

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 536

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Elodie looked a little embarrassed. "My fiancé might not be coming."

"Huh?" Norah was stunned.

But she quickly refocused on the matter at hand. "You're getting married today, but mirobas if he's not showing up... You really need to think this through."

"I understand. Thank you, Sister Norah."

Kevin glanced at Elodie. "Need any help?"

Elodie, being Old Mr. Godin's granddaughter, couldn't be ignored by Kevin. He saw what was happening, and there was no way he wouldn't offer assistance.

Elodie shook her head. "I appreciate it, but I can handle this myself."

Her so-called fiancé bailed on her. If Kevin and the others stepped in, what would they do? Hunt him down, beat him up, and make him apologize?

Even if they did, the marriage was obviously over. She could deal with it on her own.

Kevin put his arm around Norah's shoulder. "If you need anything, just call me."

"Alright."

With that, Kevin and Norah left the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Even though Elodie was left standing there alone, her gaze remained firm, her expression calm and indifferent.

On the way home, Kevin was deep in thought about their upcoming wedding.

“Who do you want as your bridesmaid?”

He had already considered his groomsmen and had invited everyone he knew.

“Who else could it be?” Norah smiled. “Gloria is my only choice.”

“The wedding is in three days, so go ahead and inform your friends and family now.” Kevin was eager to make it official.

He wanted the world to know that he and Norah were husband and wife.

“Three days? That soon?” Norah was surprised.

Kevin’s lips curled into a tender smile. “Is that a problem? We’ve already waited too long. We’ve been back for days, and after everything we’ve been through... why wait any longer?”

Norah sighed, smiling softly. “How could I say no after that? I’ll leave everything to you.”

What woman doesn’t dream of a grand wedding?

She had been with Kevin for years, yet they had never had a proper wedding. Their marriage had been a secret, and no one even knew she was Kevin’s wife. Then, Kevin had been “dead” for five years, and they had been forgotten by the world.

Kevin’s insistence on making their wedding public now made perfect sense.

When they got home, Kevin called Kian to bring in the wedding dresses—every single one he had picked. He didn’t want to rely solely on sketches; he wanted Norah to try them on.

Norah was stunned as the dresses filled the room.

“Are you serious?”

“Try them all on and see which one looks best,” Kevin said gently, cutting her off before she could finish.

Norah couldn’t help but tease, “What if they all look good?”

Her dark eyes lingered on him, amused.

Kevin stroked her hair affectionately. “Then wear them all.”

Money and space were never a problem.

Norah was completely speechless. “You can’t turn our wedding into a fashion show! What will people think?”

“Who cares? If you like it, why not?” Kevin was completely devoted to Norah, indulging her every whim.

Bonnie, witnessing the whole exchange, was exasperated. “You two are suffocating me with all this sweetness! Can you at least consider the rest of us before showing off?”

Norah, despite being in her thirties, felt a little shy and lowered her head.

Kevin, unfazed, said seriously, “I’m not trying to show off. I just owe Norah too much. If there’s anything she wants, as long as I can give it to her... she’ll have it.”

And even if he couldn’t, he would go to any lengths to make it happen.

Bonnie waved him off. “Alright, alright, I get it. Just spare me the mushy details.”

She had her own love story to deal with and had been staying at the Edwards family estate with Cooper.

Kevin was determined to make every wedding detail perfect.

On the big day, Esteban, Cody, Bonian, and Gloria arrived, along with Elodie.

Even Old Mr. Godin, despite his age, personally came to bless Kevin and Norah. Others, including Pharaoh, Baimo, Freyja, Karina, and Levi, were there too.

Karina and Levi had planned to marry that year, but Levi’s constant obligations delayed their wedding. Unexpectedly, Norah and Kevin beat them to it.

But those who knew them understood everything Kevin and Norah had endured. They weren’t just celebrating; they were truly happy for them.

Jace, of course, was there too.

He wasn't one to hold back, gifting Norah a rare pink diamond necklace and a bottle of pills he had specially formulated.

Handing it to her, he explained, "I made this after researching ancient texts. Keep it with you—it could save your life in a critical moment."

That bottle wasn't just medicine; it was Jace's way of looking out for Norah, Kevin, Cooper, and even... someone else in their future.

Norah felt a lump in her throat. That little bottle held an incredible amount of effort and care.

Everyone had brought thoughtful gifts, and Norah was deeply moved. Saying "thank you" felt too small, so she hugged Jace tightly.

"Jace, thank you. You've done so much for me. I don't know what I would've done without you. You will always be my dearest friend."

Having Jace in her life was a blessing, and she knew how much he had sacrificed for her. But she had given her heart to Kevin. She couldn't love two people, so she could only treasure Jace as a lifelong friend and wish him happiness.

Jace patted her shoulder, smiling. "Of course. I'm family."

"Yes."

They didn't have time to dwell on emotions today. It was a day for joy.

Soon, Kevin appeared to take Norah's hand, and they walked down the red carpet together, surrounded by loved ones and their heartfelt blessings.

Their best friends stood by them as groomsmen and bridesmaids.

Their son scattered petals as the flower boy.

Pharaoh, Jack, Gwen, and Bonnie served as witnesses.

Kevin had even invited Martin and sent an invitation to Mousse.

Mousse didn't come, but Martin used the opportunity to make a demand.

“I won’t come unless you give me a hundred million.”

Kevin could afford it, but Martin had changed. Giving him money was like tossing it into a bottomless pit.

Still, no one expected an uninvited guest to show up at the wedding.

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At that moment, Norah and Kevin were exchanging rings when an unexpected voice rang out.

“Wait! I haven’t given my wedding gift yet. Why are you rushing to finish the ceremony?” Gugny announced loudly, drawing the attention of everyone present.

The guests exchanged uncertain glances. Those familiar with Gugny’s history couldn’t help but frown.

Pharaoh shot Baimo a knowing look, and without hesitation, Baimo strode toward Gugny. “Whatever business you have, can it wait until after the wedding?” he asked firmly.

Freyja, ever vigilant, followed closely, standing beside Baimo as both of them instinctively positioned themselves as a shield.

Gugny smirked. “Did I not make myself clear? I’m here to deliver a gift. Why are you all so tense? And it’s just me. Surely, you don’t think I can ruin a wedding on my own?”

Though Gugny appeared alone, underestimating her would be a mistake. She had once been the fiancée arranged for Kevin by Mousse, his biological father. More importantly, she had never truly given up on him.

Baimo wasn’t about to take any risks.

He grabbed her wrist. “I don’t know what you intend to do, but showing up uninvited to someone’s wedding doesn’t exactly scream goodwill.”

Before Gugny could react, Freyja swiftly wrapped an arm around her waist, ensuring she had no room to maneuver. Though Gugny sensed the incoming restraint, she wasn’t fast enough to counter Freyja—who, unlike her, had professional training.

Unfazed, Gugny let out a laugh, her voice laced with mockery. “We were once engaged, Kevin. I never even blamed you for abandoning me, yet this is how you welcome me?”

She deliberately raised her voice, making sure everyone heard her accusation. As expected, her words sent shockwaves through the crowd.

“What? Kevin has been gone for five years, has a child, and yet he still has a fiancée?”

“I never heard about this before. What exactly happened over the past five years? What did we miss?”

“The lives of the wealthy really are like a never-ending soap opera. Every moment is a new drama.”

Jack and Gwen, Norah’s adoptive parents, looked furious. They had always treated Norah as their own daughter. The fact that Norah had married Kevin without a proper wedding had already left them feeling uneasy. For five years, Norah had grieved Kevin’s supposed death.

And now this?

Kevin had returned, yet his wedding to Norah was still met with disruption. Worse, his past was being dragged into the spotlight on what should have been a joyous day.

Norah’s expression darkened, and Kevin’s face was equally grim.

Gugny, however, was reveling in the chaos, watching with satisfaction as murmurs and speculation spread through the crowd. Her plan was simple—whether Kevin drove her out or halted the wedding, as long as she disrupted the ceremony, she would win.

But to her surprise, Kevin didn’t hesitate. He took Norah’s hand, interlocking their fingers, and walked to the center of the stage. Holding her hand high for everyone to see, his voice was firm and unwavering.

“Everyone, listen carefully. I, Kevin, have only ever loved Norah. In the past, she saved my life, and I have never forgotten that kindness. I never explained myself before because I didn’t want to get entangled in meaningless rumors. But let me be clear now—I owe no explanations to anyone. I love Norah, and I will be with her.”

He turned his gaze toward Gugny, his tone steely. “The woman standing before you was an engagement forced upon me by my biological father. I made my stance clear from the beginning—I did not love her, and I never would. For those who have come here to celebrate my wedding with Norah, I am grateful. But if anyone thinks otherwise, I won’t entertain it. I have spoken my piece, and I will not repeat myself.”

With that, Kian stepped forward, signaling security to escort Gugny out.

As she was being led away, her so-called “gift” was unveiled.

A time bomb.

Gasps rippled through the guests. However, for Levi and Frank, both seasoned soldiers, dismantling an explosive was routine. In mere moments, the bomb was defused. While the situation had unnerved the guests, Kian quickly took control, reassuring everyone and keeping the event on track.

Despite Kevin's efforts, guilt gnawed at him. He had wanted to give Norah a perfect wedding, one that would remain etched in memory for all the right reasons. Instead, it became unforgettable for entirely different reasons.

Later, Jack and Gwen confronted Kevin in private. Jack's face was ice-cold, his eyes sharp with accusation. "Kevin, Norah has already suffered so much because of you. You wanted to make up for it with this wedding, yet even here, you let her down. Do you truly believe you're worthy of her?"

Pharaoh had originally intended to confront Kevin himself, but seeing Jack and Gwen take the lead, he decided to wait.

Despite his earlier grievances, Pharaoh knew he owed Jack and Gwen his gratitude. Without them, Norah might never have survived, let alone grown into the strong woman she was today.

Kevin lowered his head slightly. "I know I made mistakes. I never wanted Norah to suffer. It was my fault before, and I take full responsibility. But I swear to you—she will never suffer again. I love her more than anything, and I will do everything in my power to protect her from now on."

He had spent every moment since his return preparing for this wedding, carefully planning every detail to ensure it was perfect. He had even filled the venue with Norah's favorite flowers, selecting only the most exquisite roses.

Yet despite his best efforts, Gugnny had still managed to leave a stain on the day.

Kevin clenched his fists. Some guests had attended for the sake of fame and fortune, while others had come with genuine sincerity. In the end, Kian had resolved the issue using money, which left Kevin feeling even more unsettled.

Jack wasn't satisfied. "You say all the right things, but what about your actions? Do you even realize what you've put Norah through? You had a fiancée. You have a biological father. Did you ever tell Norah the full truth? If you don't, she'll only end up suffering more!"

Jack's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke, his frustration clear.

Kevin's heart ached. He had thought he was doing everything to ensure Norah's happiness, yet he had still failed her in so many ways.

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Kevin pursed his lips, about to speak, when Norah stepped forward. "Dad, I know about his fiancée. His biological father arranged the engagement, but he never accepted it."

Jack narrowed his eyes. "Are you sure mirobas you're not just covering for him?"

Norah had always stood by Kevin, never asking for a title or demanding a wedding. But now, Kevin had openly declared in front of everyone that he wasn't an Edwards. That alone proved how much Norah meant to him.

He was willing to be scrutinized and criticized, as long as Norah wasn't hurt.

This wedding was truly grand—and unforgettable.

Norah smiled. "Dad, we've been through so much together. We have a child. We've remarried. We're one."

And as husband and wife, standing together was only natural.

Kevin's voice was steady. "Father-in-law, don't worry. I will be twice as good to Norah."

It was a promise.

Hearing those words, Pharaoh's heart ached. This should have been his moment, his title. Kevin should be calling him "father-in-law."

Pharaoh knew that Jack had given Norah a safe and loving upbringing. One day, she would come to fully accept him, her biological father. But at this moment, he couldn't suppress his emotions.

He swallowed hard, his throat tight with unspoken words. Only after Kevin left with Norah in his arms did Pharaoh dare to approach Jack.

He extended a bank card. "There's a hundred million in this. Thank you for taking care of Norah all these years."

Jack eyed the card but didn't take it.

"I adopted Norah because I saw her standing alone among so many children, her eyes wet and full of sorrow. I brought her home because I wanted to, because I saw her as my daughter. Over the years, she has given us so much happiness. I did look into her birth parents, but I couldn't find anything. If you want to give this money to someone, give it to Norah."

Jack was firm.

Pharaoh had wealth, but money was the only thing he could offer. He had no way to compensate for the years lost.

"You should take it," Pharaoh urged. "Use it for an investment—"

Jack shook his head. "I don't need it. We both care about Norah, and that makes us family. Give it to her, rebuild your bond. She'll come to understand your love in time. Norah is a good child, kind at heart."

Pharaoh knew that well. She had once protected strangers in the slave camp, taken in Cooper before knowing he was her son, and even Jace was proof of her kindness.

Jack patted Pharaoh's shoulder. "Since you're in the capital, stay a while. Spend time with Norah and Cooper."

Pharaoh nodded. That was exactly what he wanted—to stay close to them.

The wedding continued as planned, complete with every tradition, including the bridal chamber celebration.

Cody and Esteban livened up the atmosphere, leading everyone in lighthearted games. Kevin had considered canceling this part, but without it, the wedding wouldn't feel complete.

Throughout the night, Kevin and Norah were the center of attention. The games had them meeting and kissing over and over, making everyone laugh. They shared a ceremonial drink and played until well past midnight. Before dispersing, Esteban smirked at Kevin and teased, "The wedding night is priceless. Don't waste it."

Finally, only Kevin and Norah remained in the room.

Kevin gently stroked her hair. "I'm really sorry about today. I wanted this to be perfect for you..."

Norah chuckled. "Isn't it already unforgettable?"

Gugny's interruption had ensured that no one would ever forget this wedding, nor the love between Kevin and Norah.

Kevin sighed. "It's different. I wanted people to remember our love, our happiness. Not... this. I just keep thinking—if things had been different, if I hadn't been hurt back then—"

"There's no 'if,'" Norah interrupted softly. "All that matters is that we're here now."

She reached for him, looping her arms around his neck. "Kevin, I know you've held back for a long time. Love is mutual, and right now, I don't want to deny how I feel. During those five years, I missed you so much. I longed for our son. Being alone was painful. So let's have more children while we're still young."

Her words, her touch, her presence—they ignited something deep inside him.

Kevin could no longer hold back.

Meanwhile, on Baimo's side...

The one-month agreement between him and Freyja was down to just two weeks.

Freyja had recovered significantly, though she still couldn't engage in strenuous activity. She wanted to stay, and of course, Baimo stayed with her—not just because of their agreement, but also for Pharaoh and Norah.

It had been a long time since he had seen Cooper.

Standing on the terrace, Baimo gazed at the night sky. The stars and moon seemed brighter in Yi than in the capital. Autumn was setting in, and the evening air carried a crisp chill.

He was about to turn back inside when he felt arms wrap around him from behind.

The warmth, the softness, the familiar presence—it was Freyja.

He instinctively reached to pull her hands away, but instead, she tightened her grip.

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Freyja spoke in a hoarse voice, "Baimo, we've been getting along really well, haven't we?"

She stepped in front of him, tilting her head up to meet his gaze. Baimo was mirobas taller than her, his sharp features sculpted like a masterpiece—everything about him captivated her.

Baimo pursed his lips, memories of their time together flashing through his mind. It had been pleasant, undeniably so. Freyja was never temperamental and always considered his feelings.

But the weight of his responsibilities pressed heavily on him. He had to dedicate himself to the Yi people's development, and that meant sacrificing personal desires. In the end, wouldn't he just end up owing Freyja?

"Freyja, you gave your word—one month. A promise is a promise." Baimo's tone was firm, trying to dissuade her from hoping for more.

Freyja's throat tightened, her heart clenching painfully. Hadn't she proven her sincerity after all this time? Why was he still so stubborn?

She took a deep breath. "Baimo, I understand your duty to the Yi people, but you deserve to live, too. Just because you're their leader doesn't mean you can't have a life."

He hesitated. She wasn't wrong. But the image of his father and mother haunted him—his father had owed too much. Baimo refused to follow in his footsteps. If it meant shouldering the burden alone, so be it.

“That’s true, but I don’t have time for anything else. Freyja, one month is all I can offer. Don’t hold onto false hope.”

“No!” she snapped, her voice unwavering. “I won’t give up. I don’t care what you say. I understand you, and I know the Yi people will flourish under your leadership. If you’re worried about owing me, then let me help build the Yi tribe with you. We’ll both be too busy to dwell on debts. If you’re afraid of having children and feeling responsible for them, then we won’t have any.”

Her words stunned Baimo. She was willing to dedicate her life to his cause, even giving up the idea of having children.

Seeing his silence, Freyja assumed he didn’t believe her. “If you don’t trust me, I’ll put it in writing. But forget it—just get some rest for now.”

Baimo exhaled, waving his hand dismissively. He didn’t want to continue the conversation. Freyja had spent the entire month trying to win him over, and now she was pushing again.

Sensing his irritation, she chose not to press further and quietly nodded.

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Meanwhile, Kevin and Norah decided to go on their honeymoon.

Originally, Cooper was supposed to stay with Pharaoh, but Freyja stepped in. “Norah, leave Cooper with me. You two can travel without worries.”

Norah raised an eyebrow. “Are you staying in the capital long-term?”

Freyja and Baimo weren’t exactly acting like a couple, but Freyja had at least managed to keep him close. Did she really have time to care for a child?

Freyja nodded. “I love it here. And it’s close to you. I do plan to stay for a while, but Baimo and I will return to the Yi tribe eventually. We’re just taking some time to relax here.”

Norah smiled. “In that case, since you want to explore, it wouldn’t be fair to burden you with Cooper. Let my brother show you around—there’s so much to see in Craggaville.”

Freyja appreciated the offer, but Norah was right. This was precious time she had fought hard to get with Baimo. She shouldn’t waste it.

“I’ll have my dad and Kian watch over Cooper. You two should enjoy yourselves.” Norah waved as she left.

As they drove off, Kevin suddenly stiffened. “How could I forget?”

Norah looked at him, puzzled. “Forget what?”

Kevin sighed, his expression serious. "I planned everything for our wedding, but I forgot about our wedding photos."

Norah chuckled. "I thought it was something serious! It's not a big deal. We're together, aren't we? We can take them anytime."

She leaned against his shoulder, smiling. "We still have plenty of time to take pictures. Actually, we can do a travel photoshoot."

"Great idea!" Kevin turned to their driver. "Kian, set it up."

Kian made a quick call, arranging everything effortlessly.

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Meanwhile, Freyja took Norah's words to heart.

She approached Baimo carefully. He was busy with paperwork, but she spoke up. "Should we go out for a bit? Since we're already here, why not explore?"

Baimo glanced up. "Norah and Kevin are on their honeymoon. We'll see how long they take. If it's a while, we'll head back to the Yi tribe. But sure, we can go sightseeing. Where do you want to go?"

Freyja hesitated. She had never been to Craggaville before and had no idea what was worth visiting.

"I don't know much about this place. Do you have any recommendations?"

Baimo frowned. "Don't call me 'young master' when we're outside."

Freyja quickly corrected herself. "Got it."

He thought for a moment. "I'm not sure what's best, but I'll take you around."

"Sounds good."

Changing their surroundings might change things between them. Maybe this was her chance to grow closer to him.

Their first stop was Yunnan's Cangshan and Erhai Lake, where spring flowers were in full bloom.

What they hadn't expected was running into Norah and Kevin.

Norah froze at the sight of them, blinking in disbelief. She even pinched herself. "Wait... are you guys here looking for us?"

Her first thought was that something had gone wrong.

Freyja, caught off guard, lowered her head shyly. “No, we just came to explore. I didn’t expect to run into you.”

Norah grinned. “Freyja! You’re finally taking a vacation—nice! Looks like things between you two are going well.”

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When Norah said that, Freyja felt a bit embarrassed.

Baimo, his voice low and hoarse, said, “Looks like it’s about mirobas time for dinner. Why don’t we all eat together?”

“We booked a homestay. Come with me,” Norah said, leading the way.

Soon, they arrived at the homestay.

Kevin signaled for the waiter, who brought over the menu. Norah ordered first, choosing a variety of dishes so Freyja and Baimo could try different flavors. Though there were more than a dozen dishes, each portion was small.

As Freyja peeled a shrimp, Baimo, ever the gentleman, took it from her hands and peeled it for her. Seeing this, Kevin immediately followed suit, tending to his wife.

Norah poured Freyja a drink. “There are plenty of attractions here. If we run into each other again, do you want to join us?”

“Of course,” Freyja replied with a small smile.

The tension between Freyja and Baimo lingered. Baimo was naturally quiet, and Freyja, worried about upsetting him, hesitated to speak too much. She had fought hard for this one-month trial period, but the distance between them still felt vast.

“I’ll go to the front desk and book a room for you,” Norah offered. “This homestay has great food and a fantastic environment.”

Baimo had no objections, and Freyja, smiling, said, “I’d appreciate that.”

Norah booked them a room with a 1.5-meter bed.

When she handed them the room key, neither Freyja nor Baimo realized the size of the bed. But Kevin, noticing Norah’s expression, immediately sensed something was up.

Once Freyja and Baimo went to settle in, Kevin pulled Norah aside. “You! What am I going to do with you?”

Norah grinned mischievously.

Kevin had always thought of her as quiet and reserved, but now he realized—she had been hiding this side of her all along.

“I’m just helping them out,” she said, raising an eyebrow. “It’s a good thing, not a bad one.”

For Baimo, a 1.5-meter bed was small. Back in the Yi tribe, even in the north where accommodations were sparse, he had never slept in such a tiny bed. And now, sharing it with Freyja?

Determined to change the arrangement, he went to the front desk, only to be met with an apologetic response. “I’m sorry, sir, but the room the young lady booked for you was our last one. It’s peak tourist season, and even if you check out, you won’t find another place.”

That explanation left Baimo with no way out. He sighed and turned back to the room.

“You take the bed. I’ll sleep on the floor,” he said, resigned.

But Freyja, deeply in love with him, couldn’t bear to let him do that.

“Baimo, I’ll take the floor instead. Otherwise—”

“Didn’t you hear? It’s peak season. If you go out now, you might not find another room. And you’re not going out alone at this hour,” Baimo interrupted firmly.

Freyja lowered her head, her voice barely a whisper. In front of Baimo, she never dared to be loud. She always showed him her gentlest, best side. But Baimo preferred authenticity, and he saw through her restraint. He just didn’t call her out on it.

“Go take a shower and change your clothes,” he said in a low voice.

“Okay,” she answered obediently.

But just as she lathered up in the shower, the water suddenly stopped.

Standing in the bathroom, covered in soap, Freyja felt helpless. “Baimo, can you call the front desk? Why is there no water?”

Baimo was just as surprised but quickly made the call.

“Apologies, sir,” the front desk said. “We have a backup water source. Give us two minutes, and we’ll have it running.”

“Make it quick,” Baimo responded.

After hanging up, he called toward the bathroom. “They said the backup water source will be on in a couple of minutes. Just wait.”

“Okay,” Freyja answered.

Soon, the water returned, and a few minutes later, Freyja stepped out of the bathroom, her hair still damp.

Baimo looked at her. “You’re not going to dry your hair?”

“I will,” she said softly.

She liked these simple exchanges with him. They weren’t filled with sweet words, but for her, just having him by her side was happiness enough.

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Meanwhile, at Norah’s place, Kevin had ordered takeout—milk tea, fried chicken, and barbecue.

Seeing the spread, Norah sighed. “I just finished eating, and you ordered all this? Are you trying to fatten me up, Kevin?”

Kevin smirked. “You love these. Eat while watching TV. You don’t have to finish everything.”

Norah knew she couldn’t eat much more, but then she thought of Cooper and decided to video call him.

Cooper, who was with Pharaoh, immediately lit up. The bond between them had grown strong thanks to Pharaoh’s care.

“Mom... Daddy...” Cooper greeted them through the screen.

Norah smiled warmly. “Cooper, did you have dinner with Grandpa?”

This simple greeting pleased Pharaoh immensely.

Grandpa. What a sweet title.