

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 501

Chapter 501

Norah wasn't afraid, but Kevin held her hand tightly.

Although Mousse remained silent, Norah could see the storm brewing in his eyes—he looked like a demon emerging straight from the depths of hell.

As the supreme leader of S Country, Mousse was a man no one dared to challenge, except in times of war. Yet, Kevin stood his ground, speaking to him in a tone no one else would have dared to use.

"You better pray you don't end up alone..." Mousse warned.

"You're going to kill her! You're trying to kill me!" Kevin interrupted angrily before Mousse could finish.

Kevin's eyes burned with unwavering determination, his emotions surging in an instant. Mousse didn't respond. His thin lips pressed into a hard line as he studied Kevin for a long moment. Then, without another word, he turned on his heel and walked away.

As soon as Mousse was gone, Norah squeezed Kevin's hand. "You should go back to S Country... Do what your father wants."

"Norah, I wanted to wait until everything was settled. Because of circumstances beyond my control, I couldn't be there for you. But now? Now you're the one pushing me away."

Kevin's voice grew hoarse, as if something was lodged in his throat, making it impossible to swallow. It was an unbearable discomfort, like a blade carving into his chest.

Norah was only thinking about Kevin's safety—willing to separate from him if it meant keeping him alive. But for him, those five years apart had been pure torment.

Since waking up, Kevin had endured unimaginable pain, gritting his teeth through every hardship for Norah's sake. Now, the idea of being apart again was something he simply couldn't accept.

Norah's throat tightened. She reached out, gently touching Kevin's face, her fingers brushing over the scar on his forehead. Her heart clenched like a fist.

Pain flashed through her mind like a reel of memories, showing her everything Kevin had suffered. The countless nights he must have endured alone—how had he survived it all?

She would rather leave Kevin than watch him die.

"I'm not pushing you away, Kevin. I understand your situation—I'm not some naive teenager. I just don't want to see you die. Go back to your father's country... I'm going to find Cooper."

Now that she knew Cooper was her child, she couldn't wait to be by his side.

Kevin tightened his grip on her hand, intertwining their fingers. "Then I'm coming with you."

Norah hesitated for a moment before finally answering, "Okay."

Meanwhile, on Cooper's side, the boy remained eerily silent. Ever since Norah's accident, he had followed Baimo without a word. He refused to eat or drink.

Baimo had no choice but to try and console him. "I know you like my sister, but she had something important to take care of. She left you in my care. If you don't eat and something happens to you, how am I supposed to face her?"

"If she comes back and sees you like this, do you think she'll be happy?"

When Norah first met Baimo, he had been working as a teacher in a remote village. He taught the locals about herbal medicine and was great with children. But the silent, unyielding boy before him was a challenge.

What troubled him most was how Cooper had suddenly appeared in Norah's life. Though the embassy had checked his background and found no suspicious records, Baimo still couldn't shake his unease.

But until Norah returned, he couldn't just abandon the boy.

Thankfully, his words had an effect—Cooper finally started eating. But even as he ate, he remained silent.

Watching him closely, Baimo hesitated before making a call.

Jace picked up immediately. “Young Master Baimo?”

“Norah took in a kid, but he won’t talk. I think something’s off. Have you been in S Country recently? If so, come check on him.”

Since Norah had come to S Country as a war correspondent, Jace had also moved there, running a small clinic to help the locals. Because of Norah’s father’s influence, Jace had even regained his identity as an ordinary citizen.

“I’ll be there soon.”

Jace was always busy at his clinic, but he made time to check in on Norah whenever he could. He had sent her a message earlier, but when she didn’t reply, he figured she was too occupied to respond.

But if Baimo was calling him directly, it had to be important.

Half an hour later, Jace arrived. The moment he laid eyes on Cooper, his expression darkened slightly.

Baimo noticed the change. “What is it?” he asked, frowning.

Jace couldn’t shake the resemblance. The boy looked strikingly similar to Norah when she was a child. He remembered Norah vividly—she had been his guiding light in the darkest times. Every detail of her face was burned into his memory.

But...

The child Norah had given birth to was declared stillborn. And Kevin had been presumed dead for five years. If the baby had survived, Kevin never would have been separated from Norah and their child.

“Did you notice something?” Baimo pressed, his expression growing serious.

Jace hesitated. “He just... reminds me of Julie.”

Baimo’s heart sank.

He turned to study Cooper carefully. He had been so wary of the boy’s sudden appearance in Norah’s life that he had never stopped to really look at him.

Another problem was that all of Norah's childhood photos were gone. Over time, memories fade. Otherwise, Calvin never would have been able to pass Bianca off as Julie.

But now, hearing Jace's words, the memories flooded back. Human minds work that way—sometimes, recollections remain buried until something triggers them. And now, looking at Cooper, Baimo could finally see it.

The resemblance was undeniable.

Kevin wasn't dead. Maybe the child wasn't either.

Baimo couldn't wait any longer. "We need to do a DNA test between me and him!"

Norah wasn't here, but as her brother, he shared her bloodline—enough to confirm the truth.

Jace exhaled slowly. "We should wait for Norah to do the test."

"She was taken by the Chinese army for questioning..." Baimo said, his voice tense. "That's why this is so difficult. I'm just her friend right now, so I have no way to help her."

Jace fell silent, processing the information. Just as he opened his mouth to respond, Baimo spoke first.

"You mean to tell me... you don't know?" Baimo's voice was low. "Norah's real identity—Julie's identity—has already been exposed."

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"I was drafted into the army and just got out today," Baimo said abruptly. He glanced at Jace. "You can run a blood test between him and me."

"Got it," Jace replied.

But when Jace tried to draw Cooper's blood, Cooper resisted fiercely. He clenched his teeth, his face twisted in anger, like a cornered animal ready to fight back. Before anyone could stop him, Cooper bolted.

Baimo tried to calm him down, speaking gently, "It's just a check-up to make sure you're healthy. We're Norah's friends. We mean no harm."

"You... liar!" Cooper stammered, struggling to get the words out.

Baimo froze, surprised Cooper could speak at all. But his mind was already made up—he needed answers now. Just as he reached for Cooper, the boy darted into someone’s arms.

Baimo looked up and saw Norah. She stood beside a tall man, about six-foot-two, wearing a black mask. Even with half his face covered, Baimo recognized those sharp, icy eyes.

“Kevin?” Baimo blurted out.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Kevin replied in a low voice.

He and Norah had rushed back to Craggaville’s military base from their location. The trip took only two hours, but Norah was desperate to see Cooper, so they pushed hard to get there. Because of his status, Kevin had to keep his mask on.

Cooper stared at Norah, tears welling up in his eyes. Norah mirrored his emotions. She knelt down, took his hand, and pulled him into a tight embrace. “Cooper, I’m so sorry I’m late...”

By now, Baimo and Jace had pieced it all together. Norah already knew Cooper’s identity—he was her and Kevin’s child. Since Kevin was alive, their family of three was finally reunited. Jace knew it was time to step back.

He shot Baimo a look, and Baimo understood. They left the scene, giving the family their space.

Kevin removed his mask. Cooper recognized him and slowly walked over, head bowed. Without a word, Kevin pulled him into a hug.

Norah watched the scene, her heart heavy. This moment, so simple for most families, had taken them five years to reach. And even now, it felt fragile, like a luxury they might lose again.

“Cooper will stay with me,” Norah said. “I’ll take him back to the capital. He’ll have a safe, stable environment, and we can be together. When you have time, you can visit us.”

On their way back, Kevin had held Norah’s hand the entire time. They hadn’t spoken much, but their connection was undeniable. Now, though, Norah was bringing up separation again.

“I won’t accept that,” Kevin said firmly. “Norah, I’ve never been more certain of anything. I want to be with you and our child.” This had always been his plan, but now it felt urgent.

Norah’s heart ached. Of course, she wanted their family together. But Kevin’s father, the president of Country S, had groomed him as his successor. How could he just walk away from that life?

“Kevin, don’t defy your father,” Norah said calmly. “He cares about you. If you weren’t his son, he wouldn’t have gone to such lengths to protect you.”

Before Kevin could argue, Norah cut him off. “Don’t say it. I want you to live. I don’t want to see you break ties with your father.”

She took Cooper’s hand and led him away to find food. She had already decided to resign as a war correspondent. She would take Cooper back to the capital, live a normal life, and let him go to school while she worked to support them.

Kevin watched her go, his heart heavy. He didn’t push further.

Jace, though aware of everything, wore a solemn expression. When Kevin had “died,” Jace thought he might have a chance with Norah. But after five years of trying, she still hadn’t let him into her heart. Now, with Kevin alive and their family reunited, Jace knew he had no chance. Still, he only wanted Norah to be happy.

Baimo stood firmly by Norah’s side. No matter who she chose, he would support her.

“I’m warning you,” Baimo said to Jace, “don’t let love turn into hate. If you dare to come between Norah and Kevin, I won’t let you off easy.”

Jace’s persistence and gentleness worried Baimo. He feared Jace might lose himself in his feelings for Norah.

Baimo had been Norah’s brother for five years. He knew she had never let go of Kevin, and now that their child was alive, he only wanted her to live a good life.

Jace laughed softly. “If I wanted to harm Kevin, I would’ve done it five years ago.”

During those five years, Jace had tried to win Norah over through his actions. But no matter what he did, her heart remained with Kevin. Now, he had his own clinic in Country S and his own life to live. Still, if Norah ever needed him, he’d be there.

“Good,” Baimo snapped, his tone firm. No matter what challenges Norah and Kevin faced, he would stand by her and help her through them.

...

Norah’s return stirred up the Chinese military. Especially since she’d brought someone back with her.

Craggaville’s forces would undoubtedly come looking for her. But with Levi and Frank—Kevin’s old subordinates—on the scene, they arrived quickly. Even from behind, they recognized Kevin immediately.

“Captain Edwards,” Levi and Frank said in unison.

Kevin’s breath hitched. Norah stepped aside, giving them space. The bond between these men ran deep, forged in battle and brotherhood.

As Norah led Cooper out of the tent, she locked eyes with Jace. When she'd hugged Cooper earlier, she realized Baimo had arranged for Jace to run a paternity test between him and Cooper.

"Norah, I think Cooper might be a little autistic," Jace said, walking toward her.

Cooper had been silent at first, but when he finally spoke, his words were slow and deliberate. Jace had already picked up on the signs.

Norah glanced at Cooper, her heart sinking. "Yes, I was planning to come to you. Baimo found you first. I want you to help him."

As a mother, she wanted nothing more than for her son to be healthy, happy, and full of life.

"I'll do everything I can to help him," Jace promised.

Not long after, Kevin emerged from the tent, mask off, with Levi and Frank following. Norah knew Kevin's identity, and with Levi and Frank by his side, they could be a powerful force.

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Kevin stepped up to Norah, a soft smile playing at the corners of his lips. "Norah, let's remarry. Let's go back to the capital together."

He had finally made his decision.

A reunited family—this was something Norah had only dreamed of. Now, it was slowly becoming a reality, and it felt almost unreal. She reached out, her fingers brushing against Kevin's face. The warmth of his skin confirmed that this wasn't a dream.

Her throat tightened.

Just then, Cooper suddenly collapsed, his body convulsing, his face twisted in pain.

"Cooper!"

Norah's panicked cry rang out.

At first, she had taken in Cooper out of pity. But now, it was a mother's instinct that drove her. She pulled him into her arms, trembling.

Jace rushed over. "Norah, let me take Cooper. I'll treat him."

Reluctantly, Norah released her grip.

Kevin, however, suddenly realized something—Cooper had been under his father's care, eating regularly and receiving a special daily milk supplement. This wasn't a coincidence.

Kevin's right hand clenched into a fist.

Without hesitation, he gripped Norah's shoulders. "Norah, I have to take Cooper back to my father. Wait for me for three days, I'll—"

"Does Cooper need medication? Kevin, I want to go with you!"

Cooper's symptoms weren't from an asthma attack. It looked more like withdrawal—like he was missing some crucial medication.

Kevin locked eyes with her. After a few moments of silence, he finally nodded.

Norah had changed in the past five years—she was stronger, more resolute.

But Kevin couldn't ignore the fact that if he hadn't arrived in time, his father's men would have thrown Norah into the sea. If he brought her back to Country S, his father—

A warm, determined voice cut through his thoughts. "Kevin, don't even think about leaving me behind."

A pause.

"...Alright."

Norah's unwavering gaze left him with no room to argue.

He also knew that proposing remarriage, after abandoning her for five years, wasn't something easily forgiven. She didn't want to be left behind again, and now that she knew Cooper was her son, she wasn't going to accept being pushed aside.

In the next moment, Kevin pulled her into a tight embrace.

...

Once Jace stabilized Cooper, Kevin and Norah arrived. When Jace learned that Norah was going with Kevin, a pang of sadness settled in his chest.

He had built a life in Country S. If Norah and Kevin returned to the capital, he wouldn't be able to follow them without consequences. He wouldn't be able to interfere in their lives anymore.

That meant he wouldn't see Norah for a long time.

"Stay safe on the road. If you need anything—if you ever feel unwell—call me, and I'll be there," Jace offered.

Norah was about to decline, but Kevin spoke first. "Don't worry, Jace. You can come with us."

Norah glanced at Kevin, instantly understanding his reasoning.

Jace didn't hesitate. "Alright."

As long as he could stay by Norah's side, he was willing.

The three of them set out.

Baimo didn't stop Norah from leaving. Once Jace arrived at the presidential palace in Country S with Kevin, he finally realized Kevin's true identity.

Kevin didn't waste time. "I need to take the child for treatment. Watch over Norah for me. When I get the medicine, help me make sure it's secure."

Jace nodded. "Got it."

As soon as Kevin left, Norah protested, but Jace held her back.

"Norah, even if you go after him now, it won't change anything."

"Kevin has arranged everything. Trust him. And trust me—whatever medicine you need, I'll get it for you."

Jace's words were steady, unwavering. He didn't care if he had to put himself in danger again.

Norah knew Jace would do everything in his power to help, but her heart still ached for Cooper. A five-year-old child shouldn't have to endure such suffering.

She wished she could take his place.

But she also knew that falling apart wouldn't help. She had to stay strong.

...

Kevin arrived at his father's estate, carrying Cooper in his arms.

Mousse had expected his son to return. But he hadn't expected him to bring Cooper.

"You sent him away, and now you're bringing him back? You think you can come and go as you please?"

Mousse stood with his hands behind his back, mockery lacing his tone.

Kevin had defied him before, but now, the truth was obvious—he had secretly smuggled Cooper out.

And now...

Kevin's voice was firm. "I don't have time for this. Give me the medicine. You have other children to choose from."

Mousse had plenty of options.

Mousse scoffed. "Who I choose is none of your concern. If you want the medicine, you'll have to follow my orders."

Kevin's expression darkened. "Then Norah will take the boy away."

Mousse's smirk deepened. "Do you really think you're in a position to negotiate? You give yourself too much credit."

Kevin's eyes turned ice-cold. "Then if you refuse, and my son dies, you'll have no one to blame but yourself."

Mousse laughed. "You won't let this child die. He's of Country S. He belongs here. Not with some woman from the Yi tribe. You want her to take him away and raise him as one of them?"

"I don't want this to escalate," Kevin warned.

Without another word, he pulled out a gun, aiming it directly at Mousse's head.

Mousse had seen all kinds of conflicts over the years. A gun pointed at him was nothing new. If Kevin thought he could intimidate him, he was too naive.

Mousse grabbed Kevin's wrist, the two locked in a tense standoff. But Kevin had anticipated this.

By now, many people had witnessed their confrontation. Kevin wasn't about to let his father control him any longer.

More importantly—

For years, Kevin had worn a mask while in Country S. No one except Mousse had seen his real face.

But now, standing exposed, Kevin knew there were people here who would recognize him.

And sure enough—

"That's Kevin! The leader of Craggaville!"

"Young Master Kevin?!"

Murmurs spread rapidly through the crowd. The revelation sent shockwaves through those watching.

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Mousse stood there, his expression unreadable.

Kevin held Cooper tightly, his silence speaking volumes. His eyes said everything words couldn't.

He hadn't wanted it to come to this, but today, Mousse had forced his hand.

"Give me the antidote," Kevin demanded. "I've always been Chinese. I'm only here because you saved me. I've been waiting for the right moment to return."

"President! We can't let the Chinese stay on our side!" one of Mousse's advisors protested.

"President, think carefully!" another chimed in.

Mousse's inner circle was quick to voice their objections.

Mousse's gaze locked onto Kevin. Kevin's face was cold, unyielding. He didn't feel he was in the wrong. In fact, he believed this was the only way.

"Don't forget," Mousse said, his voice low and sharp, "your roots are here. If it weren't for me, you'd be at the bottom of a river by now. Kevin..."

"I haven't forgotten," Kevin shot back. "But don't forget, I was once the leader of Craggaville. If you want Craggaville's army to turn against S country, you'd better let us go. My wife and son are here, and what you're doing now borders on harm and unlawful detention."

A fierce coldness flashed in Mousse's eyes.

Others began to plead with him. "President, S country has made enemies. Craggaville is our ally. If Craggaville joins the fight, with our current strength... we'll be like fish on a chopping block!"

"President, think of our country and our people!"

Mousse didn't want to hear it. "Kevin, you've done well. But don't assume everything will go your way."

The chill in his eyes deepened.

By now, Kevin knew Mousse wouldn't give him the antidote. But he had to get Norah and Cooper out. Reuniting his family was his dream—and his duty.

Mousse gave a nod to the people around him, and they reluctantly stepped aside, clearing a path for Kevin.

When Kevin returned to Norah with Cooper in his arms, she rushed forward. "Did you get the medicine? How is Cooper?"

Other children had happy families, laughter, and joy. But her child... not only lived in a war zone but was also suffering physically.

Norah's guilt deepened. She wasn't strong enough, wasn't capable enough. Otherwise, her child wouldn't have to endure this.

Kevin had planned to lie, to ease her worry. But seeing the desperation in her eyes, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"I didn't get the medicine," he admitted. "But we'll go back to the capital. Don't worry, I'll find a way to help Cooper, no matter what it takes."

Norah felt like the ground had been ripped out from under her. She stumbled, but Jace caught her before she could fall.

Kevin's heart ached as he watched. He'd wanted to shield her from the truth, but he knew Norah wouldn't want that. So he'd been honest, even if it hurt.

Norah made a decision. "If your father's condition is that you stay here, then I'll stay too."

She could bear the separation, as long as Cooper and Kevin were safe. Seeing her child suffer and Kevin in pain was too much for her.

Kevin's throat tightened. He pulled her into a fierce embrace. "No. Don't make that decision. This is my fault. I didn't protect you. I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you. Don't give up. Our child and I can't live without you."

If Kevin and Cooper stayed in S country, Norah would be alone. Jace saw an opening, a chance for himself. But the truth was...

Norah would be miserable. All Jace wanted was for her to be happy.

Jace stepped forward, his voice steady. "Norah, don't worry. You still have me. You still have Pharaoh. Don't forget who I used to be."

His words were a wake-up call. Pharaoh was known for his experiments, for turning Jace into a "medicine man" once. Maybe he had a solution.

For Cooper's sake, Norah was willing to swallow her pride.

It was like finding an oasis in the desert. "Kevin, let's go to the Yi tribe first!" Norah said, hope flickering in her voice.

"Okay," Kevin agreed, his voice rough. Right now, he'd follow her lead.

Jace trailed behind them, his purpose clear: as long as Norah was happy, he'd follow her for the rest of his life.

Cooper stirred awake. Seeing Kevin and Norah by his side, a small smile tugged at his lips. He was happy. They were here.

"Like... a dream," Cooper struggled to say.

Norah squeezed his hand. "Cooper, don't be afraid. This is real. Mom and Dad are here. We'll take you to where we grew up. You'll go to school, get better, and make lots of friends."

"Okay," Cooper whispered.

The journey from S country to the Yi tribe wasn't short, but Kevin pushed them forward at top speed. When they arrived, Pharaoh took one look at Norah holding Cooper and understood everything. Baimo had already filled him in about Kevin and Cooper being alive.

"Don't worry," Pharaoh said. "The child is in my hands now. Even if something happens to me, I won't let anything happen to him. You can focus on what you need to do."

"No," Norah insisted. "I'm not leaving until my child gets better. I know this is sudden, but... you're his only hope. If you can save him, I'll agree to everything you've asked of me before."

Her voice was hoarse, her desperation palpable.

Pharaoh was struck by her words. He reached out, wanting to comfort her, but stopped himself. This was already a huge step for Norah.

He smiled gently. "Don't worry. This is my grandson. I'll do everything in my power to cure him."

This child was a turning point for him and Norah, and he wasn't about to let it slip away.

Pharaoh took Cooper, and Baimo led Norah and Kevin to their quarters. But unnoticed, Jace followed Pharaoh to the lab.

Once inside, with only Pharaoh, Cooper, and himself present, Jace spoke up. "Pharaoh, if it comes to it... you can make me a medicine man again."

His expression was cold, resolute. For Norah, he was willing to do anything.

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The moment those words left his mouth, Pharaoh immediately grasped Jace's meaning.

Pharaoh knew full well that Jace was completely devoted to Norah. Even if it wasn't for her directly, he would go to great lengths to help those she cared about just to see her happy.

But—

Norah only saw Jace as a friend. Pharaoh also knew that as a child, Norah had given Jace a string of emerald green beads—her mother's keepsake.

If Jace was sacrificed, Norah would be devastated.

He couldn't bear to cause his only daughter that kind of pain.

Pressing his lips together, Pharaoh spoke in a low voice. "I won't deny that I initially thought about using you to accomplish something. But now... you're Julie's friend, and you genuinely care about her. I can't sacrifice you. However, you can assist me while I treat the child."

"Understood," Jace responded without hesitation.

Before proceeding, Pharaoh needed to assess Cooper's condition, which required a blood sample for testing.

Norah had already prepared Cooper, so the blood draw went smoothly.

Pharaoh wanted immediate results and prioritized the test. When he saw the bloodwork and medical reports, his expression darkened.

Cooper wasn't just suffering from asthma—he also had a heart condition.

And his platelet clotting value...

Pharaoh's grip on the papers tightened as the realization hit him. Jace, peering over his shoulder, was equally stunned.

There was an unknown drug molecule in Cooper's system.

Even worse—

Leukemia.

Not just a suspicion. A certainty.

If they told Norah now, she wouldn't be able to handle it. From the beginning, Karina had used the promise of the child's survival to give Norah the will to keep going.

Leukemia required a successful bone marrow match, and while Pharaoh, Kevin, and Baimo had resources, finding a compatible donor wouldn't be easy.

The treatment process would be grueling and painful.

And if something went wrong...

Pharaoh waved a hand, stopping Jace before he could speak. "Don't tell Norah. I'll take care of everything."

He had conducted countless experiments and accumulated years of experience—this was the time to put it to use.

There were many people in the Yi tribe. One of them had to be a match.

And then there was Kevin.

For five years, the world believed Kevin was dead. Norah had grieved for him all that time. If anyone was going to break the news to her, it had to be Kevin.

Pharaoh met Jace's gaze. "Go get Kevin."

Jace nodded. "On it."

When Jace found him, Kevin was holding Norah close, offering her silent support.

"Captain Edwards, Pharaoh wants to see you," Jace said, using the formal title Kevin had earned.

Kevin immediately released Norah. She looked up at Jace, surprised. "Why does he need him?"

Jace's voice was hoarse but steady. "I'm not sure. Probably to ask him something important. Norah, just wait here."

"I'll be back," Kevin reassured her before heading off.

Norah wanted to protest, but Baimo stopped her. "Kevin is just as involved in the child's situation as you are. Besides, he's your father's son-in-law. They may have been on opposite sides before, but now Craggaville and the Yi tribe are allies. It makes sense for Pharaoh to call him."

"Or... are you worried your father will harm Kevin?"

Baimo's words struck a nerve. Norah wasn't afraid her father would hurt Kevin—not now, not in this situation.

But Baimo saw through her hesitation and smirked. "If you already know Pharaoh won't harm Kevin, then what are you afraid of? Just rest. Right now, no one here will lie to you. You're our only one. We need to make up for what you've been through. Hurting you isn't an option."

Norah didn't respond, but she felt the sincerity behind his words. Baimo's reassurances weren't just empty promises—he had proven them with actions.

Meanwhile, Jace led Kevin into Pharaoh's laboratory before stepping outside, leaving them alone.

Cooper lay on the operating table, an IV needle in his small hand.

Men were often better at masking their emotions than women, but when Pharaoh handed Kevin the test results, Kevin's expression darkened.

"This child was born with complications, but his conditions worsened due to premature birth," Pharaoh explained. "He even has leukemia. When you handed him over to your father in exchange for Norah's antidote... how did he treat him?"

Pharaoh regretted the question the moment he asked it. Kevin's dark eyes glinted with a cold fury.

When Norah was poisoned, Archer, Karina—even Calvin—had played a part.

And Calvin... Calvin had failed due to misplaced trust and negligence.

In the end, it had led to all of this.

Regret weighed heavily on Pharaoh. "You should get tested to see if you're a match. If you are, it's the best outcome. If not, I'll arrange for other options." His voice lowered. "But I need you to keep this from Norah. I also need you to vouch for me."

For years, Norah had suffered because of her love for Kevin. Pharaoh wanted nothing more than to see his daughter's family reunited.

And deep down... he hoped Kevin could help Norah forgive him.

If Norah's family stayed in the Yi tribe, it would be a true reunion.

That was his wish.

Kevin studied Pharaoh in silence.

They had once been enemies. Pharaoh, the formidable leader of the Yi tribe—powerful, ruthless, and unyielding.

Yet now, for Norah's sake, he had set aside his pride.

Pharaoh had changed.

Kevin understood what Pharaoh was asking of him.

"I won't tell Norah the truth until Cooper is completely healed," Kevin finally said.

He would let Norah believe her son was simply suffering from asthma and the aftereffects of premature birth—made worse by his father’s interference.

Kevin’s gaze remained steady. “And about what I asked you before?”

Pharaoh’s eyes filled with hope. He desperately wanted Norah’s forgiveness.

After a brief pause, Kevin nodded. “Since you’ve entrusted this to me, I’ll handle it. Don’t worry.”

No matter what had happened in the past, Pharaoh was still Norah’s father. And blood ties...

Could never be erased.