

## Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 521

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### Chapter

521

Keeping Cooper here would only benefit him, not harm him.

"I know what you're thinking," Pharaoh said, his voice low and measured. "You believe that having Cooper with you will make Mousse think you're truly defenseless. But remember, there's always someone smarter, someone more cunning. Don't underestimate him."

He paused, his expression grave. "Mousse is the president of Country S. If he didn't have some serious skills, he wouldn't be where he is today."

Norah fell silent.

She hadn't considered that.

"Then Cooper stays with you," she finally said. "Kevin and I will take the lead this time."

"If everything goes well, you can come back for him," Pharaoh assured her, his voice rough but firm. "Norah, I'm trying to make up for everything I've done wrong. Trust me—even if it costs me my life, I won't let anything happen to him."

Norah took a deep breath. She could see how much Pharaoh cared for Cooper.

"Dad..."

She reached out and hugged him tightly.

Pharaoh patted her shoulder, his voice trembling. "Daughter, it would be best if you stayed in the Yi tribe. But I know your heart isn't here, and I can't force you to stay. Just promise me you'll be careful. I can't bear to lose you again..."

His words broke off, choked with emotion.

When Pharaoh first learned Norah was going to be a war correspondent, he'd been fiercely against it. But Baimo had convinced him otherwise.

Norah was a strong, independent woman—a thorny rose. Once she set her mind to something, nothing could stop her.

Pharaoh had done everything he could to protect her, even stationing Baimo and others in the Craggaville army to keep her safe. They'd thought she'd be secure within Craggaville's borders.

But they hadn't counted on Mousse's reach being so far.

At first, when Calvin brought Norah back, Pharaoh had been determined to spoil her, to make up for lost time. He'd wanted to teach her everything—shooting, martial arts, anything she needed to protect herself.

But when he discovered the truth—that she wasn't his biological daughter—he hadn't been angry. Instead, he'd felt a deep sorrow. He'd nearly killed her, and his Julie—his real daughter—had continued to suffer outside.

"I know I've left a lot undone," Norah said, her voice thick with emotion. "But I'm not going to let myself die. I promise."

The two of them talked for a long time, but eventually, Pharaoh had to leave.

Norah wasn't a child anymore. She was in her thirties, capable of making her own decisions. And she had Kevin by her side.

Pharaoh couldn't stay with her forever.

After he left, Kevin approached Norah.

"Everything settled?" he asked, his voice low and steady.

"Yes."

Kevin pulled her into his arms, his hand gently stroking the back of her head. "If you're not sure, we can—"

"Kevin," Norah interrupted, her tone firm. "I've made my decision. Don't try to talk me out of it now."

She knew what he was going to say. Kevin was worried, afraid of what might happen.

But she was determined. No matter what, she would face it with him. She wouldn't let him back out.

"Alright," Kevin said softly. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her, his touch tender but insistent.

Norah responded, her emotions overwhelming her.

In that moment, nothing else mattered.

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Cooper was a smart, obedient child. When Norah explained the situation to him, he understood immediately. He took her hand and said slowly, "Mom, I'll wait for you here... and Dad too."

His words hit Norah and Kevin like a dagger to the heart.

"Yes," they said in unison, their voices thick with emotion. "We'll come back for you together."

Their throats tightened, and their eyes stung, but they couldn't turn back now.

Cooper watched them leave without crying.

Pharaoh, ever patient, turned to him. "What do you want to do, Cooper? Do you want to play, or would you like to go to school?"

At five years old, most children in the Yi tribe were in their final year of kindergarten, preparing for first grade. But Cooper had never been to school because of his health.

Still, children crave playmates and friends.

Cooper tilted his head, his eyes hopeful. "Grandpa, I want to... go to school," he said slowly.

Pharaoh was thrilled. Baimo had once been a teacher in the northern part of the Yi tribe, so Pharaoh thought he'd be the perfect person to start Cooper's education.

But when Baimo suggested one-on-one tutoring, Pharaoh shot him down. "Cooper wants to go to school, not be locked up in a room. What's the point of bringing him to you if you're just going to teach him alone?"

Baimo tried to explain. “I just thought he should get used to learning first. Then—”

“Then what?” Pharaoh interrupted. “My grandson is smart. He’ll catch up quickly. He doesn’t need to be coddled.”

But Baimo had a point. Cooper had just undergone major surgery and wasn’t fully recovered. He’d also been isolated for so long, with no friends or social interaction. Throwing him into a classroom right away might be too much.

“Fine,” Pharaoh relented. “Find a few kids his age and let them get to know each other here first. If it goes well, then we’ll send him to school.”

Baimo agreed and quickly arranged for several children to visit. They’d been warned not to upset Cooper, but curiosity got the better of them.

One child couldn’t help but ask, “Are you really the son of the eldest lady and that man with all the identities? You look... kind of sick. Are you sure you can handle school?”

The others stared, their small faces filled with doubt.

Cooper, however, just looked back at them calmly. He was ready for whatever came next.

## **Chapter 522**

Cooper wasn’t much of a talker, especially around strangers. He never knew what to say.

When the other kids noticed his silence, they immediately sneered.

“If you can’t even speak, what are you here to learn? You should be in a special school for kids with disabilities!”

“Yeah, exactly!”

...

These kids had been called over specifically. They weren’t regular students—they had expected to make a new friend today. But instead, they found Cooper, who barely spoke. To them, he might as well have been mute.

Cooper met their taunts with a calm, unflinching gaze. “Apologize.”

He wasn't mute. He wasn't weak. He just didn't waste words.

Just as the kids were about to fire back with more insults, Baimo strode over.

"Teacher Baimo!" they called out in unison.

Cooper looked up at Baimo, his expression softening slightly.

Baimo nodded and knelt slightly, resting a hand on Cooper's head. "How are you feeling, Cooper?"

One of the boys—a dark-skinned kid in a white T-shirt—quickly jumped in. "Teacher Baimo, we were just trying to play with him! But he actually pushed me!"

The smile on Baimo's face disappeared instantly.

He took Cooper's hand, his sharp gaze sweeping over the group. "I brought you here to help him feel included. And yet, here you are, lying at such a young age?"

Baimo trusted Cooper completely.

Norah had kept Cooper by her side before she even knew he was her son—there had to be something special about him that drew her in.

During the time Cooper stayed with Pharaoh in the lab, he had never asked for anything, no matter how tough the conditions got. Even when he was struggling, he never complained.

"Teacher Baimo, we didn't mean to..." One of the kids started, but before the lie could fully form, Baimo's expression darkened.

The fear in the children's eyes was immediate. None of them dared to say another word.

"You will each write a self-reflection essay. And don't bother coming back." Baimo's voice was firm, leaving no room for argument.

They were just kids, but if they were already this cruel now, without consequences, what would they grow into?

More importantly, Baimo refused to let Cooper suffer any injustice.

"I understand, Teacher Baimo."

One by one, the children muttered their acceptance, none daring to protest.

Baimo crouched in front of Cooper again, holding his small hand. “I’m sorry, Cooper. Your uncle wanted you to have a good experience here, but I miscalculated. I almost put you in harm’s way.”

Baimo felt guilty. If Cooper had gotten hurt, he wouldn’t have been able to face Norah.

Cooper shook his head.

“They really didn’t bully you?” Baimo’s voice was tight with concern.

Even though Cooper wasn’t one to complain, he hesitated, then nodded.

He even tugged lightly at the corner of Baimo’s shirt.

Looking up at Baimo, his deep, star-like eyes shone with understanding. He shook his head again, clearly signaling that he didn’t want Baimo to punish the kids too harshly.

Baimo sighed and scooped him up in his arms. “You’re too kind, Cooper. But if someone bullies you, they should be held accountable. Now, how about we go get something delicious to eat?”

With that, Baimo carried Cooper away.

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Meanwhile, Norah had landed.

The plane she and Kevin had taken had encountered issues and was grounded at the airport—exactly as they had expected.

Mousse had made his move.

His men arrived, ready to take them away.

Everything was unfolding just as Norah and Kevin had predicted.

From being forced off the plane to transitioning through Country S, it all led to one inevitable moment: their face-to-face with Mousse.

Mousse wanted to separate them, but Kevin held Norah's hand tightly, refusing to let go. No matter what, he wouldn't allow them to be torn apart again. In the end, Mousse had no choice but to bring them both before him.

"So, you claim to love him," Mousse sneered at Norah. "Since you've chosen to stay by his side, does that mean you no longer care about the poison in his body?"

His tone was filled with disdain. He had never liked Norah, and he wasn't about to hide it.

Norah let out a cold laugh, the corners of her lips curling into a smirk. "You sought him out in the first place. Instead of helping him, you poisoned him. Only someone like you would stoop that low."

Kevin's condition had remained stable for a while. Plus, he had been working in the lab, and even Pharaoh had started to accept him.

Norah had assumed that meant Pharaoh had cured him.

But in reality, Kevin had been holding on, keeping the truth from her all this time.

"If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have needed to poison him at all. You think you're that special?" Mousse's lips curled into a smirk.

Back when Kevin was exiled, Mousse had spent considerable effort tracking him down, only to find him entrenched in the business world.

Business and politics—two entirely different arenas.

At the time, Mousse hadn't paid much attention to Kevin. But then, he uncovered Kevin's hidden identity.

He had tried to recruit him, but Kevin refused.

Later, when Norah was poisoned and gave birth to Cooper, Mousse had tried to use that as leverage to sway Kevin. But Kevin remained steadfast, choosing to stay with the troops in Craggaville.

Then came the war.

Kevin had been shot and thrown into the river in the Yi tribe's territory. Mousse had spent tremendous effort retrieving him.

For years, he had nearly given up on Kevin. But just when he was about to let go, Kevin woke up.

And against all odds, he ended up with Norah again.

To Mousse, Norah had always been nothing but trouble.

"I may not be special," Norah shot back, "but at least I don't hurt my own son. Unlike you—a country's president who treats his own child and grandchild like enemies."

Her words were razor-sharp, cutting straight to the core.

Mousse's gaze flickered to Kevin.

Kevin remained indifferent, completely unaffected by Norah's words.

His heart was already set—on her.

Mousse clenched his jaw. His other sons could never measure up to Kevin, and without Kevin, he had no suitable heir.

If he let Kevin go, his legacy—everything he had built—could crumble in the wrong hands.

Just then, one of his bodyguards hurried over, whispering urgently in his ear.

Mousse's expression darkened.

"You dared to set me up?"

Not only had Norah and Kevin anticipated his every move, but they had also recorded everything—his threats, his actions, all of it.

Now, he was trapped.

## **Chapter 523**

Now, in international forums, Mousse's reputation had taken a massive hit. His name was being dragged through the mud, and all anyone could talk about was his disgrace.



Most humiliating of all, his face had been clearly captured in photos.

“It’s... you!”

Mousse’s eyes burned with fury. His mind fixated on one thought—he had to kill Norah.

She was a disaster, the root of all his problems. If it weren’t for her, Kevin wouldn’t have come this far, nor would he have defied him over and over again.

But the live broadcast left Mousse no room to act against her.

Norah stood firm under his glare, showing neither fear nor hesitation. “Yes, it was me. You’ve gone too far. We just want to live our lives in peace, but you refuse to let us.”

She took a step closer. “Don’t think we don’t know your plan. You kept Cooper close and refused to cure him just so you could use him as leverage against Kevin.”

Kevin had stayed out of Norah’s life for five years—first because he was gravely injured and unconscious, and second because he wanted to wait until things were stable before returning. But fate had other plans. When the situation changed, he exposed himself earlier than intended to protect Norah. Thankfully, he had made the right call by sending Cooper to her, allowing them to take him to the Yi tribe.

Mousse’s gaze remained ice-cold. “If there was a cure for Cooper, do you really think I would have let him suffer?”

“But the truth is, my father cured him,” Norah said, her sharp eyes locked onto his.

A mocking smirk tugged at Mousse’s lips. “Well, I can’t help it if your father is obsessed with experiments.”

Norah’s expression didn’t waver. “Then tell me, why did you have the antidote in the first place?”

At one point, Mousse had the antidote and had even tried to use it to strike a deal with Kevin. That was the crucial detail.

With the live broadcast still running, Mousse chose his words carefully. He couldn’t afford to let the situation escalate further. But Norah had already read everything she needed from his face.

Meanwhile, the backlash on international forums grew louder:

“I can’t believe the president of a country is this corrupt. Can he even lead his people?”

“No wonder Country S has had so many wars. This explains everything.”

“Step down! The people deserve a leader who cares about their future!”

“He won’t even help his own son, and now he’s trying to oppress him? Kevin and Norah have suffered enough!”

“Kevin was in the Chinese army, wasn’t he? It’s incredible that he hasn’t been swayed by Mousse’s ways.”

“If anything happens to Norah and Kevin, I’ll be the first to take action! Who’s with me?”

Mousse didn’t see these messages himself, but his bodyguards kept him updated.

Realizing he had no choice but to retreat, he waved his hand. “Let’s go.”

With the world watching and Norah’s camera still recording, any harm that came to her or Kevin would immediately point back to him.

But he knew this was all Norah’s doing. She was bold, clever, and fearless—exactly the kind of woman who could drive a man to obsession.

Now, Mousse finally understood why Kevin was willing to risk everything for her.

Norah, however, was sure that Mousse wouldn’t come after them again.

But if Mousse was willing to let them go, Gugny wasn’t.

She stormed up to Kevin, blocking their path. “Kevin, do you really think you can just take her with you? Have you asked me? I’m your fiancée! I won’t allow this!”

Kevin barely glanced at her. “That was Mousse’s decision, not mine. Norah is my wife. You need to move on.”

With that, he wrapped an arm around Norah and walked away.

“Gugny, stop!” a furious voice ordered.

She froze in place, forced to stand down.

But Gugny wasn’t giving up. She refused to accept this humiliation. No one shamed her and got away with it. One way or another, she would win Kevin over.

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Meanwhile, Baimo had taken Cooper out for a meal before bringing him to his father for treatment. When he finally returned to his room, he found Freyja waiting outside.

She held a carefully chosen shirt in her hands—black and white, with delicate floral embroidery. It suited his style perfectly.

But Baimo didn't even hesitate before rejecting it. "Freyja, I have plenty of clothes. And even if I didn't, I could buy them myself."

Freyja understood the underlying message, but she wasn't ready to give up.

Her voice softened with a quiet plea. "Baimo, I spent a long time picking this out for you. It's a limited edition—I barely managed to get it. Just try it on. If you don't like it, you can throw it away."

From the moment she saw the shirt, she had imagined him wearing it. It felt like it belonged to him.

But Baimo remained unmoved. "Freyja, I've made myself clear—I don't have feelings for you. Not now, not ever."

She already knew that. But hearing him say it so bluntly still hurt. Her eyes turned red.

"I know you don't want to be with me now," she whispered. "That's okay. I'll wait. I'll wait as long as it takes."

She loved Baimo with all her heart. Even if he never reciprocated, she was willing to love him from a distance.

But Baimo shook his head. "I won't ever love you. You're wasting your time."

"I don't see it as a waste," she said, her voice trembling. "I want to do this for you."

Tears welled up in her eyes. She wasn't asking for his love—just the chance to give him hers. Was that really too much?

"Take your shirt back," Baimo said firmly. "If you can't return it, give it to someone else. And stop coming to me."

Then he turned and walked away.

Freyja watched him go, not moving until the door slammed shut behind him.

She looked down at the shirt in her hands. A tear slipped down her cheek, then another, until they fell like a broken string of pearls, soaking into the fabric.