

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 541

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## Chapter 541

Pharaoh gently patted Cooper's small head. "We've already eaten. Cooper, why don't you ask if Mom and Dad have eaten yet?"

"Okay."

Cooper spoke slowly, but his words were clear and deliberate. He then turned to Norah and repeated exactly what Pharaoh had told him.

Norah beamed with joy. It was the longest, most complete sentence Cooper had spoken in a while.

"Mom and Dad have eaten," she assured him. "And guess what? We ran into your uncle here. Cooper, do you want to come over and play with us?"

As she spoke, she motioned for Kevin to join in. If Cooper wanted to come, they could easily make arrangements to bring him over.

Kevin smiled warmly at their son. "Cooper, do you want to come?"

Cooper shook his head. He glanced at Pharaoh before saying, "I... stay... Grandpa... Grandpa wants me..."

"Alright then. You stay with Grandpa and be a good boy, okay?" Norah said softly. "When we come back, we'll bring you gifts. And next time, we'll take you out to play."

Kevin had also considered bringing Cooper along, but he and Norah rarely had time alone together. This trip was a chance to make up for lost time. Since Cooper was in good hands, it was the perfect opportunity to enjoy some time as a couple.

"Okay," Cooper responded, nodding firmly.

It was undeniable that spending time with Pharaoh had done wonders for Cooper. If Pharaoh stayed in the capital long-term, it would not only be good for Cooper but would also strengthen his bond with Norah.

Norah chatted with Cooper for a while longer before the camera shifted to Pharaoh. After exchanging a few words with him, she finally ended the call.

Kevin wrapped his arms around her. "It's best for Cooper to stay with his grandpa for now. His condition has improved, and Pharaoh is helping him a lot."

"I just want what's best for him," Norah said wistfully, leaning into Kevin.

Kevin glanced at the untouched food. "Are you sure you don't want any of this?"

Norah shook her head.

Kevin's hand, however, began to wander. The next second, he pulled her down onto the bed.

Norah shot him an incredulous look. "Kevin! It's the middle of the day! What are you doing?"

Kevin smirked. "So what? The others aren't here, so we should make the most of our time. And..." He pulled the covers over them. "If we pull the quilt up, it's dark!"

Norah tried to push him away, but Kevin was relentless. Soon, she was completely overpowered.

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The next day, they mapped out a new travel itinerary. Since they had run into Baimo and Freyja, the four of them decided to travel together.

As soon as Norah saw them, she couldn't help teasing. "So, how was sharing a bed last night? Sleep well?"

Baimo immediately knew Norah had orchestrated the bed situation. He glanced at her but said nothing.

Norah grinned mischievously. "Brother, a true gentleman helps others find happiness. I was just giving you a little push in the right direction. Why do you look like you want to scold me?"

“Oh, thank you so much,” Baimo replied dryly, though there was no real annoyance in his tone.

Before long, they arrived at a scenic spot. But in the blink of an eye, Baimo and Freyja became separated from Norah and Kevin.

Freyja instinctively wanted to find them, but Baimo stopped her. “We’re adults. Plus, we have GPS on our phones. We won’t get lost. Let’s explore this way.”

Freyja considered his words and realized he had a point. She followed him in a different direction.

After walking a short distance, they encountered a little girl selling flowers. She looked no older than seven or eight, her frame thin, her clothes worn.

“Sister!” The little girl ran up to Freyja, holding out a bouquet. “You’re so pretty. Would you like to buy some flowers?”

Before Freyja could answer, the girl quickly added, “I picked these this morning. They’re fresh, and I’m selling them cheap. Plus, it’s buy one, get one free!”

Hunger gnawed at the little girl’s stomach. She hadn’t sold a single bouquet all day, and her mother was gravely ill at home. Her younger sister needed food. If she couldn’t make money today, what would they do?

As these thoughts swirled in her head, her eyes welled up with unshed tears.

Freyja’s heart ached. “How many flowers do you have? I’ll buy them all.”

They were from the same country. It was only right to help each other. The money meant little to her, but to the girl, it was everything.

“Sister, are you serious?” The little girl stared at her, hardly daring to believe it.

Freyja nodded. “Of course. Just tell me how much it is.”

The little girl’s face lit up. With this money, she could buy food and medicine for her mother. Today must be her lucky day!

She hurriedly bent down to calculate the total, even offering a discount for the bulk purchase.

Freyja handed over more money than necessary. “Take this, and keep it safe. Don’t let anyone see.”

The little girl hesitated. “Sister, this is too much. My flowers aren’t worth that much.”

“Consider it an advance payment. Next time I see you, I’ll buy more.” Freyja bent down to pick up the flowers.

She couldn’t carry them all alone, so she turned to Baimo. “Can you help me with these?”

“Of course,” he said, taking the flowers from the basket.

The little girl hesitated for a moment before accepting the extra money. She silently promised herself that if she ever saw this kind lady again, she would give her even more flowers.

What none of them realized was that a group of thugs had been watching from the shadows.

“Let’s head over and grab a snack,” Freyja suggested after securing the flowers. She and Baimo walked away.

But as soon as they left, the gang of thugs pounced. They snatched the little girl’s money and ran.

“Give it back! That’s my hard-earned money!” The girl cried out, chasing after them.

But how could a small, malnourished child outrun a gang of grown men?

Freyja heard the commotion. She shoved the flowers into Baimo’s arms. “Wait here for me—I’ll be right back!”

Before he could respond, she had already dashed toward the gangsters.

Not far ahead was a small pond, where many people stood admiring the scenery.

Freyja stormed up to one of the thugs, grabbed his ear, and snapped, “Stealing from a child? Have you no shame? Give her money back. Now!”

## **Chapter 542**

The Yi tribe had been at war before, and on top of that, Freyja had trained under Baimo, making her an exceptional fighter.

The gangsters had no chance against her. No matter how hard they tried to shake her off, she mirobas overpowered them, even pinning them underfoot. “No way! I’m turning you in to the police right now!”

She had no patience for nonsense.

Hearing that, the gangsters panicked. “We’ll pay it back! Double, even! Just let us go—don’t turn us in!”

Freyja scoffed. “Spit out the money first.”

They didn’t dare refuse.

But she didn’t take double. She only returned the little girl’s rightful share before grabbing one of the gangsters with one hand and calling the police with the other.

You have to pull the weeds out by the roots—otherwise, they’ll grow back in the spring breeze.

If this thug crossed paths with her again, he’d be the unlucky one.

When the police arrived and took them away, Freyja gave the little girl some extra money. “This is all I can do for you. Stay strong, okay?”

Seeing someone so young forced to fend for herself, Freyja couldn’t help but think of the war orphans she had encountered before. If only there had never been a war, how much better life would be.

Maybe then, Baimo would have been better off too... No, the old Pharaoh wouldn’t have neglected his family for politics, and Baimo wouldn’t have carried so many burdens.

But there were no ‘ifs’ in life.

“Thank you, sister,” the little girl said gratefully before running off.

As Freyja watched her disappear into the distance, she suddenly heard her calling out in Yi dialect.

A fellow compatriot.

That realization brought an unexpected warmth to Freyja’s heart.

But the girl was already too far away.

Just then, Baimo’s voice broke the moment. “Ever heard the saying, ‘A strong dragon can’t suppress a local snake’?”

Freyja was skilled, no doubt. But at the end of the day, she was alone. If these gangsters had more accomplices...

"I didn't think about all that at the time," she admitted. "Besides, weren't you right here with me?"

She had simply wanted to help. But now that Baimo mentioned it, she realized she had never been truly alone—he had always been by her side.

Baimo sighed. "It's not that I don't want you to fight back, but you have to think about yourself first."

Freyja stuck out her tongue playfully. "Got it."

Her bright smile made her look particularly mischievous in Baimo's eyes.

She took his hand. "So, should we find Norah now or go hunt for snacks?"

Baimo noticed her hand—slender, fair-skinned.

Her touch felt so natural.

Freyja saw him staring but didn't let go. "We're out in public. If we act too distant, people might get suspicious. Look, we already ran into Norah and another Yi tribesman by chance. Who's to say we won't run into someone else important?"

Before she could finish, Baimo cut her off with a low chuckle. "Alright, enough talking. Let's grab something to eat first. We'll find Norah later."

"Great!"

Freyja's grin nearly split her face.

Baimo letting her hold his hand in public? That meant they were making progress. Maybe soon there'd be more hand-holding... then kissing... then marriage...

Just thinking about it filled her with excitement.

"What are you daydreaming about? You look ridiculous." Baimo frowned.

His voice snapped her back to reality.

Like he could even guess what she was thinking!

She quickly shook her head. "Nothing! Let's go."

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Meanwhile, on Norah's side—

She knew Baimo and Freyja wouldn't separate, so she and Kevin took their time, stopping to take pictures together.

Not far away, she noticed a film crew at work and was reminded of Nellie.

Nellie had become a famous director. Sasha, a renowned actress. In the early days, they had kept in touch often, but as time passed and they got busier, their messages dwindled. Still, the bond remained.

After this honeymoon, it might be time to revisit a few things.

"If you want to enter the entertainment industry, I can—"

Kevin's deep, gentle voice interrupted her thoughts.

Norah laughed. "I'm in my thirties. Wouldn't it be a waste to join the industry now?"

"You don't have to act. You could be a producer, a director, a screenwriter. Think about it—what interests you?"

Kevin spoiled her completely. Whatever she wanted, he'd support unconditionally.

Norah smiled. "I'll think about it when we get back."

"Look," Kevin said, tilting his chin toward something.

Norah followed his gaze.

She spotted Baimo and Freyja walking together, Freyja clinging to Baimo's arm, both smiling deeply.

Something had definitely happened between those two. Baimo could be in denial all he wanted, but the truth was obvious.

"Looks like something good is brewing between them," she mused.

"Isn't that a good thing?" Kevin asked.

Baimo was a few years older than Norah. Most men his age already had several children, yet here he was, only just beginning his first real relationship.

"Yeah. Should we still tag along?"

Kevin hesitated. "They have their own plans. We have ours. Maybe we should give them space?"

Norah scoffed. “And let them wander around blindly? They don’t know the area like we do. Besides—” She narrowed her eyes at him. “Are you trying to ditch them?”

“Not at all,” Kevin defended himself quickly. “I just think they need space more than we do right now. They’re just getting started.”

Norah gave a small huff but didn’t press further.

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Back with Baimo and Freyja—

Trouble found them again.

The gangster Freyja had turned in had already been released. And now, he had backup.

Surrounding them, the gangsters sneered. “Laozu begged for mercy, even promised to pay you double. But you lied and turned him in! Do you even know whose turf this is?”

Freyja’s lips curled into a cold smirk. “Nope. Don’t care.”

Baimo had warned her earlier about the dangers of acting impulsively, but there was no way she was going to let these guys intimidate her.

The gangsters gave a signal, and a group of men lunged at them.

Big mistake.

They had no idea who they were messing with.

## **Chapter 543**

Freyja and Baimo took down their attackers in just a few swift moves, sending them plunging into the water. Even with the chaos, they still had time to call the police.

With so many people gathered around, Freyja took advantage of the moment and raised her voice. “I just sent this man to the police station not long ago, mirobas yet no one came out for over an hour. And now, all these people have shown up to target us. What is this? The local underworld?”

Her words instantly drew the attention of the crowd.

This situation needed an explanation—immediately.

“We disciplined him, had him write a confession letter and a guarantee, yet somehow, he managed to round up a gang to cause trouble. Rest assured, we will root out every last one of these criminal forces and give the public a proper explanation!”



Determined to put an end to this for good, Baimo sought out the person in charge and revealed his true identity.

Freyja felt a little guilty. “I only stepped in because I felt sorry for that little girl. I didn’t expect it to cause so much trouble. I hear you, and next time—”

“You don’t need to explain. If you hadn’t stepped in, I probably would have.” Baimo understood her completely.

They were the same type of people—standing by and doing nothing was never an option.

“Still, I’ll think twice next time,” Freyja promised.

Baimo flicked her forehead lightly. “Alright, enough of that. If you’re done with shopping, let’s head back to Norah.”

“Shopping? Of course, I’m not done!” Freyja grinned, eyes sparkling.

There was no way she’d pass up such a golden opportunity.

When she spotted some artistic photos, an idea popped into her head.

Baimo caught on immediately. “Aren’t you getting a little greedy?”

Freyja hesitated, feeling a bit guilty. “I just happened to see them! Besides, you already bought all the rings—this is nothing in comparison.”

As she spoke, she clung to Baimo’s arm, coaxing him.

He hadn’t encountered this kind of situation since Norah was a child, acting spoiled in front of him. But Freyja was younger, and her charm was hard to resist.

“So, following this logic, next time you’ll tell me, ‘Since we’ve come this far, we might as well be together forever. Maybe we should even have a child?’”

Baimo’s brows furrowed slightly. He didn’t look too pleased, but his dark eyes weren’t harsh either.

Freyja looked down, silent.

She hadn’t said it aloud, but the thought had definitely crossed her mind. If Baimo agreed, that would be ideal.

“You’ve been acting strange all day,” Baimo remarked, tapping her forehead with his finger, a helpless smile tugging at his lips.

Freyja blushed but decided to go all in. “People need goals in life. You’ve been with me for so long, and I’m not bad, right? Maybe you should consider me.”

Her hopeful eyes locked onto his.

Freyja truly wanted to be with Baimo. Over time, she had grown attached to him, and his steady presence reassured her.

“You’re really not afraid of being alone?” Baimo asked, searching her face.

She shook her head. “I’m really not. I’ve already made up my mind. I want to be with you.”

She waited anxiously for his response.

But Baimo still didn’t agree. “This is too big of a decision. You might regret it later.”

“Regret? We’ve known each other for ages. I understand your responsibilities, Baimo. I accept everything about you, unconditionally. If I’m lying, may I—”

Before she could finish making a reckless vow, Baimo caught her hand and stopped her. “Don’t say things like that. I believe you. I know your heart is with me, and you’re a good person. But I’m not an ordinary man—I was born with a duty to the Yi people.”

“That doesn’t mean you have to dedicate your entire life to them. Even Pharaoh got married and had children. You don’t have to be alone forever. Really, I can—”

Freyja threw her arms around him. The street was still bustling with people, but in that moment, for her, there was only Baimo.

He was all she needed.

Baimo sighed. “Alright, you’ve given me something to think about.”

Freyja beamed. “Okay.”

Baimo was torn. Emotionally, he was touched by her sincerity, but he feared she would get hurt. When it came to matters of family and duty, he never hesitated—but with her, it was different.

Freyja smiled brightly. “No matter what decision you make, I’ll be right there with you. I’ll never leave your side.”

She would follow him, support him, and if one day he was gone, she would follow him then too. Her life’s purpose was simple—she just wanted to be with Baimo. Nothing else mattered.

Three hours later, news of the earlier incident had already spread.

When Norah saw them, she couldn't help but tease. "Brother and sister-in-law, you fought together today like real warriors! Pretty badass!"

Freyja turned red. "Back in the day, the Yi tribe didn't even know martial arts. That wouldn't have worked well for us. And... your brother and I aren't married, so don't call me that."

She liked the title, but since Baimo hadn't agreed to it, she wasn't sure how to respond.

Norah scoffed. "You and my brother have come this far. If you're not my sister-in-law, then who is?"

Freyja blushed deeper, unsure of how to reply.

Baimo changed the subject. "Enough joking. What's for dinner? Or do you have another place in mind to visit?"

"Not sure yet," Norah admitted. "But we booked a photoshoot here and will be staying a few days. Want to take some pictures to remember the trip?"

Baimo glanced at Freyja, recalling her earlier interest. "Alright, let's take some pictures too."

Norah smirked. They had already reached this point, yet Baimo was still holding back. She was just waiting to see when he would finally make it official. When that day came, she'd be first in line to toast at their wedding!

But just as they finalized their plans, an accident happened.

During the makeup session, the artist accidentally got eyeshadow in Norah's eye. She had a sudden allergic reaction and had to be rushed to the hospital.

Kevin stayed by her side the entire time. But when they investigated further, they discovered something shocking—

It wasn't an accident.

Someone had done this on purpose.

## Chapter 544

As soon as Kevin's men started searching, they found Gugny.

She had failed to achieve her goal at the wedding, but she never gave up.

But now that Kevin had found mirobas her, she was doomed.

Tied up and dragged in front of Kevin and Norah, Gugny glared at Norah, who lay on the hospital bed receiving an IV drip. Her eyes burned with hatred—she wanted nothing more than to tear Norah apart.

“Kevin and I have come this far, and yet you still won’t give up,” Gugny sneered. “I suppose it must be true love, or else you wouldn’t have been so eager to become my son’s stepmother.”

Gugny knew Kevin had a son, yet she had refused to back down. Even after learning about Kevin’s wedding, she had persisted. If that wasn’t love, what was it?

Meanwhile, Norah exchanged a glance with Kevin. His unease about leaving her alone with Gugny was obvious.

Norah chuckled. “You’re tied up. You’re standing at the door. And it’s not just you—your subordinates are there, too. What exactly do you think you can do to me?”

Her words pinpointed Kevin’s concerns. Yet, despite having said nothing to each other beforehand, they both immediately understood what Gugny was thinking. A single look was enough.

Kevin never spared Gugny a glance, let alone shared any unspoken understanding with her.

Gugny felt a pang of envy—jealousy, even hatred.

If Norah hadn’t returned, Kevin would have stayed in Country S. He would have taken over as president, and he would have been with her.

She didn’t care that Kevin already had a child. They would have had children of their own. And besides, the president would have kept Cooper by his side.

But now, there was Norah.

Gugny couldn’t understand what kind of power this woman had over Kevin, how she had bewitched him to the point that he would give up everything—even his life—for her.

Even worse, Norah had somehow become a beloved figure to so many people.

“Kevin and I have come this far, and you still refuse to let go. What do you gain from my death? Do you think you’ll walk away from the capital unscathed?”

Norah’s voice was calm, but her words hit their mark.

Gugny remained silent. She had only wanted to make Norah suffer, but she hadn’t expected Kevin to find her so quickly.

If Norah died, Kevin would never let her go. She would pay with her life—that was inevitable. But Gugny was different from Norah. She had a family duty to fulfill. She couldn't afford to throw her life away.

"I know all that," Gugny admitted. "But I just can't accept it. When you were gone, Kevin and I were already set to marry, appointed by the president himself. I worked so hard—"

Before she could finish, Norah cut her off. "You seem to be forgetting something. I was never gone. I was always here. Some things simply don't belong to you, no matter how hard you try."

Gugny's face twisted in anger. "Are you mocking me?"

She had never been denied anything in her life. But with Kevin, she had been rejected again and again—humiliated even. And now, Norah was rubbing it in her face.

Norah remained unfazed. "I have nothing to prove to you. Your insecurities don't affect my life or Kevin's. Instead, you should ask yourself—what do you really gain by being trapped in Craggaville?"

If Gugny were detained in Craggaville, it would become a political issue between two countries. Maybe the authorities would eventually send her back. But one thing was certain—she would be banned from returning forever.

"I don't need your lectures, Norah. You just happened to meet Kevin before I did!"

Her gaze burned with resentment, as if to say, *What do you have to be proud of?*

Norah smiled. "Actually, you might not know this, but before me, there was a woman named Bianca. She met Kevin first."

Bianca had a deeper history with Kevin. She had even saved his life. But in the end, Kevin had chosen Norah.

Sometimes, fate had its own way of deciding things.

Gugny didn't know Bianca, only Norah. But hearing this, she began re-evaluating her own relationship with Kevin.

When she had first met him, she had been captivated by his striking looks and later, by his strength and status. She had always gotten what she wanted, and Kevin had been her only failure. That sense of defeat had fueled her obsession.

Now, her shoulders sagged. "Norah, I'm sorry."

She lowered her head in apology, finally coming to terms with reality.

Norah had spoken so much in the hopes that Gugny would let go. Now that she had, it was a good thing.

“You may have apologized, but my eyes are still suffering from an allergic reaction because of you. You need to compensate me for that,” Norah stated plainly. “Otherwise, I can’t just let you walk away.”

Gugny had ruined her wedding and caused her pain. She wasn’t about to let her off scot-free. As long as Gugny stayed out of her and Kevin’s lives, though, she wouldn’t go after her any further.

“Fine,” Gugny agreed.

Norah turned to Kevin, asking him to release Gugny.

But Kevin refused.

No one could harm Norah and get away with it.

The pain Norah had suffered—Gugny would suffer, too.

Eye allergies were no joke, and Gugny was beginning to understand that. Yet she couldn’t help but laugh bitterly. “I messed up your wedding. Are you planning to retaliate?”

Kevin’s gaze was cold and merciless. “We’re not as petty as you. Last time, I let you go. This time, I want you to understand the consequences. This is your warning—if you ever provoke us again, I guarantee you won’t even have bones left to bury.”

His words sent a chill down Gugny’s spine. His sheer presence was overwhelming.

“Don’t worry,” she said, forcing a weak smile. “Your wife convinced me. I see my mistake now. I won’t bother you again. I’m truly sorry for all the trouble I’ve caused.”

She bent down and bowed deeply.

Kevin turned away, no longer interested in her. With that, everything in Country S was finally put to rest.

But as soon as Gugny walked out the door, Kevin’s phone rang.

His expression darkened when he saw the caller ID.

“What is it?” he asked after a brief hesitation.

A labored voice answered. “Kevin... things are in turmoil here. Your brothers are tearing each other apart. Only you can come back and restore order...”

It was Mousse, and he sounded exhausted.

But Kevin had made his choice long ago. He had no interest in the affairs of Country S, nor in Craggaville. He had given all that up for Norah.

His voice was low and firm. "If you need someone to take charge, there are plenty of capable people in Country S. Your family has loyal followers, don't they?"

## **Chapter 545**

Mousse needed someone to take charge of the situation, and he could find one at any moment.

Kevin suspected this was nothing more than Mousse's trap. But unexpectedly, Gugny returned.

She looked anxious. "Kevin, the situation in Country S is dire. The president called me personally and asked me to bring you back. I know you want to be with Norah, but if the president hadn't saved you and cared for you, would you even be standing here today?"

She wasn't wrong.

After regaining his senses, Kevin had been assisting in managing the affairs of Country S. He had hoped to step away after this year, but ever since Norah found him, she had been in constant danger.

"Give me a moment."

Kevin couldn't bring himself to ignore this.

Gugny remained silent, waiting patiently.

Kevin and Norah had a strong bond. If he was leaving, he had to talk to her first. The president wanted him back, but he hadn't issued an outright order to force him.

When Kevin approached Norah, she had already overheard their conversation. Her only response was, "If you're going back to Country S, take me with you. I don't want to wait anymore."

She had spent five years waiting, suffering alone. She refused to endure that pain again.

No matter what happened next, she wanted to face it with Kevin.

Kevin understood how she felt, but Country S was in turmoil. It was far too dangerous to bring her along, and he didn't want to risk her safety.

“Norah, you and our son are here with me now, and I still want us to have a beautiful daughter together. I promise you, I won’t let anything happen to me. Can you wait for me to return? If I truly can’t come back, then raise our son well.”

If it weren’t for Mousse, Kevin would have died in the Yi tribe’s territory, in the river that ran through it.

In this political crisis, if his life had to be the price, then he would give it back to Mousse.

But to Norah, that was unforgivable.

“Kevin, what the hell are you saying? What do you mean by ‘not coming back’? I’m telling you right now—you have to come back!”

She was overwhelmed, her eyes filling with tears.

Kevin pulled her into an embrace, but Norah pounded against his chest. “I was a war correspondent for five years. I wasn’t afraid then, and I’m not afraid now! Kevin, you underestimate me. I want to face this with you, yet you won’t take me. You always make your decisions without asking me first. I hate that! If you don’t come back this time, I swear, I’ll take our son, remarry, and erase your name from my life!”

Then, she remembered—Cooper’s identity still wasn’t officially registered.

Other children his age had proper documentation, but hers? Nothing.

It stung, but she couldn’t blame Kevin. He had his struggles too. Still, it felt unfair. She had done nothing wrong, yet fate kept punishing her.

Kevin’s voice was gentle. “If I don’t come back and you remarry, I won’t blame you. In fact, I’d be relieved, because I know you’d only choose someone who’s good for you. Norah, my only regret is that my life carries too many responsibilities.”

To his country. To Mousse.

Even if Mousse wasn’t his biological father, he still owed him a debt of gratitude.

Norah had been furious, resentful, and frustrated, but hearing him say that only deepened her sorrow. She cupped his face in her hands. “I know you bear so many burdens. That’s why I want to be with you this time. Kevin, please take me with you.”

“I promise I won’t slow you down. If needed, I can report on everything happening. We’re husband and wife. We have a child. If there’s danger, we should face it together.”

Kevin saw the determination in her eyes. He thought of his promise to her, of the way she looked now. He couldn’t refuse her.



He held her close and kissed her. “Alright. Come with me. No matter what happens, I’ll protect you.”

Even if it cost him his life, he wouldn’t let anything happen to her.

But if they were going to Country S, Baimo had to know. When they told him, he immediately disapproved.

“Kevin is going back to handle affairs, but what about you? What if something happens and you leave Cooper all alone?”

Kevin wasn’t returning for leisure—he was heading into a crisis. Country S was just as chaotic as the Yi tribe once was. Back then, he had accepted his fate because of the emerald beads Norah wore.

But what did Country S have?

Even Mousse, his own father, didn’t want Norah around. If they went back, what if this was all just a setup?

If things went south, Kevin could escape alone. But with Norah? He’d have to protect her too.

“My dad is watching over Cooper now. Maybe we’re being selfish, but as husband and wife, we need to be together.”

“Besides,” Norah added, “we’re fully prepared. We’ll be fine.”

She wanted to stand by Kevin through this. If they handled it now, Mousse wouldn’t have an excuse to interfere in their lives again. They could finally be a true family, free from distractions.

Nothing could change her mind.

But Baimo only had one sister. They hadn’t known each other long, and he refused to risk losing her.

“Then I’m going too. If something happens, at least there’ll be someone else to help. I’ll contact Clown for backup. Kevin, this time, you’d better get the job done. If you pull another stunt like five years ago and nearly die, I swear, I’ll find your bones and grind them to dust. And as for your son, he won’t even carry your last name!”

They were definitely siblings—his final words mirrored Norah’s exactly.

Kevin chuckled. “If I really die, you turning my bones to dust won’t matter. I’ll already be gone.”

But as soon as he said it, Norah’s glare could have cut through steel. “Kevin, are you going back expecting to die?!”

