

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 436

Chapter 436

Journi's face twisted in shock. "What the hell are you talking about?!"

Flustered, she darted a glance at the people around her before snapping, "Shut her up! Now!"

Then, as if struck by a better idea, she sneered. "No—cut out her tongue. I want her silenced for good."

Journi's threats came fast, but Norah caught something in her frantic words. The more guilty someone was, the more they tried to cover it up with aggression.

If Baimo hadn't planted the idea in her head, she might not have tested her like this.

Norah smirked. "Hit a nerve, did I?"

Journi lifted her chin with smug satisfaction. "What? Are you scared? Beg for mercy now, and maybe I'll consider leaving you in one piece."

Norah scoffed. "You didn't even deny it. You're just desperate to shut me up. No matter what you do, the truth won't change. A fake will always be a fake."

"Shut up!" Journi shrieked, her composure cracking. She relished seeing people beg before her, but Norah's defiance only fueled her fury. Why wasn't she afraid?

"If you want me to shut up, kill me already." Norah goaded her.

Journi's face contorted in rage. "You think I won't?!"

She snatched a dagger from a nearby guard and pressed it against Norah's cheek. "If you're not afraid of death, fine. I'll make you wish you were dead. First, I'll ruin your pretty face. Once you're disfigured, no one will want you. They'll turn their backs on you. Then, I'll sever your tendons and make you a cripple."

A sick pleasure glinted in Journi's eyes as she imagined it.

Norah didn't flinch, even as the cold blade bit into her skin. Her gaze stayed locked on Journi. "You seem a little obsessed with destroying my face. Almost like... you know what it's like to be ruined yourself. Could it be that yours isn't even real? Plastic surgery, maybe?"

"You—!" Journi recoiled, hands flying to her face as if Norah had exposed something.

Her panic only deepened Norah's suspicions.

"I'm going to kill you, you little—!" Journi roared, lifting the knife.

But before she could strike, the sound of approaching cars cut through the tension.

Journi froze. The dagger hovered inches from Norah's skin when a man stepped out of the vehicle.

"Miss." The voice was calm yet commanding.

Journi turned, her grip on the knife tightening. "Elder Ke."

The old man—dressed in a black robe, his silver hair neatly combed—walked toward them. Though he appeared to be in his seventies, his presence was strong, unwavering. He glanced at Norah but didn't seem surprised. Instead, he addressed Journi in an even tone. "Miss, now is not the time for bloodshed. You should return."

Journi hesitated before letting out an annoyed huff. She slowly pulled the knife away from Norah's face.

"Elder Ke, this woman is a threat to me. I can't just let her go."

"We'll deal with it later." Elder Ke's words left no room for argument.

Journi shot Norah a venomous glare. "You got lucky. But don't get too comfortable."

Norah watched as Elder Ke turned back toward the car. Something about him unsettled her.

Before she could dwell on it, rough hands shoved her forward. They forced her into a car and pulled a black cloth over her head.

They didn't want her knowing where they were going.

Norah lost track of time during the ride. When the car finally stopped, she was dragged out and the hood was yanked away.

A sprawling garden stretched before her, its beauty at odds with her situation. The buildings combined ancient elegance with modern luxury, a clear sign of wealth and power. This was no ordinary home—it was a fortress.

“Get in!” A guard shoved her forward.

Norah steadied herself. “Where is this? How long are you planning to keep me locked up?”

“That’s up to the young miss.” Owen’s tone was cold. “If I were you, I wouldn’t get too comfortable.”

Without another word, they left her alone.

Surprisingly, she wasn’t confined to a single room. She could move around the garden, though high-voltage wires lined the towering walls. Escape was impossible.

As Norah wandered, a group of young women dressed in traditional Yi tribe clothing passed her. She greeted them, but they ignored her, heads bowed as they moved swiftly inside.

They reminded her of palace servants in ancient times.

A sudden crash rang out, followed by the sharp crack of a whip.

“Ahh!”

Norah followed the sound and came upon a brutal scene. A plump woman lashed a frail girl mercilessly, her whip slicing through skin already marred with bloody wounds.

The girl couldn’t have been older than fifteen. She trembled violently, arms raised in a pitiful attempt to shield herself.

“Please—please stop!” she sobbed.

But the woman, Kendall, sneered. “Spare you? This is how things work here. You break the rules, you get punished. Consider yourself lucky I don’t beat you to death!”

She raised the whip again.

Norah's instincts kicked in.

She lunged forward, grabbing the whip before it could land another blow.

Kendall's eyes widened. "You dare—?!"

Norah's grip tightened. "She'll die if you keep this up. Over a broken bowl?"

The watching crowd sucked in a breath, fear flickering in their eyes.

The young girl clung to Norah's leg. "Sister, help me... please..."

Norah looked down at her. Malnourished, bruised, utterly helpless. She couldn't just stand by.

Kendall yanked at the whip. "You must be new here. Let me make one thing clear—when I say someone dies, they die. Nobody will know, and nobody will care. Now, get your hands off me, or you'll be next!"

Menacing figures emerged behind her. More enforcers.

The girl trembled. "Don't... don't fight them. You'll die..."

Norah's eyes flicked to the guards, then back to Kendall. Her grip on the whip didn't loosen.

Instead, she moved.

Before Kendall could react, Norah was behind her, looping the whip around her thick neck and pulling tight.

"Ahh!" Kendall choked, struggling against the hold.

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Arlene ran back, panting. Seeing her return, everyone sighed in relief.

"Arlene, where have you been? You nearly scared us to death!"

"Where's Captain Edwards? I need to find him!" Arlene's eyes were red, and she was frantic.

"Captain Edwards hasn't come back yet. Norah went looking for you—why are you here alone?"

“Norah was taken! We have to find Captain Edwards—he’s the only one who can save her!”
Arlene turned in a panic. “Where did he go? I need to tell him now!”

“You disappeared, so Norah sent someone with a message. He should be back soon.”

Arlene waited anxiously. The moment she heard a car pulling in, she knew Kevin had arrived.

She rushed outside and saw Kevin step out of the vehicle, his expression grim. “Captain Edwards, Norah has been kidnapped! You have to save her!”

Kevin’s face remained composed. “Who took her?”

“I don’t know!” Arlene’s voice cracked as she cried. “I didn’t get a clear look! They came for Norah—she’s in danger! We have to go now!”

Despite the lack of details, Kevin had a strong hunch.

Someone was still after Norah.

Which meant an old grudge.

And there was only one group that fit the profile.

Especially... the ones from that past deal!

Kevin didn’t hesitate. “Move out! Now!”

At that moment, Norah was still holding Kendall hostage.

She had one hand gripping the end of a whip—not too tight, just enough to keep Kendall in check.

Kendall had been training the girls here. The men followed her orders.

Taking down the leader first was always the smartest move.

Norah had come here with only one goal—staying alive.

Kendall was paralyzed with fear. She didn’t dare move and quickly changed her tone. “Listen, girl, let’s talk. You’re in my hands now. You can’t escape. Don’t do anything reckless—when the time comes, it won’t just be a beating.”

Norah scoffed. “If I let you go, I’ll die even faster. But as long as you’re in my hands, I still have time. You don’t want to suffer, do you? Then tell them to back off.”

The whip's barbs lightly pressed into Kendall's neck. They weren't deep, but the sharp points still pricked her skin.

Seeing Kendall hesitate, Norah tightened her grip. "What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?"

"Okay, okay!" Kendall forced a smile. "You heard her—step back. Don't scare the girl. My life is in her hands."

The men exchanged uneasy glances.

To be safe, Norah warned them, "Stand to the side. No talking. No leaving."

"Girl, why make this harder on yourself?" Kendall sighed. "You're here now. There's no tomorrow for you. You might as well accept your fate."

She was trying to break Norah mentally, but Norah wasn't buying it. "If I'm really out of options, then why am I still holding you?"

"What do you want?"

Norah glanced at a little girl huddled in the corner, her fingers rotting from untreated wounds. "This child's hands are infected. Shouldn't she get medical treatment first?"

Her words stunned the group.

"You really don't know what kind of place this is, do you?" Kendall sneered. "If they cared about treating wounds, she wouldn't have ended up here in the first place. The people brought here either end up disabled or dead. They're just cheap goods."

It was a sick, twisted place.

Human lives meant less than nothing.

Norah couldn't stand it. Her arms ached from holding position for so long. Glancing at the table, she noticed an array of torture tools. She grabbed a bayonet and let go of the whip.

Kendall saw her chance to escape—but froze.

Norah was right behind her, pressing the bayonet to her waist. "Don't move. I haven't given you permission. Do you actually want to live?"

Kendall realized Norah wasn't someone to mess with. She forced a chuckle. "I wasn't trying to run, just stretching my back. If you want to talk, let's talk—but we can't keep this up forever."

"Fine." Norah's tone was steady. "I have a few questions. Answer them properly."

Kendall smirked. "Go ahead."

“What is this place?”

“Girl, this is where slaves are kept. No one leaves.” Kendall’s voice was laced with cruel amusement.

“Slaves?” Norah’s stomach turned. “In this day and age? You’re seriously running a forced labor camp? Aren’t you afraid of getting caught?”

Kendall scoffed. “You’re not from around here. This place is run by different powers. Worrying about the law? Please. The only thing that matters here is survival.”

Norah’s stomach churned. It all made sense now—the massive compound, the terrified people, the silence. They were too afraid to speak, too broken to hope for escape.

Of course, they couldn’t let anyone leave.

“Is this Pharaoh’s territory?” Norah asked.

At the mention of the name, Kendall’s expression darkened. “What do you think you’re doing? How dare you even say his name? Shut up!”

So, Pharaoh was the one they all feared.

“Have you ever seen him?”

Kendall’s face paled. She lowered her voice. “No one here gets to meet Pharaoh. Girl, I’m telling you—stop asking questions before you get yourself killed.”

So she was right.

This was Pharaoh’s domain.

She knew she was taking a massive risk.

Life or death.

She had no idea if she’d make it out alive.

For now, Kendall was still in front of her. But Norah couldn’t hold her forever, and she had no idea how long she could keep control.

“Kendall, this sister tried to help me. If you’re going to punish someone, punish me! Don’t hurt her!” The little girl suddenly dropped to her knees, pleading desperately.

Norah knew Kendall wouldn’t let her off so easily. “Kendall, I’m not a slave here. Owen sent me. You know Journi, don’t you?”

“Journi?” Kendall looked puzzled. “You mean the eldest daughter—the one they found after years of searching? What’s your connection to her?”

“Who knows?” Norah played along. “But since I’m here, I know one thing—I don’t expect to leave. So let’s not hold grudges. If Journi wants me alive, you shouldn’t kill me. If I die, wouldn’t that ruin whatever she’s planning?”

Kendall hesitated. “Fine, I’ll confirm it. But understand this—I may be in charge here, but even I can’t leave. Kidnapping me won’t get you anywhere.”

Norah already knew that.

She was safe—for now. But that didn’t mean she’d stay that way.

Kendall signaled someone.

A man left, then returned shortly after, nodding at Kendall.

Kendall’s lips curled into a fake smile. “See? We’re all good now. Let me go, and no one gets hurt.”

Norah had no choice. She released her.

Kendall immediately stepped away—and her demeanor shifted in an instant. “Take this little brat down.”

The men surrounded Norah.

She couldn’t fight them all.

They didn’t even need to try.

“Didn’t you just say—”

Kendall rubbed her neck and smirked. “You really thought you’d get off easy? The eldest lady said to keep you alive—but she never said I couldn’t have some fun first. Welcome to hell.”

She raised a barbed whip.

Norah clenched her fists. Her heart pounded.

Then—

A gunshot rang out.

A bullet shattered the whip midair.

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Kendall's face turned pale as she stared at the bullet holes in the wall and the broken whip.

"Quick, alert—"

Panic surged through her as she clutched her head, instinctively seeking cover. She barely spared a thought for Norah. The others in the room were just as terrified.

However... nothing else followed.

For those accustomed to war, the sight of bullets, guns, or even the crackle of fireworks could trigger the belief that another battle had begun.

Yet, there had only been a single gunshot.

Kendall cautiously peeked out to assess the situation.

Norah, on the other hand, saw a tall man step through the window. His face was expressionless, his posture imposing. He moved forward with unwavering authority and pushed open the door.

In an instant, the entire room was blocked from view.

Kendall was utterly stunned. "L-Little Clown... You? Why are you here?"

The Clown—one of the Young Master's trusted men—had appeared in person. No wonder someone had dared to fire a shot here.

Without hesitation, he stopped in front of Norah and coldly commanded, "This person—nothing is to happen to her."

Kendall froze.

Was Norah telling the truth all along?

Seeing Kendall hesitate, the Clown's gaze sharpened. "Did you not hear me?"

"I heard you! I heard you!" Kendall replied hastily, not daring to delay.

With a swift glance, Kendall signaled to the others. Understanding the cue, Norah stepped forward to support the injured girl. She opened her mouth to speak, but before she could, the Clown shot her a look. Without another word, Kendall followed him out.

Norah had no choice but to help the girl back to her original position.

Before leaving, the Clown issued one last warning. “You’d better follow my orders. I’ll be keeping an eye on her, and if I find out she’s been harmed, I’ll tear you apart.”

“Yes! Don’t worry, Clown! Since you’ve come to deliver the order yourself, I won’t disobey!”

The Clown was no ordinary subordinate—he was a close confidant of the Young Master. And after witnessing his marksmanship, Kendall knew defying him was a death sentence.

The Clown didn’t say another word. Instead, he kicked Kendall.

“Aghh!” Kendall screamed, her wail slicing through the air. But she didn’t dare complain.

Without a backward glance, the Clown turned and left. Moments later, he placed a call. “Young Master, I’ve taken care of everything.”

Meanwhile, Norah remained in the room.

With the Clown’s protection, no one dared to lay a finger on her now. Even when she requested supplies from the guards and patrols outside, they complied without hesitation.

She carefully applied medicine to the injured girl, noticing her dry, cracked lips. Dipping a cotton swab in water, she gently moistened them.

Before long, the girl’s eyes fluttered open.

She glanced around, then let out a bitter chuckle. “I’m still alive? In this place, I might as well be dead.”

Norah grasped her hand. “Don’t say that. As long as you’re alive, there’s still hope. We—”

The girl was severely wounded. Norah wasn’t just acting out of kindness—she was close by, and with so many people around, it was easier to get things done.

But before she could finish, the girl cut her off with a cold laugh. “Don’t be naive. Being here is worse than death. We call it a slave camp, but we aren’t even slaves.”

Her words rang true.

This place was called a “slave camp,” yet there was no slave trade. Kendall ran the operation, and any sign of disobedience resulted in brutal beatings. The long whip, lined with barbs, tore into flesh with every strike.

Fights were encouraged. Drug experiments were conducted. And worse—horrific tests that made death seem like mercy.

Norah's stomach twisted at the thought.

The girl let out another grim laugh. "Once you enter this place, even your corpse will be used."

Hearing this, a chill crept down Norah's spine.

This wasn't a slave camp.

This was a hellscape. A devil's camp.

But she held onto one belief—if sacrificing herself could bring down the Pharaoh, she would do it without hesitation.

On the other side of the camp, the setting was vastly different.

A room decorated with luxury—a plush bed, elegant furnishings, gleaming jewelry, and a table lined with exquisite snacks and drinks.

Journi sat at her desk, indulging in the lavish comforts.

Then—

Kara! The door swung open.

Two tall men stood at the entrance. Their uniforms made them instantly recognizable to Journi.

A moment later, a figure in a black cloak entered. He was covered head to toe, his face concealed by a black mask adorned with sharp fangs.

Journi couldn't see his features—not even his eyes.

Her heart clenched. Rising swiftly, she approached him with reverence. "Father."

The man remained still, his voice low and hoarse, as though it had been permanently damaged. "Journi, what have you been up to lately?"

Her breath hitched. His visit was no coincidence.

She had been here for a while, yet he had never come before.

"I... I haven't done anything..." she started.

Before she could finish, he cut her off coldly. "Nothing? Then why did you bring someone back?"

He stepped toward her.

Journi's pulse quickened, but she quickly composed herself. "Father, she humiliated me—nearly killed me. I just wanted to teach her a lesson, but Elder Ke intervened."

She watched him closely, but the mask revealed nothing. She had no idea whether he was pleased or furious.

Still, he didn't respond.

Journi took a shaky breath, pinching her palm discreetly before adding, "Father, I don't understand... Why is Elder Ke protecting this woman so fiercely? Did she target me because she relies on his favor?"

The man chuckled softly. "There's no need to drag Elder Ke into this. I know exactly who he is."

Journi's little tricks didn't fool him.

Between a daughter who appeared out of nowhere and a man who had been by his side for years, his trust lay with the latter.

As for the woman Journi brought back—he intended to see for himself what kind of person had dared to challenge his daughter and had Elder Ke's protection.

"Father, I'm sorry. I... I was afraid you'd blame me. While my later words may have been exaggerated, everything I said at first was true..." Journi lowered her head, suddenly looking like a scolded child.

His voice remained detached, almost indifferent. "I don't want to see this happen again."

"...Understood." She dared not argue.

He studied her for a few moments before turning to leave.

Only after he was gone did she dare to lift her head.

Her nails had dug deep into her palms.