

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 531

Chapter 531

"That's the truth. I probably never even thought about it." Baimo's thin lips curled slightly. "Freyja is waiting for me to bring her food, so I'll leave now."

When it came to feelings, Baimo didn't want to dwell on the topic any longer.

He had no such thoughts, and talking too much about it only drained him.

"See? You just said Freyja was waiting to eat, yet you claim you don't care. Brother, they always say women are contradictory, but I think men are just the same." Norah couldn't help but tease.

"How's Cooper doing? You don't seem too concerned about him, yet you have time to worry about me?" Baimo feigned seriousness.

Norah chuckled. "Cooper's fine, but I can care about him and still mess with you. No harm in that."

"Worry about your Cooper."

With that, Baimo walked away, carrying the bowl of porridge.

Norah watched him leave, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

He's so stubborn. It's obvious he cares about Freyja.

Yet, Baimo refuses to admit it.

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Baimo arrived at Freyja's side with the porridge.

Freyja glanced at the bowl in his hands. Even though it was just plain porridge, it warmed her heart.

“Did you make this for me?” she asked, looking up at Baimo, her eyes shining like starlight.

“Yeah. I can only manage simple porridge. I’m not great at cooking anything else.”

Baimo set up the small table and placed the bowl in front of her. Then, carefully, he helped her sit up.

It was just plain porridge, but to Freyja, it tasted sweeter than anything she had ever eaten.

Because... Baimo had made it for her himself. This was his way of showing he cared.

Freyja pursed her lips, speaking softly. “You may not be able to cook much, but I can. In the future, I’ll cook for you. You take care of things outside, and I’ll handle everything inside.”

She was already imagining their future together.

But Baimo knew better—Freyja was making it all seem too simple.

His voice was low, almost cautious. “Don’t forget, I only promised you one month. Don’t get carried away—I don’t see you that way.”

One month. That was all he had agreed to. Thinking too far ahead was pointless.

But Freyja didn’t see it that way.

Her voice was full of longing. “You don’t know how hard I fought to be here with you. You promised me—so, to me, this means forever.”

That was all there was to it. Simple and sincere.

Baimo saw the hope and joy in her eyes and couldn’t bring himself to crush it.

But reality was harsh.

What could truly change in just one month?

He gestured toward the bowl on the table. “Eat first. Stop thinking about anything else.”

“Okay.”

Freyja listened to him. She wanted to recover quickly—because she wanted to make the most of this month.

She wouldn't ask him to extend their time together.

But in this month, she would make memories worth holding onto for a lifetime.

She ate slowly, the porridge still hot. When she finally finished, she turned to Baimo. "I want to see Pharaoh."

Baimo's expression darkened instantly, his brows knitting together.

"Don't worry. I just want to talk about my recovery—nothing else."

Baimo had given her a one-month trial period, but she wasn't going to take advantage of it unfairly.

Her expression was serious. She wasn't lying.

After a moment, Baimo relented and called for Pharaoh.

He still gave her space. He didn't pry.

Pharaoh arrived, waiting for Freyja to speak.

She pursed her lips before asking in a quiet voice, "I want to heal faster. I don't want to stay in bed anymore. Is there any special medicine I can take?"

A broken body takes a hundred days to heal, but if she stayed in bed that long, she'd waste precious time.

Time she had fought so hard to win. She had to make it count.

"There's no shortcut," Pharaoh said, hands clasped behind his back. "The bullet went through your chest. Your body is already fragile. You need rest. It's not like you have urgent business."

Freyja lowered her head. No urgent business?

Baimo was her mission. She desperately wanted to get close to him. How could she let this chance slip away?

She wouldn't.

But she understood that bringing up Baimo now would only make things worse. So, she didn't mention him to Pharaoh again.

"I have something very important to do."

Even if it cost her life, she would do it without regret.

Pharaoh saw through her immediately. "Your so-called 'important thing'—is it winning over Baimo?"

Freyja had been gravely injured. Baimo had stayed by her side. Now she was asking for medicine, and Baimo was the only reason.

Since he had figured it out, she had no reason to hide it anymore.

She nodded.

"If you can win him over, I'll help you," Pharaoh said calmly. "Even Julie will assist you."

Freyja's eyes widened in disbelief.

Was this real?

She pinched her palm, feeling the sting.

It wasn't a dream.

She finally had a chance with Baimo. And if they were helping her, wouldn't that make everything even easier?

"It's true," Pharaoh said before she could speak. "After all, we can all see how you feel about Baimo."

Tears welled up in Freyja's eyes. "Pharaoh, if you and Miss Julie are really willing to help me, I couldn't ask for more! I truly love Baimo, and I would give my life for him without expecting anything in return..."

"Hmm."

Pharaoh had chosen to help her because of this sincerity.

“There’s no special medicine. And now that I’ve given you my answer, can you rest properly?”

“Okay.” Freyja nodded. This was the happiest day she had experienced in years.

...

Three days later.

Cooper had fully recovered from his cold, and Norah and Kevin had finalized their travel plans.

Their flight was at 9 p.m.

Pharaoh wanted Norah to stay, so he approached her with Baimo.

“Your brother and Freyja—there’s finally some progress. Your brother trusts you, and I want you to help.”

Norah did want to help, but everyone had their own responsibilities. She had already told Baimo how great Freyja was. Baimo was clearly drawn to her—sooner or later, he would realize his own feelings.

“Everything’s already set on our end,” she said. “And Freyja’s injuries haven’t fully healed yet. Dad, Cooper is getting older—it’s time for him to go back to school. Besides... we have a plan.”

A slow, knowing smile spread across Norah’s lips.

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Norah’s words left Pharaoh with no choice but to let her go. Still, he repeated what he’d told her before: “You should use what you’re given. Don’t feel awkward about it. There’s nothing else I can offer you.”

Pharaoh wanted to give her more—his time, his love, the kind of father-daughter bond they’d missed out on. But after so many years apart, even if Norah accepted him, they could never have the kind of relationship that ordinary fathers and daughters share. So, he settled for what he could give: material support. Money, at least, was something he could provide, and Norah could use it however she wanted.

“I know. I don’t blame you,” Norah said, smiling at him. “I’ll visit when I can, and you’re welcome to come to the capital too.”

There was no resentment between them. The past was the past. But the reality of their situation—the years lost, the distance between them—was stark. Still, Norah had made peace with it.

A glimmer of hope lit up Pharaoh's eyes. "Really?"

His only wish now was to rebuild his relationship with Norah, to be a proper father to her. If she'd allow him to visit the capital, he could be there for her, help take care of Cooper, and maybe, just maybe, close the gap between them.

"Really," Norah assured him, her voice soft. "You're my dad, and you're Cooper's grandpa. Of course, you can come."

She could see the change in him, the effort he was making.

"Okay," Pharaoh said, nodding. "I'll come once I've wrapped up some business here. I'll call you before you board your flight."

"Sounds good."

Pharaoh hugged Norah tightly. Later, he stood and watched as Norah, Kevin, and Cooper—a family of three—walked away.

Meanwhile, Freyja was growing restless. Stuck in bed with no end in sight, she was fed up. The moment she tried to get up, Baimo was there, striding over to stop her.

"Freyja, are you out of your mind?" he snapped. "Your injuries aren't healed yet. What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm not crazy," Freyja shot back, though her voice was calm. "I've been lying in bed for so long, I just wanted to get up and move around. Trust me, I know my body."

She wasn't about to throw away this chance. Baimo was finally showing concern for her, and she wasn't going to let that slip away.

"If you want to get up, I'll help you," Baimo said, his tone still sharp but softer now. "But don't do it alone. Unless you're trying to make things worse. Remember your wounds."

After scolding her, he quickly found a wheelchair and helped her into it. "Tell me where you want to go. I'll take you. Just don't be reckless. For this month, at least, I'll take care of you."

It seemed Baimo had accepted his role as her "boyfriend" for the time being.

Freyja's heart raced, but she kept her excitement in check. "I just thought... maybe we could go out for a walk, grab something to eat. I feel like I can handle it. Or maybe we could even go to Norah's place..."

She was already thinking ahead. If they could move to the capital, there'd be more opportunities to grow closer. She refused to believe that, over time, Baimo wouldn't develop feelings for her.

But before she could finish, Baimo cut her off, his voice rising in frustration. "Are you serious? You're in no condition to travel. Do you even realize how reckless that is?"

Freyja's injuries made long-distance travel impossible. But despite his anger, Freyja felt a warmth in her chest. Baimo's harshness came from concern. He didn't want her to push herself too hard. And if he cared enough to be this protective, maybe, just maybe, she could find a place in his heart.

"Fine," Freyja said, lowering her head but unable to hide her smile. "If you don't want me to go, I won't. Wherever you are, that's where I'll be."

Baimo pursed his lips, about to say something, but Freyja looked up at him, her eyes full of hope. "Then can we at least go out and buy something? If you're worried, you don't have to spend a dime. I'll cover it."

She was willing to spend whatever it took, as long as Baimo agreed.

Baimo stared at her, surprised. "Since when do women spend money on men?"

"We're different, aren't we?" Freyja replied, her tone light. "It's just a souvenir. Who pays doesn't matter."

She knew Baimo wouldn't spend money on her, but if he wouldn't, she'd do it herself. She wasn't about to let pride get in the way.

"Forget about that for now," Baimo said, his voice low. "I'll take you out for a walk, but no food. In your condition, you need to be careful."

"Okay," Freyja agreed, though she couldn't hide her disappointment.

Baimo pushed her wheelchair outside, and they quickly drew attention. Baimo, who was rarely seen with anyone, let alone a woman, was now with Freyja. People whispered, some envious, others jealous.

"How did someone like Freyja win Baimo's favor?" one person muttered. "He's never been seen with anyone before."

"Maybe she's just a shield," another suggested. "I don't buy it. This came out of nowhere."

"Does it even matter?" a third chimed in. "As long as they're happy. But still, holding onto that position is important."

"Not just important—crucial! But what can we do? We're not in their league."

The gossip didn't reach Baimo's ears, but Freyja heard every word. Some of the comments were even harsher, and they stung. She wanted to be with Baimo, no matter what. She accepted him completely, unconditionally.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She stood up from her wheelchair and snapped at the crowd.

"What kind of person Baimo is isn't for you to judge. If you're so brave, say it to his face! Oh, wait—you wouldn't dare."

Her voice rose, sharp and defiant. "And what's it to you if Baimo's with me? Are you jealous because he didn't choose you? Is that why you're spreading rumors?"

She glared at them, wishing she weren't confined to a wheelchair. If she could, she'd have slapped every one of them for their petty gossip.

What she didn't know was that Baimo had already heard everything.

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Baimo hadn't paid it much mind—until he saw Freyja out there, alone, facing down a crowd. She sat in her wheelchair, still trading barbs with them, and something in his chest stirred. He marched over, planting himself in front of her.

The loudmouths who'd been snarling just seconds ago clammed up fast, their faces shifting from smug to scared.

A smirk tugged at Baimo's lips. "What's wrong? Cat got your tongue? Need a recap of what you were yapping about?"

"Young Master Baimo, we're sorry!" one blurted. "It was just talk—we didn't spread it everywhere. Please, let it slide..."

"Please forgive us!" another chimed in.

One by one, they dropped to their knees.

Baimo was the Yi tribe's leader now, but everyone still called him "Young Master." Old habits die hard, and he hadn't bothered correcting them.

He shot them a frigid glare. "You know you screwed up? Good. Kneel there and slap yourselves two hundred times. Maybe it'll stick this time."

"Yes..." they mumbled in unison. A second later, the sharp crack of hands meeting faces echoed through the air.

Baimo didn't spare them another glance. He grabbed Freyja's wheelchair, turned, and wheeled her out.

Freyja's heart skipped. She couldn't believe it—Baimo stepping up for her like that? Unreal.

"Don't overdo it next time," he said, voice low as he pushed her along.

She'd vanished earlier, leaving him searching for ages, only to find her here, squaring off with these clowns. Freyja bit her lip, guilt creeping in. She'd hoped to handle it quietly, keep Baimo out of it. Instead, she'd flopped—and he'd still bailed her out.

"It's not like I was being reckless," she said. "I wanted to help. Guess I'm useless, huh? Sorry..."

"It's not on you," he replied. "I'm not mad. Just... don't go out like this again until you're healed up."

Her injuries were still fresh, and he didn't want her pushing it—stirring up drama could make things worse.

Freyja got it. She nodded calmly. "We didn't do anything wrong. They're the ones gossiping, not us. Why should we hide? I'm done ducking. I'll face it all head-on—no fear."

She wouldn't let herself crumble, either. Die over some trash talk? No way—she was tougher than that.

"You're right," Baimo admitted. "But words can cut deep."

"I'm not scared," she shot back. She couldn't be.

"I want to buy a ring," she added, firm.

The more they talked, the more she'd prove it.

Baimo paused, then muttered, "Fine. If that's what you want, go for it."

If it mattered to her, he'd make it happen.

Soon, he took her to the mall. The Yi tribe hadn't seen war in years, and under Baimo's watch, it'd grown—maybe not Craggaville-level rich, but way better than before. The place buzzed with life.

At the counter, Freyja picked out a pair of rings. The women's one had a small diamond and a big heart-shaped one, catching the light just right. The men's was simpler—bigger band, smaller stones circling it—but still sharp. Best part? She loved them, and they could be engraved.

She glanced at Baimo. "Can we put our names on them? A month from now, you give yours to me. I'll cover the cost."

She braced for a no, ready to push so he wouldn't feel cornered. But Baimo wouldn't let her pay—not his style.

“Engrave whatever you want,” he said. “I’ve got the bill.”

He nodded at the clerk. “Swipe my card—”

“Wait,” Freyja cut in, eyes bright with excitement. “No need to bag ‘em. We’ll wear them now.”

She held out her hand, practically vibrating with hope. Baimo didn't fight it. When the ring slid onto her finger, she beamed—gorgeous, yeah, but more than that, it felt like a promise. A month-long vow, sure, but he'd already let her in.

“Why don't we split it?” she offered, not wanting him to shoulder it all.

He brushed it off. “I don't let women pay. Never have.”

Freyja went quiet, warmth spreading through her. Relationships start somewhere—shared moments, shared costs.

“What do you feel like eating?” he asked, wheeling her out. He stayed silent after, giving her space to think.

“Home cooking sounds good,” she said after a beat. “And later, I want to visit Norah.”

“If you're up for it, sure,” he replied.

Norah and Freyja had hit it off over time. If she wanted this, he wouldn't stand in her way.

“Sweet,” she said, buzzing with anticipation.

Meanwhile, over at Norah's side...

She and Kevin had been back in the capital for three days, settling into the old Edwards mansion—their former home. Kevin had gone to see Martin.

Siena was holed up in a sanatorium now, lost in her own head, oblivious to the world. Martin? He'd moved on, built a new family.

The mansion stayed pristine, thanks to regular cleaning crews, but Martin didn't live there anymore. Kian and Bonnie handled the Edwards estate, and while Martin still held shares, he had no real control. He hadn't fought for it—everything stayed under the Edwards name.

Then he saw Kevin, Norah, and little Cooper in their arms. Reality hit: the Edwards legacy wasn't his anymore. It was Kevin's.

Norah had shares too, boxing Martin out further. He'd grumbled to Kevin about it, and their last chat ended in a blowout.

Now, Martin tracked Kevin down again.

"You're not Edwards blood," Martin said, voice flat. "Hand it over. It's only fair."

Kevin didn't flinch. "What, your kids won't survive without it? You've been getting your monthly cut from the Edwards estate, haven't you? If that's not enough, cough up every dime you've taken."

Martin had lived off those payments, no real power, just cash. His kids might've had a shot once—but with Kevin and Norah back? That dream was toast.

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Martin stared at Kevin with a cold, detached expression. For Kevin, even though Martin hadn't been around much, he hadn't been a problem either. The Edwards family had been under Kevin's control for years, and Martin had never interfered. Even after Siena's actions, Martin had stayed out of it. But now, things were different.

"I won't take what Grandpa gave you," Kevin said flatly, his tone icy. The message was clear: if Grandpa hadn't given it to you, you weren't getting anything extra.

Martin hadn't expected Kevin to be so unyielding. He pointed a finger at Kevin, his voice sharp. "Kevin, don't forget—if it weren't for the Edwards family, you wouldn't be where you are today. There are things I haven't said out of respect, but don't push me."

"You want to tell everyone I'm not really part of the Edwards family?" Kevin cut him off with a cold laugh.

Martin fell silent, but his expression hardened. Kevin had been through hell and back abroad, and there were things he knew that Martin couldn't even begin to grasp.

"Now that you know, you should also understand how much the Edwards family has done for you over the years. Kevin, why are you trying to keep everything for yourself? What doesn't belong to you, you shouldn't take."

Martin's words made it clear: he was ready to burn bridges.

Kevin's response was calm but firm. "If you want to fight, let's do it through legal channels. I'll be ready whenever you are. Kian, see him out."

At Kevin's command, Kian appeared almost instantly, gesturing for Martin to leave. "Mr. Edwards, please."

Martin knew better than to push his luck. Kevin wasn't someone to be trifled with, and the old man had handed the family over to him for a reason. Reluctantly, Martin left on his own, but he wasn't done yet. If he couldn't get what he wanted from Kevin, he'd find another way.

So, he went to Bonnie.

Bonnie had been managing the Edwards family alongside Kian for years. Even though Norah had transferred all her shares to Bonnie at one point, Bonnie had returned them. When Kevin came back, Bonnie was relieved. At least now, she could finally take a break.

But then Martin showed up.

"What brings you here today?" Bonnie asked, her tone direct. She wasn't one to beat around the bush.

Martin rarely involved himself in family affairs, so his visit was unexpected—and suspicious.

"You and I are both part of the Edwards family," Martin began, his voice cold. "You're my sister. I don't want you helping an outsider."

The "outsider" he was referring to was, of course, Kevin.

Bonnie raised an eyebrow. She'd been managing the family alone for years, and Martin had never shown up to offer help. Now that Kevin was back, suddenly he had an opinion?

Martin and Siena were cut from the same cloth.

"I'm helping my nephew," Bonnie shot back. "If you want something, go after it yourself. But let's be honest—you never cared about the family before. It's too late to start now."

Bonnie had no patience for Martin's hypocrisy. She respected Kevin and wasn't about to let Martin undermine him.

"So, you're just going to sit back and watch the Edwards family's assets fall into the hands of an outsider?" Martin snapped, his anger rising. "Bonnie, have you lost your mind?"

Bonnie didn't flinch. "If you think I'm siding with an outsider, then we have nothing more to discuss."

She wasn't interested in arguing. All she wanted was to see Norah and Kevin's son, to see how the next generation would carry on their legacy.

Martin's frustration boiled over. "Bonnie, you're betraying your own family! You'd rather see the Edwards family's wealth handed to someone who doesn't even belong than help your own brother?"

He stepped closer, his anger palpable.

Bonnie stood her ground, her gaze steady and unyielding. She wanted to see if Martin would actually dare to lay a hand on her.

He didn't.

"It's not that I won't help you," Bonnie said coldly. "But the Edwards family's success today is because of Kevin. Dad gave it to him for a reason. If you wanted a say, you should've stepped up sooner."

Martin was speechless.

Bonnie wasn't done. "Taking this to court won't help you, and coming to me won't either. I don't want to be involved in this. But remember this: if you ignore what's right in front of you, what's not yours will never be yours."

With that, Bonnie turned and walked away, leaving Martin standing there, stunned. Her words echoed in his mind, but he knew she was right. He'd ignored the family for too long, and now it was too late to claim what wasn't his.

Meanwhile, Kevin had returned to the Edwards mansion after his confrontation with Martin. He'd filled Kian in on everything and was now back home, where Norah was busy preparing for Cooper's school enrollment.

Kevin walked in, carrying food in one hand and a bouquet of red roses in the other. Norah looked up and couldn't help but laugh.

"How old are you, bringing me flowers like this?" she teased.

Kevin smiled. "Age has nothing to do with it. And besides, we still haven't had our wedding yet."

For Kevin, romance wasn't about age—it was about making up for lost time. He'd always owed Norah, and now that they were together, he was determined to give her everything she deserved.