

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 581

Norah didn't want to argue, so she simply nodded in agreement.

The director called everyone to gather, and Norah quickly led Cooper in that direction, hoping to avoid another run-in with Ms. Fortier.

But Ms. Fortier stepped in, pulling Norah aside and grabbing Cooper's hand. When Cooper tried to break free, she clutched it even tighter. His little face twisted in pain, and tears welled up in his eyes.

Norah immediately shoved Ms. Fortier's hand away, her voice sharp. "Are you trying to hurt my child on purpose?"

Ms. Fortier looked wounded. "You've misunderstood me, Cooper's mom. I was just trying to be friendly. I didn't mean any harm."

She crouched down and gently spoke to Cooper. "I'm so sorry, sweetheart. Did I hurt you? That was my fault. I'll be more careful from now on."

But Norah wasn't buying it. She picked Cooper up and walked straight toward the director, ending the interaction.

This time, the production crew was much larger—people were everywhere in different roles. Ms. Fortier quietly followed Norah, reminding her not to exclude her, but didn't lose her temper again.

Since Fortier wasn't trying to escalate things, Norah let it go for now.

The ceremony itself was straightforward. Veteran actors handled most of it, while the younger kids, including Cooper, sat under umbrellas off to the side. Ms. Fortier stayed close, helping out—offering fruit, bringing water, playing the part of a thoughtful assistant.

If Luella hadn't warned her in advance, Norah might've believed she'd misjudged the woman.

After the opening ceremony, the director came over with a document and said, “The investor says only one person can accompany Cooper during the variety show. So, Cooper’s mom, you’ll need to decide—it’s either you or Ms. Fortier.”

“That would be me,” Norah said without hesitation. “Cooper has never lived with anyone else. I’m the most suitable person to stay with him.”

The director nodded without objection and walked away.

When Ms. Fortier got wind of the decision, she rushed over, furious. She pulled Norah aside and demanded, “When it comes to variety shows, the artist is always accompanied by their agent. Why didn’t you say anything when the director asked?”

Norah smiled calmly. “You said it yourself—*agents*. But you’re not Cooper’s agent, are you? So it really doesn’t matter who goes, does it?”

Her voice sharpened a little. “I understand what you’re trying to do, Ms. Fortier, but let’s be clear—you’re only a temporary agent. I suggest you stay in your lane.”

Fortier’s face went pale. She opened her mouth as if to speak but said nothing, and eventually walked away.

Cooper had been watching the whole thing. He remembered what his grandfather told him about being kind to others. While Norah was speaking with the director, he quietly walked over to Ms. Fortier with a smile and handed her a packet of cookies.

“For you.”

Ms. Fortier looked touched. “Aw, why did you think of giving me cookies? Thank you.”

She opened the pack, took a bite, looked around to make sure no one was watching, then casually walked out of the venue—with Cooper in tow.

Cooper looked up, puzzled. “Where are we going?”

“Auntie’s taking you somewhere fun,” she said sweetly. “Don’t worry, I won’t hurt you.”

She placed Cooper in her car and drove off, speeding away until they reached an underground parking lot in a residential area.

Cooper didn't cry or panic. He just sat quietly, waiting for her to open the car door.

But Ms. Fortier got out and started talking on the phone, leaving him locked inside.

Cooper slowly opened the car door himself and stepped out. He overheard her saying, "It's nothing serious. I'm just taking Cooper out for a bit. It's boring for kids to stay there all day. I'll bring him back later. No need to worry."

That's when Cooper realized—Ms. Fortier had taken him without telling his mom. He knew he had to act fast.

He looked around, spotted a group of people walking toward a nearby building, and quietly followed them. When they exited through a back door, he slipped out with them and ended up on a busy street.

But now he was lost. He didn't know what to do.

Suddenly, a woman came out of nowhere and wrapped him in a hug, crying out, "My son! My baby! Mommy finally found you!"

"Let me go! I'm not your son! I want to find my mom!"

Cooper was terrified and burst into tears.

He hadn't been scared when Ms. Fortier took him—but now, being grabbed by a complete stranger, the fear overwhelmed him.

His cries caught the attention of nearby pedestrians. A few older folks came over to see what was going on.

Cooper immediately turned to them. "I don't know her! I'm not her son! Please help me!"

The woman clung to him tightly, babbling incoherently, "He's mine! My son!"

By the time Norah arrived—after receiving a call that Cooper was missing—she saw this exact scene unfolding. Her legs nearly gave out from the shock.

She immediately alerted the company. "If Ms. Fortier is allowed to remain Cooper's agent, we'll see you in court."

She jumped out of the car and pried Cooper away from the woman's grip. As she hugged her frightened son, she noticed the woman squatting nearby, staring blankly up at the sky.

A strange mix of anger and pity washed over Norah.

Just then, Kevin's bodyguards arrived.

Norah gave an order: "Take that woman to the hospital. Find out what's going on with her and make sure she's taken care of."

People nearby applauded her actions.

One passerby recognized Cooper and asked, "Wait a second— isn't this the kid from that shampoo commercial?"

"Yes," Norah replied proudly. "His name is Cooper."

The crowd began to buzz with recognition. "Oh yeah, he's that adorable kid! He's got real star potential."

"I read an article about him," someone else said. "They said he nailed his shots in just one take! This kid's gonna win awards one day."

Norah was overwhelmed by their praise. She smiled graciously and said, "Thank you for your support. Your kind words mean so much to Cooper. He's still really shaken right now, so we're going to head out. But we'll repay your encouragement with more great work in the future."

Back in the car, Cooper was still trembling with fear.

Norah held him close, whispering softly to comfort him.

As they passed the entrance to the neighborhood, they saw Ms. Fortier standing silently by the roadside. Norah didn't stop the car. She didn't speak to her either.

She trusted the company would handle her—and she had no interest in ever dealing with that woman again.

But things didn't go as she expected.

That night, Norah received a call from the company saying Ms. Fortier wanted to come apologize.

Norah wasn't sure what to make of that. Was this just company PR, or did Ms. Fortier truly feel remorse?

She turned to Kevin and told him everything, asking for his opinion.

Kevin didn't hesitate. "What happened today wasn't just a mistake—it was dangerous. We got lucky this time that it was a woman with mental health issues. What if it's a real kidnapper next time? This isn't something we can let slide with just an apology."

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"I feel the same way. I'll reply to the company right now."

Just as Norah reached for her phone, Kevin stopped her. She looked at him, confused.

Kevin sat on the edge of the desk, thinking for a moment. Then he said, "Actually, message Ms. Fortier and ask to meet her tomorrow at noon. Let's see how she behaves."

Norah didn't fully understand the reason behind his plan, but she did as he said and sent the message.

The meeting spot was a coffee shop. When Norah arrived, Ms. Fortier was already there—with Nayeli, the assistant to the agency's boss.

As soon as she saw Norah, Ms. Fortier stood up quickly. "Sister Norah, you're here."

"Have a seat. Have you ordered yet?"

Norah waved for the waiter and ordered a mocha. "I've been thinking about what happened yesterday all night. I'm still shaken. So I've decided—for now—I'll hire a different agent from your company."

Both women's expressions changed. Ms. Fortier especially looked panicked as she hurriedly pulled out a gift box.

"Sister Norah, these are the latest DS earrings. Please accept them. What happened yesterday was careless on my part—I didn't mean any harm to Cooper. You have to believe me."

Norah didn't take the box. She just gave a polite nod, signaling for her to put it away.

Ms. Fortier and Nayeli exchanged an anxious glance.

Nayeli texted her boss silently as soon as Norah mentioned hiring a different agent. Now she was waiting for a response.

Seeing Nayeli stay quiet, Ms. Fortier gave a strained smile and spoke again. "Sister Norah, our company is very professional. Don't judge all of us just because of my mistake. That wouldn't be fair."

"You're wrong," Norah said firmly. "I didn't plan on replacing your agency or switching companies. Luella is just out of the country right now. Once she's back, she'll continue managing Cooper."

Kevin had insisted on this too. Since they couldn't trust Ms. Fortier anymore but didn't want the hassle of changing agencies, waiting for Luella was the best solution.

Besides, the show only allowed one companion per guest, so the decision wouldn't affect Cooper's work.

Ms. Fortier looked like she had more to say, but Nayeli stopped her gently.

She had just received instructions.

With a smile, she lifted her coffee cup. "Sister Norah, the company respects your concerns and agrees with your suggestion. Just please stay in close communication with Luella when she returns."

"Thank you." Norah clinked her cup with hers. "The director wants us back at the village before lunch. Time's tight—I need to take Cooper there now. We'll talk again soon."

Nayeli nodded and politely walked her out. Then she returned to the table with a much colder expression.

Ms. Fortier asked cautiously, "What did the boss say?"

"I already told you—Cooper's a big deal. The boss doesn't want to risk losing him. And don't you see? Norah doesn't act like an ordinary housewife. From the way she carries herself, I'd say she's married into money."

Ms. Fortier scoffed. "Would a rich family really have their kid working in entertainment? Sounds like a made-up story to me."

"Doesn't matter. What *does* matter is this: the boss said no more funny business. Stop trying to match your son up with Cooper. One more time, and I won't cover for you."

With that, Nayeli grabbed her bag and left.

Ms. Fortier sat frozen for a long time. Then she let out a soft, eerie laugh, staring blankly ahead.

“If you won’t help me,” she whispered, “then I’ll just have to do it myself.”

That afternoon, it rained hard. Their original plan to work outdoors had to be scrapped, so the crew shifted to indoor activities.

To make up for the lost footage, the director decided on a game: *You Draw, I Guess*. Simple, fun, and suitable for a child Cooper’s age.

During team selection, they ran into a problem—one of the guests had to leave early for a flight, so they needed a quick replacement.

After looking around, the director decided Norah would join in. It would help Cooper feel more at ease—and boost audience interest.

Each group would tackle five prompts. The first three groups performed well, getting three or four correct.

Then it was Cooper and Norah’s turn. Cooper drew, and Norah had to guess.

The first prompt? A four-character idiom: *The flowers are in full bloom and the moon is full*.

The audience groaned, thinking Cooper wouldn’t understand such complicated words.

Cooper quickly drew stars, the moon, some flowers, and a big circle.

Norah stared at it, confused. “Wreath?”

The audience laughed. The other groups shook their heads.

The director warned them, “Any group caught giving hints will lose a point.”

Everyone booed, saying the director was being too strict.

“Mom, it’s four words—it means something really beautiful,” Cooper explained.

He drew a crescent moon next. “This is when things *aren’t* going well.”

Norah’s face lit up. “Oh! *The flowers are in full bloom!*”

“Correct!”

They got a point.

With that momentum, they breezed through the rest, guessing all five.

Still, the crew needed more content. Someone suggested *Truth or Dare*.

The director perked up—this could be a great way to hype up Norah and Cooper as a dynamic duo.

He pulled Norah aside. “Let’s present you as a hardworking mom and Cooper as a young breadwinner. That story will resonate with viewers—it’ll boost ratings for sure.”

“Director, I’m not a struggling mom, and Cooper isn’t working to support the family. He joined the industry because he wanted to, not because we needed him to.”

Norah refused the pitch outright.

The director looked irritated but was interrupted by a phone call. When he returned, his face was grim.

They had to start filming immediately—dinner was coming up, and there was no time to argue.

He told the crew to just play for fun—no staged drama.

Norah assumed he’d dropped the idea and didn’t think about it again.

When the game started, the bottle landed on Cooper first.

Someone called out, “If your parents got divorced, who would you live with?”

Norah immediately cut in, clearly upset. “I won’t let my child answer that. His father and I aren’t getting divorced. Don’t mess with him like this.”

“It’s just a game! Don’t take it so seriously,” someone said. “Aren’t you curious who he’d pick?”

As others joined in, the pressure mounted.

Cooper calmly took Norah’s hand. “I’d choose Mom because she’s gentle and I like being with her. But I also know that no matter who I chose, Mom and Dad would both agree—because they love each other, and they love me.”

Norah’s eyes filled with tears. She had worried the game would confuse him or cause stress.

But Cooper understood more than she imagined—and in his own sweet way, he played along just fine.

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When they realized they couldn’t mess with Cooper, everyone gave up on the prank and started playing the game properly.

After dinner, Cooper insisted on going home. Norah couldn't talk him out of it, so she had to ask the director for time off.

At first, the director was hesitant since there was a shoot scheduled for the next morning. But after Norah's repeated requests, he agreed—on the condition that she returned early the next day.

It had rained heavily, and the country roads were slick with mud. Luckily, Norah was an experienced driver and managed just fine.

After a rough ride to the highway, she texted Kevin and asked him to meet her at the commercial street downtown.

The road was nearly empty, and Norah drove smoothly.

Suddenly, a large truck from the opposite lane crashed through the center guardrail and came straight at them.

"Mom, watch out!" Cooper screamed.

Norah had already reacted. She floored the accelerator and swerved hard into the far-left lane.

But the truck driver twisted the wheel and veered straight for them—like it was on purpose.

Norah cursed under her breath and gunned it through the broken guardrail. She needed to know—was this a coincidence or premeditated?

The slope wasn't steep, but Norah gripped the wheel tightly. "Cooper, hold on tight!"

"I got it, Mom," Cooper said, eyes wide but dry.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The car bounced violently over rocks before finally smashing into a large tree.

Without hesitating, Norah unbuckled her seat belt, climbed into the back, and unfastened Cooper's.

"Cooper, get out first. Be careful, and the second you hit the ground—run!"

She spotted a shadowy figure up on the road. She couldn't tell what they wanted, but after that truck, she wasn't taking chances.

Cooper jumped out, and Norah followed quickly. She glanced up—there was someone standing at the roadside.

No time to think. She scooped up Cooper and ran.

“They’re both alive, adults and the kid.”

“Damn it, hurry! Get the kid!”

They weren’t hiding their intentions anymore. Norah smirked. She’d been right.

She just hadn’t guessed they were after *Cooper*.

Whatever the reason, it didn’t matter. Escape first, figure out the rest later.

The trail was rough and dark, and she almost tripped multiple times.

Two men chased them—one faster, one slower—but Norah was carrying a child and couldn’t outrun them for long.

She saw headlights in the distance and made a run for the road.

Climbing the slope required more strength. “Cooper, wrap your arms and legs around me. Hold on.”

“Don’t let her get up there!”

A man shouted. Then—a rock flew through the air and struck Norah’s forehead.

She cried out in pain, then set Cooper down and pulled a self-defense baton from her backpack.

“You two—come on, then.”

Norah was done running. She was still worried they might have backup or weapons, but now that she knew it was just two of them, she had no reason to hold back.

As the men closed in, she smirked and attacked first. In a few swift moves, both were on the ground.

She didn’t spare them another glance—just grabbed Cooper and climbed back up to the road.

“Mom, I called the police,” Cooper said, wiping blood from Norah’s forehead, eyes full of worry. “It’s my fault. If I hadn’t begged you to go home—”

“Cooper, this isn’t your fault. Of course you wanted to go home. There’s nothing wrong with that. These guys—this kind of thing can happen anywhere, especially on a remote road at night. It’s not about you.”

Norah called Kevin. She didn’t wait for help from a passing car—she didn’t know how long the men would stay down. If they got up, she’d have to fight again.

She wasn't afraid of a fight—average guys were no match for her. But if they had reinforcements? That was a different story.

Kevin answered while driving.

"We ran into trouble," she said immediately. "Come get us. Now."

"I'm on my way. Stay safe." Kevin kept the call connected and sped over.

Rain began to fall. Norah felt her body growing heavier. The fever was setting in—definitely from the head wound. If only she had her emergency kit; she always carried medicine in her other bag.

They walked for nearly thirty minutes without seeing a single car. Thankfully, the two men didn't follow—maybe they were still out cold, maybe they assumed she'd already left.

Just when Norah was about to collapse, a car pulled up.

"Sister Norah, Cooper!" Ms. Fortier's voice was filled with shock. "What happened to you?"

Norah tried to answer, but her body gave out. She fainted.

"Sister Norah..." Ms. Fortier caught her and turned to Cooper. "Sweetheart, tell Auntie what happened."

"Some bad people hurt Mom." Cooper clung to Norah, repeating "Mom, Mom" in a shaky voice.

Ms. Fortier comforted him gently. "Let's get in the car first. Your mom's hurt and needs a hospital. You're a strong boy, right? Help Auntie carry her."

Cooper wiped his tears and helped her get Norah into the car.

As they drove off toward the city, Ms. Fortier drew the curtains so Cooper couldn't see outside.

She handed him a water bottle. "It's okay now, Cooper. We'll be at the hospital soon. Drink some water."

Cooper, still shaken and parched, took the bottle and finished it in one gulp.

Soon after, he dozed off. Ms. Fortier smiled, satisfied. She left Norah by the roadside, stepped on the gas, and drove off.

When Kevin arrived, he saw Norah lying on the ground. His heart dropped. He rushed her into the car, scanning for Cooper—but the child was nowhere in sight. He immediately sent people out to search.

At dawn, Norah woke up in a hospital bed—but Cooper wasn't with her. She jumped up, panic flaring, and opened the door.

She ran straight into the doctor doing rounds and grabbed his arm. "Where's my child? Who brought me here? Was my child with me?"

"Mrs. Edwards, your husband brought you in. There was no child. Please, lie down—I'll have the nurse call him."

The nurse helped her back to bed while notifying Kevin.

He arrived quickly and, relieved to see her awake, gently pinched her cheek.

"Thank God you're okay. You scared me half to death. That crash—Jesus. Honey, you're getting gutsier by the day."

"Where's Cooper? Is he home?"

Norah's gut told her something was wrong. If Cooper were safe, he'd be here—he'd never stay away.

Kevin hugged her and stroked her back. "It's okay now. You still have a fever. I've already sent someone to find Cooper. Just focus on getting better. Once you're up, we'll go to his show together."

"He went to record the show?" Norah blinked, confused. She vaguely remembered the director's plans and figured maybe Cooper didn't come because of the shoot.

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"He went to school," Kevin said as he handed her a glass of water. "I figured it's better for him to focus on his studies—even if... he's just in kindergarten."

Kindergarten doesn't really teach reading yet, but there are group activities, and the environment is good for kids.

As for the entertainment industry...

Kevin had always held a bit of a grudge because of Bianca. Things were fine at first, but once he got involved in showbiz, everything started to change—little by little.

Cooper was still so young.

And Kevin wasn't short on money. If Cooper wanted to pursue a career in entertainment later, Kevin could build an entire empire for him.

"Yeah... Cooper's always been with me. It feels strange not having him around," Norah said with a trace of sadness.

Kevin gently stroked her cheek. “I get it. Let’s pick him up together this afternoon.”

“Okay.”

Kevin stayed with Norah the whole day. She watched him handle documents for the first time and blinked in surprise. “You’re not busy anymore?”

“Kian’s at the office, and I just hired a new secretary. Today’s her trial run. I want to step back and spend more time with you and Cooper.”

He had wanted to spend more time with them since he got back—but there had been so many things. Those scheming executives... even Martin, who came around only for money.

The wedding had been grand, but people forget.

And while he was away, look at what happened to Norah and Cooper.

“Oh really? Then what about Kian? Don’t tell me you’re not giving him a single day off?”

Kian had been running the Edwards Group for five years while they were away. He even followed them to the Yi Tribe recently.

Now he was training new staff—wasn’t that too much?

Kevin pulled her close. “Let him handle training the rookies. That is his holiday.”

Norah couldn’t help but smile in understanding.

That afternoon, they arrived at the kindergarten right on time. Cooper lit up the second he saw them. “Mom! Dad!”

Thanks to Pharaoh’s care, Cooper’s health had greatly improved. Having spent time both in school and in the entertainment world, he now spoke clearly and confidently—no trace of autism or stuttering. He was even outgoing.

There had been some unpleasant moments before, but now he’d made new friends.

Cooper looked up at Norah with bright eyes. “Mom, one of my friends just got a baby sister. I was so happy for him! Can I have a sister too?”

He had acted with a few little girls in some activities, and many of the girls in his class had siblings. But he only had himself.

Norah instinctively glanced at Kevin.

He simply shrugged, acting all innocent.

Norah held Cooper's hand and gently explained, "Sweetheart, having a little sister isn't something you just get by asking."

Kevin had mentioned wanting another child, but she'd been careful—thinking mostly of Cooper.

But now... Cooper himself was asking.

"Mom, I really want a baby sister! I'll earn money and buy her pretty dresses and Barbie dolls," Cooper said, full of excitement.

Kevin chimed in, "Cooper's not the only one who wants this—I do too. Maybe it's time we put in some effort."

He added with a wink, "And if nothing happens, we should find out what's wrong, don't you think?"

Norah shot him a glare.

"Mom~" Cooper pouted, shaking her hand.

Kevin immediately jumped in, mimicking him in a husky tone. "Wife~"

Norah laughed despite herself. "Enough! Can we go home already?"

Talking about having a baby at the kindergarten gate? Ridiculous.

She and Kevin might be a married couple, but this was too much. If someone recorded this, it'd be all over the news.

"Alright, let's go home and make a baby!" Kevin grinned, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and leading her to the car—his other hand still holding Cooper's.

But Cooper darted over to Norah's other side.

Norah didn't say anything, but she shot Kevin a look full of suspicion and quiet blame.

When they got home, Pharaoh was there to greet them.

Now that Baimo and Freyja were busy building the Yi Tribe, Pharaoh had stepped down and was enjoying a laid-back life. He hadn't left since Cooper came to visit him last time.

"Grandpa!"

Cooper ran up and hugged him tight.

Pharaoh scooped him up with a loving smile. "Come on, let's go have some fun."

“But—” Norah started.

She didn’t get to finish. Kevin slid an arm around her waist, leaned in close, and murmured against her ear, “If Dad doesn’t take Cooper away, how can we start working on that baby?”

Norah’s face turned red. She lightly pushed against Kevin’s chest, flustered.

But Kevin just laughed. “Wife, something this important should be done early and often!”

Without warning, he lifted her into his arms.

Pharaoh and Cooper hadn’t gone far. How could she dare make a scene right now?

She may have been tough, but Kevin had the upper hand. Within minutes, she had no strength left to fight him...

Meanwhile, at the Edwards Group...

Kian was onboarding a new hire—Ophelia Labrie, a top graduate from a prestigious university.

She had interned at a state-owned enterprise, and her family had a certain level of influence. But her role at Edwards had nothing to do with connections—it was all earned through sheer ability.

Kian only needed to explain the contract procedures once, and she grasped everything without asking a dozen follow-up questions.

He sighed with relief. “If you’d joined sooner, I wouldn’t have had to work so hard all these years.”

He stretched his arms, muscles aching from years of carrying the load. During that time, he’d depended on no one but himself—only going to Bonnie during major crises.

Ophelia stayed humble. “I’m just starting out. Right now I’m doing well, but after a while... you might start seeing the cracks.”

Kian waved it off. “That’s what practice is for. With your talent, even if there’s a problem, it won’t be fatal. Here—take the lead on this case. We’ll go over the partnership details tonight.”

He handed her the file.

It was a project involving Esteban Harper and Cody Cowan.

Even Bonian Lepage was on it as the legal advisor.

All of them were close to Kevin.

Being assigned this deal wasn't just about trust—it was a test. And based on what Kian had said earlier, Ophelia felt it clearly.

“Mr. Kian, there's no need to test me anymore,” Ophelia said seriously. “I don't care about my family background. I want to prove myself on my own terms.”

Her tone was calm but firm, and her eyes were full of determination.

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Kian hadn't expected Ophelia to be this sharp. But then again, while she clearly had the skills, he couldn't be sure what her real intentions were.

After all...

Was what she showed during the interview her full ability? This new secretary for Mr. Edwards was going to be a long-term partner—there was no room for carelessness.

“Your background doesn't matter to me,” Kian said with a calm smile. “What the Edwards Group values is ability. And if you're really capable, then a contract like this should be a walk in the park.”

He added, “Besides, you won't be handling it alone. I'll be with you.”

With Kian by her side, even if she slipped up, he could step in.

Ophelia gave a polite nod. “Since you've arranged it, Mr. Kian, I'll follow your lead.”

Esteban Harper, Cody Cowan, and Bonian Lepage were all close friends of Kevin's. This partnership project had government ties and Kevin had set it up as a chance to reconnect—and make some money—with his old friends.

For them, it felt more like a reunion than a business deal.

But when they arrived at the meeting, it wasn't Kevin they saw—it was Kian, walking in with Ophelia.

She wore a soft pink suit with her hair pinned up, a full head shorter than Kian. The two walking in side by side made quite the picture.

Esteban grinned. “Kian, is this your girlfriend?”

“Fiancée?” Cody added with a laugh.

Bonian, more blunt, glanced over and said, “Come on now. At your age, forget girlfriends. You should be talking about wives.”

Kian: "..."

These guys were seriously too much.

Kian cleared the air. "This is Mr. Edwards' new secretary. She'll be working closely with me from now on."

Esteban gave him a knowing look.

"Partners now, huh?" he teased. "That's how it starts."

Cody leaned back and said, "Why so formal over a simple project? You really think we came here to work?"

Bonian chuckled. "Let's be real. Kevin invited us so we could unwind a little. He's not even showing up."

Kevin had clearly shifted his priorities to his family.

Still, Esteban, being Esteban, wasn't about to let things go. He poured drinks and said, "Forget Kevin. Let's toast to Miss Ophelia—welcome her properly to the team."

He gave Kian a look.

Kian poured a small glass for Ophelia. "Just sip a little. These are Mr. Edwards' friends. It's all in good fun."

Ophelia nodded, drank politely, and soon found herself fitting in. After she outlined the terms of the project, even Esteban gave her a thumbs-up.

"Kian, you've really got yourself a gem here," he said. "It's a shame Kevin isn't here. I should call him and get him over here to witness it."

He pulled out his phone and dialed Kevin's number.

But Kevin was... busy.

He didn't answer.

Esteban called again—Kevin hung up. A third time, and Kevin's phone went straight to voicemail.

Meanwhile, with Kevin and Norah...

Norah, catching her breath, gave Kevin a shove. "Are you just going to ignore everyone calling you? What if it's something important?"

"If it's important, Kian will handle it. Right now, nothing matters more than us," Kevin replied, cutting her off with a kiss.

Back at the meeting...

Esteban stared at his phone, then sighed. "Hung up on me twice, then turned off his phone. Yeah... he's definitely got his hands full."

Kian rolled his eyes. "Enough already. Ophelia just got here. She's doing real work. Don't mess around."

"What? What did I do?" Esteban said innocently.

Cody laughed. "Oh please. You're the one who can't stay in one place. Always chasing women like it's a sport."

Esteban shrugged, unfazed.

"You're getting older," Cody added. "Shouldn't you start thinking seriously? Kian, you too. Are you really going to work yourself into a machine?"

"Life isn't just about career," Esteban agreed. "There's family, love... You really want to end up alone with nothing but spreadsheets?"

Kian stayed silent. He didn't mix business and feelings—and he definitely wasn't getting involved with Ophelia. She was new, and he still didn't know where she stood.

"Anyway, the project's good to go," Kian finally said. "Let's head out. I've still got work waiting back at Edwards Group."

As Kian stood, Esteban sighed dramatically. "A woman like this comes knocking—smart, beautiful, knows her stuff—and you're seriously just walking away?"

"I'm not interested."

Kian's tone left no room for argument.

He turned and left with Ophelia.

In the car, on the way back...

Ophelia broke the silence. "You really don't need to keep testing me. My family isn't powerful enough to plant spies in your company. And if someone were trying to use a honey trap, they'd go after Kevin, not you."

She said it so casually, like it was a fact.

She didn't even look at Kian as she spoke, which somehow irritated him.

"Even if I can't compare to Mr. Edwards, do you really have to act like I'm not worth your time?" he said, clearly annoyed.

"I never said that," she replied coolly. "And don't put words in my mouth. I don't have anything against you. We barely know each other."

Her tone was calm, but distant.

Kian frowned. Her attitude, her confidence, her walls—was she always like this?

He narrowed his eyes. "If you're that capable, why Edwards Group? Why not go somewhere else? You think I'm just going to believe this is all coincidence?"

His tone was sharp, and his gaze didn't leave her face.

Chapter 586

Ophelia looked up and said firmly, "If that's what you believe, then show your proof. Don't go around accusing people without evidence."

Kian didn't say another word.

Evidence?

It was only a matter of time.

Then came Cooper.

The square was packed with people moving about. Cooper's eyes lit up as he stared at the candied haws. "I want the biggest one!"

He was sweating, clearly having a great time.

Pharaoh paid the vendor and handed the candied haws to Cooper, gently reminding him, "Take your time eating, okay?"

As Cooper took them, Pharaoh looked at him with warmth in his eyes.

Cooper bit into one and said excitedly, "Grandpa, this is so sweet—you have to try it!"

"I don't eat those, but Cooper does. If you like them, eat as many as you want." Pharaoh laughed, and Cooper happily went for another.

Just as he reached for the third, Cooper suddenly froze. "Grandpa... I don't feel so good..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he collapsed.

“Cooper! What’s wrong?!”

Pharaoh dropped to his knees and scooped him up in a panic.

A crowd quickly gathered. Someone shouted, “Get him to a hospital—anyone got a phone?!”

“My car’s right over there—come with me!” another person offered.

Several bystanders helped Pharaoh get Cooper into the car, and they sped off toward the hospital.

Cooper’s face had turned pale. Strangely, though, his breathing was steady. He looked unwell, but not in pain. It was as if something was wrong—but also not.

After being rushed into the ER, Pharaoh called Norah. Then he sat outside the room, lost and helpless.

His grandson was in there. If something happened to Cooper, Pharaoh would never forgive himself.

Convinced it had something to do with the candied haws, Pharaoh couldn’t stop blaming himself.

Not long after, Norah and Kevin arrived. Norah spotted Pharaoh and ran toward him. “Dad! What happened to Cooper?!”

Pharaoh stood up, his voice heavy with guilt. “He passed out right after eating the candied haws. This is my fault—I should’ve taken better care of him.”

“Dad, don’t blame yourself. You couldn’t have known something was wrong with them.”

Norah tried to comfort him, though her eyes stayed fixed on the emergency room door, her heart pounding.

The doctor finally came out, looking grim. The three of them rushed to him at once.

“Doctor, what’s wrong with my son?”

“Doctor, what happened to my grandson?”

The doctor frowned. “There’s an unidentified substance in his system. We need to run more tests to figure out what it is. Please keep him in the hospital overnight and come back to see me first thing in the morning.”

Norah nearly fainted.

“Doctor, he only had one piece of the candied haws. I still have it—do you want to test it?”

Pharaoh handed it over, but the doctor shook his head. “I doubt the candied haws were the cause. For now, take him back to the ward and stay with him.”

Still shaken, the three followed a nurse to the room. They stood quietly by Cooper’s bedside, watching him sleep, unsure of what to say.

Kevin checked the time and gently touched Norah’s shoulder, then turned to Pharaoh. “Dad, let me have someone drive you home. We’ll come back first thing in the morning.”

“You two go. I’m staying here with my grandson. He should see me when he wakes up.”

Pharaoh pulled up a chair and sat by the bed.

Kevin looked at Norah, about to speak, but she shook her head. “I’m not leaving either. I want to stay with Cooper.”

“Alright, then we’ll all stay. I’ll go get some quilts.”

Even though staying wouldn’t change anything, they didn’t want Cooper to wake up and feel alone. Too many people might make him think it was something serious and scare him, but they couldn’t bring themselves to leave.

Kevin understood. He didn’t want to leave either. And so, all three stayed the night at the hospital.

Since the doctor ruled out the candied haws, Kevin began to suspect something else—but without proof, he didn’t want to worry Norah. He decided to start an investigation first thing in the morning.

Later that night, Cooper slowly woke up.

Seeing the three adults by his bed, their eyes red, he asked, “Is something wrong with me again?”

“No, the doctor said it’s nothing serious,” Pharaoh quickly assured him.

Cooper didn’t quite believe it. If everything was fine, why were they all still here?

Norah leaned over and hugged him. “The doctor said you fainted because you got too excited. We stayed because you didn’t wake up right away.”

“That’s right,” Pharaoh chimed in.

Cooper didn’t question it further and eventually dozed off in Norah’s arms.

The next morning, the doctor checked on Cooper first. After a few questions, he pulled Norah and Kevin aside.

“Doctor, can we begin the tests now?” Norah asked urgently. She didn’t want to delay—who knew what that unknown substance could do?

The doctor nodded. “I’ll write the order. Let’s start with a blood test. After that, he can eat. The nurse will let you know when the next test is ready.”

“Is there anything we should be careful about?”

Norah and Kevin were visibly on edge.

“For now, no. Just keep him calm and don’t let him get anxious,” the doctor advised.

They nodded and headed back to the room. Norah tried to distract Cooper by asking what he wanted for breakfast.

Soon, the nurse came in to draw blood.

When Cooper saw the tubes, he frowned. “Didn’t you say there’s no big problem? Why do they need so much blood?”

“The doctor just wants to make sure you haven’t eaten anything bad. Blood tests can tell if you’ve been eating regularly or had junk food,” the nurse said gently.

Cooper replied seriously, “I’ve been eating on time and I haven’t had any junk food. You can check—it’ll be fine.”

“I’m glad to hear that. This might sting a little, but don’t be scared.”

To be safe, the nurse asked Norah to hold Cooper during the draw.

Just then, Kevin’s phone rang. He stepped out to answer.

“Who is this?”

“Mr. Edwards, you don’t need to know who I am. Just know what’s happening to your son.”

Kevin’s expression darkened. “Tell me what you did to my son, or I’ll make your life a living hell.”

The voice on the other end laughed. “A living hell? You should worry more about your son. If I’m right, the doctors haven’t figured out what’s wrong with him, have they?”

“Who are you? What do you want?”

Kevin lost his cool, like a snake being crushed in a trap.

The caller laughed again, then hung up, leaving Kevin seething. Without wasting time, he sent a message to Kian, asking him to trace the number.

Chapter 587

After the message was sent, the other party stopped laughing and said in a cold tone, “Mr. Edwards, I just returned your child. Have you forgotten me already? But let’s cut to the chase. I injected something into your son. If you want to know what it is, bring him to this address and see me.”

After speaking, Fortier gave an address—it was a residential complex.

Her carefully crafted plan was finally set in motion. Otherwise, it would’ve been a waste to kidnap Cooper and just send him back.

Kevin jotted it down and warned her coldly, “Don’t mess with me. You know who I am. People like you can be crushed with the flick of my finger.”

“Mr. Edwards, don’t be so angry. If I could return your son, you should know I already considered the consequences. I’m not afraid. Worst case? One life for another.”

One life for another? Fortier’s life could never compare to his son’s.

Kevin had been quietly keeping tabs on her, not wanting to worry Norah. But now that Fortier had revealed herself, it was time to strike her at her weakest point.

“Fine. I’ll meet you there.”

He hung up and stood in the hallway for a long time, trying to suppress the fury boiling inside him.

If you dare to touch his son, you’re asking for war.

Norah had just stepped out to get breakfast when she overheard Kevin’s last sentence. She instantly knew it was about Cooper.

She watched him steady his emotions, clearly trying to hide it from them, and silently returned to the ward.

Kevin came back, walked over to Cooper with a smile, and gently pinched his cheek. “Daddy has something to take care of. Mommy and Grandpa will be with you. Be good, listen to the doctor, and do whatever he tells you to do, alright?”

“Okay,” Cooper nodded sweetly.

Kevin then told Pharaoh and Norah that there was an urgent issue at the company that Kian couldn’t handle.

Pharaoh, understanding how busy Kevin was, told him not to worry about them.

But Norah pulled Kevin aside and asked softly, “Should I go with you?”

“No. You don’t know much about the company. It’s better if you stay here with Cooper. Dad will have someone to talk to.”

Kevin had no idea what Fortier was planning and couldn’t risk Norah getting involved.

This was something he had to handle as a man.

He left, but Norah followed behind under the pretense of grabbing breakfast. She ordered takeout for Cooper and Pharaoh, then quietly tailed Kevin to the entrance of the neighborhood.

It looked familiar.

That’s when Norah remembered—this was where Cooper had been taken before. It had to be Fortier who contacted Kevin.

The community was calm. Fortier’s address was in Building 21. Kevin followed the directions from the guard and walked to the building at the far end.

Just as he was about to head in, he spotted a familiar figure ducking near the bushes. He frowned and walked over.

“Wife?”

Kevin was surprised, but then broke into a laugh.

They had been together for so long, Norah could instantly tell when he was hiding something.

“I wasn’t trying to hide anything. I just didn’t know what Fortier was planning...”

“I get it, honey. You don’t have to explain. But I’m not letting you face this alone,” Norah said, gripping his hand. “Whatever game she’s playing, we’ll deal with it together.”

Kevin pinched her nose with a smile and nodded. Just to be safe, he texted Kian their location.

Room 501, Unit 2—it wasn’t hard to find.

They took positions on either side of the door, and Kevin rang the bell.

“Who is it?” a strange woman’s voice asked from inside. Both Kevin and Norah tensed.

Someone else was there besides Fortier.

A fat woman answered the door and looked at Kevin suspiciously. “Who are you here to see?”

“Is Fortier home?” Kevin tried peering into the room but was quickly snapped at.

“Hey, hey! What are you looking at? It’s just me and my wife here. Don’t know any Fortier.”

So she gave them the wrong address on purpose. Was she worried they’d call the cops?

Norah stepped forward, smiling. “Sorry to bother you. We’re looking for a friend named Fortier. Do you know her?”

The woman thought for a moment, then slapped her thigh. “Oh! Fortier! Of course I know her. She’s upstairs. I heard she bought the whole floor. Rich lady—but sad story. Her son died, poor thing.”

With that, the woman closed the door.

So Fortier lied and gave them the wrong unit number.

Why? Just to stop them from calling the police?

Kevin and Norah exchanged glances—they were both thinking the same thing.

Little did they know, Fortier was watching everything.

She sat sipping red wine, children’s songs playing softly in the background, her eyes fixed lovingly on a crystal coffin in front of her.

Inside lay a young boy, around four years old, resting peacefully.

“My sweet boy, you’ll have a new friend soon. Don’t worry, Mommy picked a handsome one. You’ll love him.”

Then she saw Norah and Kevin appear on the security monitor.

She squinted to make sure—Cooper wasn’t with them.

Her expression instantly twisted.

“How dare you lie to me? How dare you? If you won’t give my son a companion, don’t even think about saving yours!”

She screamed, and Kevin and Norah heard it from outside, immediately pounding on the door.

“Fortier, we know you’re in there! Open up!”

"If you don't, we'll call the police!"

Suddenly, Fortier's laughter echoed from inside—and then, the door unlocked.

"Well then, come in. What an honor to have Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in my humble home."

The entryway was eerie, with strange objects glowing red on both sides, casting shadows across odd symbols painted on the walls.

They reached the living room and found Fortier sitting calmly on the couch.

"What the hell do you want?" Norah demanded.

Fortier turned on the overhead lights, drowning out the ominous red glow and lightening the mood just a bit.

"Mr. Edwards, have a seat. I didn't bother making tea, so wine will have to do."

She poured two glasses and placed them in front of them, not giving them a choice.

They wanted nothing more than to leave, so Kevin got to the point. "You asked us here. Now we're here. What do you want?"

Kevin's voice was calm but sharp.

"You're so forgetful, Mr. Edwards. I said bring Cooper. But it's fine. I understand your hesitation."

She then turned to Norah with a smug smile. "I never would've guessed. People used to say you got rich off your son. But looks like you've got a wealthy husband instead."

"We're not here for small talk," Norah snapped. "Tell us what we need to do. We don't have time to waste."

Fortier sipped her wine, then smiled coldly. "I can save Cooper—but he has to stay with me."

"You—!" Norah sprang up, ready to slap her.

"Easy, Mrs. Edwards. I'm not done."

Fortier raised her hand and continued, calm but condescending. "The hospital can't help him. Only I can. If you refuse, that's fine. But in two days, he'll get sick again. And by then, even if you beg, I won't be able to save him."

Norah caught a whiff of something faintly familiar—a potion she'd smelled before—but she couldn't remember where.

“What’s wrong? Aren’t you worried? Or... do you not really love Cooper?”

Seeing that neither of them responded, Fortier grew agitated.

Chapter 588

Before Kevin could react, Norah lunged at Fortier.

She moved like lightning.

Her hands locked tightly around Fortier’s neck.

“Whether we love Cooper or not is none of your business! But your future? That’s ours to decide!”

Norah had brought Cooper into the entertainment industry because he enjoyed acting—it was just a hobby she nurtured for him.

But people with bad intentions had taken advantage of it.

Fortier struggled instinctively, but Norah had become unbelievably strong—there was no escaping her grip.

Fortier shouted angrily, “Do you think catching me will save Cooper? I had that drug made just for him!”

What parent doesn’t love their child?

Especially someone like Cooper, born into a wealthy, loving family—and an only child at that.

Fortier had seen that vulnerability and slowly crafted her plan.

But Norah and Kevin weren’t shaken at all.

Norah kicked Fortier hard in the knee and slapped her sharply across the face.

“If you won’t speak, don’t open your mouth at all! Kevin, take her to Ghost Manor!”

Kevin had been with Norah a long time, but he’d never seen her this ruthless.

Still, even if she hadn’t said it, he would’ve done it himself.

Fortier kept struggling and screaming, so Kevin ordered someone to seal her mouth.

Fortier had harmed Cooper—her hand was permanently disabled...

She wanted Cooper to be her son's companion, but now, she would've been trapped in a crystal coffin for life!

As for the drug she injected into Cooper—Fortier had no idea what she was up against.

Pharaoh had been studying medicine for years. The kind of concoction Fortier used was child's play for him. He quickly developed an antidote.

While the antidote was being administered, Cooper simply fell into a deep sleep, sweating heavily.

Norah realized something vital then: She had martial arts skills, so most people couldn't hurt her.

But...

Cooper was growing up. She couldn't be by his side every second of every day.

And most importantly—after being injected with that drug, if his father hadn't been there, he would've been completely helpless.

For her child's sake... she decided to study medicine herself.

Pharaoh would definitely support her.

He proposed to Norah, "In the capital, you'll always worry. But if I take him back to the Yi tribe, no one there will harm him. Norah, give me a chance. Cooper and I get along well, don't we?"

Norah looked at Cooper, lying pale on the bed.

Then Cooper spoke softly, "Or... let's all stay in the capital. Dad, the Yi tribe needs my brother to continue protecting it."

After a long silence, Norah made her decision.

She had already missed five years of her child's life—she wouldn't miss another moment. She wanted to stay and watch him grow.

Seeing that she was resolute, Pharaoh sighed and nodded.

"Then stay. I'll speak with your brother right away. As for your medical training—don't worry. I'll teach you everything I know."

Pharaoh left the room, gently stroking Cooper's head, eyes full of tears.

Her child must be raised by her this time.

She would never leave him again.

Kevin understood her. He walked over and silently pulled her into a comforting hug.

Cooper, being a child, bounced back quickly. Within days, he was back to his lively self.

Early one morning, just after the doctor's rounds, Cooper jumped out of bed and pestered Pharaoh to discharge him. With Norah's approval, Pharaoh helped him through the process.

As they walked out the hospital doors, a few people—clearly reporters—rushed toward them, blocking their path.

One shoved a mic in Cooper's face and asked bluntly, "Cooper, you've been absent from the variety show lately. Were you really sick, or are you just playing diva?"

Cooper didn't know what to say. He looked up at Pharaoh.

Pharaoh, ever clever, picked him up, smiled at the reporters, and said, "Cooper had a cold and a fever, which is why he missed filming. Want to see him back on screen? Don't worry—he's all better now and going home today. He'll rejoin filming after a couple days of rest."

"It was just a cold. Does he really need two days to rest? And who exactly are you to Cooper? Isn't his guardian his mother?"

The reporter seemed determined to stir up controversy.

Just as Pharaoh was about to respond, Norah arrived. She had the bodyguards escort Pharaoh and Cooper to the car, then turned to face the reporters, her expression cold.

"What outlet are you with? What station?"

"Um... the interview's over. Let's wrap this up."

The reporter tried to flee, but Norah wasn't about to let them off the hook. At her glance, the bodyguards immediately blocked their path.

Frustrated, one of the reporters yelled at the cameraman to start streaming live—to expose Cooper for being "arrogant" and more.

Norah smiled faintly, walked over, and said quietly, "You must not know who Cooper's father is. His name is Kevin Edwards."

Kevin Edwards.

The name hit like thunder.

The reporter was stunned, and before he could react, his companion pulled him aside.

They reminded him: Kevin's background wasn't to be taken lightly. Norah overheard the name "Oaklyn" being mentioned—Oaklyn had been one of the variety show guests. But due to Cooper's accident, the two had never even met.

So why would Oaklyn plant reporters to smear the Edwards family?

There was no need to think about it—Cooper was the only child star on the show, so naturally he was the center of attention.

Norah curled her lips into a cool smile and nodded at the bodyguards.

They immediately dragged the reporters to the car. No questions asked. They followed Norah and her group for two intersections before heading straight to Oaklyn's agency.

Meanwhile, Kevin was choosing a location for the lab when his phone started to vibrate. The number was unfamiliar.

He didn't want to answer but hesitated—what if it was Norah?

He answered on speaker: "Kevin speaking."

He didn't even bother to hide his identity—he assumed they already knew.

There was silence on the other end. Then came a chuckle.

"Boss Edwards, here's the deal. My people didn't know better and disturbed your wife and child. Do me a favor—have your bodyguards release them?"

"Who are you?"

Kevin's voice hardened, already sensing something was off with Cooper.

Before the caller could reply, Kevin cut in, "Is my wife with you?"

"No, it was your bodyguards who brought them here. It's just... Oaklyn and his team were filming the same show as Cooper..."

The caller explained everything, hoping Kevin would let it slide—after all, they'd likely cross paths again.

Chapter 589

"No," Kevin said coldly. "If this is what my wife wants, then it's done. Don't ask me to go against her. I always listen to my wife."

He hung up, eyes turning icy.

“Kian,” he called. “Find everything you can about this Oaklyn.”

The info landed in Kevin’s inbox within minutes. After scanning it, he grinned coldly.

“Make sure Oaklyn never steps into the spotlight again,” he ordered.

“Yes, sir.”

Taking down a child star? Easy.

Not even half an hour passed before the news hit: Oaklyn’s guardian had been arrested for contract violations, and his agency was under investigation.

Of course they were panicking now. But it was too late.

Norah found out from the bodyguards. As soon as she got home, she ran to Kevin and gave him a big kiss.

Cooper made a face at them.

Kevin laughed. “Cooper, how can I give you a baby sister if I don’t kiss your mom? You want a sister, right?”

Cooper’s eyes lit up. “Yes! I want a baby sister! Keep kissing!”

Adults knew what that meant. Pharaoh gave them a warning look, and Norah blushed and buried herself in Kevin’s arms.

Pharaoh chuckled, scooped up Cooper, and took him upstairs.

With the house to themselves again, Kevin turned to Norah. “They’re upstairs. Come help me pick a spot for the lab.”

“You just destroyed a future movie star with one move. Aren’t you worried it’ll come back to bite you?” Norah asked.

Kevin pressed a kiss to her forehead. “In Belourvinelle, aside from a few families, no one can touch me. And no one in power will fight me over a child star. Don’t worry.”

If anything did happen, he’d just fight back harder.

Norah knew he was protecting Cooper. If he hadn’t done it, she would have—just differently. But the result would’ve been the same.

They finally settled on a location in the suburbs—quiet, remote, and surrounded by Edwards-owned properties. Perfect for Norah’s studies.

Medical training wasn't easy—it took time and talent. Luckily, Norah had both.

She dove into her studies, barely coming home. But Kevin brought Cooper to see her every day.

Their simple family dinners were filled with laughter—stories from kindergarten, variety show updates, and Cooper's endless energy.

Norah focused hard on developing a counteragent to the drug Fortier used. She followed Pharaoh's steps exactly, but as she mixed two liquids, a wave of nausea hit her. She barely made it outside before vomiting.

Pharaoh rushed after her. "Was the potion too strong for you?"

"No, it's not the potion."

The smell wasn't even bad. She knew it wasn't from that.

But then she vomited again.

Just then, Kevin and Cooper arrived. Hearing her retching, Kevin ran.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" he asked, worried.

"I'm fine, just..."

She didn't finish before she was vomiting again, worse this time, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Kevin picked her up immediately. "I'm taking you to the hospital. Dad, please take care of Cooper."

"You know I'm a doctor, right?" Pharaoh said dryly, already forming a suspicion.

Kevin stopped, embarrassed, and set Norah down.

Pharaoh ordered a urine test. As he expected, the result confirmed it.

He beamed as he handed the report to Kevin.

"Congratulations. You're going to be a dad again."

Kevin froze. "Again? Really?!"

He checked the report over and over, then lifted Norah off the ground and spun her in a circle.

"I'm going to be a dad again! Honey, we're having another baby!"

Norah laughed, but quickly told him to put her down before he dropped her.

Cooper tugged on Pharaoh's sleeve. "Grandpa, why are Mom and Dad so happy?"

Pharaoh bent down and tapped his nose. "Because you're going to be a big brother. That's a big responsibility, Cooper."

"Really?" Cooper grinned wide. He'd guessed, but it felt better hearing it from Pharaoh.

Kevin immediately banned Norah from spending too much time in the lab. She was only allowed two hours in the morning, one hour in the afternoon—then straight home to rest.

Norah didn't feel tired like she had during her first pregnancy, but Kevin stood firm. She didn't argue.

What she didn't expect was for Kevin to hand over the company's operations to Kian so he could stay home and cook for her daily.

He made her delicious meals, prepared everything with care. But Norah's morning sickness got worse. Sometimes she couldn't even eat before throwing up.

Eventually, Kevin banned the lab altogether. She had to stay in bed, which drove her stir-crazy.

One afternoon, while Kevin cooked, she sneaked downstairs for some air.

Just as she reached the door, a car pulled up outside.

A voice barked, "Does Kevin live here?"

The man who got out looked young and neat but sounded aggressive.

Seeing Norah, he scowled. "Didn't you hear me?"

"I thought you were talking to the air."

Norah didn't even bother opening the door—just stared from the steps.

The young man sneered. "So, Madam Edwards. Doesn't matter. I'm here to tell you—if my brother Oaklyn doesn't return to the industry, I'll make sure your son never acts again."

"You even think about touching a hair on Cooper's head, and you'll regret it," Norah snarled.

Kevin, hearing the noise, came rushing out of the kitchen.

Chapter 590

It was the first time anyone had dared to speak so arrogantly in front of Norah.

Kevin narrowed his eyes, fury flashing within them. A surge of hostility radiated from him, wrapping around his entire body like a dark storm. In that moment, he looked like a demon risen straight out of hell.

“Do you even know who he is?” Norah asked coldly. She wasn’t someone who liked to throw her status around—but this guy clearly had no idea who he was dealing with.

And that name—was he seriously claiming his brother’s name wasn’t copied from Cooper?

The young man scoffed. “Kevin? Who doesn’t know him? He dumped his adoptive mom in a nursing home, and his adoptive dad ended up dead. He used every dirty trick in the book. And he doesn’t even know who his real father is... He’s a bastard.”

He said it all with a twisted smirk, dragging out that last word with smug emphasis.

Kevin wasn’t going to stand there and let someone talk to him like that.

Just as he was about to strike, there was a loud click—a camera flash.

The young man raised his voice on purpose. “Everyone, take a good look! This is Kevin! He bullied the Edwards family and abused his power to stop my brother from returning to the entertainment industry. Why? Because my brother’s name is Oaklyn, and his son’s name is Cooper!”

Twisting facts like that?

Norah couldn’t take another word. She walked up and slapped him. Hard. More than once.

“You seriously don’t know why people came after you? Think harder. From now on, you’re going to pay the price for what you’ve done.”

Calling Kevin a bastard?

What an absolute idiot.

This guy only managed to stir up so much trouble because someone in his family worked in the government. He thought that gave him power. But instead of dragging Kevin through the mud, he ended up humiliating himself in front of the press.

Still trying to hold onto his pride, the young man pointed angrily at Kevin and Norah.

“Apologize to me right now, or I swear I’ll make you suffer! Don’t forget—ordinary people can’t go against the government!”

“Oh yeah?” Kevin smirked.

He glanced at Norah, then strode forward.

Bang!

With a single kick, Kevin sent the young man flying. A scream ripped through the air like a dying pig.

The reporters were frozen for a beat—then thrilled. Drama like this? It was gold.

But Kevin wasn't about to let them have it.

His eyes turned icy. "Anyone who dares to leak what happened today... I'll tear them apart."

With that threat hanging in the air, none of the reporters dared to lift their cameras again.

Kevin made sure of it—he destroyed every negative right in front of them before letting them leave.

The young man tried to call for help, but Kevin didn't give him the chance.

Seeing Kevin now, the guy looked like he'd seen a ghost. His whole body trembled with fear.

"Kevin! If you lay a hand on me, my father and uncle won't let you off!"

Kevin didn't even flinch.

He raised his voice. "Someone, take this filthy-mouthed pig and dump him at Ghost Manor!"

Ghost Manor. Where all the torture tools were ready and waiting.

Why would Kevin dirty his own hands?

Besides, he'd rather spend time with Norah. He had better things to do than deal with this trash.

"Kevin..." The young man panicked. He thrashed around, terrified of what awaited him.

But it was too late. He didn't even get the chance to scream for help before he was dragged away.

Kevin walked back to Norah. "I was about to handle it. Why did you step in?"

He gently took her hand and pulled her into his arms.

After five years apart, Norah was Kevin's treasure. She was pregnant now, and Kevin treated her like fragile glass—afraid even the wind might hurt her.

"I was furious," Norah said. "He wouldn't shut up. Doesn't someone like that deserve a beating?"

Kevin, a bastard?

He was the third young master of Country S. Mousse had personally chosen him as the next presidential candidate.

If it weren't for her and the baby, Kevin would've stayed in Country S and become president. How could someone like him be insulted by a punk like that?

And Kevin wasn't just her man—he was the father of her children. Of course she was angry.

"He did deserve it," Kevin said. "But you shouldn't be doing this stuff yourself. It's not worth dirtying your hands."

He held her with care. "Let me handle it next time. Look at you—you're pregnant and your appetite's already not great. If anything happens to you, how am I supposed to explain that to our child... or to your father?"

Norah's relationship with Pharaoh was solid now.

Cooper had become bright and affectionate, always clinging to them.

They were a happy family of three—no, four—and Kevin wouldn't let anyone mess that up.

Norah couldn't help laughing. "You're overreacting. I'm not that fragile. Back then, I—"

Kevin cut her off. "That was the past. I don't want to hear about it. I'm here now, and as long as I'm around, nothing will happen to you."

Norah sighed. "All right."

Kevin was being so cautious—what else could she say?

Later that afternoon, Jack and Gwen stopped by.

When they found out Norah was pregnant, they brought over fresh eggs and free-range chicken from their farm.

But the young man's family showed up too. They held government positions and strutted in with arrogance.

"My son got into trouble with you," one of them said. "Why couldn't we resolve this privately? Why make such a big scene?"

They had already pulled the young man out of Ghost Manor—but not before he was seriously roughed up.

Kevin sneered. “Your kid leeches off my son’s popularity, picked a fight with me, then tried to use your political clout to suppress me. He brought a whole crew of reporters. And now you want to talk about keeping things private?”

He leaned forward. “If he had gotten on his knees and begged, maybe I’d have let it go. But you—what now? You want to arrest me for assault?”

Kevin’s lips curled into a cold smile, eyes full of disdain. He wasn’t intimidated in the slightest.

These people had done their homework on Kevin. They knew he wasn’t just backed by the Edwards family. He had serious experience in the military.

And more than that—

He had ties to Old Mr. Godin.

Not to mention—when Kevin got married, someone from Country S had personally shown up with a gift.

Turns out, Kevin had deep connections in Country S.

They came hoping to get Kevin to admit he was wrong. If he didn’t, they planned to accuse him of colluding with foreign powers.

One of them finally said, “Kevin, you’re not some naïve teenager anymore.”