

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 481

---

## Chapter 481

Kian was visibly anxious. "Ms. White, please go back to your room. I'll handle this."

Siena had never liked Norah, but with Kevin gone, Kian was now the one responsible for carrying out Kevin's final wishes. He couldn't let Mr. Edwards' widow suffer even the slightest grievance.

However, Norah raised a hand, signaling him to stop. "No need. I'll deal with her myself."

Kian might be able to shield her this time, but he couldn't do it forever.

Patting Kian's shoulder, Norah turned and headed downstairs to face Siena.

Siena stood in the living room, dressed in a modified white cheongsam embroidered with peony flowers. She wore a full set of emerald green jewelry, exuding elegance and grace.

But her expression was anything but kind.

Siena had never shown Norah any warmth.

"Norah, do you really have the audacity to come back?" she snapped.

She stormed forward in her high heels, ready to strike.

But before she could make contact, Norah grabbed her wrist and shoved her back with force.

Siena stumbled, barely managing to stay on her feet. She looked at Norah in shock. "You dare lay a hand on me? You've completely lost your place!"

Norah's eyes darkened with resolve.

This was not the same Norah Siena had once known. Something had changed. And fast.

Norah, small as she was, now had a striking intensity—an explosive strength Siena hadn't expected.

Norah's voice was icy. "If you have something to say, say it. But don't touch me. You're pushing your luck."

She wasn't here to be provoked. She was here to settle things.

Siena's fury flared. "Where do you get the nerve to act so self-righteous? Kevin died because of you!"

The mention of Kevin's name hit like a dagger to Norah's heart. His death was a wound that would never heal.

She met Siena's glare without flinching. "Are you here just to throw accusations at me? Haven't you seen the official military reports?"

Siena could doubt Norah. She could doubt others. But the military's obituary? That was undeniable.

Kevin had died in the line of duty.

Norah stepped closer, her voice low and unwavering. "You can either leave, or I'll have you thrown out."

Then, her gaze sharpened. "And tell me—are you really here just for Kevin? Or is there another reason?"

Siena had always been close to Bianca.

Norah had once questioned their relationship. She had even wondered.

But she had never sought confirmation.

Now, looking at Siena's expression and posture, her suspicions were confirmed.

Bianca and Siena were mother and daughter.

And if Siena was here now, it was very likely that she was conspiring with Calvin.

Norah needed Kian to prepare for what was coming.

Siena's breath caught, momentarily rattled by Norah's unwavering gaze.

Did she know the truth about Bianca?

The realization struck her like a blow.

Norah's expression grew even colder. There was no doubt—she knew everything.

And there was only one person who could have told her.

Kevin.

Not only had Kevin entrusted Norah with this knowledge, but he had also left her everything he owned.

Siena's face twisted in rage. "You think you can threaten me, Norah? Don't even think about keeping what Kevin gave you. Hand it over—every last bit!"

Her eyes flashed with cruelty.

She wasn't just here for revenge. She wanted everything Kevin had left behind.

If she didn't take it back, what had she endured all these years in the Edwards family for?

Norah's lips curled into a smirk. "I already had shares in the company before. And now?" She paused for effect, her voice cool and confident. "Now, I'm the largest shareholder of the Edwards family. Whether I keep it or not—it's not your call."

Then, she raised her voice. "Guards, escort her out."

At her command, several servants stepped forward.

Siena knew she was outnumbered. She had no choice but to turn and leave.

But before she walked out, she shot Norah one last venomous glare.

After Siena was gone, Norah heard footsteps approaching behind her.

She didn't turn around as she spoke. "Kian, have some men keep an eye on her. Also, schedule a high-level meeting for the Edwards family in the next few days."

Kevin had transferred everything to her before his death, and she had been away for too long.

Now that word of Kevin's passing was out, Siena would undoubtedly rally the other shareholders and executives against her.

Norah didn't care about wealth or power.

But she wasn't about to let Siena have it.

Kian stepped forward. "Ms. White, you haven't eaten a single bite. Should I have the maid prepare another bowl of noodles for you?"

Norah shook her head.

"Get some rest," she said simply before turning to head upstairs.

As Kian watched her retreating figure, he let out a deep sigh.

If Mr. Edwards were still here, they would have been a formidable pair in the business world.

But fate had other plans.

And as Norah disappeared from view, Jace and Karina stood in silence.

After a moment, Karina spoke in a low voice. "What are you going to do?"

Jace hesitated, then finally answered. "Protecting her is my priority. But Julie's child... are you sure it's not dead?"

In front of others, he called her Norah.

But in his heart, she would always be Julie.

Karina took a slow breath. "It's just a theory. The way she's acting now... she needs something to hold onto, a reason to keep going. You know that better than anyone."

Jace said nothing.

That child had always been a part of Norah's will to survive.

And now, it was likely the reason she was still standing.

But that child would also be her greatest regret.

Jace clenched his jaw. His voice was hoarse when he finally spoke. "What do you think about Kevin's death?"

Karina was momentarily stunned before replying. "The dead can't come back. No matter how much hope we have, we have to accept reality."

She continued, her voice firm. "The Calvin United Alliance started this war on purpose. They wanted a conflict with Craggaville. Kevin was the heart of the home team, so of course, they targeted him."

She sighed. "And that river... it's one of the most dangerous in the area. Kevin was badly injured when he fell. Unless someone rescued him right away, there's no way he could've survived."

She wished it weren't true. She had wanted Kevin and Norah to have a future together.

But reality was reality.

Then, suddenly, Karina turned to Jace, frowning.

"You're asking me this... do you know something?"

## **Chapter 482**

Jace gave off the vibe that he knew something—like he was on the verge of making a big decision.

But all he did was offer a faint smile. "What could I possibly know? Anything I know isn't a secret anymore."

The truth was, the only thing he knew for sure was that he'd recognized Julie the moment he saw her. His cooperation with Bianca? That was just a ploy to drive a wedge between Julie and Kevin. He'd been hoping to use the opportunity to get closer to Julie.

But his carelessness backfired. Julie ended up captured by Archer, and Karina, not recognizing her, injected her with poison.

"Oh. Get some rest," Karina said abruptly, turning to head back to her room.

Tomorrow would be another long day. Not only would she have to stay by Norah's side, but she also had personal matters to deal with.

---

## Yi Tribe

Baimo and Pharaoh stood in the council chamber, the weight of the moment pressing down on them.

Pharaoh stared at the map hanging on the wall, hands clasped behind his back. After a long pause, he picked up a red marker and circled an area in the north. Then, he drew two long arrows pointing south.

His voice was heavy, commanding. “Calvin, that traitor, wants to shake up the Yi tribe. He’s trying to bring Craggaville into this mess. What a joke! He’s delusional. We need to defend this land at all costs—we can’t let the Confederates take it. As for these two arrows, send two waves of troops here. We’ll lure them in and strike.”

Baimo understood Pharaoh’s plan, but his mind was elsewhere.

He stepped closer to the map and pointed at the territory of Country S. “If Calvin wants a fight, let’s drag Country S into it. Craggaville is here... and it’s not untouchable.”

Craggaville wasn’t the powerhouse it had been a century ago, but that didn’t mean it was powerless. Even if they couldn’t bring down the Craggaville State entirely, they could still force it to react—and in doing so, improve the Yi people’s standing on the global stage. Right now, the Yi tribe’s reputation was in shambles.

Pharaoh didn’t respond, which Baimo took as silent approval.

But for Pharaoh, the war wasn’t the only thing weighing on him. The thought of Norah—Julie—filled him with guilt and regret.

“I failed Julie,” Pharaoh said, his voice cracking. “I want to make it up to her, but she won’t give me the chance. Is there any way you can bring her back? Make her see us differently? You two used to be close, didn’t you?”

Baimo’s lips curled into a bitter smile. “That was before. And even then, relationships can be... complicated.”

The truth was, Norah’s relationship with him had never been that strong. Her arrival in his village had been a calculated move, not some heartfelt connection. Now that she’d gotten what she wanted, she had no reason to stay close to him.

Pharaoh sighed deeply. “If she won’t accept us, then we’ll have to protect her from afar. Once the war is over, we’ll bring her back. She’ll stay then.”

In Pharaoh’s mind, no child could truly reject their parents forever.

Baimo’s smile turned even more sardonic. “You realize that now? What about before?”

Back then, Pharaoh had been so consumed by his experiments, so blinded by Calvin's ambitions, that he'd neglected everything else.

Pharaoh's throat tightened. "That's in the past. You're my son, Baimo. You should be helping me figure out how to win Julie back, not mocking me. And remember, you're the leader of the Yi tribe now. Some decisions are yours to make."

Pharaoh's eyes were bloodshot. Ever since he'd learned that Norah was Julie, he'd stopped wearing his mask. The guilt was written all over his face.

Baimo had tried to reason with Norah, even tried to smooth things over for Pharaoh. But he couldn't condone everything Pharaoh had done.

With a cold tone, Baimo shot back, "If you don't trust me, handle it yourself."

Without another word, he turned and walked out of the council chamber.

---

### **Country S, Presidential Palace**

The man the president had been treating had finally woken up. His face was heavily bandaged, his body wrapped in white gauze like a mummy.

The president frowned as he looked down at the motionless figure. "Are you trying to outlast me?"

If it weren't for the president's men keeping watch, this man wouldn't even be alive to blink.

"No," the man rasped, his voice rough from disuse.

The president smirked. "You wouldn't be in this state if you'd just cooperated. Focus on healing. If you want to live long enough to see the person you're desperate to meet, you'll do as I say."

The man didn't respond immediately. After a long pause, he muttered a quiet, "Yeah."

His gaze drifted to the window, where the full moon hung like a silver disc. Tomorrow was the Mid-Autumn Festival—a time for family reunions. But for him, there would be no reunion.

---

### **Norah's Morning**

Norah was jolted awake by a phone call. It was her dad, Jack. Even though Pharaoh was her biological father, Jack and Gwen would always be her parents in her heart. Their love and care had shaped her.

When she answered, Jack's voice was hesitant, almost cautious. "Norah, are you back home?"

She'd sent them a text before leaving for the Yi tribe, saying she'd be abroad for a while. But after everything that happened, she hadn't reached out. Now, hearing Jack's voice, she felt a pang of guilt.

"I got back yesterday," she replied, her voice hoarse.

Jack pressed on. "You must have a lot to deal with today. But Norah, come over for dinner tonight. If it's too much, your mom and I can come to you."

"I'll come when I can," Norah said quickly. She couldn't let them go out of their way for her. They'd already done so much.

But before she could say more, Kian knocked on her door. "Ms. White, are you up? Mrs. Edwards has rallied the shareholders and top management. They're causing chaos in the boardroom, demanding you return all the shares. We need to head to the company now."

Norah's expression darkened. She hadn't expected Siena to move this fast. The woman was relentless.

But Norah wasn't about to panic. "Let them stir up trouble. We'll let them sweat for a bit. Right now, we focus on what we need to do."

She paused, then added, "And make sure you have all the original documents ready—the ones Kevin transferred to me."

"Already done," Kian confirmed.

Norah nodded. She had a plan, and she wasn't about to let anyone rush her.

## **Chapter 483**

Norah was still at home when the company's shareholders started bombarding both the landline and Kian's phone with calls. Different voices, but the same message:

"Mr. Edwards transferred his assets to you without our consent, and those transfers weren't notarized."

"You're not the only heir to Mr. Edwards. You need to give back what you took!"

"If you don't come to the company, we'll have no choice but to go to the Edwards mansion."

The demands grew louder and more aggressive.



A cold smirk tugged at the corner of Norah's lips. "If you want to talk business, we'll do it at the company. None of you are family to me or my late husband, and you didn't have our consent to make these demands. So why should I entertain your petition?"

With that, Norah gave a sharp look, and Kian and the maid hung up the phones simultaneously.

Norah didn't even bother with breakfast. "Let's leave the Edwards mansion now. Kian, call my aunt."

"Understood," Kian replied without hesitation.

Karina instinctively positioned herself behind Norah, ready to follow her lead.

As the group walked out, Jace watched them from a distance. Once they were gone, he quietly left the Edwards mansion.

---

### **Edwards Group Headquarters**

The shareholders and top executives were already gathered, waiting for Norah. The moment she walked in, they swarmed around her.

"You've divorced Mr. Edwards. You're no longer entitled to inherit all his assets. Plus, the old man already gave you some shares before."

"Hand it over. Let's settle this amicably, or we'll have to resort to other measures."

"Norah, we're doing this for the sake of the Edwards family. Don't make this harder than it needs to be. If you don't cooperate, you'll regret it."

Siena pushed her way through the crowd, her chin held high, radiating arrogance.

Before Norah could respond, Kian stepped forward, holding a stack of original documents. "The asset transfers were made during the time Mr. Edwards and Ms. White were still legally married. These documents are notarized and legally binding."

"Let me educate you on the law," Kian continued, his tone firm. "Even if Ms. White and Mr. Edwards are divorced, there are laws governing the division of marital property and voluntary gifts."

The documents in Kian's hands bore official red seals and clear, unambiguous text. But the shareholders and executives weren't swayed. It was obvious they'd already conspired against her.

They fired back: "How do we know Norah didn't manipulate Mr. Edwards into signing those documents? Now that he's gone, there's no way to verify."

“Everyone knows Mr. Edwards’ background. Without the Edwards family, there’s no Edwards Group. It’s impossible that he’d leave everything to Norah, a divorced woman, without giving anything to his own parents. Did Norah save his life or something?”

“Let’s settle this here and now. There’s something fishy about these transfers. Mr. Edwards left behind a mother and father, yet you’ve given them nothing. Kian, as Mr. Edwards’ assistant, what’s your role in all this?”

“Are you colluding with Norah?”

“If that’s the case, we have every reason to suspect that the two of you had a hand in Mr. Edwards’ death!”

---

The room buzzed with accusations, their eyes narrowing with suspicion. Siena, in particular, looked smug.

Kian hadn’t expected such a betrayal. But Kevin was gone, and he’d promised to help Norah keep the Edwards Group running smoothly. Norah was the person Kevin had cared about most, and if Kevin were here, he’d never let her be treated this way.

Standing by Norah’s side, Kian felt the weight of his duty—not just to protect her, but to uphold Kevin’s legacy and his own integrity.

Kian’s voice was steady but firm. “Mr. Edwards transferred all his assets to Ms. White before his passing. The dates on these documents prove it. At the time, Ms. White was in labor, though the child couldn’t be saved. After everything she’s been through with Mr. Edwards, it’s not unreasonable for her to receive these assets.”

Before Norah could speak, a familiar voice cut through the tension.

“Norah, were you looking for me?”

Bonnie walked in, wearing a light purple cheongsam, her short burgundy hair framing her striking features. She exuded confidence and elegance.

Norah smiled and approached her. “Aunt.”

After greeting Bonnie, Norah turned to face the crowd. “Since you’re all so opposed to me inheriting the Edwards family’s assets, I’ll transfer everything back to the Edwards family today. If there are any disputes among the executives or other family members, you can sort it out yourselves.”

Her tone was calm, her expression unreadable.

“Norah, what are you saying?” Bonnie was stunned. She’d come after Kian called, thinking Norah needed her help. She hadn’t expected Norah to offer to transfer all the assets to her.

These were gifts from Kevin. How much he chose to give was his prerogative, and Norah had been by his side for years. She deserved every bit of it.

Siena's face darkened. Bonnie and Siena had long since stopped speaking, and Martin, Siena's son, had distanced himself from her. If the assets went to Bonnie, would Martin even side with her anymore?

Over the years, Siena had lost too much—her influence, her family, and now, possibly, her last shred of power.

Siena's voice was icy. "Bonnie, you already have your own assets. You don't need to get involved in this."

But Norah wasn't fazed. She'd come back to settle this once and for all.

Bonnie stepped in front of Norah, her lips curling into a cold smile. "If I don't get involved, you'll bully Norah to death. These assets were given to her by Kevin voluntarily, and they're legally notarized. You have no right to interfere."

"If you're so unhappy, why don't you take it to court?" Bonnie's words were directed squarely at Siena.

The assets belonged to Norah, and the executives had no say in the matter. Siena was only causing trouble because she held the title of Kevin's mother. But Bonnie wasn't about to let her get away with it.

"Bonnie! Kevin is dead, and the Edwards family's assets should stay within the family. Why should they go to an outsider?" Siena's voice was sharp, her expression venomous. She was ready to fight Bonnie tooth and nail.

## **Chapter 484**

Bonnie wasn't used to Siena's attitude. "To outsiders? Am I an outsider now?"

Norah hadn't expected Siena to react so strongly to her decision to transfer the property to Bonnie. "Aunt, I didn't call you here to argue. That's not what I meant, so don't be upset. If you want the property, I have the authority to give it to you."

With that, Norah gave Kian a look. Though Kian hadn't anticipated this, he followed Norah's wishes without hesitation, handing the original documents to Bonnie in front of everyone.

Bonnie pressed her lips together, about to speak, but Norah cut her off. "I have my own plans. Managing the company isn't one of them. Aunt, Kevin cared deeply about this company and the Edwards family. You're the most suitable person to take over." Then, she turned to Kian. "About your leave request—you'll stay on as my aunt's assistant."

Norah felt utterly drained.

She had already made up her mind. Staying here, in this city filled with memories of Kevin, was unbearable.

Especially this company.

If she held onto it, she feared she'd be trapped in the past, unable to move forward.

After explaining everything, Norah turned and left.

With Karina by Norah's side, Kian felt reassured.

Now that Bonnie had the documents, Kian needed to help her complete all the necessary processes. Since Bonnie was part of the Edwards family, the other shareholders didn't dare object.

But Siena wasn't about to stay silent. Fuming, she stepped in front of Bonnie. "Why are you siding with Norah? Do you think I don't see through your selfish motives? You just want to seize control of the Edwards family! You and Norah are in this together. Tell me, what did she offer you to make you betray me like this?"

Despite Siena's anger, Bonnie remained unfazed.

She lifted a hand, signaling Kian to clear the room of executives and shareholders.

Now, only Bonnie and Siena remained.

Siena's fury only grew. "Bonnie, stop acting so righteous. You're not any better than me! What kind of game are you playing?"

Bonnie's lips curled in sarcasm. "And what about you? You're standing here, throwing accusations like a rabid dog. Honestly, I don't know how the Edwards family ended up with someone as disgraceful as you."

Her gaze was sharp—cold and full of contempt.

Bonnie knew everything Siena had done. She had simply chosen to ignore it because she hadn't been living in the Edwards household.

She had even tried to bring Kevin and Norah together in the past. But fate had its own cruel plans. By the time Kevin and Norah realized their feelings, it was already too late.

And yet, even now, Siena refused to let up. Kevin and Norah had been kept apart in life, and now, even after Kevin's death, Siena wouldn't leave Norah alone.

"You—!"

Siena was seething.

Seeing her like this, Bonnie's smirk deepened. "I haven't said anything yet, but that doesn't mean I don't know. Siena, should I remind you why you're so obsessed with Bianca? You think you've kept it hidden, but the entire Edwards family knows."

Bonnie stepped toward her.

Though she wasn't tall, standing before Siena, she exuded dominance.

Siena's face paled.

Everyone in the Edwards family knew about her and Bianca. From beginning to end, she had been nothing more than a pathetic joke.

No wonder the old man never acknowledged her or approved of her plans. Instead, he chose Norah as Kevin's wife.

No wonder Martin never came home.

No wonder Bonnie always looked at her with such disdain.

No wonder Norah had that same expression.

Siena let out a wild, bitter laugh, completely abandoning the composed image she once tried to maintain.

Bonnie didn't spare her another glance. She simply turned and left the conference room.

But where was Norah?

Norah had already left the Edwards family estate, heading to visit her parents. Karina followed closely behind, worried she might do something reckless in her grief.

Sitting in the car, Norah's phone rang.

It was Bonnie.

"Aunt," Norah answered.

Bonnie's voice was gentle yet firm. "I know you're hurting. But no matter how much pain you feel, life goes on. I won't sign the property transfer. The title is still in your name. When you're ready, you'll come back and take over the Edwards family. Otherwise, Kevin will haunt me in my dreams. How could I explain myself to him then?"

Norah's heart clenched.

A dream...

Kevin was gone, and everyone around her was slowly coming to terms with it.

Even she was beginning to accept it.

But with time, memories fade. Would she one day forget him too?

No.

Never.

She couldn't forget Kevin.

A bitter taste filled her throat. "Aunt, you're still in charge of the company. I have something important to do. Kevin was in peacekeeping before... I want to be a war correspondent."

Before, it had been just an idea. Now, it was a conviction.

Kevin had dedicated his life to peacekeeping. If she couldn't fight by his side, she would tell the world about the suffering caused by war. She would fight alongside him in her own way.

Bonnie was stunned.

She thought about Norah's past career, her current emotional state, Kevin's dedication, and Norah's unyielding nature.

Norah and Kevin were the same type of person—once they made a decision, nothing could change their minds.

Bonnie pressed her lips together and sighed. "Norah, I won't try to stop you. But you're not leaving today. Have dinner with me before you go."

"Okay," Norah agreed, "but first, I need to see my parents."

"Alright. I'll pick a place and send you the location."

"Okay."

After they ended the call, Norah and Karina arrived at her parents' house. Karina waited outside while Norah went in alone.

Jack and Gwen's eyes filled with sadness the moment they saw her. "Look at you. You've gotten so tan."

"And so thin... You two..."

They knew everything that had happened between Norah and Kevin.

Norah took their hands, her voice hoarse with emotion. “Dad, Mom... thank you for raising me all these years.”

Jack and Gwen exchanged glances, their hearts heavy with unspoken words.

## **Chapter 485**

Norah stepped outside for a moment, and when she returned, her words left Jack and Gwen stunned.

The couple felt a sinking premonition, like something heavy was lodged in their throats. Their eyes clouded with worry, they sensed something was wrong but didn’t know where to begin.

Finally, Norah broke the silence. “Mom, Dad, I’m not your biological daughter, but you’ve treated me like your own.” With that, she dropped to her knees.

Jack and Gwen moved to pull her up, but Norah was too quick. She kowtowed six times, her eyes red and brimming with emotion.

“I can never repay your kindness,” Norah said, her voice trembling. “But please know this—I’ll always see myself as your daughter. You’ll always be my parents. This is all the savings I have on my card.”

Norah had always sent them money regularly, but they’d saved every penny, never spending it. Instead, they’d showered her with gifts and cash, worried she might struggle.

But now...

Norah wanted to give them everything at once. She wasn’t sure what the future held, and she didn’t want to leave anything undone.

“Norah! Your dad and I have money. What are you giving us all this for? Do you have something planned? Don’t do anything reckless!” Gwen’s voice cracked as she gripped Norah’s shoulders, her eyes welling up.

Norah’s tone felt final, like she was tying up loose ends. Kevin’s death had devastated her, but life had to go on. The dead couldn’t return, and the living had to keep moving forward.

Jack’s voice broke as tears streamed down his face. “Norah, what’s going on? Did you find your biological parents while you were away? Are they giving you a hard time? Or... are you planning something? Talk to us, please.”

Jack’s mind raced with worry. He was terrified Norah might be in trouble or worse—that she might be considering something irreversible.

Norah shook her head. “I didn’t find my biological parents, but I pieced some things together. Mom, Dad, I don’t want to dwell on it. I want to do something meaningful. I’m going to a war-

torn area, and I won't have much time to contact you. That's why I'm giving you all the money now."

Gwen's breath hitched. "You... you're not thinking of becoming a war correspondent, are you?"

Norah didn't deny it.

Jack and Gwen had always supported Norah's career, but this—this was too dangerous. They couldn't accept it.

Jack took Gwen's hand, his voice trembling. "Norah, when we brought you home, you were so thin and pale. You were sick, and your mother and I nursed you back to health. You may not be our blood, but you're our daughter. War zones are deadly. If something happens to you, what will we do?"

"Norah, please don't go," Gwen pleaded, tears streaming down her face. "I know you're hurting, but time heals all wounds. Stay here with us. If you don't want to marry, that's fine. If you don't want children, we can adopt. Just... don't leave us."

Norah's heart ached. These two people, who weren't even her biological parents, had given her a home and pulled her out of the darkest moments of her life. They were the best parents anyone could ask for.

Her eyes stung, but she forced a smile. "Mom, Dad, I've already made up my mind. Kevin died in the line of duty. What he couldn't finish, I'll continue in my own way. If I die over there, at least I'll have contributed to the country and those in need. It'll be a worthy death."

Norah had made her decision. The night she returned, she'd submitted an application online. With her experience, she'd already received approval. She had three days to settle her affairs before leaving for Country S.

Jack fell silent, and Gwen sobbed uncontrollably.

Finally, Jack relented. "When a bird grows up, it has to leave the nest. Norah, if this is what you've decided, then do it well. But promise us you'll call whenever you can. Your mother won't sleep if she doesn't hear from you."

During Norah's absence, Gwen had barely slept. And when Norah gave birth, they hadn't been there. It was a regret they carried deeply.

Their kindness broke Norah's heart. They'd lost so much—their grandchild, Kevin, and now they were facing the possibility of losing her too.

Jack's tears flowed freely as he pulled Norah close. "Norah, please don't go. I've changed my mind. Stay with us. Even if we have to support you for the rest of your life, it's fine. If something happens to you, what will we do? I know you have your beliefs, but your mom and I... our only belief is you."



Norah's heart felt like it was being torn apart.

She knew her biological father was Pharaoh, but she had no idea who her mother was. Baimo had never mentioned her, and Pharaoh had never brought her up. It was as if her biological mother didn't exist.

But here were Jack and Gwen, her adoptive parents, who loved her unconditionally. They were everything Pharaoh, with his cold experiments and selfish ambitions, could never be.

Norah wrapped her arms around them. "I know how much you care. I understand. But I have to go..."

Her resolve was unshakable. What could they do but accept it?

"Let's prepare a meal. Our daughter needs to eat well before she leaves," Jack said, handing Gwen a tissue while discreetly wiping his own tears.

Norah fought to keep her emotions in check.

Soon, Gwen had prepared a feast. Though their hearts were heavy, they respected Norah's decision. They not only returned her bank card but also gave her another, their love and support unwavering even in the face of their deepest fears.