

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 431

---

## Chapter 431

Kevin's expression darkened. "What kept you with Baimo all afternoon?"

Norah shrugged. "I told you—I fell asleep there."

Kevin frowned, clearly frustrated. "Why didn't you come back to sleep? You're a single woman, and he's a single man. People will talk."

Norah bristled at his tone. "Single woman? I have a child, and Baimo and I are just friends. Who cares about gossip? This isn't the old days. Why are you so backward in your thinking?"

Kevin's lips pressed into a thin line, his face stormy.

Norah continued, "Besides, you were gone all morning. I couldn't even find you. Was I supposed to just sit around and do nothing?"

Kevin sighed. "Let's drop it. I don't want to argue."

Norah agreed. Continuing this conversation would only make things worse.

Kevin softened his tone. "I didn't mean to fight with you."

His apology took the edge off Norah's anger. She sighed. "I went with Arlene. Baimo left the village for a while, so I stayed to teach the kids. I'm basically a part-time teacher now. That's all there is to it."

"I see," Kevin said, his voice calm. "Go get some rest."

Norah studied him. He seemed to have let it go, but his suggestion for her to return to her tent felt like a dismissal. After last night, she'd thought he might want to stay close. Clearly, she'd misread him.

"Fine," Norah said curtly before walking away.

Kevin watched her go, his expression unreadable.

Frank approached him. "Ms. White asked where you were this morning. We didn't tell her anything, but she might start to wonder."

"It's fine," Kevin said dismissively. "It won't be long now."

---

The next day, in the woods.

Owen was on his way back to Journi when he froze, spotting Baimo ahead.

"Owen," Baimo said, his voice cold. "You tried to kill Norah?"

Owen dropped to one knee, bowing his head. "Young Master."

Baimo's gaze was piercing. "I asked you a question."

Owen hesitated, then admitted, "Yes."

"Where's Journi?" Baimo demanded.

Before Owen could answer, Journi's voice cut through the air. "No need to look for me. I'm right here."

She stepped out of her car, her chin lifted defiantly. "Brother, are you really going to scold me over some woman?"

Baimo's expression was stone-cold. "Journi, you can't touch Norah."

"Why not?" Journi snapped, her anger flaring. "What's so special about her? Is she prettier than me? Why do you always favor her?"

Baimo's eyes narrowed. "Why are you following me, Journi? Can't you just stay home and play the part of the perfect lady?"

Journi stepped closer, her voice trembling with emotion. "I want my brother's attention, but you're so busy with those village kids that you barely even look at me. How can I accept that?"

Baimo's patience wore thin. "The world doesn't revolve around you. I'm warning you—don't touch Norah again. And for the record, I'm not your brother."

Journi's face twisted in anger. "You're denying me now?"

Baimo's gaze was icy. "What proof do you have that you're my sister?"

"The whole clan accepts me as your long-lost sister!" Journi shot back.

Baimo's voice was firm. "You've been gone for years. Anyone could claim to be my sister. If you know what's good for you, stay out of my life."

Journi clenched her fists, her body shaking with rage. This was the first time Baimo had spoken to her so harshly. His suspicion cut deep, and his indifference stung even more. She'd tried to win his affection, but he kept his distance, avoiding her at every turn.

Baimo turned and walked away, leaving Journi seething.

"Miss," Owen began cautiously, "perhaps we should—"

"Shut up!" Journi snapped, rounding on him. "This is your fault! If you'd killed Norah, none of this would've happened. But you failed, and now my brother's angry with me. You're useless!"

Owen bowed his head, accepting her fury.

"Norah," Journi hissed, her voice dripping with venom. "Why does she keep getting in my way?"

She turned to Owen, her eyes blazing. "Do something! This time, I'll handle her myself. No more mistakes."

Owen hesitated. "If the Young Master finds out—"

"Do as I say!" Journi barked. "My brother might scare you, but he can't scare my father."

Reluctantly, Owen nodded.

---

Meanwhile, Norah arrived at the school early, determined to keep an eye on Baimo. She wanted to know where he went when he left the village, especially after yesterday's attack.

She peered through the window of his house, but the curtains were drawn. It seemed he wasn't home. Had he gone to confront her attacker?

Norah cursed under her breath. She should've gotten up earlier.

"What are you doing?" Baimo's voice came from behind her.

Norah jumped, turning to see him standing there, amused.

"I was looking for you," she said quickly, straightening up. "I didn't see you around, so I thought you might still be asleep."

Baimo smiled. "I wake up early every day. I just got back from a run."

"Right," Norah said, trying to sound casual. "You're into fitness."

"What did you need?" Baimo asked.

Norah scrambled for an excuse. "I was wondering if you'd had breakfast. Want to eat together?"

"Sure," Baimo said. "Why not here?"

"Okay."

"Can I come in?" Norah asked.

Baimo nodded, opening the door for her.

Norah stepped inside, taking in the simple room filled with books. It suited him—quiet, orderly, and intellectual.

"I'll make some noodles," Baimo said, heading to the kitchen.

Norah followed, her mind racing. She needed to find a way to keep tabs on him without raising suspicion. But for now, she'd play along.

## **Chapter 432**

Once Baimo was gone, Norah walked over to his desk. A few calligraphy pieces lay there, written with a brush.

There were also some foreign books.

She flipped through a few pages, and a bookmark slipped out from one of them.

At first glance, it seemed ordinary—but the pattern on it looked oddly familiar.

She frowned, trying to place it. Then it hit her. When she and Karina were being hunted down, the people chasing them had this exact symbol on their clothes.

Norah's heart pounded. This couldn't be a coincidence.

That symbol had to mean something.

Could Baimo really be connected to Pharaoh?

"The noodles are ready."

Baimo approached, carrying two bowls of clear broth. "Come eat."

Norah quickly tucked the bookmark into her sleeve before looking up. "Okay."

They sat across from each other. The meal was simple—just plain noodles with an egg.

It looked light but comforting.

"I didn't have much to make it fancy. Hope you don't mind," Baimo said gently.

Norah picked up her chopsticks and stirred the noodles, but her gaze stayed on Baimo.

He ate with quiet focus, but when he noticed her watching, he set down his chopsticks. "Did you find something?"

He knew she had gone through his things.

He probably also knew why she was here.

And yet, he didn't call her out on it.

Norah didn't bother pretending. She pulled the bookmark from her sleeve and placed it on the table.

"I've seen this symbol before. The people who attacked me last time had it on their clothes. You really are connected to Pharaoh, aren't you?"

Baimo didn't seem fazed. "It's just a pattern."

"You expect me to believe that's a coincidence?" Norah shot back. "And since you knew I'd search your things, you must have left this bookmark for me to find. Why? What are you trying to do? Are you on my side or not?"

She wasn't sure anymore.

She wanted to believe in him, but doubt gnawed at her.

Baimo's lips curved slightly. "Maybe I should be asking you that."

Norah stiffened. "I'm the one asking questions right now. Did you go see the person who tried to kill me yesterday?"

Baimo didn't hesitate. "Yeah."

Norah's pulse quickened. "Why?"

"Because she's my sister."

Norah's breath caught. "Your sister? Why would she want me dead? I don't even know her!"

She had never crossed paths with Baimo's sister before. Why would she want to kill her?

This made no sense.

Baimo shook his head, his expression unreadable. "That's not entirely accurate. Honestly, I don't even know if she's really my sister."

Norah blinked. "What do you mean? Either she is or she isn't."

Baimo leaned back, his posture calm but his eyes sharp. He wasn't treating her like an outsider.

"My sister disappeared when she was little. She only came back recently—already grown. She was about this tall then." He gestured. "And now she's an adult. How am I supposed to be sure? She's... not how I imagined she'd be."

Norah frowned. "People change. Maybe she went through something that made her different."

Baimo exhaled a short laugh. "That's true. I don't know why I'm doubting her. But the sister I remember used to cry if she saw a bug get squashed. She wasn't someone who'd go around trying to kill people."

His tone darkened slightly. "And there's something else that's been bothering me—about you, Norah."

Norah tensed. "What?"

Baimo's gaze dropped to her wrist.

"That bracelet—you said a man gave it to you. But do you know what it really is? It belonged to my mother. And it should have been on my sister's wrist."

## Chapter 433

Norah was stunned. She stretched out her hand, looking at the bracelet she had been wearing. “What did you just say? This is your mother’s keepsake?”

Baimo’s gaze remained fixed on her wrist. “Yes.”

“That’s impossible,” Norah said, shaking her head. “How can you be sure? It’s just a string of jade beads—there must be countless like it.”

“No,” Baimo said firmly. “There’s only one like this.”

Norah looked at him in shock.

“You don’t know much about jade, do you?” Baimo continued. “My hometown is known for its jade production. No two natural jade pieces are ever exactly alike. These beads belonged to my mother. That’s why I’ve been questioning your identity. Are you really just Norah?”

Norah clenched her fists. She took off the bracelet and placed it on the table. “It wasn’t mine. A friend gave it to me. He said—”

She hesitated.

Jace had given her the bracelet. But she never asked why. It always seemed a bit odd.

The beads weren’t particularly valuable, but she remembered what Jace said when he handed them to her.

*Stay safe.*

That was it. No further explanation.

She looked at Baimo. He didn’t seem like a liar. He had been staring at her bracelet for a while now, and he had even asked her about it before.

There was no doubt—this bracelet was significant. But did it really have anything to do with her?

“Like I said, a man gave it to me,” Norah repeated. “If you want answers, only he can explain. This bracelet is important to him.”

Baimo narrowed his eyes. “If it’s that important, why did he give it to you?”

Norah hesitated. “I... I don’t know.”

Baimo studied her. “Maybe you’re the rightful owner.”

Norah quickly shook her head. "Impossible. I have parents. I'm an only child. You must be mistaken, Baimo. You and your sister might have your own family matters to sort out, but I'm not getting involved."

She stood up, eager to leave. But then she glanced back at the bracelet on the table. She turned and looked at Baimo.

"Let's set aside the ownership issue for now," she said. "This bracelet is important to my friend, so I'm taking it back."

Baimo smiled. "If it's meant to be with you, then so be it."

Norah grabbed the bracelet and hurried out. She had come here to uncover Baimo's secrets.

She thought she could use his past against him.

Instead, she had been pulled into something far deeper.

How could she possibly be connected to Baimo?

*Ridiculous.*

Shaking her head, she quickened her pace.

Behind her, Baimo watched her leave, lost in thought. There were still too many unanswered questions.

---

When Norah returned, she noticed a bouquet of fresh flowers on the table.

She frowned. "Who sent these?"

Lifting them to her nose, she inhaled their fragrance.

"I did," a voice answered.

Startled, Norah turned to see Kevin walking in.

She frowned. "Why are you giving me flowers? Trying to cheer me up because you think I'm upset?"

Kevin smiled. "If you're unhappy, then of course I should do something about it."

He reached out and took her hand.



"Don't be mad," he said gently. "I didn't mean to doubt you yesterday. I was just concerned about Baimo. His background is unclear, and I didn't want you getting too close without knowing more about him."

Norah scoffed. "You're always so cautious."

"What do you mean?" Kevin asked, feigning innocence.

Norah turned to face him. "You can't stand me being around another man, but you had no problem getting close to Bianca."

At the mention of Bianca, Kevin's smile faltered. "That was a long time ago."

Norah folded her arms. "Oh? You don't want to talk about it?"

Kevin sighed. "Fine. You're right."

His quick surrender took Norah by surprise.

Yesterday, she had ignored him out of anger. Now, with just a few words, he was making amends.

She was always too softhearted when it came to him.

"If you knew you were wrong, why didn't you fix it yesterday?" she asked. "If you had just comforted me then, I wouldn't have been upset all night. Ever heard the saying 'never go to bed angry'? It's terrible for you, you know."

Kevin hesitated, his expression darkening. He had been dealing with something serious last night.

But he couldn't tell her that.

"I'm sorry," he said instead.

"I don't want an apology," Norah replied, pulling her hand away.

Kevin immediately grabbed it again. "I was angry too. I didn't want to argue, so I waited until today to talk."

Norah studied his face. His eyes were sincere.

Relationships took work. Misunderstandings were inevitable.

She sighed. "Next time I'm mad, you better try to calm me down. Even if I don't forgive you right away, at least try. If you don't, I'll think you don't care about me. And if that happens enough times, I'll believe you don't love me."

Kevin looked genuinely confused. “That’s how it works?”

Norah sat down. “Are you just now realizing that? Women don’t always say what’s on their minds. We have a lot of thoughts.”

Kevin laughed. “Lesson learned. I don’t have much experience with this, so you’ll have to teach me. Just tell me what you need, and I’ll do it.”

Seeing him admit his mistake so easily, Norah couldn’t help but smile.

She traced a small circle on his chest with her finger. “Speaking of Bianca, wasn’t she missing? Any news on her?”

Kevin’s expression turned serious. “I don’t know where she is.”

“Not playing favorites, are you?” Norah teased.

Kevin sighed. “I never loved Bianca.”

Norah raised an eyebrow. “Who would believe that?”

“From your perspective, I understand why you’d think that,” Kevin admitted. “But here’s the truth—Bianca is part of the Edwards family. I took her place, so I had to look out for her. I never expected it to turn into such a mess.”

Norah rested her chin in her hands, listening carefully. Maybe there really were a lot of misunderstandings between them.

For the longest time, neither of them spoke up.

It wasn’t that they didn’t want to. They had just avoided the hard conversations.

Besides, Kevin hadn’t loved her back then. He had no reason to explain himself.

Over time, the distance between them only grew.

Now, she was finally starting to understand.

Norah leaned against his shoulder. “I believe you.”

Hearing that, Kevin’s gaze softened. He wrapped his arms around her and rested his chin on her head. “I wish this moment could last longer.”

Norah tensed. “Are you leaving?”

“If nothing changes, I’ll be gone by tomorrow,” Kevin said. “Do you want to come with me?”

Norah hesitated. She was making progress here. If she left now, she might lose her lead.

Before she could answer, a loud cry echoed from outside.

“Teacher Norah!”

She turned and saw Ahshan running toward her, tears streaming down his face. He stumbled and fell to the ground.

Norah rushed forward to help him. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

Ahshan sobbed. “My sister... she’s gone!”

### **Chapter 434**

“Arlene is missing? How could she just disappear?” Norah’s heart tightened.

Ahshan sobbed uncontrollably. “I don’t know! Sister Arlene went to the mountains to hunt wild boars, and she never came back. She’s gone...”

Norah frowned. “Why was she hunting wild boars?”

“For food! She said there was no meat at home, so she wanted to bring one back to cook. Teacher Norah, what should we do? Where do we even start looking?” Ahshan cried so hard that tears and snot mixed together.

Norah forced herself to stay calm, but something felt off. “Where are your parents?”

“They went into the mountains to look for her and haven’t returned yet.”

“Then we’ll go too.” Norah made a quick decision. “The more people searching, the better. Let’s get help.”

“Teacher Norah!” Ahshan wiped her tears and said, “I saw Captain Edwards take some men out. Is it too late?”

Norah stepped outside to check. More than half of the village’s vehicles were gone.

She had no idea what Kevin was up to, but now wasn’t the time to dwell on it.

Her only concern was Arlene’s safety.

Even though she had lived here for a while, the villagers knew the terrain and surroundings better than she did. If Arlene was missing, something must have gone wrong.

On normal days, she wouldn’t worry too much. But this... this was different. They were always cautious. The only real danger was if she had fallen off a cliff.

But Arlene wouldn't venture into risky areas. Would she?

Norah couldn't afford to wait any longer. "Let's go find Arlene. Someone should stay behind to inform your parents when they return. If we find her, that'd be ideal."

There was no time to waste.

Kevin had already warned her before leaving that he wouldn't be around. He had a mission, and it couldn't be delayed.

"Okay." Ahshan wiped her face, trying to hold back her tears.

Norah grabbed her hand, and together, they headed toward the mountain.

Several villagers had already started searching. About a dozen of them were gathered.

The mountain was vast. Even with a dozen people, it could take all day to find Arlene.

"Let's split up," Norah instructed. "We'll meet back here later."

"Got it."

With that, they set off in different directions.

The mountain trails were rugged, filled with the dangers of poisonous snakes and insects.

People moved in pairs for safety.

Norah lacked experience in the wild, so she paired up with a man who frequently ventured into the mountains to catch snakes and insects. She felt safer with him leading the way.

They called out Arlene's name repeatedly, but there was no answer.

Only the sounds of birds and insects responded.

"Ms. White, there's a fork in the road ahead. If we want to cover more ground quickly, we should split up. But if you're scared, we can stick together."

Norah had grown accustomed to this place. She wasn't overly afraid of poisonous creatures. "It's fine. We'll split up. This path looks narrow—it shouldn't take too long."

"Alright. If anything happens, just yell. The sound carries in the mountains, so I should hear you."

"Got it."

Norah took a separate path.

Arlene was an innocent girl with a good heart. She always gave generously, never hesitating when she cared about someone. Perhaps her pride made her want to prove herself by hunting a wild boar.

Norah had to find her. She wouldn't return without her.

Her anxiety deepened when she suddenly sensed movement nearby.

"Who's there?"

She quickly looked up, scanning the dense trees. No one was in sight.

Her expression darkened.

She didn't back away. Instead, she took a few bold steps forward before stopping. Her voice was steady, yet cold. "Come out. I know you're there."

A muffled sound followed.

Then, Arlene stumbled from behind a tree—her hands tied, her face pale, struggling with tears in her eyes.

Norah's chest tightened. Behind Arlene, a man stepped forward and smirked. "I've been waiting for you. If you don't want her dead, stay quiet and come here."

Norah met his gaze and laughed mockingly. "You went through all this trouble just to lure me out? You could've just asked."

"Catching you in the village isn't easy. We had to be creative." Owen, the man who had once tried to assassinate her, smirked.

If he failed this time, going back empty-handed would mean facing severe consequences. He had timed everything perfectly—Kevin was gone, and Arlene was the perfect bait.

Norah's eyes narrowed. "So, you were the one who tried to kill me before?"

Owen's patience was running thin. He pressed a knife against Arlene's throat. "Enough talking! Get over here!"

Norah raised her hands in surrender, moving forward slowly. "Alright. Just be careful with that knife. Don't hurt Arlene."

Arlene's eyes widened in horror. She shook her head frantically, tears spilling over.

Owen yanked the cloth from her mouth. "Speak."

Arlene sobbed. "No! Don't come! They're after you, not me! Don't let them take you! I'm fine!"

"If I don't, you'll die." Norah's voice was calm. "Arlene, it's alright. Stop crying. Just go home safely. Don't make your parents worry."

"Let her go," Norah said to Owen. "I'm the one you want. Don't harm the innocent."

Owen shoved Arlene aside and immediately bound Norah's hands.

Arlene watched in despair, her voice trembling. "I'm so sorry. If I hadn't come to the mountains, this wouldn't have happened. I didn't know... I didn't think something like this could happen. If anything happens to you, how will I explain it to Captain Edwards? I have to go with you."

"No," Norah said firmly. "Go home. Now. Don't be reckless. If you don't leave, they might hurt you, too."

Arlene hesitated, torn between staying and running for help. But she knew—if no one reported this, Norah would have no chance. Swallowing her fear, she turned and ran back toward the village without looking back.

Owen watched her leave and chuckled. "People are selfish. No matter how brave they act, when it comes down to it, they'll always choose to save themselves."

Norah didn't struggle. As soon as Arlene was gone, she felt relieved.

If you don't enter the tiger's den, how will you catch the tiger?

She had no choice but to face this on her own.

"Why did you try to assassinate me?" she asked, keeping her voice steady. "Now that you've caught me, where are you taking me? And if you're not killing me right now, does that mean you have other plans?"

Owen rolled his eyes. "You talk too much."

Norah smirked. "Who's behind this? Journi? Baimo's little sister?"

## **Chapter 435**

Owen's expression darkened. "How do you know that? Who told you?"

Norah narrowed her eyes, feigning mystery. "I know a lot. Why else do you think the people behind you are so desperate to get rid of me?"

Owen's face twisted in realization. "It was the young master, wasn't it? You're a scheming woman, manipulating him like that."

His hostility toward Norah intensified.

Norah smirked. “And yet, you don’t say a word about how cruel your young lady is.”

“Don’t you dare talk about Miss!” Owen snapped, pressing his knife against Norah’s neck. His voice was low and dangerous. “You’re running your mouth when you’re about to die. I can end this right now.”

Norah’s breath hitched, her body instinctively freezing. But she kept moving forward, following Owen as he led her out of the woods, step by step. He knew this place well.

Trying to keep him talking, she said, “You got out of here pretty fast. Must mean you’ve walked this path plenty of times.”

Owen scoffed. “I grew up in these mountains. This forest is nothing. I know every inch of this land.”

“How much longer until we get there?” Norah asked.

Owen shot her a cold look. “Not your concern. Keep quiet.”

Fine. If he wasn’t going to answer, she wouldn’t push. The terrain was rough, and with no transportation, they had no choice but to travel on foot. Sweat dripped down Norah’s back as she trudged forward, her mind racing. Why did Journi hate her so much? Was it really just jealousy over her brother?

A sharp voice broke the silence.

“Did you bring that woman back?” Journi’s tone was laced with irritation. “I ask you to do one simple thing, and you keep failing. Useless!”

Owen lowered his head. “Miss, I brought her.”

Journi’s expression shifted instantly. The anger vanished, replaced by a smug satisfaction. “Well, at least you didn’t disappoint me this time. Otherwise, you would’ve paid for it.”

She had no problem killing people here—it was just a matter of how much she enjoyed it. And the thought of slowly torturing someone she despised? That was far more appealing.

A wicked smile curled her lips as she stepped forward.

Sure enough, Norah saw Owen leading her toward a group of people. Some were kneeling, fresh red slap marks on their faces, evidence of Journi’s cruelty. Even the servants trembled in fear.

Journi was dressed in the traditional Yi tribe attire, the exotic patterns standing out. But Norah wasn’t focused on the clothing—there was something eerily familiar about her face.

Owen bowed his head. “Miss, the job is done.”

"I see." Journi barely acknowledged him before walking up to Norah and slapping her hard across the face.

Norah's head snapped to the side, her ears ringing.

"What are you looking at? Kneel!" Journi's voice was sharp, demanding absolute obedience.

Norah met her gaze, recognizing the twisted satisfaction in her expression. She was enjoying this—relishing the feeling of having Norah at her mercy.

A burning sensation spread across Norah's cheek, but she forced herself to stay composed. Instead, she lifted her head and studied Journi's face. "Do I know you?"

Journi stiffened. "What are you talking about?"

Norah tilted her head, amusement flickering in her eyes despite the pain. "Strange. You went through all this trouble to capture me, and for what? Just to slap me?" She paused, then smirked. "Let me guess—you hate that your brother treats me better than he treats you. Are you that jealous?"

Journi's eyes flared with rage. "Nonsense! Why would I ever be jealous of you? You're nothing but a lowly country girl. I am a noble lady, respected by everyone. You? You're beneath me!"

Norah chuckled, but her mind was still turning. "Then why do you want me dead? If I don't even know you, what's your real reason?"

"Stop staring at me!" Journi snapped, shifting uncomfortably under Norah's piercing gaze.

Norah's voice dropped to a murmur, as if she were piecing something together. "Journi... Is that really your name? Or... did you take someone else's place?"