

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 621

"No, Grandpa! I want to see Gloria! I want to stay with her!" Nathan's plea fell on deaf ears. None of the elders stood up for him.

In a situation like this, people naturally choose what protects their interests. Everyone understood how serious this was.

The Gendron family couldn't afford a scandal like this.

Nathan was taken upstairs. Old Mr. Gendron turned to Patricia. "Take care of it. End all ties with the Turners. That family won't be our in-laws."

Patricia nodded. Even if he hadn't said so, she would've done it. No mother would let her son live in disgrace—especially in a family that valued its name.

Johnny never imagined his own wife would betray him like this. It was more than a slap in the face—it was a public disgrace for the Turner family.

He glared at Winnie, who sat calmly on the sofa like nothing had happened. He wanted to strangle her.

But he held himself back and forced himself to stay composed.

"Have you thought about the consequences?" he asked.

Winnie let out a quiet laugh. "Of course I have. I even thought you might hit me on the spot. Luckily, Kevin did it first—you didn't get the chance."

Johnny touched his bruised cheek and sore jaw. His eyes glinted with fury.

He swallowed it down and asked, "You're a Turner too. What good does this do you?"

Winnie looked at him, her gaze full of scorn. "Johnny, do you really think if I stayed quiet, people would respect me? Didn't you hear what the Gendron boy said? About how you're so good to Gloria? You didn't hear the subtext, did you?"

Johnny said nothing. As long as he didn't cross any lines, it wasn't wrong to treat Gloria well. After all, people thought they were half-siblings.

But something didn't sit right.

Suddenly, flashes of last night returned to him—and everything clicked.

He regretted it.

He should've known it was Gloria.

He shouldn't have been fooled by a scent he knew so well.

Winnie chuckled. "What's wrong? Thinking about last night?"

That set him off.

Johnny snapped and lunged at her, grabbing her hair and slamming her to the ground.

"If you hit me, I'll call the cops!" Winnie screamed. "Let's see how long you stay in Belourvinelle!"

She wasn't backing down. The thought of what happened between Johnny and Gloria fueled her rage.

She kept hurling insults, refusing to stop even as pain throbbed in her head.

Eventually, Johnny slammed his fist into the floor. "If I'm so disgusting, let's just get divorced!"

Winnie burst into laughter. "And you think you'll live happily ever after with Gloria? Dream on. I'm not divorcing you. Give up."

She stood up, walked to him, and said coldly, "You're not divorced, Johnny. You're just a widower. You dare?"

Johnny clenched his fists but held back.

Killing her would land him in jail—and he had to protect Gloria.

He hadn't heard anything from the Gendrons yet, which meant the engagement had probably fallen apart.

He had to stay by Gloria's side.

So he gave a cold smirk. "You won't divorce me? Fine. Everyone already knows who I am. I'll be with Gloria in the open."

"She's your sister, Johnny!" Winnie snapped.

Johnny just gave her a mocking look, about to respond when his phone rang.

It was his assistant, stationed at the hospital to report any updates about Gloria.

Johnny quickly answered. "What's going on?"

"Mrs. Patricia Gendron came in person," the assistant said. "She wants to cancel the engagement. Since Gloria's unconscious, she didn't demand compensation. But..."

"But what? Spit it out!" Johnny barked.

"...But it sounds like the Turner family's going to have a rough time ahead."

Johnny didn't care. He grinned. "Stay there. Let me know the moment Gloria wakes up."

Then he added, "I'll head over now, see if Kevin and Norah are still there."

Before the assistant could reply, Norah grabbed the phone.

"Johnny," she said coldly, "tell your people to leave. Don't come here again. Gloria doesn't need you in her life."

To Norah, Johnny was the one who hurt Gloria.

She believed no woman could do that alone—Johnny had to be complicit.

He knew Gloria was getting married but still approached her. That said enough.

She blamed him entirely and wanted nothing more to do with him.

Johnny said nothing. He hung up.

Winnie sneered. "Looks like Norah still has morals. Too bad Gloria doesn't."

Smack.

Johnny slapped her.

"If you talk trash about Gloria again, next time it won't be just a slap," he warned coldly.

Then he walked out, heading to the hospital.

He didn't meet Norah or Kevin. Instead, he pulled strings and waited in the doctor's office for news.

It wasn't until late that night that Gloria finally woke up.

Norah, sitting by the bed, rushed over. "Do you want water? Are you in pain?"

Gloria looked at her, glanced around the room, and said, "I want to find my mom."

Norah froze for a moment, then quickly masked her reaction and poured a glass of water. “Here, drink some water. It’ll help your throat. Are you hungry? I can have someone bring you something to eat.”

Gloria gulped down the water and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “Give me another glass.”

Norah forced a smile, nodded, and poured her another.

She downed the second glass in one go too, then handed the cup back to Norah with a bright grin.

That smile made Norah’s heart sink.

It was so innocent—radiant, with no trace of sadness.

A suspicion formed in her mind, one she didn’t want to believe. Trying to stay composed, she asked gently, “What’s your name?”

“My name is Sister. I’m my brother’s sister,” Gloria giggled, not catching Norah’s question. She tilted her head and asked, “You don’t believe me, do you? I really am your sister.”

Norah replied with a heavy heart, “I believe you. Of course I do. But... do you know why you’re in the hospital?”

Gloria paused, confused. “Hospital? What hospital? I’m just lying in bed, aren’t I?”

Norah’s suspicion was confirmed. Trembling, she ran out to find a doctor.

The assistant had been quietly monitoring the room and quickly updated Johnny as soon as Norah stepped out.

Moments later, Johnny entered the room and saw Gloria playing with her hair. He called out to her gently, “Gloria.”

Gloria looked up and grinned. “My name is Sister.”

Chapter 622

“Gloria, don’t scare me.” Johnny walked over, wanting to take her hand, but hesitated and pulled back, afraid of startling her.

Gloria giggled. “My name’s not Gloria. I’m Sister.”

She climbed out of bed, walked to the sofa, picked up a cup of water from the table, and took a sip.

No one knew where the cup had come from or who had used it, so Johnny quickly rushed over and took it from her.

Gloria stared at him, confused, tears suddenly streaming down her face.

Johnny grabbed another cup and gently coaxed her, “Here, this one’s clean. You’re thirsty, right? I’ll pour you some water, okay?”

“Water... Sister wants to drink water.”

Her dazed expression wasn’t an act. Johnny’s heart broke.

He regretted not stopping Winnie when he had the chance. It was his fault Gloria ended up like this.

As he gently smoothed her hair, an idea formed—he wanted to keep Gloria by his side.

With that decision made, Johnny immediately instructed his assistant to make arrangements to take Gloria away before Norah could intervene.

But unexpectedly, the assistant got into a heated argument with Norah in the doctor’s office.

When Johnny rushed over after hearing the news, his heart dropped again at the sight of the appraisal report on the desk.

“Johnny, haven’t you hurt Gloria enough? You still want to keep her with you? Don’t you think that’s a bit much?” Norah snapped.

If it weren’t for her own fragile health, Norah would’ve already hit him—hard enough to make him rethink everything.

Johnny picked up the report and confirmed what he didn’t want to believe.

He thought maybe it wasn’t true. But the report was clear: Gloria had suffered a psychological break.

The trauma had been too much for her, and she’d lost her mind.

Norah yanked the report from his hands and sneered, “What are you pretending for? If you’d just let her go earlier, do you think she’d be like this now?”

“...Sorry.”

The word slipped out.

It didn’t take away the guilt—it just made it feel heavier.

Especially when he saw the contempt in Norah's eyes. In that moment, Johnny felt like a complete fool.

A fool who'd destroyed someone he loved.

Norah thought he was up to something again. She scoffed and said sharply, "Don't even try. I'll take care of Gloria myself."

"Mrs. Edwards," Johnny said coldly, "look at your own condition. You can't even take care of yourself—how will you take care of Gloria?"

He wasn't wrong. As Norah got older, her mobility had declined.

She'd arrived today in a wheelchair. She clearly wasn't suited to care for someone else.

But Norah wasn't backing down.

"I'll hire someone. No matter what Gloria needs—what she wants to eat or do—I'll make sure she's taken care of."

Johnny scoffed. "You think you're the only one who can hire help? The difference is, I'll take care of her myself. That's what real sincerity looks like."

"You're saying I'm insincere?" Norah snapped.

The argument was escalating when the doctor knocked on the desk and cut in, "The decision of who Gloria stays with has to be made by her. Given her current condition, forcing her to go with someone she doesn't want could make things worse."

Johnny glanced at Norah, suddenly uncertain.

Gloria had wanted to leave him for a long time, and he hadn't let her. Deep down, maybe even she knew she needed distance.

Norah smiled as she picked up the report. "Mr. Turner, I'm sorry. Actually, no—I'm not. We won't be contacting you again. Just pretend Gloria doesn't exist."

She was convinced Gloria would choose her.

Johnny watched her walk away and frowned.

His assistant leaned in and whispered, "Boss, if we can't do it openly, we can always do it quietly. I mean, we could—"

Johnny shot him a look, and the assistant fell silent.

He wasn't going to play dirty this time. He wanted Gloria to *want* to stay with him.

After getting a list of care instructions from the doctor, Johnny personally bought a small cake.

When he returned to the room, he saw Norah trying to feed Gloria, who was being difficult. She refused to eat and kept spitting the food out.

Johnny walked over, took the food away, and replaced it with the cake.

The moment Gloria saw it, she clapped her hands and shouted, "Cake! Eat cake!"

Johnny beamed and pretended to be surprised. "Sister likes cake? I'll buy it for you every day, okay?"

Gloria nodded happily, "Okay! Sister wants lots of cake!"

Norah pulled Johnny aside and warned him, "If you spoil her like this, she won't eat real meals."

Johnny smiled. "I'll handle it. I'll make sure she gets her three meals a day."

He went back to the bedside like he'd just won a battle and carefully wiped the crumbs from Gloria's mouth.

"Sister, do you want to stay with your brother? Or go home with Norah?"

Johnny knew her well. The doctor had said that even in her condition, her preferences wouldn't change. She'd act like a child, but she'd still know what she wanted.

She always went after what she liked.

He was playing the right game.

Gloria raised her hand and said, "Sister stays with brother."

Norah grew anxious. "Gloria, he's a bad man."

But Gloria didn't listen. She just kept smiling at Johnny while eating her cake.

And just like that, Johnny took Gloria with him. Norah could only wish her well.

To take care of her, Johnny bought a villa in the suburbs and installed a playground.

He was going to raise Gloria like his own child.

But trouble came on the very first day.

No one knew what set her off. She locked herself in her room and started crying and screaming, throwing things around.

Worried she'd hurt herself, Johnny climbed up to the third-floor balcony and entered the room.

The place was a mess—and Gloria was gone.

He searched frantically and finally found her curled up in the closet.

"Gloria," he whispered, afraid to startle her.

No response.

He tried again. "Sister."

Gloria looked up. The moment she saw him, she panicked and tried to shut the closet door.

Johnny gently pulled her into his arms—and she bit his shoulder.

The pain was sharp, but the ache in his heart was worse.

"Don't be scared. Gloria's not scared. Sister doesn't have to be afraid anymore. Brother's here now."

His voice was soft and soothing.

Eventually, Gloria let go. When he looked again, she had fallen asleep.

He finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He carried her back to bed and called the doctor to understand what had triggered her. He realized he still had a lot to learn.

Thankfully, after that day, Gloria stayed calm. She clung to Johnny and followed him everywhere.

Norah, still worried, had Kevin take her to visit the villa.

From a distance, she saw Gloria clutching Johnny's shirt with one hand and a rag doll with the other.

Johnny was trying to feed her, but she hated vegetables and spit them out every time.

Norah sighed. "Do you think I should've encouraged her to leave sooner? Maybe then, she wouldn't have met Nathan."

Kevin shook his head. "This is her fate—hers and Johnny's. Even if they had been apart for a while, something would've brought them back together."

Norah looked up at him. “So, you’re saying even God makes mistakes? Like putting two people together who were never meant to love each other?”

Chapter 623

Kevin didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He was a little thrown off by Norah’s train of thought.

He cupped her face and kissed her. “It’s not like that. Look at us—we’re together, aren’t we?”

“I’m talking about Gloria,” Norah said, still caught up in her best friend’s troubles, unwilling to focus on themselves.

Kevin motioned for her to look outside. At that moment, Gloria was sitting on Johnny’s back, riding him like a horse.

“You have to believe that everything happens for a reason,” he said. “Even when it seems unfair, it’s still part of the plan.”

He didn’t tell Norah how the Gendron family had slandered Gloria.

Based on how they acted, Kevin honestly thought this outcome was far better than Gloria marrying into that family.

With Gloria’s temperament, she’d never get along with Mrs. Gendron, not to mention the other aunts.

“Oops.”

Gloria suddenly yelped, jumped off Johnny, and started to pull down her pants.

Johnny quickly stopped her and noticed her pants were soaked.

He gave her a helpless smile and asked gently, “Did you have an accident?”

Gloria nodded, looking up at him pitifully.

Johnny rubbed her head, comforting her. “It’s okay. Next time, if you need to go, just tell me. I’ll take you to the bathroom, alright?”

Gloria nodded again.

From a distance, Norah saw the whole thing and murmured, “She peed herself... she doesn’t even remember to go anymore?”

“The doctor said her current state is already considered good,” Kevin replied. “If it were worse, she wouldn’t be able to take care of herself at all or say anything that makes sense.”

He didn't want her to keep watching—it would only make her sadder. He told the driver to leave.

Norah didn't want to go and was about to protest when Kevin pinched her chin.

She frowned. "Kevin, don't make me mad."

Kevin chuckled. "Wife, if you keep looking at me like that, I might react."

The driver laughed out loud.

Norah flushed with embarrassment and annoyance. She pushed Kevin away and turned to face the window.

But before long, she couldn't sit still.

She was starving.

The problem was—the snacks were with Kevin.

She glanced at him, but he was busy on his phone and didn't notice her.

The snack bag was near the door. She just had to scoot over and stretch to grab it.

Norah tried, but her body wouldn't cooperate.

She didn't have the strength.

"What's wrong?"

Kevin put his phone down.

He had planned to tease her a little longer, but when he caught the hurt in her eyes, his heart softened.

He felt bad and just wanted to take care of her.

"I want chocolate... cookies... and milk."

Before she even finished, Kevin had already handed everything over.

He held up the bottle of milk and let out a satisfied sigh. Norah slowly nibbled on the cookies and chocolates.

Kevin gently wiped her mouth and reminded her, "Eat slowly."

Norah pouted. "You're not mad at me?"

Kevin smiled. “Silly girl, you’re my wife. I want nothing more than to spoil you. How could I be mad at you?”

“Really? Well, I’m mad at you.” Norah pouted again—but Kevin leaned in and stole a kiss, making her pout and grumble.

Kevin laughed. “I know you’re mad. I was just trying to figure out how to cheer you up—but then you got hungry. Still, sweetheart, no matter what happens, you’re always number one in my eyes. Don’t ever think I’d ignore you.”

He knew right then that Norah was worried he might be upset with her.

Kevin didn’t want her feeling that way. She was his wife. He could never bring himself to ignore or neglect her.

After eating, Norah let out a little burp and felt sleepy.

She shifted slightly and fell asleep leaning on Kevin’s shoulder.

Days passed.

Johnny had no choice but to return to the company—but Gloria didn’t want anyone else near her.

Left with no other option, Johnny brought her with him to work.

To make sure she wasn’t overwhelmed or triggered, Johnny had children’s furniture set up in the office.

He also issued strict orders: No one but his assistant was allowed inside.

That morning, Johnny brought Gloria to the company, and someone quickly recognized her.

Seeing her dazed expression, people immediately started whispering and gossiping.

They kept their voices low, so Johnny didn’t hear—but Nathan did.

It was Nathan’s first day back, and Johnny had finally convinced him to come out and talk business. Neither of them expected to run into Gloria at Turner’s.

Seeing the woman he loved like that shattered Nathan.

Then hearing people say she deserved it pushed him over the edge.

But Nathan wasn’t the impulsive Young Master Gendron anymore.

He didn't explode right there. Instead, he followed his secretary to the business department.

During the negotiation, as they confirmed the contract with a calm face, Nathan added, "There's something I need to make clear. If those people are still working at Turner Corporation, Gendron Corporation won't be doing business with you. And we won't allow anyone else to either."

The director was no fool. After weighing the consequences, he immediately contacted Johnny.

Johnny was confused at first, but once he found out it was Nathan's first day at the company, he checked the security footage.

And once he saw what had happened, he lost it.

He swept all the documents off his desk in fury.

"Tell the director to agree to Nathan's request," he ordered.

It wouldn't be easy to fire that many employees at once—but if the client demanded it, he had no choice.

Especially a major client like the Gendron family.

After handling the situation, Johnny turned to see Gloria looking at him with fear in her eyes. He immediately remembered her condition.

He softened and said gently, "It's my fault, sis. I'm sorry. Don't be scared, okay?"

Gloria replied timidly, "Brother, don't be mad. I'm just scared."

Johnny pulled her into a hug. "Okay, I won't get mad anymore."

Gloria finally smiled and picked up a cookie, munching on it.

Then a strange smell hit Johnny's nose—it was coming from the biscuit.

He looked down and saw a puddle on the floor.

She'd wet herself again.

It had happened so many times, but Gloria never seemed to remember.

Johnny was used to it by now. He smiled and got ready to change her clothes.

But Gloria shook her head. "Brother, eat cookies."

She offered him a cookie.

Johnny sighed, helpless, but took a bite.

Gloria clapped her hands and handed him another. This time, Johnny didn't give her the chance. He picked her up and carried her into the inner room.

Word of Nathan's actions quickly reached the Gendron family.

Grandpa Gendron was quite pleased.

Patricia, however, was concerned. "Dad, is it really a good idea to let him work with Turner Corporation? I heard Gloria's lost her mind. What if..."

Old Master Gendron laughed. "No. Nathan knows it's over between him and Gloria. Even if he still has feelings for her, he won't dare act on them."

Patricia didn't understand.

Old Master Gendron stroked his beard. "He's afraid we'll hurt Gloria if he steps out of line."

Now Patricia understood.

She smiled happily. "Then I'll arrange a blind date right away. He won't object now. Once we settle the marriage, we won't have to worry about Gloria anymore."

Old Master Gendron nodded and added, "Just make sure the girl's character is solid. We can't afford to be embarrassed again."

Chapter 624

A month passed without incident, and Norah's scheduled prenatal check-up finally arrived.

That morning, after breakfast, she asked Cooper to head upstairs and pack her things. She planned to arrive at the hospital early and wait for Kevin there.

With her belly so big now, even simple tasks were difficult. She sat on the couch, phone in hand, guiding Cooper through what to pack and teaching him step-by-step.

Kevin had been swamped with work lately. As much as he wanted to be by her side, he just couldn't manage it.

Norah understood, so she made the decision to go to the hospital on her own.

About thirty minutes later, Cooper came running downstairs with a backpack slung over his shoulders.

“Mom, I’m grown up now. I can help you, right?”

Norah smiled warmly, gently rubbing his head. “You’ve really grown up, Cooper.”

He beamed, slipped on his backpack, fetched the wheelchair, and once Norah was seated, began pushing her outside.

Thankfully, it was an electric wheelchair—there was no way Cooper’s little body could manage it otherwise.

The driver saw them and quickly got out of the car to help. “Ma’am, you should’ve called me.”

Norah waved him off with a smile. “It’s alright. My son’s helping me today.”

Cooper raised his chin proudly and said to the driver, “Dad’s not home, so I’m the man of the house now. I’ll take good care of Mom.”

The driver chuckled and praised him, which made Cooper even more eager to help. The entire way, he was attentive and careful with Norah.

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, Kevin showed up too.

Cooper excitedly recounted how he’d taken care of Norah, clearly fishing for praise. Kevin didn’t disappoint, praising him generously without spoiling him.

The three of them entered the prenatal clinic together, finished the paperwork, and waited for Norah’s turn.

Just then, Johnny and Gloria came out of the ultrasound room. Norah immediately stopped them, assuming Gloria was pregnant.

Gloria didn’t recognize her and clung obediently to Johnny’s side.

Johnny clearly wasn’t in the mood to chat. He gave Norah a polite nod and tried to walk away with Gloria.

Norah urged Kevin, “Push me over. I want to hear what Johnny has to say. If Gloria’s pregnant, he needs to give her a proper status.”

She had watched Johnny care for Gloria over the past month and wasn’t sure how she felt about it. But what was done was done—there was no undoing it now.

Still, Kevin didn’t move the wheelchair. Instead, he went over himself and brought Johnny back.

When they reached her, Johnny greeted her with a smile.

Norah ignored him and looked directly at Gloria, gently reaching for her hand.

Gloria shrank back behind Johnny, fear flashing in her eyes—it broke Norah's heart.

She sighed and looked at Johnny. "She's pregnant?"

Johnny looked surprised and shook his head.

Norah frowned. "If she's not, why bring her here? Don't you remember she just had a kidney transplant?"

Her voice was rising with emotion.

Norah still carried guilt over what had happened to Gloria and had been hoping for a chance to make things right—but Gloria only trusted Johnny now.

There was no way Norah could take her back.

Gloria's current state made it impossible for her to distinguish right from wrong. What if Johnny actually got her pregnant?

The thought made Norah's blood boil. She nearly lost control and slapped Johnny right there.

Kevin stepped in quickly, whispering to calm her down, then turned to warn Johnny, "Mr. Turner, don't forget what I just told you."

Johnny forced a smile. "She's not pregnant. I just brought her in for a check-up. You know she's like a toddler now—I'm just being careful in case she hurts herself."

Norah narrowed her eyes. "Did something happen? Why would you even say that?"

Johnny silently cursed Norah a hundred times in his mind. He had his reasons for bringing Gloria here, and in his view, it wasn't Norah's place to question him.

Still, he kept smiling and explained, "Nothing happened. I just had some free time today and thought I'd bring her in."

He then turned to Gloria, coaxing her in a soft voice, "Are you hungry? Let's go get something tasty."

Gloria perked up instantly and nodded, repeating, "Eat something tasty, eat something tasty."

Johnny turned back to Norah and Kevin. "Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards, let's catch up some other time. I'll take her to eat first."

But Norah wasn't fooled for a second. As soon as he left, she told Kevin her suspicions—Johnny was definitely up to something shady.

She urged Kevin to tap into his connections and find out what was really going on.

Just then, it was Norah's turn for her examination, and Kevin wheeled her into the room.

While the doctor checked Norah, Kevin stepped outside and called the hospital dean directly.

When it came to matters like this, going straight to the top was always best.

Shortly after the appointment, they got a response.

Johnny was planning to have Gloria's uterus removed.

Norah nearly lost it.

She wanted to confront Johnny immediately.

Kevin quietly calmed her down, reminding her that Cooper was right there.

She took a deep breath and nodded. After settling down, she suggested, "What if we ask Dad to come get Gloria? I'm really worried he might hurt her."

Kevin nodded, leaned in close, and whispered in her ear, "Don't worry. I'll handle it. I promise I'll take care of everything."

Norah knew she needed to stay calm for the baby's sake. She promised to keep her emotions in check.

Meanwhile, Johnny got wind of the hospital's response. Realizing Norah knew everything, he locked himself in the study for an hour.

When he finally emerged, he called Gloria over, holding her hand.

"Will Sister leave Brother?" he asked gently.

Gloria shook her head. "No, I won't leave you."

Johnny's expression darkened. "What if someone tries to take you away?"

Gloria looked confused, unable to understand.

His patience snapped. He grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him.

"Do you want to leave me?" he shouted. "You tried before, and even now when you're not right in the head, you still want to leave?"

Gloria burst into tears, frightened, shaking her head over and over.

“Say something! Do you?!”

He roared and yanked her toward the sofa like a madman.

Glaring down at her, he hissed, “Stop dreaming about leaving me. No one else wants you but me. Just forget it.”

Gloria was terrified, grabbing onto his pant leg, sobbing uncontrollably.

She didn’t know what she’d done wrong—only that he was angry and she didn’t understand why.

Johnny let her cry, unmoved, her hands clutching him as she wept.

Just then, his phone buzzed—it was a message from Kevin, inviting him out for a drink.

Johnny smirked, pulled Gloria up, and wiped her tears roughly.

He forced a smile. “Sister, I need to go out for a bit. You stay here, okay? Don’t go anywhere.”

Gloria nodded.

Johnny walked out but paused, thinking for a moment. Then he turned back and locked the study door behind him.

The night was quiet, with only the wind rustling outside.

Gloria curled up on the sofa, staring out the window as tears streamed silently down her face.

She whispered to herself, “Sister’s not scared. Sister’s brave. Sister doesn’t cry. Sister’s good. Brother won’t yell.”

Repeating it like a mantra, she eventually fell asleep.

Chapter 625

At a quiet, open-air bar in the suburbs, Kevin poured Johnny a glass of wine.

With a slight smile, he said, “As a man, I don’t get you. There are so many women in the world—why Gloria?”

Johnny scoffed. “Then why are you with Norah?”

Kevin met his eyes and replied slowly, “Because she belongs with me. Only me.”

Johnny had no comeback.

He took a sip of wine and said coldly, “Mr. Edwards, if you’ve got something to say, just say it. Don’t dance around it.”

Kevin set his glass down and dropped the smile. His expression turned serious. “By removing Gloria’s uterus, are you trying to drive her insane for the rest of her life?”

Johnny shook his head but didn’t answer.

The evening breeze drifted past. Johnny looked up at the sky and suddenly heard Nathan’s voice. Following the sound, he spotted Nathan sitting nearby with a beautiful woman—clearly his new flame.

Johnny laughed bitterly. “Kevin, honestly, I’d rather Gloria stay like this forever—even if she’s crazy—than wake up and see Nathan with someone else.”

Kevin didn’t agree, but he didn’t argue either. The Gendron family’s arrangement made sense. If he were in Mr. Gendron’s shoes, he might’ve done the same—or worse. But now, he was Norah’s husband, and he was here on her behalf.

Kevin said, “We can’t control other people’s lives, but I have to protect Gloria. You don’t get to decide to take her uterus.”

Johnny burst out laughing, as if he’d just heard a ridiculous joke.

Then his face darkened. “Kevin, I don’t care what you think—Gloria is mine. No one tells me what I can or can’t do to her.”

Kevin’s expression turned sharp. He leaned over the table and stared at Johnny. “She’s a person, not a possession.”

Whether it was for Norah’s sake or simply out of decency, Kevin couldn’t stand what Johnny was doing.

Johnny sneered. “We’re both men—be realistic. What if she gets pregnant? Should she have the baby? Can she even handle raising a child?”

Kevin couldn’t answer.

Johnny stood up, brushing off his clothes. “I’ve had my drink. Mr. Edwards, enjoy the rest of yours.”

He walked away. As he passed Nathan’s table, he shot him a mocking glance.

Johnny’s stance was firm—and his reasoning, frustratingly, wasn’t without merit.

When Kevin got home, he told Norah everything. Her mood darkened. She'd expected Johnny to say that, but it still felt so unfair to Gloria.

Gloria was mentally ill, not hopeless. She would recover. But when she learned she could never be a mother, how could she handle it?

The more Norah thought about it, the more she knew she had to stop Johnny—but not by force.

Kevin saw what she was thinking. He wrapped his arms around her and sighed. "Don't worry. I've already called the hospital. They'll refuse the surgery, saying Gloria just had a kidney transplant and isn't fit for another procedure."

Norah understood. It was the only option for now. First, calm Johnny down—then figure out a way to get Gloria out of there.

That night, when Johnny came home, he found Gloria asleep on the floor. He picked her up gently and carried her to bed, heart aching.

Gloria woke up. When she saw it was Johnny, tears instantly streamed down her face.

Johnny wiped them away.

She sobbed, "Don't scold me, Brother. I'll be good."

He smiled. "Okay, I won't scold you. But you have to behave. If you don't, I will."

Gloria seemed to understand. She nodded, hugged his neck, and whispered, "Kiss me and I won't be scared. I like kisses."

Johnny smiled and lowered his head. "Then kiss your brother, okay?"

Gloria nodded.

She knew that as long as she cooperated, Johnny wouldn't get mad.

Clumsily, she put her hand on his lips and bit them gently, mimicking what he'd done before. But that was all.

Johnny was in a good mood and held her close.

Afterward, he brought her medicine and some warm water, watching as she drank it.

Gloria was confused. Why did she always have to take medicine? But she didn't ask—she was afraid of being scolded.

After taking it, she obediently lay back down. When Johnny left, she jumped out of bed and listened at the door.

Sure enough, he was standing just outside. After a while, she heard him walk into the study.

Only then did she crawl back into bed and fall asleep, relieved he wasn't mad.

The next afternoon, Johnny took Gloria to the hospital again to consult for the surgery.

When the doctor told him the surgery couldn't be done at the moment, Johnny immediately suspected Kevin had intervened.

He lost it—trashing the office and demanding they schedule the surgery right away.

Frightened, the doctor had no choice but to press the intercom and call a nurse to prepare.

The nurse entered moments later, stunned by the chaos. Composing herself, she walked up to Gloria and said gently, "We need to change your clothes, Mr. Turner. Can I take her to the changing area?"

Johnny scoffed, "Just change her in here. Don't try anything."

The nurse had no choice but to lead Gloria into the back room of the office.

Gloria resisted, retreating into a corner. "No! I don't want to go! I'm not going anywhere!"

Johnny snapped. "Be good and change your clothes."

"I don't want to!" she cried. In truth, Gloria was terrified—she thought Johnny was angry and trying to get rid of her. That's why she wouldn't go.

But Johnny misunderstood. He thought Gloria didn't want the surgery because she wanted to leave him.

Furious, he shoved the doctor aside, stormed over, grabbed Gloria by the neck, and pinned her against the wall. "You're acting up now? Think I won't do anything to you?"

"Brother, I'm scared," Gloria whimpered through her tears.

Johnny didn't listen. He shoved the doctor out of the room and stripped Gloria's clothes himself.

The doctor immediately called the hospital director.

The director, in turn, called Kevin.

Kevin arrived shortly after. Learning that Johnny and Gloria were inside, he forced the door open.

Just as it swung open, Johnny pulled Gloria out and gave Kevin a smug look.

Kevin blocked him. “Don’t you care if she lives or dies?”

Johnny smiled. “If I don’t act now, Mr. Edwards, you’ll just step in next, right?”

Kevin sighed. “You’re right. I do have a plan. Since we’re being honest, I’ll just say it—Norah wants to take Gloria to her parents’ house. Johnny, you’re not going to stop her, are you?”

Johnny laughed quietly—but then suddenly staggered and collapsed.

Kevin froze for a second, then realized this was his chance.

He told the doctors to examine Johnny while he went to Gloria. “Come on, I’ll take you with me, okay?”

But Gloria shook her head and clung to Johnny’s hand.

Now Kevin was stuck.

He couldn’t force her to go. Thankfully, the test results came back quickly.

It was advanced stomach cancer.

Johnny looked at the diagnosis with a bitter expression.

Norah arrived soon after. When she heard the diagnosis, she used the opportunity to ask for Gloria.

What choice did Johnny have?

He let her go.

That night, Gloria had a strange dream—she was being hidden away by a masked man.

Chapter 626

After waking up from the nightmare, Gloria sat frozen for a long time. Then she climbed out of bed, curled up in the corner, and quietly began to cry.

Norah had been worried that Gloria wouldn’t be used to the new environment on her first day, so she came downstairs to check on her. The moment she heard crying from inside the room, she opened the door immediately.

She was startled when she turned on the light and saw Gloria.

Walking over gently, Norah pulled her into a hug. “Did you have a nightmare?”

Gloria nodded.

Norah instinctively rubbed her forehead, and Gloria froze.

Softly, Gloria asked, “Did we know each other before?”

Norah nodded. “Yes. We’re good friends.”

Gloria tilted her head in thought. “If we’re friends, did you ever rub here before?” she asked, pointing at her forehead, her expression innocent.

Norah smiled bitterly and nodded, her eyes brimming with tears.

Back when Gloria was sad, Norah would always comfort her this way. Now, even though Gloria didn’t remember who Norah was, she remembered that small act. Was it muscle memory?

Whatever it was, Gloria was in her care now—and Norah was determined to help her heal.

She gently rubbed Gloria’s forehead again and whispered, “This will be our little secret. Do you like when I do this?”

Gloria nodded and pointed to her heart. “I like it. I like it here too.”

Norah smiled and hugged her again. “Good. If there’s ever anything you don’t like, just tell me. I won’t make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Gloria nodded again, then leaned on Norah’s shoulder and slowly closed her eyes.

If they were going to take Gloria to the Yi tribe, Pharaoh had to be involved. But Norah wasn’t in a condition to travel, and it wasn’t clear if Gloria would be willing to meet him.

After thinking it over all night, Norah decided to let Gloria stay a few more days—until she was sure Pharaoh wasn’t a bad person.

The next afternoon, Kevin brought Pharaoh over. Norah shared her thoughts with them.

Pharaoh frowned. “Honestly, there’s a lot to do at home. If I stay here for a few days, I’m afraid your brother won’t be able to manage everything alone.”

Norah looked awkwardly at Kevin.

Kevin naturally supported her and patted her shoulder. “Here’s what we’ll do—I’ll call your brother. It’ll all work out.”

Pharaoh started to object, but Kevin cut in, “The most important thing right now is our daughter. You have to focus on her.”

Then he looked at Pharaoh and smiled. “Right?”

Pharaoh knew Kevin was hinting at him and sighed, nodding reluctantly. “Fine. I’ll stay a few days. I’ll explain things to your brother.”

“Thank you.”

Norah moved as if to hug him, but Pharaoh backed away, careful not to hurt the baby.

None of them realized Gloria was standing at the stairs, quietly listening to everything.

She looked down at the rag doll in her hands for a long moment, then gritted her teeth and threw it to the floor.

She walked downstairs, went straight to Norah, and whispered, “I’m willing to leave with him.”

Her words stunned all three of them.

Especially Norah. She grabbed Gloria’s hand and said quickly, “Sister, remember—don’t force yourself to do something you don’t want to.”

Gloria shook her head. “I want to leave.”

She meant it. Not just because she understood what Norah was planning, but because something about this place felt too familiar—familiar in a way that scared her.

Norah didn’t understand. She thought Gloria was just trying to avoid upsetting her.

But Pharaoh caught on. He gently pulled Norah aside and asked in a low voice, “Was this where she stayed after she was hurt?”

Norah nodded. “Yeah, why?”

Pharaoh sighed. “That explains it. Medically speaking, this is—never mind, you wouldn’t understand even if I explained it. The point is, this place isn’t right for her. She probably doesn’t even know why she feels that way.”

Norah glanced back at Gloria and said with concern, “Then I’ll leave her in your care, Dad. Please look after her.”

Pharaoh didn't see it as a burden. As long as Gloria was willing to come with him, there'd be no issue once they got to the Yi tribe.

After learning about what Gloria had been through, Pharaoh had a section of the property converted into a private courtyard for her. Besides delivering meals and keeping things clean, only one servant was assigned to look after her.

The quiet environment would help her relax.

It was almost evening when Gloria arrived at the Yi tribe. The approaching night seemed to unsettle her, and her mood shifted.

Pharaoh noticed right away and had the servant escort her to her new room. While Gloria unpacked, he made sure food was delivered.

When Gloria came downstairs and saw Pharaoh, her nervous expression softened slightly. Pharaoh noticed.

He invited her to sit across from him and served her a plate of food.

Gloria ate slowly and carefully, as if worried she might upset him somehow.

Pharaoh called the servant over and introduced her in front of Gloria. "This is Hana. I hired her to take care of you. She's here to help with anything you need. You're in charge—she'll listen to you."

Gloria seemed confused.

Pharaoh explained again, "You're the king. She's the soldier. Understand?"

Gloria shook her head.

Hana smiled and added, "It means you're the lady, and I'm your maid."

Gloria still looked puzzled.

It became clear that communication would be difficult.

Just then, someone arrived to speak with Pharaoh, so he left Gloria in Hana's care and went to take care of other matters.

After he left, Gloria quietly asked, "Will he come back?"

Hana glanced at the door. "Do you want him to?"

Gloria didn't answer.

She didn't know what to say—if she wanted him to or not.

Hana couldn't read her thoughts, so she just helped her eat and kept things calm.

Hana thought it would take a while to connect with Gloria, but while she was cleaning up in the kitchen, Gloria walked in.

Surprised, Hana spoke first. "What do you need?"

Gloria opened the fridge, took out a bottle of milk, and stood there confused, not knowing how to open the straw.

Hana helped, inserted the straw, and handed it to her. "Next time just call me—I'll help you."

Gloria nodded. "Thanks. You're sleeping with me tonight, right? My brother said girls should sleep with boys. Are you a boy?"

Hana knew what Gloria had been through and gently rubbed her forehead. "Sweetheart, do you like sleeping with your brother?"

Gloria froze, then shook her head.

Hana smiled softly. "Then we're not sleeping with brother anymore. We'll sleep on our own. I'll tell you a story, and once you fall asleep, I'll sleep on the floor."

Gloria clearly felt relieved when she realized she didn't have to sleep with her brother.

It was obvious now—most of the time she'd spent with Johnny had been forced.

The moon had risen high above the trees. Hana opened a storybook and asked Gloria to choose one. Gloria hesitated a long time, carefully watching Hana's face before finally picking a story.

Hana began to read. Gloria watched her with wide, curious eyes. When the story mentioned a little girl drawing a blue sun, she scooted closer.

"Where's the blue sun?" Gloria asked, looking around for the picture.

Chapter 627

Hana handed her the storybook, pointed at the illustration, and said, "This is the blue sun. I think the little girl drew it beautifully."

Gloria thought to herself, *The blue sun really is beautiful.*

She fell asleep repeating that thought.

The next morning, Hana woke up and couldn't find Gloria. Worried, she started searching and finally spotted her in a corner of the yard, painting with tree branches.

The artwork was abstract, hard to decipher.

Hana didn't interrupt. Instead, she quietly notified Pharaoh and had someone bring over painting supplies.

She figured since Gloria had once been a painter, it made sense to start with something she loved.

Over time, Gloria became obsessed with painting. The upstairs rooms were soon filled with her work. Hana had the paintings framed and hung one by one in the other rooms on the second floor.

Meanwhile, back in the capital, Norah was relieved and happy to hear about Gloria's progress.

But along with that joy came guilt. She regretted not bringing Gloria home sooner—maybe then Gloria wouldn't have gone through so much pain.

Feeling remorseful, Norah asked the staff to buy some painting magazines and send them to the Yi tribe. Just then, a servant reminded her that Cooper's birthday was coming up and asked if she wanted to throw a party.

Only then did Norah remember—it was just two days away. More guilt washed over her.

What have I even been busy with lately? she wondered. *How could I forget something so important?*

She'd neglected her best friend and hadn't been paying close attention to her son either.

Noticing her low mood, the servant gently reassured her. "Madam, don't blame yourself. Some things are just destined, and you happened to be chosen to carry them out."

Norah smiled. "You're terrible at comforting people... but thank you. I do feel a bit better. Oh, and when you go pick up Cooper this afternoon, ask him if he wants to invite his classmates. I'll get the cards ready. Also, buy some birthday cards while you're out."

It was the first time Norah was celebrating Cooper's birthday here, and she was really looking forward to it.

Of course, she was also nervous—worried it wouldn't live up to expectations.

She realized she'd become more obsessive lately, which hadn't been her nature before.

Lowering her gaze to her belly, she murmured, "Baby girl, do you think Mommy's too moody? Is that a bad thing?"

Knowing this was something she needed to fix, Norah made up her mind to stop being so negative.

She had to stay optimistic and hopeful.

All of Cooper's classmates came to the party.

The gifts from them alone piled high, not to mention the ones from Kevin's friends and clients.

Cooper was thrilled. He excitedly dragged his classmates over to admire the presents, touching this and that. If Norah hadn't told them not to open anything yet, he probably would've torn through every box already.

One girl pointed to a small square box at the top of the pile and said, "I want to see that one. It looks so pretty."

Without hesitation, Cooper asked a servant to bring it down.

It was so light, it felt empty.

The girl shook the box and joked, "It's so light. Maybe it's just air inside?"

Two other kids laughed, covering their mouths. "Cooper, you're such a sucker. Someone gave you a box of air, and you're all excited about it."

Cooper frowned and grabbed the gift. "I don't believe that. There has to be something really cool inside."

His classmates egged him on to open it. Some even offered to bet their red flower stickers on the outcome.

"If it's not just air, you get all our red flowers," one said.

Cooper did a quick mental calculation. With those stickers, he could earn a certificate and use it to write a message for his baby sister.

He agreed and quickly opened the box while the adults weren't watching.

Inside, there was only a single piece of paper.

The girl who could read leaned over and read aloud, "If you want more gifts, come to the door."

She pouted and said dismissively, "That's dumb. My mom says real gifts should be given directly. Playing games like this means the giver isn't sincere."

But the other kids didn't care. They teased Cooper, saying he was too scared to go check.

Frustrated, Cooper turned to the girl. "Joyce, want to come with me? You can pick a gift too—anything you want."

Before Joyce could respond, another boy smirked and said, "Girls are usually scared. I bet Joyce won't go."

Neither Cooper nor Joyce liked being challenged.

Without another word, Joyce grabbed Cooper's hand, and they headed out together.

Outside the villa, it was quiet. Just some parked cars.

Cooper hesitated, but Joyce pointed to a white car not far away. "Look, there's a huge rag doll next to that one. That must be it!"

Cooper saw it too and hurried over with her.

But before they could reach the car, someone grabbed them.

They struggled and tried to scream, but their mouths were quickly covered. Within moments, they passed out.

Inside, no one noticed anything unusual.

When it was time to cut the cake, Norah looked for Cooper and realized he was gone. At the same time, Joyce's parents discovered their daughter was missing too.

Panic erupted. Thankfully, Kevin checked the surveillance footage and saw the kids being taken into a car.

Joyce's mother collapsed in tears.

Her father stepped aside to make a phone call, his face grim.

Kevin immediately dispatched people to track the white car. Before any leads came back, Joyce's father returned.

He said calmly, "Mr. Edwards, I'm sorry for the trouble. Don't worry—I'll get the kids back. Please trust me."

Norah was confused. "Mr. Gill, do you know who took them?"

Mr. Gill gave a wry smile. "I'm not sure yet. I need to step away for a bit. Please take care of my wife."

He spoke with a strange, secretive tone. Norah wanted to ask more, but Kevin gently stopped her.

He shook his head and subtly motioned toward Mrs. Gill.

Norah got the hint and asked the servants to escort the guests upstairs, while Kevin took care of the rest.

Upstairs, Mrs. Gill was still sobbing uncontrollably. Norah poured her a glass of water and sat across from her.

After a few minutes, the woman began to calm down.

Norah asked, “Do you know where your husband went?”

Mrs. Gill shook her head. “Mrs. Edwards, you don’t understand our family. I’ve never cared about what he does. After we got married, he promised to handle everything, and I’ve always left it to him.”

Norah finally understood.

Mrs. Gill was the type who stayed out of everything—spoiled and hands-off. She had no clue where her husband had gone.

All they could do now was wait.

Norah grew more anxious by the minute, terrified the children might be in danger.

Just then, Kevin pushed the door open and said, “We found the white car. It’s parked in the southern part of the city—near Gloria’s art exhibit. Does that ring a bell?”

Chapter 628

Norah didn’t respond right away. Her mind was lost in old memories.

Then Kevin added, “The back surveillance camera shows that Mr. Gill drove that white car away.”

“Mr. Gill?” Norah was stunned.

Isn’t he Joyce’s father?

Today was Cooper’s birthday. They were in Belourvinelle, and Kevin’s reputation was solid—nobody would dare mess with him. Why would Mr. Gill do something that self-destructive?

Kevin gently pulled Norah closer. “Your due date is near. I don’t want you worrying about all this. But I promised to keep you informed.”

He hesitated for a beat, then said, “Mr. Gill didn’t plan this. He was taken too. The real target was him. They wanted money from him. But... they didn’t expect our Cooper to be there.”

Kevin sighed heavily.

Norah's heart ached.

All they wanted was to live a peaceful life. To raise their children in peace.

How did it all get so complicated?

She looked at Kevin, eyes full of hope. "After all this suffering... do you think the rainbow will come?"

"Yes," Kevin whispered, gently brushing her hair. "And when I return, I'll bring Cooper back safely."

Then he kissed her on the forehead and left.

Kevin set off to negotiate with the people who had taken Cooper.

Their demands were clear: they only wanted Mr. Gill and his daughter.

Cooper was supposed to be released—but he outsmarted them and escaped.

Now they had no idea where he was.

Afraid Kevin would hunt them down, they issued an ultimatum: "The police are onto us. If you want your kid safe, drop the case. Also, transfer Gill's company assets to us. Do that, and your son goes free."

Kevin was furious. "Your problem is with Gill—not me. It's my son's birthday today, and if you don't send him back now, don't blame me for tracking your location and wiping you off the map!"

They clearly underestimated Kevin.

And when Cooper asked to use the bathroom while being transported, they allowed it—only because he was Kevin's son.

Who knew he'd use that chance to escape?

"Boss Edwards," the captors said, "It's not that we don't want to return your son. But if you had our location, you wouldn't be negotiating right now. Our demands are clear."

Kevin's voice turned cold. "Then Cooper's not with you anymore."

Boom—

His words hit like thunder.

They didn't expect Kevin to figure it out so quickly.

And during that brief pause in their response, Kevin's team locked onto their location.

Everything fell apart.

They finally understood: Never, ever cross Kevin Edwards.

None of the kidnapers got away.

Mr. Gill was lucky to survive—but Cooper and Joyce were missing.

As soon as he saw Kevin, Mr. Gill was desperate. "Mr. Edwards! I'm so sorry! It was all because of me. The kids said they needed to use the restroom at a service area, and we got separated..."

The rival company targeting Mr. Gill had planned all this because he had been interfering with their business.

Kevin's expression was sharp. "Which service area?"

"The Gaoz service area..." Mr. Gill replied after thinking for a second.

Kevin turned to Kian and said coldly, "Take them to Ghost Villa."

Not the police station—Ghost Villa.

That's where they'd suffer real consequences.

Kevin wanted to send a message: *You mess with me, you pay for it.*

Meanwhile, Cooper and Joyce had climbed into the back of a semi-truck filled with hay.

It was only half full, so they managed to roll inside and hide.

They didn't dare stick their heads out.

Eventually, the truck was stopped by highway patrol at a toll booth.

The moment he saw the police, Cooper finally relaxed.

He remembered Kevin's number and called it—not Norah's. She was pregnant, and he didn't want her getting too emotional.

When Kevin saw the unfamiliar number, he hesitated but picked up—and heard Cooper's voice.

“Dad.”

“Cooper!” Kevin’s heart nearly stopped. His breath hitched.

Cooper sounded calm. “Dad, the police rescued us. Come pick us up…”

He’d been through war. This was scary, yes—but it didn’t compare.

He and Joyce were okay. And he knew someone would find them.

Kevin rushed over immediately. When he saw Cooper with hay stuck in his hair, his heart twisted.

“No more big parties. From now on, we’ll just do something small at home. No classmates,” Kevin said quietly.

He and Norah had planned a big, joyful celebration—but the more people, the more unpredictable things became.

After what happened, Kevin was scared. If something had gone wrong… how would he face Norah?

Cooper held Kevin’s hand and said maturely, “Dad, I know you and Mom meant well. And you feel guilty about what happened. But I’m not a little kid anymore. I need to go through things like this so I can grow up—and protect myself.”

And protect Joyce.

Joyce had been scared the whole time, and Cooper was the one comforting her.

He promised her he’d always protect her.

Kevin noticed how Cooper looked at her. The kid was still young—but his words came from the heart.

After wrapping things up with the police, Kevin brought the two children safely back to Belourvinelle.

Chapter 629

The Gill family was incredibly grateful to Kevin.

Mr. and Mrs. Gill nearly dropped to their knees in front of him. “Mr. Edwards, we really owe you one this time. If it weren’t for you, we wouldn’t have known what to do!”

“You’re welcome,” Kevin replied simply.

To him, it was no big deal.

If Cooper hadn't been involved, Kevin wouldn't have bothered stepping in at all.

But Mr. and Mrs. Gill saw it as an opportunity. And since Joyce had a good relationship with Cooper, they were convinced of one thing:

They had to stay connected to Kevin.

Not only had their family turned their situation around, but their daughter was also set to live a life of luxury.

Even though Kevin had no interest in being involved with them, he didn't object whenever Cooper was around. Eventually, Mr. Gill and Mr. Edwards even started doing business together.

Joyce truly became Cooper's childhood sweetheart.

A month later.

Norah had reached her due date—but showed no signs of going into labor.

Kevin grew increasingly anxious and took her to the hospital. After all, delivering past the due date can lead to complications like meconium-stained amniotic fluid.

He went all out—booking a VIP suite and putting together a medical team of over a dozen people to care for her.

Norah, on the other hand, wasn't nearly as nervous.

It was her second pregnancy, and even though there were no signs of labor yet, she was already in the hospital. If things didn't progress naturally, the doctors were right there.

So she ate, drank, and rested as needed.

But!

Her situation was frustrating—fine during the day, but every night, she'd start having painful contractions. Not strong enough for delivery, but intense enough to keep her from sleeping.

Kevin saw everything and felt terrible.

He even suggested, "If it gets worse, maybe we should just do a C-section?"

He couldn't stand watching her suffer like this.

Without proper rest, how would she have the strength to give birth?

But Norah refused. “I delivered Cooper naturally. I don’t want another scar on my stomach.”

That would just be too much.

She didn’t want to endure both natural and surgical pain—it sounded like a nightmare.

“So what now?” Kevin was lost. He didn’t even trust most doctors, so he called Cody.

Cody looked at him, completely exasperated. “Kevin, I’m not an OB-GYN. I’m a general practitioner. I can’t control childbirth! You need to listen to the professionals. If they say a C-section is necessary, they’ll recommend it. And—”

Kevin caught it. “And what?”

Cody sighed and said, “There are guidelines now. Since your wife had a natural birth with the first child, she has to try for a natural one this time too.”

“What do you mean?” Kevin was confused.

When Norah had Cooper, the focus had been on detoxifying her system. The baby had been taken away by his biological father right after birth.

Kevin had been too focused on Norah to understand anything else.

Cody explained, “You know the government’s been encouraging second and third children, right? If every birth is a C-section and the mom has to wait three years between each, who’s going to want more kids?”

Kevin: “...”

It was the first time he’d heard of anything like that.

Still, no matter how powerful he was, he couldn’t just bend the rules set by the government.

If Norah didn’t want to go through the pain of both natural and surgical delivery, Kevin wanted to find another way.

Now that he finally understood the situation, he felt frustrated.

He even sat down with Norah to try and convince her. “Even though there’s pain-free surgery now, you’re going through this every night. Wouldn’t it be better to get it over with once? If you’re worried about scars, I’ll hire the best cosmetic surgery team for you. What do you think?”

The nightly pain was exhausting—and it didn’t completely go away during the day either.

How could she possibly have the strength to go through labor like that? It was a daily torment.

But Norah stood her ground. “No. I want a natural birth. Just because the baby’s taking its time doesn’t mean it won’t come. All my prenatal tests have been great. Recovery from natural birth is quicker. I don’t want to lie in bed for a week unable to move.”

She’d never had a C-section, but after hearing all about it, she was terrified at the thought of being bedridden in pain for seven days—and being left with a scar.

Kevin said softly, “But I hate seeing you suffer.”

Norah believed him.

During their remarriage and the entire pregnancy, Kevin had taken care of her with incredible attention and care.

She squeezed his hand and said, “The pain will pass. And the baby’s already here with us—we can’t back out now. There’s no way to return the baby. We just have to get through this.”

They had no choice but to welcome the baby, no matter how hard it got.

Three days later, still no progress. The nurse and doctor checked in and told Norah to walk more, use the yoga ball, and climb stairs.

If nothing changed, they’d have to intervene.

Unexpectedly, that night when Norah got up to use the bathroom, her water suddenly broke—and the pain hit hard.

Kevin was right there. The moment she said something felt off, he called for the doctor.

After the exam, they found she was already three centimeters dilated. It was time to move to the delivery room.

Norah thought this second labor was way worse than the first. At least the first time, there had been a gradual buildup. Now it was like—bam! She woke up, her water broke, and she was already three centimeters along. How could it be so fast and so painful?

Kevin requested full access to be with her the entire time.

Norah didn’t want him in there and even tried to push him out. “I can do this. There are doctors and nurses here.”

“But I want to be with you,” Kevin said firmly.

Back then, even if he'd wanted to be with her, he couldn't. They were going through a breakup, and he didn't want to hold her back.

But now, everything had changed. Things were finally going right for them. How could he leave her during such a big moment?

He held her hand tightly. "I'm not going anywhere. I'll stay right here with you until our daughter is born."

With Kevin at her side, Norah felt supported and stronger. Guided by the doctors and nurses, she breathed deeply, pushed hard, and followed every instruction.

From three centimeters to delivery, it took only three hours.

The doctor held up the newborn and said, "Mrs. Edwards, it's a girl..."

Chapter 630

The baby's face was so tiny—pink, wrinkled, with clenched little fists and a slightly open mouth. The more Norah looked at her, the more she adored her.

She thought back to the day Cooper was born. After everything she went through to bring him into the world, she barely got a glance before he was taken away—only to be declared dead.

Five years...

This time, she would raise her child herself.

"Give me a name—what should it be?"

Though Norah asked Kevin, she was already turning names over in her mind. She softly whispered, "Josie Edwards."

Kevin kissed her forehead and said, "Honey, how about giving our daughter your last name—White?"

"Really?"

Norah was surprised. Traditionally, children took the father's last name. Giving them the mother's name had only become more common in recent years. And now Kevin was the one suggesting it?

Kevin smiled. "When have I ever lied to you? What do you think about White... Laura White?"

This child felt like a gift from heaven—like a second chance for them to make up for everything they'd lost.

Norah repeated the name softly and nodded. “Okay.”

But then she thought of Cooper. “I never asked... who named Cooper? Was it you or your father?” She sighed. “Feels a little late to be asking this now, doesn’t it?”

“It’s not too late. You never stopped looking for him. You didn’t even believe I was dead. All these years, you’ve worked so hard. And ever since we got back to the capital, you’ve been doing everything for our family.” Kevin’s heart ached for her—he knew how much she’d done.

Then something occurred to him. “Wait, no—our daughter can’t be named Laura White. It sounds too much like your name. I think... she should be Reina White.”

“Okay.”

Norah had no objections.

When Norah was moved from the delivery room to a regular ward, Pharaoh and Cooper were already waiting.

The moment Pharaoh saw his newborn granddaughter, his heart trembled.

He hadn’t held a baby in years.

Losing Cooper, almost hurting Norah and Kevin—it was all a painful regret.

When Pharaoh finally held his granddaughter, he was so careful, his voice even trembled a little. “This is my little granddaughter. Have you picked a name yet? If not—”

He had already thought of a few.

Kevin said, “Yes. Reina White.”

“With Norah’s last name?” Pharaoh was slightly surprised.

Kevin nodded.

The name was set. And Kevin had approved it—it was official.

Interestingly, the name “Norah” had been given by Jack. If Jack hadn’t adopted and raised her, Norah might never have even known him. The name didn’t matter so much. Who really knew their ancestors’ surnames anyway?

“Very good.” Pharaoh smiled and placed a small sachet he’d specially made around Reina’s neck. “Your brother and sister-in-law will be here tonight.”

Baimo and Freyja had known Norah was due any day now, but Baimo had been tied up with responsibilities back at the Yi tribe. He only managed to come today—right as Norah gave birth.

Now, Baimo and Freyja were on a plane and couldn't be reached.

"Get some rest. I'll take care of my granddaughter," Pharaoh said.

He was thinking of moving the baby to another room so Norah could rest. Childbirth takes everything out of a woman.

But Norah didn't want to be separated from her daughter.

"Dad, it's okay. She's just a newborn—she won't be too noisy. And besides, I didn't get to raise Cooper when he was this little. This time, I want to do it myself. Kevin and I won't be able to give Cooper much attention for a while, so please look after him."

Hearing this, Pharaoh gently placed the baby beside Norah.

Norah held her daughter close, eyes full of tenderness.

"Don't be so formal," Pharaoh said. "Cooper's my grandson. I'm here to spend time with him anyway. You just focus on getting your strength back. Ask Kevin or the nanny if you need anything. I've got Cooper covered."

Cooper walked over to the bed, leaned on the guardrail, and lightly touched Reina's cheek.

So soft.

"Mom, my sister is so tiny." That was his first impression. "And she hasn't even opened her eyes yet."

Norah smiled, her heart full. "Newborns are always small. Cooper, even though Mommy had a baby girl, I love you just the same."

Cooper nodded. "I know, Mom. I also understand what happened between you and Dad. Go ahead and make up for everything you missed. Don't worry about me."

Before she got pregnant, Norah had asked for Cooper's approval.

He might be young, but Cooper was wiser and more mature than most kids his age.

Norah felt warmth and a deep ache in her heart hearing his words.

She stroked his little head. "How could I not care about you? You're my baby too."

"And Daddy's baby," Cooper added.

Kevin walked up behind him.

Except when he was at school, Cooper was always by Norah's side.

Jack, Gwen, and Pharaoh all made different dishes for Norah.

Freyja and Baimo couldn't get enough of the new baby. The entire ward was filled with warmth.

While they were at the hospital, Freyja decided to have a physical exam.

She and Baimo had been married for a long time and hadn't used any contraception, but she still hadn't gotten pregnant. Pharaoh had never pushed her, but she still felt uneasy.

The Yi people had their own doctors, and Pharaoh's medical skills were unmatched—but Freyja had always been too shy to ask him.

Now that they were in a hospital, she could get checked out properly. Deep down, she wanted to have a child with Baimo.

When the doctor heard she was trying to conceive and already married, he told her the truth. "A woman can't get pregnant on her own. If you haven't been married long, then no pregnancy yet is normal. But if you're concerned, it's best to do the checkup together as a couple."

Freyja was worried Baimo might not agree to a joint checkup. But before she could even look for him, he showed up right in front of her.

Baimo wrapped his arm around her shoulders and turned to the doctor. "Doctor, please give me a checkup form."

Freyja was stunned. She couldn't believe it.

He actually agreed to get checked—and she hadn't even told him about it beforehand. She'd come on her own, secretly.

But not only wasn't he angry—he was completely willing.

Freyja couldn't even put her feelings into words.

Holding the checklist, Baimo led her out. "From now on, anything important—talk to me first. We're husband and wife, okay? And something like this, of course we check together."