

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 423

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Chapter 423

Norah introduced herself simply, "Hi, I'm Norah."

Kevin cut in casually, "Alright, let's move out."

Meanwhile, the child was being comforted by one of the aunts.

Chana stayed with the group, but her eyes kept drifting toward Norah and Kevin. She watched their every move, still uneasy. Noticing beads of sweat on Kevin's forehead, she saw her chance and pulled out a handkerchief she'd embroidered herself. "Captain Edwards, you're sweating. Let me help you wipe it off," she said, reaching out.

Before her hand could touch him, Kevin tilted his head away, keeping his distance. His tone was icy. "Don't bother."

Chana hesitated, then apologized, "I'm sorry, Captain Edwards. I just wanted to help."

Kevin pressed his lips together and ignored her, leaving Chana flustered. She didn't know how to get closer to him.

Norah noticed the exchange. It was clear Chana and Kevin had history. Even something as simple as wiping sweat seemed loaded.

As Norah was lost in thought, Kevin suddenly spoke up. "You can help me wipe it." He said it loud enough for Chana to hear, making his intentions obvious.

Chana's face fell, her hands clenching into fists.

Norah was caught off guard. "Huh?" She wasn't sure if Kevin was talking to her or Chana. She looked up and found him staring directly at her.

They were deep in the mountains, weighed down by heavy armor and weapons, trudging through what felt like an endless hike. This was part of their regular training, and Kevin was drenched in sweat.

Arlene, watching the scene unfold, was practically giddy. *This is straight out of a drama*, she thought. *Go on, wipe his sweat! Mark your territory!*

But Norah simply handed Kevin a tissue from her pocket. "Here, I only have these. If it's not enough, ask someone else."

Arlene's excitement deflated instantly.

Norah kept walking, unsure why she'd reacted that way. Kevin was the one who'd divorced her, yet now he was trying to get close again. It frustrated her. She didn't understand what he was playing at.

Kevin, unfazed by the rejection, calmly wiped his sweat with the tissue.

"Captain Edwards, let me help you!" Levi offered, trying to be helpful.

Kevin shot him a cold look and kicked his leg. "Get lost."

Levi was baffled. *Why does he always take it out on me?*

Norah and Kevin walked side by side, barely speaking. Arlene, ever the chatterbox, kept the conversation going.

"Why didn't you wipe his sweat? That was your chance!" Arlene whispered, practically bursting with frustration.

Norah shrugged. "Why would I? That's too personal."

Arlene glanced back at Chana. "That woman with the kid is watching. This would've made her back off!"

"Why?" Norah asked, turning to Arlene.

Arlene lowered her voice. "I think she's testing you. She's trying to figure you out, see how you'll react. It's all a game."

"Seriously?" Norah found it amusing and didn't give it much thought.

Arlene insisted, "She sees you as competition. Trust me, I've been there."

Norah wasn't bothered. "What's the point? If a man truly likes you, he won't be swayed by anyone else. Women fighting over men is pointless. It's not worth the energy."

Arlene nodded, considering Norah's words. "You've got a point."

Norah added, "When you like someone, if they're not into you, move on. There are plenty of men out there."

Arlene looked thoughtful, though still a bit confused.

When they returned to the village, the aunts were busy drying herbs. Norah pitched in, spreading the herbs out to dry so they could be packed and sold later. The villagers worked hard, and Norah admired their dedication.

Nearby, Kevin stood drinking water, his shirt soaked with sweat. He drank quickly, water dripping down his neck and into his collar. Chana couldn't take her eyes off him. She hadn't had much interaction with Kevin, but his looks and his role as team captain made him seem like a safe harbor to her. She was tired of the hardships of war and believed her beauty and talent could secure her a better life. But her attention kept shifting to Norah.

Chana knew she couldn't wait any longer.

"Norah, come change your clothes. You're soaked," one of the aunts called out.

Arlene chimed in, "You can borrow mine. We're about the same size."

"Okay," Norah agreed .

## **Chapter 424**

Norah didn't care what Kevin thought. She was simply telling the truth. From now on, they would be nothing more than strangers, and she wasn't about to dwell on a single relationship.

He needed to understand that she didn't need him. Ignoring the way Kevin looked at her, she took Arlene's arm and walked away.

Arlene, on the other hand, had believed this was a great opportunity. She hadn't expected it to end like this.

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An ancient building, made of bamboo and wood, stood tall amid mountains, rivers, and dense bamboo forests. The entire landscape was breathtaking, carrying an air of old-world charm.

The structure was massive, spanning several hundred square meters. Its wooden exterior walls were intricately carved with delicate patterns.

Suddenly, a woman's voice echoed from inside the house.

"Brother."

Inside the study, a man sat in silence. The study itself was vast, its walls lined with bookshelves towering seven or eight meters high, filled with countless books. He didn't react to the voice, his expression unreadable as he continued reading.

"Brother." The woman stepped in, her face lighting up at the sight of him. "Why didn't you tell me you were back? I've been waiting forever."

Without looking up, the man responded flatly, "Why are you here?"

"I missed you, of course!" She moved closer, clinging to his arm. "You have no conscience. You didn't even come see me when you returned."

"You're doing just fine over there," he said indifferently.

"That may be true, but it's not as fun without you around," she pouted.

He remained silent.

"Why are you always so cold to me?" she complained. "I'm your only sister."

Finally, he glanced at her. Her eyes were filled with longing as she continued, "Everyone else has a brother who cares about them. I want that too. Didn't you bring me a gift?"

Pulling his arm away, he put down his book and walked toward the window. "If you want something, just say the word. Someone will bring it to you. There's no need for all this."

"That's not the same!" she huffed, following him. "By the way, where did you go this time? Was it fun? Next time, take me with you. I want to see it too."

"Journi," he said coolly. "I wasn't traveling for fun."

Journi changed the subject. “Fine. Then will you come with me to visit Father?”

“Did he send for me?”

“No,” she admitted, “but he still wants you by his side.”

“If it’s not a direct order, I’m not going back.”

“Why?” she asked, frustrated.

“If there’s nothing else, you should leave,” he said, dismissing her.

Journi clenched her fists, irritation flashing in her eyes, but she didn’t let it show.

As he walked away, she remained standing outside, staring at the ancient building, unwilling to accept his coldness.

“Miss, are we leaving?” asked one of the guards her father had assigned to her.

Journi’s expression darkened. “How can he be so heartless? What did I do wrong? I’m his sister!”

“Don’t let it upset you, Miss. The young master has always been this way,” her personal bodyguard, Owen, reassured her.

Owen was tall—about six feet—his tanned skin and cropped hair giving him a sharp, disciplined look. A weapon rested at his side, ever at the ready. His job wasn’t just to protect her physically; he also had to keep her emotionally steady.

Journi turned to him. “Is my brother like this with everyone?”

“I don’t have much direct contact with him, but yes, he’s always been distant, never getting too involved with anything,” Owen answered.

That response gave Journi a bit of comfort. “Where was he all this time, anyway?”

“He often visits nearby villages.”

“Really?” Journi scoffed. “And what’s so fascinating about that?”

Owen simply replied, “He sees things differently.”

Journi frowned. "Father doesn't care what he does?"

"No."

She fell silent, but curiosity sparked in her eyes. What was so special about those villages? She wanted to find out for herself.

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"Why does it feel like there's something odd between you and Captain Edwards?" Arlene asked. "It seemed so tense. Like you two have a history."

"You're not wrong," Norah admitted.

Arlene was stunned. "Wait... what?!"

But Norah's mind wasn't on Kevin. She had been in the village for so long, yet she had found no information about the Pharaoh. "Didn't you say the Pharaoh was protecting you before? The village has fallen now. I thought he'd keep watching over you."

At the mention of the Pharaoh, Arlene sighed. "Our village was safe for a long time, but recently, it's been targeted by allied forces. No one knows what's going to happen. The Pharaoh has been good to us—he taught us a lot and sent supplies—but even he couldn't stop the civil strife. If the government can't fix it, what can we do?"

"He sent supplies?" Norah frowned. "When? I never heard about that."

"Not recently. It was before. Captain Edwards has been protecting the village, and outsiders can't get in easily. But once he leaves... who knows? If you ever come back, I might already be dead." Arlene let out a bitter laugh.

Norah's chest tightened. "Don't say that, Arlene. I shouldn't have brought it up."

Arlene gave a small smile. "It's fine. I was born into this life. Nothing's off-limits to talk about."

Norah felt for her but knew she couldn't interfere. She was powerless.

"Miss Norah."

A voice interrupted them. Chana stood a few feet away, calling out to her.

“What’s wrong?” Norah asked.

“I’m cooking and wanted to try making Chinese food. Can you teach me?”

Norah hesitated. “I don’t cook often. I’m not great at it.”

Chana looked surprised. “Women should know how to cook and do laundry. I thought you would.”

Norah stiffened. “In my country, cooking and laundry aren’t just a woman’s job. Men and women are equal. There’s no such thing as ‘women’s work’ or ‘men’s work.’”

Chana stared at her, taken aback. She had never met a woman who thought like that.

To Chana, household chores were second nature, ingrained in her upbringing. But now, she suddenly felt lacking compared to Norah.

Still, she quickly changed the subject. “Really? But don’t women have to marry and have children? I just wanted to cook for Captain Edwards as a surprise. If you’re not experienced, I don’t even know who to ask!”

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Norah studied Chana, puzzled by her words. It felt like Chana was dropping hints, but Norah wasn’t sure what she was getting at. She decided to play along. “What are you planning to do for Kevin?” she asked.

Chana laughed lightly. “Captain Edwards has been so kind to me and my son. I’m incredibly grateful. He even offered to take us back to Craggaville. He saved our lives when he was injured, and I don’t know how to repay him.” She paused, then added, “I’ve noticed he’s always alone. Is he single?”

Norah shrugged. “Why don’t you ask him yourself?”

Chana looked embarrassed. “How could I ask something like that? I thought since you’ve talked to him a lot, you might know...”

Norah cut her off. “You’ve been around him for a while now. Shouldn’t you already know? Or are you worried I’ll get in the way of whatever you’re trying to do with him?”

Chana quickly backtracked, her tone softening. “That’s not what I meant at all. Miss Norah, I know Captain Edwards doesn’t feel that way about you. You’ve misunderstood me. Did I offend you? I’m sorry...”

Norah didn't want to escalate things, so she forced a smile. "If you didn't mean it that way, then neither did I. Miss Chana, if you want to learn how to cook, maybe ask someone else. I'm not the right person for that. I'm not exactly the type to wash my hands and make soup."

"Okay, I understand," Chana said, lowering her head as she slowly walked out.

The moment Chana stepped outside, a small smile crept onto her face. She had expected Norah to be more formidable, but it seemed like there was nothing to worry about. Chana was confident she could handle things from here.

Laundry, cooking, thrifty housekeeping—these were things she could learn. After all, she was a woman, and these skills came naturally. She thought about preparing a special dinner for Kevin tonight.

With that in mind, Chana got to work.

Later that evening, another bonfire was lit. Norah gazed up at the starry sky, feeling a pang of homesickness. She wondered when she'd be able to return home.

"Ms. White!" Levi's voice broke her thoughts. His hair was still damp as he approached her.

Norah turned to him. "What is it?"

Levi held out a belt. "Captain Edwards left this with me. Can you take it to his tent?"

Norah raised an eyebrow. "Why don't you do it?"

Levi sighed. "I'm on duty tonight. Everyone's heading to the river, and I'm about to switch shifts. It's too late for me to go. Please, can you help me out? If Captain Edwards finds out I messed up again, he'll definitely punish me!"

Seeing Levi's pleading expression, Norah reluctantly agreed. "Fine, I'll take it to his tent."

"Thanks! You're a lifesaver!" Levi gave her a thumbs-up before hurrying off.

Norah sighed, holding the belt. She didn't have much of a choice but to help.

Meanwhile, Chana had learned that Kevin hadn't eaten dinner. After their mission earlier, everyone had been sweating heavily and had gone to bathe in the river. Seeing that Kevin's tent was empty, Chana seized the opportunity. She brought in the meal she'd prepared, dressed in her favorite outfit, her hair neatly combed.

Stepping inside, she noticed the air in the tent felt different—charged, almost. She folded the quilt, tidied up the tables, and arranged the food she'd cooked. The ingredients were all from the troops' supplies.

Chana sat down, waiting patiently. To pass the time, she began organizing Kevin's clothes, folding them neatly. She wanted to appear helpful, like the perfect homemaker.



Suddenly, she heard a voice outside. "Captain Edwards!"

Chana stood up, her heart racing with anticipation.

Kevin walked in, his hair still wet from the river. The top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing his toned chest—a testament to his rigorous training. His sharp features and impeccable physique made him undeniably attractive.

Chana approached him with a towel. "Captain Edwards!"

Kevin's expression turned cold the moment he saw her. "What are you doing here?"

Chana smiled nervously. "I heard you hadn't eaten tonight, and I didn't want you to go hungry. I made some homemade dishes for you." She gestured to the table. "I know you might not be used to the food here, so I tried making some Chinese dishes. They might remind you of home."

"Get out," Kevin said, his voice icy.

Chana's smile faltered. "Captain Edwards..."

"Don't make me say it again," he warned, his tone sharp.

Chana's eyes welled up. This was her only chance, and she couldn't let it slip away. Desperate, she stepped forward, reaching out to hug him. "Please, don't send me away. You're all I have now..."

Just as she moved closer, Norah walked into the tent.