

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 441

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The man narrowed his eyes. "Who are you?"

Everyone in his team had a clear role, yet here was Norah, freely walking around with a black card that granted her access.

Norah felt a wave of unease. Anyone with privileges under Pharaoh's rule had to hold a significant status. She had no idea who this man was, but she knew she had to be careful.

"I'm with Young Master Baimo," she said, keeping her voice steady. "I just came in to familiarize myself with the surroundings."

She still hadn't found Karina or Steven in the slave camp. She needed to locate them. More than that, she had to stay alive. Step one was understanding her environment.

The man repeated her words slowly. "Young Master Baimo's people."

"Yes." Norah nodded. "I still have things to do, so I'll be on my way." She kept her tone polite, hoping to avoid unnecessary trouble. With her status established, she assumed he wouldn't interfere.

The man didn't respond. He simply watched her—her face, her eyes, her every movement.

If she were wearing a white dress, standing beside the roses, she would look just like—

"Shadow."

A tall, sharp-featured man stepped forward at the command, his expression serious and cold. "Pharaoh."

A flicker of ice-cold calculation crossed Pharaoh's eyes. "Look into that woman's background..." He hesitated, then changed his mind. "No. Bring Baimo to me."

"Yes."

Shadow turned to leave, but Pharaoh stopped him. “What about Journi?”

Shadow glanced back. “The eldest lady refused the ginseng soup. She’s not pleased.”

“She doesn’t like it?” Pharaoh muttered, then waved a hand dismissively. “Understood. Have Baimo meet me tonight.”

“Understood.”

Two hours later, Pharaoh entered Journi’s room. Unlike in the garden, he now wore his fanged mask. In his hands, he carried a small cake and a dress in her size.

He approached her, setting them down gently. “If you don’t like the ginseng soup, don’t drink it. This cake isn’t big—I had the store recommend a flavor for you. If you don’t like it, I’ll take you there next time. And this dress—I thought it would suit you.”

Journi stared at him in shock. “Dad…”

She rarely saw Pharaoh, and when she did, he was always busy, always masked. No one had ever seen his true face. This moment of unexpected kindness left her speechless.

Pharaoh rested a hand on her head. “I only wanted to help your health, but I neglected the taste.”

Journi’s heart clenched. She had been here for so long, yet her father had barely had time for her.

“If you need anything, tell me,” he added.

She couldn’t see his face, but his touch was gentle. This was the first time she truly felt the warmth of a father’s love.

She took a deep breath. “I want to go out. I promise I won’t cause trouble, I won’t do anything reckless, and I won’t harm myself.”

She couldn’t accept that Norah had escaped punishment. Even with Baimo’s protection, it was only a matter of time. Norah wouldn’t leave this place alive.

Pharaoh seemed pleased with her answer. “Last time, you went looking for your brother. Do you know the people around him?”

Journi stiffened. Had Pharaoh seen Norah? Or...

“Why do you ask?” she said carefully, testing the waters.

Pharaoh’s voice dropped. “Today, I saw a woman. She claimed to be with your brother.”

Journi clenched her fists, nails digging into her palms. Norah couldn’t just suffer—she had to disappear forever.

She lowered her head. “Dad, I’ve only been back a short while. I don’t think my brother likes me much. I don’t know anything about his people or decisions.”

Pharaoh said nothing for a moment, then asked, “Have you finished your marksmanship training?”

Journi nodded. “Owen has taught me everything.”

“Good.” He stood. “I have things to handle. If you ever need anything, come to me.”

“Okay.” Journi watched him leave.

Once the door shut, she turned to the dress and cake he had left behind. The cake remained untouched.

She lifted the dress—white, with delicate pink roses embroidered at the neckline.

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Norah pursed her lips and cleared her throat. “Yes. May I ask one last question?”

The clown, mindful of Baimo’s instructions, nodded. “Go ahead. Who are you looking for?”

“A woman named Karina and a man named Steven,” Norah replied. “I need to find them.”

If she could, she would have searched for them herself. But she knew the black card in her hand didn’t grant her that level of authority.

She wasn’t sure where Kendall stood on this matter, but at least the clown was here...

“Go back for now. If there’s any news, I’ll let you know,” the clown said.

“Thank you,” Norah replied sincerely.

She wasn't the one in charge here. No matter what the clown's true identity was or who he worked for, at this moment, she needed something from him.

The clown froze for a second. He had been here for so long, cursed by countless people daily, yet Norah had actually thanked him? And she seemed to mean it...

Just then, a deep, respectful voice sounded beside him. “Clown, the new batch of slaves has arrived. Do you want to inspect them now?”

Snapping back to reality, the clown nodded. “Yes, I'll take a look.”

In less than two minutes, the new slaves were lined up before him. This batch wasn't great—too thin, and their features... something about them seemed off.

But in the last row, one stood out—a tall man, around 1.9 meters, with unremarkable features but a normal demeanor.

“You,” the clown's voice cut through the air. “What's your name?”

The man stepped forward and answered in a low voice, “My name is Anan.”

“Send the others to Zone B. Bring this one to Zone A,” the clown ordered.

Anan was immediately taken away, but as he walked, his eyes carefully scanned his surroundings.

...

Back in the female slave quarters, Norah found herself granted a private space—special treatment, but not the kind she wanted.

She protested, “Bring the girl I drugged earlier. If she's not here, I won't accept any of this.”

Isolation wasn't an advantage in this place. She needed information, and being alone wasn't an option.

The guards hesitated but complied. Kendall had given strict orders regarding her.

Soon, the girl was brought in. The moment she saw Norah, her eyes lit up. “You have a black card!”

Norah caught her expression and pressed her lips together. “What do you know about the black card? Be specific.”

The black card gave her certain privileges, but something told her this girl knew more than she did.

The girl's voice trembled with hope. "It's a status symbol. Only people with black cards can come and go freely. Please, you have to take me with you!"

With a desperate "plop," the girl dropped to her knees.

Her black eyes shimmered with tears—hopeful yet fearful. She had endured so much suffering. If escaping meant living only one more day, it was still worth it.

At just fifteen years old, her will to survive burned strong.

The person responsible for this place wasn't a man—he was a monster.

Norah placed a steady hand on the girl's shoulder. "I'll take you with me. I need people I can trust. How long have you been here?"

Her expression was sincere. She had her reasons for protecting this girl.

The girl nodded. "A long time. I have immunity to certain drugs, so I've survived, but I've seen too much death."

"I understand." Norah's voice softened. "Have you ever heard of a woman named Karina?"

She needed to find Karina and Steven. She had no idea if they were still alive.

The girl shook her head. "Only the people in charge know names. We're just thrown into this nightmare, forced into experiments or worse. We don't get to ask questions."

Norah fell silent. Asking the clown had been the right move.

The girl studied her. "You came here just to find someone?"

Norah hesitated, then nodded. "Yes... not exactly. If we can plan this right—"

The girl cut her off. "What's there to plan? Just use your black card and get us out of here! Or do you want to blow this place up?"

Norah blinked in surprise. "Of course not."

She wasn't some hero trying to destroy this place. She just wanted to confirm Karina and Steven were here, then get them out—whatever it took.

Before she could say more, a cough echoed nearby. "Ahem!"

The girl tensed instantly, like a frightened bird. Her face drained of color, and she didn't dare to speak again.

Norah turned and saw the clown standing in the doorway, his gaze sharp.

"Go back to where you came from," he ordered the girl coldly.

This room was for Norah alone. The girl was just a slave—she didn't belong here.

Norah stepped in front of her. "I asked her to come."

The clown pursed his lips, pausing for a few seconds before speaking in a low voice. "I asked Kendall. Neither his side nor mine has anyone by the names you're looking for."

Norah stiffened. "That's impossible!"

Steven's message had been clear. Karina had been taken by Pharaoh's people. She knew the process—captives taken by Pharaoh's subordinates ended up here as slaves.

If their names weren't in the records...

Norah clenched her fists. "Little clown, can you let me search the slave camps myself? Maybe they were registered under different names."

The clown hadn't expected that request. It went beyond the young master's orders.

He hesitated. "I can't approve that. I need to ask the young master."

If you don't enter the tiger's den, you can't steal its cubs.

Norah lived by that principle.

Without hesitation, the clown pulled out his phone and dialed a number. He spoke clearly, "Young Master, Norah wants access to the male and female slave camps."

Baimo gazed at a landscape painting before him. His lips curled into a slow smile. "Let her in."

"Yes, sir."

With that, the clown led Norah toward the slave camp.

The moment she stepped inside, her eyes locked onto a man standing in the corner.

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The man noticed Norah as well.

Their eyes met. His gaze was like a beautiful moon—strange yet oddly familiar. Norah didn't recognize his face, but something about him stirred a deep sense of familiarity within her.

She quickly looked away.

The man's eyes darkened, turbulent with emotion.

"Is he the Steven you're looking for?"

The clown, noticing their exchange, frowned.

Based on what Norah had said earlier, Karina and Steven had been trapped in the slave camp for some time, whereas Anan—the man standing before her—had only just been captured.

"No."

Norah shook her head slightly. The man in front of her and Steven were clearly two different people.

At her denial, the man's expression hardened.

The prisoners in Area A began to line up, each one passing before Norah. She scanned their faces, but Steven was nowhere to be found.

"You've gone through all six hundred people in Area A," the clown reminded her. "Time's up for today. If you want to keep searching, come back tomorrow."

"Alright," Norah responded.

There was nothing else she could do for now. This wasn't her territory—she had no authority here.

"Let's go back, then," the clown said.

Just as he finished speaking, a series of coughs echoed behind Norah.

Her heart clenched.

That voice!

Boom—

The realization hit her like a lightning strike. No wonder the man's eyes had felt so familiar!

She forced herself to remain composed, walking forward with the clown as if nothing had happened. When they reached a corner, she suddenly turned to him.

“Little clown, you have plenty of other things to take care of every day. Let me handle this on my own.”

Her breath was unsteady.

She wasn't sure if the clown would agree, but she had to try.

The clown misread her intentions, assuming she was asking for special privileges. “Even though the young master protects you, don't push your luck here!” he warned, his brows furrowing.

He couldn't understand Norah at all. She was here to find someone, yet she kept asking for more. He also had no idea why the young master indulged her so much.

Norah seized the opportunity. “You won't even let me look for someone on my own—how is that me asking for too much?”

“You—”

The clown's expression darkened.

But after a moment, he relented. “Fine. There are four districts. Zone D has the most people, and you're allowed to search only one district per day. It's set for three o'clock in the afternoon.”

Norah hadn't even agreed yet when the clown set the schedule himself.

“Alright,” she said.

Before leaving, the clown added, “There's someone I want to train. Since you're searching for someone, I'll have them brought over later.”

Then, he ordered for Anan to be brought in.

Once the clown was gone, Norah felt a wave of shock. He had agreed too easily. And Baimo... it was almost as if he was allowing her to do whatever she pleased.

No doubt, in other people's eyes, she probably looked like a ridiculous clown herself.

The thought barely settled before Norah returned to the private room that had been arranged for her. As soon as she stepped inside, strong arms wrapped around her from behind.

“You're okay,” a deep voice murmured into her ear. “That's all that matters.”

The warmth of his embrace, the strength in his hold—it was all real.

Norah's chest tightened. She yanked his arms away and turned to face him.

“Kevin! Are you insane?”

She kept her voice low, but it still trembled with panic.

It was bad enough that she had been caught, but now Kevin was here too? If not for Baimo’s protection, she would have been tortured beyond recognition.

Kevin had risked his life sneaking in!

Kevin cupped her face, his voice hoarse. “Norah, if you were taken, how could I just stand by and do nothing?”

It didn’t matter if this was a lion’s den or a snake pit. If Norah was here, he would break in at any cost.

Norah saw the determination in his dark eyes, her throat tightening.

Kevin had left behind his entire team to come for her. Before he left, he had even transferred all his assets to her. He had prepared every escape route for her, putting her above everything else.

“Kevin, we’re both being watched. I’m afraid you’ve already been discovered.”

She tried to push him away, but at 1.9 meters tall, he was an immovable force.

Kevin didn’t care. He gripped her chin and captured her lips in a deep, desperate kiss, prying her mouth open to drink in her warmth and taste. Only then did he truly believe she was here, alive.

Breathing heavily, he finally pulled away.

“Norah, as long as I’m here, nothing will happen to you.”

He didn’t care if he was discovered. At the very least, he had seen her. And before sneaking in, he had implanted a tracking chip in his body.

If the system lost his vital signs, the missile strike would be automatic.

But before that happened, he had to ensure Norah’s safety.

Norah clutched his hand. “No... We need to keep our distance. They could show up at any moment, Kevin. Don’t assume the worst.”

Yes, the situation was dire. But only hope could keep them moving forward.

Without it, all that remained was despair and exhaustion.

“Hmm.”

Kevin acknowledged her words. He had been leaning against the door, but now he locked it.

Then, reaching beneath his collar, he pulled out a silver medallion necklace. He ran his fingers over the small raised button on the back and pressed it three times.

A distress signal.

Once he got Norah out, the entire place would go up in flames.

Norah caught the movement and grabbed his hand. “Karina and Steven are still missing,” she reminded him. “There are things I haven’t figured out yet. And Kevin, there are hundreds of innocent captives here.”

Pharaoh and his men were evil, but what about Baimo? He was still an enigma.

Kevin hadn’t expected Norah’s perception to be this sharp. His heart ached for her. He brushed his hand across her face.

“I failed to protect you,” he murmured. “Norah, once we get out, go back to the capital. Live a peaceful life.”

On the battlefield, hesitation meant death. Keen observation and quick action were necessary for survival.

Norah had both now.

Which only made him feel like he had failed her.

She covered his mouth with her hand and looped her other arm around his neck.

“Don’t say that,” she whispered. “You’re not just Kevin. You’re still the legendary ‘Ye Team’ leader. You’re a hero to so many people.”

“Norah…”

Kevin choked on her name, his voice thick with emotion.

But the words he wanted to say never made it out.

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In the end, Kevin could only hold Norah in silence, wrapping his arms tightly around her.

Even though Norah had told him she was searching for Steven, his heart ached with frustration. But after thinking it through, he understood—Steven had come here for her.

It made sense that she wanted to find him.

Right now, though, she was in his arms.

She was safe. That was all that mattered.

Norah leaned into his embrace. Maybe there was no tomorrow for them, but at least, for this moment, they were together.

Meanwhile, on Baimo's Side

Just as Baimo was about to leave for Pharaoh's quarters, the clown appeared before him, bowing his head.

"Young Master."

"How's the situation over there?"

The clown could tell Baimo was particularly concerned about Norah.

"Per your instructions, I let her search the slave camp," the clown reported honestly. "Also, there's a new prisoner... but something feels off about him."

That wasn't just any slave—he was an outsider, someone who didn't belong.

Ordinary people didn't have that kind of nerve.

Before the clown could finish, Baimo cut him off with a low voice.

"There are some things better left unsaid. I won't mistake you for a fool."

Someone had infiltrated the camp for Norah. If it wasn't Kevin, then who else could it be?

From the moment Baimo saw her wearing that emerald green beaded bracelet, he had investigated her—he knew about Kevin and even about Jace's connection to her.

Including Karina, who had mysteriously disappeared.

"Understood."

The clown lowered his head, still unable to grasp what the young master was planning.

Was he really going to sit back and let Norah carry on with this act, using the fake identity of Anan?

He dared not ask. He could only guess.

Baimo waved a hand dismissively. “Just do as I say.”

“Yes.”

Without another word, the clown left.

Meeting with Pharaoh

Baimo made his way to Pharaoh’s private courtyard, passing by Elder Ke at the entrance.

Inside, Pharaoh was arranging flowers.

For someone known for his cruelty, he wasn’t experimenting or torturing anyone today—he was simply tending to his garden.

“Dad, you wanted to see me?”

Stopping a few steps away, Baimo lowered his head respectfully.

Pharaoh didn’t look up. He remained focused on trimming a bouquet of red, white, and pink roses.

After a few seconds, he spoke, his tone indifferent.

“Do you like this arrangement? Three colors blending together, with buds ready to bloom—quite beautiful, don’t you think?”

“It’s fine.”

Baimo’s response was perfunctory at best.

Pharaoh chuckled. “Don’t just say ‘fine.’ Everyone has the right to protect what they find beautiful. Calvin went through a lot of trouble to bring Journi back, yet instead of standing by your only sister, you’re out here protecting another woman. Tell me, how did you meet her?”

As he finished speaking, Pharaoh tossed the scissors onto the table and leaned back on the couch, spreading his arms lazily.

Despite the fanged mask covering his face, Baimo knew what lay beneath—indifference, a hint of contempt, and an almost amused smirk.

“I met her in the village she was protecting. I don’t know everything about her, but she can’t die yet.”

That was all Baimo was willing to say.

Crash!

The vase shattered at Baimo's feet.

"Why are you involving yourself in this? Don't tell me you have feelings for her."

Pharaoh's voice was sharp, demanding.

Baimo treated Journi like a sister—buying her cakes and dresses, treating her with care.

But with Norah? He barely said a word.

It wasn't the same.

"I don't."

Baimo denied it instantly.

Pharaoh's lips curled into a cold smirk. "Then bring her to me."

Baimo hesitated, but in the end, he agreed.

"Yes."

The most dangerous place was often the safest. If Norah stayed by Pharaoh's side, at least Journi wouldn't have a chance to harm her.

Meanwhile, at Journi's Quarters

When Journi saw Calvin, she greeted him immediately.

"Uncle Calvin, what brings you here?"

"I wanted to check on you."

Calvin kept his hands behind his back.

She was doing better than he had expected.

But he wasn't entirely pleased. "I don't want you turning into some fragile, sheltered flower."

"I know."

Journi's response was short and firm.

Calvin didn't linger. After he left, a thought crossed Journi's mind.

Someone was suffering right now—someone she hadn't thought about in a while.

"Owen."

She called for her subordinate.

Owen bowed respectfully. "Miss?"

"How's the woman in the secret room?"

"Still the same."

Journi scoffed. "Then she's of no use anymore. Wipe her memory and dump her in the slave camp."

A sharp glint flashed in her eyes.

"Yes."

Owen bowed and carried out her orders.

Journi may not have been confined, but she was limited. With Baimo protecting Norah, she had no way to get close to her.

But that didn't mean she couldn't make Norah's life miserable.

Back in Norah's Room

Kevin had locked the door, but he remained on edge.

He didn't dare relax—not when Norah was in danger.

She sat up suddenly. "Get up. I have a bad feeling. Someone will be here soon."

Kevin let go of her.

Just as she predicted, footsteps echoed from the hallway.

The locked door was useless. Someone opened it from the outside.

Norah's breath hitched.

Standing in the doorway was Baimo.

He wore a crisp white shirt, looking completely out of place in the slave camp.

His gaze landed on Norah first. Then, without sparing Kevin a glance, he strode toward her.

“I heard from the clown that you’re looking for someone. Have you found them yet?”

Baimo’s focus was entirely on Norah.

She shook her head.

Her nerves tightened.

There was no way Baimo hadn’t noticed Kevin, yet he didn’t acknowledge him at all.

She couldn’t figure him out.

Her voice was hoarse when she finally responded. “No, I haven’t. I plan to keep searching tomorrow.”

“What will you do after you find them?”

He sounded like a friend casually asking about her plans.

Norah pursed her lips. “No one wants to stay in a place like this.”

That was the truth.

She subtly signaled to Kevin to stay silent.

Baimo chuckled. “Then I’ll move you somewhere else. You’ll still be free to search, and tomorrow, the clown will take you again.”

Norah didn’t respond right away.

She couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

Baimo was Pharaoh’s son.

Pharaoh was ruthless. How could Baimo remain untouched by his influence?

She met his gaze.

“And after I find them?”

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Norah understood the dynamic between her and Baimo. Right now, she was testing him.

Baimo smiled. "You're looking for someone, right? Once you find them, you can take them away. But with the war raging, you're safest here."

His voice was soft and raspy, but his gaze never left Norah.

Behind her, Kevin felt a tightness in his chest. At this moment, the only thing he wanted was to pull Norah into his arms.

"Let's go."

Baimo repeated the words before Norah could respond.

He didn't say where he was taking her, but Norah knew that if she left now, she and Kevin would be separated. There was no way Baimo would allow Kevin to come along.

Her mind raced.

"Baimo," she called out.

Baimo turned to look at her. He didn't speak, but his expression made it clear—he was waiting for her to say something.

Norah hesitated. "I don't really want to go. It'll also make searching for someone more complicated."

She knew she had no real say in the matter, but she needed to test Baimo. She also needed to know exactly where he was taking her.

Baimo's expression remained unchanged, but he discreetly glanced at Kevin.

Kevin's face was unreadable, but his dark eyes carried a sharp intensity.

"Come with me. You'll be back soon."

"...Okay."

She had no choice but to agree. She shot Kevin a subtle signal, but Kevin refused to let her go so easily.

What if he never saw her again?

"You can follow."

Just as Norah was about to take a step forward, Baimo turned to Kevin, who had been preparing to move.

The journey to Pharaoh's quarters wasn't far. Within minutes, Baimo led Norah and Kevin inside.

The moment Pharaoh saw Norah, his eyes darkened. He hadn't expected that the woman standing before him now was the same one Journi had brought back.

His voice was low. "What's your name?"

"Norah," she answered.

Seeing the fanged mask, the lavish surroundings, and the commanding presence of the man before her, she knew instantly—this was Pharaoh.

If she wanted to survive, she had to play this carefully.

Kevin, on the other hand, was already calculating his next move.

Pharaoh waved a hand. Baimo understood the command and cleared the room. Even Kevin had no choice but to leave.

Norah's stomach twisted with unease.

Once they were alone, Pharaoh spoke. "Are you from Craggaville?"

"The capital," Norah replied, instinctively clenching her fists. She wasn't going to pretend she wasn't afraid—anyone would be in this situation.

Pharaoh didn't respond immediately. The capital... What a coincidence. And Norah's face—

There was something familiar about it.

Norah stood there, her heart pounding.

"What's your relationship with Baimo?" Pharaoh asked. The first time he saw Norah in the garden, she had claimed to be Baimo's person.

Norah answered honestly. "We're friends. We met in a village, talked a few times, got to know each other. But your daughter sees me as an enemy."

Journi had made it clear—she wanted Norah dead. And Norah had learned plenty about this place since arriving.

Pharaoh's voice hardened. "Why are you trying to get close to Baimo?"

Anger radiated from him. Norah couldn't see his face behind the mask, but the sheer force of his presence made her skin prickle.

She lowered her head. "It wasn't intentional. I just happened to meet him."

Only Baimo knew she was searching for someone.

Had he told Pharaoh?

She was taking a gamble. A gamble that Baimo, who taught villagers medicine and education, wasn't a monster. A gamble that he was a good man.

She had to be right.

Pharaoh chuckled. "What are you doing here?"

Before she could answer, he pulled a gun from his waist.

The barrel pressed against her forehead.

Norah had seen war. She had seen death. But this—

One wrong word, and Pharaoh would pull the trigger without hesitation.

"I'm looking for someone. I was poisoned—KA48, a toxin developed by the Yi people. My friend came here to save me. I didn't expect to get caught in the war and be treated as an enemy. I just want to live."

Her heart pounded in her throat as she spoke.

Outside, Kevin was pacing like a caged animal.

He wanted to storm in, but Baimo moved first.

At the same time, the clown blocked Kevin's path, gripping his arm.

"If you don't want both of you to die, don't do anything reckless," the clown warned in a low voice.

Kevin's jaw clenched in fury.

The clown's words confirmed what he feared—Norah had been singled out. She was in danger.

And Kevin wasn't about to sit back and watch.

He had to find a way. Capture the leader, seize control. If he could take Pharaoh, he could get Norah out of this hellhole.

The clown seemed to read his thoughts. “I’m warning you—stay put. Young Master Baimo won’t let anything happen to her.”

Kevin’s expression darkened.

Why was Baimo so protective of Norah?

What was their relationship?

The clown stepped closer, pressing a pistol against Kevin’s waist.

Inside, Baimo stepped forward.

His heart pounded as he saw Pharaoh’s gun aimed at Norah’s head.

“Dad, what are you doing? The one person I have by my side—you want to make her my enemy too?”

Baimo’s voice was sharp, desperate. He didn’t know the full story yet, but one thing was clear—Norah couldn’t die. He had to protect her.

Pharaoh sneered. “This girl, Norah... she’s bold. But she doesn’t deserve to be by your side. Throw her into the slave camp—let her suffer. Otherwise, you’ll be dishonoring your sister.”

As he spoke, Pharaoh pulled the trigger.

But at the last second, Baimo shoved Norah aside.

The bullet tore into Baimo’s shoulder blade.

Norah was stunned.

From the moment she met Baimo, she had doubted him.

But right now, he had just saved her life.

Pharaoh’s face darkened. “Baimo, do you even realize what you’re doing?”