

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 429

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## Chapter 429

They were also somewhat concerned about Baimo.

Bai Baimo said calmly, "Don't worry about me."

Norah glanced at Baimo. He showed no reaction to the massacre of the Allied army in the village, as if he had already known about it.

Baimo met Norah's gaze. "So, how are you adjusting? Are you getting used to things here?"

"I am," Norah replied. "I get along well with everyone."

"That's good." Baimo's eyes shifted slightly before he continued, "The Captain Edwards I mentioned earlier is from your country. I saw him and his people helping build the school. Your people are truly kindhearted—helping the villagers without expecting anything in return. No pay, just pure goodwill."

His words carried a hint of skepticism, as if he couldn't quite believe that an army could operate that way.

It also challenged the way others perceived things.

Norah nodded in agreement. "In our country, the army isn't meant for looting or destruction. It exists to protect the people. Only by doing that can a nation achieve true harmony."

She spoke with confidence.

Seeing the chaos here only reinforced how fortunate she was to come from a stable, well-governed country.

Baimo seemed taken aback by her words. He was silent for a moment, then let out a small, thoughtful smile. "That's incredible. You all must be very happy."

Compared to many other countries, theirs probably had a high happiness index.

“But I’m sorry,” Norah said, her tone shifting. “I failed to complete the task you gave me. The village was destroyed, and so was the school. It’s too late to teach the children how to read. Now that you’re back, though, things should get back on track.”

Baimo nodded. “I’ll be heading out tomorrow. If you want to come, you can.”

Norah gave a small nod in response.

“Oh, by the way, this is for you.” Baimo turned to Arlene.

Arlene’s face lit up with excitement. “I thought I was late! Teacher, you still remembered my gift!”

Baimo nodded. “I treat everyone equally.”

Then he turned to Norah, handing her something as well. His voice was soft. “A small gift. I hope you don’t mind.”

Norah hadn’t expected a gift for herself. She looked at Baimo in surprise.

His expression was warm and gentle. No matter how much she doubted him, under his gaze, she felt... cared for. As if she were a cherished child.

Why did she feel that way?

Maybe Baimo saw all of them as children. He brought gifts for everyone, including her. Maybe that was why, in this moment, she felt like she belonged.

Arlene was overjoyed, unable to put down the gift Baimo had given her.

Curious, Norah opened hers. Inside the small box was a woven red string, looped around a jade-carved copper coin.

She wasn’t familiar with jade, but the deep green color was striking. The coin had intricate patterns—rare and exquisite.

“It’s unique.” Norah turned it over in her hand. “I just don’t know what it symbolizes.”

“Keep it with you,” Baimo said. “You know how chaotic it is here. Keeping something safe means wishing for your safety.”

His sentiment warmed her heart.

“Thank you.” Norah smiled. “I feel bad, though—I didn’t prepare anything for you.”

“No need.” Baimo chuckled. “Your appreciation is enough.”

Norah turned to look at the waterfall cascading over the cliffs.

If nothing else, the scenery here was breathtaking. There was beauty in every direction.

But it was far too underdeveloped.

If this area were turned into a tourist destination, it would definitely thrive.

However, while she was lost in thought, someone nearby was watching—hidden in the tall grass, seething with rage.

“He won’t even touch me, but he’s willing to get close to an outsider? Does he really think of me as his sister?” Journi hissed.

“It’s not necessarily what you think,” Owen muttered, though he wasn’t exactly trying to reassure her.

Journi’s eyes burned with anger. “Then what is it? My father has acknowledged me, but he still refuses to? Did he forget how close we were as kids? How did everything change when we grew up?”

“Miss, maybe he just hasn’t processed it yet,” Owen offered. “The young master has been looking for you all these years.”

Journi let out a bitter laugh. “I don’t think he sees me as his sister at all.”

Owen hesitated. “That’s not—”

“Oh, but he’s so sweet to that woman, isn’t he?” Journi’s voice dripped with venom. “He gave *her* a gift. But me? Nothing. He actually gave it to *her!*”

Her expression darkened, twisting with hatred. “Fine. If I can’t have him, then no one else will. I’ll make sure of it.”

Owen responded obediently. “Understood.”

Journi clenched her fists as she watched them. Her rage boiled inside her, a venomous snake coiling, ready to strike.

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Meanwhile, Baimo had his own responsibilities.

Norah accepted his gift and spent time with the children, answering their endless questions with patience.

Maybe it was because she was a mother herself, but she had never felt this much patience before.

By the time the children finished their assignments, she was exhausted. She hadn't slept well the night before, so she leaned against a table and dozed off.

When she woke, the sun had set. The children were long gone.

"Oh no." Norah sat up quickly. Time had slipped away.

As she stirred, she noticed a coat draped over her. A faint scent of sandalwood lingered in the fabric.

She recognized it immediately. It belonged to Baimo.

Glancing to her side, she saw him sitting there—his sharp yet gentle features calm. He held a fan in his hand, waving it lightly.

Had he been keeping mosquitoes away from her?

She had no idea how long he had been sitting there, quietly watching over her.

Rubbing her eyes, she muttered, "I actually fell asleep and lost track of time."

Baimo's voice was soft. "You didn't sleep much last night. If you're still tired, go back and rest. It's not too cold here."

Norah stood, handing back his coat. "I only meant to rest for a moment, but I guess I dozed off. It's time to head back. Thanks for looking after me."

"It's getting late," Baimo said. "I'll walk you back."

“No need,” Norah insisted. “I remember the way.”

Baimo frowned slightly. “The mountain paths are rough. Just listen to me.”

Norah decided not to argue. “Alright.”

They walked in silence, the cool night air surrounding them.

Suddenly, Baimo tensed. A sharp gust of wind cut through the air. His eyes flickered.

“Don’t stay out late again,” he murmured.

Norah glanced at him. “Are you talking to me?”

“Yes.”

“I won’t. I’ll be in the village.”

“Not just in the village.” His tone turned serious. “After I drop you off, don’t go out alone.”

His words felt more like a warning than a suggestion.

Before she could question him further—

“Watch out!”

Baimo suddenly grabbed her arm, pulling her into his embrace.

Norah gasped as her feet left the ground.

A cold arrow whizzed past, slicing through the air right beside her cheek.

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The arrow thudded into the tree, its cold, sharp tip sending a shiver down Norah’s spine. She stood frozen, her heart racing, unable to snap out of the shock for what felt like an eternity.

Baimo’s brow furrowed as he scanned the dense woods. Whoever had been hiding in the shadows knew their plan had failed and quickly retreated, not daring to linger. They were clearly afraid of being discovered by him.

“Are you alright?” Baimo asked, his voice laced with concern as he turned to Norah, ignoring his own safety.

Norah's eyes were wide, her mind racing. The arrow had been aimed straight at her head—someone wanted her dead. But why? The village was heavily guarded, and yet, someone had taken the risk to try to kill her. Who had she crossed? Who saw her as such a threat?

"Norah," Baimo called again when she didn't respond.

Finally, Norah snapped out of her daze. She glanced toward the direction the arrow had come from, but it was pitch black. Even if the attacker had fled, there was no trace left behind.

"I'm fine," Norah said, her voice steady despite the lingering fear.

Baimo released her, and Norah walked over to the tree, pulling the arrow free. It was an ordinary arrow, nothing distinctive. No clues to be found.

"Did you notice anything?" Norah asked, looking up at Baimo. She wondered if he had seen something she hadn't.

Baimo shook his head. "I sensed something was off, but thankfully, you're unharmed."

Norah gripped the arrow tightly, her eyes locked on Baimo. She was wrestling with a question, unsure whether to voice it.

Baimo noticed her hesitation. "Is there something you want to ask me?"

Norah took a deep breath. "Do you know why I came to the Yi tribe?"

Baimo's expression turned serious. "You haven't explicitly said. How would I know?"

"I came to find a friend," Norah began, her tone heavy. "And to uncover a secret about myself."

Baimo's eyes darkened. "A secret about you? Do you think the Yi tribe holds the answers?"

Norah hesitated, then decided to lay her cards on the table. "Actually, I'm here to find the Pharaoh."

Baimo froze, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. Norah caught it—he hadn't expected her to be so bold.

"The Pharaoh?" Baimo chuckled, though it sounded forced. "Norah, why do you think you can find him here?"

Norah pressed on. "The villagers say you have a strong connection to the Pharaoh. And beyond that, I want to know who you really are."

Baimo crossed his arms, studying her with a curious gaze. "What do you think my identity is?"

“You’re not just a simple man,” Norah said. “You have wealth, and in a place like this, wealth usually comes with power. But you’re kind to the villagers, so I don’t think you’re a bad person.”

Baimo laughed softly. “Aren’t you worried I might be hiding something?”

“Even if you are, it doesn’t seem to harm anyone. And honestly, you don’t strike me as the type to be evil,” Norah said firmly.

Baimo’s smile faded slightly. “What does this have to do with the person who tried to kill you? Or are you just curious about me?”

Norah twirled the arrow in her hand before handing it to him. “Whoever shot this wanted me dead, not you. If they wanted to kill us both, they could have. But they didn’t. That means they know you—and they’re afraid of you. They didn’t want you to see who they were. That tells me your identity isn’t simple.”

Baimo took the arrow, his lips curling into a faint smile. “You’re sharp. I’ll give you that.”

“So, you know who it is?” Norah asked.

Baimo didn’t answer directly.

Norah pressed further. “It’s someone you’re protecting, isn’t it?”

Her accuracy seemed to unsettle him. Baimo’s expression grew serious. “Knowing too much can be dangerous,” he warned. “But since you were hurt because of me, I won’t let it happen again.”

Norah shrugged. “Don’t worry. I’m not easy to kill.”

“Let’s go,” Baimo said, gesturing for her to follow.

As they walked, Norah noticed how Baimo had sidestepped her question about the Pharaoh. He was deliberately avoiding it. That only made her more suspicious. If he had no connection to the Pharaoh, why dodge the topic? She decided to keep a closer eye on him. He might be her best lead.

When they reached the village, the villagers greeted them with relief. “Ms. White is back!” someone called out.

Kevin emerged from the crowd, his eyes immediately locking onto Baimo. “Why were you gone so long? I was about to come looking for you,” he said, his tone sharp.

Norah explained, “I fell asleep and lost track of time. Let me introduce you. This is Baimo, the village teacher. And this is Kevin.”

Baimo extended his hand with a polite smile. "Hello. I've heard you saved the village. Impressive."

Kevin's demeanor was cold, but he shook Baimo's hand. "I've heard about you too. But you don't seem like you're from around here."

Baimo nodded. "I came to teach the children. I'm not from the village."

Kevin's eyes narrowed. "That makes your background hard to verify."

Norah stepped in, sensing the tension. "It's late, and I'm starving. Have you eaten yet, Kevin?"

"I was waiting for you," Kevin replied, his tone softening slightly.

"Great, let's eat together," Norah said, turning to Baimo. "You should join us. You haven't eaten either."

"Sure," Baimo agreed without hesitation.

Kevin's jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

As they prepared the meal, Baimo offered to help. Kevin stopped him with a hand. "You're a guest. Just sit."

The meal was simple, typical village fare. Norah watched Baimo closely, noting how he ate without complaint, his manners refined, almost aristocratic. He didn't fit the image of a humble village teacher.

"Is there something on my face?" Baimo asked, catching her stare.

Norah flushed. "No, I just thought you weren't eating enough. Here, have some more." She quickly served him more food, trying to mask her curiosity.

Kevin, sitting nearby, grew visibly irritated. Norah was too focused on Baimo to notice.

After the meal, Baimo bid them goodnight and left. Norah watched him go, her mind racing. If Baimo knew who had tried to kill her, he might lead her to them. She decided to follow him the next day.

"Have you seen enough?" Kevin's voice cut through her thoughts, cold and sharp.

Norah turned, realizing she'd been staring after Baimo for too long. Kevin's expression was dark, his jealousy barely concealed. She sighed, knowing she'd have to tread carefully. But for now, her focus was on Baimo—and the secrets he might be hiding.