

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 527

---

## Chapter 527

Norah leaned her forehead against Cooper's, her voice soft and shaky. "I'm sorry, Cooper. Your mom's back..."

"Don't blame her..." Cooper murmured, his eyes sparkling like stars despite his frail frame. He adored Norah—loved her so much he'd give anything to stay by her side forever. Blame her? Never.

And his dad was back too.

Cooper reached out with a thin hand, wiping the tears from Norah's face. She couldn't help but notice how different he was from other kids—chubby ones with plump little fingers. Cooper was all skin and bones.

Then she remembered the antidote Kevin had brought. Her eyes snapped to him. "Take it to my dad—fast. We need to know if it's legit."

If it was, perfect. If not, they hadn't fallen for some trap, and they'd lose nothing. Either way, they'd have to keep a close eye on Kevin moving forward.

Kevin nodded, stepping toward Norah and Cooper. He slung an arm around her shoulder, then planted a gentle kiss on Cooper's forehead. "Hey, buddy," he said, voice steady. "It's gonna be okay. Just a little cold, alright? I'll be back soon."

Cooper gave a weak nod.

Kevin squeezed Norah's shoulder one more time before heading out.

He handed the antidote to Pharaoh, who wasted no time getting it tested—alongside Jace, just to be sure. Good news: it was the real deal. Kevin took it immediately, then bolted back to Norah as fast as he could.

Jace, meanwhile, stood frozen, lost in thought.

Pharaoh's low voice cut through the silence. "What do you think of this guy?" He'd been watching Jace the whole time, half-expecting him to pull something. But Jace hadn't. He'd just... stood there.

Jace caught the hint in Pharaoh's tone and let out a dry, bitter laugh. "I just want her to be happy," he said quietly. That was it. As long as Norah was okay, nothing else mattered. For her, he'd help Kevin a thousand times over. Because Norah loved him. Seeing her happy was enough.

---

Over on Baimo's side, things were heating up.

The clown rushed to him, voice tense. "Young Master Baimo, trouble's brewing in the west."

Baimo's eyes darkened. He shot to his feet. "Let's go."

By the time they got there, chaos had already taken over.

"What do we do now, Young Master?" the clown asked, glancing at Baimo.

A cold smirk tugged at Baimo's lips. "Simple. If there's a problem, you take out the guy who started it." Ruthlessness glinted in his gaze.

---

"Eat up, drink up, boys! Stick with me, and the good times are just getting started!" A massive, larger-than-life man raised a bowl of wine, his voice booming with confidence. Cheers erupted from the crowd below.

Someone piped up, hesitant. "Boss, word is that Baimo guy's coming. You scared?"

The big man scoffed, eyes flashing with contempt. "Baimo? If he's dumb enough to show his face, he's not walking out of here alive. I'd be more worried he's too chicken to try."

The crowd roared in agreement. "Yeah, Boss is the real deal! Baimo's nothing!"

The praise puffed him up even more—until a voice cut through the noise.

“Talking about me, huh? Sounds like a party. Guess I’d better crash it.” Baimo strolled in, a faint smile playing on his lips. But his eyes? Ice-cold.

The room went dead silent.

The big man’s gaze narrowed, sobering up fast. “You’re Baimo?”

Baimo didn’t bother with words. He pulled his gun and fired. The shot grazed the guy, and that was it—temper flared. “What are you idiots standing around for? Kill him!” the man bellowed.

But Baimo and the clown moved like shadows—too quick, too unpredictable. The goons couldn’t pin them down. The big man gritted his teeth, tracking Baimo’s blur of motion. Finally, he lined up a shot, a grin splitting his face. This punk was done for.

The clown’s eyes widened in panic. Then, out of nowhere, a figure lunged in front of Baimo. The bullet tore through her, blood spraying as Freyja crumpled.

Baimo caught her, firing back at the big man in one fluid motion, dropping him. He gripped Freyja tight. She looked up at him, a faint smile in her eyes—peaceful, satisfied, even as her strength faded.

“Freyja, you idiot!” Baimo’s voice cracked with fury. “I won’t let you die, you hear me? If you do, I swear I won’t feel bad. I won’t miss you. I won’t spend my life beating myself up over it. Don’t you dare pull that on me!”

He’d made it clear to her—he didn’t want debts, didn’t want anyone sacrificing for him. But here she was, bleeding out in his arms. If she died, how was he supposed to face her parents? How could he ever repay this?

Freyja’s smile faltered, weak but warm. “Young Master Baimo... I know. But I’m happy...” Her body went limp, and she passed out.

“Clown!” Baimo roared.

The clown snapped to his side.

“Get her to the lab—now!” Baimo barked.

“Yes, sir!” The clown didn’t hesitate.

Freyja's condition pulled Pharaoh away from Cooper's side and back to the lab. Even Jace got dragged in. Baimo's order was simple: "I don't care how you do it—she doesn't die."

He couldn't let her go out like this. He refused to owe her a life, refused to carry that guilt forever.

Pharaoh shot Jace a look, and they disappeared into the lab without a word to Baimo.

Finally, Pharaoh stepped out.

Baimo rushed him, voice tight. "How is she?"

Pharaoh had never seen him like this—so rattled. More than that time he'd wanted Norah dead. It didn't add up. Baimo always swore he didn't love Freyja, didn't want her. So why this?

Baimo's jaw clenched, his face grim. "Stop staring at me like that. I just don't want her dying because of me."

"Really?" Pharaoh's tone dripped with skepticism. Just didn't want her to die? That excuse felt flimsy.

Baimo had clawed his way to where he was, surrounded by loyal people who'd bled for him. But this freakout over Freyja? It was different. Weird.

"Baimo," Pharaoh pressed, "you keep saying that. So tell me—what made you give her up in the first place?"

## Chapter 528

Baimo remained silent, his thin lips pressed into a tight line. His handsome face carried a shadow of gloom.

"Do you need my—"

"No, I don't."

Before Pharaoh could finish his sentence, Baimo cut him off without hesitation.

In a solemn voice, Baimo stated, "Feelings only hold people back. And besides... with our status, we're not meant to live like ordinary people."

Starting a family, building a home, having a wife and children—it was common for others. But for them...

Their responsibilities to the Yi tribe came first. Their position was predetermined. They had made a commitment to the nation. There was no space for personal lives, no time to split themselves between duty and a small family of their own.

Most importantly—his mother.

After his mother's passing, his father had spiraled into a long period of despair. Eventually, no other woman stood beside him. But the ones who did... they all carried remnants of his mother's shadow.

His mother had been the sacrifice.

Now, as the leader of the Yi tribe, Baimo understood that he was destined to follow the same path as his father.

He couldn't split himself between duty and personal happiness.

And if that was the case, it was better not to marry at all—better to have no children.

That way, no child of his would ever have to go through what he had.

Pharaoh understood everything just by looking into Baimo's steady, cold eyes.

A heavy breath escaped Pharaoh's lips. The weight on his chest was suffocating.

After a few moments of silence, he finally spoke.

"If these responsibilities are too much, it's better to be as free as Julie."

When speaking to Baimo, Pharaoh always referred to Norah as "Julie."

He felt guilty towards Norah, but when it came to Baimo...

This son, he owed him even more.

Since Baimo's childhood, Pharaoh had failed to give him the love and companionship he deserved. Even the mistakes of the past had fallen onto Baimo's shoulders.

No wonder Baimo had never sought out love or marriage. No wonder he had chosen solitude.

It was all because of him.

At that moment, Pharaoh felt like an unforgivable sinner.

Baimo looked up at him in disbelief.

It was incredible. But everything unfolding before him was real.

“So, in the end, I’m still benefiting from Julie’s light,” Baimo said, deliberately teasing.

He wasn’t trying to compare himself to Norah, but deep inside, something about the situation unsettled him.

Pharaoh didn’t respond. His heart clenched, as if grasped by an invisible hand. His breathing grew heavy, and his chest ached.

Julie had been the greatest pain of his life. Ever since she disappeared without a trace, he had obsessed over finding her.

But there had never been any news.

He had thrown himself into his work, not just for career and ambition, but out of madness—a desperate attempt to bring back the woman he had lost.

But it had all been an illusion, a fantasy. He had been chasing something impossible.

Pharaoh took a deep breath. “I’m sorry for neglecting you all these years. Now, go and do what you want. As for the Yi tribe—so long as there’s someone capable of leading them toward a better future, it doesn’t have to be a hereditary system.”

Pharaoh smiled faintly, relief softening his features. But the mist in his eyes made Baimo’s heart ache.

Patting his son’s shoulder, Pharaoh added, “I just want you to be happy. Freyja is a good girl.”

Baimo’s throat tightened. He wanted to say something more, but before he could, Pharaoh had already turned and walked away.

Moments later, Freyja was wheeled out.

Lying on the hospital bed, her face was pale, concealed behind a heavy oxygen mask.

Baimo didn’t say a word—he just followed her. At this moment, his place was by Freyja’s side. It was a responsibility he could no longer ignore.

She had risked her life to save him. He couldn’t turn his back on that.

---

Norah arrived.

She had heard about Baimo’s accident and how Freyja had sacrificed herself to protect him.

Worried about Baimo, she wanted to see him.

But Kevin stopped her. “If your brother was seriously hurt, do you think everyone would be this calm? There would have been a bigger commotion.”

That made sense. But still—she barely knew Freyja.

Without confirmation of Baimo’s condition, Freyja wouldn’t have left his side.

Norah decided to go anyway.

To her surprise, Baimo remained by Freyja’s side.

Norah knew how Freyja felt about Baimo. Not wanting to disturb them, she quietly turned to leave.

But Pharaoh stopped her. “Norah, wait.”

She turned to see her father standing before her.

“Dad.”

She didn’t know why he had stopped her, but she still greeted him.

Though they had accepted him, their relationship was far from the warmth of a typical father and daughter.

Norah had never taken the initiative to seek him out.

Pharaoh remained silent for a moment before speaking. “I need your help with your brother.”

Norah immediately understood.

She shook her head. “Dad, I can’t interfere in his personal life.”

Love was not something that could be forced.

Pharaoh told her everything about his conversation with Baimo and revealed his inner thoughts.

“You are both my children. Your mother left too soon, and that was my failure. I want to make things right now. I don’t want Baimo to spend his whole life trapped by duty. I want him to be happy.”

“And I want you to be happy too.”

Worried Norah might think he was playing favorites, Pharaoh quickly added the last part.

Norah understood.

Baimo hadn't accepted Freyja because he was shackled by responsibility.

But if those responsibilities were lifted... perhaps he and Freyja could have a chance.

Pharaoh wanted Norah to speak to Baimo.

She pursed her lips before softly saying, "I'll try my best."

If Baimo was unwilling, she wouldn't push him.

Pharaoh clarified, "I'm not saying he has to be with Freyja. Just that he shouldn't live his life alone."

No matter what, anything was better than solitude.

But Baimo remained by Freyja's side, waiting for her to wake up.

Norah knew it wasn't the right time to intervene. She would have to wait for a better opportunity.

Meanwhile, Kevin was already looking at wedding dresses.

He owed Norah a wedding.

And now, it was time to give it to her.

He didn't tell her, though. He wanted it to be a surprise.

But his exhaustion crept in.

By the time Norah returned, Kevin was already asleep.

She reached to cover him with a thin blanket.

But as she leaned in—

Kevin muttered softly in his sleep, "Bianca."

Norah froze.

She hadn't heard that name in a long time.

Bianca was dead.

But Kevin had called for her in his dreams.

That name still carried so much weight in his heart.



Norah's breathing grew heavy. A rush of emotions flooded through her.

Because... she suddenly remembered their first time together.

Kevin had been drunk, mumbling incoherently.

And back then, too—he had called out Bianca's name.

## **Chapter 529**

Norah sat on the sofa, her thoughts consumed by Kevin. She stayed close, her mind racing as she waited for him to wake up.

When Kevin finally stirred, he was surprised to find himself waking up from a deep, restless sleep. His body felt heavy, his head throbbed, and every muscle ached as if he'd been through a battle. As he sat up, his eyes landed on Norah, sitting quietly on the sofa nearby.

The room was dim, lit only by the soft glow of the orange table lamp on the bedside table. Norah wasn't on her phone, nor had she turned on the main lights. Something about her stillness felt off to Kevin.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his voice rough from sleep.

Norah turned to him, her eyes meeting his in the warm, amber light. But despite the comforting hue, Kevin felt a strange tension in the air.

"When I came back, you were asleep," Norah began, her voice steady but laced with something unspoken. "But I heard you shouting."

Kevin's expression shifted. Bianca's name hung unspoken between them. He didn't respond immediately, and for a moment, the room was silent, heavy with unspoken words.

Norah struggled to put her feelings into words. It had been five years since Bianca had caused so much pain, yet Kevin still carried her memory. The thought stung.

Before she could say more, Kevin moved. He crossed the room in a few strides and pulled her into a tight embrace. "The voice wasn't Bianca's," he said firmly.

Norah's eyes widened. "Then whose was it?"

She pushed him back slightly, needing to see his face. Kevin sat down beside her, his voice low and gravelly. "What I've never told you... is that the voice was yours."

Norah froze. "What are you talking about?"

Kevin explained everything—how, when they first met, Norah had screamed. At the time, he hadn't understood. But later, when he learned about Anthony and Bianca, the pieces fell into place. He'd never planned to bring it up, but now, it was out in the open.

Norah finally understood. Her past confusion had clouded her memories, but now it all made sense. She hugged him tightly. "I asked because I didn't want to keep my doubts to myself. It was eating me up."

Kevin kissed her forehead. "I know. Once Cooper is better, we'll go back to Craggaville."

"Okay," Norah whispered, resting her head on his shoulder. She could feel his heartbeat, steady and reassuring, as warmth enveloped her.

---

The next day, Freyja woke up around noon. Baimo was still by her side, and for a moment, she felt a flicker of hope. She smiled, satisfied with her gamble.

But Baimo's expression was cold. "I've never met anyone as reckless as you."

"Well, now you have," Freyja replied, her tone light. "I didn't do this to manipulate you. I just wanted to prove myself."

Baimo's voice was flat. "I don't have the patience for games. If you have conditions, state them plainly."

Freyja took a deep breath. She hadn't expected him to be so blunt. "I don't want anything from you. I just... I just wanted you to see me differently."

Baimo's gaze was icy. "You're not my type. And your recent actions have only annoyed me. I don't waste time on people I dislike."

Freyja's heart sank, but she refused to give up. "Then tell me what you want. I'll change. I'll do whatever it takes."

Baimo almost laughed. "Change? You'd alter yourself for me? Would you even recognize yourself afterward?"

His words cut deep, but Freyja held her ground. "Why won't you give me a chance? I'm not that bad, Baimo."

"Enough," he said sharply. "Rest. If you have a request, make it clear. Otherwise, don't waste my time."

Freyja's desperation surged. "Fine. Then be my boyfriend for a month. Just one month. That's all I'm asking."

The request was absurd, but it was the only way she could think to keep him close. Her eyes pleaded with him, full of hope.

Before Baimo could respond, she added, "If I break my word, you can kill me. I won't fight it."

Baimo raised an eyebrow. “Kill you? That would only tarnish my name.”

“Then I’ll do it myself!” Freyja blurted out, her voice trembling. She even reached for something to cut herself, as if to prove her sincerity.

Baimo watched her, a flicker of something crossing his face. For a moment, he thought of Norah and Kevin—their unwavering loyalty to each other, their willingness to face anything together.

Freyja was the same. She’d risked her life for him without hesitation.

“You’d really die for me?” Baimo asked, his tone softer now.

Freyja nodded fiercely. “Yes. I’d do anything for you. Do you think I took that bullet by accident?”

Baimo studied her for a long moment, then sighed. “You’re relentless.”

But for the first time, there was a hint of something other than coldness in his voice.

## **Chapter 530**

Baimo’s gaze flicked to Freyja without even thinking. Her eyes burned with resolve—she wasn’t some mastermind capable of orchestrating a scheme this big. Besides, he’d already had the clown dig into it. This mess? Just a local thug stirring up trouble.

He pressed his lips together and muttered, “I trust you, Freyja. But I’m not into you like that.”

“Still dodging me with those words?” Freyja shot back, her voice steady, no hint of a joke. “You just asked what I wanted, and I told you.”

A month. That’s all she was asking for—not exactly a lifetime.

Baimo hadn’t even responded when she let out a small laugh and beat him to it. “Young Master Baimo, I’d throw my life on the line for you. And you’re balking at this?”

“Don’t try guilt-tripping me,” he said, voice firm. “It’s not happening.”

Be her boyfriend for a month? Word would spread like wildfire through the Yi tribe. Then what? Everyone would have an opinion—about him, about her. Better to shut it down before it even started.

Freyja’s chest tightened, like an invisible fist was squeezing her heart. “Baimo, are you really this cold?” she whispered. She’d nearly died for him, laid it all out, and he still wouldn’t budge.

“A month from now, when it’s over, what will people think of you?” he countered. “What about me?”

Her throat closed up, tears welling in her eyes. So that's how he saw it.

She swallowed hard and made up her mind. "If that's what you're worried about, I'll handle it. A month from now, I'll stage it—make it look like I cheated. How's that?"

She lifted her gaze to meet his, hope flickering in her eyes, tougher now than before.

Baimo stared, floored. "Freyja, have you lost it?"

Stage a cheating scandal? She'd be the Yi tribe's punching bag—mocked, attacked, her life basically over.

"For you, I'd lose it all," she said with a shaky laugh. "Baimo, it's a simple ask. I'll handle everything. What's holding you back? Or was I right all along?"

Her eyes locked onto his, unrelenting.

His face hardened, cold as ice. "Nice try with the manipulation."

"It's not manipulation—it's the truth," she snapped. "You've got no one else, no deep grudge or impossible gap between us. I'll fix every worry you've got. And you still push me away."

Her stare went blank, tinged with grief.

Baimo let out a heavy sigh. "It's not about you being bad. It's me. My dad—he never remarried all those years because he's haunted by regrets."

Pharaoh's only woman had been his mom. Back then, Baimo remembered others showing up briefly, but eventually his dad buried himself in the lab, shutting out the world—leaving an opening for Calvin to swoop in.

Freyja's heart ached as it clicked. Baimo wasn't rejecting her out of spite—it was duty, fear of repeating his dad's mistakes.

Tears spilled down her cheeks as she grabbed his hand. "Then don't love me. Let me stay by your side—like a maid. I'll do anything for you, be everything you need."

A servant with no feelings. That's how much she loved him—enough to erase herself.

But for Baimo, that was exactly why he'd kept his emotions locked down. If he let them out, he'd dive in headfirst—fully responsible, no half-measures. Playing games? Not his style.

"Freyja, you've got to live for yourself," he said. "Your life's yours—not mine to take. Even without me, there's good out there for you. Other people worth finding."

Her throat clogged, eyes stinging. He was still trying to talk her out of it, like some big brother giving advice.

"I'm not that pathetic!" she burst out. "I've laid it all out, and you still won't budge. I don't need you to own me—just give me a month. No strings, no worries. Or would you rather watch me die right here?"

She broke, her voice raw and frantic.

Baimo couldn't let her die. Not after she'd taken a bullet for him. That moment had shown him how far she'd go.

"Don't die," he said quietly. "If a month is all you want, fine. I'll give you that."

"Really?" Her eyes lit up, disbelief washing over her. She gripped his hand like it was her lifeline. To her, his yes meant hope—a crack in the wall, a chance to win him over.

"Yeah," he said, patting her hand. "But rest up first."

She nodded, all soft and obedient. "Okay."

She let go, practically glowing—like a kid who'd just scored their favorite candy.

Baimo knew her injuries weren't light. He threw himself into looking after her, even heading to the kitchen to cook something up.

That's where Norah found him, eyeing the bowl of porridge in his hands with a grin. "So, you and Freyja are a thing now? She's a keeper, big brother. Don't mess this up."

Freyja had everyone's stamp of approval—Pharaoh, Norah, the works. But between him and Norah, someone had to step up. She was headed back to Craggaville's capital with Kevin, leaving the Yi tribe on his shoulders.

"I know she's great," Baimo said. "She saved my life, so I'm taking care of her. That's it—no big feelings here."

Norah blinked, stunned. "No feelings? For a girl that good? What, you into someone else?"

If anyone else had said it, he'd have snapped. But with Norah, he just shifted awkwardly. "If I don't like women, what, I'm supposed to like guys?"

Did he really have to fall for someone in this life?

Norah smirked, reading him like a book—she'd learned to spot the cracks in people's masks over the years. "In this world, it's one or the other, right?"

## **Chapter 530**

Baimo's gaze flicked to Freyja without even thinking. Her eyes burned with resolve—she wasn't some mastermind capable of orchestrating a scheme this big. Besides, he'd already had the clown dig into it. This mess? Just a local thug stirring up trouble.

He pressed his lips together and muttered, "I trust you, Freyja. But I'm not into you like that."

"Still dodging me with those words?" Freyja shot back, her voice steady, no hint of a joke. "You just asked what I wanted, and I told you."

A month. That's all she was asking for—not exactly a lifetime.

Baimo hadn't even responded when she let out a small laugh and beat him to it. "Young Master Baimo, I'd throw my life on the line for you. And you're balking at this?"

"Don't try guilt-tripping me," he said, voice firm. "It's not happening."

Be her boyfriend for a month? Word would spread like wildfire through the Yi tribe. Then what? Everyone would have an opinion—about him, about her. Better to shut it down before it even started.

Freyja's chest tightened, like an invisible fist was squeezing her heart. "Baimo, are you really this cold?" she whispered. She'd nearly died for him, laid it all out, and he still wouldn't budge.

"A month from now, when it's over, what will people think of you?" he countered. "What about me?"

Her throat closed up, tears welling in her eyes. So that's how he saw it.

She swallowed hard and made up her mind. "If that's what you're worried about, I'll handle it. A month from now, I'll stage it—make it look like I cheated. How's that?"

She lifted her gaze to meet his, hope flickering in her eyes, tougher now than before.

Baimo stared, floored. "Freyja, have you lost it?"

Stage a cheating scandal? She'd be the Yi tribe's punching bag—mocked, attacked, her life basically over.

"For you, I'd lose it all," she said with a shaky laugh. "Baimo, it's a simple ask. I'll handle everything. What's holding you back? Or was I right all along?"

Her eyes locked onto his, unrelenting.

His face hardened, cold as ice. "Nice try with the manipulation."

"It's not manipulation—it's the truth," she snapped. "You've got no one else, no deep grudge or impossible gap between us. I'll fix every worry you've got. And you still push me away."

Her stare went blank, tinged with grief.

Baimo let out a heavy sigh. “It’s not about you being bad. It’s me. My dad—he never remarried all those years because he’s haunted by regrets.”

Pharaoh’s only woman had been his mom. Back then, Baimo remembered others showing up briefly, but eventually his dad buried himself in the lab, shutting out the world—leaving an opening for Calvin to swoop in.

Freyja’s heart ached as it clicked. Baimo wasn’t rejecting her out of spite—it was duty, fear of repeating his dad’s mistakes.

Tears spilled down her cheeks as she grabbed his hand. “Then don’t love me. Let me stay by your side—like a maid. I’ll do anything for you, be everything you need.”

A servant with no feelings. That’s how much she loved him—enough to erase herself.

But for Baimo, that was exactly why he’d kept his emotions locked down. If he let them out, he’d dive in headfirst—fully responsible, no half-measures. Playing games? Not his style.

“Freyja, you’ve got to live for yourself,” he said. “Your life’s yours—not mine to take. Even without me, there’s good out there for you. Other people worth finding.”

Her throat clogged, eyes stinging. He was still trying to talk her out of it, like some big brother giving advice.

“I’m not that pathetic!” she burst out. “I’ve laid it all out, and you still won’t budge. I don’t need you to own me—just give me a month. No strings, no worries. Or would you rather watch me die right here?”

She broke, her voice raw and frantic.

Baimo couldn’t let her die. Not after she’d taken a bullet for him. That moment had shown him how far she’d go.

“Don’t die,” he said quietly. “If a month is all you want, fine. I’ll give you that.”

“Really?” Her eyes lit up, disbelief washing over her. She gripped his hand like it was her lifeline. To her, his yes meant hope—a crack in the wall, a chance to win him over.

“Yeah,” he said, patting her hand. “But rest up first.”

She nodded, all soft and obedient. “Okay.”

She let go, practically glowing—like a kid who’d just scored their favorite candy.

Baimo knew her injuries weren’t light. He threw himself into looking after her, even heading to the kitchen to cook something up.

That's where Norah found him, eyeing the bowl of porridge in his hands with a grin. "So, you and Freyja are a thing now? She's a keeper, big brother. Don't mess this up."

Freyja had everyone's stamp of approval—Pharaoh, Norah, the works. But between him and Norah, someone had to step up. She was headed back to Craggaville's capital with Kevin, leaving the Yi tribe on his shoulders.

"I know she's great," Baimo said. "She saved my life, so I'm taking care of her. That's it—no big feelings here."

Norah blinked, stunned. "No feelings? For a girl that good? What, you into someone else?"

If anyone else had said it, he'd have snapped. But with Norah, he just shifted awkwardly. "If I don't like women, what, I'm supposed to like guys?"

Did he really have to fall for someone in this life?

Norah smirked, reading him like a book—she'd learned to spot the cracks in people's masks over the years. "In this world, it's one or the other, right?"