

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 509

Chapter 509

Kevin held Norah close, and she could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

From the very beginning, Kevin had always been there for her. Yet, when she first saw the horse chestnut, she had thought about going alone.

After all, she had never done anything for Cooper before.

But Kevin had come anyway.

As the fog cleared, they made their way back.

There was unrest among the Yi people. Pharaoh and the others were deeply concerned for Norah and Kevin's safety—especially Norah's. They wouldn't let anything happen to her.

"You too! Those are the herbs I listed. I know the quickest way to find them. You weren't feeling well, so why did you go into the mountains?" Pharaoh scolded, his worry evident.

The herbs he had listed were meant to save Cooper.

They had been in a rush, and when Norah appeared, they hesitated to question her. Instead, they let it go.

But now—

If anything had happened to Norah, Pharaoh knew he could never forgive himself.

Yet, when Norah handed him the horse chestnut she had picked, he was stunned into silence.

The herbs he had listed only grew in the Yi tribe's territory. He understood better than anyone how rare and precious this horse chestnut was—so revered that the locals called it the "daughter."

How had Norah and Kevin managed to find one?

“Help me save Cooper first,” Norah said, her voice hoarse, completely ignoring Pharaoh’s exhaustion and concern.

“Alright,” Pharaoh replied. Now that she was speaking to him again, he hoped their strained relationship would slowly mend.

He then added, “You should rest first. Come see Cooper later.”

“Okay,” Norah agreed, and Kevin stayed by her side.

However, Norah soon noticed something—Baimo and Jace were nowhere to be seen.

She hesitated. “Where are Baimo and Jace? Did they go somewhere for Cooper?”

Pharaoh’s expression darkened. “Jace is treating Baimo...”

Norah’s heart clenched. “What happened to him?” she interrupted, her voice filled with urgency, her dark eyes wide with worry.

Pharaoh pressed his lips together before speaking softly. “A war broke out in the Yi tribe, and Baimo was injured.”

Under Baimo’s leadership, the Yi tribe had grown stronger and even allied with neighboring small countries. But now, war had arrived at their doorstep.

Could this be... Calvin’s doing?

Norah made up her mind. She had to see Baimo.

Kevin, understanding her thoughts, took her hand and said firmly, “I’m going with you.”

Just to find the horse chestnut, they had fought a tiger, endured countless hardships, and pushed their exhausted bodies to the limit. Yet, instead of resting, they were now rushing to Baimo’s side.

Norah still cared about Baimo. If she had feelings for Baimo, then there was hope that she could feel something for him too.

Pharaoh clenched his fists.

He had to save Cooper.

If Cooper survived, maybe then, he and Norah could find some middle ground.

Norah and Kevin arrived at Baimo's side, where Freyja was keeping watch.

Seeing Norah, Freyja immediately stood up and greeted her. "Miss."

Norah's gaze fell on Baimo, lying unconscious in bed. "How is he?"

Jace, who was tending to him, answered, "He was seriously injured, but we got to him in time. The anesthetic hasn't worn off yet. He'll wake up soon."

Jace glanced at Norah and noticed the dust covering her body, the exhaustion in her reddened eyes.

For Cooper's sake, she had pushed herself beyond limits. Originally, Jace had wanted to go with her, but Kevin had been by her side instead. That left Jace and Pharaoh behind to help the wounded and save Cooper.

But then the Yi tribe was attacked.

Now, Pharaoh was in the lab, and Jace remained by Baimo's side.

Hearing Jace's words, Norah let out a quiet breath of relief. Baimo would be okay.

She also noticed Freyja standing protectively by Baimo's bedside.

Last time, Freyja had seen her as a rival. Now, she was watching over Baimo with unwavering dedication. It was clear—she loved him deeply.

Norah didn't need to stay and be in the way.

She turned to Freyja. "If anything happens, call me. I'll be outside."

Freyja nodded. "Okay."

Jace watched as Norah and Kevin left. He, too, stepped out, leaving Freyja alone with Baimo.

She gazed down at him, her expression resolute.

She had only one thought: He has to wake up.

Outside the tent, she couldn't suppress her emotions any longer. Frustrated, she lit a cigarette and took a deep drag.

When Norah returned to her residence, the Clown ordered the maids to prepare fresh clothes, food, and drinks for her.

Norah went to bathe first, while Kevin waited outside.

The Clown approached him. "Captain Edwards, you don't have to be so vigilant. The Yi tribe is secure. We would never let any harm come to the young miss."

The Yi tribe would do everything to protect Norah. But Kevin still had to be here. He couldn't leave her side—it was instinctual.

More than that, as long as he was here, she could call for him whenever she needed.

"Go handle your own business," Kevin said calmly.

Just then, Norah's hoarse voice called out from inside. "Kevin, are you still out there? Come in and help me."

Her voice carried a hint of embarrassment.

"I'm here." Without hesitation, Kevin strode to the bathroom.

He knocked lightly on the door. When Norah confirmed it was him, she let him in.

She had already removed her clothes. Kevin's gaze immediately landed on the bruises and scratches across her pale back.

His chest tightened.

She had fought a tiger while injured and never once mentioned the pain.

In the past five years, she had suffered too much. She had grown so much stronger.

"Wait here. I'll get medicine from Jace," Kevin said, his voice thick with emotion.

His heart ached.

He wished he had superpowers. If he did, he would appear by her side the moment she was in danger. He wouldn't let her go through so much alone.

As he turned to leave, his eyes burned.

Kevin found Jace and explained why he needed the medicine.

Realizing Norah was injured, Jace hesitated. But with Kevin there, he chose not to interfere.

He handed over the medicine. "This is for external use. This is internal. It'll speed up healing and prevent scarring. Just make sure she doesn't get the wound wet—it could cause reinfection."

"Got it," Kevin said, nodding before turning to leave.

Jace watched him go, a strange feeling settling over him.

For a moment, he imagined himself in Kevin's place.

Standing beside Norah.

But that wasn't reality.

It never would be.

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Jace snapped himself out of his thoughts and forced himself back to reality. He wasn't Kevin—he was Jace. Even if he couldn't stand by Norah's side as her lover, he could still be her friend, her brother. In this life, Jace lived for Norah.

Kevin returned to the bedroom with the medicine, only to find Norah fresh out of the shower. Her wet hair clung to her shoulders, the faint scent of roses lingering in the air. He quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped her hair, his voice gentle but urgent. "Take off your clothes a little. I'll apply the medicine."

"Okay," Norah replied softly, doing as he asked.

Kevin's hands were careful as he applied the medicine, his touch light, almost hesitant. He even blew gently on the treated area, afraid the solution might sting or irritate her wounds. But to Norah, the pain was nothing. She remembered her early days as a war correspondent, when she'd been thrown into the chaos of battlefields. Once, a steel bar from the rubble had pierced straight through her foot. She was supposed to rest for six months, but she'd returned to the frontlines in just over three. Over time, she'd grown numb to minor pains. After all, she'd faced war—how could she cry over something so small?

"Norah, I'm sorry," Kevin's voice broke, his eyes glistening. "I've left you alone all these years..." He fought back tears, afraid they'd fall onto her back. Tears were bitter, salty—he didn't want her to feel that.

Norah's throat tightened. She understood Kevin. If he hadn't been held back, he would've been by her side all along, never giving up. She managed a small smile. "Kevin, the past is behind us. Let's not bring it up again. What matters now is Cooper. No matter what happens with Cooper..."

She trailed off, unable to finish. Even though she'd prepared herself for the worst, saying it out loud felt impossible. Emotions churned in her chest, bitter as bile.

"I know," Kevin said softly. "No matter what, we're in this together." After applying the medicine, he pulled her into a brief embrace, holding her close before letting go.

Once Kevin had showered, they headed to the lab to check on Cooper. But what they saw made Norah's heart drop. Cooper's face was pale, almost ghostly—a clear sign of poisoning.

Norah's legs gave out. "How is this possible? Didn't the horse chestnut work? It's supposed to save him!" Her voice trembled. Was there a traitor in the Yi tribe? Was someone deliberately poisoning Cooper?

Pharaoh stepped forward, steadying her. "Don't panic. This isn't poisoning. It's a normal reaction after taking horse chestnut. Give it an hour or two, and his color will return."

Tears welled in Norah's eyes. "Are you sure? You're not lying to me, are you?"

"I wouldn't lie about this," Pharaoh said firmly. "I'm not playing games with Cooper's life. Your brother has the Yi tribe under tight control. Since you brought Cooper here, security has been airtight. Poisoning is impossible."

Kevin wrapped an arm around Norah's waist. "Norah, trust your dad."

The word "dad" hung heavy in the air. Pharaoh glanced at Kevin, surprised. Norah had never acknowledged him as her father, but Kevin just had.

For Norah, the word carried weight. In her world, her parents had loved Jack and Gwen, not Pharaoh—the man known for his ruthlessness. Yet here he was, doing everything to save Cooper. It was a truth she couldn't ignore, even if she refused to say it out loud. Pharaoh was

her father, and he was here because of that bond. Otherwise, he wouldn't have lifted a finger, no matter who Cooper was.

"Let's step outside and wait for the results," Kevin suggested, guiding her toward the door. He didn't want her staying in the lab, worrying herself sick.

But Norah shook her head. "If he's not poisoned, then I'm staying. I'll wait until he wakes up. I'm not leaving."

Once Norah made up her mind, no one could change it. If she wanted to stay, Kevin would stay with her. But Pharaoh caught his eye, signaling him to step out.

Kevin gave Norah's shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "I'll be right back."

"Okay."

Outside the lab, Pharaoh spoke first, his voice low and earnest. "Kevin, I need your help. I know we've been on opposite sides before, and I know who you are now. But for Norah's sake, I'm willing to humble myself. She's my only daughter, and she listens to you. If you could put in a good word for me..."

Pharaoh's tone was uncharacteristically pleading. This wasn't the proud leader of the Yi tribe—this was a father, desperate for his daughter's acceptance.

"I'll talk to her if I can," Kevin replied calmly. "But Norah's her own person. She thinks for herself. I can't make her do anything she doesn't want to."

Pharaoh nodded, though disappointment flickered in his eyes. He understood Kevin's point, but he wasn't ready to give up. "I know. But if there's any chance, no matter how small, I'll take it."

His voice grew hoarse, urgency creeping in. "I've made mistakes, but I've never betrayed my child. Everything I've done has been for her. She's already starting to accept Baimo—that's a step forward. But with me... she won't even speak to me."

Pharaoh didn't say it outright, but Kevin could see it in his eyes. If it came down to it, Pharaoh would go to war for Norah. He'd even rally other nations to attack Country S if it meant protecting her.

Kevin, however, wasn't interested in escalating conflicts. "I'll handle things on my end," he said firmly. "But you need to let go of the past. People change, and so can you. Norah's grown—she has the strength to face the truth."

"That's all I can ask for," Pharaoh replied, his voice heavy with resignation.

Two hours later, the bluish tint on Cooper's face finally faded. Norah's expression brightened with relief. Kevin moved to her side, ready to comfort her, but before he could speak, Cooper's eyes fluttered open.

Seeing Kevin and Norah together, a small smile spread across Cooper's face.

Norah leaned down, kissing his forehead. "What do you want, sweetheart? Something to eat? Or anything else?"

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Cooper shook her head, but he tightened his grip on Norah's hand. A moment later, he slowly lifted his hand.

Kevin immediately reached out, instantly understanding what Cooper wanted.

Norah's emotions surged, her voice breaking. "Cooper, Mom promises you. When you get better, we'll go back to where your mom and dad grew up. I'll take you to school and pick you up every day. We'll visit Grandpa and Grandma. You won't have to stay in a place filled with conflict anymore. You'll be able to play every day and eat all kinds of delicious food."

Cooper nodded, his voice rasping as he forced out a single word: "Okay."

Pharaoh overheard their conversation. He understood what Norah cared about, and he couldn't blame her for it. The world she grew up in was vastly different from that of the Yi people.

"I'll go make you something to eat," Norah said, gently patting Cooper's hand before getting up.

Kevin remained silent for a moment. He caught the flicker of emotion in Pharaoh's eyes, exchanged a look with him, and then followed Norah.

Cooper wasn't much of a talker, but when he saw Pharaoh, he still managed a small smile.

Lying in the laboratory, Cooper watched as Pharaoh worked tirelessly for him every day. During injections, Pharaoh would gently cover his eyes and soothe him with a soft voice. Cooper could feel it—Pharaoh was a kind and caring grandfather.

Pharaoh stroked Cooper's head and said, "Your mom and dad are making you something to eat. Cooper, have you been feeling better lately?"

Ever since Cooper started taking the horse chestnut, his complexion had improved. More importantly, since arriving at the lab, he hadn't had another asthma attack.

The matching process was ongoing. As soon as they found a suitable match, Cooper would undergo a bone marrow transplant. Then, he could finally grow up healthy and happy.

Norah would always remember everything about Cooper.

“Cooper...” Pharaoh started to speak but hesitated, swallowing the words.

Cooper was still just a child. Whatever mistakes had been made, Pharaoh knew it wasn't fair to involve him. He shouldn't have to pay for Pharaoh's sins.

Cooper sensed that Pharaoh had something on his mind, but he wasn't one to ask questions. So, he stayed silent.

Norah sought out the clown and asked to be taken to the kitchen. It was well-stocked, as she had to ensure Pharaoh and Baimo had proper meals every day.

The kitchen was in a separate area. Thinking about Cooper's fragile health, she decided to cook something light. She avoided shrimp and fish, worried they might trigger his asthma, and even steered clear of eggs just to be safe.

In the end, she settled on lean meat and started simmering a slow-cooked porridge over low heat.

Kevin stood beside her.

“As long as there's no war outside, we'll be safe in the Yi tribe,” he said. “You don't usually have much time to spend with Cooper.”

Norah pursed her lips, her voice hoarse. Kevin had been in a coma for over three years. After he woke up, his time had been occupied with recovery and responsibilities. How could he have had time to be with Cooper? Besides, Mousse had been the one explaining things to him.

“Hmm,” Kevin responded, his voice equally rough. He thought back to Cooper's time with Mousse. Because Cooper had never been breastfed and because Norah had been poisoned during pregnancy, he had been born weak. Mousse had wanted to strengthen him, but it had led to a difficult and unhappy childhood.

Norah had always suspected it, but hearing Kevin confirm it made her heart ache even more.

They had all suffered over the years.

“That's in the past. Let's not dwell on it,” Kevin said, sensing her sorrow. “Now, our family is together, and Cooper is getting stronger every day. That's what truly matters.”

Norah sighed, finding comfort in his words. Instead of constantly revisiting old wounds, it was better to focus on the present.

The porridge finished cooking quickly. Lost in thought, Norah reached for the hot casserole without thinking.

“Ahh!” She yelped as the heat seared her fingers, instinctively pulling her hand back and pressing her fingertips against her ear to cool them.

“Are you okay?” Kevin asked anxiously, stepping closer to check her injury.

As she lifted her head, their lips brushed—soft, warm, fleeting.

Kevin wanted to savor the moment, to let time freeze right there, but his concern for her fingers took priority.

“It’s nothing, just a little red and swollen,” Norah assured him, showing her hand. Her index finger was flushed, a small blister forming at the tip.

Kevin quickly pulled her to the sink and turned on the faucet. “Run it under cold water for a while. I’ll take care of the rest.”

He turned off the stove, lifted the casserole, and the rich aroma of porridge filled the kitchen. Carefully, he poured it into a bowl and carried it out.

Norah followed after turning off the water.

On the way back, Kevin brought up Pharaoh. “I know it’s hard for you to accept him as your father, and I respect your feelings. But Pharaoh is Cooper’s grandfather. That’s something we can’t change. Cooper has the right to know.”

Norah remained silent.

If her biological father were anyone else, she could have accepted it. But her father was Pharaoh—a man with so much blood on his hands, a man responsible for countless crimes.

She didn’t want to acknowledge him. Yet, without him, without the horse chestnut, Cooper wouldn’t be getting better.

She sighed. “Let’s wait until Cooper recovers...”

Kevin didn’t push further.

Back at the laboratory, Norah sat in front of Cooper and carefully fed him the porridge.

“Mom, this is delicious,” Cooper said happily, spooning up mouthfuls until the bowl was empty.

Pharaoh watched from the side, envy flickering in his eyes—along with regret.

If only his relationship with Norah could be like this.

Kevin noticed the change in Pharaoh's expression and sighed. As a father, he could understand him. But some wounds could only heal with time.

After eating, Cooper tugged on Norah's sleeve. "Mom, can I go outside for a bit? It's really boring staying here all the time."

"Of course," Norah said immediately, her heart aching for him.

At his age, he should have been running around, playing with other kids, not confined to a lab for treatment.

She found a wheelchair, and with Kevin's help, gently lifted Cooper into it before pushing him outside.

Behind them, Pharaoh felt the urge to follow. But he held himself back. This was their moment as a family, and he didn't want to intrude.

Besides, with Baimo asleep, someone had to manage government affairs.

Pharaoh turned away and returned to his room. Before he even sat down, a messenger arrived with urgent news.

"Pharaoh, the envoy from Country S has arrived."