

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 256

Chapter 256

Kevin clenched his fists, his sharp eyes following Norah and Steven as they walked away. His gaze turned icy, but he said nothing, letting them leave without protest.

Down in the basement parking lot, Norah broke the silence. "I've uncovered the truth behind Bianca's hearing loss. I need to make a public statement."

Steven opened the car door for her. "Are you heading to the TV station?"

Norah nodded. "Yes, it's time to address this publicly. The media frenzy is at its peak, and we need to seize the moment to set the record straight and restore Bonnie's reputation."

Without hesitation, Steven drove Norah to the TV station.

At the station, tension simmered. Maxine, who had recently clawed her way back from professional embarrassment, was reveling in her newfound prominence. Her interview with Bianca had temporarily redeemed her shaky reputation after she had previously tarnished it with sensationalist reporting.

As Norah stepped out of the car, she encountered Maxine, who was just leaving for another interview.

"Norah, back so soon? And with a new man, I see," Maxine quipped, her smirk dripping with condescension.

Norah wasn't about to back down. "Enjoying your moment in the spotlight again, are you?"

Maxine sauntered closer, her heels clicking confidently. "Setbacks are temporary, Norah. A good journalist always finds her way back. News is my game, and I play it better than anyone. Don't think for a second that you can outshine me."

“Is that why you twist stories for attention?” Norah shot back, her voice unwavering. “Do you ever consider the damage you cause, or are you too busy chasing headlines to care?”

Maxine’s expression hardened, but she quickly recovered, her arrogance undiminished. “Norah, you’re new to this world. Let me make something clear—you don’t survive in this business by playing it safe. Watch and learn. Soon enough, I’ll have you packing your desk.”

“Is that so?” Norah replied, her eyes blazing with defiance. “We’ll see who lasts longer.”

Maxine chuckled smugly. “Oh, we will.”

With that, she strutted away, exuding triumph.

Inside, Norah returned to her workstation to find Emani, her colleague, hunched over her computer, her hair disheveled and her eyes glued to the screen.

“Emani, are you actually focused on writing press releases now? Didn’t you once say this job bored you?” Norah teased lightly, trying to lighten the mood.

Emani turned, her face lighting up with relief at the sight of Norah. “You’re back!” she exclaimed, tears welling in her eyes.

Norah frowned, concerned. “What’s wrong?”

Emani’s voice trembled as she explained, “Maxine’s been tormenting me! Ever since her redemption, she’s been piling all her work onto me. I’m drowning in press releases, barely getting four hours of sleep a night. I just... I can’t take it anymore.”

Norah’s heart ached for her friend. She handed Emani a tissue and gently reassured her. “Don’t worry. This time, we’ll turn the tables. You’ll come out on top.”

Emani blinked through her tears. “Really? If I can get back at Maxine, it’ll all be worth it!”

Norah smiled confidently. “That’s exactly what I’m planning.”

Meanwhile, Maxine had driven to Bianca’s residence.

Bianca was at home, preparing for Maxine's arrival. Her focus was unshakable. To her, the Edwards family's coldness and Kevin's indifference only strengthened her resolve. Her ambitions in the entertainment industry were her priority now, a career she intended to dominate no matter what.

Cleo, Bianca's loyal maid, had also arrived. For Cleo, Bianca's reliance on her was a source of deep loyalty and purpose.

When the doorbell rang, Cleo opened it to find Maxine standing there with a small offering.

"Ms. Lynch, you're not looking well," Maxine observed with faux concern. "Would you be willing to give me an interview?"

Bianca, her makeup deliberately applied to emphasize her frailty, invited Maxine in. "As long as you keep it straightforward. No dramatics."

Maxine nodded, seating herself confidently. "Don't worry. I'll portray you in the most sympathetic light. Your fans will rally behind you, and the public will eat up your story. Trust me, this will only elevate your status in the entertainment world."

Bianca, fully aware of Maxine's ambitions, replied coolly, "Let's begin."

As Maxine set up her camera, Cleo's work phone rang. The sudden change in her expression caught Bianca's attention.

"What is it?" Bianca asked, sensing something was wrong.

After hanging up, Cleo hesitated before speaking. "Ms. Lynch, someone has leaked your medical records. They're claiming your hearing loss is fake. The phones are already ringing off the hook with angry calls."

Bianca's carefully crafted composure cracked for a moment. Maxine, however, looked intrigued, her opportunistic mind already spinning.

The storm Bianca had so carefully avoided was now at her doorstep.

Chapter 257

Bianca shot to her feet, her face pale with shock. "What? How can that be?"

Cleo, equally flustered, replied, “I swear I’m not lying! The phone’s been ringing non-stop, and the insults are brutal. You don’t even want to hear them.”

Bianca’s mind spun. “My medical records? Who could possibly have access to them? This is insane!”

She snatched her phone and opened the internet, her hands trembling as she searched for answers.

The trending headlines hit her like a punch to the gut. Her medical records had gone viral, and the backlash was explosive. The accusations? That her deafness was a sham—a calculated move to garner sympathy and fame.

Comment after comment poured in, and they were merciless:

- **“Deafness? What a joke. She’s playing the victim for attention! Can’t believe I wasted time on her shows.”**
- **“This is disgusting. Sacrificing an innocent person just to stay relevant? Bianca is worse than the villains she plays on TV.”**
- **“Never watching anything with her again. She’s a total fraud.”**

Bianca’s eyes darted over the messages, each one cutting deeper than the last. Her breath quickened. “This can’t be happening. This has to be a mistake!” she whispered, her voice shaking.

She turned to Maxine, her composure cracking. “Didn’t you say your report would make me a star? That it would boost my popularity? Look at this! They’re tearing me apart. You’ve ruined everything!”

Maxine, visibly agitated, threw her hands up defensively. “How was I supposed to know about your medical records? You didn’t tell me this could blow up in our faces! I wrote that piece to help you, but now I’m caught in the crossfire too!”

Maxine’s reputation had also taken a hit. Netizens were dissecting her involvement just as ruthlessly:

- **“Maxine strikes again with her fake news. How does she still have a job?”**
- **“This TV station is a joke. Maxine and Bianca deserve each other—both are frauds!”**
- **“Stop supporting garbage journalism like this. We need real reporting, not this sensationalist nonsense.”**

Maxine’s face darkened as she muttered, “Norah. This has to be her doing.”

Bianca, still in disbelief, struggled to process the chaos unraveling around her. Her phone buzzed incessantly, the screen lighting up with a barrage of unfamiliar numbers. One message caught her eye:

“You manipulative fraud. You won’t get away with this. Watch your back.”

Panic surged through her. She hurled the phone onto the couch as though it were on fire. “Cleo, turn it off! Turn it off now!”

Cleo quickly picked up the phone and powered it down, her face mirroring Bianca’s fear.

Maxine folded her arms, her tone cold. “You should’ve planned this better, Bianca. If you’re going to fake something like deafness, you don’t leave loose ends for people to uncover. You’ve dragged me into this mess, and I won’t forget it.”

Bianca’s fists clenched. Her mind raced as she pieced together the puzzle. “You said Norah, right?”

Maxine nodded sharply. “The report exposing your medical records came from XNGY TV—and it’s signed by Emani, who happens to be in my department. But let’s not kid ourselves. Emani and Norah are thick as thieves. This has *Norah* written all over it.”

Bianca’s jaw tightened as anger replaced her panic. “Jace,” she muttered under her breath.

Maxine raised an eyebrow. “What about him?”

Bianca didn’t respond immediately. Her thoughts shifted to Jace, the man she had trusted to handle Norah. He was supposed to take her out of the picture entirely, clearing the way for Bianca to rise to the top—both in her career and in Kevin’s heart.

And yet, this betrayal suggested something else entirely. The only people with access to her medical records were Jace and the hospital. How could this have leaked?

Her voice trembled with disbelief. “This... This doesn’t make sense. Jace wouldn’t—he couldn’t—”

But doubt gnawed at her. The perfect plan she’d envisioned was crumbling, and for the first time, Bianca felt utterly powerless.

“Impossible,” she whispered, shaking her head as if trying to convince herself. “This can’t be happening. It’s not possible!”

Chapter 258

Bianca was in disbelief. She never imagined that Jace would be the one to betray her.

The world felt like it had just flipped upside down.

Maxine, noticing Bianca’s mounting anxiety, spoke up, her voice urgent. “Ms. Lynch, we’re in this together now. We need to turn things around, or we’ll lose everything.”

Maxine had already started covering the news, and there was no backing out now. The only option was to regain control and shift the narrative. If they could reverse the situation, they might still earn back the public's trust.

Bianca, still in shock, shook her head. "You all need to leave. I need to think."

Maxine, undeterred, pressed on. "We have to act quickly! What good is being calm now? The damage is done... we can fight back—deny the rumors, sue them, use the law to drag things out."

Before Maxine could continue, Bianca's voice grew cold. "Cleo, escort her out. I need to be alone."

Cleo immediately intervened, ushering Maxine out of the room.

Maxine was more concerned about her own reputation than Bianca's, and she knew she had to act fast. If Bianca fought back and the truth came out later, Maxine could claim ignorance and salvage her credibility. She'd apologize, explain the mistake, and hope to regain the public's trust.

But now, Bianca was isolating herself, and Maxine was left scrambling to cover her own tracks.

Frustrated, Maxine slammed her hands on the steering wheel as she drove away. Returning to the TV station in this state was unthinkable—she'd be ridiculed, and her career could be over.

She needed a solution, fast.

Meanwhile, Bianca was already at her phone, crafting a message to Jace. She needed answers.

At that moment, Jace stood alone in People's Square, feeding bread to a flock of pigeons. His fingers gently raised the bread to feed them, and hundreds of pigeons swarmed around him, eager to snatch it away.

Then his phone buzzed. It was a message from Bianca.

He'd been expecting it. A faint smile tugged at his lips as he typed his reply: *People's Square*.

Bianca, now fully dressed in sunglasses and a hat, grabbed her bag and headed out to meet him.

The square was eerily quiet—just the sound of pigeons fluttering in the air. Bianca scanned the area, relieved to see it was mostly empty. She could meet Jace without drawing attention.

When she spotted him, he was still feeding the pigeons, looking unfazed.

Bianca's heart raced as she approached. "Did you betray me?" she demanded.

Jace didn't even look at her right away, his gaze fixed on the pigeons. "Where should I start?" he asked, his tone casual.

"*That medical record!*" Bianca's voice shook with emotion. "It's been exposed! You gave it to Norah!"

Bianca was still in disbelief, though she suspected Jace was involved. He was the only one who could have given the record to Norah—unless someone else had pulled the strings.

Jace, without missing a beat, continued feeding the birds. "These pigeons are wild. They'll take whatever they can get without putting in any effort. They'd rather eat from my hand than fly free."

"Are you listening to me?" Bianca pressed, her patience wearing thin.

Jace finally turned to face her. "I gave it to her." His voice was matter-of-fact.

Bianca was stunned. "Why would you do that? Don't you realize what this could do to me? I trusted you to help me, to get rid of Norah, but instead, you pushed me straight into the fire! Why?"

Jace flicked the breadcrumbs off his hands, unfazed. "This wasn't a deal between us. I never agreed to help you for free. You didn't pay me. But Norah? She bought the story. So of course, I gave it to her. Simple as that."

Bianca's anger flared. "I'm not joking with you! We're in this together!"

Jace's lips curled into a small smile, but there was no warmth in it. "I know what I'm doing. As compensation, I'll help you get your hearing back."

Bianca's voice faltered. "I don't understand you anymore. I thought we were on the same side. If you were helping me, you'd always be loyal. But instead, you sold me out. Are you *that* kind of person? Unless you have some kind of relationship with Norah... I don't get it!"

Jace's eyes darkened slightly. "There are things you don't know. Trust me, curiosity can be dangerous."

He paused, then added, "If you can't solve this problem on your own, then you're not the Bianca I thought you were. In the end, I'll do whatever I want. My happiness is what matters."

Bianca felt a chill run down her spine. Jace was behaving like someone she didn't recognize.

"You're going to ruin everything!" she shouted.

Jace smiled coldly. "Do you think you'll live longer than me?"

Bianca felt a wave of coldness settle over her. “I want to live freely.”

Jace stood taller than her, his posture exuding a sense of control. “Life isn’t about how long you live, it’s about how you live it. Everyone has their own goals. I’m not stopping you from living your life, but don’t try to stop me. I’ve helped you, in my way.”

Bianca’s anger faded as she realized nothing she said could change his mind. She turned her focus elsewhere, noticing his bare hands. “You’re not wearing your beads today. You always keep them on.”

Jace glanced down at his hands and shrugged. “I didn’t want them getting dirty while I fed the pigeons.”

Bianca felt a pang of confusion. She had spent so much time with Jace, but now she realized how little she truly understood about him.

Her brow furrowed, and she spoke seriously. “She’s not the Julie in your heart. Don’t get your hopes up.”

Jace chuckled softly, his smile unreadable.

“Your voice is so beautiful, I think I’ll call you Julie from now on.”

“Why is it so dark in here?”

“It’s just a little dark room, of course it’s dark.”

“Are you scared?”

“I’m scared.”

“What about you?”

“I’m scared too.”

“Then come here. We’ll hold this together, the one that’s already opened. The Bodhisattva will bless us with peace.”

“By the way, I haven’t asked your name yet.”

“Name? I... I don’t have one.”

...

Suddenly, Norah was jolted awake from her sleep, her body jerking upright.

Emani, startled, quickly turned to her. “Norah, are you okay?”

Norah blinked, her gaze distant and unfocused. She slowly raised her head and answered, her voice slow, “I... What could happen?”

Emani, concerned, wiped the tears that had silently rolled down Norah’s face. “But... why are you crying? Did you have a nightmare?”

Norah’s eyes were clouded, her mind unable to grasp the dream she had just experienced. All that remained was a deep sadness.

Chapter 259

Why did Norah feel sad?

Emani couldn’t figure it out, no matter how hard she tried.

“How long was I asleep?” Norah asked, her voice soft but uncertain.

Emani glanced at her watch. “About thirty minutes. Norah, you’ve been looking so worn out lately. You fell asleep as soon as you put your head down.”

Norah nodded slightly, brushing it off. “Probably just didn’t get enough sleep last night.” She instinctively placed a hand on her stomach, her thoughts flickering to the pregnancy.

Emani studied her with concern but didn’t press further. Instead, her face lit up. “Oh, by the way! We’ve got feedback on the article—guess how much traction it’s getting? Over a million views!”

Her excitement bubbled over. “The internet is tearing Bianca apart, and even Maxine’s not being spared. We did it, Norah!” Emani clapped her hands together. “I can already picture Maxine’s furious face. She’ll definitely face consequences this time!”

Norah didn’t share the same exuberance. Her focus remained on Bianca. “This is only a small victory. But we need to tread carefully. The backlash could also affect the station, and we might get questioned by higher-ups.”

Emani shrugged it off. “Relax. We didn’t do anything wrong. Maxine brought this on herself. She made a mistake, and we simply reported it. If the leadership is smart, they’ll frame it as a righteous pursuit of justice. The blame lands on Maxine, not us.”

Norah nodded subtly. Emani had a point.

Maxine, on the other hand, wouldn’t recover from this easily. Losing credibility as a journalist was career suicide, especially when it also dragged the station’s reputation down with her.

Just as Norah was contemplating their next move, Maxine stormed into the room. Her face was twisted with rage, her eyes locked onto Norah and Emani like a hawk ready to pounce.

“You two!” Maxine’s voice was sharp and venomous. “You sabotaged me again!”

Norah didn’t flinch, her face calm and composed.

Emani, however, wasn’t about to back down. She stood tall and met Maxine’s glare head-on. “What are you even talking about? How could we possibly sabotage you? We’re all doing our jobs—reporting the truth and seeking justice. Just because your version of ‘justice’ didn’t work out doesn’t make it our fault!”

Maxine jabbed a finger in their direction. “Don’t play innocent with me! You know I’ve been chasing Bianca’s story. I was close to securing her exclusive interview—something that could’ve brought huge benefits to our department! But no, you just *had* to interfere!”

Norah’s voice was steady, but her words cut deep. “Maxine, do you really think you’re the only one here capable of breaking a story?”

Maxine sneered. “Don’t you dare question me! Everyone knows I’m the best at what I do. You? You’re just another cog in the wheel.”

Norah’s gaze didn’t waver. “Everyone here is capable, not just you. And for the record, you’ve crossed the line. You’ve compromised the integrity of a journalist. That alone disqualifies you from this profession.”

Maxine’s laugh was hollow, almost desperate. “Oh, please. You’re no saint, Norah. You’re nothing more than a desk jockey who punches words into a keyboard. And guess what? As long as I’m here, that’s all you’ll ever be!”

Norah saw through her bluster. Maxine was flailing, her usual arrogance a flimsy shield for her growing desperation.

“Enough!” Emani stepped forward, her voice sharp. “You wanted to talk to the editor-in-chief, right? Let’s go. I’d love to see who’s really in the wrong here!”

“Fine!” Maxine snapped. “Let’s settle this once and for all. We’ll see who the editor-in-chief sides with!”

“Stop it. All of you!”

A voice cut through the tension like a knife. Quinn, the editor-in-chief, stood in the doorway, her expression icy.

Maxine turned to her immediately, her panic poorly disguised as righteous indignation. “Editor-in-chief! You came at the perfect time. They sabotaged me! I was about to secure an exclusive with Bianca—a rising star. This could’ve been a huge win for us, but these two ruined everything!”

Quinn’s gaze was colder than ever. “Maxine, do you even realize what you’re saying? Bianca’s reputation is in tatters. Her actions have caused public outrage, and she’s on the

verge of being blacklisted. If we'd gone forward with your so-called 'exclusive,' it would've dragged the entire station down with her!"

Maxine's face went pale. "No, that's not true! I was doing it for the good of the station! For the ratings!"

Quinn didn't let her continue. "Enough excuses! You've already damaged our reputation for personal gain. Do you have any idea how much this has cost us? You've not only embarrassed yourself but the entire station."

Maxine's voice wavered. "I... I didn't mean to... It's not my fault!" She pointed at Norah and Emani. "They—"

"They exposed Bianca's crimes," Quinn cut her off. "If it weren't for them, another station could've beaten us to the story, and we'd have looked like fools for ignoring the obvious. Instead, we've maintained our integrity. But you, Maxine—you've violated journalistic ethics. You've become a liability, and we can't afford that."

Maxine's voice cracked as she pleaded. "Please, Editor-in-chief. I'll change. I'll do better. Just give me another chance!"

Quinn's face remained impassive. "You've had your chances. Pack your things. You're fired."

The weight of the words hit Maxine like a blow. She stumbled, unable to process what had just happened. "You can't do this to me! I'm the best reporter you've got!"

"Not anymore," Quinn said, her tone final. "Security!"

Two guards entered, moving to escort Maxine out.

"No! Please!" Maxine begged, tears streaming down her face. She turned her fury toward Norah, her voice shrill and venomous. "This is your fault, you conniving witch! You'll pay for this! I won't let you get away with it!"

Norah stood her ground, unshaken, as Maxine was dragged away, her cries echoing down the hall.

Chapter 260

Maxine's voice faded as she was dragged away, leaving behind an eerie silence.

Quinn turned her attention to Norah and Emani, her expression softening slightly. "You two saved XNGY's reputation this time," she said firmly.

Emani, unaccustomed to praise, looked both flustered and pleased. "We just wanted to uncover the truth, Editor-in-Chief. All that matters is keeping the station's integrity intact."

Quinn's stern gaze melted into one of approval. "Remember, your job as journalists is to pursue truth and bring facts to light. You did exactly that. Well done."

The recognition felt like a rare triumph for Norah and Emani.

Quinn's focus lingered on Norah. "You've clearly put a lot of effort into this."

Norah gave a measured response. "I'm just doing what a journalist should."

"You have talent," Quinn said, nodding. "Your writing and professionalism stand out. Keep this up, and you'll go far."

"Thank you, Editor-in-Chief," Norah replied politely.

With that, Quinn left, and a wave of relief washed over the department. Maxine, the notorious troublemaker, was finally gone, and her absence was a cause for celebration. The oppressive atmosphere she'd created had lifted, and for the first time in a while, Norah and Emani felt appreciated by their colleagues.

Meanwhile, Kevin had learned that Bianca's scandal had erupted publicly. Though he wasn't certain who had exposed the story, he immediately suspected Norah. He knew her well enough to connect the dots.

Disregarding his other obligations, Kevin grabbed his coat and stormed out.

Later that evening, Norah and Emani stayed late at the station, wrapping up their work. By the time they clocked out, it was past seven.

Emani, in high spirits, suggested celebrating their small victory with dinner and karaoke, but Norah declined. She was exhausted, and her priority was rest—not just for herself, but for the baby she carried.

"Go have fun," Norah told her. "I'll see you tomorrow."

As Norah left the station, the night felt strangely quiet. She stuffed her hands into her coat pockets and walked toward the curb to hail a taxi.

A sleek Rolls-Royce pulled up before she could flag one down.

Kevin stepped out, his expression dark and serious.

Norah was startled. She hadn't expected to see him. With everything going on at work and his constant attention to Bianca, he surely had no time for her anymore.

Kevin's piercing eyes locked on her. "Did you expose Bianca's deafness?"

Norah straightened her posture, meeting his gaze with calm defiance. “Yes, I did.”

His brows furrowed, his tone sharp. “I told you not to get involved!”

“Upset because she’s suffering?” Norah asked with a wry smile.

Kevin’s frustration flared. “This isn’t about her! I’m worried about *you*!”

“Me?” Norah’s voice carried skepticism.

“Yes, you!” Kevin snapped, his tone a mix of anger and concern. “Do you have any idea how dangerous this could be? Bianca has powerful connections. I’m afraid someone might come after you in retaliation!”

Norah was momentarily taken aback. She stared into his eyes, searching for any sign of insincerity. But his worry was genuine, unmistakably etched into his face.

Still, Norah couldn’t let herself believe too much. “I can handle myself, Kevin. I don’t need your concern. Shouldn’t you be more worried about Bianca? With her reputation tanking and fans abandoning her, she might even get blacklisted. Doesn’t that affect your entertainment company?”

Kevin’s intense gaze never wavered. “It’s just a company, Norah. Do you really think I care about that?”

The weight of his words hung in the air, catching Norah off guard. Was he implying she mattered more than his business—more than Bianca?

She quickly dismissed the thought. “You don’t have to explain yourself,” she muttered, spotting a taxi pulling up to the curb. “I’m going home. Please step aside.”

Norah moved past him, eager to escape the tension.

But Kevin grabbed her wrist, his grip firm yet careful.

Her sudden movement caused her to twist awkwardly, and she winced as a sharp pain shot through her abdomen.

“Hiss...” Norah instinctively placed a hand on her stomach, her face tightening in discomfort.

Kevin’s eyes immediately darted to her lower abdomen. His grip loosened, replaced by a look of deep concern. “Are you hurt? Is your stomach okay?”

Norah hesitated, her hand protectively resting on her belly. “It’s nothing. Just let me go.”

But Kevin’s expression darkened with worry, his voice softening. “Don’t lie to me. If something’s wrong, tell me.”

