

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 512

Chapter 512

“Hurry up and bring someone.” Pharaoh never had much fondness for Country S. However, Norah and Kevin had a connection, and there was a child between them.

For Cooper's sake, he was willing to extend some goodwill toward Country S. If relations between the two nations could remain stable, it would be beneficial for everyone.

Of course, if Mousse dared to mistreat Cooper, Pharaoh would not hesitate to turn hostile.

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Norah arrived, pushing Cooper into the back garden. Now that pollen season had passed and the flowers had been carefully screened, she felt safe bringing him outside to enjoy the fresh air.

“Mom, these flowers are so beautiful. I've never seen them before.” Cooper rarely had the chance to go outside. He took in deep breaths of fresh air, his eyes scanning his surroundings with wonder.

If only he could come out every day.

He hated being confined to a hospital bed. But he never complained. He knew how much his parents had sacrificed for his treatment, and he didn't want to add to their worries.

Kevin plucked a flower and placed it in Cooper's hand. “If you like them, pick a few more to take back to your room. We can put them in a vase.”

“Uh-huh!” Cooper nodded eagerly.

Then, he spotted more flowers—each one more delicate and vibrant than the last.

Before he could even ask, Norah, knowing her child's heart, had already started picking some for him. “Here, take these back. They'll brighten up your room.”

“Thank you!” Cooper held the flowers carefully, treating them like precious treasures.

Just then, a bird swooped past them, its movements swift and effortless.

Cooper’s eyes filled with envy. “Mom, look! That bird flies so fast!”

Norah’s eyes misted over.

The bird could soar freely, while her son remained bound to a wheelchair, unable to run or jump like other children.

Kevin gently wiped away Norah’s tears, then crouched beside Cooper. “If you eat well and take care of your body, you won’t need that wheelchair forever. When the time comes, we’ll take you to explore the world together.”

As long as Cooper regained his health, he could go anywhere he wished.

Cooper nodded eagerly. He could hardly wait for that day to come.

Time passed quickly, and before they knew it, an hour had gone by.

Norah turned the wheelchair and started pushing Cooper back.

“Mom, can I come out again next time?” Cooper asked, his voice tinged with reluctance. He never wanted these moments to end.

“Of course. I’ll bring you out often.” Norah gently ruffled his hair.

She wished she could say yes without hesitation, but Cooper’s health was still fragile. She couldn’t risk exposing him to too much wind or strain just yet.

When they returned to the lab, Pharaoh was already waiting. He turned to Kevin. “A messenger has arrived from Country S.”

Kevin’s expression hardened.

Envoys from another country were a significant matter, yet Mousse had not informed him in advance. That alone suggested there was more to this visit than met the eye.

“Where are they?” Kevin asked.

“I’ve arranged accommodations for them. There will be a banquet tomorrow night to formally welcome them. You and Norah will need to attend.” Pharaoh saw this as an opportunity to gauge Country S’s intentions.

Norah nodded in agreement. But...

“Baimo is still unconscious. I don’t know if he’ll wake up before tomorrow night.” Concern was evident in Norah’s voice.

Pharaoh shared her hope. “He’ll wake up.”

Norah sighed, praying that fate would be kind and allow him to recover in time.

...

Meanwhile, at Baimo’s side, Freyja remained by his bed, and Jace continued his meticulous care.

It wasn’t long before Baimo stirred. The pain coursing through his body made even the smallest movement agonizing. He let out an involuntary groan.

Freyja’s eyes widened with excitement. Baimo was awake.

The moment he opened his eyes, she nearly burst into tears. “Young Master Baimo, you’re finally awake!”

As Baimo’s vision cleared, his thoughts went back to the last thing he remembered—fighting alongside Freyja before collapsing. He also recalled the pained look on her face as he fell.

Now, he saw her exhausted, red-rimmed eyes.

She had been by his side all this time.

His lips parted slightly as he asked in a hoarse voice, “How is everything? Did his father manage to save the child?”

Despite the searing pain, Baimo instinctively tried to get up, desperate to find Norah.

Freyja understood how much Baimo cared about Norah. The young lady had been gone from the Yi tribe for so many years, and now, everyone was watching over her well-being.

But no matter how much he cared, he needed to take care of himself first.

“Young Master Baimo, you need to rest. If there’s any good news, I’ll make sure you hear it immediately.”

She firmly held him down, refusing to let him strain himself further.

Baimo didn’t speak. His lips pressed into a hard line as his sharp gaze landed on Freyja.

Under his piercing stare, she hesitated for a second before releasing her grip.

However, the moment Baimo tried to stand, pain shot through his body. He swayed, his injuries making it impossible to remain steady.

Just as he was about to collapse, Freyja rushed forward, catching him. “Young Master Baimo, please don’t push yourself. If you wish to see the young lady, I can go and inform her.”

“No need,” Baimo said coldly.

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Freyja isn’t playing around. If she can’t be with Baimo, she’d rather spend the rest of her life alone. No compromises.

Baimo stayed quiet, but just as he was about to speak, Freyja cut him off. “Young Master Baimo, I’ve never seen you with anyone... of the opposite sex. Do you... like men?” She couldn’t even look him in the eye when she asked.

Baimo’s expression darkened instantly.

Before he could respond, Pharaoh walked in. “Good, you’re awake. Take these pills.” He handed Baimo the medicine without ceremony.

Baimo didn’t argue. He swallowed the pills without a word.

Freyja seized the moment to pour him a glass of water. Baimo took it, but before he could thank her, Pharaoh shot Freyja a look. She got the hint and left, giving father and son some privacy.

Pharaoh got straight to the point. “Someone from Country S is here. Even though you’re injured, you’ll need to handle the negotiations.”

Baimo frowned. The Yi tribe and Country S rarely interacted. Why show up now? It had to be about Kevin.

“Understood,” Baimo said coolly.

Despite his injuries, Baimo met with the envoy from Country S—a strikingly beautiful woman. She was calm and composed when she saw him. “I’m here for two reasons. First, I want to discuss a partnership with your Yi tribe. We need your medicinal resources. Second...” She paused, her gaze steady. “I’d like you to introduce me to Kevin. He’s the third son of our President, and I have urgent matters to discuss with him.”

Baimo smirked. “Your so-called partnership is just a cover. Finding Kevin is your real goal. But if you’re looking for someone, do it yourself. I’m not your messenger.”

The woman didn’t flinch. “The person we’re looking for is in your Yi tribe, Young Master Baimo. We’re being polite first, but we’re prepared to escalate if necessary.”

Her bluntness didn’t faze him. The Yi tribe had avoided conflict for years, but if someone was bold enough to challenge them, Baimo wasn’t about to back down.

“War between nations doesn’t mean slaughter,” Baimo said, his voice icy. “But if you dare to provoke us, the Yi tribe won’t retreat an inch.”

Despite his pale, weakened state, Baimo’s authority was undeniable. The woman remained calm, repeating, “I need to see Kevin.”

Baimo relayed her words to Kevin verbatim. “I’m not your messenger. I’m telling you this because the Yi tribe will always stand behind Norah. If she’s threatened or hurt, we’ll be the first to act.”

Kevin understood. The Yi tribe would protect Norah at all costs. If his presence endangered her, they wouldn’t hesitate to remove him.

Kevin met with the envoy, but he was stunned to see who it was.

“I have a wife and child. You know this. Why are you here?” Kevin’s tone was sharp, devoid of any warmth.

The woman, Gugny, stepped closer. “I know about the child. The President wants the child to stay with him. As for your wife... you’re divorced from Norah, aren’t you?”

“Gugny!” Kevin snapped, putting distance between them. Gugny was the fiancée Mousse had chosen for him, but Kevin had made his stance clear from the start. His heart belonged to Norah and Cooper. There was no room for anyone else.

“You’re angry,” Gugny said, undeterred. “Norah is Pharaoh’s daughter. If you’re with her, the people of Country S won’t accept it. Do you think the leaders of Craggaville will approve?”

“My life isn’t yours to dictate,” Kevin shot back. His connection to Gugny was nothing more than Mousse’s doing. They were strangers, bound by obligation.

“Why not? I’m your fiancée! This isn’t just about you. Your father saved your life. Don’t forget that!” Gugny’s voice rose, her desperation showing.

Kevin turned his back to her. “Leave. Now. Before the Yi tribe decides to wage war with Country S.”

But Gugny wasn’t done. She rushed to him again, her eyes blazing. “You took Cooper away. Is he even better now? Only your father can cure him.”

Kevin’s fists clenched, his knuckles white. If it weren’t for Pharaoh and Jace’s efforts, that might have shaken him. But Cooper was thriving with Norah. He was talking more, coming out of his shell. Kevin wouldn’t let anyone take that away.

“Are you leaving on your own, or do I need to have you thrown out?” Kevin’s voice was low, dangerous. “Don’t test me. If Country S wants a war, we’re ready.”

Gugny fell silent. She wanted to argue, but she was outnumbered. The Yi tribe wasn’t a place to pick a fight.

Before she left, she spat, “Kevin, you’ll regret this!”

Regret? Kevin knew better. He’d rather die than betray Norah again. He’d made his choice, and he’d stand by it, no matter the cost.

After leaving the Yi tribe, Gugny called Mousse.

“Did you tell Kevin everything I asked?” Mousse’s voice was calm but commanding.

“Yes, President. I did. And as you predicted, he was close enough to inhale the poison. Everything is going according to plan.”

“Good.”

Gugny gripped her phone tightly. She was determined. The man she wanted would be hers, no matter what it took.

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Kevin’s Side

After finishing his conversation with Gugny, Kevin went to find Norah and Cooper. But before he could reach them, he suddenly collapsed.

The sound was so loud that it immediately alerted the patrolling guards.

Kevin and Norah were honored guests in the Yi tribe. Seeing Kevin faint, the guards didn't dare to hesitate and quickly rushed him to Pharaoh's laboratory.

When Norah saw Kevin unconscious, her heart pounded in fear. She grabbed one of the guards. "What happened?"

The Yi tribe's internal security had been tight—everything had seemed fine. So why had Kevin suddenly collapsed? Could it be... a relapse of his old injury?

"Miss, Mr. Edwards fainted out of nowhere. We don't know the cause."

Pharaoh stepped forward. "Let me check."

After examining Kevin, Pharaoh's expression shifted in shock. "He's been poisoned. It must have been the waiter from Country S."

"What?"

Norah's face turned pale.

The waiter from Country S... that meant Mousse's people. Mousse must have arranged for someone to poison Kevin, trying to force him to return.

Mousse wanted Kevin to bow his head and compromise.

Norah's heart twisted in pain. Life never seemed to allow the best of both worlds.

She whispered, hoarsely, "Can you wake him up?"

Pharaoh nodded. He and Jace worked together for over three hours before Kevin finally regained consciousness.

But Kevin was weak, his face devoid of color.

Pharaoh exchanged a look with Jace, and they quietly stepped out, leaving Kevin and Norah alone.

Norah took Kevin's hand, but the emotions surging inside her were too overwhelming. She threw her arms around him. "Pharaoh told me you were poisoned. Kevin, you can't be poisoned here. Your father sent his people to do this. He wants you to give in and return home. Maybe... maybe you should go back."

Kevin remained silent, processing her words.

She wasn't wrong. His movement had been restricted within the Yi tribe. If someone had truly wanted to poison him, they would have done it long ago. And if Pharaoh had intended to harm him, he wouldn't have done it now—not when he was actively helping them.

That left only one person—Gugny.

He had been close to Gugny. She had a faint fragrance on her, something subtle, almost unnoticeable. At the time, he'd thought it was just perfume. But now, it was clear—Gugny had been used as bait.

Kevin clutched Norah's hand tighter. "Norah, I promised I'd always stay by your side. I'm not leaving you. Don't send me away, okay?"

At that moment, he looked fragile, his voice filled with desperation. He had fought for his country, defended his family, protected the Edwards legacy. And yet, all he wanted now was something so simple—yet so impossible.

"Kevin, I'm not the one sending you away," Norah murmured. "You have to face reality. They've already poisoned you. What else won't they do? I don't want to make you choose, but... if your father is willing to let me stay with our child, then maybe you should go back."

She had been with Kevin for seven years. Now, it was time for her to dedicate herself to raising their child.

Kevin's grip tightened. "I told you, I won't give up on you. Norah, even if I'm dying, I will die in front of you. I can't leave you."

His eyes were bloodshot, his emotions raw.

Norah's heart ached. After everything they had been through, they should have found peace. But life continued to place obstacles in their path.

"I know," she whispered. "But I want you to live more than I want you to die. Kevin, as long as you're alive, there's still hope. But if you die... you'll have nothing."

For five years, she had seen too much death. She was terrified of it.

Kevin understood her feelings—just as he wanted her to live, she wanted the same for him.

He rasped, "No matter how difficult the road ahead is, we'll walk it together. Don't worry. I won't let myself die. I'll stay with you and our child. I'll protect both of you."

His unwavering determination left Norah speechless.

At that moment, Kevin's phone rang. It was Mousse.

Kevin hesitated but eventually answered. There were things that needed to be said.

Mousse's voice was laced with mockery. "You've got a strong will, Kevin, but I wonder—how strong is your life?"

Kevin had survived in the past because Mousse had saved him.

But this time, Mousse had personally ordered his poisoning. If Kevin refused to obey, then Mousse saw no reason to keep him alive.

Kevin wasn't fazed. He sneered. "You gave me this life. If you want it back, take it."

His meaning was clear—he would not be threatened.

Mousse was furious. He had more to say, but Kevin hung up without another word.

His stance was firm—he would never compromise again.

Kevin had been suppressing the effects of the poison, hiding it from Norah. But Pharaoh knew the truth. When treating Kevin, it had been impossible not to notice.

Even Pharaoh, who had once opposed him, now respected his perseverance.

Privately, Pharaoh approached Kevin. "I know you don't want to leave Norah. But I can't neutralize the poison in your body. You need to go back to your father. I don't want you dying in front of Norah. And I don't want to see her lose the warmth she still has. Right now, her only focus is on your child. As long as the child is safe... you..."

Pharaoh trailed off, but his meaning was clear.

Kevin fell silent for a long moment. Then, he finally said, "I love her too much. I won't let myself die. But if the worst happens... I'll make sure it doesn't happen in front of her."

He would spare her from witnessing his death. But he would not leave her side.

"That's what you say now," Pharaoh replied. "But Kevin, if you want to live, why not fight for your life? Your father is the President of Country S. You could—"

"So you're trying to convince me to return? You don't support me being with Norah?" Kevin interrupted sharply.

His expression was cold, unwavering.

Not far away, Norah had heard everything.

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Pharaoh said, "I'm not saying I don't support you being with Norah. It's just that I'm worried about..."

"Don't worry. No matter what happens, we'll face it together," Norah interrupted, stepping forward.

Kevin had never wavered in his decision.

Seeing that, Norah felt a deep ache inside. She had been worrying about him, but all this time, he had been thinking of her. Then why shouldn't they stand together and plan for the future as one?

Smiling, Norah reached for Kevin's hand, intertwining their fingers.

Pharaoh sighed, his tone gentle. "If you've made up your minds, I'll do everything I can to help you. I won't bring this up again."

Although he couldn't neutralize the poison Kevin's father had used, Pharaoh had another plan. "Kevin, you can draw him out."

Mousse's actions weren't entirely unjustified. Kevin understood his father's perspective. From Mousse's point of view, Kevin had refused to follow orders and had turned against his own blood. Since Mousse had saved Kevin's life before, yet Kevin refused to serve him, he saw no value in keeping him alive.

After saying his piece, Pharaoh left. He knew Kevin and Norah had plenty to talk about.

Once they were alone, Norah pulled Kevin into a tight embrace. Her voice was hoarse. "Kevin, no matter what happens, we'll face it together. We're a family—we belong together."

Kevin held her close. "I know. As long as you and Cooper are safe, I can handle my father. Pharaoh's suggestion aligns with my own plan."

Norah nodded. "I know. But promise me, whatever you do, think about me and our child first. Be careful."

She reached out to touch his face, her fingers brushing gently over his skin.

Kevin caught her hand, squeezing it. "Of course."

But before Kevin could make a move, Pharaoh acted first.

Pharaoh personally reached out to Mousse.

"I saw the men you sent," Pharaoh said. "I know country S has been struggling lately. The Yi tribe is willing to supply you with medicinal resources and military aid—free of charge."

There was only one condition: Mousse had to stop interfering and let Kevin and Norah be together.

But for Mousse, Kevin's return was worth more than any supplies. He knew Kevin had the talent to elevate country S to new heights. Losing him was not an option.

He wanted to see just how long Kevin could resist.

"I understand your love for your daughter, but this is not your decision to make," Mousse said coldly, hanging up the call.

Pharaoh sighed. It was clear—Mousse wouldn't back down unless Kevin confronted him directly.

Kevin had already anticipated this. He reached out and requested a face-to-face meeting with Mousse.

Mousse agreed. He wanted to see if Kevin's resolve could outlast his own.

But Mousse underestimated him. He was careless, and Kevin and his men swiftly surrounded him.

Kevin wouldn't harm Mousse, but he needed to limit his power. He had Mousse restrained.

"I grew up in the Edwards family. You didn't raise me, and you don't own me," Kevin said, his voice cold. "I won't kill you, but your people..."

He let the sentence trail off deliberately, his expression unreadable.

Mousse scoffed. "You think you can threaten me? You won't harm innocent people. If you were capable of that, you wouldn't have left the country for peacekeeping missions. I know you, Kevin. You don't have it in you."

Kevin said nothing.

And so, the standoff continued.

But despite everything, Norah still made sure Mousse received three meals a day.

Mousse refused to eat. His attitude toward Norah remained cold. "Do you think bringing me food will change my mind?"

Norah wasn't fazed. "You're his father. I don't want to see this stalemate continue. If you want to talk, we can talk. If not, just eat."

She had done nothing to deserve his hatred, yet his resentment toward her was undeniable.

Mousse studied her. She was nothing like Pharaoh.

Pharaoh had been obsessed with his experiments, indifferent to morality. Norah, on the other hand...

"I know what you're thinking," Norah said suddenly. "You believe your chosen fiancée is the only one who can help Kevin."

Mousse didn't respond, but his silence was answer enough.

Norah smiled. "I still haven't accepted my father, even though he's changed a lot. I know he's tried to do right by me, but I've seen too much of his cruelty. I can't forget it.

"You're the leader of a country, Mousse. Do you really think a lose-lose situation is the best outcome?"

Mousse had saved Kevin's life. If he truly wanted Kevin dead, he never would have saved him in the first place. That was why Norah stood here now.

She didn't expect to change Mousse's mind completely, but she believed he could understand her logic.

After all, he was a ruler, not a fool.

Mousse fell silent. Her words struck a nerve. He did want the best for his country, but more than that, he wanted Kevin by his side.

But Kevin had never cared about power.

Finally, Mousse spoke. "Fine. I'll stop interfering. But you and Kevin must return to country S with me."

Kevin stood up. "I left country S, and I won't go back. Cooper is being treated here. If you had a solution for him, he wouldn't be in this condition now."

Mousse's expression didn't change. "Think about it."

Some decisions couldn't be forced. They had to be made willingly.

After that, Kevin carried Norah out of the room.

Mousse wasn't locked up inside the Yi tribe. Kevin had arranged for him to stay elsewhere, something Norah knew about. That's why she had been bringing him food.

"Did he eat?" Norah asked, resting her head on Kevin's shoulder. "I wasn't trying to have a meal with him. I just want to know if he's okay."

She was always worried about Kevin's health.

When the poison acted up, Kevin was in unbearable pain. But he wouldn't let Norah see that.

"I'm fine," he assured her. "Mousse is just testing me. He won't hold out much longer."

After a moment, he added, "You should check on Cooper. He barely spoke before, but now that he's with you, he's opening up more."

Norah smiled, feeling reassured. "If you want to go back, we'll go back together."

No matter what happened, she couldn't leave Kevin behind.