

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 460

Chapter 460

Norah needed to get closer to Baimo, but ever since she met Journi, she hadn't seen him—not even the clown.

Just as she hesitated about reaching out through someone else, Baimo appeared before her.

It was almost as if he could read minds.

The moment he saw her, he chuckled. “You look like you're looking for me.”

“Yes,” Norah admitted without hesitation.

She took two steps toward him and spoke plainly. “I've made up my mind—I want to contact Kevin.”

Her eyes held firm determination. Even under Baimo's scrutinizing gaze, she didn't waver.

Baimo's expression remained unreadable. “Kevin reached out to me. He said Jace is already in the Yi tribe.”

Norah's heart clenched. “Jace is in the Yi tribe? So he and Kevin have been in touch... because of me?”

If that was true, then how much did she truly mean to Jace?

Jace had always been good to her—but was it really because she was Norah? Or was it because she was Julie—Journi?

Her breathing quickened. Her heart pounded.

Jace had sent her gifts, shown her kindness—memories she should have cherished. Yet now, they were slipping from her grasp.

She was Julie... so who was Journi?

A terrifying realization struck her. She lifted her gaze to Baimo, her voice barely above a whisper. "Baimo, who found Julie?"

"Calvin," he answered without hesitation.

The name echoed in Norah's mind like a distant bell. Then, clarity hit her.

Was there a connection between Calvin and Bianca?

Baimo watched her closely, observing every flicker of emotion on her face.

"Calvin and Bianca are father and daughter," he said evenly. "Which is why I suspect the DNA test between us was fake."

The samples had been sent to three different labs, yet something felt off. His instincts told him not to trust the results.

And this time... aside from Norah, no one knew.

Norah struggled to breathe. The weight of realization pressed down on her chest.

If Journi was Bianca, then her hostility toward Norah made perfect sense.

If Norah was actually Journi, then everything fit together.

No.

No way.

If Pharaoh was truly her father, she refused to be the daughter of such a man.

Her body gave out. As she collapsed, Baimo caught her, scooping her up in his arms.

"Get the doctor!" he shouted urgently.

He carried her to the bed, his grip firm yet careful.

Norah had never felt this suffocated in her life.

"I'm not—I have parents..." Her voice cracked, words failing her as she gasped for air.

Seeing her in such distress, Baimo's heart tightened. "Don't talk."

He had only ever treated her kindly because of the beads she carried—an unshakable instinct told him she was his sister.

When the test results said otherwise, he had forced himself to be indifferent. But now, the more he thought about it, the more doubts crept in.

Should he trust the results? Or his gut?

And what about Jace's actions? There was meaning behind them too.

"Norah, I know what you're thinking. But if this is true—"

"Don't say it." She refused to hear it.

She wasn't ready to face this truth.

It frustrated her that they weren't in their homeland. If she wanted new test results, she couldn't get them immediately. Baimo had already initiated another test, but it would take time.

Time that felt unbearable.

Baimo didn't push further. Instead, after a brief pause, he handed her a phone.

"No password."

Then, without another word, he stood up and left.

The phone felt heavy in her hands, as if burdened with a thousand possibilities.

Still, she knew what she had to do. This was her chance to reach Kevin, and she wasn't going to waste it.

She dialed his number from memory.

The call connected, and Kevin's voice came through. "You got it?"

He must've thought it was Baimo.

Instead, Norah's quiet voice came through the line. "You've been in touch with Jace?"

"Yes."

Though surprised, Kevin sounded relieved. Hearing her voice—strong, not injured—eased his worry.

But he still wasn't reassured.

Norah spoke slowly. "I have a plan... things need to be set in motion."

She checked her surroundings.

Baimo was nowhere in sight. Kevin's voice remained low but urgent. "Norah, don't act rashly. This isn't something you should handle alone. The Yi tribe is dangerous—I've already filed an application with my superiors."

Norah understood the situation. Craggaville soldiers weren't like the Yi people or other military forces. They operated under strict rules. Every action required authorization.

"Kevin, I understand," she said. "I don't blame you for not being able to get me out right away. I just want to do something."

She gripped the phone tightly, inhaling deeply. She never blamed Kevin for not saving her immediately—she only worried about his safety.

Kevin's voice hardened. "I don't need you to do anything. Jace is already in the Yi tribe. I don't know what his plan is, but listen to me—I won't let you stay there alone for long."

His determination cut through the air.

He had already made up his mind.

Even if it cost him his life.

Norah's voice was steady. "I have a plan—"

"I know your plan." Kevin cut her off. "You want to stir unrest among the slaves and create a diversion. You think if you create chaos inside, I can coordinate from the outside."

He exhaled sharply. “But Norah, you have no phone, no tracking device, no weapons. In the end, you’ll be the one to die. Wait for me. Let me figure out a solution.”

Norah fell silent.

Kevin’s words made her realize just how vulnerable she was.

If Pharaoh had better weapons, if she was caught—

There were too many risks.

Kevin knew the call couldn’t last much longer. His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. “Norah, wait for me. It won’t be long.”

Then, the line cut off. The beeping dial tone filled her ears.

Norah clutched the phone, her heart sinking further.

Kevin’s call had left her unsettled, and before she could process it, Baimo returned.

“This is the heart of the Yi tribe. They have advanced weapons everywhere,” he stated flatly. “I suggest you stop overthinking. You’re not capable of handling this.”

Norah clenched her fists.

Was she that easy to read?

Or was there some kind of unspoken connection between her and Baimo—something that let him see right through her?

Baimo’s voice softened. “You’re Kevin’s woman. You didn’t meet him by accident. From the moment you had that girl follow you, when you searched for Karina and Steven... I knew.”