

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 296

Chapter 296

When Levi saw Norah, he greeted her with concern. "Madam, why are you here? I was just about to knock on your door."

Norah chose not to mention her encounter with Jace. Instead, she replied calmly, "I got caught up in a long discussion with my editor-in-chief. It took longer than expected. Let's go."

Levi nodded, but as Norah approached, he caught a faint scent of blood.

"Madam, are you injured?" he asked, his tone tinged with worry.

"No," Norah replied quickly. She realized the smell might have lingered from Jace. "It's probably from Captain Edwards."

Levi didn't press further but noticed the string of beads now adorning her hand.

Throughout the journey, Norah kept touching the beads absentmindedly, unable to shake off her thoughts about Jace. She didn't understand why he had insisted she wear them. Upon closer inspection, she noticed a faint trace of blood inside the beads.

Was it always like this? she wondered, feeling a surge of unanswered questions about Jace and his past. Despite everything, one thing remained certain—Jace would never harm her.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a call from Emani.

"Norah, Sasha's role in the drama got taken," Emani said without preamble.

Surprised, Norah asked, "Who took it? What happened?"

Emani sounded frustrated. "I'm not sure, but someone's obviously backing her competition. Whoever it is, they've got the resources to pull strings."

Norah frowned. She shared Emani's suspicion. Sasha had just gained public attention and built momentum in her career, making her the obvious choice for the role. It didn't make sense for her to lose it unless there was interference.

Norah dug deeper into the situation. Sasha had initially been cast as the lead in a modern drama, but now she'd been replaced—by a newcomer.

The choice of replacement wasn't just puzzling—it was insulting. The newcomer had previously played minor roles, like a maid. The change felt less like a professional decision and more like an intentional slight against Sasha.

Norah's suspicions grew when she traced the newcomer's agency back to Kevin's company. Given Bianca's connection to Kevin, the pieces began to fall into place.

Her face darkened at the realization, and she immediately called Sasha.

"Are you free to meet?" Norah asked directly.

"Of course," Sasha replied.

"Let's meet at the café," Norah suggested.

As they headed there, Levi hesitated. "Madam, Captain Edwards said we're to escort you back safely."

Norah considered the tangled web involving Kevin, Bianca, and the newcomer. She felt the weight of their influence but refused to let it affect her ability to support Sasha.

"I'm just meeting a friend," she said firmly. "Surely I'm allowed to see friends."

Levi picked up on her frustration but didn't argue. Still, he made sure to update Kevin about their location.

When Norah arrived at the café, Sasha was already waiting. She took off her sunglasses and waved her over.

"Norah, over here!" Sasha called out.

Norah approached, noticing the subtle exhaustion on Sasha's face despite her composed demeanor.

“Your role got taken?” Norah asked bluntly as she sat down.

Sasha touched her earlobe, her expression bittersweet. “Yeah, it happened. But I’m not giving up. I’ve already reached out to some contacts, and there’s still a chance I’ll land another role.”

Norah’s tone turned serious. “You can’t just let this slide. There’s someone pulling strings behind the scenes, and you can’t afford to stay passive. This is your moment—your traffic’s surging, and you need to capitalize on it.”

Sasha gave a weak smile. “What can I do? I don’t have a sponsor or a powerful backer. I’ve realized hard work alone isn’t enough in this industry.”

Norah’s gaze hardened with determination. “I can help you.”

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Sasha raised her head and looked directly at Norah. “You want to help me?”

Having spent years in the entertainment industry, Sasha had seen it all—the good, the bad, and the downright ugly. Trust didn’t come easily to her, but Norah was the rare exception.

She could tell Norah wasn’t like the others. She had a good heart and had already helped her before—her short videos wouldn’t have taken off without Norah’s support. Still, in an industry as ruthless as this, kindness alone wasn’t enough.

“Norah, it’s not that I don’t trust you,” Sasha said cautiously. “It’s just that I know this industry too well. And…” She hesitated before continuing, “I also know that your relationship with Mr. Edwards isn’t simple. Even though it hasn’t been made public, people who know you can probably guess that you’re the mysterious wife everyone’s speculating about.”

Norah didn’t deny it. “Yes, it’s me.”

Sasha chuckled. “I have to admit, you’ve kept it well hidden. Who would’ve thought that Mr. Edwards’ secretary was actually his wife?”

Her expression grew serious as she added, “But you’re aware, aren’t you? Bianca is part of Edwards Corporation’s main office. That newcomer too. If you help me, you’ll be going up against Kevin’s interests.”

Sasha’s tone softened, but her concern was clear. “If this creates conflict, it could strain your relationship. Kevin hasn’t made your relationship public, which means…” She trailed off, hesitant to finish her thought.

Norah’s resolve didn’t waver.

"I've made up my mind," she said firmly. "I've stayed quiet long enough, letting Bianca think I'm an easy target. That ends now."

Sasha's doubts lingered. "But what if it backfires? I've already fallen so far. This industry doesn't forgive weakness, and even if I fight back, I don't have the backing I need to win."

Norah's gaze was unwavering, her voice steady and full of conviction. "How do you know if you don't try? Are you really the type to give up and let others trample over you? Are you willing to be someone else's stepping stone?" She leaned forward slightly, her intensity palpable. "Kevin is Kevin, and I am me. If I choose to support you, then I'm with you all the way. This is your moment. Don't let it slip away. If I were you, I wouldn't settle."

Sasha couldn't ignore the fire in Norah's words.

She had once been at the top—admired, envied, unstoppable. Now, she was just another actress struggling to stay relevant. She'd been through it all, from the highs of fame to the lows of obscurity.

In this world, no one stayed at the top forever. The moment you let your guard down, someone else was ready to take your place. Sasha knew this all too well.

But Norah's words struck a chord.

"I'll give you time to think about it," Norah said, sipping her coffee. "Ask yourself: do you want to fade into the background, or do you want to rise again? I'm with you either way."

Sasha hesitated, her mind racing. "Why are you doing this? Why help me?"

"Because I believe in you," Norah replied. "And because I won't stand by and let someone like Bianca bully you."

Sasha stared at her for a long moment. She knew Norah wasn't helping her out of pure altruism. There had to be more to it—likely a shared enemy.

Still, Sasha couldn't deny her ambition. Deep down, she wasn't ready to give up.

"Fine," Sasha said, finally extending her hand. "You're right. I'm not done yet. Let's do this."

Norah shook her hand firmly. "Happy to work with you."

Both women shared a determined look, united by a common goal.

After parting ways with Sasha, Norah got to work. She called Emani.

“Write an article,” Norah instructed. “Expose how Sasha’s role was stolen and how capital influence was used to manipulate the casting.”

Emani was startled. “Are you sure about this? The newcomer is from your husband’s company. This could backfire.”

Norah’s tone was resolute. “Write it. If anything happens, I’ll take full responsibility.”

“Alright,” Emani said reluctantly. “But if Mr. Edwards finds out, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Norah was unfazed. “Let him. This is business—there’s no room for personal feelings here.”

Emani hesitated. “You’re really putting a lot on the line for Sasha. Did you make some kind of deal with her?”

Norah’s response was simple. “Yes.”

With that, the two were officially in the same boat. Sasha’s success—or failure—was now tied directly to Norah.

Back at the hospital, Kevin’s expression was stern.

When Norah walked in, he asked, “Did you meet with Sasha?”

Norah glanced at Levi, who avoided her gaze nervously. It was clear he’d reported her movements.

“Yes,” Norah said calmly. “I spoke with her.”

Kevin’s eyes narrowed. “You seem very interested in the entertainment industry all of a sudden.”

“It’s work-related,” Norah replied. “Sasha and I have professional ties.”

Kevin’s tone sharpened. “You shouldn’t involve yourself in other people’s problems.”

Norah met his gaze directly. “A newcomer managed to steal Sasha’s role. Isn’t that a bit too coincidental?”

Kevin’s expression didn’t change. “The entertainment industry is cutthroat. Contracts don’t guarantee roles. Replacements happen all the time, even before filming starts.”

From his words, Norah realized something—Kevin knew about the situation and had allowed it to happen.

“Sasha is talented and hard-working,” Norah said, her frustration evident. “Is this what you call fair?”

Kevin looked at her seriously. “Fairness doesn’t exist. Life isn’t fair. Some people work hard their entire lives and still end up with nothing.”

Norah’s voice rose. “So you’re saying it’s fair that Sasha was replaced just like that? Is this about protecting your company or favoring Bianca?”

Kevin frowned. “Favoring who?”

“You know exactly what I mean!” Norah snapped.

Kevin sighed, his patience wearing thin. “Don’t let your emotions cloud your judgment. Stay out of this.”

“What if I say no?” Norah challenged, her eyes locked on his.