

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 439

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## Chapter 439

A glint of ruthlessness flashed in Journi's eyes. Since she had brought Norah here, she wasn't going to let her leave alive.

Less than half an hour after the man left, someone knocked on her door.

"Come in."

Her voice was cold and indifferent. A tall man entered, carrying a bowl of ginseng soup.

"Miss Journi, this is from the Pharaoh. He ordered me to bring it for your health," the man said respectfully.

"Leave it there. I'll drink it after I change." Journi barely spared him a glance before turning away.

Since arriving here, she'd been given ginseng soup regularly. But at this point, the mere thought of it made her nauseous.

The man followed orders, setting the soup on the desk. "Miss Journi, the Pharaoh instructed me to stay until you finish it."

Journi didn't respond. But after changing, she walked over, picked up the bowl, and took a breath before drinking it all in one go. The strong scent of chicken and medicinal herbs filled her nose.

She looked at the man. "Do you really have to be so rigid? Wouldn't it be the same if I drank it later?"

His voice remained cold. "Miss Journi, I follow the Pharaoh's orders."

Journi choked on her words but quickly waved him off. "Fine. You can go."

She had endured far worse. Was she really going to be afraid of a bowl of ginseng soup?

“Yes.”

The man bowed slightly before leaving.

Journi tied her hair into a low ponytail, covered her face with a veil, and stepped out of the room. She was headed to see Norah, but before she got far, the same man blocked her path.

He was always submissive in front of her, yet his presence carried undeniable strength.

“Miss Journi, the Pharaoh wants you to rest. You shouldn’t be wandering around.”

Her anger flared instantly.

Was she being confined?

She clenched her fists but knew she couldn’t lash out. Suppressing her frustration, she turned around. But as she walked away, she secretly sent a message to Owen:

**[Follow up on Norah. Get a video of her for me.]**

Even if she was grounded, she still had Owen. A video would be just as good as seeing Norah in person.

**[Got it.]** Owen replied almost instantly.

Journi’s anger eased slightly.

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Norah sat with the girl, waiting until her emotions settled before gently asking, “Feeling any better?”

The girl nodded, though her throat felt dry. “I lost control for a moment. You must think I’m weak.”

Norah didn’t respond right away.

Here, life was worse than death. Every time she wanted to end it, she was met with harsher punishment. She couldn’t die, but she wasn’t really living either.

She had once thought of escaping, but she was too powerless. Trapped between agony and survival, she realized Norah was different from the rest.

Unlike the others, Norah hadn't been beaten badly when she arrived. She had even dared to stand up to Kendall. Just moments ago, Norah had given her medicine—an almost unheard-of luxury in this place.

She had been here long enough to know that injuries were left to fate. No one cared if you lived or died.

Yet Norah had medicine. That meant she had connections. And Kendall hadn't targeted her again.

"How could I think that?" Norah gave a small smile. "Can you tell me more about this place? It seems like it's only women here."

Since being captured, Norah hadn't seen a single man.

Just as the girl was about to respond, the door suddenly swung open.

Kendall stood there, her gaze locked on Norah.

"You. Come out."

Norah's brows furrowed, but she stood up without hesitation.

The girl watched Norah's retreating figure, her expression darkening.

She had just been thinking that Norah was different—perhaps even important. Now Kendall had personally come to take her away.

Was Norah about to be punished?

The girl's face remained eerily calm, but her eyes were filled with cold determination.

She clenched her fists. If she was going to die, she would make sure Kendall went down with her. Otherwise, what was the point of all the suffering she had endured?

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Norah followed behind Kendall, staying alert.

Surprisingly, Kendall didn't harm her. Instead, she led her to a man.

Norah instantly recognized him—it was the clown who had saved her from Kendall not long ago.

"Little clown, I brought her. I'm leaving now," Kendall said hastily.

She turned and left so quickly it was almost comical. The last time she encountered this man, he had kicked her so hard she was still sore. She wasn't about to stick around.

Now, it was just Norah and the clown.

He handed her a black card attached to a thin rope.

"Keep this on you. No one will dare lay a hand on you. You can go wherever you want."

Norah held the card, eyeing him carefully. "What is Baimo up to?"

Baimo knew she had been captured. He also knew she was in danger. That's why he had sent the clown to protect her, given her this card, and ensured she could move freely.

But why?

The clown's dark eyes flickered with surprise. "How do you know?"

He had never revealed his identity to her. Nor had he ever mentioned Baimo.

Had Baimo told her himself? No, that was impossible. The young master's identity was never exposed to outsiders.

Norah's tone was calm. "That's my business. If you don't know, then I'll be on my way."

Whether he truly didn't know or just refused to say—those were two different things. But he wasn't hers to command, so she had no way of forcing an answer.

The clown's voice was low. "I only follow the young master's orders. That's all I know."

He was making his stance clear—he obeyed Baimo, nothing more.

Norah didn't reply. She turned to leave, but as she walked, she glanced around and noticed something.

There was a large hall separating the space. On the right was the area where she had been held. But to the left...

**BANG!**

A heavy thud shattered the silence. Norah's head snapped toward the sound.

A man had just been thrown out from the left side, his body battered and covered in blood.

Seconds later, two more men emerged, one of them ruthlessly kicking the fallen man.

Norah's breath caught in her throat.

This place... What the hell was really going on here?

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The man on the ground wasn't moving.

"Drag him out. Feed him to the dogs."

The cold command echoed, growing closer.

At that moment, Norah understood why the girl had preferred death over survival.

"Stop."

A low voice rang in Norah's ears. She turned to see the two men freeze and shift their attention toward the source.

The moment they saw the clown, their expressions changed instantly. Their arrogance disappeared, replaced by fear and obedience. They immediately lowered their heads in respect.

"Clown."

The clown strode forward and crouched beside the unconscious man. He reached out, checking for a pulse.

"He's still alive," he muttered. "Even the dead shouldn't be wasted on dog food. Slaves are hard to come by, and the Pharaoh's death experiments haven't succeeded yet. We need to minimize losses."

"Yes, Clown."

Both men spoke in unison, their earlier bloodthirsty confidence completely gone.

Norah suddenly realized something: men and women were held separately in this labor camp.

Kendall controlled the women's side.

The clown controlled the men's side.

And the clown was called Baimo's "Young Master."

But he had also just referred to someone as Pharaoh.

That meant Baimo and Journi were the Pharaoh's children.

The Pharaoh was the true monster.

Norah clenched her fists. If she was already under special privileges here, it was only a matter of time before she came face-to-face with the Pharaoh himself.

She pressed her lips together, pushed away her thoughts, and spoke in a low voice. "Can you take me to see Baimo?"

The clown gave her a sidelong glance. "The Young Master didn't mention meeting you. But since he granted you special privileges, you're free to move around. If you don't have a request now, go back and rest. If you do, I'll take you."

Her request was denied.

Norah remained silent for a moment before making up her mind. "Then take me for a walk."

The clown gave a slight nod. "Hmm."

Norah followed him, taking in her surroundings. The area was massive, with towering courtyard walls. In the center of the yard stood several tall plane trees, their branches extending beyond the walls.

For a brief moment, Norah considered climbing one to escape, but as they moved, she realized another shocking detail—beyond the courtyard wall was yet another enclosed area, heavily patrolled.

If she had acted on impulse and tried climbing out, she would have walked straight into a trap.

Escape wasn't impossible, but failure meant brutal punishment. No death, just relentless suffering.

"Men and women are kept separately here, aren't they?" Norah finally asked, glancing at the clown.

Since he was one of Baimo's people and she had been given privileges, she expected an honest answer.

The clown looked at her with mild surprise. "You noticed?"

Most prisoners arrived here broken—too frightened to observe their surroundings. But Norah wasn't like them. She was sharp.

She had likely figured out Baimo's identity on her own rather than having it told to her.

The clown hummed in acknowledgment. "Yes. It's easier to control them that way. The yard is large. You're free to explore. There's a flower field over there. That's where the Lady stays."

Norah followed his gesture and turned toward the area where Journi lived.

That's when she locked eyes with someone.

A veiled woman stood at the window, her dark eyes filled with unrestrained hostility and resentment.

Journi had brought Norah here to suffer, yet now she was strolling around with the clown—Baimo's trusted right-hand man.

Journi clenched her teeth in fury. Her nails dug into her palm, nearly breaking the skin.

Just then, her phone chimed with a notification.

It was a message from Owen:

**[Miss, Norah is now under the Young Master's protection. He also gave her a black access card.]**

To Journi, those words were like a knife stabbing her chest, twisting with each syllable.

Jealousy and rage burned through her veins.

She immediately called Owen. The moment he answered, her voice was cold and deliberate. "I don't care how you do it. I want Norah dead."

"...Miss, this won't be easy," Owen hesitated. "Not only is the Young Master protecting her, but don't forget—there's also Elder Ke."

Journi's anger flared hotter. "I don't need your reminders. I need results. Can you do it or not?"

If Owen was no longer useful to her, she would replace him.

“...Yes.”

She hung up instantly, gripping her phone so tightly her knuckles turned white. A cruel glint flickered in her eyes.

Norah wouldn't leave here alive.

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Meanwhile, Norah sneezed several times in a row.

Under the clown's guidance, she had memorized the layout of the entire area.

Suddenly, a frantic male voice echoed nearby. “Clown! Something's happened at the slave camp!”

Norah watched as the clown's expression turned to stone.

His entire demeanor shifted. His usual air of detachment disappeared, replaced by something far more dangerous.

But when he turned to Norah, the cold edge in his face softened slightly. “I need to take care of something. If you want to keep exploring, go ahead, but don't wander off too far. I'll find you later.”

The Young Master had said it himself—the safest place was often the most dangerous one.

Norah nodded and walked toward the garden. The field was filled with flowers, but what caught her attention was a secluded corner where roses of different colors bloomed—especially the white and pink ones.

She stepped closer, finding it odd that a place like this would have such a carefully tended garden.

“Who's there?”

A deep voice cut through the air, making her heart tighten.

She turned and saw a figure squatting near the roses.

It was a man, his face partially covered by a black mask. His silver-streaked hair made him look as if he had been touched by frost.

His dark eyes studied her with surprise.

“Who are you?” he asked. “How did you get in here?”



Norah took a step back, sensing something different about him. His clothes were worn and dirt-streaked, but that didn't hide his presence.

Or the way his piercing gaze held an air of authority.