

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 461

Chapter 461

Norah remained silent, but deep down, she understood—some people are far more complex than they seem.

Baimo spoke in a low voice. “I suggest you stop overthinking. I have things to do tonight. You need to find the clown.”

Norah still didn't respond.

Her mind was clouded, swirling with Baimo's words and fragmented memories from the past.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of the night, someone covered her mouth.

Norah tried to struggle, but her attacker's strength was overwhelming. She was no match.

...

On Kevin's side.

Kevin woke up abruptly.

“Captain Edwards, dreaming about Ms. White?” Levi teased as he stepped inside. Kevin's sudden alarm did not go unnoticed.

Kevin was drenched in sweat.

He didn't answer—his silence said it all.

Ignoring everything else, Kevin quickly instructed Levi, “Watch over the troops. If anything happens, report it to the superiors. If they punish me, I'll accept it.”

He wasn't afraid of punishment. He was afraid of losing Norah.

Levi knew he couldn't stop Kevin. He gave a firm nod. “Captain Edwards, don't worry. I'll take care of the team.”

...

Norah was groggy.

When she woke up, she was in a dimly lit room. She couldn't see much, but the air was thick with the strong scent of formalin.

Footsteps approached in the darkness.

Her body tensed, instincts on high alert. She wanted to resist, but she was bound—unable to move.

Pain coursed through her as she realized a needle had pierced her skin.

“Calvin?” she murmured, frowning, dread creeping in.

Who else could dare to do this in Pharaoh's territory? Who would treat her like a volatile threat?

It had to be Calvin.

Or was it... Pharaoh?

But before she could think further, the lights suddenly flooded the room.

A chilling laugh echoed, and a man stepped into view.

His features bore a striking resemblance to Bianca's.

It was Road Trace.

“Didn't expect you to be so sharp,” he sneered. “But no matter how smart you are, you're still in my hands. Norah, if you had just stayed away, you might have lived.”

Archer had drugged her, expecting her to die. But Norah had survived.

He had other priorities, no intention of pursuing her in the country. Yet, she had walked right into the Yi tribe—straight into danger.

So now, he had no choice but to handle her himself.

A cold smirk played on Norah's lips. "And yet, here you are. You're going to die, too."

No one escapes death.

Calvin's end was inevitable.

"Are you threatening me?" Calvin scoffed. "You're not that important."

He forced a pill down her throat.

Watching her like a predator studying its prey, Calvin grinned. "I can't wait to see you transform into my medicine man. Everyone's reaction will be priceless. Haha—!"

His laughter rang through the room as he turned to leave.

Norah remained silent, refusing to panic. Fate had led her here, but she wouldn't go down without a fight.

She would escape.

At the same time, she began to connect the dots between herself and Pharaoh.

But Baimo's results had all been conveniently cut off. Keeping her close had always been like holding onto a ticking time bomb.

Meanwhile, that same night, Journi sought out Baimo.

During a banquet for the Yi tribe's subordinates, Journi handed Baimo a glass of wine. The moment he drank it, he coughed up blood.

Journi's face paled in shock. "Brother! What's happening?!"

Baimo squinted at her, then glanced at the others. Their anxious expressions told him everything. If the poisoned wine had reached him, it could only have come from someone close.

Grabbing Journi's wrist, he smirked coldly. "What do you think?"

"Brother, I'm innocent! You're my own brother. How could I hurt you?" Journi protested, looking wounded.

Pharaoh stepped forward. "Baimo, you can suspect anyone, but Journi is your sister."

"Really?" Baimo stepped toward Pharaoh, but before he could say more, his body gave out. Journi caught him as he collapsed.

He tried to push her away, but his eyelids felt unbearably heavy. Moments later, he lost consciousness.

Baimo was carried away, and Pharaoh called off the feast.

Journi remained by Baimo's side the entire time. Pharaoh watched her attentively.

Pharaoh understood Baimo's resentment toward his sister, given the way she had been favored while he had been disciplined.

"Journi, don't take your brother's words to heart," Pharaoh reassured her. "I know you've always wanted a good relationship with him. I've already ordered an investigation. When the truth comes out, I'll make sure your brother sees you clearly."

He stroked Journi's head gently.

After all, she had been separated from him for over a decade. With his identity, he had never been a good father to her.

Journi nodded obediently. "Okay."

She even helped massage his back.

"Dad, does that feel good?" she asked sweetly.

"Your birthday is coming up in less than a week. What do you want?" Pharaoh asked, patting her hand. Tonight's feast had taken an unexpected turn, but he still intended to give Journi a grand celebration.

Her voice was soft, her presence warm. She was the perfect doting daughter.

"I just want to be with my father and brother. I want my brother to care about me. I want my father to live a long life."

Pharaoh's heart ached.

He hadn't expected such a pure wish.

He smiled. "Journi, your wishes will come true."

That night, Journi stayed by Baimo's side, but he didn't wake until Calvin arrived.

"Stop watching over him. Go get some rest," Calvin said.

"It was your poison..." Journi began.

Before she could finish, Calvin cut her off coldly. "Of course it was. Baimo's already putting the pieces together. Do you want to wait until he exposes you as a fraud in front of Pharaoh?"

Journi fell silent.

"I'll have someone watch over Baimo. You just keep up the act. I have big plans for your birthday party."

"Okay."

Journi had no choice but to comply.

But she hadn't forgotten that voice from before. She needed to act instead of just sitting here, being lectured.

What they didn't realize was that after they left, Baimo's eyes suddenly fluttered open.

The clown stepped forward. "Young master, what's our next move?"

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A deep, sarcastic smile curled at the corner of Baimo's lips. "Walk right into the trap."

The Clown remained silent but understood exactly what Baimo meant.

Kevin approached the outskirts of the Yi tribe once more, his face altered to remain undetected. Using the same tactic as before, he was about to infiltrate when his phone rang. The caller ID showed an unfamiliar Yi number.

He hesitated for a split second, then answered, remembering that Norah had once used Baimo's phone to contact him.

"Looking for Norah?" a woman's voice asked.

Kevin's expression darkened. The only person from the Yi tribe who could have his number and speak with such certainty had to be Baimo's sister—Journi.

"What exactly are you two up to?" he asked coldly.

"You don't have the right to question me. If you want Norah back, you'll follow my instructions." Journi's voice carried a smug confidence, her eyes gleaming with calculation.

She was certain Kevin would comply for Norah's sake.

But to her shock, Kevin hung up without hesitation.

If anyone was going to negotiate with him, it had to be Baimo. He wasn't about to trust someone else.

Hearing the abrupt disconnect, Journi's face twisted with rage.

At a time like this, Kevin still had the audacity to act so high and mighty. Why?!

But she couldn't call again.

And she knew Kevin wouldn't contact her either.

Still, she held all the cards.

Three days later.

Norah was burning up with fever, drifting in and out of consciousness, her mind tangled in fevered hallucinations.

She found herself reliving the day she gave birth—the moment her child was placed in her arms. She remembered the newborn's crumpled face, then the scene shifted. The baby's eyes gleamed like polished obsidian.

Suddenly, Kevin was there, holding the child, his face lit with joy.

“Norah, the baby is perfectly healthy. We’ll live happily together as a family.”

Reaching out for them, she felt the world around her collapse into darkness.

Back in reality, Norah was unconscious, and the laboratory was in chaos.

Calvin had given strict orders: Norah had to survive.

But at that moment, she showed no signs of life.

“No, no, no! Elder Donnelly, the woman you brought in—she’s dead!”

The panicked voice echoed in Calvin’s ears. The person reporting to him was so flustered that he knocked over a piece of lab equipment.

Without hesitation, Calvin’s icy gaze locked onto the man—and then came the gunshot.

A single “bang,” and the man crumpled to the floor.

Calvin strode over to Norah, his expression unreadable. He swiftly pulled out silver needles, puncturing several vital acupuncture points. As soon as she showed the faintest hint of breath, he forced a few pills down her throat.

A minute passed.

Slowly, Norah’s eyelids fluttered open.

Seeing Calvin looming over her, she let out a cold, mocking laugh. “You really don’t want me dead, do you?”

It had felt so real.

But Norah knew it was just a dream.

The baby was gone.

And she and Kevin... were no longer together.

Calvin's gaze hardened. He wasn't trying to save Norah—she was just a crucial piece of his experiment. He couldn't afford to let her die.

The commotion in the lab caught the attention of Jace, who was inside the containment chamber.

Calvin's lab was staffed around the clock, but Jace was never submerged in the containment tank for too long. Each time he was left soaking until his body swelled, only to be fished out later.

For days, he had endured every experiment.

As Pharaoh's most successful test subject, Jace had built up an immunity to these torturous procedures. And now, as one of Calvin's test subjects, he saw his opportunity.

When a lab assistant approached with an injection, Jace struck.

In one swift motion, he grabbed the syringe and drove it deep into the man's neck.

Then—

He dragged the body beneath a table, stripped him of his lab suit, and donned his mask.

Finally, he shoved the corpse into a containment tank, creating the illusion that he was still inside.

Jace had spent years in labs—he knew every detail of their layouts and routines.

He moved through the corridors undetected, scanning his surroundings carefully.

And that's when he saw her.

Norah.

His heart clenched.

In a few quick strides, he reached her. "Julie."

The voice startled Norah.

She lifted her gaze and, though she couldn't see his face, she recognized those amber-clear eyes.

"Jace?! What are you doing here?"

She had believed Jace was long gone, safe from all this. Yet here he was, standing before her.

Because of her.

She didn't know how to process the emotions flooding her. And Jace—he was just as overwhelmed.

He had come back to find Norah, but Calvin had captured him first. Now, seeing her alive filled him with a fierce determination.

Nothing else mattered.

He had to get her out.

"Come on, Julie. Let's take a leap of faith tonight."

Jace had escaped the Yi tribe once before.

He could do it again.

And with the lab suit disguising him, no one would suspect a thing.

Norah nodded but hesitated. "Jace, there's a girl here. She's a prisoner, like me. I can't just leave her behind."

Jace gently placed a hand on her head. "Julie, we don't have time. Right now, I can only guarantee your safety. You have to understand—everyone has their own fate. We can't save everyone. Sometimes, we have to save ourselves first."

He quickly unfastened her restraints, then took her hand, leading her through the lab's corridors.

With his disguise, no one questioned them.

It was almost too easy.

Norah had been imprisoned for so long that she felt weak. At one point, she stumbled, but Jace caught her just in time. She held her breath, making sure not to make a sound.

Just a little farther.

They reached the exit.

Then—

A figure stepped into their path. “Where do you think you’re going?”

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The figure blocking their path was none other than Baimo—the very man everyone believed to be poisoned and unconscious.

Instinctively, Jace shielded Norah behind him. “I’m taking her out of here.”

Baimo didn’t respond. Instead, he signaled to the clown, who swiftly led a group of men to surround them.

Without further struggle, they were taken to a secure location.

But just as they arrived, a panicked voice interrupted. “Young Master, bad news—the route has been cut off!”

A smirk tugged at the corners of Baimo’s lips. Calvin’s rebellion was inevitable, but Jace breaking Norah out of the lab had only sped things up.

“The affairs of the Yi tribe have nothing to do with us. You wouldn’t want to keep Journi trapped in this mess, would you?” Jace’s grip on Norah’s hand tightened, his brows furrowed in frustration.

His expression was grim, his entire demeanor darkened with an air of foreboding.

Baimo remained silent for a moment before issuing a command. “Everyone, defend—”

“Young Master, most of our clansmen have already sided with Calvin. We don’t have many loyal people left,” one of his subordinates reported, his head lowered.

Baimo's face darkened, a wave of fury radiating from him. His eyes burned with intensity, and a suffocating aura surrounded him as if he had just emerged from the depths of hell.

Gritting his teeth, he snapped, "Take Norah and get her to Kevin! Now!"

"Understood."

The clown, Baimo's most trusted confidant, knew exactly what that meant.

Baimo was staying behind to fight. He was the son of Pharaoh and a member of the Yi tribe. Now that the clan was in chaos, he had responsibilities he couldn't abandon.

From the moment Jace had called Norah "Julie" so naturally, Baimo understood everything.

When Norah was a child, she had been in a slave camp, trapped in the laboratory. Jace had been Pharaoh's greatest experiment, an existence that somehow linked them together.

So those old test reports weren't so baseless after all.

Maybe this was their last meeting.

Baimo hesitated before reaching for Norah's face, but at the last second, he pulled his hand back, uncertain.

Norah's breathing grew heavy, and she instinctively took a step back.

She had considered countless possibilities about her connection to the Yi tribe, but never in her wildest dreams did she expect to be Pharaoh's daughter.

She used to envy her classmates who had siblings. She used to feel lonely, wishing for an older brother. And now that she had one, she couldn't find it in herself to feel happy.

"None of you are getting out of here!"

Calvin's voice echoed closer, and soon, he appeared with his men, surrounding them.

His expression was cold, his face as dark as a storm. Norah and Jace stiffened at the sight of him. The torment Calvin had put them through was still fresh in their minds.

Baimo stepped forward. "Calvin, do you really think you can become the king of the Yi tribe?"

For both the tribe and the sister behind him, Baimo wasn't backing down.

Calvin laughed mockingly. "Baimo, look around you. These people have chosen to follow me. Pharaoh's era is over. And Pharaoh himself? He's in my hands. If you don't want him dead, surrender."

Just as he finished speaking, a loud explosion erupted overhead, sending a shockwave of heat through the area. Bodies were thrown into the air.

Both Jace and Baimo instinctively moved to protect Norah, but Baimo was faster. He shielded her beneath him, ensuring she wasn't harmed.

Dazed, Baimo quickly got to his feet, but a wave of dizziness hit him. His body felt weightless, as if he were walking on air.

Norah's eyes widened in shock when she saw the blood trickling down his face. She opened her mouth to speak, but it felt as though an invisible force was choking her.

Before she could utter a word, Baimo pushed her away with all his strength. "Go find Kevin! And don't come back!"

Norah stumbled, barely catching herself before a pair of strong arms wrapped around her waist.

Gunfire erupted.

Jace pulled her forward without hesitation, dragging her through the chaos.

Meanwhile, Baimo was locked in a battle with Calvin's men. The clown, fighting for his life, did everything he could to hold them off.

Despite the dirt covering Calvin's face, the sinister grin stretching across his lips was unmistakable. He was in control. He had the upper hand, and he knew it.

"Baimo, I really underestimated you. I thought you were poisoned, but you played me well." Calvin smirked. "I was planning to make my move at the banquet, but thanks to Norah's escape tonight, my plans just moved up."

But at least now, he had seen Baimo's true capabilities.

Baimo scoffed.

As Calvin stepped forward, Baimo struck fast. Calvin's men reacted instantly, but he held up a hand, signaling them to stand down.

The fight between Calvin and Baimo began.

Calvin smirked. "You've been hiding your skills well, haven't you? If it weren't for Jace, I wouldn't have known you were this capable."

Baimo's combat skills were strong, but he was up against Calvin—who not only had Pharaoh as a hostage but also had weapons and an army at his disposal.

The clown had already been subdued by Calvin's men. At this point, Calvin was only fighting Baimo for sport.

Just as Baimo struck with a sharp hand chop, Calvin pulled out his pistol and aimed it directly at Baimo's head.

Baimo didn't flinch. He knew Calvin wouldn't kill him.

But—

"Bang!"

Two gunshots rang out.

One bullet buried itself in Baimo's shoulder. The other struck his foot.

The clown screamed in rage, ready to charge forward like a wild beast.

"Bang!"

Another shot. Calvin didn't give him the chance.

Baimo clenched his jaw, his voice a low, dangerous growl. "Calvin! If you have a problem with me, come at me directly! Don't hurt innocent people!"

Calvin had originally intended to pull the trigger and end Baimo's life, but after a brief moment of thought, he held back.

Narrowing his eyes, he studied the defiance in Baimo's gaze. "I'll make sure you and your father experience the fall from power to imprisonment—and then to hell."

With a wave of his hand, his subordinates stepped forward, taking Baimo and the Clown away.

Calvin turned to his men. "Jace and Norah won't get far. Bring them back to me—alive or dead."

"Yes, sir!" his men responded in unison.

...

Amidst the chaos of battle, Kevin infiltrated the Yi tribe, knowing full well that taking down the leader was the key to victory.

Baimo had allies, but Journi was still a force to be reckoned with.

Kevin raised his gun, aiming it directly at Journi's head. "Don't move. Take me to Norah."

Journi sat calmly at her desk, a painting spread out before her—a sea of roses. Though not perfectly detailed, the colors and shapes hinted at the artist's emotions.

She had already sensed someone approaching. Since arriving at the Yi tribe, she had endured relentless pain and rigorous training. Anyone who managed to enter her room was no ordinary intruder.

She wasn't afraid. Guards surrounded the area. But what she hadn't expected—

The voice belonged to Kevin!

He was supposed to have left. And yet, he came back for Norah.

He would risk everything for her.

Journi scoffed. "Do you really think that even if I take you to Norah, you can escape with her?"

Her sneer was laced with disdain.

Kevin had no interest in conversation. He grabbed her shoulder with one hand, keeping his gun pressed against her head with the other.

Journi's arrogance remained. With a swift motion of her hand, a faint fragrance filled the air.

Kevin hadn't expected such a move, but his gun never wavered.

A smirk played on Journi's lips. "Kevin, even if you're strong, you won't last long—not with the poison already in your system and this new dose I just released. Don't bother resisting."

She silently counted down in her head—three, two, one—

"Bang!"

Kevin collapsed.

He had planned to take her hostage, but she had been trained for situations like this.

The Yi tribe had been plagued by war for years, enduring both external threats and internal strife. Journi had no choice but to harden herself to survive.

As Kevin lay immobilized, Journi reached out, tracing a hand along his jawline, her fingers gliding upward.

Beneath his disguise, his face was a masterpiece—chiseled, striking.

Her fingers trailed down to his collarbone. "Kevin..."

"Bianca's voice."

Kevin's words cut through the moment, his tone ice-cold.

Journi's eyes widened in shock. "Since when did you know?"

She had altered her appearance, taken precautions. How had he figured it out? Was it her touch, her presence?

Kevin didn't bother looking at her. "Do I really need to spell out the connection between you and Calvin?"

He had already uncovered the truth about Bianca and Calvin. He knew Calvin had targeted him and Norah not just out of ambition, but because of Norah's identity.

And because of Bianca.

"So, the truth comes out. But it doesn't matter now," Journi murmured. "You've always looked down on me. Even after everything, you still let Norah plot against me... You think you're untouchable. But I'm going to bring you down, Kevin. I'll strip you of your pride and make you my prisoner."

Kevin's gaze remained indifferent, laced with disgust.

But then—more figures stormed into the room, surrounding Bianca.

She realized too late—Kevin had outplayed her.

Kevin had never planned to infiltrate enemy territory alone. His focus was on rescuing Norah, and he had set a trap of his own.

As Kevin dragged Bianca to Calvin, the warlord smirked. “The entire Yi tribe is under my control. Do you really think the Pharaoh’s daughter can be used against me?”

Calvin barely spared Bianca a glance.

She had known this was coming. She had never had faith in Calvin. Without expectations, there was no disappointment.

But Kevin wasn’t done.

“Calvin, are you sure she’s Pharaoh’s daughter? That she’s Journi? And not—your own daughter, Bianca?”

Calvin’s expression darkened. He hadn’t expected Kevin to uncover this secret.

But there was no turning back now.

Calvin let out a low chuckle. “I have been in the Yi tribe for years. When have I ever had a daughter? Kevin, you came here only to sow discord and destroy us. You think I don’t see through your selfish motives?”

Kevin’s voice was sharp. “Still denying it, even now?”

Calvin knew better than to admit the truth. He wouldn’t expose Bianca as his weakness—not in front of everyone.

But Kevin had evidence.

With a single motion, he displayed undeniable proof—photos of Calvin meeting with Bianca, records of his travels to the imperial capital.

Calvin’s eyes flickered.

Kevin had backed him into a corner.

Still, Calvin wouldn’t let Kevin ruin everything. Not when he was this close to absolute power.

His expression remained cold, but he finally admitted it. “Yes, she is my daughter. But I did it all for Pharaoh’s legacy. Pharaoh was a madman—obsessed with creating some kind of immortal warrior. Everything happening to the Yi tribe now is his fault! I had to rebel!”

His words barely left his lips before he launched an attack on Kevin.