

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 316

Chapter 316

Kevin glanced at her and insisted, "Take this road."

His tone was firm, unwilling to back down.

Norah, already irritated, couldn't argue with him any longer. Instead, frustration simmered within her.

She walked ahead, determined to distance herself, while Kevin followed behind in his car.

Refusing to go home, Norah deliberately chose the opposite direction. Kevin, noticing this, frowned and honked the horn. "This isn't the way home," he called out through the window.

"I never said I was going home," Norah snapped. "Am I not allowed to go shopping?"

Her mocking tone continued. "What a coincidence, Mr. Edwards. Looks like we're still on the same road."

Kevin remained silent, his expression unreadable.

Norah's frustration boiled over. Stopping in her tracks, she turned to face him, her anger plain on her face. "Are you done?"

Kevin raised an eyebrow, unfazed. "What's the problem?"

Norah parked her bicycle, marched up to him, and let loose. "Stop following me! We're nothing to each other anymore. You're driving me insane! Weren't you the one who wanted the divorce? You made it clear you didn't want to see me again. And now you're here, acting like this? What do you even want?"

Kevin said nothing, his silence adding to her ire.

“I thought you were better than this, Kevin. If you wanted out, you should’ve stayed out. You can’t have it both ways. If you’re unwilling to fully let go, at least have the decency to admit it.”

Her voice sharpened. “Or are you just greedy? Are you the type to keep your options open, unable to decide? If that’s the case, then I don’t respect you at all. I don’t need your pity, and I certainly don’t need you hovering around me. Just stay out of my life!”

Without waiting for a response, Norah mounted her bike and pedaled away, heading home.

This time, Kevin didn’t follow her.

Homebound Reflection

When Norah arrived, Jace had already tidied up the garden.

“You’re done already?” she asked, impressed.

“Pretty much,” Jace replied, wiping his hands. “These flowers are in good shape. They’ll bloom beautifully.”

Norah handed him a bottle of water. “Thanks, you’ve been a huge help.”

Jace smiled warmly. “No need to thank me; I’m happy to do it.”

As he noticed her carrying several shopping bags, concern crept into his voice. “You’re pregnant—why didn’t you drive instead of biking? It looks like you bought quite a lot.”

Norah shrugged. “I didn’t plan on buying much, but things didn’t go as expected.”

She sighed. “I’ll take a quick shower. I’m heading back to the station tomorrow.”

Jace frowned slightly. “You’re not taking more time off?”

“I’ve had enough rest. If I sit around too long, I’ll lose my mind. It’s time to get back to normal.”

“Fair enough,” Jace said with a nod.

Back to Work

At the station, Norah was immediately bombarded by questions from Emani.

Norah waved them off. “Work first. What you see is what you get.”

Although Emani quieted down, Norah could still feel the tension in the air. The others in the office weren’t as discreet.

“Did you see the latest news? Bianca’s popularity is through the roof!”

“Apparently, she’s marrying Kevin. The rumors are everywhere!”

“It’s like a novel come to life!”

“But didn’t Kevin propose to someone else during that live stream? That wasn’t Bianca!”

The office erupted into chatter, speculating about the identity of the woman in the video.

Norah tried to tune them out, but in her line of work, gossip was impossible to escape.

Plotting Sasha’s Comeback

Turning to Emani, Norah shifted focus. “How’s Sasha doing?”

“She’s been getting some scripts, but nothing good. The decent ones don’t consider her, and she doesn’t want to touch the bad ones,” Emani replied.

Norah nodded thoughtfully. “And Bianca?”

Emani leaned in, her voice lowering. “Because of her connection to Kevin, several big productions are chasing her. I don’t get it—her acting is average at best. It’s just not fair!”

Norah suspected Kevin’s influence, or perhaps Bianca had other powerful backers.

“Give me the list of new TV series in production. I want to take a look,” Norah instructed.

Emani quickly printed the list and handed it over. “These are the hottest projects right now. A lot of them are eyeing Bianca. It’s crazy how much attention she’s getting!”

Norah scanned the list, setting aside the most buzz-worthy projects. “Time will eventually bury any negative press about her. If she scores another hit, the public will forget everything else.”

Emani frowned. “Why skip the most popular ones? They’re the safest bets!”

Norah glanced up. “Sometimes, it’s the less-hyped projects that surprise everyone.”

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“It’s popular now, but that doesn’t guarantee good results. The higher the expectations, the greater the disappointment,” Norah said slowly. “If we want to win the audience’s love, this level of popularity isn’t enough. And since we’re all looking for Bianca, we shouldn’t just flatter ourselves. We need to think ahead.”

She glanced at the list behind her. “Something may not seem popular now, but that doesn’t mean it won’t be successful. Plenty of dramas gain traction after airing.”

Norah’s eyes rested on Emani. “But raising the audience’s expectations too high can backfire.”

“There’s truth in what you’re saying,” Emani admitted with a serious nod. “But who doesn’t prefer a ready-made hit? This approach is risky. What if Sasha becomes a star because of this drama?”

In the entertainment industry, a single drama can mean everything.

Miss one opportunity, and the next might never come.

Many artists rise to fame from one drama, only to fade into obscurity soon after.

The industry evolves quickly, with fierce competition. Audiences move on to fresh faces, leaving the old ones behind.

“So, we have to choose carefully,” Norah said firmly. “This might just be the underdog that surprises everyone.”

She considered Sasha’s blossoming career, knowing it depended on finding the right project to push her further into the spotlight.

In this era of viral trends, the key was to create something that resonated now.

Yet, no matter how trendy something was, it couldn’t compete with the audience’s craving for novelty. Overexposure breeds fatigue.

Most popular scripts banked on hype, but the styles were becoming monotonous.

Norah had pored over every script she could find, analyzing each synopsis carefully.

“This is the one,” she finally decided, handing the script to Emani. “Call Sasha immediately—she has to secure this role!”

Emani skimmed through the script, hesitating. “But this director is a young woman, not very well-known. Her work is... unconventional. It’s darker, less traditional. The lead isn’t your typical idol heroine—it’s more of a revenge story. And the romance subplot is weak. Audiences usually prefer love-driven dramas.”

It was a modern drama, a departure from the historical epics Sasha was known for. But trying a new genre might be just what Sasha needed.

The story centered on a heroine who grew up in a patriarchal family, endured years of bullying, faked her death to escape, and later returned to seek revenge, ultimately rising as a powerful figure.

Norah raised her eyebrows, her lips curving into a smile. “This director clearly has a vision. She writes and directs her own work. Breaking away from tradition is how you stand out. This script is bold, empowering women to be independent. That’s a message worth sharing.”

Emani, though hesitant, trusted Norah’s instincts. “Alright, I’ll call Sasha.”

“I’ll go with her to meet the director,” Norah added. “Timing is everything.”

After a few days of rest, Sasha received Norah’s call and immediately headed to the meeting.

Stepping out of her car, she spotted Norah waiting for her. “Can’t you take it easy, even while pregnant? You’re going to wear yourself out!” Sasha teased with a smile.

Norah chuckled. “If I make you a star, I get to share in the glory. Someday, the media will write about how Sasha owes her success to me.”

“I’ve read the script you chose,” Sasha said. “I’m ready to switch things up.”

“So, we’re on the same page this time?”

Sasha’s expression softened. “Maybe we were sisters in a past life—we just seem to click.”

Norah smiled but didn’t respond.

“Still, I’m worried about you,” Sasha continued. “Are you really okay? I mean, after everything...”

Sasha was referring to the recent scandal involving Bianca and Kevin, which left Norah on the sidelines.

Norah shrugged lightly, her tone carefree. “When you’re at the top, there’s never a shortage of men. I’ll have my pick!”

Sasha gave her a thumbs-up, laughing. Together, they headed to meet the director.

The studio was modest but cozy.

The young receptionist greeted them apologetically. “Ms. White, Ms. Gibson, I’m so sorry. Ms. Corbeil is locked in her room working and might be a while. She doesn’t like being disturbed during her creative process.”

“That’s okay. We can wait,” Norah replied with a smile.

“Can I get you something to drink? Coffee? Juice?” the girl offered.

“Just water is fine,” Norah said.

“Same for me,” Sasha added.

As they were led upstairs, they noticed the disarray—clothes and papers scattered on the sofa.

“Sorry about the mess,” the girl said hurriedly, tidying up.

Norah observed the chaos, noting that Nellie might not be the most organized person.

Two hours later, the door finally opened.

A tall, slender woman stepped out, her messy hair tied back with a pencil. Thick glasses rested on her face, and she was still wearing pajamas.

Realizing her guests were waiting, Nellie exclaimed, “Oh no, I totally forgot I had an appointment today! Hello, hello!”

She greeted them warmly, shaking hands.

Turning to Sasha, Nellie said, “I’ve seen your work—very impressive. As for you…” She glanced at Norah, confused.

“Norah White,” she introduced herself, shaking Nellie’s hand.

Nellie sat down across from them, adjusting her glasses. “So, what brings you here?”

“We want Sasha to play the lead in your drama,” Norah said, handing over the documents. “What’s the next step? A script reading?”

Sasha chimed in gently, “I’m really interested in your story. I’d love the chance to collaborate.”

Nellie hesitated, looking conflicted.

Norah noticed. "If there's a problem, just say it," she encouraged.

After a moment, Nellie confessed, "Actually... I don't think I want to make this drama anymore."

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Norah and Sasha were stunned.

"Cancel the production? Why?" Norah asked.

Nellie smiled faintly. "I'm not some famous director. I've made a few documentaries that won awards, but they didn't earn much. I spent five years writing this script, but I couldn't find investors. Without funding, I can't move forward. The competition is fierce—thousands of scripts are submitted, and no one cares about mine. I tried to finance it myself, but the funds ran dry. It's impossible to make it happen now."

Norah nodded, starting to understand.

"Your script is excellent," Norah said, trying to encourage her. "Both Sasha and I think it's beautifully written."

"Don't give up!" Sasha added, echoing Norah's sentiment. "You've got our support."

Nellie smiled, clearly moved by their words, but the reality was hard to ignore. "Thank you, but I need money to bring this script to life. I'm not giving up, but for now, I just want to focus on earning enough to make it happen."

Her determination was evident, but so was the weight of her challenges.

"When I do get to produce it, you'll be the first I call for auditions," Nellie said, looking at Sasha. "You were the first to believe in it."

Sasha smiled. "Your script is incredible. Don't doubt yourself. Just because the current system favors trending names doesn't mean you can't break through."

Nellie chuckled softly, comforted by their encouragement.

Norah wasn't ready to give up either. "How much would it take to make this show?"

"At least \$50 million," Nellie said, her voice tinged with resignation. "I can't even imagine getting close to that amount."

Without hesitation, Norah declared, "I'll be your first investor. This project will happen, and it will be done perfectly."

Nellie's eyes widened. "You have that kind of money?"

"Enough to start," Norah said firmly. "And I hate unmet expectations. This production is going to happen."

Nellie's excitement overflowed as she embraced Norah. "You're amazing! You're my savior! You've made my dream of becoming a director possible!"

Though unaccustomed to such displays of affection, Norah smiled and accepted the hug.

Sasha chimed in, "I'll waive my fee—consider it my contribution to your dream."

Nellie's eyes brimmed with tears. "Are you serious? Sasha, you're incredible! I can't thank you enough."

Wiping her tears, Nellie added, "To be honest, I based this script on your personality, Sasha. I always envisioned you as the lead."

"What are the odds?" Norah mused. "We were meant to cross paths."

Nellie's resolve solidified. "I promise, I'll give it everything I've got. I won't let you down!"

For Nellie, Norah and Sasha were the first people to truly believe in her vision, and she would never forget their kindness.

Meanwhile, Norah had emptied her savings to make this gamble. The weight of her decision hit her like a cold wave, making her tremble slightly as she walked out of Nellie's studio.

Sasha noticed. "You were so confident earlier. Are you regretting this now?"

"No regrets," Norah replied, though her voice was shaky. "I just never thought I'd be in this position. I used to be a secretary, and now I'm making a \$50 million gamble. It's terrifying."

Sasha placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "You're my biggest backer now. I'll rely on you to make this work!"

"Don't remind me," Norah joked nervously. "If this doesn't succeed, we'll both be broke and drinking cold tea for survival."

They shared a determined laugh, knowing this gamble had no room for failure.

Back at the office, Norah's exhaustion caught up with her. She felt dizzy but chalked it up to overwork. She leaned over her desk, quickly falling asleep.

When Jace arrived at her workplace and saw her pale face, he acted immediately. He quietly slit his wrist, allowing his blood to drip onto a mysterious bead, which began to glow and absorb the blood.

Steven, who had just returned and brought gifts for Norah, stumbled upon the scene.

“What the—” Steven gasped, startled.

Jace quickly bandaged his wrist and turned to face Steven, his expression icy and unreadable. He held a scalpel tightly in one hand.

“Who are you?” Jace demanded.

“I’m Norah’s friend,” Steven replied, trying to make sense of what he’d seen. “What’s wrong with her?”

Jace didn’t respond. Instead, he advanced toward Steven, scalpel in hand, intending to eliminate the potential threat. Steven narrowly dodged the attack and grabbed Jace’s arm.

“I’ve known Norah for years,” Steven said firmly. “If she’s in danger, I want to help. What’s going on? And what’s your relationship with her?”

Jace’s cold demeanor didn’t falter, but Steven’s words gave him pause.

Steven, still gripping Jace’s arm, pressed further. “Norah disappeared for a while. Was she with you? Is she caught up in something dangerous? If you care about her, let me help.”

The tension in the room was palpable, as two men who cared for Norah silently assessed whether to trust each other.

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Jace has always been decisive and didn’t plan to let Steven go. But he hesitated, considering the authenticity of Steven’s words—could he be a trustworthy friend?

During their confrontation, the house was filled with noise. Norah, now feeling better, regained consciousness. When she turned her head, she saw them locked in a struggle.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Jace turned his back to her, blocking Steven’s movements.

Norah, still unaware of the fight, squinted and saw Steven’s figure. “Steven?” she called out.

At her voice, Jace released Steven and hid the scalpel once again. Steven, understanding the situation, smiled as if nothing had happened. “Norah, you’re awake.”

Norah sat up. “Why are you here?”

Steven, holding a gift in his hand, explained, "I just got back from a business trip. Your house was empty, so I thought you were still at the office. I brought this for you." He handed her a champagne rose and a box of imported chocolates.

"Thank you." Norah took them, then turned to Jace. "You're here too? What was going on? It looked like you were about to fight."

Steven quickly reassured her, "It was the first time I saw him, so I was just being cautious. We talked for a bit."

Norah eyed Jace. Although he was silent, she worried about his social anxiety—he rarely interacted with others.

"Let's introduce you. Steven is an old classmate, and this is Jace, a new friend of mine!"

Steven offered Jace a warm smile. "Hello."

"Hello." Jace nodded, looking apologetic. "I'm sorry for earlier."

"It's fine," Steven said. His gaze shifted to Norah, and he couldn't help but notice how different she seemed. She had lost weight, something unusual for a pregnant woman. Her figure appeared drawn and thinner than before.

"I'm off work," Norah said, brushing off their concerns. "Let's clean up. You two can wait outside."

The two men silently left the room. Before heading home, Norah reflected on the play directed by Nellie, copying the content to watch later.

Steven, walking out, expressed concern. "What's wrong with Norah? She doesn't look good. You still haven't answered me—why did she divorce Kevin? What happened?"

Even if Steven hadn't seen Norah in a while, he knew about her relationship with Kevin—how the proposal had been broadcasted live, and Kevin's scandal with Bianca. Steven had seen it all.

Though Steven had once hoped Norah would find happiness, her recent troubles weighed heavily on him.

Jace, unsure of how much Steven knew, hesitated before speaking. "Even if you know, what can you do? The situation can't be changed."

Steven stopped and said firmly, "I can help Norah, just like you."

Jace's lips curved into a slight smirk. "You want to risk your life for her?"

Steven raised an eyebrow. "Yes."

Jace's brown eyes deepened. "She's been poisoned. There's no cure."

Steven's heart skipped. "No cure? No wonder she looks so pale. I saw you bleeding earlier. Can you ease the poison this way?"

"I can only temporarily ease her pain," Jace replied. "The poison is incurable. There's an antidote, but it's not here."

"Where is it?" Steven pressed.

Jace fell silent, finally adding, "Do you know the Nile organization?"

Steven's face stiffened. "Isn't that a terrorist group? It was wiped out years ago. How could it be..."

"Not exactly," Jace's eyes darkened. "I'm one of them."

Steven's mind raced, recalling the time Norah was kidnapped. "Is this organization targeting Norah?"

Jace hesitated before answering, "No, I don't think so."

"Could the scandal with Kevin and Bianca be linked to this?" Steven asked, connecting the dots. A chilling thought crossed his mind.

"It's possible she doesn't have the antidote," Jace said. "Right now, there's only one way to find it—except for her, no one knows where it is."

Steven clenched his fists, his worry for Norah growing. "I understand." His voice grew quiet. "I'll find a way."

Jace nodded. "Do what you can."

Just then, Norah walked out, her bag slung over her shoulder. She smiled when she saw them talking. "What's going on?"

Their solemn expressions didn't go unnoticed by her.

"Is something wrong?" she asked. "Why do you look so serious?"

Jace quickly masked his emotions with a smile. "What do you want to eat tonight?"

Norah eyed him, noticing his pale face. "You've been looking so drained lately. Let's take care of you tonight. I'll treat you both to dinner."

Steven managed a weak smile. "Okay."

Norah took them to an upscale restaurant, where she casually mentioned, “I’m not just working in TV anymore—I’m also investing in TV dramas.” She scrolled through the menu without a care for their serious expressions. “It’s a lot of pressure, but I won’t give up. I have to push harder. I’ll get the black chicken and black bean soup, and red date yam porridge...”

She looked at Jace. “This is for your blood replenishment!”

Jace’s eyes softened, and a smile naturally spread across his face when he looked at her.

“Order another one of these,” Norah said, turning to Steven. “If you like it, go ahead and order it.”

Steven asked, “So you’re investing in TV dramas? Are you short on funds?”

“Not too bad,” Norah replied. “I have some savings, but if I spend it all, I might end up broke. But I’ll keep working hard. I’m on my own now, and there’s a baby to care for. It’s expensive.”

“It’s okay. I’ve got you!” Steven reassured her.

Norah smiled, appreciating the support, but remained determined to rely on her own efforts. When the waiter brought the food, she said, “Eat up, I’m starving!”

She dug in, eating quickly to fuel up for the next day’s challenges.

Steven, ever thoughtful, served her some vegetables. “Eat slowly. No one’s going to steal your food. Work’s exhausting—will you even have time to eat?”

Norah smiled between bites. “I’m pregnant with a big appetite! Don’t worry about me. I’m doing great and feel more motivated than ever.”

Her attitude was a reflection of how much she had changed. In the past, she worked for Kevin. Now, she was working for herself, and that gave her a new sense of purpose.

Steven was still concerned, but Jace understood Norah’s determination and supported her quietly.

They ate in silence.

But suddenly—

Ding Ding Ding~~

An alarm rang through the restaurant.

“Fire! Run!”

Guests scrambled to exit in panic.

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The restaurant was in chaos.

Norah was still eating, enjoying her meal, but Steven and Jace were on high alert.

“Norah, there’s a fire! We need to get out now,” Steven said urgently.

“Okay.”

Norah quickly followed them out of the restaurant.

Since the restaurant was on the first floor, they were able to escape quickly if there was indeed a fire.

In no time, the restaurant was empty.

The guests gathered outside, eager to see where the fire was.

The restaurant owner remained inside.

From outside, Norah could see no smoke, and there was no sign of fire at all.

“What’s happening?” The guests, still anxious, asked, “Is there a fire?”

“The alarm went off, it has to be a fire!” someone said.

“Look, it’s all sprayed with water!” another guest pointed out.

They were referring to the fire protection system, which had been triggered and sprayed water everywhere.

As the guests discussed the situation, the owner came out, looking embarrassed. “I’m so sorry, everyone. There was an issue with our fire protection system, and the alarm went off. I apologize for the scare!”

The owner bowed to the crowd.

“To make up for the trouble, I’ll prepare small gifts for everyone!” he promised.

The guests, relieved that it was just a false alarm, smiled.

“Thank goodness there’s no fire. Safety comes first!” one of them remarked.

The guests were understanding, not pushing the issue further.

They returned to the restaurant, though the power had been cut, leaving the place dim and uninviting.

It wasn't the best atmosphere for a meal.

Norah hadn't even finished wiping her mouth when she started to feel uneasy. How could the fire protection system malfunction like this, not only triggering the alarm but also spraying water?

She glanced at their table and saw the dishes had turned into soup.

"Are you done eating?" Steven asked, surprised by the turn of events. "If not, I'll treat you to the next meal."

"I'm not hungry anymore," Norah replied, though she had an appetite before the disruption. The commotion had completely ruined her mood.

At that moment, the owner came over, holding a small gift. "Miss, I'm truly sorry for the inconvenience. This is a small token from our restaurant. I hope you'll accept it."

The owner was a gentleman, handing the gift to Norah with both hands.

Meanwhile, in the back kitchen, two people were sneaking around.

"Pretty impressive, right? No need for a real fire, just a little sabotage!" Levi said proudly.

"Are they going to eat here again? Do we need to go to another place to trigger the alarm?" a younger man, who looked like a soldier, asked. He was in his early twenties, honest, but lacking Levi's tricks.

"I'm not sure, but this method works," Levi responded.

"Then let's keep an eye on them."

Both of them glanced over toward Norah and the others.

"Boss, you're too kind," Norah said as she accepted the small gift. "But I'm curious—what happened with your fire protection system? Do you need help?"

The owner quickly shook his head. "No, no, it's just a minor malfunction. I'll have it fixed soon."

Norah turned to Steven and Jace, indicating them. "We have experts here who could help."

The owner continued to refuse, "No, really, I can't trouble you."

Norah noticed the back kitchen, a place she'd been wary of recently due to the people following her everywhere. She suspected the alarm might have been triggered on purpose.

She moved toward the kitchen.

“Oh no, she’s coming this way!” Levi’s voice was filled with panic.

Seeing Norah approach, he and his companion quickly moved toward the kitchen to hide.

“What’s going on?” the man asked, anxiety creeping into his voice. “Why is Madam coming this way? Have we been found out?”

Levi scoffed. “Impossible! We’re soldiers. There’s no way she could have figured us out.”

“Then why is she heading this way?”

The two men crouched low, trying to remain hidden.

“We should hide first,” Levi suggested.

The two quickly tucked themselves into a hidden corner, holding their breath.

“Don’t let her see us. We’ll wait until she leaves.”

Norah inspected the fire protection system, noticing a large hole in it.

It was clearly damaged.

The owner, sensing her suspicion, immediately started to explain, “Maybe the waiter accidentally bumped into it, which triggered the alarm.”

“Your waiter is that strong?” Norah asked, raising an eyebrow. “This has never happened before, has it?”

The owner stammered, unsure of how to cover up his lie. “This... this is the first time.”

Norah surveyed the damage. “It seems your waiter must be very skilled. With that much force, how could he accidentally hit this system?”

She scanned the area but didn’t spot anyone suspicious.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, the chefs had stopped working.

“Have they left yet?”

Levi and his companion hid under a table, obstructed by some equipment, unable to see much in the dim light.

“They shouldn’t have left yet,” Frank whispered. “Don’t worry, let’s wait until she leaves. We’re soldiers—we won’t make mistakes.”

“Okay,” Levi muttered, still tense.