

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 336

Chapter 336

"What?!" Norah recoiled in shock, quickly pulling her hand away from his and stepping back. "What are you saying? You want me to kill the baby now? I can't do that!"

Kevin's gaze was intense and unwavering. "Your body isn't fit to carry a child right now. If you keep it, it won't get the nutrients it needs, and you'll only last a little longer. If you live longer, you'll have more chances, do you understand?"

His words were sharp, urgent, and resolute. Protecting her life was the priority.

But Norah refused to listen.

As soon as Kevin suggested terminating the pregnancy, she felt an overwhelming need to distance herself from him. She couldn't even rationalize why; she just needed to get away.

Without responding, she turned and started to walk off.

"Norah!" Kevin's voice was firm as he called after her.

Norah spun around. "Didn't the doctor say it? I just need to survive until the baby's born, right?"

"You don't want to die!" Kevin shot back. "If you have the baby, what then? What happens to you?"

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "If I kill the baby, will I survive?" she demanded.

Kevin's heart was torn. All he wanted was for her to live, even if it meant sacrificing the child. "There will be a chance," he answered quietly.

Norah stared at him, horrified. From the look in his eyes, it was clear: he rejected their child.

That thought ignited her protectiveness. Her hands clenched into fists, and Kevin felt like a nightmare in that moment.

“No,” she whispered fiercely. “I don’t believe you. You’re trying to trick me.”

“Norah!” Kevin took a step toward her, his voice softening. “I’ll figure something out. Just trust me. If you terminate the pregnancy, the pain will stop.”

Kevin knew the depth of her suffering—he had seen the bruises on her hands, the constant toll on her body. He didn’t want her to endure any more pain.

“Don’t come any closer!” Norah’s voice cracked as tears welled up. “How can you say that?”

“This is your child, too!” She gritted her teeth. “How can you, as a father, be so heartless? The baby is my only hope. I won’t let you hurt it. I won’t let you!”

Kevin was crushed, torn between the woman he loved and the child he couldn’t bear to lose. “Please, Norah,” he whispered desperately. “I just want you to live.”

“Don’t come near me!” Norah’s emotions were spiraling. As a mother, her instincts kicked in. She had to protect her child, no matter what.

The child inside her moved, and she felt it—vivid, real, and undeniable. The joy that came with the first movements was bittersweet. How could she destroy that?

If she lost the baby, she would lose everything.

She couldn’t do it.

She couldn’t be that cruel.

Seeing that Kevin wasn’t backing down, Norah’s desperation grew.

“You come near me, and I’ll jump!” she threatened, standing by a window without a guardrail. “If the baby’s gone, I’m gone, too!”

Kevin froze, panic flashing in his eyes. He didn’t move, his gaze locked onto her with an urgency that cut through him.

“Okay, okay,” he said softly, stepping back. “But don’t do anything crazy.”

Norah didn’t make another move. She stood still, her eyes locked on his. “As long as the baby is healthy, that’s all that matters. I won’t regret it.”

The baby was her hope. It was all she had left.

She couldn't bear the thought of living without it. Losing the child meant losing everything.

She wouldn't let that happen.

"Kevin," she added, her voice steadier now, "I don't need you to love the baby. Just don't hurt it. That's my only wish."

Kevin's heart shattered at her words. Her eyes were unwavering, filled with a determination he couldn't fight. He clenched his fists, his body trembling with the weight of the decision he was being forced to make. His heart screamed for her to be free of this suffering.

"Have you really thought about this?" Kevin asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I've thought about it," Norah replied firmly.

Kevin sighed, his shoulders slumping as he accepted her decision. He couldn't force her to do what she couldn't.

His only desire was for her to be safe and happy.

Norah gave him a reassuring smile. "Don't think of me as fragile. I'm stronger than you think. Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Kevin studied her, his heart aching for the strength she was showing. He knew her smile was meant to comfort him, but it only made him feel worse.

He couldn't help but feel that, without him, she could have lived better, freer. But he couldn't say that. He couldn't bear the thought of her truly believing that.

They both let out a sigh, the weight of the situation hanging between them.

Kevin didn't press her to go home. Norah had Gloria waiting for her, and he respected her decision.

He had other things to attend to.

After parting ways with Norah, Kevin went directly to the set.

Bianca was finishing her shift.

The crew cast admiring looks her way. “Ms. Lynch, your boyfriend’s here to pick you up!”

Bianca beamed, pride in her voice. “You all should hurry up and find someone to pick you up every day!”

“Yeah, but we’re not Ms. Lynch,” one crew member replied. “You’ve got Mr. Edwards—handsome and successful. Everyone says you’ve got it all—career, love, and the perfect man. Your life’s set.”

Bianca laughed, loving the attention. “I know, right? I have the best of everything. I’m so lucky.”

She hurried to Kevin’s car, her steps light with excitement.

She opened the door and slid in, pouting playfully. “Why didn’t you answer all my calls? I was so worried!”

“Worried about what?” Kevin asked, raising an eyebrow.

Bianca snuggled into him. “Worried that you didn’t want me anymore.”

Kevin looked at her with a slight smile, teasing, “How could I not want you? Suddenly, you’ve lost confidence in yourself?”

Bianca nestled closer, resting her head on his shoulder. “I just worry. If I didn’t love you so much, I wouldn’t care about where you are all the time.”

Kevin’s voice shifted. “I’m going to see Norah.”

Bianca’s face immediately fell, her mood soured by the mention of Norah.

Kevin noticed the change but said indifferently, “Let her kill the baby. She refused, and now she’s forcing it. Stupid woman.”

Bianca’s curiosity was piqued. “Why are you thinking like this all of a sudden?”

Kevin’s expression darkened. “You’re not generous enough to marry me. I still have a child. Let her get rid of it; it’s the best choice.”

Bianca’s face lit up. “You really think so?”

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Kevin said, "To start a new life, you have to let go of the past. Norah is already in the past. We'll get married when your drama is finished, and we can introduce our parents to each other. You're already familiar with my mom, but I haven't met your father yet. This marriage will only be complete once both our parents approve."

"Your thoughts mean so much to me," Bianca said quickly, hugging his arm, overwhelmed with happiness. "Kevin, thank you. I feel like the happiest woman in the world!"

She leaned against his shoulder, closing her eyes and savoring the moment. Nothing could compare to his willingness to accept her again. Her efforts had paid off.

She knew Kevin still cared for her. Norah had just been a fleeting distraction, a temporary obstacle to their love. As long as she kept showing him how much she cared, he would come back to her. Soon, she would finally be happy.

Kevin held her with one arm, the touch gentle, though his eyes remained cold.

When Bianca returned home, her mind was buzzing with excitement. Her wedding to Kevin had to be nothing short of a grand event. She couldn't wait to tell everyone.

She quickly grabbed her phone and dialed her father. "Dad!"

There was a brief pause on the line before he chuckled. "What's up, my baby girl? Sounds like you're having a good time today."

"I am! Kevin and I are getting married soon," Bianca replied as she sank onto the couch.

On the other end, her father's tone shifted to one of disapproval. "Isn't that the marriage you've been working for by trading your poison?"

"Dad, Kevin loves me!" Bianca responded confidently. "It's not like you don't know—if it weren't for him, I wouldn't have gotten out of that organization. At first, he liked me, but I didn't go abroad, which gave other women the chance to get close to him. Now I'm just taking back what's rightfully mine!"

Her father's voice grew more cautious. "Don't get too comfortable."

Bianca, lost in love, dismissed his worries. "Dad, don't worry. Kevin and I have rekindled our relationship. He finally sees how great I am. You'll be happy for me when you meet him. He's even eager to meet you. It shows how much he values me!"

"Are you sure you want to meet me for your marriage?" her father asked skeptically.

"Of course!" Bianca responded firmly. "You want me to be happy, right? You've always said we must fight for what we want. Well, I've done my best this time!"

Her father's voice softened. "Then, have you considered what will happen if the antidote from that woman isn't found? Won't Kevin hold a grudge?"

Bianca's response was confident. "He doesn't care about Norah. He wants her to kill the child. But she's too stubborn. She's ruining everything. I won't let her live to ruin my relationship with Kevin—whether it's her or her child!"

A vicious gleam appeared in her eyes as she spoke. She was confident that Kevin would choose her, not Norah.

Her father warned, "Bianca, I'll be there for your wedding, but don't lose yourself in all of this."

"I know, Dad. I'll show you how sincere Kevin is!" Bianca declared, determined. She wasn't going to let any other woman outshine her.

In the days that followed, Kevin was practically inseparable from Bianca. They went to and from work together, and to outsiders, Kevin seemed like the perfect boyfriend—handsome, wealthy, and always considerate.

It was enough to make many people in their circle envious.

Sasha, however, couldn't escape the gossip. She overheard rumors about Kevin and Bianca's relationship at a recent event. News outlets were already writing about how Kevin was completely captivated by Bianca.

Sasha was devastated. The news felt worse than being overshadowed by Bianca.

"Don't look at it," Norah said, taking Sasha's phone from her hand. "A single glance won't change anything."

Sasha sighed. "You can look at it, if you want."

Norah sat down next to her, munching on fruit. "I'm not focused on that anymore. All I care about is the child in my belly. As for the rest, I don't need to waste my energy. Oh, and we're wrapping up our drama soon. We'll see the results."

"You really believe that?" Sasha asked. "I think you still love him."

"Love doesn't define my entire life," Norah replied with a smile. "I can't just keep loving someone like that."

Sasha couldn't understand. It felt like good things were slipping through their fingers, taken by people who didn't deserve them.

Norah leaned back in the rocking chair, letting it slowly rock her back and forth. "Don't worry. I'll still fight when the time comes. Bianca won't have it all her way."

She'd let go of her hopes for a future with Kevin, but she wouldn't let Bianca win so easily.

Three months later, the drama wrapped up.

On the day of the celebration, Nellie raised her glass and clinked it with Norah's. "I'm so happy it's finished! I want to thank you. Without you, we couldn't have wrapped it up so quickly. You're my lucky star!"

Norah smiled. "No need to thank me. Just make sure to pay me what I'm owed."

"You lost money? Don't worry, if I make a profit, you won't be left out!" Nellie assured her.

The script had been written by Nellie, but Norah had put in plenty of work, too.

Norah casually said, "The money I make is for my child. If you're good to him, you'll see some benefits, and you'll take care of him when the time comes."

"What a silly thing to say!" Nellie teased. "You're not even bringing your own child here. Are you expecting us to raise him? You're jinxing things."

Norah just smiled, not bothering to reply.

"Drink up! We're celebrating today, so let's get drunk and have some fun!" Emani cheered, getting everyone in the mood.

"Alright, let's go crazy today," Sasha said, filling her glass. "It's been a long time since I've felt this happy."

"I can't believe I'm making Sasha appreciate her face for the first time!" someone joked.

Everyone chatted, drank, and danced joyfully.

Later, after the drinks had taken their toll, Nellie, perhaps tipsy, clung to Norah, tears in her eyes, praising Norah for being her lucky star and her good luck charm.

Norah was helpless, but it was clear Nellie was feeling sentimental.

Sasha, feeling a bit tipsy, walked out onto the balcony for some fresh air.

A few minutes later, Tanan appeared with a cup of hot tea. "Ms. Gibson, drink this. It'll help with the headache."

Sasha looked at him, her gaze a bit unfocused. He smiled at her, his dimples showing, his eyes bright and playful. He was undeniably handsome.

"You're really taking care of me?" Sasha grinned, stepping toward him. "You're not just doing this because we worked together once, right?"

Tanan froze for a moment, surprised by her forwardness. "I..."

"What?" she teased.

Before Tanan could respond, Nellie's voice rang out in anger. "No way! The subject matter isn't limited, so why can't our drama be on TV?"

Her outburst caught everyone's attention, and suddenly, the mood shifted.

They all listened as Nellie vented her frustration over their drama being blocked from airing. It felt like a major setback, dampening everyone's spirits.

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Sasha was starting to sober up and hurriedly walked over. "Nellie, what does this mean? Didn't pass the audit?"

Nellie's face was grim. "They're saying our subject matter is too dark for broadcast. We've worked so hard on this, I can't just let it go. I need to get answers—I won't accept this if I don't know why!"

The news that they couldn't air their drama felt like a bucket of cold water. Nellie was rattled, and Norah, calmer in comparison, reassured her, "Don't worry, there's always a way. Things aren't as bad as they seem."

Nellie was panicking. She'd invested everything in this project and wasn't ready to give up. "How can you be so calm?" she asked. "Not just me, but Sasha, the actors—we've all sacrificed so much. We're almost bankrupt! We need this to work."

"The higher the expectations, the greater the fall," Norah said quietly. "But the worst hasn't happened yet."

Nellie shook her head. "No. I can't let it fail. This is our chance to make something of ourselves. If it doesn't air, I'll blame myself. 'Glory' has to make it on the air, even if the results aren't perfect. It has to happen."

Norah understood Nellie's frustration, placing a hand on hers with a calm smile. "It'll be fine. I believe in you."

Nellie, feeling reassured, hugged Norah. "Thank you. You're like a little sun, always warming me up."

Norah smiled and patted her on the back, offering silent support.

When they arrived at the television station, Norah gently reminded Nellie, “We’re here. Let’s go inside.”

Nellie wiped her eyes, composed herself, and checked her reflection in a mirror. After making sure everything was in order, they stepped out of the car and headed to the office building.

The station was massive. It took them ten minutes to reach the office of the General Directorate. Inside, there was a large screen displaying classic film advertisements.

They entered the elevator, heading straight to the director’s office.

“Miss Corbeil, Ms. White, the director is meeting with someone. You’ll have to wait,” the assistant said politely.

“How long will we have to wait?” Nellie asked.

“I’m not sure,” the assistant replied.

They sat in the waiting area, and soon someone brought them water.

Norah had met the director before. He was connected with Kevin, and she had hoped this would be enough to get their drama approved. But the approval process required the entire committee’s blessing, and the reasons for rejection weren’t clear.

After waiting for half an hour, the door to the director’s office cracked open. They overheard part of a conversation.

“Director, I owe you one. I’ve learned so much from your advice today. We definitely have to have a meal together soon.” Bianca’s voice was sweet and cordial, trying to stay close to the influential director.

“Of course,” the director said. “Kevin’s got my back. I’ll be there.”

Kevin, standing next to Bianca, smiled and added, “Bianca’s my artist. She’ll be needing a lot of support in the future.”

The director laughed. “Is she your artist or your girlfriend, Kevin? You’re still being mysterious about it!”

Bianca blushed but recovered quickly. “You have great instincts, Director. When Kevin and I get married, you absolutely must come!”

She took Kevin’s arm as they walked out, and the director of “Demon Bone” was also with them.

“I’m telling you, we’ve worked hard, and we’re just getting started. We have a bright future ahead!” The director from “Demon Bone” boasted.

The director smiled, “I’m sure you do. Hard work and luck go hand in hand.”

Norah and Nellie watched the exchange in silence, feeling ignored and deflated.

This wasn’t the moment to back down. Nellie stood up, her voice steady. “Director!”

The director turned to her, recognizing her instantly. “Nellie! It’s been a while.”

“I just want to ask—why can’t we air our show on Star? Can you give us a chance?” Nellie asked, frustration creeping into her voice.

The director hesitated, his expression uneasy, but didn’t respond right away.

Norah stepped forward, offering a bright smile. “It’s been a while, Director, but you’re looking younger every time I see you!”

The director, in his sixties but looking much younger, laughed. “Norah, always the charmer. You must be Kevin’s protégé.”

He quickly deflected the topic, but Norah continued. “After all these years with Mr. Edwards, I’ve learned a lot. But now, I’m partnering with Nellie. We’re in this together.”

The director looked surprised. “You and Nellie? Partners?”

He glanced at Kevin before adding with a smile, “What an unusual but interesting combination.”

Norah nodded. “We just need to know why our drama can’t air on Star. We didn’t get clear answers on the phone, but we still need one today.”

The director, seeing the two groups present, didn’t want to cause any more tension. “Let’s go inside and discuss this further.”

Before they could move, the director from “Demon Bone” chimed in. “With a dark subject matter like this, it’s no surprise it won’t air. Mr. Edwards has a sharp eye—he can spot violence and bloodshed from a mile away!”

Norah looked at Kevin, whose eyes remained cold and distant, not meeting hers. She hadn’t expected him to bring up the issue so openly.