

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 401

Chapter 401

The moment the woman saw the military vehicle, Norah froze.

Norah's breath caught.

She stared at the approaching vehicle, her mind instantly picturing Kevin. She hoped it was him. She wanted nothing more than to see him now.

But as the doors opened, several unfamiliar, rugged-looking men stepped out.

Foreign soldiers.

As if she had found a lifeline, the woman clutching the child pointed straight at Norah, her face twisted with accusation.

Within seconds, the soldiers strode toward Norah. Their towering presence was overwhelming, making her appear small in comparison.

"Do you have a weapon?" one of them asked in broken Chinese.

"I do, but I haven't harmed anyone. This woman's child choked on the bread I gave them—I didn't poison the child. If you want the kid to live, you'd better step aside," Norah said firmly, locking eyes with the soldier.

She had simply pitied the child, but the murderous intent in the mother's gaze hadn't gone unnoticed.

Originally, she had planned to help—give the child food, fresh clothes, and let Karina trade for some money. But now, that no longer seemed necessary.

She could be compassionate, but she wasn't naive.

The woman clutched her child tighter, pointing an accusing finger at Norah. "She used us for experiments! That's why my child is suffering! She's a demon!"

Julissa, standing behind Norah, translated in real time.

Norah's lips curled into a cold smile. "Owning a gun isn't illegal here, and I haven't harmed anyone. Her child choked. If you rush to a hospital now, it's a dead end. I can save the child. But if you don't trust me..."

"Then I don't see the need to help."

Julissa translated her words word for word.

The soldiers studied Norah.

She was small, but the confidence in her stance and the steel in her voice were undeniable.

Norah exchanged a glance with Karina, who stepped forward. Julissa continued translating seamlessly.

"If there's nothing else, we're leaving."

The soldiers had been on routine patrol when they noticed a commotion. Expecting trouble, they had rushed over, only to find this scene unfolding.

For a brief moment, Norah had allowed herself to hope—hoped that it was Kevin arriving. But her excitement had been in vain.

With so many refugees here, she knew better than to get emotionally involved.

"There's something wrong with the child. Didn't you say you could help?" One of the soldiers blocked Norah's path.

Their weapons were heavy and imposing.

Norah's expression didn't change. "I offered my help, but she refused. If she wants it now, she can go find a doctor."

This wasn't Craggaville, where small towns had multiple hospitals. Here, a medical facility could be thousands of miles away.

The woman suddenly fell to her knees, clutching the child. Norah didn't understand her words, but she saw the tears pooling in her eyes.

The soldiers, however, remained unmoved. One of them lashed out, kicking the woman hard in the stomach.

She collapsed, writhing in pain, but never loosened her grip on her child.

She kept speaking, her voice trembling.

Norah, who had once carried a child for ten months, understood. The unbreakable bond between a mother and her child was something she knew all too well.

A mother would fight to the death for her child.

The child was innocent.

In the end, Norah couldn't just stand by. She stepped forward, took the child, and performed the Heimlich maneuver.

At first, nothing happened. Then, the child coughed violently, gasping until—finally—a chunk of bread flew out.

Tears of relief filled the woman's eyes. She pressed her hands together and bowed deeply toward Norah. "Thank you. Thank you..."

Norah didn't understand the words, but she understood the emotion.

"I only did it for your child," she said coolly, as Julissa translated.

What she didn't expect was that this simple act would paint a target on her back.

The soldiers moved in, closing ranks around her.

"Come with us."

The soldier who had spoken earlier now sounded firm.

"No! You can't take her!" Karina stepped in front of Norah, shielding her. Even the woman Norah had just saved rushed to her side, along with the other children she had helped.

"Julissa, translate!" Karina ordered.

Julissa immediately translated their words.

“We’re from the capital. The powerful nation behind us won’t allow you to take us by force. Before coming here, we informed the embassy. We are public officials. If anything happens to us, you’ll face the consequences.”

The soldiers exchanged glances, their eyes flicking between Norah and Karina. After a tense moment, they backed down, turned, and got into their vehicle.

But Norah knew—they would be watching her.

As soon as the soldiers left, Karina pulled out her phone to call their driver, urging him to hurry.

Their ride still hadn’t arrived, and the longer they stayed, the more trouble they risked.

Then, unexpectedly, the woman dropped to her knees before Norah.

She bowed her head, even knocking it against the ground.

Julissa translated. “Ms. White, she says she regrets her actions. She thanks you for feeding and saving her child. She wants to serve you—to become your slave—as a way of making amends.”

Norah hadn’t anticipated this turn of events. She didn’t need a servant. She wasn’t looking for reparation.

But she did need a local guide.

“Would you be willing to guide me?”

Julissa was sharp, but she was an educated outsider. She wouldn’t know the terrain or the hidden dangers that awaited them.

If Steven and Kevin were out there, they were likely in a far more perilous place.

“Ms. White, where do you want to go?” the woman asked cautiously.

“The Yi tribe.”

The woman’s face paled instantly, fear flashing in her eyes.

Norah caught it.

The Yi tribe was no ordinary place.

“If you guide me, I’ll pay you well,” Norah said. “Enough to keep you and your child safe.”

The woman hesitated, then glanced at her child.

Finally, she nodded.

At that moment, their ride—a black business van—pulled up. It was large enough for all of them.

But just as they stepped inside, another vehicle approached at breakneck speed.