

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

6 min read

Chapter 547.

Norah's only hope now was this. She and Kevin desperately wanted recognition and blessings from their family.

Mousse nodded. "Don't worry. Since we've already discussed this, I won't trouble you and Kevin again."

He wanted Kevin to take over his position and become the next president of Country S.

But Kevin wasn't here.

Kevin longed for a simple life. Mousse knew he owed Kevin's mother a great debt, and after all these years of absence, he couldn't bear to see Kevin suffer any longer.

"Thank you."

Norah's gratitude made Mousse feel even worse.

Norah and Kevin had been husband and wife for five years, yet she still felt the need to thank him. In their minds, they were destined to be together, but the distance between Kevin and Mousse was undeniable.

At that moment, Mousse felt deep regret.

Kevin and Norah remained in Country S for a while, during which Kevin assisted where he could. But unexpectedly, he was targeted—his eldest and second brothers attempted to assassinate him.

However, Kevin had anticipated this. Thanks to Baimo's arrangements and his own security, the attempt failed completely.

After their capture, his brothers refused to admit their wrongdoing. The moment they saw Kevin, their hatred was palpable—they would rather die than accept him.

Kevin looked at them calmly and said, "When my father saved me, I was gravely injured. I had no awareness of what was happening around me. He wanted me to inherit the presidency, but I was never interested. My only ambition is my home and my family. I came here only to help my father. If you don't believe me, there's nothing I can do about it. Once I leave, you'll be free."

Despite the attack, Kevin had no intention of retaliating against his brothers.

Mousse, however, was furious. He personally beat them and then made a public announcement: "The presidency of Country S is not my decision to make. The people of this nation will choose their leader. The one with the most votes will be the next president."

Previously, Mousse had intended for Kevin to take his place, but it was now clear that Kevin had no interest in the role. Meanwhile, his other two sons had proven themselves ruthless and unworthy of leadership.

The eldest brother was in shock, his face pale. "Do you even realize what you're saying? The presidency has always been inherited. Now, just because your favorite youngest son doesn't want the position, you're changing everything? Are you doing this just to protect him?"

The second brother chimed in. "I never thought you'd be so biased."

Mousse shook his head. "I'm not favoring anyone. I once considered Kevin for the role because he was more capable than either of you. But your actions today have only confirmed that I made the right decision. You've truly disappointed me."

His anger grew with every word. If Kevin hadn't been prepared, would he have died at the hands of his own brothers? And now they dared to blame him?

"You think I've wronged you? The truth is, you never cared about me as your father. If you had, if you had trusted me even a little, things wouldn't have come to this."

"You're just stubborn!" the second brother accused. "Kevin doesn't want to be president, and since we didn't meet your expectations, you're looking for someone else to be your puppet!"

Mousse's face darkened. He kicked both of them to the ground. "Are your heads full of nothing but nonsense? If I hadn't turned to you before, your own actions would have destroyed you long ago. Do you understand that?" His fury boiled over.

But no one could interfere with how Mousse dealt with his own sons.

Norah glanced at Kevin, silently urging him. Understanding, Kevin took her hand, and together they left.

Norah looked at him. "The civil unrest is settled. You've done so much already. When can we go home?"

Political struggles between men were far bloodier than any conflict between women.

Kevin gently touched her head. "Regardless of what happened, I was planning to leave in two days. Is that okay with you?"

If she wanted to leave sooner, he would make the arrangements.

"Yes," she said, nodding.

Before they left, Mousse took advantage of Kevin's presence to publicly expose his sons' assassination attempt. He also formally announced that the next president would be chosen through an election.

Many candidates ran, but in the end, Mousse was re-elected. As for his two rebellious sons, they were stripped of their privileges and forced to start over as civilians.

Seeing that Country S had finally stabilized, Kevin and Norah boarded a plane back to Craggaville.

Meanwhile, on Baimo and Freyja's side....

They had returned to the Yi Tribe together.

The tribe was at peace, but as soon as they arrived, the old subordinates of the Johnstone family gathered around Baimo.

At first, Baimo thought they had an urgent matter to discuss. Instead, they had come for Freyja.

"Young Master Baimo," one of them spoke. "Freyja lost her parents early. She has been by your side for so long. In terms of both status and beauty, she is a perfect match for you. The Johnstone family remains loyal to the Yi Tribe, and Freyja is our only heir. We all hope you will officially acknowledge her and start a family soon."

Because of the past wars, ensuring the next generation was a pressing concern for the tribe. If Baimo were to die in battle, his children would carry on his legacy.

Baimo's expression remained indifferent. "I know what I need to do. I don't let others dictate my life."

They had said their piece. The decision was his alone.

Freyja quickly stepped forward, flustered. "I had no idea they were going to do this today! I swear, I—"

Baimo raised a hand, cutting her off. "Don't say anything. You've always been by my side. I know your heart. Even if you had arranged this, I wouldn't blame you."

Freyja looked at him, surprised, but she saw the sincerity in his eyes.

And with that, the conversation ended.

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Freyja was in disbelief. "You don't blame me for what I did?"

Had Baimo really changed, or had he been moved by her? Did she finally have a place in his heart, allowing her love to take root and grow?

"Yes."

Baimo's answer came without hesitation.

Freyja still couldn't believe it. "You... why? Are you really willing to marry me?"

Baimo took her hand firmly. "You've been by my side all this time. I've seen how you treat me. You're a great partner, and now that everyone knows about us, it would be unfair to you if I didn't marry you."

Especially when he thought about how she had tried to bear everything alone—it was too cruel for her.

Tears welled in Freyja's eyes. "I never expected you to agree. But if you don't truly want this, you don't have to feel obligated because of me."

"This is my choice," Baimo said firmly.

Freyja's voice grew hoarse with emotion. Even if it ended in heartbreak, she was willing to go through with it.

"Don't say things like that," Baimo murmured, wrapping his arms around her and stroking her hair gently. "I know your feelings for me. I know you'd give everything for me. But you're too kind—I don't want you to suffer because of me."

He held her closer. "What kind of wedding do you want?"

Freyja's heart pounded. "I want... an unforgettable one."

More than the wedding itself, what truly mattered was that Baimo was by her side, that he had finally accepted her, and that he was willing to be with her.

"Alright." Baimo nodded, his words carrying weight.

He made all the necessary arrangements himself—even letting Freyja handle some of the preparations. She was content, filled with anticipation. But when she went to try on her wedding dress, an unexpected obstacle appeared.

A woman stood in front of her, her expression icy.

Her dark eyes burned with hostility, as if she wanted nothing more than to tear Freyja apart.

Freyja frowned. "I don't even know you. What's your problem?"

She had spent all her time working for the Yi tribe, either at Baimo's side or dealing with external affairs. If she had offended anyone, it would have been outsiders. But this woman was clearly from the Yi tribe.

The woman sneered. "You really don't know? Do I need to spell it out for you? If it weren't for your relentless pursuit, Baimo would never have agreed to marry you!"

Baimo had once been a teacher in the northern Yi tribe and had continued teaching children even after returning. His students' parents often addressed him formally, but this woman was clearly too young to be one of them.

A sister? An aunt? A distant relative?

Realization dawned on Freyja, and she chuckled. "Even if I chased him to the ends of the earth, I still won. If you think Baimo doesn't belong with me and you're unhappy about it, you're free to pursue him yourself."

Even after marriage, Baimo was his own person. No one could dictate his choices but him.

The woman's face twisted in disbelief. "Are you encouraging me to be a homewrecker?"

Freyja laughed. "Baimo and I aren't married yet. Besides, even if we were, if you have the ability to make him leave me, then that's on him, not you."

She had fought for Baimo for so long—shouldn't she be more protective? But she remained calm, unbothered.

The woman was shocked by her indifference. "If I do win, are you saying you won't fall apart?"

Freyja's smile didn't waver. "Why would I? If you can win his heart, that's your skill. In that case, I'd offer you my congratulations."

One of the main reasons she had pursued Baimo so persistently was because there had been no other woman around him. If there had been, she would have stepped aside—just as she was willing to do now.

The woman's expression darkened. "You're just trying to confuse me. You think I don't have what it takes? Don't worry—I'll prove my strength to you!"

Freyja understood immediately. "So today is your declaration of war."

She wasn't afraid.

The woman wasted no time, heading straight for Baimo.

Baimo barely spared her a glance before speaking coldly. "What do you want?"

"Teacher Baimo, have you forgotten me? I'm Arlene. Five years ago—" Arlene's voice trembled with eagerness.

At the mention of five years ago, Baimo finally remembered. Arlene, from the northern Yi tribe—the girl who had once clashed with Norah. Her younger brother, Ahshan.

"What do you need?"

Even though he remembered, his voice remained distant, his expression unreadable.

Arlene knew Baimo was busy with his responsibilities to the Yi tribe. He had little time for anything else.

She wasn't upset by his coldness, but what she truly cared about was his upcoming wedding.

Baimo had announced it to the entire Yi tribe. But she knew the truth—he didn't love Freyja. If he had, Freyja wouldn't have had to fight so hard for so long. Baimo had simply been moved by her persistence.

Arlene took a deep breath, summoning her courage. "I'm here to stop you. You don't love Freyja. You're marrying her out of gratitude and pity—that's not love. If you go through with this, you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

Baimo hadn't expected Arlene to come to him for this reason.

He let out a slow, amused smile. "We haven't seen each other in years, and we were never particularly close. What makes you so sure my feelings aren't love?"

Arlene acted like she knew him well.

But the truth was, at first, he had agreed to be with Freyja because he didn't want to owe her a favor. He had given it a month. Over time, however, he had been moved by her sincerity.

Freyja had wanted to win him over—not force him into anything.

It seemed Arlene had been watching him from afar all along.

Because of his responsibilities, Baimo had never let women get too close. Yet, somehow, two women had remained by his side, quietly waiting and giving everything for him.

But he didn't want Freyja to keep waiting. And he didn't want Arlene to waste her time either.

Baimo smiled faintly. "Arlene, you're a good person. When you had that conflict with Norah, I already knew how you felt. Back then, I avoided being close to any woman because I was afraid."

Arlene opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out.

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Before Arlene could say a word, Baimo spoke first. "I've already made a promise to Freyja. A man keeps his word. Besides, I don't have any aversion to her."

Arlene felt a sharp pang in her chest.

Baimo had kept his distance from women because of his responsibilities, but he had never rejected Freyja. She had always been by his side, proving that proximity and persistence truly mattered. The old saying was right: being close to the source of water grants you the first drink, and time reveals a person's heart.

Arlene felt powerless. She was just an ordinary girl, worlds apart from Freyja. Baimo needed someone who could stand beside him, a strong and capable partner—not someone like her, a nameless girl from the slums.

Swallowing her pain, she forced a smile. "Teacher Baimo, if she's the one you truly care for, then I wish you happiness. May you both always be happy together."

"Thank you," Baimo replied sincerely.

Arlene turned to leave, but as she walked away, a deep sense of loss settled in her heart. She had worked so hard to elevate herself, striving to be worthy of him. But now, with her dream shattered, everything felt meaningless.

As she stepped out of Baimo's territory, a group of men suddenly blocked her path.

They were taller and stronger than her, their expressions unreadable. Before she could react, one of them pressed the cold barrel of a gun to her head.

"If you don't want to die, come with us quietly," a voice ordered.

A rush of fear surged through her body. Years of living in a war-torn region had conditioned her to fear guns, but this was Baimo's land. She was nothing more than a minor figure here—her presence wouldn't shake his world.

Without a word, she followed them.

After what felt like hours, they shoved her into a small room. More weapons were drawn, all pointed at her.

Arlene's gaze remained cold and steady. "If you have something to say, say it. No need for theatrics."

A low chuckle filled the room. "I thought you'd be trembling with fear, but you're surprisingly calm. I suppose that's to be expected from a woman who dares to chase after Baimo."

The voice was oddly mechanical, its owner still hidden in the shadows.

Arlene's brow furrowed. "Who are you? What do you want? Why did you bring me here?"

"Simple. There are things you can't accomplish alone—but with our help, you can." The man's tone was laced with amusement.

She scoffed. "There's no such thing as free help. What's the catch?"

"No need to be so suspicious. You used to know Norah, right? And Baimo is Norah's brother. Freyja won Baimo's favor by relentlessly pursuing him—so why can't you?" The man leaned in. "We can make sure Baimo belongs to you. In return, you'll assist us from the inside. We want Baimo's position."

Arlene clenched her fists. She knew what kind of man Baimo was. His ambition wasn't for power—it was for his people. He had humbled himself to uplift the Yi tribe, teaching them medicine, agriculture, and even literacy.

She could still remember those moments when he gave gifts to the children—always bringing something for her as well. Baimo had never been the type to be manipulated. If she went through with this, she'd only destroy any chance she had with him. He would hate her forever.

But she knew she had to play along for now.

Arlene forced a smile. "There are plenty of women who want Baimo. Why choose me? I'm just a nobody."

"Exactly. You're a nobody—someone no one would suspect." The man's voice was smooth, persuasive. "Think about it. Baimo is an exceptional man. Imagine having a child with him, passing on his perfect genes."

His words struck a nerve. The thought had crossed her mind more than once. But was it worth losing Baimo's trust?

She exhaled slowly. "Fine. Tell me the plan. I'll do as you say."

The man smirked. "Good. But first, to ensure your loyalty..."

Arlene barely had time to react before she felt a sharp prick in her skin.

A searing pain shot through her veins. Realization dawned—she had been injected with something.

The man's voice turned cold. "If you betray us, this poison will make sure you suffer—unable to live, unable to die."

The agony was immediate. Arlene dropped to the floor, her body writhing in pain, sweat breaking out across her forehead. But she refused to scream.

Minutes felt like hours. She bit the tip of her tongue to stay conscious, forcing herself to endure.

The man crouched beside her, his tone mocking. "Impressive. Your pain tolerance is better than expected. But make no mistake—this poison is incurable. Disobey us, and you'll have no future. Worse, your family will suffer."

With that, he signaled his men, and they disappeared into the shadows, leaving her alone.

Shaking, Arlene forced herself to stand. Step by step, she stumbled toward the only person she had ever wanted.

Baimo.

When he saw her near-collapsed form, his eyes widened in alarm. Rushing forward, he caught her before she hit the ground.

"Arlene! What happened to you? You were only gone for half an hour!"

Looking up at his face—the face she had longed for—Arlene felt an odd sense of peace.

"Teacher Baimo..." Her voice trembled as she forced a bitter smile. "Someone took me. They injected me with poison. They want me to help them... In exchange, they promised me I could have you."

She hesitated, her fingers twitching with the urge to touch his face. But she didn't dare.

Because to her, Baimo was untouchable—too perfect, too good, too far beyond her reach.

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Baimo understood the gravity of the situation and immediately called for Clown. "Take Arlene to the lab and have her examined."

He knew how far these people would go to achieve their goals.

Arlene had risked everything to bring him this information, and for that, she had paid the price.

Arlene took a deep breath. "Teacher Baimo, you don't need to worry about me. I don't need treatment right now."

"Your safety is the priority." Baimo's voice was firm. "We need to know what they've done to you."

Arlene felt warmth spread through her chest. Even if Baimo only cared out of humanitarian concern, she couldn't help but cherish the feeling.

Under Baimo's orders, Clown escorted Arlene to the lab. But after a thorough examination, the researchers shook their heads grimly.

"It's a highly advanced toxin," one of them reported. "It's an improved version of the poison Calvin developed. There's no known cure."

Baimo's expression darkened. "I thought Calvin's poison was eradicated?"

With Calvin being dealt with and Pharaoh's attention shifted to Norah and Cooper, the Yi Tribe had seemingly rid itself of such threats. Yet, here it was again.

"Clown, keep investigating. We can't allow anyone to threaten the Yi Tribe or the safety of our people."

His voice was ice-cold, his eyes filled with determination. Then, turning to the researchers, he commanded, "I don't care what it takes. Find a way to save her."

"Yes, sir!"

The researchers didn't dare disobey.

Arlene felt a pang of gratitude. "Teacher Baimo, thank you for trying to save me. But I'm not afraid of death."

She had delivered the critical information. Baimo could now prepare for what was coming. That was enough for her.

But Baimo knew better. Arlene had sacrificed herself for him. He couldn't let her die because of him. He refused to carry that guilt.

Over the next few days, Baimo was a constant presence in the lab. His concern didn't go unnoticed, not even by Freyja.

She watched as Arlene, once strong and resilient, became unrecognizable under the torment of the poison. The researchers were at a loss. And for the first time, Freyja saw Baimo lose his temper.

"Are you all incompetent?" he shouted. "You claim to be scientists, but you can't even handle this? What's the point of keeping you here?"

Calvin had been neutralized, and Pharaoh had long abandoned scientific pursuits. The laboratory was meant to serve as a last line of defense for the people, but now it seemed useless.

"Teacher Baimo, don't blame them..." Arlene's voice was weak. At first, she had fought against the effects of the poison, but now, she was barely holding on. She was caught between life and death, wishing for an end to her suffering.

She had no regrets. This was her choice. And in the end, if she could die in Baimo's arms, that was enough.

Arlene looked at Baimo, a fragile smile on her lips, her eyes filled with quiet acceptance.

Freyja saw it all. The way Baimo stayed by Arlene's side, the way he cared for her, fed her medicine, comforted her.

Just like when she had taken a bullet for him.

Freyja knew Baimo was a good man. But seeing him like this, a deep unease settled in her heart.

Arlene had fought for Baimo just as she had.

And now, Freyja feared she was losing him.

She watched as Baimo carefully tended to Arlene, only stepping away once she fell asleep. The moment he turned around, his gaze met hers.

"Why are you here?" he asked quietly.

Freyja glanced at Arlene. "She's no secret."

Word had spread throughout the Yi Tribe—Arlene had risked everything to warn Baimo, and in gratitude, Baimo had chosen her.

That was the rumor.

Freyja had come because she couldn't ignore the looming threat.

Baimo understood her concerns just from the look in her eyes.

"She risked her life for me. I won't let her die," he stated simply.

That was all there was to it.

Rumors suggested that he would take responsibility for Arlene, that she would take Freyja's place. But Baimo's stance was clear. He wouldn't bind himself to someone out of obligation.

Freyja's chest tightened. She could hardly believe it—Baimo was explaining himself to her.

"You..."

She didn't know what to say.

Baimo's position, his responsibilities—it wasn't easy for him to offer explanations. Yet here he was, reassuring her.

"What? I'm your fiancé now. If I don't explain, wouldn't that be cruel to you? Or do you think I'm the kind of person who wouldn't care?"

A rare smile tugged at his lips. Then, in a gentle gesture, he reached out and ruffled her hair.

His touch was so soft, his presence so warm.

Freyja's throat tightened. Unable to hold back, she threw her arms around him.

"Baimo..."

Her voice was thick with emotion.

People said she had won him over by sheer persistence.

But Baimo had always treated her with respect.

He patted her back lightly. "Come on now, don't cry. Aren't you a grown woman?"

"I just... I didn't expect this." Freyja sniffed, her voice hoarse. "I didn't expect you to fight for me."

For the first time, she regretted the words she had once spoken to Arlene. She knew how far someone would go when driven by desperation.

She had feared Arlene's schemes, but now she realized—Baimo was hers. And she couldn't let anyone take him away.

No matter how many women desired him, she would fight for him.

She had to.

"Since I chose to be with you," Baimo said softly, "then I need to be accountable for my decisions. If I couldn't stand by you, what kind of man would I be?"

He had always valued responsibility. That was why he had once ignored her advances—because he took his commitments seriously.

Now, he was telling her exactly where he stood.

"I originally wanted to take my time and plan the wedding properly," Baimo admitted. "But now..."

He looked into her eyes, unwavering.

"Freyja, we need to move the wedding up."