

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 426

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## Chapter 426

Norah thought Kevin hadn't returned. She left the leash there and walked away, only to stumble upon this scene.

Her face froze instantly. It felt like she had arrived at the worst possible moment.

She was intruding on something intimate.

Chana saw Norah and seized the moment, turning to Kevin with desperation in her voice. "As long as you don't mind... I can be your woman. Even if it's just for a short while, I'm willing..."

Chana's plea was humble—she only wanted protection. With her husband gone, she and her child had no one to rely on. Kevin was her best chance at survival.

The constant fighting meant they never knew when their lives might be taken.

If Kevin took Chana back to Craggaville, she and her child would be safe. But even if she remained in the Yi tribe, she hoped her connection with Kevin would secure his protection.

In a war-torn land, survival depended on having someone powerful behind you.

The moment Kevin saw Norah, he froze. He hadn't expected her to walk in at that moment. Instinctively, he pulled his hand away from Chana.

Norah didn't wait. Without stepping fully inside, she spoke coldly. "I'm just here to deliver something. I'll be on my way."

She didn't even enter the room, simply hanging the belt on the nearest shelf.

"Norah," Kevin called after her.

She didn't turn back. Instead, she quickened her pace, outwardly composed but internally shaken. The only thing she could do now was escape.

Kevin didn't hesitate—he had to explain. He took a step toward her, but Chana grabbed his hand. "Captain Edwards!"

Her pleading eyes searched his for any sign of mercy. She hoped he would protect her, even just a little longer.

She had thought she was special. But Kevin's expression turned cold. "I saved you for your dead husband's sake. If you overstep, leave immediately."

His words were firm, devoid of sympathy.

Chana's face paled. She hadn't expected such a ruthless rejection.

Kevin had kept her with the army only because of her husband's sacrifice. He had been a Chinese soldier who had fought alongside them and ultimately lost his life.

Because of that, Chana had trusted them, hoping for kindness. She had been helpful to their unit, bridging the language gap and assisting them in crucial moments. Her husband's contributions had earned her a safe place.

But Kevin had no interest in anything beyond that. Any further expectations only repelled him.

Chana finally let go.

Kevin rushed outside.

"Norah!"

Norah quickened her steps, but Kevin was faster. Within seconds, he caught her by the arm.

She turned to him, forcing a calm smile. "What is it, Captain Edwards?"

"It's not what it looked like," Kevin said.

"What are you talking about?" Norah said expressionlessly. "I just saw you and Chana together. We're divorced. You're single. It's none of my business."

Kevin frowned but still explained. "Chana means nothing to me. I only saved her because her husband was from Craggaville and helped us. That's all."

Norah let out a sarcastic chuckle. “Oh, I see. I’ve heard it all before—how many women here have lost everything and needed saving? You took pity on her because she looked good, didn’t you? Except this time, she has a child. If you really end up with her, I hope you’re ready to be a stepfather. But hey, if that’s what you want, who am I to judge?”

“I didn’t know she was going to enter my tent,” Kevin said. “And it’s definitely not what you think. I only helped her because of her husband’s past service. That’s it.”

Norah yanked her arm free and said coldly, “Why are you even explaining this to me? We’re divorced. I don’t care.”

Kevin’s hand grasped at nothing but air. For a moment, he had forgotten that they were no longer together. His instincts had taken over.

He hadn’t wanted her to misunderstand. He hadn’t wanted her to walk away thinking he had moved on. But now, realizing the reality of their situation, he forced himself to step back.

“I’m sorry,” Kevin murmured. “I didn’t mean to overstep.”

Norah clenched her fists, her anger flaring.

She didn’t understand him. Not at all.

What was he afraid of? Why was he holding back?

She was the only one bottling up her emotions while he remained distant.

“You should get some rest,” Kevin finally said. “Don’t stay up too late.”

Norah stared at him, daring him to look away first.

When she didn’t respond, Kevin turned and walked back toward his tent.

Norah watched him go, staring at his broad back. He was such a strong, commanding figure—so why did he seem so hesitant?

This wasn’t the Kevin she knew.

If she had to choose, she’d rather deal with the Kevin who had never cared about her at all.

At least then, she knew what to expect.

Now, he wasn't being himself at all.

She finally lost her patience and shouted after him. "Kevin! Are you even a man? Can you face me properly? One moment you act like you care, the next you avoid me! What do you want? Just be honest! Why do you keep explaining yourself to me? If you really don't care, then leave me alone!"

Her voice trembled with emotion. She needed to vent all the frustration she had bottled up inside.

She could feel his concern for her, yet he kept stepping away, keeping his distance.

Wasn't that just another way of torturing her?

Norah's eyes burned, and her breath came out in quick bursts.

Hearing her words, Kevin stopped in his tracks.

His eyes darkened, as if something had snapped inside him.

Without warning, he turned back and walked straight toward her, each step faster than the last.

Norah's heart pounded.

She had only meant to vent. She hadn't expected him to react at all.

Kevin was supposed to stay calm, to let her anger roll off him like he always did.

But this time was different.

She barely had time to process what was happening before he stood in front of her, breathing hard, his hands gripping her face.

And then, without a word, he kissed her.

## **Chapter 427**

Norah's eyes widened in shock. It felt like a dream—so surreal that she forgot how to react.

Kevin deepened the kiss, stealing her breath, savoring her sweetness. He wrapped his arms tightly around her waist, as if afraid of losing her again. In that moment, he poured out all the longing and emotion he had held back for so long.

He had missed her.

Every single day, she had been on his mind.

In the face of danger, she was his one glimmer of hope.

Norah felt the intensity of his emotions. She didn't resist. Instead, she clung to him, pressing herself against his broad back, responding with everything she had.

Her eyes closed, and inexplicably, tears welled up and spilled over. She couldn't stop them.

Kevin wiped her tears away with his fingertips and kissed her deeply, his actions speaking louder than any words ever could.

Before she knew it, they were inside his tent. When she came back to her senses, Kevin was holding her, gently laying her down on the bed.

She cupped his face with both hands, gazing into his dark, burning eyes, her breath coming fast and unsteady.

The food Chana had brought sat untouched. They were alone.

Norah lost herself in the moment. After everything they had been through—surviving in a war-torn country, enduring countless hardships—she realized she had to cherish this second chance.

She didn't know how much time they had left.

Even if it was fleeting, she wouldn't regret it.

Kevin's breathing was heavy, his body burning hot. The muscles in his arms tensed as he pulled her closer, his voice husky in her ear. "There could be an attack at any moment. Stay by my side—I need to protect you."

Hearing those words, Norah felt her heart clench.

He had been afraid of losing her all along. Ever since she left Craggaville, he hadn't slept well, constantly worrying about her safety.

Outside their country, danger lurked everywhere.

Her resolve wavered.

She had told herself to stay strong, to keep her distance, but she couldn't hold out anymore. Her walls crumbled in an instant.

She looked straight into his eyes and whispered, "If you were so afraid of losing me, why did you push me away? Why did you give me everything you owned? Were you planning to die?"

She was desperate for answers.

Once, she had believed she understood him better than anyone. She thought she could read his every glance, every thought.

But now, she realized she didn't know him at all.

Why had he done this? Why had he made such a painful choice?

He had always known that joining the army came with risks, but why had he gone to such extremes?

Kevin didn't meet her eyes. Instead, he pulled her even closer, resting his chin on her shoulder as if afraid that saying it out loud would make it real. "Don't ask."

Norah's heart tightened with worry. She hadn't been at peace for a single moment since he left. "Do you ever take my words seriously? Sometimes, when I'm angry, I say things I don't mean."

When people are at their lowest, they say things they later regret.

What she truly wanted was for him to be safe.

Kevin remained silent. He didn't have the courage to tell her what fate awaited him.

Saving Steven had been his choice, one he had made without hesitation.

"It's fine," he finally murmured. "It's something I was meant to do."

He wanted the people she cared about—Steven, Jace—to come back so that she wouldn't be left alone.

Norah gripped his sleeve. "What about you?"

Kevin gave her a small, almost bitter smile. "Haven't I already lived well enough? Compared to what they've endured, I've had it easy."

Her nose tingled with emotion, and tears threatened to spill again.

She tilted her head back, refusing to let them fall.

She had always feared that sentimentality would weaken her resolve.

Then another thought struck her. “How did I survive the poisoning? Where did you find the antidote?”

It made no sense. Countless people had searched for a cure and failed. Yet somehow, she had been saved.

Kevin hesitated before answering. “I asked for it.”

Norah frowned. “From whom?”

“...My father.”

Norah’s breath caught. “Your father?”

“Not Martin. My biological father,” Kevin said coldly.

She was stunned. “You found him?”

“He found me.”

Norah hadn’t expected that. But from Kevin’s tone, it was clear that he hadn’t wanted to be found.

They were strangers, bound by blood but nothing more.

And he had only acknowledged his father for one reason—to save her.

A pang of guilt settled in her chest. She had forced him into a situation he never wanted.

“I put you in a terrible position,” she whispered.

Kevin shook his head. “Don’t say that. Your life means everything to me.”

Her heart sank. “Was saving me part of some kind of deal?”

He nodded. “I made an agreement with him. In three months, I’ll no longer be Kevin Edwards. That’s why I gave you everything. My grandfather’s legacy—it belongs to you now. I trust you to protect it. You and Jace will be safe.”

This was his way of ensuring her future, even at the cost of his own.

Norah didn’t know whether to feel grateful or heartbroken.

It all made sense now.

His decision to leave her. The way he had pushed her away.

It had all been planned from the beginning.

Norah let out a bitter laugh.

She understood now.

For him, her survival had been more important than his own.

She buried her face against his chest, her voice trembling. "So we don't have much time left."

"...No."

Not only did he have little time, but he didn't know how long he would even remain himself.

He had chosen his path.

It was both heartbreaking and strangely warm.

Norah exhaled deeply, letting go of her resistance. She had spent so long fighting, holding herself back. But not anymore.

She cupped Kevin's face and kissed him. "Then what are we waiting for?"

Kevin's gaze darkened with emotion.

"We're free here. I want to spend this time with you, even if it's only for a few days." Norah gave a bitter smile. "Do you want me to beg?"

His expression grew more intense. He had been holding back, afraid of hurting her.

But Norah wasn't going to wait any longer.

She had known him for years, but she had never been this reckless. She pressed kisses against his lips, his jaw, his cheek—each one igniting something deep inside him.

Kevin's control snapped. His muscles tensed, his breathing ragged. He grabbed the back of her head, stopping her, his grip firm but gentle.

At that moment, he was like a beast ready to devour her whole.

Chapter 428

"Is this okay?" Kevin asked in a low voice, his tone cautious. "You won't regret it?"

He wanted Norah's consent. He didn't want this to be an impulsive decision for her.

“No regrets,” Norah replied, meeting his gaze. “We’ve been married for so long. At least let us be real husband and wife, even if it’s just once.”

She wasn’t asking for much. After all, how could they be content with just a nominal marriage? Even though they had a child together, Norah still felt there were too many unresolved feelings between them. They shouldn’t end like this.

“Okay,” Kevin said softly.

He leaned down and kissed her, his movements gentle, as if she were the most precious gift he’d ever received. Norah melted into his touch, every part of him feeling electric against her skin. Her body tingled, the line between reality and dream blurring.

She felt soft, pliant, like water in his hands.

Every now and then, a jolt of pleasure would shoot through her, and she couldn’t help but let out a sound. Kevin’s breathing grew ragged, sweat dripping from his forehead as he held himself back, careful not to hurt her. But the heat coursing through his veins was overwhelming, his self-control slipping.

His eyes darkened, his grip on her arm tightening slightly, leaving faint red marks on her skin. Norah gasped, a mix of pain and pleasure coursing through her.

The night was long, intense, and unforgettable.

A fiery collision.

Like fire.

Like water.

...

When Norah finally woke, her body felt foreign—light, soft, and aching. She opened her eyes to the familiar sight of a tent, but this wasn’t hers.

Last night hadn’t been a dream.

She’d mustered the courage to take that step, and now, in the cold light of day, she felt a flicker of embarrassment. But she didn’t regret it. Still, facing Kevin again made her nervous.

To her surprise, Kevin was already gone. The space beside her was cold, the residual warmth long faded. He must have left early.

Glancing outside, she realized it was late. They usually woke at five, but the sun was already high in the sky.

The memories of last night flooded back—the passion, the intensity, the exhaustion that had pulled her into a deep sleep.

She sat up quickly, wincing as pain shot through her lower back and thighs. Her body felt heavy, drained. Was it age, or just lack of exercise?

Pulling back the covers, she reached for her clothes, noticing the marks scattered across her skin. Kevin had been rougher than she'd expected. Even her wrists were red.

Why had he been so forceful this time?

Shaking off the thought, she dressed quickly, eager to leave before anyone noticed her coming out of Kevin's tent.

As she stepped outside, she was relieved to find the area empty—except for Levi, who was chopping wood in the distance.

"Ms. White!" Levi called out when he saw her, wiping sweat from his brow.

Norah approached, trying to sound casual. "Where's Captain Edwards? I didn't see him."

Levi shrugged. "He ordered us to chop wood, but he's not with us. If he comes back, I'll let you know."

"That's not necessary," Norah said quickly.

Levi gave her a polite smile. "Did you sleep well last night?"

The question made her cheeks burn, but she kept her tone even. "I slept fine. You can get back to work."

Levi nodded, oblivious to her discomfort.

Norah walked away, her mind swirling. Last night hadn't been a dream, but Kevin's absence made it feel surreal. She didn't dwell on it, though. If he returned, she'd hear about it soon enough.

She headed to help the aunts with the herbs, but before she could start, Arlene came running over, excitement lighting up her face.

"Norah! You're finally up! Did you sleep in? Baimo's back!"

At the mention of Baimo, Arlene's excitement was palpable. "Everyone's gone to see what treasures he brought this time. Come on, let's go!"

Norah felt a wave of relief. At least Baimo was safe. After the Confederates had invaded during his absence, she'd worried something might have happened to him.

As they walked, Norah asked, “Does Baimo always bring gifts when he returns?”

“Always!” Arlene beamed. “Teacher Baimo’s so generous, and he’s kind and handsome too. All the girls in the village adore him. If he weren’t so out of my league, I’d want to marry him when I’m older. But even if he doesn’t notice me, I’ll still like him!”

Norah smiled faintly, her thoughts drifting. “He must be well-off, then.”

“He’s here to teach,” Arlene said. “Not for money or anything else. Just to help the children learn.”

Norah nodded, thoughtful. Baimo’s generosity and willingness to stay in such a remote, impoverished place spoke volumes about his character.

When they reached the school, they found it bustling with activity. The building had been damaged in the bombing, but with Kevin’s men and the villagers working together, it was slowly being rebuilt.

The girls in the village were already admiring their gifts—books, cosmetics, and other small treasures. The boys had received books as well.

Baimo stood at the edge of the school, near the cliff with the waterfall behind him. Dressed in white, he looked almost ethereal, like a figure from a fairy tale.

Norah studied him, noticing how different he seemed from the Yi people—his skin, his features, everything about him stood out.

“Teacher Baimo!” Arlene called out, waving enthusiastically.

Baimo turned, his face lighting up with a smile as he saw them approaching. “When did you two become so close?”

Arlene grinned. “Norah and I are good friends now.”

Baimo’s eyes softened with approval. “I’m glad to hear that.”

“She saved my brother and so many children,” Arlene said, her tone turning somber. “She’s a hero to us. You don’t know how bad it was while you were gone. The school was bombed, the village was attacked... If it weren’t for Captain Edwards, we might not have made it. But at least you’re safe, Teacher. That’s what matters.”