

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 419

Chapter 419

The young woman had seen Kevin yesterday and even shared a meal with him, but today, he was nowhere in sight.

Had she come too late?

Would she get a chance to see him early tomorrow?

Just then, Levi happened to walk by, still pondering whether Kevin was using the woman on his back as a stand-in.

Talking to himself, he muttered, "Probably not."

Then, changing the subject, "How about a hot bath?"

"There's no reason for Captain Edwards to be so kind to another woman—it wouldn't be right."

"Captain Edwards wouldn't do that," he reassured himself. From what he knew about Kevin, the man had been deeply in love with Norah. He wouldn't resort to finding a substitute.

But then again, Kevin and Norah were divorced. Morality didn't have to be a concern anymore.

Just as the young woman looked up, she saw Levi deep in thought, mumbling to himself. She quickly called out, "Brother Levi!"

Levi turned and realized it was the woman they had rescued along the way.

Her name was Chana.

They had saved many refugees, but Chana's situation was different. She had lost her loved ones, including her husband, who had been Chinese.

She had a five-year-old child and was determined to reach the border in search of her husband's family. She shouldn't have been traveling alone, but staying behind at the refugee camp meant facing constant bullying and hunger.

Her husband's dying wish was for them to return to Craggaville, where his parents would take them in. So, Levi had taken her along, escorting her to the border.

She had done her part during the journey—mending clothes for the soldiers, helping with small tasks. She considered herself useful.

"Chana, it's you," Levi greeted her warmly. "Why are you out so late? Your child needs you."

"He fell asleep, so I dared to come looking for Captain Edwards," Chana replied with a small smile. "I overheard you talking about women and morality. What are you struggling with?"

She had caught snippets of Levi's words.

Could it be that Kevin had feelings for someone else?

She had been traveling with them all this time, and Kevin rarely spoke to women. He always seemed distant.

Though he appeared cold, he had a kind heart. Not only had he saved her, but he had also helped her child. Along the journey, he had protected them. Chana couldn't help but admire him.

Levi wasn't one to gossip, especially about Kevin's private life. "It's nothing," he said dismissively. "What brings you here?"

Chana sensed he wouldn't say more, so she didn't press the issue. Instead, her gaze drifted toward Kevin's tent. "I wanted to see if Captain Edwards was asleep and ask if he's getting used to things here. I know you Chinese people love tea. There's good tea around here, especially when picked fresh with morning dew. I can gather some tomorrow—it should suit your taste."

Levi thought that sounded like a good idea and didn't read into it. "Sure. Whether he likes it or not, drinking some tea won't hurt. Go ahead."

"Great, I'll go tomorrow!" Chana beamed, happy to have found something to do—especially for Kevin.

As a straightforward man, Levi didn't think much of it. He simply wanted Kevin to have a better experience here.

Kevin had spent years in the military and hadn't endured much hardship, but now that he was back, his skin wasn't as tough as the others'. He wasn't used to the conditions and had suffered allergies multiple times.

"I'll arrange for a few people to go with you," Levi said. "It's safer that way."

"Alright. Thank you, Brother Levi."

"It's no trouble. You're doing it for Captain Edwards too."

Chana smiled and left.

Levi didn't linger either.

Still, Chana couldn't shake her curiosity.

She kept Levi's words in mind.

Who was this woman Kevin was supposedly interested in?

Instead of leaving right away, she found a soldier and asked, "Since we're here to help in this village, when will we be leaving?"

"Not sure yet."

She hesitated before probing, "The woman who's close to Captain Edwards—she's not from here, is she?"

The soldier thought for a moment. "No, she's from our side."

Chana's heart skipped a beat.

Someone from their side?

No wonder there were rumors.

Smiling, she said, "Got it. Thanks."

She then returned to her child, who had just woken up.

“Mom, where were you?” he asked sleepily.

The boy, belonging to the Yi tribe, had darker skin and spoke their language fluently.

He hadn’t seen his mother for a while and felt uneasy. As soon as she returned, he clung to her.

Chana gently ruffled his soft hair. “I went to see Captain Edwards.”

The boy’s eyes lit up. “That handsome uncle?”

“Yes.” She handed him some milk. “This handsome uncle was afraid you wouldn’t have milk to drink, so he caught a cow just for you.”

Greedy for the treat, the boy took a big gulp.

“Mom, it’s so good!” he said, licking his lips in satisfaction.

Chana wiped his mouth with her hand. “Do you like Uncle Edwards?”

“Yes! He gave me milk!” the boy said excitedly.

Chana chuckled. “Yes, he’s been very good to us.”

Meanwhile, Norah had taken a hot bath the night before—her first in what felt like forever.

She had slept well, feeling refreshed for the first time in ages. By early morning, she was already awake.

Stepping out of her tent, she inhaled the crisp morning air.

The place might be underdeveloped, but the air was clean, and the dewdrops sparkled in the morning light.

“Ms. White!” A soldier suddenly called out, running toward her.

Norah turned to face him. It was the same soldier from yesterday.

“The boy who was with you—he’s gone!”

“What?” Panic surged through her. “How could he be gone? Is he in danger?”

“No, it seems he left on his own,” the soldier said. “He left you a letter.”

Norah quickly took it and unfolded it.

The handwriting was rough, with some words written in pinyin, but she understood the message:

Sister, I’m leaving. You were right—fighting for the country’s revival matters most. A nation must exist before a home can. Personal grievances don’t compare to a nation’s fate. So, I won’t stay with you. I hope we meet again someday. Thank you for everything.

As she read, a lump formed in her throat.

Maybe she was just too empathetic.

Partings were always hard to accept.

And now, this letter.

But deep down, she felt relief.

Ogura had found his purpose.

A life without purpose was an empty one.

Wherever he was, he would live his life with passion and conviction.

“Ms. White, should we go after him?” the soldier asked.

Norah shook her head. “No. Let him go.”

Mr. Edwards’ Unraveled Life Chapter 420

Just then, Norah noticed a group of women carrying tools and baskets on their backs.

Among them, she spotted Arlene.

“Arlene!” Norah called out. “Are you heading out to gather herbs this early?”

Arlene nodded. “Yes, early morning is the best time. Some herbs shrink back once the dew dries.”

“We’re also picking bamboo shoots,” she added. “It’s the perfect season for them!”

“Then I’ll come along,” Norah said. She wasn’t injured, and she wanted to see and learn.

Arlene welcomed her enthusiastically. “Great! I’ll get you a basket and some tools.”

Norah quickly blended in and joined them on their trek up the mountain.

Some of the women eyed her doubtfully. “Are you sure you can handle this?”

Norah smiled. “I can, and I’m stronger than you think.” She spoke in the Yi language, albeit a little awkwardly.

The women were surprised. “This girl is smart—she even knows how to speak!”

Norah laughed. “Just a little, don’t give me too much credit.”

Her humility and effort won them over. They enjoyed talking to her.

“You really are impressive, a well-educated person.”

Arlene walked beside her, whispering, “Did you actually learn Yi? That’s amazing!”

Norah shrugged. “Ogura taught me a bit, just the basics.”

“Even so, that’s impressive!” Arlene said. “I underestimated you.”

Norah just smiled.

As they climbed higher, the trees became denser, and the morning dew was thick. Norah was fascinated by the unfamiliar plants and the massive trees that required two people to wrap their arms around.

Arlene explained things along the way.

After an hour, they reached the herb-gathering area. It was cooler here.

Norah's pants were damp from the dew, but she didn't mind. She listened carefully as the women and Arlene taught her about medicinal plants.

She picked a handful of herbs and hesitated, unsure if she got the right ones.

A passing woman gave her a thumbs-up. "Ms. White, you got it right!"

"That's a relief," Norah said, smiling as she continued picking.

Meanwhile, Kevin was patrolling the mountain with his team.

Frank walked beside him. "We've checked the area. This village is relatively peaceful, not like before when the Allied Army raided and looted daily. The locals have a great impression of Pharaoh—they practically worship him."

"Then why did the Allies attack this time?" Kevin asked.

"Apparently, they wanted to seize the medicinal herb trade. Probably saw it as a profitable business."

Kevin frowned. "What was different before the Allies came?"

"Pharaoh controlled the herb trade. It helped the villagers survive."

Kevin was skeptical. "So Pharaoh was good to them?"

"Yeah, but it's odd. People on the other side despise him. His actions ruined three generations of their families."

The situation was complicated. Multiple factions were at war, and Pharaoh's role remained ambiguous. Some saw him as a savior, others as a villain.

But Kevin had no doubts—Pharaoh was not a good man.

"There are women gathering herbs up ahead."

They spotted the women working hard.

“After the Allied Army raided the village, most of the medicinal plants were destroyed. This was their main source of income.”

Suddenly, Frank rubbed his eyes in disbelief. “Am I seeing things, or is that someone familiar?”

Kevin immediately spotted Norah in the middle of the group, fully engaged in herb gathering.

She had integrated seamlessly. She even conversed with them comfortably.

Most of the women here were uneducated. The younger generation knew a little more, but seeing Norah speaking their language surprised Kevin.

He glanced at Frank. “You’re not mistaken.”

Frank was stunned. “Wait... Madam followed us all the way here?!”

Kevin pursed his lips. “Call her Ms. White from now on.”

“Got it, Captain Edwards!”

Kevin continued, “The mountain path is rough. I’ll escort them down later.”

“Understood.”

Meanwhile, Norah had just unearthed a valuable herb. If properly dried, it could sell for hundreds of dollars, but the local buying price was low. Plus, finding these herbs wasn’t easy.

She placed it in her basket when Arlene called out excitedly.

“Norah, come here! I’m digging up a bamboo shoot! It’s huge, and I need help. If we get it, we can make wild boar stir-fried bamboo shoots for dinner!”

Their wild boar meat was precious. They dried it for preservation, similar to bacon.

“I’m coming!” Norah shook the dirt off her hands, placed the herbs in her basket, and ran over.

When she arrived, she was shocked. “Are all your bamboo shoots this big? It’s as thick as a python!”

Arlene grinned. "Not usually, but this one is exceptional. Help me pull it out!"

"Don't just yank it!" Arlene cautioned. "There's a tender part underneath. If you pull too hard, it'll break."

Norah was intrigued. "There's a technique to this too?"

"Of course! Now help me! This one's perfect for dinner."

Norah followed her lead.

"One, two, three!" They pulled together.

"One, two, three!" Again.

Even with both of them working, their strength wasn't enough.

But the bamboo shoot was finally coming loose.

Excited, Norah gave it one final tug.

"It's coming out!" Arlene cheered.

But Norah had underestimated her own strength. She lost control and stumbled backward—hard.

Oh no!

Just as she was about to fall, strong arms caught her, wrapping securely around her waist.

She was still clutching the massive bamboo shoot as she crashed into someone's chest.

Norah's heart pounded as she looked up.

Kevin's deep, steady gaze met hers.

His face remained expressionless, but his grip was firm, grounding her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Norah quickly stepped out of his arms, her face a little flushed. "I'm fine!"

Kevin made sure she was steady before noticing her damp pant legs.

“Your pants are soaked,” he pointed out.