

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 486

Chapter 486

"I don't want it. If I go over there, where would I even find the time to spend money?" Norah protested, shaking her head.

Jack's expression turned serious. "Norah, didn't you say that we will always be your parents? That means we're family, and isn't it natural for parents to support their children?"

Gwen added softly, "Norah, once you're there, you'll inevitably run into situations where you'll need money. Think about the poor, the injured children, the elderly—if you see them struggling, wouldn't you want to help?"

Jack's voice was calm, no longer filled with grief but rather deep understanding.

Norah hadn't expected them to think about things from that perspective. She opened her mouth to respond but found herself at a loss for words.

Gwen reached for her hand. "Take it. This is just a small token from us. If you use it to help others, then maybe the heavens will watch over you in return. We just want you to come back safely."

After a moment of hesitation, Norah finally accepted the bank cards. She had initially planned to keep her trip a secret from them, but she realized that hiding it would only make them worry more. It was better to be upfront.

To her surprise, they understood her completely. If she refused the money, they wouldn't feel at ease.

The meal that followed was warm and filled with love.

Jack and Gwen kept piling food onto Norah's plate, reminding her, "When you're over there, take lots of pictures and send them to us. Video call when you have time. And if you ever want to come home, just come back. Don't force yourself to endure anything alone, okay?"

Norah nodded, feeling a deep sense of gratitude. They weren't rich or powerful, but to her, they were the best parents in the world.

Since Norah was heading into a war zone as a correspondent, she couldn't take much with her. They had already told her everything they needed to say.

Finally, Jack and Gwen watched her leave.

On the drive back, Norah turned to Karina. "I have a plan, and it doesn't involve you coming with me. You have your own life to live, and your own dreams to chase. Go be with the person you love."

Karina looked stunned. "Norah, what are you talking about? You're going into a war zone! How can you tell me not to follow you?"

Norah smiled gently. "I'm not pushing you away. I just want you to live your own life. You and Levi... you two have a chance. When the time comes, you'll get married, and I'll definitely come back to attend your wedding."

Karina's eyes welled up. "How can you joke about something like that? Levi and I aren't even together, how can you talk about marriage? And don't think you can just push me aside. I didn't recognize you in the beginning because Archer injected you with poison and failed to protect you. I lost you once, and now—"

"Karina, you've already done so much," Norah interrupted, pulling her into a hug. "You're not a prophet. You can't blame yourself for everything that happened. You've suffered enough."

Norah knew what Karina had endured. When she was rescued from the slave camp, she had been covered in scars and had lost her memory. The pain she had endured was unimaginable.

Karina clenched her fists. "You're going to be a war correspondent, but I can be there to protect you. If you're in danger, I can—"

Norah shook her head. "Karina, you have your own path. Don't worry. I made this decision, and I know how to protect myself."

Karina knew Norah too well. Once she set her mind on something, no one could change it. Outwardly, she didn't argue, but deep down, she had already made her own decision—she would find a way to stay by Norah's side. Not just for herself, but for Kevin. And for Jace.

With everything settled, Norah set off for Country S.

Five years later.

Norah had become an experienced war correspondent. That day, as usual, she was reporting on the latest developments in the northern part of Country S.

But halfway through, the sky turned crimson from the flames of war.

The battle she was supposed to cover was suddenly overshadowed by a larger conflict. With no other option, she evacuated with the army. The sound of gunfire rang through the air, and it wasn't clear how much time had passed before the fighting finally ceased.

Once it was safe, Norah resumed her reporting and then joined the soldiers in the rescue efforts.

That was when she saw him—a child trapped under a collapsed concrete slab. A small table beneath had barely kept him from being crushed. His face, covered in dust, was the only part of him visible.

Without hesitation, Norah rushed over to help.

As she approached, the child looked up at her with wide, frightened eyes and whimpered, "Mom..."

Her heart clenched.

Norah had spent five years in Country S, witnessing countless tragedies and saving many lives. But she never expected that single word—*Mom*—to hit her like a crushing weight. It felt like invisible hands had tightened around her chest, making it hard to breathe.

She didn't have time to process the emotions surging through her. She immediately started removing the debris, but the slab was heavy, and she was struggling.

The child's legs were pinned. He reached out, grabbing her tightly. "Mom, don't leave me... Please, don't go... I missed you so much..."

Norah instinctively pulled him into her arms, holding him close. That was when she realized—he was a little boy.

She gently stroked his back. "Don't be afraid. I'm here. Just hold on a little longer—I'll get help."

Raising her hand, she called out, "I need help over here!"

Nearby soldiers, searching for survivors, spotted her and rushed over.

Within moments, several men in military uniforms arrived. They worked quickly, lifting the debris with practiced efficiency. In just a couple of minutes, the boy was finally free.

Norah exhaled in relief as she watched them carefully pull him out. The soldiers from Country S glanced at one another, their expressions unreadable.

Before she could process anything further, another group of soldiers approached.

Leading them was a man wearing a silver mask, striding toward her with purpose.

Chapter 487

Cooper took the sweet potato, but he didn't devour it. Instead, he ate slowly, savoring each bite. Norah poured him another glass of water.

"If you're still hungry, I can get more for you."

Cooper shook his head. Norah knew he wasn't the talkative type.

Not wanting to stare at him while he ate, Norah busied herself tidying up inside the tent. Just then, a horn blared.

It was a rally call.

Something was happening in the army.

What she didn't expect was for Cooper to put down the sweet potato, stand up straight, and salute her in perfect military form.

Norah was stunned.

He was only five years old—how could he move with such precision? Was he the child of a soldier?

Realizing the significance of what she had just seen, she decided to contact the embassy.

If Cooper was the child of a fallen soldier, he couldn't be left behind in a foreign land.

“Cooper, you're not a soldier, but you know how to do that. Who taught you? Do you remember?”

Norah crouched in front of him, her dark eyes shining with curiosity.

Cooper hesitated for a moment before finally answering in a soft voice.

“Grandpa.”

Though his response was brief, Norah understood.

His grandfather must be gone. Otherwise, he wouldn't be out here alone, tattered and covered in dust.

“Get some rest. I need to step out for a while. If I'm not here, don't wander off, okay?” She gently ruffled his hair.

Cooper nodded obediently.

...

Norah headed straight to the embassy.

She explained everything to the person in charge. “The child you asked me to take in, I learned his name is Cooper. He told me he's never seen his parents, but when he heard the rally call, he stood at attention in perfect military posture. I asked him who taught him, and he said his grandfather. I'm concerned he might be the child of a fallen soldier. Could you send someone over to speak with him and see if we can find his family? He deserves a stable home.”

The embassy agreed to investigate, but the official in charge reminded her, “We can't make any determinations based on a single conversation. It will take at least three days for us to verify his identity. In the meantime, stay close to him. He seems to trust you. Try to get more details.”

“I'll do my best.”

Norah couldn't make any promises, but now that she had come across this situation, she couldn't turn a blind eye.

On her way back, she stopped at the market.

Because of the war, all markets had been relocated to underground bomb shelters. They were hot, stuffy, and overcrowded. It took her over two hours just to make her way through. She picked out two sets of clothes for Cooper and stocked up on food.

By the time she returned to the camp, it was already 8 p.m.

From a distance, she saw Cooper standing at the entrance of the tent. The moment he spotted her, he ran straight toward her and wrapped his arms around her tightly.

Norah was surprised. For a child who barely spoke and had just met her, he was incredibly attached.

But then again, she had only helped him because the army found him first. He was Chinese, a child alone in a war zone. That was all there was to it. Nothing more.

“Come inside. I bought something for you.”

Norah had also picked up some supplies for the army, though they didn’t really need her help. Still, she often brought food and medicine to the poor and injured. The cooks in the camp knew her well.

Cooper held her hand tightly, his palms sweaty.

“Look, do you like these?” Norah pulled out the clothes. Because white clothes would get dirty too quickly, she had chosen a camouflage set and another in sky blue.

She didn’t want to carry too much, knowing she would be handing Cooper over to the embassy soon. Once they confirmed his identity, she would leave a few things with him.

But Cooper didn’t even look at the clothes. His eyes were red, filled with hesitation and fear.

Norah’s heart ached. She pulled him into a hug. “Don’t be scared. You’re safe here. Our soldiers are different from the ones who hurt you. I promise. Now, try on these clothes.”

She helped him change, and though he remained silent, he followed her lead.

Once he was dressed, she lifted him onto the camp bed. “When I go out, don’t wait by the door. It’s dangerous. If you hear anything unusual, hide under the table or the bed and don’t come out. Understand?”

Craggaville wasn’t the same weak country it had been a century ago, but if its enemies decided to attack, they would be relentless. War was unpredictable.

Cooper grabbed her hand tightly.

He shook his head, his eyes filled with quiet determination. He wasn’t afraid of war. What he feared more was losing her.

For some reason, he felt different around Norah. She gave him a sense of warmth and safety that no one else ever had.

Especially when she held him close. He could hear her heartbeat, steady and reassuring.

He didn't want to let her go. He wanted to stay by her side forever.

Norah gently patted his shoulder. "As long as you're with me, I'll keep my word."

Cooper's expression changed. Panic flashed in his eyes.

"Don't... don't leave... I... I want to stay... please..."

His voice was hoarse and unsteady, as if he was struggling to get the words out. His eyes turned misty with unshed tears.

Norah's heart clenched.

She stroked his hair gently. "Let's see what the embassy says."

If Cooper had family, she would make sure he reunited with them. But if he didn't... if he truly had no one...

She wasn't sure she could turn him away.

"I don't have... family... You're like... a mom..."

His voice was broken, rough, and filled with longing.

Hearing the word "mom" sent a jolt through Norah's heart.

For five years, Karina had told her that her child was still alive. For five years, she had hoped.

But Kevin had disappeared. His grave had already been built.

Even after spending all these years in country S, she had never stopped watching, never stopped searching for that child.

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