

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 447

Chapter 447

With those parting words, the clown turned and walked away without a backward glance.

But on his way back, a sudden wave of discomfort hit him. He coughed violently, and in an instant, the sharp taste of blood rose in his throat.

His expression shifted—he hadn't expected Kevin's attack to leave him with internal injuries. He and the young master had trained together for years, and among their ranks, few could challenge him.

If Baimo and Norah had been even a minute or two late, he would've already fallen under Kevin's command.

Kevin was powerful.

If he hadn't been born in Craggaville, with his skillset and ambition, he would have easily risen to dominance. But fortunately, Kevin's focus was on Norah.

Now, with the clown gone, Kevin and Norah were alone in the room.

Kevin tilted his chin slightly toward her, signaling, **"I'll teach you."**

Norah's mind was elsewhere. She wanted to find Baimo, but the clown hadn't brought him. She had a black card, but apart from wandering around, she had no way to get far.

More importantly, she had no idea where Baimo lived.

Seeing her hesitate, Kevin walked over. **"Stop overthinking it. Whatever comes, we'll face it together. As long as I'm here, I won't let them touch you."**

His gaze was firm, unwavering. He meant every word—even if it cost him his life, he wouldn't let anything happen to Norah.

Norah's thoughts snapped back to the present. She lowered her voice and murmured, **"Okay."**

Kevin took her hand, his tone gentle. **"Like this—just hook your fingers lightly, don't use too much force. But if you're dealing with someone dangerous, use it without hesitation. Got it?"**

"Got it." Norah nodded.

The two remained together in silence. No one came looking for them. They didn't need words—just being near each other was enough.

The Next Day, Afternoon

The clown returned to take them away, looking even worse than before. His face was pale, his steps unsteady.

"You have one day."

One day?

They had to find Karina and Steven in a slave camp divided into four massive sections. Even if they split up, there was no way they could search the entire camp in a single day.

It was a setup—a deliberate obstacle. But Norah couldn't complain. This was still an opportunity. If she turned it down, there would be no hope for Karina and Steven.

She glanced at Kevin. They exchanged a look, and that was enough—they understood each other completely.

Norah would search for Karina. Kevin would search for Steven.

This time, Norah didn't use a megaphone. A chilling thought struck her—what if Karina's memories had been erased?

In a camp filled with thousands, maybe tens of thousands of women, finding Karina would be nearly impossible.

She found Kendall. **"Kendall, I need to find someone. She looks—"**

Kendall waved her off. **“Spare me the description. I process too many slaves every day. You think I can remember every face?”**

Here, people weren’t even valued as much as objects.

But Norah wasn’t discouraged. She had one day, and she would check every single person if she had to.

She searched tirelessly—but Karina was nowhere to be found.

“Kendall, is everyone here?” Norah asked again.

Kendall, already impatient, snapped, **“What, you want me to line up all the injured for you? Dig up the dead too?”**

Norah ignored her tone and remained firm. **“Kendall, take me to the injured.”**

“You—” Kendall clenched her jaw, furious.

But she had no choice. She led Norah to the camp for the wounded.

As soon as they reached the entrance, the overwhelming stench of blood and decay hit Norah like a wave. She gagged, nearly losing control.

Before Kendall could scoff at her reaction, Norah straightened, clenched her fists, and stepped inside.

It was worse than the main camp.

Mangled bodies. Severed limbs. Faces unrecognizable beneath layers of dried blood.

As she walked deeper in, she saw people crammed into iron cages, some forced into barrels. Centipedes and venomous snakes slithered between them.

Her scalp tingled.

“Karina?”

She called out, her voice trembling. No response.

She checked each person, one by one. Still, no sign of Karina.

Panic tightened around her chest.

Karina had been captured by Pharaoh's men to protect her. But if she wasn't here... was she already dead?

Norah's breathing grew rapid and shallow. Her body swayed, dizziness washing over her.

Just as she nearly collapsed, a hand caught her arm.

"Careful."

A hoarse female voice.

Norah's head snapped up. She turned—and saw **Karina**.

But something was wrong.

Karina's eyes held no recognition. She didn't know Norah anymore.

Norah instantly grabbed her hand. **"I'm taking her."**

She had been given permission to search for and retrieve someone. This shouldn't be a problem.

Kendall barely put up a fight. **"Fine, take her. Just get out of my hair."**

Norah didn't hesitate. She led Karina away.

But before they could get far, Journi arrived—with Owen.

Owen scanned the wounded camp, but Karina was gone. His face darkened. **"Where's the slave I threw in?"**

"Which one?" Kendall feigned ignorance.

Owen wasn't in the mood for games. He kicked Kendall, sending her stumbling. **"You're useless. If you can't do your job, I'll find someone who can."**

Kendall stammered, **"Uh... the woman with Young Master Baimo took someone. If it was your slave, then..."**

Owen didn't need to hear the rest.

He quickly gathered intel and found out that Norah, along with the clown and another man, had been searching the slave camp.

Karina was already gone.

Now the question was—**who were they looking for next?**

Owen didn't stop there. He relayed everything to Pharaoh.

Meanwhile, in the Male Slave Camp

Kevin had found Steven.

The way men and women thought was different, but in that moment, both Kevin and Norah shared the same unease.

This was going too smoothly.

Something felt off.

As Kevin led Steven to regroup with Norah, he secretly pressed the distress signal.

It was supposed to be pressed **three** times.

This time, he pressed it **five**.

He expected them to be taken back to the small room.

Instead, the clown led them to Baimo.

Norah clenched her fists. She had planned to go looking for Baimo, but he had come to them first.

Baimo shot the clown a look. Without hesitation, the clown moved to restrain Kevin.

But Kevin was ready.

The clown was already injured from their last fight—Kevin struck again, and this time, the clown **collapsed to the ground**.

Baimo's gaze darkened instantly.

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Baimo knew better than anyone just how skilled the Clown Master was. Here, almost no one could match him in combat. Yet, Kevin had just taken him down.

"Captain Edwards, don't forget whose territory you're in. If I wanted to hurt Norah, I would've done it a long time ago," Baimo said coldly, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes.

Now, Baimo stood directly in front of Norah. His words were both a warning and a threat to Kevin—he could go after Norah anytime he wanted.

Norah's fingers tightened around the gun in her hand. If necessary, she wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger.

Baimo continued, "I just want to talk to Norah. Wait for me outside. And don't forget—if it weren't for me, you wouldn't have even had a chance to find them."

Kevin didn't respond. He exchanged a glance with Norah.

Under her gaze, he reluctantly stepped toward the door. But even as he reached it, he remained on high alert, his fierce eyes locked on Baimo.

If Baimo dared to lay a hand on Norah, Kevin wouldn't hesitate to take him down—even if it meant dying with her.

Baimo ignored Kevin entirely. "Norah, you must be wondering why I'm treating you so well."

"Yeah."

Norah held his gaze, though a sinking feeling settled in her stomach.

She wanted to hear the answer, but at the same time, she was terrified of it.

People were full of contradictions.

A lump formed in her throat, making it hard to breathe. The unease was overwhelming.

She turned her head away, unwilling to look at Baimo any longer.

Baimo's voice was steady. "When I first saw you, I wasn't particularly interested. I was just curious why a woman like you was here. But then I saw the emerald-green beads in your hand. Those belonged to my sister—either Julie or Journi."

Norah's heart pounded. So that was it. The beads.

No one was ever kind without a reason.

But—

She had parents.

“No. Your sister is someone else. I’ve seen her!” Norah said, her reaction immediate and intense. “I can’t be your sister. Journi can’t be Pharaoh’s daughter!”

But deep inside, her heart twisted painfully.

Fragments of scattered memories surfaced in her mind.

She—

“Some things can be forged,” Baimo said, stepping closer in just two strides. “The beads—Jace gave them to you, didn’t he?”

Baimo wasn’t as tall as Kevin, but at well over six feet, his presence was imposing.

At that moment, it felt like invisible hands were wrapped around Norah’s throat, choking the air out of her.

Her heartbeat thundered in her ears, as if something inside her had been torn apart.

She had never told Baimo about her connection to Jace, yet he knew.

Baimo’s voice softened slightly. “I know this is hard to accept. And I’m not relying on a string of beads alone—I need to do a blood test.”

A sibling DNA test. Not through Pharaoh, because Calvin was Pharaoh’s most loyal subordinate.

If this Journi—this “Julie”—wasn’t the real Julie...

“I won’t do it,” Norah snapped. “I don’t need to! I’ve found who I came for—I’m done with you.”

Before she could finish, a heavy thud echoed through the room.

Her heart clenched.

She whipped around—

Kevin was on the ground.

“Kevin!” she gasped, unable to stop herself from crying out.

In the next second, she rushed to him, trying to lift him, but Kevin shoved her away.

He clutched his head, his body convulsing in agony. Thick veins bulged across his forehead, his face contorted in pain.

Baimo narrowed his eyes. “How could he be this poisoned?”

He recognized it instantly—this was a poison developed by Pharaoh himself.

Kevin and Norah were both from the Imperial Capital. So how had Kevin ended up like this?

“What did you just say?” Norah was in complete disbelief. The thought that Kevin had been poisoned had never crossed her mind.

It was like a thunderclap in her skull.

Everything suddenly made sense.

Kevin had planned everything before coming here. He hadn’t just come for a peacekeeping mission. He hadn’t just come because of business. And he hadn’t just divorced her for some trivial reason.

It was because of **this**.

Her poison. Kevin’s poison. Everything traced back to the Yi Tribe.

Tears welled up in Norah’s eyes as she turned to Baimo. “Do you have an antidote?”

Karina, Norah, Jace, the missing Bianca, and even the dead Archer—none of this was a coincidence.

Baimo shook his head. “I know how the poison works, but I don’t have the antidote. Clown, calm him down.”

He signaled to the Clown Master.

The clown was still injured and couldn’t handle Kevin alone. Even with help, restraining Kevin was nearly impossible.

In the end, it was Norah who stepped forward.

She spread her arms and walked toward Kevin.

She wasn’t afraid. Even if he threw her aside, she would hold on to him.

“Kevin, it’s me. I’m Norah.”

Her voice seemed to break through the haze in Kevin's mind. Flashes of fragmented memories flickered before him, voices echoing in his ears.

His bloodshot eyes locked onto her. "Go... leave! I'll hurt you!"

"I'm not afraid," Norah said firmly. "Kevin, I—"

The clown seized the moment. In a flash, he plunged a syringe into Kevin's neck.

The drug took effect almost instantly.

Within seconds, Kevin collapsed.

Norah caught him, holding him tightly. She pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Kevin, you idiot."

He had kept everything from her, choosing to bear the weight alone just to protect her.

Baimo's voice was low. "The poison in his body is brutal. Every time it flares up, he loses control—it's like thousands of ants gnawing at his bones. Norah, we've come this far. I think it's time to do the test. For your sake—and mine."

"I don't owe you any explanations!" Norah shouted, her emotions boiling over. "You dragged us into this! We had a good life in the Imperial Capital!"

And who would want to be Pharaoh's daughter? Pharaoh was a **monster**.

Baimo's expression didn't change. "Right now, you're safest with me."

He gave a subtle signal, and the Clown Master and his men moved in.

Norah knew self-defense. Karina had trained her well. But Kevin was unconscious, and the Clown Master was too fast.

Before she could fight back, darkness swallowed her whole.

Baimo turned to the Clown Master. "Draw a vial of her blood. Run the test."

The clown carried out the order without hesitation.

Outside the lab, the clown stood guard, ever-vigilant.

But he didn't notice the other figure lurking in the shadows.

A voice broke the silence. "What are you testing for?"

"Bloodline," the clown answered.

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Calvin replayed the words in his mind, then immediately asked, “Who is the blood test being compared to?”

The man in front of him shook his head. “Elder Donnelly, this is a blood sample sent by the Clown Master.”

Calvin didn’t respond. Instead, he turned sharply to leave but suddenly sensed something was off. He stopped in his tracks, turned back, and locked eyes with the man who had just spoken.

Without hesitation, Calvin drew his pistol and aimed it directly at the man’s head. “Does this test even matter?”

“Yes—yes,” the man stammered, his scalp tingling with fear. He didn’t dare hesitate for even a second.

—

Half an hour later.

The man handed the test results to the Clown Master. “Clown, here are the results.”

Without even glancing at them, the Clown Master took the report as it was.

Calvin observed the exchange closely, his gaze cold and calculating. He signaled for someone to follow the Clown Master.

The Clown Master quickly returned to Baimo and handed him the results. Baimo eagerly opened them, but as soon as he saw the outcome, his face darkened.

This can’t be right.

“Joker, this test—”

“Young Master, I stayed outside the laboratory the entire time until the results came out,” Joker said firmly. “No one suspicious entered. The lab technicians all know my identity; there was no chance for anyone to tamper with it.”

Only now did Joker understand why Baimo had shown such a strong interest in Norah.

Baimo’s mind buzzed with confusion.

If Norah wasn’t related to him, then how did she end up with that string of beads?

And what was her connection to Jace?

Baimo's expression grew darker and more intense. "Find out everything about Jace. I want him found—dead or alive."

"Understood," Joker said without hesitation.

Joker rushed to the laboratory to arrange another test, but Shadow, Pharaoh's trusted aide, immediately reported this to Pharaoh.

It was only then that Pharaoh realized Baimo's true intentions. The fact that Baimo hadn't come to him directly meant he didn't get the answer he was hoping for. Journi was his only daughter. If Norah was any threat to that, there was only one solution.

Pharaoh made a subtle gesture—a silent order to kill.

Shadow bowed slightly, his eyes sharp with understanding.

But Baimo was already a step ahead of the guards. While Pharaoh was known for waging external battles, he never encouraged civil war within his ranks.

Pharaoh pretended to be unaware of Baimo's movements. Instead, he calmly instructed Shadow, "Announce a banquet. Call the Young Master and Miss Journi."

Shadow hesitated. "The Young Master just got back from a mission. I'm afraid he—"

"This is an order, not an invitation," Pharaoh cut him off.

Within minutes, Baimo received the summons. There was no room for refusal, but before leaving, he turned to Joker with firm instructions.

"Keep an eye on Norah and Kevin. Make sure nothing happens to them."

Joker's head snapped up in shock. He didn't say a word, but his eyes were full of questions.

The Young Master had been protecting Norah because he thought she was his sister. But now that the test had proven otherwise, why was he still looking after her and Kevin?

Baimo's voice was steady. "I need to get to the bottom of this."

Calvin had retrieved Journi, yet something always felt off. He had never felt close to Journi, but when he saw the emerald-green beads in Norah's hands, a strange sense of familiarity struck him.

Maybe it was all just a coincidence.

The results were clear: Norah wasn't his sister. But if Jace was involved, this could all be part of a much larger scheme.

Until he uncovered the truth, Norah had to be protected.

A cold determination flashed in Baimo's eyes. "Just do as I say."

—

Before heading to the banquet, Baimo changed into formal attire. As he approached the hall, he ran into Journi at the entrance. As soon as she saw him, she pulled down the veil covering her face.

"Brother," she greeted softly.

Her delicate features were perfectly composed, but Baimo simply replied with a curt, "Hmm."

Journi's face fell slightly. No matter how hard she tried to connect with him, Baimo remained indifferent. It was different with Norah—even assigning the Clown Master to protect her.

She couldn't understand it. What was so special about Norah?

"Come inside," Pharaoh's voice called from within.

Journi's mood lifted, and she said excitedly, "Brother, Father is calling us. Let's go in."

Baimo pressed his lips together in a tight line but said nothing.

Inside, Pharaoh was seated at the round table, his expression hidden behind a half-mask that covered the upper half of his face. Despite this, his sharp chin and thin lips hinted at his striking appearance.

"I've called you here to make an announcement," Pharaoh began. "I'm getting old. The Yi Tribe needs strong leadership. I'll be stepping back to focus on my research, and as for the tribe's affairs—"

"Since when have you ever taken care of them?" Baimo interrupted coldly.

Pharaoh barely reacted.

He had spent his life consumed by experiments, while his men looted and burned at will. He knew, and he let it happen.

The Yi Tribe had been plagued by internal conflicts for years, constantly targeted by allied forces, all because of the rich mineral deposits here.

To Pharaoh, human lives were expendable. His research mattered more than anything else.

"That's why I'm entrusting everything to you," Pharaoh continued. "You'll do an even better job than me. And now that you're both of age, it's time for you to marry."

Journi froze.

“Father, I’ve just returned. Shouldn’t I be helping with important matters? Why are you talking about marriage already? Isn’t this too fast?” she asked anxiously.

Baimo remained indifferent, and Pharaoh took note of his lack of reaction.

“Baimo, do you have no objections?” Pharaoh asked.

Baimo’s voice was icy. “I’m just not interested in anything you have to say. Was this the whole reason for this meeting?”

“Not entirely,” Pharaoh replied. “Journi’s return has been kept quiet. Only those closest to me and those within our camp are aware. I’m planning a grand feast to introduce her to the entire tribe and formally hand leadership over to you.”

Pharaoh’s lips curved slightly, his tone laced with finality. It was a command, not a suggestion.

Baimo smirked. “You have plenty of capable men. Are you really struggling to find someone else for the job? Or would you rather hand it over to Journi?”

His gaze locked onto Journi, studying her carefully.

He didn’t say anything else. He simply watched, waiting for her reaction.

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Journi quickly waved her hand. “I can’t do it, Brother. I don’t know anything.”

Taking the Zen position might seem like an honor, but Pharaoh wouldn’t step back without reason. Whether he was testing Baimo or testing her, one thing was clear—this wasn’t a matter she could afford to influence right now.

Baimo smirked. “You can’t learn? Haven’t you been learning all this time?”

Pharaoh’s eyes sharpened, his gaze cutting through the tension. “I didn’t bring you here to watch you exchange pleasantries. You are siblings; you’re supposed to support each other. Journi, if you can’t remember your past, then forget it. What matters is the future. When the time comes, I will choose the finest sons and daughters of the Yi tribe for you.”

There was no room for refusal.

Journi kept her anger in check, forcing herself to finish the meal in silence. As soon as she could, she hurried back to her quarters.

She had planned to send Owen to inform Calvin, but before she could, Calvin arrived first.

His expression was heavy. "Be more restrained around Baimo."

Journi frowned. "What do you mean?"

The entire camp already knew she was Pharaoh's daughter. She was the eldest lady, her identity undisputed. Baimo never showed much warmth toward her, but why should she be cautious around him?

Calvin's voice was cold. "Baimo is running a blood test between himself and Norah."

Originally, Calvin had intended to leave the laboratory. But when he saw the blood sample was delivered by the clown, who only followed Baimo's orders, he decided to stay.

Journi froze, utterly stunned.

But she quickly composed herself. Since Calvin was aware of this, she trusted that he wouldn't let it happen.

She let out a slow breath, though her eyes darkened with cold determination. "Norah won't leave here alive."

"Bringing her back was your mistake," Calvin said, his expression hard. His sharp gaze bore into her, his disappointment palpable.

Journi said nothing.

Whatever her reasons were for bringing Norah back, there was no point explaining them now.

Calvin's tone was sharp. "If a person thinks they're too smart, they're actually being foolish."

"I understand." Journi nodded, choosing not to argue further.

Calvin didn't linger long. Once he was gone, Journi turned her focus elsewhere. She needed to go to Baimo.

Just as she was making preparations, Owen delivered unexpected news. "Miss, the woman you ordered to be thrown into the slave camp was taken away by Norah. And... there was a man with her. He also freed one of the male slaves."

"They're all at Young Master Baimo's now."

Journi clenched her fists. It seemed she had no choice but to confront Baimo in person.

At Baimo's residence, Norah was the first to wake up.

The moment her eyes opened, she turned toward Kevin, who lay on a small bed beside her, his face pale, his breathing weak.

“Kevin...” she whispered, reaching out to shake him.

“Let him rest,” the clown said. “He just went through a poisonous attack. His body is still too weak.”

The clown was still here. Which meant she was still in Baimo’s territory.

Her gaze shifted, and sure enough, Baimo was nearby, his lips pressed into a thin line. His face was unreadable, but there was an unmistakable hint of exhaustion.

He had taken a bullet for her.

Norah’s chest tightened. She barely had the chance to say anything to him.

Steeling herself, she stepped forward. “Kevin’s poison... you’re Pharaoh’s son. You have influence. Can you—”

“I don’t have a say in this. I can’t get an antidote,” Baimo cut her off coldly.

Norah’s heart sank. He was pushing her to confront Pharaoh herself.

Pharaoh was ruthless. And if Kevin found out about Baimo’s connection to him, wouldn’t that make them enemies?

Her breath hitched. “Kevin and I have done nothing wrong. Why does everything have to be a fight?”

The past was the past. Couldn’t they look forward instead?

Baimo studied her closely. She looked sincere—maybe even desperate. Before the blood test, she had seemed resistant. Now?

People were strange.

Baimo smirked. “I didn’t poison him. Complaining to me is pointless.”

“Miss Journi is here,” a guard announced.

Norah instinctively glanced at Baimo. His face remained unreadable.

She said nothing more and turned toward Kevin. But before she could reach him, Baimo caught her wrist.

“Come with me,” he said in a low voice. “It’s better to clear up misunderstandings.”

Without waiting for her response, he pulled her outside just as Journi entered with a small box in her hands.

“Brother, Owen bought these osmanthus cakes for me. I haven’t had any yet—I thought you might want to try them first.”

Baimo wasn’t interested. “It’s better if you talk things through.”

“There’s nothing to say,” Norah replied coolly.

Journi had tried to kill her more than once.

Journi smiled, but her eyes glinted with challenge. “I’m a straightforward person. I believe enemies can become friends. After all, one more friend is always better than one more enemy.”

Norah met her gaze with an amused smile. “Miss Journi, you must be joking. We have nothing in common. I never intended to be your enemy. But you’ve been trying to kill me since day one. So tell me—how is this my fault?”

She wasn’t sure why Baimo had dragged her into this, but if Journi wanted a confrontation, she wouldn’t back down.

Journi’s smile stiffened.

She hadn’t expected Norah to speak so bluntly.

If Baimo weren’t here, she would’ve slapped Norah on the spot.

She took a deep breath and forced herself to remain calm. “That was all a misunderstanding. Let’s put it behind us. Brother, why don’t you invite her to the upcoming banquet?”

Then, she turned back to Norah with a saccharine smile. “Shall we start over? My name is Journi. Or... Julie.”

Norah didn’t hesitate. “No need.”

Journi’s expression faltered. “What?”

“I don’t need to know you again.”

Before Journi could recover, a violent coughing fit echoed from inside.

Norah didn’t spare her another glance. She turned and walked away.

But Journi’s heart had already sunk.

She clenched her jaw and turned to Baimo. “Brother, she’s got a sharp tongue. Could you at least help smooth things over?”