

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 276

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## Chapter 276

Norah snapped a few candid shots of Sasha, whose radiant beauty may not be groundbreaking, but her acting talent has earned her a loyal following. Sasha's composed demeanor, coupled with her humility and poise, had always impressed Norah.

As the catwalk show came to an end, Norah gestured for the photographer to follow her.

That's when Emani spotted Sasha and let out a loud squeal. "Oh my gosh, it's Sasha! I can't believe it!"

Norah raised an eyebrow at Emani's excitement. "What's gotten into you?"

"Of course, I'm excited!" Emani gushed. "I've watched all her shows! Is this real life? She's my idol—I love her so much!"

Sasha approached with a warm smile. "Hello, I'm Sasha."

She extended her hand toward Emani, who stared at it in disbelief, as though she were in a dream. Tentatively, Emani grasped Sasha's hand, her voice trembling. "Am I dreaming? I've followed you for years. I know all your shows and even your story—how you came from a small town and fought so hard to make it in the industry. I'm your biggest fan..."

Tears welled up in Emani's eyes, her emotions spilling over.

Sasha quickly comforted her. "I know, I know—don't cry. A girl's tears are precious." She gently wiped Emani's tears with a reassuring smile.

In that moment, Emani felt validated. She had chosen the right idol—Sasha was as kind and approachable as she had imagined.

"Alright, Emani," Norah interrupted gently, "we need to get to work. Let's focus—our job is to make Sasha look even more stunning today."

Emani sniffled, her resolve returning. "Got it! I'll make sure we nail this shoot."

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The team headed to the filming venue, only to find their booking had been given away.

“What do you mean we don’t have the space?” Emani protested, disbelief etched on her face. “We confirmed this spot days ago!”

A staff member shrugged apologetically. “Sorry, it’s been reserved by someone else.”

Emani’s frustration boiled over. “This is outrageous! You promised us this venue. Now you’re giving it to someone else? How unprofessional!”

The venue was crucial to their vision—its antique, oriental charm was perfect for Sasha’s costume, which evoked the elegance of ancient beauty. There was no other place like it.

Norah tried to stay calm. “Let’s not jump to conclusions. Maybe we can negotiate.” She approached the staff. “Excuse me, but there’s no one using the space right now. Could you allow us just thirty minutes? We’d even be willing to pay double.”

The staff hesitated but remained firm. “It’s not about money.”

Suddenly, a voice broke in. “Don’t bother trying.”

Norah turned to see Bianca strolling toward them, dressed in a similar costume to Sasha’s. She was flanked by a team of top-tier photographers, her smug expression a stark contrast to Sasha’s quiet grace.

“Bianca,” Norah said sharply, “what’s the meaning of this?”

Bianca smirked. “I booked this venue. Too bad for you—you’ll have to find somewhere else to shoot.”

Norah narrowed her eyes. “Why go out of your way to sabotage us?”

Bianca shrugged, her tone dripping with mockery. “Oh, don’t act so surprised. This industry rewards beauty and popularity. Sasha may have talent, but talent alone doesn’t make you relevant.”

Sasha remained calm, her icy silence a stark contrast to Bianca’s hostility.

Norah refused to let Bianca get under her skin. “If you need it so badly, take it. Sasha doesn’t need this venue to prove her worth.”

Bianca’s laughter was hollow. “That’s right—know your place. I won today, Norah, and I’ll win again. Stop wasting your time fighting me.”

Norah gave Bianca a pointed look as she passed by. “Win? Let’s see how long you can keep this up.”

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With the venue lost, Norah scanned the surrounding area. Her eyes landed on the riverside, framed by delicate willow trees.

“Let’s shoot here,” Norah decided.

Emani hesitated. “Here? But the scenery isn’t as striking as inside.”

Sasha smiled, picking a floating catkin out of the air. “This place has its charm. Look—it’s like snow.”

Norah’s face lit up. She snapped a quick photo of Sasha’s serene profile as the soft catkins drifted down around her. “Perfect,” she said. “This is even better than I imagined.”

Emani began to catch on. “Are we using the catkins as snow? That’s brilliant!”

Norah nodded. “Let’s take some short videos too. Sasha, you’ll go viral with this.”

Sasha’s expression softened as she reminisced. “The first court drama I did—it was the hardest role of my career, but it’s the one people still remember me for.”

The team worked tirelessly by the riverside, transforming the humble backdrop into a stunning, ethereal scene. Sasha’s melancholic expressions, paired with the drifting “snow,” evoked a timeless elegance.

When the shoot was done, Emani couldn’t help but tear up again. “This brings back so many memories,” she murmured.

As Norah reviewed the footage, she knew they had created something special. It didn't matter if Bianca had taken the venue—Sasha's talent and their team's creativity had turned an ordinary riverside into a masterpiece.

They edited the content and uploaded it online. Within hours, it was clear: Sasha's grace, combined with their ingenuity, had struck a chord.

Sometimes, it's not about the stage—it's about how you own it.

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Bianca was on set, fully immersed in her own shoot. Like Sasha, she was dressed in an elegant court-style gown, exuding sophistication.

"Perfect, Bianca! Absolutely stunning!"

The photographers showered her with compliments as they captured her from every angle.

"This shot is flawless, so cinematic!" one praised enthusiastically.

Bianca radiated confidence, working every pose with precision. Her striking beauty was undeniable—a potent asset in the entertainment industry, where looks often paved the way to stardom.

Though she admired Sasha's talent, Bianca wasn't focused on outshining her. Her real competition was Norah.

Sasha was merely collateral damage because of her association with Norah. If Bianca could outdo Sasha today, it would serve as a stepping stone to overshadowing Norah entirely.

She reviewed the shots the photographers had taken, a satisfied smile gracing her lips. "These are perfect. Let's leverage this momentum—get them out as soon as possible."

"We'll have them ready by tonight," the team assured her.

By evening, Bianca's carefully curated photos were released online. As always, she backed her posts with paid traffic to ensure they trended.

Unsurprisingly, her photos quickly drew attention, with Bianca claiming a spot in the top three trending topics.

Comments flooded in:

- **"Bianca looks incredible! Her raw photos are flawless, and her skin is glowing!"**

- **“I’m obsessed with this look. She’s made for court dramas! Someone cast her ASAP!”**

The wave of admiration left Bianca in high spirits. Despite her controversial reputation, she knew how to captivate audiences. After all, as the saying went, “Black or red, popularity is still popularity.” She was determined to rise through sheer visibility and eventually turn public opinion in her favor.

However, as the buzz around Bianca’s photos peaked, a surprising twist emerged.

**“Wait, have you seen Sasha’s short video? She’s wearing a court-style gown too, and it’s incredible!”**

**“What? Sasha has a video? I’m going to check it out!”**

**“Same here! Let’s go watch it!”**

Soon, comments shifted focus.

**“Sasha’s video took me straight back to 2019! That court drama she starred in wrecked me emotionally—still can’t get over it!”**

Bianca’s expression darkened as she saw the tide of attention shifting to Sasha’s content. Her heart sank.

Curiosity got the better of her. She searched for Sasha’s video, which wasn’t trending on the same platform. After downloading a new app, the first video on her feed was Sasha’s short clip.

The video was simple yet powerful: Sasha stood in a snow-covered landscape, holding a bouquet of wilted flowers. With a haunting look, she turned to the camera, a single tear escaping as her eyes brimmed with despair. The video was paired with an iconic line from her breakout role.

The impact was immediate—over **10 million likes** on the short video alone.

Bianca couldn’t believe it. “Ten million? That’s impossible! My entire social media following isn’t even close to that!”

The comments under Sasha’s video only made it worse:

- **“This drama was my everything. Sasha’s performance is unforgettable—it’s like time stood still!”**
- **“She hasn’t aged a day. She’s still the queen of period dramas!”**
- **“I thought Bianca’s photos were amazing, but now I realize Sasha is on another level. Her acting carries an emotional depth that Bianca can’t match.”**

Bianca clenched her phone, her mood spiraling. The comparisons were brutal, and Sasha’s video had completely overshadowed her photos.

It was a crushing blow. Bianca had banked on her beauty and the buzz around her shoot, but Sasha's authentic talent and emotional connection with the audience had won the day.

As she scrolled through the comments, Bianca realized that public favor wasn't something that could be bought—it had to be earned. Sasha's enduring legacy proved that charisma and skill always outshone superficial glamour.

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"I think you're right! Between the two, I definitely prefer Sasha's short videos. Her role in this drama is fantastic!"

Bianca's face turned a shade of green.

What were these people even saying?

Did they just claim Sasha's videos were better than hers?

Impossible.

Bianca was convinced she was far more beautiful than Sasha.

Cleo, standing nearby, noticed the short video surpassing 10 million likes and couldn't resist a smug comment. "What are these netizens even talking about? Obviously, Ms. Lynch is far more stunning. Sasha's work is all about cheap sentimentality, no real substance. And posting short videos? That's something for amateurs, not real stars. No class at all!"

Cleo's tone dripped with disdain.

To her, most celebrities posting short videos were washed-up wannabes looking to make a quick buck. It wasn't worth acknowledging.

"Aaaghh!"

Bianca screamed as she hurled her phone across the room, smashing it.

Cleo, startled by the outburst, tried to console her. "Ms. Lynch..."

Bianca's eyes were red with fury. "How? How did she get 10 million likes? She's not prettier than me, she hasn't acted in as many dramas, and I even had the better venue! This must be fake—she must've bought those likes! All of them are fake!"

She refused to believe Sasha could outshine her.

Cleo nodded along, playing into Bianca's suspicions. "You're absolutely right, Ms. Lynch. Sasha's tactics are so cheap. No self-respecting A-lister would stoop to competing for views with ordinary people. She's lowering her worth, but her popularity will never match yours, no matter how viral her video gets!"

Bianca's anger didn't subside.

Even if Sasha relied on short videos, her growing popularity felt like a direct threat. Bianca couldn't allow her to rise. She wanted Sasha crushed—forced to quit the entertainment industry for good.

If Sasha were out of the picture, Bianca could finally surpass Norah.

The thought gave Bianca a jolt of energy. She grabbed a bottle of pills from her bag, her trembling hands struggling to open it. She popped one and took a deep breath as the medicine began to calm her.

Her fury slowly subsided, and her face transformed into a calculated smirk.

"It's fine. Let them enjoy their moment. Soon enough, Norah won't have anything to brag about either."

Her tone turned icy. Bianca was determined to teach Norah a lesson she wouldn't forget—a lesson that would leave her with nothing.

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In a dimly lit room, the absence of sunlight created an eerie atmosphere.

Wearing gloves stained with fresh blood, Jace worked with methodical precision, dissecting an animal carcass. His scalpel gleamed under the faint light as he pulled out the heart and discarded it without a second thought.

His pale skin looked even starker against the vivid crimson of the blood.

A red-haired woman lounged in a nearby chair, her legs crossed casually. She seemed unfazed by the grotesque scene, her chin resting lightly on her hand as she watched him with an amused smile.

"It's time for your next mission," she said, her voice smooth and unbothered.

Jace's tone was cold. "What mission?"

The woman's grin widened. "You'll be dissecting a pregnant woman."

Jace paused, his hands momentarily still. "That's twisted, even for you."

She leaned back, shrugging nonchalantly. "Haven't you seen worse? Humans in your hands are no different from rabbits."

Jace resumed his work, his voice emotionless. "When?"

The red-haired woman pulled out a pocket watch, studying it before replying. "This afternoon."

"Make it later," Jace said, not looking up. "The usual spot."

Her smile turned sly. "Fine. I'll wait for you."

She stood and left, her heels clicking against the floor.

Once alone, Jace meticulously stitched the animal's heart back in place. Despite the bloody carnage earlier, the heart began beating again under his careful hands.

After washing his gloves thoroughly to remove any trace of blood, Jace drove to a secluded farm.

The gatekeeper recognized his car and quickly opened the gate. Inside, rows of strawberry plants stretched out before him, their bright red fruit glistening with dew.

Jace stepped out, taking a basket from the gatekeeper. He walked through the field, carefully picking only the ripest strawberries while ignoring the ones that had rotted on the ground. Each fresh, unblemished fruit went into his basket.

When the basket was full, he placed it in his car and drove off, leaving the decaying fruit behind without a second glance.

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Meanwhile, Sasha's short video reaching over 10 million likes had everyone in her camp celebrating.

"No one cares about 'lowering prices.' As long as the audience loves it, it's a success," Sasha said confidently.

Her genuine connection with the audience had set a new precedent. Sasha's willingness to engage with everyday people endeared her to fans, creating a wave of admiration.

"Norah, we're killing it!" Emani exclaimed, her excitement palpable. "Winning everyone's hearts through hard work—this is the best feeling!"

Norah smiled as she reviewed the numbers on her computer. "Sasha's popularity has definitely soared this time."

Emani laughed, scrolling through comments. "Look at this! People are saying Bianca's trying to copy Sasha but failing miserably. They're all roasting her!"

Norah nodded, knowing the public could always see through empty pretenses. Talent and authenticity resonated more than superficial beauty or big budgets.



Emani hugged her phone, grinning. “Sasha’s setting trends! Even if others imitate her, they can’t capture what makes her special. She’s the real deal.”

The phone rang—it was Sasha.

Norah answered, hearing Sasha’s grateful voice on the other end.

“Norah, I just wanted to thank you. I couldn’t have done this without your help.”

Smiling, Norah replied, “You’ve earned it, Sasha. The audience knows when someone’s genuine. Keep being you—that’s what makes you shine.”

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Norah smiled. “It’s not really helping. You’ve got the talent, and this was a collaborative idea. Anyone with your determination would’ve succeeded. Besides, helping you is helping myself.”

Sasha chuckled. “Every Maximus needs a Bole to recognize them. This is fate! Anyway, I’ve got to get back to work. Let’s catch up again soon.”

“Sure,” Norah replied as the call ended.

Emani, leaning on the desk with a mischievous grin, said, “Norah, you’re incredible. You should totally be Sasha’s agent.”

Norah shook her head. “You’re giving me way too much credit. Her success was inevitable. Traditional media might not have done the trick, but short videos? That’s a whole new ballgame.”

It wasn’t like the old days when fame relied solely on media exposure. Being the trailblazer always left an unforgettable mark.

As the workday wrapped up, Norah turned to Emani. “Time to head home.”

“Got it.” Emani started packing her things. “But we’re not going the same way, so I’ll catch you tomorrow.”

Norah laughed. “See you then.”

The two parted ways, and Norah walked alone for a bit. She didn’t call for a taxi right away—after sitting all day, she needed to stretch her legs. She also noticed her belly had started to grow, a constant reminder of the life she was nurturing. Stroking her stomach, a soft smile spread across her face.

Not far behind, a car followed silently.

Norah paused to brush some dust off her shoes and snapped a couple of photos with her phone. Unbeknownst to her, her casual actions were being closely observed.

From the driver's seat of the following car, Jace watched her intently, a faint smile playing on his lips. His sharp, alluring features—particularly the tear mole near his eye—made him all the more striking. He glanced at the basket of freshly picked strawberries on the seat beside him, content to bide his time.

Eventually, Norah flagged down a taxi. As she got in, she gave the driver her address and settled into her seat. But the faint scent of perfume caught her attention. She glanced toward the driver, who seemed to be deliberately hiding her face.

"Hello," Norah said cautiously.

"Hello," the driver replied. Her voice was soft but unsettling.

Norah grew uneasy. Most drivers didn't cover their faces like this. It felt out of place. "I just remembered—I need to make a stop. Let me out here."

The driver hesitated. "You're headed home, right? It's late, and canceling now would be inconvenient. I'll get you there quickly."

Norah's suspicion deepened. "How do you know I'm going home?"

The driver stiffened but quickly recovered. "It's just a guess—most people are heading home after work at this hour."

Something was definitely wrong. "Stop the car. Let me out now," Norah demanded.

The driver ignored her, accelerating instead. Panic surged through Norah as she realized the danger she was in. She lunged for the steering wheel, shouting, "Stop the car!"

The driver reacted swiftly, striking Norah's shoulder with enough force to knock her unconscious. A smug smile spread across her face as she glanced at her limp passenger. But before she could savor her victory, she noticed a Mercedes-Benz following closely behind her.

The driver gritted her teeth and tried to shake the tail by speeding up. However, the other car stayed right on her bumper, relentless.

Finally, after a tense chase, the Mercedes forced her car to the side of the road, nearly sending it off a bridge. The driver slammed on the brakes, bringing the vehicle to an abrupt stop. The Mercedes skidded to a halt in front, blocking her escape route.

Jace stepped out of the Mercedes, calm but menacing.

The driver, a red-haired woman, got out as well, trying to play it cool. "What's the rush, Jace? Aren't you usually so precise? Or are you more eager than I am this time?"

Jace's cold eyes flicked to Norah in the backseat. "Is she the pregnant woman you were talking about?"

The red-haired woman adjusted her hat and smirked. "What's with the interrogation?"

Ignoring her, Jace opened the car door and lifted Norah into his arms. The red-haired woman's smug demeanor faltered. "What are you doing?" she snapped. "The boss wants her dead. Her organs are worth a fortune! That's the mission."

Jace's expression hardened. "Leave it to me."

The woman grabbed his arm, her voice rising. "Are you insane? You're risking everything for her! Do you think the boss will just let this slide?"

Jace glared at her, his voice icy. "She's not dying."

The red-haired woman was stunned. "You've never flinched before. Why her? What's so special about this woman?"

Jace didn't answer. He carried Norah to his car and placed her gently inside. The red-haired woman's frustration boiled over. "You're throwing everything away for her? The farm, the strawberries—was it all for this one woman?"

Jace finally broke his silence. "Stay out of it."

"You'll regret this, Jace!" she shouted, her voice trembling with rage. "If she lives, we're both as good as dead!"

Without another word, Jace got into his car and drove off, leaving the red-haired woman standing by the roadside, seething with disbelief.

"Who is she, Jace?" she muttered to herself, her voice heavy with bitterness. "Why is she worth more than your life?"

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The red-haired woman couldn't comprehend what had just transpired. After working with Jace for years, she had never seen him act this way—so unpredictable, so unyielding.

Jace didn't utter another word. He gently placed Norah in the backseat of his car and drove away without looking back.

Standing alone in the night, the red-haired woman watched his car disappear into the distance. She clenched her fists, her fiery hair blowing in the night breeze as she muttered to herself, *Has he really lost all concern for his own survival?*

Yet, despite her confusion and frustration, she couldn't bear the thought of letting Jace meet his demise. After a moment of quiet resolve, she shook off her thoughts, tucked her emotions away, and slipped into her car, leaving the scene as if nothing had ever happened.

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Jace brought Norah to his own apartment, unable to access her home without her passcode. He carefully placed her on the couch, checked for any injuries, and sat down nearby, waiting for her to wake up.

His brown eyes remained fixed on her face, studying her delicate features as if they held the answers to unspoken questions. The room was as quiet as his thoughts, filled only with the sterile scent of disinfectant.

An hour later, Norah stirred. A sharp pain throbbed in her neck, and she instantly recalled the attack in the taxi. She bolted upright, her eyes scanning the unfamiliar room.

"You're awake," Jace said, his voice calm yet intense.

Norah flinched at the sight of him. She instinctively backed away, her eyes narrowing with suspicion. "What do you want from me?"

Jace's heart sank at her distrust, but he couldn't blame her. "You're safe now. That's all you need to know."

Her gaze darted around the room, quickly recognizing the layout. She realized she wasn't in her own apartment, but in Jace's—the unit right next to hers.

"Why am I here?" she demanded. "I remember being in a taxi. There was a female driver. What's your connection to her?"

Jace hesitated, the weight of her questions pressing on him. He wanted to protect her from the truth, but he couldn't bring himself to lie. Instead, he offered a faint smile. "I followed you tonight. You didn't notice."

"That's it?" Norah challenged.

"No," Jace admitted, meeting her eyes. His gaze was steady, unyielding, but devoid of malice.

Norah searched his face for answers, trying to discern if he was a savior or a threat. "That woman wanted to hurt me, but you saved me. How do I know this isn't some elaborate trick?"

"I won't hurt you," Jace said firmly, his voice unwavering.

Norah's instincts screamed at her to stay guarded. "I don't know if I can trust you," she said, taking a step back. "I think it's best if we keep our distance."

Her words cut deeper than he expected, but Jace didn't protest. Instead, he reached for a basket of freshly picked strawberries and held them out to her. "I picked these today. I thought you'd like them."

Norah glanced at the basket but didn't take it. "Thanks, but no thanks," she said curtly before rushing out of his apartment.

Her heart raced as she returned to her own home, locking the door behind her. She leaned against it, her palms damp with sweat. Every nerve in her body screamed that something was wrong.

She couldn't ignore the danger anymore. The female driver's intentions, Jace's mysterious involvement—it was all too much. *Should I move?* she wondered. The thought lingered as she slid to the floor, trembling.

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In a dimly lit room elsewhere, the red-haired woman knelt on one knee, her cheek swollen from a vicious slap. Blood trickled from the corner of her mouth as she clenched her fists, trembling with rage and shame.

"You couldn't even capture one woman," the man standing before her sneered. "What use are you?"

The man, in his forties, had a cold, commanding presence. Dressed in a black tunic, his scarred face only heightened the menace in his sharp, calculating eyes.

"I underestimated the situation," the red-haired woman, Karina, admitted through gritted teeth. "Give me one more week, and I'll finish the job."

The man's gaze was piercing. "You used to be reliable, Karina. Lately, you've been slipping."

Karina lowered her head, her voice resolute. "I'll handle it. Jace has been busy with surgeries, but I'll deliver her to him. This time, there won't be any mistakes."

The man's tone darkened. "The boss is coming back soon. You'd better have results by then. Failure isn't an option."

Karina's heart raced at the mention of their boss. "When is he returning?"

"When the heat dies down," the man replied. "He'll find you when he's ready."

"I won't disappoint him," Karina vowed, despite the cold sweat forming on her brow.

The man leaned in, his voice a low growl. "If you fail again, neither of us will survive his wrath."

Karina swallowed hard, steeling herself. "Understood."

As the man left, the weight of her mission pressed down on her. She couldn't afford another mistake—not with her life on the line.

