

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 339

Chapter 339

The director, wary of arousing suspicion, decided it was best to explain things in detail to the group.

However, as he spoke, his words left him slightly embarrassed.

Norah instinctively thought Bianca might say something, but instead, Bianca stayed quietly scheming in the background.

Kevin's involvement in the matter baffled Norah. She couldn't help but voice her doubts.

"So, Mr. Edwards has issues with our drama?" Norah asked, her tone probing.

Kevin's gaze shifted to her, his eyes cold and unreadable.

To Norah, Kevin was a stranger now. The man she once knew was gone, replaced by someone entirely devoted to Bianca.

"Urban dramas are under stricter regulation these days," Kevin said coolly. "Themes of violence and revenge are inappropriate for mainstream TV and could negatively influence young viewers."

His words landed like a hammer.

"That's absurd!" Norah shot back. "This is an anti-school-violence drama, a positive and uplifting story. How could you reduce it to a 'dark theme'? Are you sure you're not targeting us deliberately?"

Kevin remained unfazed. "There's no need for targeting. I'm simply stating facts."

"Stating facts?" Norah's voice rose, frustration bubbling over. "Your remarks completely dismiss all the hard work we've put in these past few months!"

Sensing the tension, the director tried to mediate. “Norah, let’s not overreact. This was a committee decision. Kevin merely raised a concern; you shouldn’t hold him responsible.”

The director’s attempt at diplomacy only made Norah feel more sidelined.

“I’m sorry, Director,” she said sharply. “We’ll discuss this later. For now, I need clarity.”

Norah turned back to Kevin, her voice laced with accusation. “Mr. Edwards, are you sure you’re not biased? Ms. Lynch’s drama, conveniently airing on the same network, somehow managed to wrap up production in just three months instead of the usual six. Isn’t that suspicious?”

Her tone made it clear she didn’t believe in coincidences.

Their drama, with just over 20 episodes, should have been completed long ago. Yet Bianca’s drama, with more than 40 episodes, had somehow finished at the same time.

Bianca stepped forward, her smile poised yet smug. “Norah, you’re overthinking this. We were simply efficient. Besides, my boyfriend isn’t the director. What does any of this have to do with him?”

Bianca’s words were venomous beneath her polite tone. “Instead of questioning others, you might want to reflect on your own script. Under the guise of opposing school violence, you’ve created content that could harm young minds.”

“You—” Nellie started, furious, but Norah held her back.

This wasn’t the place for an outburst.

Swallowing her anger, Norah forced a laugh. “I hope your rushed production doesn’t compromise the quality and ruin your IP.”

Bianca’s confidence didn’t waver. “With such a strong IP, our drama will always outshine small productions like yours. Just wait and see.”

“Let’s hope you don’t regret your words,” Norah shot back, her tone icy.

The tension was palpable as the two women exchanged sharp remarks, neither willing to back down.

The director, eager to diffuse the situation, addressed Kevin. “If there’s nothing else, please take them out. We need to continue our discussion inside.”

Norah didn’t look back at Bianca. She knew no answers could be found with Kevin anymore. His allegiance to Bianca was clear, and his actions only made their already difficult path even harder.

Once the doors closed, Bianca let out a bitter laugh. “Norah just can’t stand to see me succeed. She’s probably cursing me right now!”

Turning to Kevin, her tone softened. “Thankfully, you’re here to defend me, or they’d walk all over me.”

Kevin’s expression remained unreadable.

“Let’s go,” he said firmly. “Their drama won’t make it to primetime.”

Bianca beamed. “You’re amazing, Kevin! Spotting just the right flaw to keep them off the air.”

Kevin stayed silent.

Still basking in her triumph, Bianca added, “By the way, I spoke with my father. We should schedule a dinner soon.”

Kevin’s eyes narrowed. “When?”

“He hasn’t said yet, but I’ll follow up.”

Inside the General Directorate

“Director, is it really impossible for our drama to air on primetime?” Norah asked again, her voice steady despite the growing tension.

The director hesitated, then sighed. “Our review process is rigorous, and primetime slots have higher standards. Your subject matter just doesn’t fit.”

Nellie’s frustration boiled over. “Director, we need this slot. We’ve poured everything into this production. If there’s an issue, we can make changes—anything to meet the requirements!”

The director remained firm. “This decision wasn’t mine alone. It’s the committee’s ruling, and it won’t change. Please don’t make this harder for me.”

Nellie’s eyes reddened, desperation clear in her voice. “Director—”

“That’s enough!” he snapped. “If you push further, I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

Norah stepped in, pulling Nellie back. “So the only option is to skip primetime?”

The director nodded. “Yes.”

“Then we’ll shift to a web drama,” Norah decided.

“That’s fine,” the director replied. “Web dramas don’t face the same strict regulations. Your production would work well in that format.”

“No!” Nellie objected, her voice trembling. “This isn’t some low-budget project meant for the web!”

Norah gripped her hand tightly. “Thank you, Director. We understand.”

As they left the office, Nellie was on the verge of breaking down.

“Why didn’t you let me keep trying? Maybe we could’ve convinced him,” she said, her voice shaking.

Norah sighed. “When has the General Directorate ever reversed a decision? This is our second chance, Nellie. We need to adapt. Our target audience is young people, and they’re all online anyway. Web dramas can be just as impactful.”

Nellie hesitated, her stubbornness wavering. “But it’s not the same...”

“Nellie,” Norah said gently, “if the story is good, it will resonate anywhere. Don’t lose faith in our work.”

Nellie nodded reluctantly, realizing there was no other way forward.

Elsewhere

“Trace Bianca’s call history,” Kevin instructed. “I want to know this person’s exact location.”

“Understood!”

Kevin waited, determined to uncover Calvin’s whereabouts.

Chapter 340

Calvin had vanished after his release from prison.

His mastery of counter-surveillance techniques had kept him hidden from sight, leaving no trace behind. While Bianca never spoke of him, the bond between them was undeniable. Calvin had no one else to contact but his daughter.

Her connections made her involvement inevitable.

The poison Calvin used to escape had passed through Pharaoh’s hands. There was no way this had nothing to do with him. Kevin had to track Calvin down.

Just then, his phone rang.

“Mr. Edwards,” a voice reported on the other end, “this number is now inactive. The last time it was used was at a public phone booth.”

Kevin sighed. It was exactly as he expected.

Still, he’d held out hope, however slim, that Calvin might slip up. If he hadn’t changed numbers, there could’ve been a chance to pinpoint his location.

But this only reinforced Kevin’s understanding: Calvin was a man of precision and mistrust. To draw him out, bait was essential.

That Night

Calvin moved silently through the shadows.

Clad in full gear, he blended seamlessly with the night, his sharp gaze scanning the area for any sign of danger. At his waist rested a gun, and he carried two daggers for close combat.

After traversing the dense jungle, his caution lessened as he approached a hidden outpost. Faint lights glowed from within the trees.

“Who’s there?” a guard barked, raising his weapon.

Calvin removed his hat, revealing his face, his expression cold and menacing.

“Do you not recognize me?”

The guard quickly lowered his gun, his demeanor changing to one of fear. “Master Calvin, my apologies! I didn’t realize it was you!”

The man ushered Calvin inside with nervous haste.

The structures nestled in the jungle were modest wooden houses, stacked haphazardly yet possessing a certain rustic charm.

Calvin’s sharp eyes scanned his surroundings, noting every detail.

Before he could proceed further, Archer emerged from one of the houses, his laughter booming.

“Calvin! Long time no see. You didn’t even let me know you were out of prison. If you had, I would’ve picked you up personally! You just had to make an entrance, didn’t you? Trying to keep me on my toes?”

Calvin’s expression remained unreadable. His gaze briefly swept over Archer before he replied flatly, “How are things here?”

Archer clapped him on the shoulder with exaggerated cheer. “Same old, same old. I’m keeping everything under control, waiting for you to return. Come on in! I’ve got food, wine, and entertainment ready just for you.”

Without a word, Calvin followed Archer inside.

A lavish feast awaited them—a table laden with fine dishes, premium liquor, and scantily clad women from foreign lands, their garments a mix of the exotic and the provocative.

While Archer basked in the revelry, Calvin’s mood remained cold and detached.

“Try this dish,” Archer said, placing food on Calvin’s plate. “It’s a delicacy—best thing you’ll ever taste!”

Ignoring the food, Calvin sipped his wine and stared at Archer with piercing intensity.

Sensing Calvin’s unease, Archer chuckled nervously. “Relax, we’re family here. You’re back now, so let’s be clear—out here, you and I are equals.”

Calvin’s voice was icy. “You’ve been keeping busy, but don’t forget, Pharaoh hasn’t given the go-ahead.”

Archer’s grin faltered, but he quickly recovered. “Come on, Calvin. Pharaoh’s not even here right now. Besides, isn’t this all for your daughter? Trust me, soon enough, the heat on this city will die down.”

Calvin's expression hardened. "What's with the female corpses?"

Archer stiffened, then downed a glass of wine to mask his discomfort. "What corpses? Are you accusing me of something? You think I'd be that reckless?"

"Pharaoh ordered no unnecessary moves. You know the consequences of disobeying." Calvin's voice was sharp and unyielding.

"Pharaoh's not even in the country," Archer replied casually, his tone laced with a dangerous undertone.

Calvin's eyes narrowed. "So, you admit it?"

Archer smiled slyly. "There's no proof it was me. Besides, we've been allies for years. If I had done something, you'd accuse me like this? I've welcomed you with open arms, shared my bounty, even offered to share half of my territory with you. Don't tell me you're biting the hand that feeds you."

"You want to betray the organization?" Calvin's tone was venomous.

Archer's smile faded. "Accusing me again, are you?"

"You've gone back to your old ways," Calvin said, his voice deadly. "I have every reason to believe you're planning to go rogue."

Archer had resumed his illegal activities, including organ trafficking, and his reckless actions were bound to attract police attention. It was only a matter of time before suspicion fell on the organization.

Archer, however, seemed unconcerned. He laughed loudly, a mocking edge in his voice.

"And what if I am? Are you going to run crying to Pharaoh?"

Calvin's expression grew darker. "You have some nerve."

Archer leaned back confidently, his grin widening. "Pharaoh isn't here to stop me. And you won't tell him."

"Oh?" Calvin's tone was skeptical.

"Don't play dumb," Archer said, his smile turning sinister. "I know your secret, Calvin. If Pharaoh finds out, do you think we'd both survive?"

Calvin's jaw clenched, his breathing steady but his tension palpable. "What secret could you possibly know?"

Archer's grin deepened. "Your precious daughter, Bianca."

At this, Calvin's entire demeanor shifted, his icy composure cracking ever so slightly.

Archer seized the moment. "So here's the deal. You keep quiet about me, and I'll do the same for you. We'll coexist peacefully. Who knows? Maybe one day, we won't have to answer to Pharaoh at all."

It was clear Archer had no intention of staying under Pharaoh's rule. With Pharaoh's absence, Archer had resumed his old trades and was preparing to seize power.

For Archer, this was the perfect opportunity. He envisioned a future where Pharaoh was no longer a threat, where he ruled unchallenged. But for now, he needed Calvin's silence.