

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 456

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## Chapter 456

Baimo smiled but stayed silent.

Norah knew exactly what was going on. This wasn't Baimo contradicting himself—it was a test, a deliberate provocation aimed at her.

He'd been watching her closely this whole time.

But she wasn't desperate. Not yet.

"Norah, you're sharp. You've probably figured some things out already. I'm just wondering... are you Julie?" Baimo's smile faded, his tone serious.

He wasn't beating around the bush anymore. Right now, he needed to know one thing for sure. Nothing else mattered to him.

Norah's heart sank.

She'd been aware of the possibility, but without proof, she'd avoided it. Now, even though Baimo seemed convinced, he still wanted to push further.

Norah found it absurd. "Do you think your sister's identity can be determined by a string of beads? Those beads were in Jace's hands before. Is Jace your sister? If you're still curious, maybe you should ask Journi."

Her words were laced with sarcasm.

"I don't like Journi," Baimo admitted bluntly.

Journi had been missing for years, and when Calvin finally brought her back, Baimo felt nothing. No joy, no relief. It wasn't the same as when he'd known Julie.

He trusted his instincts—Journi wasn't Julie. She was someone else entirely.

Calvin, the man who'd found Journi, was one of his father's most loyal followers. Journi owed Calvin and had ties to him. But Baimo had dug deeper.

Calvin's ambitions were vast. He'd orchestrated Archer's actions—poisoning Norah, poisoning Kevin. All of it could be traced back to him. And then there was the matter of Bianca's voice...

Norah noticed the shift in Baimo's expression. She understood, but she wasn't about to engage with him.

She pressed her lips together and spoke quietly, "You have your theories. How you prove them is your business. Don't drag me into it."

"Baimo, you and I aren't on the same side."

Baimo might treat the villagers well, but what had he really done for them? The southern villages were still being ravaged by the Pharaoh's forces—burned, looted, and destroyed. Even children weren't spared.

Baimo was the Pharaoh's son. The cold blood running through his veins wouldn't change.

Baimo smirked, clearly aware of Norah's thoughts. "I don't trust the lab here. We'll do the test outside. Norah... you're smart. Haven't you ever wondered?"

Norah stayed silent.

She had wondered. She'd felt a strange connection to the Pharaoh, and fragments of memories had surfaced in her mind. But Baimo had already run tests. She wasn't Julie.

Jace had given her the beads, but that meant nothing. Those memories? Maybe they were just her mind playing tricks on her.

"Stop talking. I don't want to hear it. I'm not Julie. Julie—or Journi—has already been found. And what good would it do you to prove I'm Julie anyway?"

Norah waved him off, her resistance clear. She wanted nothing to do with the monstrous Pharaoh.

But her question was valid. What did Baimo stand to gain by proving she was Julie?

Baimo's expression hardened. He hadn't expected Norah to think he had ulterior motives.

He laughed bitterly. "It's no good. I just don't like Journi. I want to know if you're not her. That's all. I trust my instincts."

Norah didn't share his faith in intuition. She felt a chill run down her spine. She'd finally convinced herself she had no ties to the Pharaoh, and now Baimo was dragging her back into doubt.

"I won't do it!"

Norah's refusal was firm, but she was no match for Baimo.

In one swift motion, he pinned her down and drew a vial of blood from her neck with a syringe.

Norah pressed a hand to her neck, her eyes icy. "You're truly the Pharaoh's son."

As ruthless as his father, as indifferent to others' pain.

Baimo's lips twitched. "If you'd cooperated, it wouldn't have come to this. Norah, a new result will benefit us both."

With that, he stood and signaled to the clown.

The clown understood immediately. To ensure accuracy, the tests would be conducted in three separate batches. Baimo and Journi's samples would also be tested.

As the clown left to carry out the orders, Baimo exited the room, leaving Norah alone.

She felt suffocated.

She couldn't stay here. She had to find a way out.

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## **Journi's Arrival**

Journi entered the room, her gaze cold as it landed on Norah.

"I didn't expect you to be so resilient," Journi said, her tone dripping with disdain. "You've been here this long and still haven't cracked."

Norah wasn't about to let Journi's barbs slide.

"I'm not hurt, and I'm not broken. Disappointed?"

Her voice was steady, but her eyes were like ice.

Norah stood and stepped closer to Journi. She couldn't help but notice how Journi's build resembled Bianca's, though their voices and faces were different. Bianca had been silent for a long time.

Journi's hostility was clear. She saw Norah as a rival for Baimo's attention.

"I am disappointed," Journi admitted. "But since my brother seems to like you, I'll play nice. After all, they say conflict breeds familiarity, don't they?"

A smirk played on Journi's lips as she looked down on Norah, her contempt obvious.

Norah didn't need Journi's respect. "I don't need your kindness, and I don't care about your conflicts."

She turned her back on Journi, who bristled at the dismissal.

"Norah, I'm trying to be civil. Don't make this harder than it needs to be."

Norah's smile was cold. "I don't need your civility. Are you a princess? An empress? Do your words carry some divine authority?"

Journi's temper flared. "Norah, you need to be taught a lesson!"

She lunged, but Norah dodged. Norah had been training with Karina, practicing self-defense in secret. She could handle close-range attacks.

But Journi wasn't done. She pulled out a pistol, aiming it squarely at Norah's head.

Journi's eyes gleamed with triumph. "Norah, you're scared. I thought you were fearless."

Norah froze, her heart pounding. But she refused to let Journi see her fear.

Journi was full of pride, convinced she had forced Norah into submission. She could see the fear in Norah's eyes, and it made her feel powerful.

But her victory was short-lived. A strong hand suddenly grabbed her wrist and yanked her away. The next second, she was thrown aside.

Baimo strode forward, placing himself between Norah and Journi. His sharp gaze locked onto his sister. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Brother! She bullied me. She doesn't respect me at all!" Journi whined, her voice thick with fake tears.

She knew how to put on a show. Her eyes glistened, brimming with false emotion.

A smirk tugged at the corner of Baimo's lips. "Oh? Is that so?"

"Of course!" Journi nodded quickly, but Baimo's skeptical smile made her uneasy. "Brother, don't you believe me?"

"I know exactly what kind of person Norah is. And I know why you're targeting her." His tone was cold and unwavering. "But this ends now. Don't come near me again."

His words were precise, deliberate, and final.

Norah remained expressionless, but Journi was seething. In her eyes, Norah was gloating.

Clenching her fists, Journi demanded, "Brother, why are you defending her? I'm your sister!"

Her voice cracked with frustration, but Baimo had already lost patience. "Everything happens for a reason. From now on, stay away. I won't repeat myself."

Tears streaming down her face, Journi ran off.

Baimo had never favored her, but this? This was humiliating. He had turned on her for Norah. She knew if she didn't leave now, he would throw her out himself.

As soon as Journi was gone, Norah instinctively took a step back, putting distance between herself and Baimo.

His voice was low and calm. "So, now that you've used me, you're going to push me away?"

His words were cutting, laced with an edge that sent a chill through the air.

Baimo wasn't stupid. Once the test results were confirmed, he wouldn't be so lenient with Norah.

Kevin had gotten out safely. That meant it was time for Norah to act.

Even if she ended up dead, at least she had tried.

“Your sister clearly has it out for me, and Pharaoh is watching. I know where I stand.” Norah’s mind was already working on her next move.

She had some self-defense skills, but she was no match for Journi. Baimo was Pharaoh’s son. If she had to, she would use him.

Baimo’s voice remained steady. “I know you don’t want to die. Help me lure Jace here, and I’ll let you go.”

Norah fell silent, thinking back to Jace—the way he treated her, the kindness in his voice, the way he once looked out for her.

She scoffed. “Haven’t I already made myself clear? Why are you so obsessed? If Journi weren’t your sister, would Pharaoh even let her stay here?”

Pharaoh wasn’t a fool, but even he must have been questioning Baimo’s motives by now.

Norah added, “If you don’t trust your sister, why don’t you both take a test?”

Baimo exhaled slowly. “Norah, you’re smart. You know exactly what to say. But that’s not what I need to hear. Don’t forget—you’re in the Yi tribe now.”

If it weren’t for his protection, she’d already be suffering a far worse fate. Yet, she still dared to challenge him.

Still, despite his sharp words, there was a part of him that couldn’t truly bring himself to hurt her.

Norah smirked. “Of course. You have your reasons, and I won’t stand in your way. Just don’t let your sister interfere with me again.”

“Hmm.”

Baimo could have ignored her, but he gave a response anyway.

Norah set out to find Karina and Steven. Technically, she wasn’t supposed to return to the slave camp, but she insisted. “I have free movement, don’t I? I need to find someone.”

Baimo raised an eyebrow. “You still have the black card, don’t you?”

He had never taken it back. She had full access and wasn’t restricted in any way.

Norah pressed her lips together. “Then why do you still have the clown follow me?”

Who knew when that lunatic Journi would strike again? If she wanted to survive, she needed to be cautious.

“Fine.” Baimo agreed easily.

Norah returned to the slave camp and found the young girl from before.

She turned to the clown. “Can I take her to my room?”

From his perspective, she was just helping a fifteen-year-old girl. The girl had been trapped in the slave camp long enough—there was no threat there.

Besides, Baimo had given clear instructions: as long as Norah didn’t make any outrageous requests, they were to be granted.

The clown gestured for her to go ahead.

Norah led the girl back to her small room.

The girl was covered in fresh wounds.

Fortunately, the room had remained untouched, and there were still medical supplies. Norah pulled the girl to the edge of the bed and carefully treated her injuries.

The girl looked at Norah as if she were her last hope. “You’ve been here so long, and you’re completely unharmed. Even the clown protects you. His status is high—can’t you find a way to get me out? I don’t want to stay here anymore.”

She had once resigned herself to death, but deep down, she wanted to live. If she had to run for her life, so be it. Dying out there was better than rotting away in this place.

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Norah stopped the girl in her tracks.

The girl paused, silent for a few seconds, then took another step forward.

Norah quickly moved in front of her, blocking her path. “You’ve been tortured here for so long. Don’t you have any thoughts of fighting back?”

She gripped the girl’s wrist tightly.

Thoughts of fighting back?

Of course, the girl had thought about it. But she was a slave. Pharaoh’s men were strong, skilled, and armed to the teeth. Even if she wanted to resist, she was powerless. And not everyone would stand with her.

The endless torture had worn many down to the point of numbness.

“I just want to survive. If I’m not meant to live, then I want to die peacefully,” the girl said with a bitter smile.

Norah fell silent.

The girl’s smile and the emptiness in her eyes made her seem like she’d lived a lifetime of suffering.

Norah placed a hand on her shoulder. “Whether we die now or later, it’s still death. Why not fight? If our deaths mean something, then our lives won’t have been wasted.”

“I have a plan.”

The girl hesitated, but something in Norah’s determined gaze made her waver.

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### **Journi’s Fury**

Journi stormed back to her quarters, consumed by one thought: Norah had to die.

But she’d confronted Norah earlier, and Baimo had witnessed their clash. He’d sided with Norah without even asking for Journi’s side of the story. If she made a move now, Baimo would only resent her more.

Frustrated, she went to find Calvin.

But Calvin’s men stopped her at the door. “Miss, Elder Donnelly isn’t available right now.”

Journi was stunned.

First Baimo, now Calvin. Was no one on her side?

“Do you know who I am? How dare you stop me! What is Elder Donnelly doing that even I can’t see him?” Journi’s voice rose, her anger boiling over.

The guard bowed respectfully but stood his ground. “Miss, I don’t know what Elder Donnelly is doing. He gave strict orders not to be disturbed. When he’s finished, he’ll come out.”

Journi’s chest heaved with frustration, but there was nothing she could do. She paced outside the door, seething.

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### **Calvin’s Experiment**



Inside the room, Calvin stood before Jace, who was submerged in a glass container filled with a thick, foul-smelling liquid. Jace was naked, his body pale and his eyes bloodshot.

“Jace, you’ve come a long way. The Pharaoh invested a lot in you,” Calvin said, holding a test tube filled with Jace’s blood. The blood, once purified, emitted a faint medicinal scent—a rare and valuable treasure.

Jace had walked right into Calvin’s hands, and now Calvin could develop new drugs. With this, he could surpass the Pharaoh.

“You want to surpass the Pharaoh?” Jace sneered, his voice weak but defiant. “You’re nothing like him. You’ll never be him.”

Calvin’s loyalty to the Pharaoh was a facade. In secret, he’d been studying the Pharaoh, trying to outdo him. But no matter how hard he tried, he could never measure up.

Calvin’s eyes narrowed. He didn’t tolerate disobedience.

With a wave of his hand, a cobra was thrown into the container. It coiled around Jace’s neck and bit down.

Jace grimaced but didn’t cry out. He’d endured far worse. Calvin needed him alive—for now.

A smirk tugged at Jace’s lips. “You’d better kill me, or make sure I can’t fight back. Otherwise, I’ll make you regret this.”

Calvin’s smile widened. “Do you think I’d give you that chance? Or what do you think the Pharaoh would do if he saw his prized creation return?”

The Pharaoh would be thrilled—or perhaps driven to madness.

But Jace wasn’t afraid. He’d anticipated the worst but still held onto hope. He just hadn’t expected Calvin to intercept him.

“Then why haven’t you taken me to the Pharaoh? Calvin, what’s really going on in that twisted mind of yours?”

Jace’s face was pale, his lips dark and cracked. Finally, he passed out.

Calvin’s smile grew triumphant.

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### **Journi’s Plea**

When Calvin finally emerged, he found Journi waiting impatiently. His frown deepened. “Why are you here?”

He'd told her to stay away, but she never listened.

"I need your help," Journi said, stepping closer.

Calvin's expression darkened. He led her to another room, where he didn't hold back his anger. "Use your head! This is the Yi tribe, not some playground. You can't just do whatever you want! Think before you act!"

Journi understood the warning in his words. She pursed her lips. "Norah's here, and Baimo's treating her like she's special. It's dangerous. I can't touch her myself."

"So you came to me to kill her?" Calvin said flatly.

Journi nodded. "Yes."

Calvin was faster, more precise, and far more ruthless than she was. And with his status, even if Baimo discovered Norah's death, he wouldn't dare confront Calvin.

"Then why is Norah here in the first place?" Calvin's voice was cold, his anger barely contained.

Norah's presence wasn't Journi's doing.

Journi lowered her head, ashamed. "I just wanted to teach her a lesson, make her suffer, and let her die here. But I didn't expect Baimo to protect her like this."

Some things were hard to deny—like the pull of blood ties.

"There's a lot you didn't expect. From now on, you'll answer for your actions. If you cross me again..."

Calvin didn't finish the sentence, but the threat was clear. Journi shuddered, realizing the depth of his ruthlessness.

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"Then Norah is already here."

Journi discreetly pinched Calvin's palm, forcing herself to stay composed.

Norah was still alive, and as long as she remained here, she was a threat.

Calvin shot her a cold glance. "I know what I'm doing. You don't need to remind me again and again. Just go back and handle your own tasks."

"Yes."

Journi lowered her head and obeyed.

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Meanwhile, Kevin was making detailed plans.

He couldn't launch an attack in his own name. He had infiltrated the Yi tribe once before but had no choice but to leave Norah behind.

Even his attempts to contact Jace had gone unanswered.

When he called again, an automated voice responded: "The number you have dialed is currently switched off. Please try again later."

Reaching out to people at this critical moment wasn't realistic.

Kevin immediately turned to Frank. "Track the exact location of this number."

Jace knew Norah was in the Yi tribe. There was no way he wouldn't react to that.

Right now, Jace was like an ant on a hot pan.

It didn't take long before Frank had an answer. "Captain Edwards, Jace is inside the Yi tribe. I found his location because I activated GPS tracking last night."

Kevin exhaled in relief. "If Jace sees Baimo, maybe he can take Norah's place."

Now, Kevin had to find a way to contact Baimo.

At the same time, he needed Jace to cooperate from the inside.

But... Baimo's phone wouldn't go through.

His only option was to negotiate in person.

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The situation caught Pharaoh's attention.

He confronted Baimo. "What's the meaning of this? Are you planning to betray your own people?"

Pharaoh had once envisioned Baimo leading the Yi tribe's future, but Baimo had no interest in such things and had chosen to leave and become a teacher instead.

Now, he had returned—with someone else's wife.

Even if Norah looked similar to the woman they had lost, Pharaoh couldn't allow her to disrupt Baimo's future or the stability of the Yi tribe.

"Why would I throw everything away? Haven't you already found your daughter?" Baimo sneered, his words laced with mockery.

Pharaoh's face was hidden behind a mask, but Baimo could sense his displeasure.

Pharaoh's voice dropped. "How I handle my affairs is my concern. But you—send Norah away."

Baimo was momentarily stunned.

Outsiders who entered the Yi tribe were either enslaved or used as test subjects. Almost none ever made it out alive.

Steven and Karina had only survived because Norah found them first. And then Kevin had infiltrated the tribe, backed by a powerful team.

"I have to ask—why are you letting Norah leave?" Baimo eyed Pharaoh carefully.

Pharaoh stood firm. "Do I need a reason to spare someone? You risked your life for a moment of warmth."

Even if Norah had to die, she wouldn't die in front of Baimo.

Baimo smirked. "Should I be grateful you didn't kill her?"

Pharaoh had always been strict with him. As a child, Baimo rarely saw his father, who was consumed by his experiments. Their relationship was distant, and they hardly spoke.

But this was the first time Baimo had ever addressed Pharaoh with such defiance.

Pharaoh's tone turned icy. "Are you willing to rebel against me for Norah's sake?"

"I don't interfere in your business, and I don't need you interfering in mine. If you have time to lecture me, maybe you should focus on your most trusted subordinates."

Calvin. Elder Ke.

As Baimo turned to leave, Pharaoh's voice cut through the air. "Do you even know that Kevin is looking for you?"

Baimo hesitated for a moment.

Of course, he knew Kevin was searching for him. But he hadn't expected Kevin to go this far for Norah.

Pharaoh continued, "I don't want a war with Craggaville. That would be a death sentence."

Craggaville wasn't what it had been a century ago. Now, its soldiers acted as peacekeepers, respected across nations. That was why no one dared to harm them.

Baimo chuckled. "Since when do you avoid war and power?"

Pharaoh's response was chilling. "I refuse to get tangled in the battles of global superpowers."

Only a strong nation could stand tall. Only then would foreign enemies dare not challenge them.

Baimo's smirk deepened. "So, you pick on the weak and fear the strong? Look at what you and Calvin have turned the Yi tribe into."

He didn't wait for a reply. He walked away, leaving Pharaoh in silence.

The Yi tribe was fractured, but its power remained. The law of the jungle still reigned supreme.

Still, Pharaoh knew it was time to reassess the situation.

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After shaking off Pharaoh, Baimo retreated to a secluded area. He spent hours alone, thinking, until night fell. Then, he called Kevin.

Kevin saw an international number flash on his screen. His heart tightened. He didn't hesitate to answer.

When Baimo's voice came through, it was clear and direct. "You know exactly what I want. Unless I see Jace, there's nothing to discuss."

"I already called Jace. He didn't say anything, but I tracked his GPS—he's inside the Yi tribe."

Baimo fell silent.

If Jace had made it to the Yi tribe, it meant he cared about Norah. But why hadn't he gone to find her?

What was Jace thinking?

"I understand."

Baimo ended the call.

He motioned for the clown to approach him.

His voice was cold. “Keep an eye on Pharaoh and Calvin.”

Jace was a key subject in their medical experiments. If he escaped, Kevin’s warning had just reminded them of the stakes.

And at night, anything was possible.

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Meanwhile, Norah was already taking action.

The moment she shared her plan with the other slaves, they rallied behind her. They had been dragged here against their will, subjected to endless experiments and torment. Living was worse than dying. Freedom was their only hope.

Even if they failed, at least they would take the Yi tribe down with them. Or they would all die together.

One of the girls used a hidden radio to contact Norah, reporting that everyone was ready. Norah immediately set the plan into motion.

Tomorrow, the male and female slaves would rise up together and seize the weapons.

Tonight, she had one more task—she had to find a way to contact Kevin.