

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life chapter 298

Chapter 298

Kevin watched Norah as she gave him a subtle warning. He decided to take a step back. "Sasha isn't an artist under my company. If you're genuinely interested, I can find a few people to guide you," he said calmly.

Their conversation felt like it was on entirely different wavelengths.

Kevin might have assumed that Norah's interest was fleeting—a couple of projects to keep her occupied until her enthusiasm waned. But Norah was resolute. Once she made up her mind, she wouldn't back down, not without giving it her all.

Kevin's suggestion didn't sit well with her. She thought for a moment before responding, her tone firm. "Personal matters are personal, and business is business. They shouldn't overlap. I don't need you interfering in my relationship with Sasha."

Kevin raised a brow. "Do you really need to partner with Sasha?"

"I believe in Sasha's potential," Norah replied without hesitation.

Kevin probed further, "Are you sure this isn't about Bianca?"

Norah paused. The memory of her past kidnappings, which she suspected were orchestrated by Bianca, crossed her mind. But without evidence, voicing those suspicions could backfire. Kevin might side with Bianca, or worse, dismiss her concerns entirely.

Even without the kidnappings, Bianca's constant provocations had pushed Norah to the edge. Still, Bianca's actions were self-serving, and Norah wasn't one to sit idly by.

Determined, she replied, "I have no strong opinions about Bianca."

Kevin's expression darkened with concern. He didn't want her to act impulsively. "Norah, promise me you won't provoke Bianca."

Norah didn't appreciate his tone. To her, it sounded like he was taking Bianca's side. Her mood soured, and her expression reflected it.

Kevin noticed her shift but didn't press further. Instead, he gently pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her waist. With a teasing smile, he said, "Don't get upset. Anger causes wrinkles, and we can't have that, can we?"

Norah met his gaze, unwavering. "Let me ask you something," she said.

"Go ahead," Kevin replied.

"If Bianca and I fell into the water at the same time, who would you save first?" she asked, her tone serious.

Kevin was caught off guard. He hadn't expected such a question. After a brief pause, he answered, "I'd save you."

Norah's stern expression softened slightly. Even if his answer wasn't entirely genuine, it was enough for her. "Alright, I'll believe you this time," she said, her tone lighter.

Kevin pulled her closer, his hand resting on her growing belly. "Your belly's gotten bigger," he remarked with a hint of warmth.

Feeling his touch and noticing no trace of resentment in his eyes, Norah hesitated before speaking. "There's something I've been meaning to tell you. It's been on my mind for a while."

Kevin gently cupped her face. "Go on," he urged softly.

Looking at his still-recovering form, Norah decided against revealing too much. "I'll tell you after you're discharged," she said.

"Alright," he agreed.

After sharing a moment of warmth, Norah checked the internet for updates on Emani's latest article. It had already been shared over half a million times.

The headline read: *"Surprise! Sasha's New Drama Stolen—A Wealthy Newcomer Rumored to Replace Her Role!"*

The title was provocative and quickly sparked heated discussions online.

Sasha's popularity had recently surged thanks to her viral short videos. Mentioning her name alone drew significant attention, much of it fueled by outrage.

The article exposed the newcomer as a privileged rich girl with ties to Bianca. The newcomer, who had previously played minor roles in Bianca's projects, replacing Sasha was seen as a blatant insult.

The public was enraged. Comments flooded the official blog, forcing it to disable them altogether. This was precisely the outcome Norah had hoped for.

She believed the audience's opinion and the show's quality would ultimately determine its success. Meanwhile, production companies would reconsider any decisions that could harm their bottom line.

Coincidentally, Sasha was hospitalized.

Norah decided to visit her.

Sasha lay on the hospital bed, watching TV. For once, she seemed relaxed—a rare sight in Norah's eyes.

"Norah, you're here," Sasha greeted her with a faint smile.

"You've got talent, but you aim too high," Norah said bluntly.

"You're right. I can't always play the underdog," Sasha admitted. "I need to use every advantage I have."

"Has anyone called?" Norah asked.

"No. Ever since I got hospitalized, I've ignored all calls, just like you suggested," Sasha replied.

Norah nodded. It was a crucial time for public opinion. The media and crew were undoubtedly trying to reach Sasha, but her silence was strategic.

"Now's not the time to respond. Wait until tomorrow to clarify everything," Norah advised.

"Got it," Sasha said.

The two spent some time watching a palace drama together, a show they both had been following recently.

Meanwhile, Bianca was furious.

Bang!

The cup in Bianca's hand shattered against the floor.

Mimi Cormier, the newcomer, stood trembling beside her. At just eighteen, Mimi was pretty but far from exceptional in the entertainment industry. She'd been lured by promises of stardom and had invested five million to join the project.

"Ms. Lynch, I can't take this anymore. I'm quitting!" Mimi cried, overwhelmed by the backlash.

Bianca's voice dripped with disdain. "Quitting? Do you know what they're saying about you online? You need to prove them wrong and show your worth. Don't let them get to you."

Mimi hesitated. "But Sasha has connections. I heard a journalist helped her climb the ranks. I can't compete with that."

Bianca sneered. "Sasha? She's nothing but a grassroots actress. Do you think she has any real power?"

Mimi's voice trembled. "Still, I can't handle this. I'll just end up as collateral damage."

Bianca's eyes narrowed as she muttered under her breath, "Sasha shouldn't even have the strength to fight back. She must be at her breaking point."

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Mimi's nerves were shot. She couldn't handle the mounting pressure of being the lead actress. The thought of the show airing and a storm of online criticism scared her senseless.

"Ms. Lynch, why don't you take the role instead?" Mimi's earlier confidence had completely crumbled. Now, she was a shadow of herself. "If you do it, no one will have anything to say."

Bianca's eyes flashed with anger. "Are you comparing me to Sasha?"

"No! Of course not, Ms. Lynch," Mimi stammered, shrinking back. "You're way better than Sasha. You were already a lead actress when you started out. You're incredible!"

Bianca suppressed her rage and shifted gears. "How do you know about that reporter? Did you see them together?"

"The article came from someone at XNGY TV station," Mimi replied hesitantly. "The reporter must be involved."

Bianca clenched her jaw. She had suspected Norah was behind this, but the confirmation hit like a slap. Norah was blatantly undermining her. Was this her way of declaring war?

But Bianca couldn't fathom how Norah had the strength or influence to pull this off. She hadn't heard anything about Norah being in good health recently, let alone orchestrating something this bold.

Bianca's face darkened. She needed answers, and fast.

Meanwhile, Norah was busy monitoring the online buzz. Sasha noticed her intensity and broke the silence.

"Does Kevin know what you're doing?" Sasha asked gently.

"I don't plan to hide it from him," Norah replied softly.

To Norah, a man's opinion was secondary. What mattered was achieving her goals.

Sasha smiled faintly. "I just hope my situation doesn't cause trouble between you two."

Sometimes, conflicting interests could strain even the strongest of relationships.

"Want to go for a walk?" Norah suggested, noticing Sasha had been cooped up in the hospital for too long.

Sasha nodded. "Yeah, I could use some fresh air."

The two strolled slowly along a garden path. The warm sunlight was refreshing, and Sasha's gaze settled on an elderly couple ahead of them. The man, frail and hunched, was pushing his wife in a wheelchair. Despite their visible struggles, he took care of her tenderly.

"They raised me," Sasha said quietly, her eyes softening.

Norah turned to her, surprised. "Really? What about your parents?"

"I don't have any," Sasha said, a small, sad smile tugging at her lips. "My dad was never around, and my mom ran off with someone else. My grandparents raised me. But now, I don't have a family anymore."

"Your grandparents passed away?" Norah asked, her voice gentle.

Sasha nodded. "Yeah. When I was a kid, we lived in a mud house and barely had enough to eat. We survived on potatoes and sweet potatoes. I hated them so much that even now, I can't stand the sight of sweet potatoes. When I finally made some money, they were already gone. Both of them passed while I was working on set. I didn't even get to say goodbye."

Her voice cracked slightly, and her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

"My grandparents didn't have a great relationship," she continued, her voice bitter with memory. "They argued a lot, and my grandpa even hit my grandma sometimes. But they were all I had. I had no choice but to endure it—the fights, the poverty—because they were my only family."

For a moment, Norah saw a new side of Sasha. She wasn't just a stoic, ambitious actress. She was someone who had endured profound loss and heartbreak.

Norah gently linked arms with her. "That's all in the past now. Things will get better. One day, you'll be a household name—a queen of the screen."

Sasha laughed softly. "You really believe in me, don't you?"

"You've been through worse," Norah said with conviction. "There's nothing you can't do."

Sasha felt an unexpected surge of determination. For years, she had endured pain and hardship. Now, she wanted to rise above it all.

Just then, Bianca arrived at the hospital and spotted Norah and Sasha walking together. Bianca's eyes narrowed when she saw Norah. She looked perfectly fine—healthy, even. Not the frail figure Bianca had expected.

Bianca's gaze dropped to the bracelet on Norah's wrist. Her face hardened, and without hesitation, she marched over and grabbed Norah's arm.

"Where did you get this?" Bianca demanded.

Norah turned, startled, and yanked her arm away. "What's your problem?"

Bianca's eyes gleamed with malice. "Where did you get that bracelet? What kind of underhanded trick did you use to get it?"

Norah glared at her. "Why should I explain anything to you? Who do you think you are?"

"That bracelet belonged to Jace," Bianca hissed. A cruel smile crept across her face. "So that's why he's helping you. I should've known."

A flicker of unease crossed Norah's face, but she kept her composure. "It's just a prayer bracelet," she said flatly.

Bianca folded her arms, a smug look on her face. “It doesn’t matter how you got it. I just know you’re not going to get away with it.”

“What are you even talking about?” Norah snapped, her patience wearing thin.

Bianca smirked, her tone dripping with venom. “You’ll find out soon enough. Just know this—whatever you’re planning, I’ll make sure you lose. I’ll take everything from you, Norah. Mark my words.”

Norah clenched her fists, her jaw tightening.

Sasha, who had been quiet until now, stepped forward. “Don’t get ahead of yourself, Bianca. The game’s not over yet.”

Bianca sneered at her. “You? Don’t make me laugh. I can crush you without even trying. You’ve been struggling for years, and you’ll never be more than a second-rate actress. Everything you’ve worked for—I’ll take it all.”

The insult hit its mark, and Sasha, fueled by anger, lunged at Bianca.

But Bianca, expecting the move, shoved her back.

Sasha stumbled and fell, scraping her palms on the pavement. Blood welled up from the cuts as she glared up at Bianca, her voice shaking with pain and fury. “What did I ever do to you? Why do you hate me so much?”

The commotion drew the attention of passersby. A few pulled out their phones, eager to capture the scene.

“Isn’t that Bianca and Sasha?”

“Did Bianca just push Sasha? She actually attacked her?”

“Get this on video! Bianca’s true colors are finally showing!”

The whispers grew louder, and phones began recording.

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Bianca saw the crowd of onlookers and Sasha, who seemed fragile enough to break upon contact, and suddenly panicked. “Don’t record this! She’s faking it. I didn’t touch her—she threw herself at me! I only defended myself!”

Norah hurried to help Sasha up, her voice sharp. “Bianca, you already have everything you want. Why do you need to bully Sasha? Will you only be satisfied if she leaves the industry entirely?”

“What nonsense are you spouting?” Bianca retorted, but the murmurs of the gathering crowd made her uneasy.

With so many people watching, Bianca realized that no matter how much she explained, her words wouldn’t matter. She had underestimated them.

She hadn’t expected Sasha and Norah to stoop this low, to set her up like this.

“You’ll regret this!” Bianca snapped before storming off, unwilling to linger and draw more attention.

As Norah helped Sasha back inside, Sasha glanced at Norah’s arm and frowned. “Did Bianca grab you that hard? Look at your arm—there’s a bruise.”

Startled, Norah glanced down and noticed a faint bruise on her arm. She rubbed it lightly but felt no pain. “I don’t know how this happened,” she murmured.

Something felt off. Lately, her body had been acting strangely, and this bruise was another unsettling sign.

Sasha looked worried. “Bianca’s words earlier... they seemed strange. It was like she already knew something, like she was watching everything fall apart for you.”

Norah shook her head, unconvinced. “I’ll go get myself checked out.”

The bruise felt like a silent warning from her body.

After ensuring Sasha was safely back in her ward, Norah stepped outside, only to find Kevin waiting for her at the door.

Levi greeted her politely, “Madam.”

Sasha, sensing the tension, slipped away, saying, “I’ll head back to my room.”

Left alone with Kevin, Norah felt her defenses rising.

Kevin’s expression was grim. His voice was low but firm. “You’ve been moving fast—already stirring up public opinion against them.”

Norah met his gaze with unflinching honesty. “I have to strike while the iron’s hot. If I wait too long, people will lose interest. How else am I supposed to get their attention?”

Kevin’s tone was hard to read, somewhere between approval and reproach. “You’re starting to sound like a journalist.”

“And what of it?” Norah snapped. “Didn’t I tell you before? Business is business—emotions have no place in it. I’m doing this for work, so don’t take it personally.”

Kevin's frown deepened. "And didn't I tell you not to mess with Bianca?"

That was the last straw for Norah. She felt her temper flare. "Bianca didn't provoke me? Are you serious? She started this! What am I supposed to do? Sit here and take it? And now you're protecting her? If that's the case, then you're siding with her!"

Kevin softened his tone. "Let's not argue here. Let's go home and talk."

He reached out, trying to calm her, but the moment Kevin touched her shoulder, Norah jerked away as though burned. "If you want to go back, then go back alone!"

Before she could take another step, Norah suddenly froze. Her body swayed, and she collapsed without warning.

Kevin's eyes widened in alarm. He caught her just in time, his voice trembling. "Norah!"

She was unresponsive.

He called her name over and over, but she didn't stir. Panicking, Kevin scooped her into his arms and rushed her to the emergency room.

The doctors took her in for examination, leaving Kevin pacing outside, his chest tight with worry. His mind raced, his heart pounding, his palms slick with sweat.

More than ten minutes passed before the doctor emerged.

"We can't find anything wrong with her," the doctor said, sounding puzzled. "She's perfectly healthy, and the fainting doesn't match any known condition. However, we did notice some bruises on her body, which seem unusual. Also, there's a small puncture mark on the back of her neck."

The doctor's words deepened Kevin's concern.

After entering Norah's room, Kevin's gaze fell on her pale face. She had lost so much weight recently.

Kevin clenched her hand tightly, his heart aching.

"Kevin, what's going on?" Cody's voice startled him. He had rushed over after hearing about Norah's collapse.

Kevin turned, his face grim. "She had a fainting spell, but they can't determine the cause."

Cody, who was also a doctor, examined Norah himself. His sharp eyes quickly caught sight of the faint bruises on her arm.

"Do you think it could be poison?" Cody asked cautiously, his tone grave.

Kevin's jaw tightened. It was the conclusion he had feared the most.

If Norah was poisoned, the only way to save her would be to find the person responsible and secure the antidote.

"She was kidnapped recently," Kevin admitted, his voice cold. "It's possible they injected her with something then."

Cody's face darkened. "If they poisoned her, it's a way to control you. They've found your weakness."

Kevin's expression hardened. "But if their goal was to target me, why not poison me directly? Why go after Norah?"

Cody examined the beads around Norah's wrist and frowned. "These beads are unusual. There's a faint scent of blood and medicine. Look closely—there's even a trace of blood inside them."

Kevin's brows furrowed. "Does it help her, or is it part of the poison?"

"It seems to be protecting her," Cody explained. "Whoever made this likely used their own blood to suppress the poison. It's a method only a medicine man would know."

Kevin's thoughts raced. Medicine men were rare—nearly extinct. To train one required years of cruel, inhumane practices, and few survived the process.

"Do you think the person who made these beads could be close to Norah?" Kevin asked, his mind drifting to the mysterious neighbor he had noticed near her apartment.

Cody nodded. "It's possible. For now, these beads are buying her time, but we need to figure out what's really going on before it's too late."

Kevin's hand tightened around Norah's, his resolve hardening. Whoever was behind this would regret targeting her.