

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 506

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## Chapter 506

Kevin held a special place in Norah's heart. With his willingness to help, it was only a matter of time before the family reunited.

However, Pharaoh also reassured Kevin.

"Don't worry, I truly want to make it up to Norah. For my grandson's sake, I want him to survive."

In other words, even without Kevin's involvement, Pharaoh was determined to take care of the child.

"I understand," Kevin replied slowly. The meaning behind their words was already clear.

Unfortunately, his bone marrow wasn't a match for Cooper.

## Meanwhile, on Norah's Side...

Kevin said, "Norah is sharp. She can't be forced into testing."

If she found out, it would be devastating. From her perspective, she had just found her child and barely had time to reunite before discovering his illness—one after another, the blows were relentless. No mother could bear that.

"I understand. I'll arrange for others to be tested first. I have plenty of people—hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands—eventually, we'll find a match."

Kevin nodded, staying by Cooper's side. He took Cooper's hand and kissed the back of it gently.

"Cooper, this is your Grandpa. There are misunderstandings between your mother and Grandpa that haven't been resolved yet. You have to help them. Your Grandpa made mistakes in the past, but he's changed. He's trying to make things right. He's taking care of you, so don't tell your mother about your illness, okay?"

Kevin's voice was patient, deliberate, and soothing. A soft smile played on his lips.

Cooper nodded.

## **Back with Norah...**

Baimo remained by her side, ensuring she was well taken care of. Servants brought her fresh fruit, snacks, and signature dishes from Craggaville.

But suddenly, Baimo's sharp eyes caught something unusual. He recognized the items and turned to the maid, Freyja.

"Aren't these made by the old maid's mother? Freyja, what's the meaning of this?" He grabbed her wrist, pulling her closer.

Freyja quickly explained, "Last time was a misunderstanding. I saw the eldest lady return, and I wanted to prepare something for her—so she'd feel at home."

Baimo cut her off, his face darkening. "This *is* her home."

Norah had grown up here, but after being separated and living in Craggaville, she subconsciously identified as Chinese.

Freyja hesitated, struggling for words. She had clashed with Norah before but, upon learning Norah's true identity, had been consumed with guilt. Now, she was desperate to redeem herself, yet her efforts were unwelcome.

Her voice trembled. "I'm sorry, Young Master Baimo. I didn't mean any harm. I just wanted to make the eldest lady feel comfortable, nothing else. The past is behind us—I only wanted to make things right."

She gestured as she spoke, clearly flustered. Her wide, anxious eyes gave her the innocence of a child.

Baimo was unimpressed. "Enough nonsense. Get out."

Before he could say more, Norah interrupted.

"I'll go for a walk."

She didn't want to listen to their bickering. Besides, she noticed something—there was something between Baimo and Freyja.

Over the years, she had received news that Levi and Karina were getting married at the end of the year, and Steven was also settling down. As for Frank, she wasn't sure. But one thing was certain: Jace and Baimo were still single. If Baimo and Freyja could work things out, it wouldn't be a bad thing.

Baimo moved to stop her but hesitated when he saw her determined steps.

Freyja, still standing there, lowered her head like a guilty child. "Young Master Baimo, I really didn't mean to upset anyone. I just wanted to help."

Baimo glared at her. "Didn't you notice the eldest lady leaving because of you? If you don't stop talking, I'll have your tongue pulled out."

If not for her father's loyalty to the Yi tribe, Freyja would have faced severe consequences for her past disrespect toward Norah.

Freyja gulped. "I believe you. Please don't be angry. I'll step aside. Just let me know if the eldest lady needs anything."

Before she could say more, Baimo had already turned away.

She watched him leave, sighing inwardly. No matter how difficult Baimo was, she had made up her mind—she was going to win him over.

## **Baimo Catches Up to Norah**

"Where are you going? I'll come with you."

He kept pace with her effortlessly.

Norah frowned. "I know my way around. I won't wander into restricted areas. But the way you're hovering—are you hiding something from me?"

Kevin had been called away nearly an hour ago, and he still hadn't returned. Worry gnawed at her—was something wrong with Cooper?

Baimo chuckled. “You’re overthinking. Father only called Kevin because he’s been with the child the longest. He wanted to understand the situation. There’s nothing to hide from you now.”

But Norah wasn’t convinced. Whatever was happening, she needed to see for herself.

Her pace quickened.

## At the Lab

She arrived at the lab and saw Cooper lying on the operating table, receiving an IV drip. Kevin was beside him, holding his hand. The sight of her son’s pale face hit her like a dagger to the heart.

She rushed forward.

“Mom... Mom...”

Cooper’s weak voice made Norah’s eyes well up with tears.

### Chapter 507

In the lab, Norah stumbled upon a list of treatments prepared by Pharaoh. One entry in particular caught her eye: **horse chestnut**.

This rare herb thrives in shaded, remote mountain areas, often guarded by venomous snakes. Harvesting it is no small feat—only seasoned herbalists dare to attempt it. Next to the name, Pharaoh had scribbled a small note, perhaps hinting at the difficulty of obtaining it. Norah clenched her jaw. If this herb could save her child, she’d risk everything—even her life. Without hesitation, she set off.

From a distance, Kevin spotted her heading toward the mountains and quickly caught up. “Where are you going?” he asked, his voice tinged with concern.

“I’m going to find horse chestnut,” Norah replied bluntly. “I’ll go alone. Stay here with Cooper.”

“No. I’m coming with you,” Kevin insisted, his tone firm. Norah didn’t have time to argue, so she nodded, allowing him to join her.

The deeper they ventured into the mountains, the harsher the environment became. Horse chestnut doesn’t grow in the outer regions—it’s found only in the most secluded, treacherous parts. Norah pressed on without pause, her focus unwavering. The air grew colder, and an eerie stillness settled around them. Though there was no wind, a chilling breeze seemed to seep into their bones.

Kevin draped his coat over Norah's shoulders, his worry evident. "Go back. I'll get the horse chestnut for you," he urged.

"No. I'm not turning back," Norah said, her resolve unshakable. She hadn't planned to let anyone else take this risk—not even Kevin. If danger lay ahead, she wouldn't let him face it alone.

The fog thickened, obscuring their path. Norah tried to gauge their direction by the sun, but the dense mist blocked it entirely. Uneasy, she picked up a stone and marked a tree trunk. They continued, marking their trail as they went, staying back-to-back, alert for any signs of beasts or snakes. Thankfully, the journey remained uneventful, and as dusk approached, Norah suggested they find a place to rest.

Kevin lit a torch and spotted a small clearing nearby. It wasn't much, but it would do. Norah handed him a piece of dried food she'd brought along and took one for herself.

"You've really changed," Kevin remarked, a hint of admiration in his voice. "You're so prepared now. It's like you're a completely different person."

Norah had indeed transformed over the years. The love between them remained, but everything else about her had evolved. She was stronger, more capable.

Suddenly, a low growl echoed in the distance. They sprang to their feet, alert. Kevin raised the torch, scanning their surroundings. Out of nowhere, a venomous snake lunged at Norah from the right. She dodged just in time, but the snake pursued her relentlessly. She tried to outmaneuver it by circling a tree trunk, hoping to tangle it, but the snake quickly grew bored of the chase and slithered straight toward her.

"Run!" Kevin shouted, spotting several pairs of glowing eyes in the shadows. A tiger burst from the bushes, and the two took off, racing for their lives.

Norah knew they couldn't keep running. Once night fell, they'd be trapped. As she passed a tree, she leaped, snapped off a branch, and turned just in time to drive it into the snake's head. The viper fell lifeless, and the tiger roared in fury, as if mourning its companion.

"Climb the cliff!" Kevin yelled, hurling the torch at the tiger. The torch struck the beast's head, igniting a small flame. The tiger froze, momentarily distracted. Norah seized the opportunity, grabbed the torch, and plunged it into the tiger with all her strength. The creature collapsed.

Kevin stared, stunned. The Norah he'd known five years ago was gone. This woman was fearless, decisive, and strong.

"We need to find shelter and make a fire," Norah said, recalling a cliffside cave they'd passed earlier. They hurried toward it, the darkness now complete.

The cave was far from ideal—damp, overgrown with weeds, and barely habitable. The mountain cold was relentless, and Norah shivered, wrapping herself tightly in Kevin's coat. She knew they needed to secure the entrance, but the chill sapped her energy. Watching

Kevin work, she felt a wave of gratitude. "I'm glad you came. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Of course I came," Kevin replied. "I'm your man. It's my job to protect you."

As the fire crackled to life, Kevin motioned for her to warm up. "I'll look for a bigger stone to block the entrance," he said. But just as Norah moved to sit, the fire sputtered and died. Startled, she instinctively clung to Kevin.

"Don't worry. I've got you," he reassured her, lighting a lighter. He noticed water dripping from above where they'd built the fire. "That was careless," he muttered, chuckling softly.

Norah suddenly grabbed his arm. "Wait," she whispered, pointing upward. "It's not water—it's snake venom. We need to take it out, fast."

Kevin nodded, unfazed. "Alright. Let's do this. I'll cook us some snake meat when we're done."

Working together, they swiftly dealt with the venomous snake. It was massive, easily as large as the one that had chased them earlier. When it finally fell, the cave trembled from the impact.

Norah and Kevin exchanged a glance, their bond stronger than ever. They were a team, ready to face whatever came next.

## **Chapter 508**

The two sat in silence for a long time, their hearts still racing from the close call. Even the bravest souls would feel a chill recalling how close they'd come to disaster. Kevin turned to Norah, pulling her into a tight embrace and pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"It's okay," he murmured. "I'll check the cave thoroughly this time. Nothing like that will happen again."

"I don't blame you," Norah reassured him. "No one could've guessed there'd be a snake in here."

She knew better than anyone that a damp, dark cave like this was the perfect habitat for snakes. They'd accidentally invaded its territory, and now they'd killed it. It felt almost unfair, but survival had no room for guilt.

Kevin relit the torch and carefully inspected the cave. Once he was sure it was safe, he gathered stones to block the entrance. With that done, he started roasting the snake meat. They didn't know how long the journey ahead would take, and they needed to keep their strength up.

Meanwhile, things weren't going well for the Yi tribe. The warrior who had earlier reported the battle crawled back, his leg badly injured.

“Quick! Get help!” he shouted, his voice strained. “The chief—he’s hurt!”

His cries drew immediate attention. Freyja rushed over, her voice trembling. “Where is he? How bad is it?”

“On the ridge,” the warrior managed before collapsing, unconscious.

Freyja grabbed her weapon and barked orders. “You, take him to Pharaoh. The rest of you, follow me to find the leader!”

The ridge was only about ten meters from the battlefield. If the enemy broke through, they’d surely find Baimo. Freyja couldn’t bear to think what would happen if they captured him—or what would become of the Yi tribe without their leader.

Thankfully, when they arrived, the warriors had managed to push the enemy back temporarily. But the sight of Baimo made Freyja’s heart sink. He was unconscious, his body riddled with cuts, his right hand still clutching his bow. His right foot was bleeding heavily, the blood pooling beneath him, staining the ground a deep red.

“Those who aren’t injured, go back to Pharaoh and prepare for treatment. The rest, help me carry the leader back,” Freyja commanded, forcing herself to stay calm.

By dawn, Baimo was still in critical condition. Freyja sat by his side, cleaning up bloodied bandages and glancing at him anxiously every few moments. Each time she saw he hadn’t woken, her heart grew heavier. She bit her lip, tears streaming down her face.

“Young Master Baimo, you have to pull through. You can’t—no, you *won’t* die. You’ll be fine. You have to be.”

She picked up a basin of bloody water, intending to dump it, but hesitated, afraid Baimo might wake while she was gone. Instead, she set it back down and returned to his side, gently tucking the blanket around him and checking his forehead for fever. Thankfully, there was none.

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As morning broke, the fog clung heavily to the mountains, dampening the grass and soaking Norah and Kevin’s clothes. Their situation was far from ideal. Though they’d made it through the night safely, they’d nearly tumbled off the cliff while leaving the cave. The soil at the entrance was soft, and after pushing the heavy stone aside, they’d lost their balance and almost plunged over the edge. Norah had even face-planted into the mud, earning a mouthful of dirt.

They laughed at each other’s狼狈, finding humor in their shared misfortune. But as they walked away, Norah couldn’t shake the feeling they’d missed something. She turned back to stare at the cliff.

Kevin noticed and teased, “What, you want to spend another night there? Not afraid of meeting that snake’s mate?”

“It’s just... that cave is damp, perfect for snakes. What if the horse chestnut is in there?” Norah mused. It was just a guess, but the cave’s conditions matched the herb’s needs—shade with a hint of sunlight. It was a paradox, like loving someone but needing to live among others.

Kevin considered her theory. “I’ll go check. You wait here.”

“No, we’ll go together. If the snake’s mate shows up, we’ll have each other’s backs.”

They shared a knowing smile, their默契 speaking volumes.

After a thorough search, they found it—horse chestnut, growing lush and vibrant in a sunlit corner deep within the cave. Nature had carved an exit there, allowing just enough light for the herb to thrive. It stood out like royalty among the common weeds.

Kevin reached to pick it, but Norah stopped him. “You can’t just grab it. If we damage the roots, it’ll die before we get back. We have to dig it out carefully, like it’s our own child.”

Kevin groaned. “It’s got the life of a princess and the temper of one too.”

He held her coat as she worked, his voice softening. “Be careful. If it’s too much trouble, we’ll find another one. You’re more important, okay? I can’t face Cooper if something happens to you.”

“I’ll be fine,” Norah assured him, her hands moving with precision. The roots were delicate, likely due to the cold environment. She dug carefully, taking extra soil to keep the plant hydrated during the journey.

With the herb secured, they prepared to leave. Norah was eager to get back to her child, and Kevin was just as ready to put this place behind them. But as they walked, the fog grew thicker, reducing visibility to barely a meter. They held hands, and eventually, Kevin wrapped an arm around her, guiding her forward. He wasn’t taking any chances.

“Wait,” Norah suddenly said, pulling away and examining a tree trunk. “This is one of our marks.”

Kevin’s eyes widened. They’d started marking trees near the cave, which meant they’d been walking in circles. The fog had disoriented them completely.

“We’ll have to wait for the fog to clear,” Kevin said, pulling her close. “We can’t risk getting even more lost.”

Norah nodded, her heart sinking. They were stuck, and every step could take them further from safety.



