

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 446

Chapter 446

At the same time, Kevin locked onto the clown's wrist, and the two immediately engaged in a fierce fight, trading punches, kicks, and grappling for control of their weapons.

Inside Pharaoh's quarters, apart from the heavily guarded entrance, the room was empty.

No one dared to enter without Pharaoh's permission. The fight between Kevin and the clown was intense, but it wasn't loud enough to alert the guards outside.

Kevin was determined to break free and rush inside, but the clown was just as relentless. The two were locked in a brutal struggle, neither willing to back down.

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Inside the room, Pharaoh still held his gun.

Norah was frozen in place.

She had witnessed the horrors of war—the massacres, the brutality. She had seen Kendall torture other girls in front of her. She had seen wounded soldiers, countless casualties.

But never had she faced death this up close.

Then, suddenly, she felt weight on her shoulders. Baimo wrapped his arms around her protectively. "You can't do this to someone under my protection. If she dies, I swear you'll lose a son."

His words were firm, each syllable carrying unwavering determination.

Norah's mind spun.

Baimo was Pharaoh's son, a powerful figure in his own right. If Pharaoh ever stepped down, Baimo would be the next ruler.

And yet, he was openly defying his own father for her.

Why? Where had this loyalty come from?

“Are you really willing to go this far for her?” Pharaoh’s voice was cold, laced with displeasure.

Baimo didn’t hesitate. “Yes. And I don’t go back on my word.”

Without another glance, he turned and pulled Norah with him, leading her out of the room.

Pharaoh’s gaze darkened as he watched them leave.

This woman had already stirred up trouble with Journi, and now she had even managed to sway his son. It had only taken a small test for Pharaoh to see the truth—Baimo’s feelings for Norah ran deep.

A woman causing chaos—Pharaoh had seen this before.

“Shadow,” Pharaoh ordered, his voice sharp. “Watch them.”

A figure emerged from the darkness. “Yes, sir.”

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Outside, Baimo supported Norah as they moved. He glanced ahead and saw Kevin still fighting with the clown.

“Stop,” Baimo commanded. “Clown, take me back. Let him take Norah with him.”

Both Kevin and the clown immediately halted.

The clown’s eyes widened when he saw the bullet wound on Baimo’s shoulder. He rushed forward to support him, while Kevin hurried to Norah’s side.

Norah hesitated before speaking. “Baimo, you...”

“It’s nothing serious.” Baimo waved her off. “The bullet missed anything vital.”

He had been thrown into brutal training at just four years old. He had endured worse. He had even dragged the clown out of that very same training ground.

Norah remained silent.

He hadn't even flinched when the bullet struck. Not a cry of pain, not a single sign of weakness.

Then, she felt warmth envelop her.

Kevin pulled her into a tight embrace.

Baimo scowled. "Why are you just standing here? Go back already!"

Kevin didn't waste another second. Holding Norah close, he led her away.

The clown helped Baimo back to his residence, all while Shadow observed from the distance.

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Once back at his quarters, the clown wasted no time. He retrieved a medical kit and got to work on Baimo's wound.

After injecting a local anesthetic, he skillfully cut into the injured area with a scalpel, using tweezers to extract the bullet before closing the wound with stitches. When he was done, he handed Baimo a few painkillers.

"Young Master, I don't understand you," the clown muttered. "That guy—Kevin—he has a deep connection with Norah. The moment he heard gunfire, he was ready to risk everything for her."

His tone was low, cautious. "Pharaoh has his eye on both of you now."

Baimo knew that.

But at this point, what choice did he have? Was he supposed to just stand there and watch Norah get executed?

His voice was calm but firm. "Joker, you've been with me for years. You know I have my own reasons for doing things. Your job is to follow orders. Nothing more."

There was an unspoken warning in his words.

The clown understood.

Baimo's tone softened. "Go. Take some self-defense weapons to Norah and Kevin."

The clown hesitated for only a moment before nodding. "I'll take care of it."

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Norah's side.

She and Kevin had made it back to a small, secluded room. Kevin gripped her shoulders, scanning her from head to toe. Only after confirming she wasn't hurt did he let out a deep breath of relief.

"I can't hold back anymore," Kevin said coldly. "I'm a soldier. My duty is to protect my country first. But after that... I protect my family."

And right now, his family was standing right in front of him.

Norah cut in before he could say more. "Kevin, don't act recklessly. Pharaoh already believes I belong to Baimo. For now, we need to play along. Don't give anything away."

It didn't matter what Pharaoh thought. Baimo had already openly defied his father. Whatever game the father and son were playing, she had bigger concerns.

She needed to find Karina and Steven.

The mere mention of Baimo made Kevin's expression darken. His features hardened, his black eyes cold and unreadable.

His voice was laced with frustration. "Why is he so protective of you? Why would he risk everything for you?"

Baimo had taken a bullet for her.

He had personally ordered Kevin to take her to safety.

Norah shook her head. "I don't know. But he did ask me one thing—where I got this."

She lifted her hand, revealing a string of emerald-green beads.

Kevin's eyes sharpened. He recognized them instantly.

Jace had given them to her.

Could Baimo's interest in the beads mean something more?

Noticing Kevin's reaction, Norah suddenly recalled how Jace had repeatedly called her "Julie."

Julie.

Was she Julie?

Her chest tightened with uncertainty. "I need to talk to Baimo," she said, gripping Kevin's hand. "Right now. This is too important."

Just then, the clown strode in.

Without a word, he tossed a small self-defense weapon to Kevin. "Consider yourself lucky. The Young Master is feeling generous."

Norah's suspicion deepened.

She pursed her lips, eyes locked onto the clown. "Take me to Baimo. I need answers—now."

The clown's expression was indifferent. "Nothing is more important than the Young Master's recovery right now."