

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 496

Chapter 496

Kevin wasn't wearing a mask this time. Now that he was officially recognized as the third son of Country S, walking around without a mask would mean resurrecting the Kevin who was supposed to be dead.

The former high-ranking leader of Craggaville was now a citizen of Country S—how much criticism and backlash would he face?

But Kevin didn't care.

He had already made his choice—he had chosen Norah.

"I don't care what you promised Norah or what plans you have," the president said coldly. "But now that you're the third son of Country S, you will follow my orders. Otherwise, I'll make every one of your worst fears come true."

With that, the president turned and boarded the helicopter.

He had come here to personally remind Kevin of where he stood.

The message was clear. Kevin understood it perfectly.

But he didn't respond. He didn't take a step. He simply gripped his phone tightly as a deep weight settled in his chest.

The moment Norah returned to Country S, she released the photos and videos she had taken.

One video showed a little girl digging through rubble, searching for something.

Norah crouched beside her, holding up a microphone. "Are you collecting this meat to take home and eat?"

The little girl's brown eyes flickered with unshed tears, but she remained startlingly calm. "No. This is my mom and dad."

She was only seven or eight years old, but she didn't cry or scream.

The video and photos spread like wildfire, sparking an international outcry. Calvin and his allies faced severe condemnation.

The world's demand for peace intensified.

In response, the president of Country S issued a statement:

"More than any other nation, Country S longs for peace. But a weak country has no diplomacy. Our people suffer deeply in this war. I have refrained from taking action because I hope for peace. But if this war continues, I will not hesitate to return this land to nature."

Speculation erupted online. People suspected the president held devastating weapons.

As pressure mounted, discussions of an international peace conference began.

Then, something shocking happened—the leader of the Confederate forces was assassinated.

Within an hour, the war came to a halt.

It was a victory.

For Norah, this should have been the moment to step away. But she had something even more urgent to handle—Cooper.

Norah took Cooper to the embassy.

Clutching her hand, his eyes filled with tears, he silently begged her not to leave him.

"What do I need to do to adopt him?" she asked the embassy official, holding Cooper close.

The official remained calm. "We investigated and found no surviving relatives. For now, he will be placed in a welfare home. If his family ever comes forward, it will make reunification easier."

Norah instinctively looked at Cooper.

He was fragile. A welfare home wouldn't be able to care for him properly.

Besides, Cooper had grown attached to her. How could she just let him go?

She took a deep breath. "Can you issue me a temporary guardianship certificate? If his family ever comes forward, I'll return him. But I won't let him suffer in the meantime."

She felt Cooper squeeze her hand gently.

He wanted to stay with her.

The official nodded. "In that case, we'll issue you the paperwork. If no relatives claim him, you can take him back to Craggaville and enroll him in school."

"Alright."

A few minutes later, the documents were in her hands.

As she stepped out of the embassy with Cooper, the sun cast their shadows long across the pavement.

For a brief moment, Norah felt disoriented.

If her own child were with her, she'd be holding his hand just like this.

Her child would be Cooper's age.

The thought hit her like a wave. Her vision blurred with unshed tears. Kevin still hadn't told her where her child was.

She couldn't take it anymore. She called Kevin.

The phone rang for a long time. Just when she thought he wouldn't answer, his voice finally came through.

"Norah."

That was it. No explanation. No apology.

His phone had been reachable all along, yet he hadn't contacted her since that day.

Norah swallowed hard. "I don't know what your plan is, and honestly, I don't care anymore. You have your mission, your responsibilities. I shouldn't have lashed out at you. But Kevin, you need to tell me where my child is. I'm his mother. I have the right to know."

She had only seen her baby for a fleeting moment before he was taken away.

Now, holding Cooper's hand, she realized why she had taken him in.

Because she was a mother.

Because she couldn't bear to see another child lost.

Kevin's voice was low. "I know, Norah. I just... I want you to be okay. About the child—"

"Are you about to tell me he's dead?" Norah's breath hitched.

Silence.

Then, the call disconnected.

The dull beep of a dead line echoed in her ears.

Norah clenched her jaw. Every time she got close to the truth, Kevin shut her out.

Fine.

She wouldn't wait for him anymore. She would find the truth herself.

Baimo was still in Country S.

When he learned that Norah was adopting Cooper and investigating Kevin and her child's whereabouts, he confronted her.

"You don't have to do this alone," he said seriously. "I'm here. You can come to me. If you're worried about owing me a favor, well—don't we already owe each other plenty?"

Baimo had been by her side all along.

Norah knew what he meant, but she couldn't rely on anyone else.

People left. That was the reality.

The only person she could always count on was herself.

"You have your own responsibilities, Baimo. I can handle this," she said firmly.

Baimo sighed. "Norah, doesn't it strike you as strange? If your child is still alive, why won't Kevin tell you where he is? If he had a good reason to stay silent, why wouldn't he tell you now?"

Norah understood what Baimo was saying.

But she didn't want theories.

She wanted the truth.

She *needed* the truth.

However, before she could uncover it—something happened to her.

Chapter 497

Norah's biological father was revealed to be a pharaoh of the Yi tribe, a man whose reign was marked by brutality. His rule was plagued by internal conflict, with his followers burning villages, killing innocents, and looting without mercy. He even established slave camps and conducted horrific experiments on living people. The exposure of his crimes sent shockwaves across international forums, and Norah, once a respected journalist advocating for peace, was now branded as the "Demon Daughter." The revelation sparked outrage, with people questioning how someone so kind-hearted could be the child of such a monster.

"Look at her father! How could she possibly be any different?"

"Our country is too lenient. If it weren't for our commitment to peace, the Yi tribe would have been wiped out by now!"

"Norah's a fraud. Her father's a monster, and she pretends to be some kind of justice warrior."

"She's a spy planted by the pharaoh in the capital!"

"Didn't she used to be married to Kevin? And then he died in the Yi tribe. She probably killed him herself!"

"She's a traitor! She doesn't deserve to call herself a journalist. She's a hypocrite!"

"Let's report her to the Craggaville Letters and Visits Bureau. The army needs to arrest her and make her pay!"

"She deserves to die!"

Norah read every single comment. The reports she had written were meant to bring justice and advocate for peace, but instead of sparking change, they had turned into a weapon against her. The words cut deeper than any blade, and though she had witnessed life and death firsthand over the past five years, the cruelty of the accusations still stung.

Baimo, standing by her side, placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Julie, if these people won't accept you, come back to the Yi tribe with me. You'll always have a place there."

Norah didn't respond immediately. Her dark eyes were clouded with confusion and doubt, but also a quiet determination. She looked at Baimo, searching for answers.

"Julie, I want you to come back, but I would never resort to such underhanded tactics. If I had wanted to, I wouldn't have told my father five years ago that you were coming to Country S to become a war correspondent," Baimo said, his voice steady and sincere.

Norah remained silent, but her mind raced. Baimo's words made sense. If he had wanted to manipulate her, he'd had five years to do so. But what he said next shocked her even more.

"Do you think just anyone can become a war correspondent?" Baimo continued, seeing the doubt in her eyes. "Norah, it wasn't just me or my father who made it happen. Kevin played a part too."

Norah's brow furrowed. Kevin had died five years ago, and his death had been reported worldwide. How could he have had any influence on her career? Before she could ask, Baimo explained, "Don't forget Kevin's position in the Chinese military. Even after his death, his connections remained. Levi and Frank, his subordinates, have risen through the ranks over the past five years. They had a hand in your placement."

Norah's throat tightened. She didn't know how to respond.

"Let's go," Baimo urged. "With all this attention, the Chinese military will undoubtedly investigate you. It's not safe here."

"I'm not leaving," Norah said firmly. "I'm innocent. I'm not a spy, and I haven't done anything wrong."

If she left now, it would only make her look guilty. But she also realized that Baimo's presence put him at risk. "Baimo, you should go," she said, her voice steady but laced with concern.

"Do you really think I'd leave you here alone?" Baimo took her hand, his grip firm. "I won't abandon you. Besides, given the current tensions between the Yi tribe and Craggaville, they won't dare detain me. And Kevin's death has already been thoroughly investigated. They have no grounds to hold me."

Norah didn't argue further. She knew she wasn't a spy, but she owed it to the public to clear her name. She would cooperate with the investigation, even if it meant handing over her recent call logs and other personal details.

As Norah prepared to leave, Cooper, a young boy who had been by her side, clung to her hand. Norah knelt down, her voice gentle but firm. “Cooper, stay with Uncle Baimo. I need to handle some things with these officers. Be good, okay?”

She looked up at Baimo, her eyes filled with silent trust. Baimo nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll take care of Cooper.”

Norah’s strength lay in her ability to face challenges head-on. She wasn’t one to run away. And since Cooper was her biggest concern, she knew Baimo would keep him safe.

Once Norah was gone, Baimo turned to Cooper. “Who sent you here? You haven’t spoken a word since you arrived.”

Cooper remained silent, his expression unreadable. Baimo’s suspicion grew. “I don’t care who arranged this or what your purpose is. But if you hurt Norah or try to stay by her side indefinitely, you’ll regret it.”

Cooper simply stared at him, offering no response.

Meanwhile, Norah was taken to a car. Before she could react, a sack was thrown over her head, and a blow to the back of her neck knocked her unconscious.

When she woke up, the car was still moving, bumping along an uneven road. She wasn’t gagged, and she was still alive. Gathering her courage, she called out, “Who are you? What do you want?”

No one answered.

She tried again. “I’m Kevin’s ex-wife, and I’m still connected to the Yi tribe—”

A mocking voice interrupted her. “Ms. White, you’ve always been so reluctant to embrace your identity. Funny how you remember it now that your life’s on the line. I guess family ties don’t mean much when survival’s at stake.”

The voice was unfamiliar—not someone from the Yi tribe, nor Calvin. Could it be one of Calvin’s remaining followers?

Norah kept her composure. “If anything happens to me, do you really think you’ll get away with it?”

Even in this dire situation, Norah’s courage and sharp mind didn’t falter. She wasn’t one to panic, no matter how dire the circumstances.

Chapter 498

The sack covering Norah was finally removed.

Under the dim glow of the car's orange interior lights, she took in her surroundings. Several men sat inside, each gripping a gun.

The man beside her... his temples were streaked with gray. Shadows cast across his face, obscuring his features.

A slow, deep smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. "Why do you think we took you just to force you down a different path?"

Norah remained silent, her mind racing.

If not to change her course, then what?

Had the reports she filed threatened the interests of the Allied forces? Had they captured her to negotiate a deal with the Yi tribe?

Her breath hitched.

She had only thrown out Baimo and Pharaoh's names as a bluff, hoping to make them hesitate and let her go. But they hadn't flinched.

That meant she couldn't afford to be a liability.

"Then just kill me." Norah leaned back against the seat, exhaling slowly.

Kevin had never revealed to the world that he was still alive. That meant she couldn't use his name to bargain.

The man chuckled darkly. "Oh, don't worry. It's only a matter of time."

The words barely left his lips before he struck her across the head with the butt of his knife. Darkness swallowed her whole.

When the car finally stopped, they were by the sea.

They dragged Norah out, their plan already in motion—to carve her into pieces and feed her to the sharks.

But... they failed.

Bang! Bang!

One by one, the men surrounding Norah collapsed to the ground.

The leader turned just in time to see Kevin approaching, gun in hand, his expression cold and unreadable.

The man's face twisted in shock. "Young Master, I was acting under the president's orders—"

Before he could finish, Kevin fired, the bullet tearing through his knee. He collapsed with a scream, falling to the ground. Kevin gestured with a flick of his wrist, and his men swiftly dragged the man away.

The wind howled over the crashing waves.

Kevin pulled Norah into his arms, holding her tightly against him.

Softly, he whispered, "Norah, I'm sorry. I was late."

When Norah woke up, daylight streamed through unfamiliar windows.

She sat up slowly, realizing her hands and feet were unbound.

"You're awake."

A deep voice cut through the quiet.

Norah turned abruptly.

Kevin, dressed in black, strode in from the doorway, carrying a bowl of porridge.

Her brows furrowed. "Why is it you?"

She had been captured in a car, and now Kevin stood before her. Clearly, he had saved her.

Those men could be dismissed. But if Kevin had been watching over her, why had he hung up on her before?

And why had he waited so long to come for her?

Kevin's voice was rough. "Eat first. Then we'll talk."

He placed the bowl in front of her, but she didn't reach for it. "I want the truth, Kevin. No more secrets. No more keeping me in the dark."

"I know."

Kevin scooped up a spoonful, blew on it gently, and lifted it toward her lips. But Norah didn't open her mouth. Her dark eyes locked onto him, cold and unyielding.

Once, Kevin had promised that after everything was over, they would be together. Then, news of his death had shattered her world.

But he hadn't died. And yet, for five long years, he had stayed away. He had hidden himself. He had hidden *their child*.

She had endured the pain of believing her baby was gone. Now, she needed the truth.

Kevin knew Norah's stubbornness. He knew she was furious.

After a long silence, he finally spoke. "Those men were my father's people. Siena is not my biological mother, and Martin is not my real father. My father was the president of Country S. When I fell into the river that ran through the Yi tribe's territory, he was the one who saved me. I was severely injured and spent years recovering. He arranged everything for me afterward, and I made a deal with him—one that I had no choice but to uphold."

Norah had suspected there was more to Kevin's disappearance, but hearing him confirm it still hit hard.

She reached out, wanting to hold him—but then, she thought of the child.

Her hands clenched into fists. "What about our son, Kevin?"

She wasn't a child. She could handle the truth. "Tell me. Is he dead or not?"

Norah grabbed Kevin's hand, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

Kevin gently stroked her head. "Norah, I had him sent to you. I thought he could stay with you for a while while I handled things on my end. I never expected..."

His voice cracked, heavy with regret. "Norah, the only person I've ever wronged is you."

Tears spilled down Norah's face. "Kevin, do you realize I almost gave him away?"

She had never imagined her biological son was Cooper.

No wonder she couldn't let him go.

No wonder he had clung to her hand, refusing to leave.

No wonder he had said those words.

Norah couldn't hold back anymore. She grabbed Kevin's hand and bit down—hard.

The metallic taste of blood filled her mouth, but Kevin didn't even flinch. He let her vent her pain.

Norah finally released him, her red-rimmed eyes burning with frustration. She looked like a wounded animal, raw and vulnerable.

"Why did you hide this from me?" she choked out. "Do you know how much it hurt? Five years, Kevin! Five years believing my child was dead! Even now, I haven't had the chance to hold him properly!"

She buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

Her fists struck Kevin's chest. "Why did you keep my own child's life and death from me?"

Kevin's voice was barely above a whisper. "I traded him... for your antidote. Norah, at the time, saving you was the only thing I could think about."

Norah sobbed harder.

She understood Kevin's choices, but still—between life and death, between herself and their child, she would have chosen their son.

"And now?" Her voice was hoarse. "If you had no choice then, why step forward now?"

Kevin took a deep breath. "Because of you."

He gripped her shoulders, his gaze unwavering. "You're all I have, Norah. I can't stand by and watch you get hurt. I'm done hiding. I want us to be a family—just the three of us."

His words carried a finality, a conviction that left no room for doubt.

Norah could feel the weight of his resolve, but she also knew the dangers that still loomed over them both.

Chapter 499

Norah pushed Kevin away, her voice trembling but firm. "Do what you have to do. Just make sure my child doesn't die. That's all I care about."

Kevin's heart sank. "You don't want me anymore?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper. He couldn't bear to hear her answer. His dark eyes locked onto hers, filled with a mix of desperation and sorrow. The redness under his eyes deepened, and a mist of unshed tears blurred his vision.

He had known this moment would come. After disappearing for five years and suddenly reappearing in her life, he expected her anger, her blame. But he had no choice. He couldn't face her as a broken man, a shadow of who he once was.

Norah's throat tightened as she looked at him. The scar on his forehead was stark, a reminder of the pain he'd endured. She noticed the streaks of gray in his hair, and her heart ached unbearably. Reaching out, she gently touched his face. "You have your responsibilities, your position. You never had a choice. I can't stop you, and I can't help you. All I want now is my child."

Her words cut deeper than any knife. She wasn't yelling or blaming him. She was resigned, and that hurt more than anything. All she wanted was to return to Cooper, to make up for the five years she'd missed as his mother.

Kevin's chest tightened, a sharp pain radiating through him. He would've preferred her anger, her screams, even her hatred. But her understanding? It was unbearable. He opened his mouth to speak, but a metallic taste filled his throat. He swallowed hard, forcing it down.

"Eat something first," he said hoarsely, placing a bowl of porridge on the bedside table. "I'll be back soon." He stood abruptly and walked out of the room, his steps quick and unsteady.

The moment he crossed the threshold, he couldn't hold back any longer. A mouthful of blood spilled from his lips, staining the floor.

"Three pills, sir," a man said, appearing swiftly at his side. He handed Kevin a small white bottle. Kevin took the medication, leaning against the wall as he tried to catch his breath.

"The president has already sent more people. Why don't you go back?" the man urged. The president was determined to have Kevin inherit his position, and Kevin's defiance was not something he would tolerate.

Kevin's eyes hardened. "I'm not leaving." He couldn't abandon Norah again. If he walked away now, she'd never forgive him. He'd lose her forever.

"Keep an eye on her," Kevin ordered.

"Yes, sir," the man replied, watching as Kevin walked away.

Kevin had been found by the president years ago, pulled back from the brink of death. The man had been assigned to protect and care for Kevin ever since. He'd watched over him for more than three years as Kevin fought to recover from his injuries—multiple fractures, severe burns, and over a hundred surgeries. He'd heard Kevin cry out Norah's name in pain countless times. He knew the depth of Kevin's suffering.

Hesitating for a moment, the man pushed open the door to Norah's room.

Norah turned, expecting to see Kevin. Instead, she found a stranger. Her guard went up immediately.

"Don't be afraid," the man said quickly, raising his hands in a gesture of peace. "I'm not here to hurt you. I'm Young Master's personal guard—think of me as his bodyguard."

Norah frowned, silent but wary.

The man continued, "I came to tell you something." He paused, choosing his words carefully. "Young Master was rescued by the president. He was in a coma for over three years. The bullet was dangerously close to his heart, and his body was shattered. He had no skin left untouched. He's undergone more than a hundred surgeries and years of rehabilitation. Every time he was in pain, he called out your name. He cares deeply for you. Now, he's going against the president for you, and the president won't tolerate it. He's sent people to—"

"Xieyu!" Kevin's voice roared from the hallway, cutting the man off.

The guard snapped to attention, standing rigidly as Kevin stormed into the room.

"Get out," Kevin barked.

The man bowed and left without another word.

Norah and Kevin stared at each other, the air thick with unspoken words. Finally, they both spoke at the same time.

"You—"

"You go first."

They fell silent again, the tension palpable. After a moment, Norah spoke, her voice low but steady. "I know you're doing what you think is right. You didn't tell me because you didn't want to put me in danger. But Kevin, do you think you can just send our child to me and then go off to die? Is that your plan?"

Her piercing gaze burned into him, demanding an answer.

Kevin's throat tightened. He wanted to explain, to tell her everything, but the words wouldn't come. To Norah, his silence was confirmation.

She let out a bitter laugh. "You've thought of everything, haven't you? But you're missing one thing: life doesn't always go according to plan."

She took a deep breath, her voice softening. "I don't want you to think like that anymore. If you can't have both, I want you to survive. That's all I ask."

As long as Kevin lived, she could accept whatever came next—even if it meant he had another life, another family.

Kevin shook his head, his voice firm. "Norah, that's not an option. I won't marry someone else or have children with anyone but you. I want our family—the three of us—to be together."

He pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly. Norah felt the steady beat of his heart and breathed in the familiar scent of him. This was the real Kevin, the man she'd loved and lost. And now, against all odds, he was here.

Chapter 500

Even though Norah had been furious before, she loved the man in front of her deeply. She couldn't demand that he atone for his supposed death when she knew he had his reasons.

Besides, his men had already explained everything to her.

Kevin himself had also told her what had happened, and she could piece together the rest. She understood his situation.

She felt sorry for him.

Norah hugged Kevin even tighter. "Kevin, I know you have your own position. Honestly, I'm grateful to your father for saving you."

If it weren't for his father, Kevin might have died in that freezing river. She would have never seen him again, never had the chance to hold him like she was now.

Most parents want their children to be successful, to rise above their circumstances. And Kevin's father—being the president—had even greater expectations.

But things were more complicated now.

Especially since she was now known as the Pharaoh's daughter, branded as the "Daughter of the Devil."

"Kevin, can I bring Cooper back to the capital?" Norah wasn't ready to deal with the problems between her and Kevin yet. Just thinking about it gave her a headache. It was too much—it hurt, it suffocated her.

But Cooper... He was her son. She had to take him away from the war zone, let him experience life in a peaceful place, and ensure he received the best education.

Kevin didn't respond immediately, but Norah could feel his arms tightening around her.

She knew what that meant. He was reluctant.

She stayed silent, waiting for him to speak.

Before he could, a voice came from outside. "Young Master, the president is here! He said to bring that woman out with you!"

The president knew Norah's name, yet he deliberately referred to her as "that woman"—a clear insult.

Norah wasn't offended. She was a mother now; she could understand a parent's perspective.

But Pharaoh's side... all the bloodshed, all the brutality—she could never accept that.

Kevin gently pulled away from Norah. "Wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

But Norah clutched his hand tightly, her eyes unwavering. "I'm coming with you."

Kevin knew her well. Once she made a decision, it was nearly impossible to change her mind.

Still, he leaned in and whispered in her ear, "He doesn't know Cooper is with you."

Norah nodded. "Got it."

She understood. Kevin didn't want her to mention the child.

Soon, they met Kevin's biological father, President Mousse of S Country.

His graying temples were noticeable, but they did nothing to diminish his imposing aura. His sharp eyes and furrowed brows radiated authority.

"Kevin, are you coming with me willingly, or will I have to make you?" Mousse's tone was cold, his words less of an invitation and more of a threat.

If Kevin refused, Norah would die.

But Kevin would never let anything happen to Norah.

"If you want to align with Craggaville, you'll be inviting war without even realizing it. I can help you—"

"Who asked for your opinion?" Mousse cut him off sharply, his eyes flashing with anger.

When Kevin had been exiled, Mousse had assumed he was dead. Finding out later that his son had survived, he had hoped to mold him into a successor. But instead, Kevin had become blinded by love.

If Kevin had woken up just a few days later from his coma, Mousse would have ordered his body to be dumped in the ocean to feed the sharks.

And now? Kevin dared to challenge him?

Kevin's expression darkened as he instinctively pulled Norah behind him. "If you don't want to listen, do whatever you want. Just don't drag other people into it."

His meaning was clear: He wasn't interested in Mousse's plans.

And it was all because of Norah.

Mousse narrowed his eyes, then pulled out a pistol, his finger curling around the trigger. Without hesitation, Kevin stepped in front of Norah, shielding her with his body.

He was prepared to die.

Mousse was ruthless, but Kevin was his son—the one he valued most. He wouldn't kill him so easily.

"So, you're willing to die for her? Fine. If you want to be her husband, you'll have to take on all the responsibilities that come with it. Being the Third Young Madam of S Country isn't as easy as you think!" Mousse's gaze flicked to Norah, his lips curling into a cold sneer.

Norah loved Kevin; she wanted to be with him.

But she only wanted to be his wife. She had no interest in being the Third Young Madam.

In a low voice, she said, "I never wanted that title."

Kevin added firmly, "And I don't want to inherit anything."

Mousse's fury erupted. "One after another, you both declare your defiance like I'm here to officiate your vows! Do you think I'm your witness?"

Kevin had made his stance clear to Mousse before. Their positions were too different; they would never walk the same path.

Mousse had once believed Kevin would eventually forget Norah. That time would wear down his resistance, and he would fall in line.

But things had spiraled out of control.

Mousse wouldn't give them the chance to defy him.

He waved a hand. "Take them both back to S Country! Separate them!"

Kevin's fury ignited. "I dare anyone to try!"

Norah was his everything. He would never let anyone harm her.

A group of men moved behind them, prepared to strike.

Kevin and Norah sprang into action. Kevin lunged straight for Mousse, knowing that capturing the leader was the key to survival.

But Mousse was quick. He stepped back and seized Norah's wrist, twisting it to force her to the ground.

Kevin reacted instantly, pulling Norah into his arms before she could be hurt.

His voice was steel. "I'd rather die than go back with you. And you will not lay a hand on my wife."

Norah's resolve burned just as fiercely.

These two would fight to the death.

Mousse's face darkened. "If you want to die, don't forget who saved your life. And don't forget—there's someone Norah doesn't know about. Kevin, don't you want to see him?"

Mousse thought Norah was unaware.

But she already knew.

Right now, arguing was pointless. She had to take control.

She straightened, meeting Mousse's gaze with unwavering determination. "Don't forget—I'm a war correspondent. I have an implanted tracking chip. If anything happens to me, you won't be able to cover it up."