

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 493

Chapter 493

Norah got no response from the man.

Just as she was about to rip off his mask, he grabbed her wrist. “Miss, you’ve got the wrong person. I—”

“If I got the wrong person, then why did you save me? And at just the right moment?” she cut him off, her voice sharp with suspicion.

Her intense gaze locked onto him. The silver mask covered most of his face, leaving only his thin lips and deep, dark eyes visible. The way he held himself, his stance—she knew it.

She was sure.

“Kevin, do you have any idea how cruel this is?” Her voice trembled as the emotions she had buried for years surged to the surface. “They told me you were dead. But you weren’t. And for five years, you never once reached out to me. You let me suffer, searching for you, searching for our child! Why, Kevin? Who am I to you?”

She couldn’t hold back anymore. Her pain erupted in a scream, her voice raw with anguish.

The man’s lips curled into a cold smirk. “Miss, I’m really not who you think I am. I came to the Yi tribe on a mission—”

Before he could finish, he shoved her back and put distance between them.

It wasn’t far, but to Norah, it felt like an endless chasm had opened between them.

He was tall—at least 1.9 meters. His figure, his presence—it was unmistakable.

He had to be Kevin.

And this so-called mission? Was it just a coincidence that he ended up saving her?

Her fingers tightened around the pistol she always carried. It was a custom weapon, one she had built for herself before heading to S Country. She had never once used it.

Until now.

She pulled it out and fired at the ground near his feet.

The man's eyes narrowed.

He turned, only to find the barrel of her gun aimed at his head.

A bitter smile played on Norah's lips. "If you're not Kevin, then you won't care if I die in front of you. I've spent the last five years searching for Kevin. Searching for my child. I'm tired."

She tightened her grip on the trigger.

She was testing him.

And when he lunged toward her, she knew. She was right.

In one swift motion, she tore the mask from his face.

Without it, Kevin looked lighter—almost as if the weight of the disguise had been pressing down on him. But even now, he said nothing.

He met her eyes, standing just a step away. But neither of them moved closer.

Tears welled in Norah's eyes.

"Kevin... why?"

She had imagined this moment so many times. The face she had dreamed of for years was right in front of her. But he looked different—leaner, sharper, a deep scar marring his forehead.

He opened his mouth, but no words came out.

Norah stepped forward, grabbed his collar, and shook him hard. "Say something! Don't just stand there! You let me believe you were dead! You stayed away for five years! Why?!"

His voice, too, had changed—aged, burdened by something she didn't yet understand.

“Norah, I’m sorry. If it weren’t for the danger you were in this time, if you hadn’t pointed that gun at yourself, I…” Kevin trailed off as he looked into her tear-filled eyes. He swallowed hard, his throat tight with emotion.

For five years, he had been watching over her from the shadows. Since the moment he had awakened and learned where she was, he had never been far.

It wasn’t that she couldn’t see him.

She wasn’t supposed to.

Norah let out a bitter laugh. “So that’s it? If I hadn’t forced you, you would’ve just kept hiding? Kevin, what am I to you?”

He had taken care of her in secret, ensured she had everything she needed. But he had also abandoned her, leaving her to suffer alone, to search for answers that never came.

She had deserved at least a single word from him. A sign. Anything.

Kevin didn’t answer. He couldn’t. His throat felt constricted, his chest heavy. He wanted nothing more than to pull her into his arms.

But she wasn’t done yet.

“Kevin, speak! Say something!” Norah’s voice cracked as she shouted.

Her entire body trembled, tears falling freely. Years of pain and longing poured out of her, leaving her breathless and broken.

Kevin inhaled sharply. Footsteps sounded nearby. Without hesitation, he pulled his mask back on and grasped her shoulders firmly.

“Norah, it’s not that I didn’t want to find you. There are things you don’t understand. But you need to stay safe here. I have unfinished business. When it’s done, I’ll come back for you.”

And just like that, he turned away.

Not even a hug.

Norah watched him go, her breath catching in her throat. The air around her felt like it had been sucked away, leaving her lightheaded and weak.

Her legs gave out. She collapsed to the ground.

“Julie!”

A familiar voice rang out, filled with urgency.

Baimo rushed toward her.

He caught her, his brow furrowed in concern. “What happened?”

He had been searching for her, tracking her movements. His men had taken down Calvin’s group, captured the injured Calvin, and forced his subordinates into surrender.

But seeing Norah like this—so utterly broken—wasn’t what he expected.

Or maybe...

Norah shook her head weakly. “I’m fine.”

She quickly wiped her tears away.

Kevin had left without an explanation. He had been alive all these years but had never reached out. She knew there was a reason.

Maybe she should let it go.

Maybe she had to.

Baimo didn’t believe her, but he didn’t push. He simply put an arm around her shoulders. “Let’s go back.”

“Yeah.”

As they walked, she spotted Calvin, now in chains. He looked different from five years ago, but his black eyes still burned with hatred as he stared her down.

Norah clenched her fists.

She hadn't forgotten the agony she and Kevin had endured because of him.

And now, Calvin would suffer.

A hundred times worse.

Chapter 494

Calvin was thrown into the lab without mercy.

Every drop of poison was forced into his mouth.

He writhed on the ground in agony, his face turning pale as foam bubbled from his lips. He convulsed, rolling in pain, but no one showed him any compassion.

Especially not Pharaoh.

Still consumed by his own suffering, Pharaoh slashed at Calvin with a sword.

"If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been separated from my Julie. She wouldn't hate me for leaving her all these years. You even created an imposter to deceive me. If Baimo hadn't been suspicious, Julie would have died!"

From start to finish, Pharaoh cared only about his daughter. Calvin's attempts to seize power meant nothing to him.

For years, Pharaoh had searched desperately for his daughter, refusing to believe she was gone. When he finally learned of her whereabouts, she had already grown distant. No matter how he tried to make amends, she never gave him the chance.

And Calvin—

Calvin had locked Julie in a lab, treating her as nothing more than an experiment.

Now, he would suffer the same fate.

Pharaoh made sure Calvin experienced torment beyond imagination. He severed Calvin's hands and feet, leaving him helpless. To prevent him from ending his own life, he even had Calvin's tongue removed.

Satisfied, Pharaoh turned to Baimo. "The man who tortured Julie has paid for his crimes. Go tell her. Let her see him and release her hatred."

"Understood."

Baimo nodded, preparing to leave, but Pharaoh stopped him. "And one more thing—speak well of me to Julie. I want to see her."

“Alright.”

Baimo agreed and left the lab.

Norah sat in deep thought.

Ever since seeing Kevin, she had been lost in her own mind. If he was alive, why had he never come to see her in five years?

“You seem troubled.”

A gentle voice pulled her back to reality.

She looked up to see Baimo approaching, dressed in a crisp white shirt.

Norah pressed her lips together. “Not really. Now that Calvin has been caught, I—”

“Norah, I came to tell you to see Calvin. And—are you really planning to return to S Country and continue as a war correspondent?”

Baimo sat beside her, watching her closely.

Norah hesitated before responding. “For now, yes. I have things to take care of. As for Calvin, I have no interest in seeing him.”

Calvin was a monster. Without him, she and Kevin wouldn’t have been poisoned. They wouldn’t have suffered, desperate for Jace and Karina’s safety. There would be no slave camps, no forced experiments.

She knew what Pharaoh and Baimo were capable of. They wouldn’t let Calvin die easily.

So why would she need to see him?

“Then what about your father?” Baimo asked. “He’s waited all these years to see you. When you came to the Yi tribe, he never disturbed you. He made Calvin suffer, but he never even mentioned Calvin’s ambitions—only that he hurt you. Norah, the Yi tribe is here for you if you want it.”

Norah exhaled slowly. “I don’t care about the Yi tribe. I said it before, I only came to cooperate with you.”

“But Norah, you can’t change the fact that we are your family. Will you really deny us forever?”

Baimo’s voice was calm, but there was weight behind his words.

“We’ll see. I’m doing fine on my own.” Norah hesitated. “Baimo—”

“Call me brother.”

Baimo never pressured her. He believed time would prove everything. But after five years, she was still holding back.

Norah looked at him but couldn’t bring herself to say the word.

Her childhood memories started in the capital, where she had grown up. The Yi tribe meant nothing to her. She accepted the way fate had played out, but how could she force emotions that weren’t there?

“I can’t call you that. If you need anything, you can find me. But Pharaoh—”

“What about him? No matter what you say, he’s still your father. He’s never abandoned you. If you weren’t his daughter, would you have met Jace and Karina? He’s kept your room untouched all these years, even had it renovated. What do you need from us to believe we mean it?”

Baimo’s eyes held unwavering sincerity.

Norah saw his determination—the kind of resolve someone had when they were ready to sacrifice everything.

But she wasn’t ready for that.

Her throat tightened, making it hard to breathe.

Just as Baimo was about to say more, Norah’s phone rang.

She frowned at the caller ID.

Despite five years as a war correspondent, she had never changed her number. The call was from S Country.

She hesitated, then answered.

A familiar voice came through.

“Don’t go back to S Country. Stay in the Yi tribe.”

It was Kevin.

But the voice wasn’t hoarse like before. It had been altered.

That meant Kevin’s voice hadn’t been damaged.

Then why had he stayed away all these years?

She couldn't make sense of it.

"Why? Give me a reason. And why didn't you contact me all these years? You won't explain anything, but you expect me to listen to you? How is that possible?"

Her frustration boiled over. Baimo, who had been listening silently, was now fully aware of the situation. He hadn't expected a man thought dead for five years to suddenly reappear—especially now.

Baimo remained still, not interrupting.

Norah's voice trembled with anger. "Kevin! Five years! Are you going to keep hiding everything from me? If you won't tell me the truth, I swear I'll make you see my corpse! Kevin, answer me! I'm talking to you!"

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Norah's words cut deep, like a blade slicing straight through Kevin's heart. In just seconds, he felt as if he had been pierced a thousand times over.

Bleeding. Wounded. Torn apart.

But he knew Norah's pain ran even deeper. And if she had to bear it, then so would he.

"Norah, please, don't get worked up. I promise—I'll give you the answers you deserve. Just wait a little longer..."

Kevin took a deep breath, trying to steady his voice, to calm her. But Norah had no patience left.

"Kevin, I've already waited five years. How much longer do you expect me to hold on?" Her voice cracked, raw with anguish. Before he could respond, she shouted again, "Do you want me to spend my whole life waiting for you? And where the hell is my child?!"

A sharp beep echoed in her ear.

Kevin had hung up.

She didn't know why, but she was certain that calling again would be pointless. He wouldn't answer. He'd either be unreachable, busy, or simply ignoring her.

But her emotions had already spiraled out of control. The pain in her chest was unbearable, suffocating. She clutched her heart, gasping for breath.

Seeing her distress, Baimo immediately stepped forward. He pulled out a tissue, handing it to her, while his other hand rested gently on her shoulder. He gave her back a reassuring pat.

“Norah, we’ll figure this out together. No matter how impossible the obstacles may seem, my dad and I will help you tear them down.”

They would always stand behind her, her unshakable support.

It didn’t matter if she refused to acknowledge them. As long as she still spoke to them, that was enough.

Norah shook her head, wiping away her tears. “I’ll find out on my own.”

She had always been like this. Emotional, yes, but never helpless. She had survived five years on the battlefield, learned that tears solved nothing. Only action changed circumstances.

“And what exactly can you investigate? Even if you have connections, we have stronger ones. Why won’t you use them?” Baimo frowned. His voice dropped as he added, “Norah, you understand what I’m saying. People change. Will you wait until our dad is gone before you finally forgive him?”

Norah’s head throbbed. Her heart felt like it was being scraped raw.

Family ties didn’t disappear, and refusing to acknowledge them for a lifetime would be cruel. But how could she move past it? Every time she wanted to forgive, she couldn’t bring herself to say the words.

She couldn’t let go.

“I’m leaving today. I’m going back to Country S.”

Her life, her work—it was all there.

Baimo knew he couldn’t convince her to stay, but he made one final offer. “Then let me take you. You faced danger coming here, and Calvin’s remaining forces might retaliate.”

Norah hesitated before nodding. “Alright.”

Even though Pharaoh never approached her directly, he stood at a distance, watching her prepare to leave. The moment she turned her head, she caught sight of him.

He smiled at her.

They had barely spoken. He had stayed away, except for that one meeting in the garden. And yet, from his actions, from Baimo’s words, she understood—only a father would give so selflessly.

Norah felt torn. Every time she tried to forgive, memories of the past held her back. The things Pharaoh had done, the horrors she had witnessed—they flashed through her mind like a never-ending film.

Pharaoh waved, silent. But in that moment, his silence spoke volumes.

Baimo observed the exchange and finally asked, “Norah, do you still think he’s a bad man?”

Most parents gave without expecting anything in return. Pharaoh was no different when it came to his children.

But Norah couldn’t ignore reality. Their political differences, their past actions—she couldn’t reconcile them with the ideals she had lived by since childhood. Every time she thought about it, she felt suffocated.

“Can you stop bringing this up?” She exhaled sharply, her patience wearing thin. “Baimo, you’ve always been by his side. You know a different version of him. You—”

“And you help the homeless, the injured—the ones who have lost everything. Why can’t you see your father as a man who has made mistakes?” Baimo interrupted, his voice steady and low.

Norah’s throat tightened.

After a long pause, she finally rasped, “He’s taken so many lives, Baimo. And you expect me to see him as a child who made mistakes? How is that possible?”

The bloodshed. The suffering. The lives lost. She couldn’t forget them. She never would.

And! Before the Yi tribe had reformed, Pharaoh and Kevin had been on opposite sides. And she—she was Chinese!

Norah leaned against the window, exhausted. “I’m tired.”

She closed her eyes, shutting everything out. Cooper, sitting beside her, remained silent.

Country S.

The war had escalated.

Country S was preparing for a large-scale offensive against the smaller allied nations. Though they had support from Craggaville, the president had a plan to strengthen their position further.

A political marriage.

His son would marry a foreign princess. And his first choice?

Kevin.

Now, he stood before Kevin.

Because of his status, he couldn't easily move within the Yi tribe. But Kevin was here.

Five years ago, Kevin had nearly died for Norah.

Five years later, the president wouldn't allow Norah to interfere again.

"You've been hard to track down lately." The president's voice was low, measured. His sharp gaze was filled with both authority and suspicion.

Kevin met his eyes without flinching. "And yet, you still found me."

The president's expression darkened. "Are you planning to rebel against me?"

He wouldn't tolerate defiance. Not from anyone. Especially not from Kevin—the son he had placed his highest hopes in.

Kevin's lips pressed into a thin line. He said nothing.

Years ago, he had struck a deal to save Norah. In return, he had surrendered powerful weapons, along with his role in the "Zero" project.

Until the president was removed from power, he had to play along.

"I'll do what you ask," Kevin finally said. "But..."

He looked his father directly in the eye.

"I won't marry anyone except Norah."