid that means..."

Jace hesitated. He wanted to say it—if Kevin hadn't been found by now, then he was gone.

People don't come back from the dead. No matter how much she refused to accept it, she would have to face the truth.

But Norah refused to listen. "Don't say that to me! As long as I haven't seen his body, I won't believe he's dead." She was shaking, her voice trembling with desperation. "You all go back! Even if I die trying, I will find him!"

Her devastation was overwhelming. If there was no body, then there was still hope. And with things as they were, she couldn't drag anyone else into this. If Calvin was targeting her, then she had no reason to keep living anyway.

Jace had no choice—he knocked Norah unconscious and carried her back to the barracks.

Baimo had been waiting, ready to take Norah back to the Yi tribe. But Jace refused to hand her over.

"Young Master Baimo, look at her. In this state, I can't give her to you. She's been searching for Kevin for days. If you take her away now, what do you think will happen when she wakes up?"

As much as Norah clung to hope, time would eventually force her to accept reality. And if she realized she was trapped, unable to act on her grief, she might spiral beyond saving.

Baimo thought about Norah's words and attitude. In the end, he stepped aside, allowing Jace to take her.

When Norah woke up, she immediately tried to get out of bed. “Kevin—I have to find Kevin!” But Jace held her down.

“Where do you think you’re going?” His voice was heavy. “Norah, you need to face the truth. Craggaville has already released an obituary.”

Boom—

It felt like lightning had struck her.

The military had confirmed it. Kevin had sacrificed himself.

No. No way.

Kevin had promised her. He told her he would come back to her, whole and unharmed. So why had he left her? Why did he abandon her?

She refused to accept it.

She wanted to ask him—why? Why did he break his word? Why did he make every decision without her? First, the child. Then, coming here for peacekeeping. Even their divorce...

Norah shattered. Completely.

The thought of ending it all crossed her mind, but Jace was there. He wouldn’t let her go that easily.

She struggled, sobbed, her voice raw with pain. “Why are you stopping me? I’ve survived all this time, always doing what’s right, always enduring. And now you tell me I’m not Norah? You tell me Kevin is dead? Then what’s the point of me being alive?!”

Her child was gone.

Her future was gone.

Kevin had promised her a new beginning. A life together. A family. She had imagined them raising their children, growing old side by side.

But now, all of it had vanished.

Kevin would never come back.

Jace could only place a hand on her shoulder. There was nothing left to say.

Then, suddenly—

“Norah.”

A familiar, urgent voice rang in her ears.

Norah froze.

That voice—it was Karina’s. But something was different. Since losing her memory, Karina had always spoken to her with a certain detachment. But this... this sounded like the Karina she remembered.

Norah lifted her tear-filled eyes and saw her.

Karina stood before her, battered and exhausted. Her clothes were torn, her face smudged with dirt and soot, the marks of war still fresh on her.

The moment their eyes met, Karina ran to her, gripping her hands tightly. “Norah, I’m back. I heard about Captain Edwards...”

Karina had been deployed with the soldiers, caught in the crossfire. A shell had struck, and another soldier had shielded her from the blast. She had been unconscious for days.

When she woke up, her memories had come rushing back.

And when she returned to camp, she learned the news—Kevin was gone.

She knew what Kevin meant to Norah. She knew Norah wouldn’t survive this heartbreak. So she ran, desperate to reach her.

The moment Norah saw Karina, her tears spilled over, uncontrollable.

She wasn’t someone who cried easily. But this—this she couldn’t endure.

The man she loved most was gone. And she hadn’t even gotten to say goodbye.

“Ahem!”

Her sorrow was so intense that it made her choke, her body convulsing with the force of it.

Then, suddenly—she coughed up blood.

Karina's eyes widened in alarm, but Jace was quick, pressing a tissue into Norah's hands.

Then he glanced at Karina, a silent plea in his gaze. He needed her to talk some sense into Norah.

Karina tightened her grip on Norah's hand, her voice gentle but firm. "Norah, I know what you're thinking. I know this pain feels unbearable. But you have to hold on. If not for yourself... then for your child."

Norah's world tilted.

"What?" she gasped, staring at Karina in disbelief.

Her child?

But her baby was gone. Wasn't it?

Her throat tightened. "Karina, what are you talking about? Do you know something?"

Jace was just as stunned.

Karina had been there from the start. At first, she hadn't known Norah's true identity. She had even poisoned her. But once she found out, she had done everything in her power to protect her.

If Karina was saying this now—then she had to know something.

But how?

Norah's voice trembled. "Karina, I know you want me to live. But don't lie to me about this."

Her baby had been declared dead. Kevin himself had confirmed it.

Karina swallowed hard.

She hadn't wanted to say this until she was certain.

But now, she had no choice.

“Norah,” she said, her voice hoarse, “I’m not lying. I have reasons to believe that your child is still alive. Think about it—doesn’t something feel off? You have to hold on, for your child’s sake.”

Norah’s breath hitched.

Tears blurred her vision as she grabbed Karina’s hands, clinging to them as if they were her last lifeline.

“Karina, if you know something, tell me. Please—where is my child?!”

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Karina didn’t respond immediately. It felt like she had swallowed something bitter, her throat and eyes burning with the weight of the moment. She had never seen Norah like this—broken, begging, her face streaked with tears, her eyes red and swollen. It was a side of Norah she had never witnessed before.

Even though Karina was struggling herself, she managed to speak, her voice hoarse and strained. “Norah, only Captain Edwards knew where the child was. And now... Captain Edwards is...”

Kevin’s death had been officially announced. Despite their disbelief, after days of searching, there was no sign of him. He was gone. And with him, the only link to Norah’s child had vanished. It was another layer of torment for Norah.

Norah couldn’t hold back her emotions any longer. Tears streamed down her face as she choked out, “Karina, is this true? Please, don’t lie to me. I... I just want to see my child. I need to know...”

Her voice broke, and she stopped crying, her body trembling with the effort to hold herself together.

Karina felt a pang of guilt. She pulled Norah into a tight embrace, patting her back gently. “Norah, I’m not lying to you. As long as you’re alive, there’s still hope. Maybe Captain Edwards already made arrangements for the child to come to you when the time is right.”

It was a white lie, but Karina needed to give Norah something to hold onto. If this small hope could keep Norah going, then it was worth it.

Norah wiped her tears, nodding slowly. "You're right. Kevin would have planned everything. He always did. I need to stay strong. I need to survive. I need to see my child."

She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. "Karina, you've been through so much for me. I'm sorry for all of it."

Karina shook her head. "Norah, don't apologize. You don't owe me anything. If anything, I'm the one who should feel guilty. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have suffered so much from the poison."

Norah's eyes softened. "You didn't know who I was back then. You didn't know I was Julie. You did what you could to make up for it, and that's enough."

Karina sighed. "Let's not dwell on the past. I'll go see the medic and get checked out. I'll bring you some food when I come back, okay?"

Norah nodded. "Okay."

As Karina left, only Norah and Jace remained in the tent. Jace had been by her side through it all, a constant presence during her darkest moments.

Norah managed a small, tired smile. "Jace, thank you for staying with me through all of this. With everything so chaotic, I think I'll stay here a little longer before heading back to the imperial capital."

She still couldn't accept that Kevin was gone. She clung to the hope that he would return.

Jace's expression shifted slightly. "Are you saying you want me to leave?"

Norah hesitated, then nodded. "Jace, all good things must come to an end. We each have our own paths. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't even be here."

Jace had his own life, his own plans. She didn't want to hold him back.

Jace's voice was low, almost pleading. "Norah, if it weren't for your accident, I wouldn't be here. But I want to do this for you. I want to make myself useful. I want to be here for you."

He sat down in front of her, his eyes steady and sincere. "Norah, I know this might not be the right time, but I need to say it. I like you. I've always liked you."

Norah froze. She had known, deep down, but hearing it out loud was different. She shook her head slowly. "Jace, I know how you feel. But no matter what happens to Kevin, whether he's gone or not, my heart belongs to him. It always will."

Jace didn't push further. He understood. But he also knew he wouldn't leave her side. "I'll always be here for you, Norah. No matter what."

Norah was exhausted. She lay down, closing her eyes. Jace watched her for a moment before whispering, "Get some rest. I'll wake you if anything happens."

Norah nodded, already drifting off.

In her dreams, she saw Kevin. His back was turned to her, his tall frame silhouetted against a dim light. His clothes were torn, ragged. When he turned around, Norah gasped—his face was featureless, blank.

She reached out to touch him, but he caught her hand. His voice was rough, almost unrecognizable. "Norah, stop looking for me. I'm not coming back."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" Norah cried, her voice breaking. "You planned everything, and now you're leaving me like this? What do I mean to you?"

Kevin's hand brushed her cheek gently. "Norah, I'm protecting you. You'll always be the only one in my heart. I love you, and I don't want you to take any more risks. You need to live, Norah. You need to survive."

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Kevin finished speaking and let go of her.

Then, he started retreating.

Norah reached out to grab him, but he moved too fast. His body gradually became transparent, slipping away beyond her grasp.

"Kevin! You bastard!" Norah screamed in frustration, jolting awake. Her hand was still raised, and her face was drenched in tears.

Jace entered the tent with Baimo. The moment they saw Norah's tear-streaked face, they understood.

Baimo was the first to approach her. He sat on the edge of the bed and took her hand. "Norah, it was just a nightmare. You're safe. Come back to the Yi tribe with me."

Kevin had been gone for days, and leaving Norah alone in this state made them uneasy. Their father had made it clear—Norah had to return to the Yi tribe.

Norah shook her head. “I’m not going back. How many times do I have to say it before you understand? My name is Norah. I’m from Craggaville, not the Yi tribe. I am not Julie!” She shoved Baimo’s hand away.

Even now, she refused to acknowledge it.

For Baimo, her rejection was a thorn in his heart. He had assumed that after all these days, she would have come to terms with the truth. But her resistance was unwavering.

He thought back to when they were kids—back when their bond as siblings was unbreakable...

Baimo didn’t want to push her too hard, but Norah’s attitude never changed. He took a deep breath. “Norah, we all make mistakes. No matter what you say, we are family. Whether you admit it or not, we are the closest people to each other in this world.”

Norah scoffed, bitterness twisting her lips. “Family? Then explain how I ended up in Craggaville in the first place. Or the poison in Kevin’s body? In my body? Calvin did all of that, didn’t he?”

She refused to believe that Pharaoh, the man obsessed with his experiments, knew nothing about the atrocities committed by the Yi people—looting, killing, burning villages to the ground.

Baimo hesitated. “Do you really think our father—”

“I don’t want to hear it!” Norah cut him off, her voice shaking with fury. “Calvin wanted to surpass Pharaoh. He wanted to take control of the Yi tribe. And Pharaoh? He’s just making excuses, avoiding responsibility.”

Her eyes burned with determination. “I’ll say this one last time—I don’t want anything to do with the Yi tribe. I am not the daughter of criminals. Don’t come looking for me again!”

Baimo shot Jace a glance, signaling him to knock Norah unconscious and take her away. But...

Even though Kevin was gone, his final orders remained in place. The soldiers were to show Norah special respect. No one was allowed to force her into anything.

On top of that, Karina was right outside.

Frank and Levi were on standby.

Baimo had no way to take Norah by force.

Jace didn't move. Instead, he gave Baimo a look, silently telling him to back off. Baimo clenched his jaw, realizing there was no other choice.

Since neither force nor persuasion had worked, he changed tactics. "Fine, Norah. If you won't leave, I'll stay here. Maybe spending more time with your father will help you understand."

He wasn't asking for immediate acceptance. He just wanted her to stay near them long enough to reconsider.

But Norah had no intention of reconsidering anything. Before Kevin's accident, she had thought about negotiating with Baimo and Pharaoh to get the antidote. But now...

Now, every thought of Kevin made her chest ache with unbearable pain.

"If you don't want trouble, leave." She pointed to the tent's entrance.

Baimo stood silent for a moment before finally turning away. But before stepping out, he left her with one final remark: "I'll wait for you to come to your senses."

With that, he walked away without looking back.

But Norah knew—she would never change her mind.

As soon as Baimo was gone, Norah turned to Jace, her expression hard. "Let me guess—you let him in because they promised to make you 'normal' again? So now you're their loyal dog?"

Jace had been the one who brought Baimo in. And everything Baimo had just said only fueled Norah's anger.

Jace lowered his gaze. "Norah, don't be mad. I just wanted to help you. You have no family, and you're struggling here alone. I thought... if you could reunite with them..."

He looked ashamed.

Norah studied him for a long moment. People were selfish. Who wouldn't want to be normal again?

"Do what you have to do. If you made a deal with them, I can help you." Her voice was quiet, lips pressed together in thought.

If she could buy herself time until nightfall, she could act.

But to Jace, she was the rightful heiress of the Yi tribe. Staying with them would only be good for her—never a disadvantage.

Norah planned to act, but Jace had no intention of letting her.

“... If you really help me, that would mean a lot.” There was a flicker of hope in Jace’s eyes. Norah smiled faintly but said nothing more.

S Country, Presidential Palace.

A man lay on an enormous bed, more than two meters wide. He was tall, broad-shouldered, but his face was obscured by a crystal mask.

Guards and royal attendants surrounded him.

A doctor sat beside the bed, taking his pulse.

Standing at a distance was a man in his fifties, streaks of gray running through his dark hair. His hands were clasped behind his back. “How is he?”

The doctor hesitated before answering. “Mr. President, his condition is critical. The bullet nearly hit his heart.”

Only three millimeters away.

He had survived, but his body bore multiple gunshot wounds. And worse—his system was riddled with poison.

The doctor explained everything in grim detail.

The President’s expression remained cold. “I don’t care what it takes. Keep him alive. If he dies, I’ll have every single one of you buried with him.”

“Understood, sir!”

The entire presidential palace was on high alert, caught in a tense frenzy.

The Edwards Residence.

Siena and Martin had received word of Kevin’s death in battle.

Siena was livid. To her, it was all Norah’s fault.

Determined to get answers, she reached out to Frank. “I need to talk to Norah. Now!”

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Siena was Captain Edwards' mother. And now, with Kevin gone, Norah—the woman Kevin had loved most, his ex-wife in name but always his wife in his heart—was left to deal with the fallout. When Siena demanded to speak to Norah over the phone, Frank had no choice but to hand over his phone.

“Norah! Why couldn't it have been you who died instead?” Siena's voice was sharp, dripping with venom.

Even though Norah wasn't standing in front of her, she could picture Siena's twisted expression through the words alone.

Norah's voice was calm but firm. “Kevin's death was an accident. You can't blame me for everything. Besides, you know his identity better than I do.”

“Norah, I won't let you off the hook. Just you wait!” Siena spat out the threat before the line went dead.

Kevin had died on Yi tribe territory, and Norah had been by his side. To Siena, it was all Norah's fault. If Norah hadn't interfered, Kevin would have married Bianca long ago, and none of this would have happened.

A cold smile tugged at Norah's lips. “Do whatever you want. I'll face it head-on.”

She wasn't afraid. Not because she was now in the Yi tribe, surrounded by soldiers, but because she had nothing left to lose.

After hanging up, Norah handed the phone back to Frank, who stood nearby, looking uneasy. He had expected the conversation to be tense, but not this explosive. He regretted giving Norah the phone, imagining Kevin's stern face reprimanding him for the oversight.

“I'm sorry, Ms. White. I shouldn't have given you the phone without understanding the situation,” Frank said, his head bowed like a child who'd been scolded.

Norah offered a small, tired smile. “It's fine. Go back to your duties. If I need anything, I'll let you know. I'm safe here in the army.”

Frank nodded and left, leaving Norah alone. She stepped out of the tent and walked for a while, her thoughts heavy. Not far away, she spotted Steven setting up a tent. His skin was tanned now, and there was a new determination in his eyes. Dressed in camouflage, he had

fully integrated into the troops. But while Karina had regained her memories, Steven still hadn't.

Norah took a deep breath and approached him. "Steven," she called out, forcing a smile. "I haven't had the chance to ask—were you hurt during the attack?"

Steven shook his head. Since losing his memory, he had become quieter, speaking only when necessary.

"After we recover, let's go back to the imperial capital. It's too dangerous here," Steven said, his voice rough but firm.

Norah nodded. "I have a plan."

Tomorrow, she would take a gun, gather Karina and a few others, and search the riverbanks again. She refused to believe Kevin was dead. Her instincts told her he was still out there.

Steven gave her a small smile. "Good. I'll finish setting up the tent."

Norah hesitated, then asked, "Have you contacted your family to let them know you're safe? I can help you get in touch with them."

Steven paused, then chuckled softly. "They think I'm dead. If I reach out now, it'll only worry them more. Besides, I haven't regained my memories yet. I don't even know how to talk to them."

His voice was calm, but Norah could sense the emptiness behind his words. He wanted to stay here, to do something meaningful, to fill the void inside him.

Norah respected his decision. "Alright. But you said it's dangerous here. Aren't you afraid?"

Steven's smile was bittersweet. "Everyone dies eventually. If I'm going to be lost, I might as well do something worthwhile."

Norah understood. She left him to his work and returned to her own thoughts.

The next few days were spent searching the riverbanks with Karina. Despite their efforts, there was no sign of Kevin. Norah finally admitted defeat, her heart heavy.

She turned to Karina, desperation creeping into her voice. “Karina, I can’t find him. But you said the child is alive. Did you hear anything about where Kevin might have sent them? Any clues?”

Karina shook her head. “I don’t know. Maybe Captain Edwards contacted his family and left the child with them?”

But Norah knew that was unlikely. Siena would never raise Kevin’s child, and Martin had his own family to worry about. There had to be another answer.

Determined, Norah called Levi, Frank, and Jace together. She repeated what Karina had told her, watching their reactions closely.

Levi and Frank looked stunned. “Ms. White, we thought your child with Captain Edwards had died.”

Jace, however, remained silent. His lack of reaction worried Norah the most. She fixed her gaze on him, her voice cold. “Jace, do you know something? Don’t lie to me. I need the truth.”

Jace hesitated, then spoke slowly. “Norah, if Kevin arranged the child’s whereabouts, only he would know.”

His words were calm, his expression unreadable. It sounded like the truth, but Norah wasn’t convinced. If Jace didn’t know, why had he reacted that way earlier? And if Karina knew the child was alive, how could Jace not? After all, Jace had been called here by Kevin himself.

Norah dismissed Levi and Frank with a nod, then turned back to Jace. She needed answers, and she wasn’t leaving without them.

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Norah didn’t call Karina back. Instead, she spoke calmly, her voice steady but edged with frustration. “Why does Karina know, but you don’t? Jace, at a time like this, are you still lying to me?”

Her sharp, piercing gaze locked onto Jace, demanding the truth.

Jace’s lips parted slowly, his tone calm but firm. “Norah, if I were going to deceive anyone, it wouldn’t be you. I recognized you and didn’t tell anyone else because you had found peace. You didn’t remember your past, and I didn’t want to drag you back into that chaos. When I realized you were Pharaoh’s daughter, I knew the Yi tribe wasn’t where you belonged.”

The Yi tribe was in turmoil. Calvin was obsessed with surpassing Pharaoh, developing poisons to control people and seizing power. Pharaoh, on the other hand, was focused on expanding the tribe, creating a polarized society. Norah was kind-hearted, living a stable life. Telling her the truth would have shattered that peace.

Jace had thought Norah was married, with a child of her own. He hadn't wanted to disrupt her life.

"What are you thinking?" Norah asked, noticing Jace's distant expression. Her brows furrowed as she stepped closer to him.

Jace was right in front of her now, close enough for Norah to see every detail of his face. He took a deep breath and said, "I was thinking about the past—about meeting you, about everything that's happened since. Norah, I only want what's best for you. If I knew where the child was, I'd tell you immediately. My agreement with Kevin was to help detoxify you. That's all I know."

Norah pressed her lips together, but before she could respond, Jace added, "I don't know anything else."

Karina looked ashamed. "Norah, I'm sorry. I wish I could help more."

At this point, what else could Norah say? The only person who might have known the child's whereabouts was gone, and Kevin's fate remained a mystery. Karina and Steven had survived, but Baimo and Pharaoh still hadn't given up on trying to bring Norah back to the Yi tribe. What was she still doing here?

They say fallen leaves return to their roots, but Kevin hadn't even left her a handful of ashes. With a heavy heart, Norah decided to return to the imperial capital, carrying her grief and endless thoughts of Kevin.

If she was going back, Frank and Levi would escort her the entire way. Karina and Jace would also stay by her side. But what Norah didn't expect was seeing Steven walk toward her with a ticket in hand as she boarded the plane.

Norah was stunned. "Steven, aren't you staying here?"

Steven glanced at Jace, who gave up his seat and moved deeper into the plane, ticket in hand. Steven sat down beside Norah and said quietly, "After you left, I felt empty. I realized I stayed in the Yi tribe because of you. Now that you're going back to the capital, I'll go with you. Maybe being by your side will help me recover my memories, like Karina did."

Karina had regained her memories through stimulation, and Steven had asked Jace about it privately. Jace had explained that while stimulation worked for some, others only remembered when they encountered familiar things. Steven had tried to trigger his memories but failed. He belonged to the latter group—those who might never remember their lost past.

But one thing was certain: staying close to Norah eased the unease in his heart.

“Let’s go back together,” Norah said softly.

Five years later.

Norah walked into the Edwards Group’s president’s office, where Kian hurried over with a document in hand. “Ms. White, you need to see this. The Z Group in Country S just stole a major deal from us. We’ve lost 30 billion.”

When Kevin had asked Kian to deliver the divorce papers to Norah, they had included all the property transfer documents. Now, Norah was the largest shareholder of the Edwards family. She had taken over the company after Kevin’s disappearance, determined to protect what he had left behind.

Norah quickly made a decision. “Then we’ll go to Country S and deal with the Z Group directly. Also, contact the company we were supposed to partner with. Tell them I’ll meet their person in charge myself.”

Having worked by Kevin’s side for seven years, Norah was more than capable of handling the company’s affairs. She led by example, ensuring the Edwards Group remained strong.

Kian nodded. “Understood. I’ll contact Karina, and we’ll leave this afternoon. Is that alright?”

Before Norah could answer, a familiar voice interrupted. “Where are you planning to go this afternoon?”

Norah and Kian turned to see Jace striding into the office, dressed in a white shirt and gold-rimmed glasses. He carried a lunchbox in one hand.

Since returning to the capital with Norah, Jace had opened a clinic. He came every month to check on Norah’s health. Today was no exception.

Norah smiled. “Kian and I are heading to Country S. There’s a project I need to oversee. As for the check-up, I’ve been fine the past few months. I’ll skip it this time.”

Jace’s expression turned serious. “That’s not acceptable. When you came back, I advised against overworking yourself. Now you’re skipping your check-up? Your health comes first.”

Kian chimed in, backing Jace up. “Ms. White, you should listen to the doctor. If your health fails, what will happen to the Edwards Group? You’re carrying it all on your shoulders now.”

Martin wasn’t fit to inherit the company, and Siena was in a sanatorium. The responsibility fell entirely on Norah.

Norah sighed but relented. “Alright, alright.”

She sat on the sofa and extended her arm for Jace to take her pulse. After a moment, Jace spoke. “Your health has improved over the years, but you’re still pushing yourself too hard. Some things can be delegated to Karina and Kian.”

Just then, Kian’s phone buzzed. He glanced at it and looked up, surprised. “Ms. White, I just got word—the person in charge of the Z Group is coming to the capital!”