

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 524

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## Chapter

524

Freyja felt uneasy but still took care of Baimo before leaving.

Baimo's indifference was palpable. If he saw her lingering outside his room, he'd only grow angrier. She didn't want to provoke his emotions.

Instead, she went to Pharaoh.

When Pharaoh noticed Freyja's red-rimmed eyes, he understood immediately. "If Baimo's been harsh with you, I can scold him for you," he offered.

But his tone made it clear: if it was about anything else, he couldn't intervene.

Pharaoh had risen to his position through years of experience, and he could see right through Freyja. She'd been by Baimo's side for years, and her feelings were obvious.

But matters of the heart couldn't be forced.

Especially with someone as strong-willed as Baimo.

Freyja hadn't expected Pharaoh to be so direct.

She took a deep breath, her voice trembling. "Pharaoh, can't you help me? I truly love him... There are no other women around him, and I promise I'll always stand by his side and support him."

Her voice cracked, but she had no choice. She'd come to Pharaoh as a last resort.

Freyja had loved Baimo since they were young. She'd never confessed before, fearing she wasn't good enough. She'd worked tirelessly to prove herself, to become someone worthy of him.

But when she finally gathered the courage to confess, Baimo had rejected her.

She didn't understand. She wasn't a bad person.

If it was because she'd once wronged Norah, she was willing to keep apologizing. She'd even sought out Pharaoh, hoping for a chance to be with Baimo.

But Pharaoh's response was firm.

"Freyja, your father has done great things for the Yi tribe, and I've always cared for you. I can help you with many things, but not this," Pharaoh said slowly, his lips pressed into a thin line.

He'd never pushed Baimo into an arranged marriage. When he'd 试探性地 asked Baimo about it once, Baimo had been vehemently opposed, and Pharaoh had never brought it up again.

Now, Freyja's feelings were clear, but if Baimo didn't feel the same, there was nothing Pharaoh could do.

After everything that had happened with Norah and Kevin, Pharaoh knew better than to meddle in matters of the heart.

Freyja opened her mouth to argue but found no words.

Pharaoh didn't have time to linger. After a few more words of advice, he turned and headed to the lab.

Freyja's heart felt like it had been sliced open.

Baimo had rejected her, and now Pharaoh had too. But the more she was pushed away, the more determined she became. She refused to believe she couldn't win Baimo over in the end.

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Norah and Kevin walked back together.

Thanks to the live broadcast, Norah had gained a lot of fans. Messages poured in from all over the world.

"My sister is so talented! Come report on our country next!"

"Wishing you and Captain Edwards a lifetime of happiness!"

"If you ever start a newspaper, I'd love to invest!"

Norah scrolled through the unread messages, surprised by the overwhelming response. But her focus now was on Cooper.

She was determined to devote herself entirely to her child—nurturing his health and guiding him through his recovery. Work would have to wait.

But as she put her phone away, she noticed Kevin's pale face and the beads of sweat on his forehead.

Her heart sank. "The poison... it's still in your system, isn't it?"

"I'm sorry," Kevin whispered, his voice weak.

Norah's chest tightened. "I don't want an apology. I want you to be okay. Let's go back—now!"

She grabbed his hand, ready to turn around. She'd thought Pharaoh had neutralized the poison, and Kevin had seemed fine.

But now it was clear he'd been hiding his condition.

Kevin held her back, shaking his head. He knew exactly what she was thinking—she wanted to go back to Pharaoh.

But if Mousse had been willing to give the antidote, he would have done so already. He hadn't, which meant he wanted something in return.

"He's not going to hand it over without a negotiation, and we can't—"

"I don't want to negotiate with him. He won't let me die," Kevin insisted, gripping her hand tightly.

He didn't want Norah to compromise because of him.

But for Norah, Kevin's well-being was everything. She'd do whatever it took to save him, just as he'd done for her.

"If Mousse didn't want you to die, why didn't he give you the antidote before we left?" Norah argued.

Mousse's plan was obvious—he wanted Kevin to come crawling back.

“Even if you go to him now, he won't give it to you. Norah, let's go back. Your dad healed Cooper, didn't he? Between him and Jace, they'll find a way to neutralize the poison.”

Tears welled in Norah's eyes. She understood Kevin's reasoning, but... wouldn't it be faster to get the antidote directly from Mousse?

Before she could protest, Kevin pulled her into his arms, his hand gently stroking her back. “Don't overthink it. I've got this. I promised I wouldn't leave you, and I won't. Right now, let's go see Cooper. He must miss us.”

“Okay,” Norah finally agreed, her voice barely above a whisper.

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Meanwhile, Mousse had been keeping tabs on Kevin and Norah. He'd withheld the antidote, waiting to see if Kevin would come begging.

But Kevin hadn't budged.

Kevin's resolve was unshakable. Even if it meant dying, he refused to return to Country S or have anything to do with Mousse. It was a stubbornness that reminded Mousse of Kevin's mother.

Her words echoed in his mind: “I don't want anything to do with you ever again...”

She'd vanished from his life, taking Kevin with her. Mousse had spent years searching for them, only for Kevin to reject him just as fiercely.

Now, Kevin and Norah were leaving, cutting ties with him completely.

Kevin was the last link between Mousse and the woman he'd once loved. If Kevin died, Mousse would never forgive himself.

“Send the antidote to Kevin,” Mousse ordered abruptly, his voice cold and resolute.

A man stepped forward, bowing respectfully.

As Mousse handed over the antidote, his expression was stern, his lips pressed into a thin line. He didn't like being backed into a corner, but he couldn't let Kevin die. Not like this.

## **Chapter 525**

Norah and Kevin were on their way back to the Yi tribe.

They had rented a car, sitting together in the back seat. Norah kept a close watch on Kevin's condition, relieved to see it wasn't worsening.

But midway through their journey, they were stopped.

Kevin's first instinct was that it was Mousse.

He pressed Norah down slightly and said in a low, hoarse voice, "I'll get out and check. If things go south, you make the driver keep going. Stick to the plan, but you have to stay in the Yi tribe."

If Mousse had decided to ignore the international backlash, then so be it. As long as Norah and Cooper were safe, that was enough for Kevin.

Norah shook her head firmly. "You told me—no matter what happens, you'll stay by my side. Now you're telling me to leave again? That's not happening, Kevin. Don't go back on your word."

Before Kevin could respond, a car pulled up in front of them. More vehicles followed, stopping at a distance. Though they didn't close in, their presence was intimidating.

Kevin's expression darkened.

But then, only one person stepped out—a man Kevin recognized as Mousse's personal bodyguard. Kevin quickly scanned him.

No weapons.

The bodyguard approached the car and stopped beside it. His voice was clear and respectful. "Young Master, the President sent me to deliver the antidote."

Instead of relief, suspicion flickered in Kevin and Norah's eyes. Mousse had never been one to concede easily. Even as they left, they hadn't expected him to willingly hand over the antidote.

Kevin feared a trap.

The bodyguard, noticing their hesitation, spoke again. "Young Master, the whole world is watching the President now. If he truly wanted to deal with you, he would've acted back in country S. If you don't trust me, you can test the antidote yourself."

The bodyguard moved carefully, placing a small white porcelain bottle on the ground before stepping back. Without another word, he turned and walked away.

Silence stretched between Kevin and Norah.

Finally, Kevin pushed open the car door and picked up the bottle, his grip tightening around it.

“Why did Mousse change his mind?” Kevin questioned. “You work for him—you must know something.”

The bodyguard shook his head. “I don’t know why the President decided this. If you want answers, you’ll have to ask him yourself.”

With that, he left.

Kevin hesitated briefly, then pulled out his phone and called Mousse. The line rang for a long time. Just when Kevin thought Mousse wouldn’t answer, his deep voice finally came through. “What is it?”

Kevin paused before speaking. “Why did you change your mind?”

Mousse chuckled. “After everything Norah has done, do you really think I wouldn’t give you the antidote?”

Then his voice turned cold. “From now on, stay out of my country. Never set foot on my territory again.”

With that, he hung up.

The abrupt disconnection left Kevin staring at his phone. Mousse wasn’t a man who changed his mind easily, but clearly, he had calculated his risks. His reputation mattered more to him than his personal grudge.

Kevin put his phone away and turned to Norah. “We’ll take the antidote back and have it tested. If it’s real, I’ll finally be free of the poison. Then, we can return to the capital and start the life you’ve always wanted.”

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Meanwhile, Cooper wasn’t doing well.

His fever had spiked to 104°F, throwing Pharaoh into a panic.

After a full examination, Pharaoh sighed in relief—it was just a common cold. If it had been something more serious, like rejection or a reaction to his treatment, he wouldn’t have known how to explain it to Norah.

Pharaoh immediately tried cooling Cooper down, but when that didn't work, he gave him an IV drip and stayed by his side, refusing to leave even for a moment.

Gradually, Cooper's condition improved. Even Baimo, concerned about him, personally made porridge for him.

Freyja, seeing Baimo alone in the kitchen, quickly stepped forward. "You're the leader of the Yi tribe now. If people see you doing this, they might not approve—maybe you should let someone else—"

Baimo cut her off without looking at her. "So making porridge for my nephew is beneath me? If that's the case, then my years as a teacher were a disgrace too, right?"

His cold tone left Freyja momentarily stunned. But she had made her choice—to stay by Baimo's side, no matter how hard it was.

"That's not what I meant," she insisted. "I wasn't criticizing you, I was just thinking about—"

"I don't need status or titles."

Baimo's words were firm. If he had cared about power, he wouldn't have let the children in the tribe continue calling him "Teacher Baimo."

Freyja swallowed hard. She had wanted to offer her help, but Baimo didn't even give her the chance.

His next words stung even more. "Leave. Stop wasting your time on me. I'll only engage with you when it's necessary for cooperation."

"Why?" Freyja's voice cracked. "We were close before! Or do you just hate women?" Her throat tightened as she spoke.

Baimo hadn't rejected her outright before. But now that she had confessed her feelings, he was shutting her out completely.

Her mind raced with doubts.

Baimo had been patient before, but her persistence was wearing thin. Frustration flickered in his expression, and when he finally looked at her, his dark eyes were cold and sharp.

Silence filled the room, heavier than words.

For a brief second, Freyja felt a flash of fear—but she was too far in to back down now.

"If you don't like women, just say it! Otherwise, why are you rejecting me so completely? Why did you let me stay close before?" She clenched her fists, determined to get an answer.

Baimo shot Freyja a cold glance. “Do I owe you an explanation?”

Freyja’s heart sank. She had no claim over Baimo, and he didn’t need to justify his actions to her.

It hurt, but there was nothing she could do.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at him. “I know I’m not in a position to ask, but... I really want to be with you. If we were together, wouldn’t I be able to help you?”

She suggested a fake marriage, hoping it would give her a chance to win his heart over time.

She believed that feelings could grow if they spent enough time together.

But Baimo’s lips curled into a cold smirk. “You think too highly of yourself.”

He turned away, refusing to even look at her. To him, Freyja might as well have been invisible.

Freyja stood there, helpless. She couldn’t force her way into his life.

In the end, she could only watch as he carried on without her.

Baimo brought a bowl of porridge to Cooper, who lay weak and pale in bed.

When Cooper saw him, he croaked, “Uncle... where’s Mom?”

His dark eyes were filled with longing.

Baimo’s heart clenched. Before he’d known Cooper was Norah’s child, he’d even considered sending him away, worried he’d be a burden.

Now, seeing the boy like this, Baimo felt a pang of guilt.

How could someone so young have to endure so much?

Baimo scooped a spoonful of porridge and blew on it gently. “Your mom and dad are busy. I’ll send them a message today, okay?”

Cooper nodded weakly.

Baimo was patient as he cared for Cooper, but Freyja was even more attentive.

She brought snacks and drinks, her voice soft and kind. “Cooper, you can eat these. When you’re feeling better, I’ll take you to see the animals, okay?”

Cooper nodded again, sensing her kindness.



But Baimo knew why Freyja was being so nice to Cooper.

After Cooper finished a small cake, Baimo gave Freyja a look and stepped outside. She followed, her heart racing.

Baimo's voice was icy. "If you keep ignoring what I've told you, I'll have no choice but to—"

"I just like Cooper. Can't I visit him? Can't I be nice to him?" Freyja interrupted, her voice trembling.

It was true—she hoped to win Baimo over through Cooper. But Baimo saw right through her, and his coldness cut deep.

She wanted to prove herself, but he gave her no chance.

His sharp, piercing gaze bore into her. "You can be nice to him, but what's your connection to him?"

Freyja had no real ties to Cooper. Her concern for him was clearly a ploy to get closer to Baimo.

He wasn't harsh enough, he realized. Freyja kept pushing, refusing to back down.

Freyja hesitated, then said, "Because he's the eldest lady's son and your nephew. I'm not trying to manipulate anyone. I know you're here, so I came to see you. That's all."

Her dark eyes were filled with devotion, even a hint of sorrow.

She'd loved Baimo for years, her heart aching for him.

She thought showing her feelings might soften him, that he'd see her efforts and give her a chance.

But she was wrong.

Baimo's indifference was unwavering. His cold, dark eyes seemed to cut her down where she stood.

"If you keep ignoring my warnings, don't blame me for being ruthless."

His voice was low, his anger barely contained. He hated when people didn't take the hint, and he wouldn't go easy on Freyja just because she was a woman.

He'd already been more patient with her than he would have been with anyone else.

Freyja smiled bitterly. She hadn't expected Baimo to threaten her like this.

Before she could respond, he turned and walked away, leaving her standing alone.

She watched his retreating figure, her hands clenched into fists.

No. The more Baimo pushed her away, the more determined she became.

If she worked hard enough, he'd have to see her sincerity eventually.

Meanwhile, Baimo returned to Cooper's side.

Cooper, despite his young age, noticed Freyja's absence. His small eyes flickered with understanding.

Freyja had been kind to him, and he knew she liked his uncle.

Before Cooper could say anything, Pharaoh spoke up, his voice low. "Even a child can see what's going on. Don't tell me you don't understand."

Baimo didn't respond. He knew exactly what his father meant.

But Baimo didn't have feelings for Freyja, and he wasn't about to settle for someone he didn't love.

Baimo said flatly, "What, are you suggesting I be with her?"

Pharaoh sighed. "Who you like, who you want to be with—that's your choice. I can't interfere."

Baimo smirked. "Then why bring it up? Are you trying to convince me to stay with her, or are you looking for a new partner for me?"

Pharaoh's lips pressed into a thin line. "I've thought about it, but I won't force you. I'm just saying, sometimes what's right in front of you is worth considering."

Freyja was a good woman. She genuinely cared for Baimo, which was why she'd come to Pharaoh for help.

But Baimo's tone remained indifferent. "I have no plans to marry anytime soon."

He wouldn't compromise, not for anyone.

Pharaoh studied him for a moment, then asked, "Why not?"

His sharp eyes searched Baimo's face, trying to find some clue.

But Baimo's expression was unreadable, his dark eyes like a deep, still well.

Pharaoh gave up, sighing softly.

Just then, Norah and Kevin rushed in.

When Norah saw Cooper lying sick in bed, guilt washed over her.

She'd missed five years of his life, and now, even when she was back, she hadn't been there for him when he needed her most.

Tears stung her eyes. In the end, she and Kevin hadn't been strong enough.