

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 341

Chapter 341

Calvin remained silent, but seeing Archer's smug expression, as if holding all the cards, gnawed at him.

"You and I are not equals," Calvin said bluntly, rejecting Archer's assertion. He knew Archer's words were mere posturing. "You can keep your throne, but don't forget your place."

Archer, sensing Calvin's calm demeanor, refrained from pushing further. He was confident, knowing he held the upper hand. Even the most loyal to Pharaoh would seek to protect themselves—and their families.

As Calvin left Archer's domain, his expression darkened.

Behind him, Archer chuckled maliciously, watching his retreating figure.

"You're just letting him go like that? Aren't you afraid he'll report you?" a subordinate asked.

Archer smirked. "Not at all. He won't dare. If he makes a move, Pharaoh's network will be exposed as well."

Killing Calvin wasn't an option either. A sudden death would draw Pharaoh's suspicion, ending Archer's plans prematurely.

Calvin returned to his hideout—an abandoned factory overrun with weeds. On the surface, it appeared derelict, but beneath the humble exterior lay a well-equipped lab. This desolate place was his sanctuary.

Hearing a rustle nearby, Calvin tensed. "Who's there?"

"Dad, it's me," Bianca called out, stepping carefully through the overgrowth.

Calvin's face remained impassive. "Didn't I tell you not to come here? Were you followed?"

Bianca reassured him, “Don’t worry. I switched cars multiple times before coming.”

Calvin glanced at the monitors displaying surveillance footage of the area. Seeing no signs of pursuit, he relaxed and gestured for her to sit. He put a kettle on the stove to prepare tea.

“Dad, how can you live in such a remote place? It’s full of mosquitoes!” Bianca complained, scratching at her bites. “Let me get you a better house. I’ve saved enough money.”

Pouring tea into two cups, Calvin responded, “This place is perfect—quiet and off the grid. Moving to a busier area would make it harder to stay hidden. But why aren’t you with your boyfriend? What brings you here?”

Bianca beamed and leaned closer. “I came to tell you myself—Kevin is on my side. You don’t have to worry anymore. He loves me and has proven his loyalty.”

Calvin stared at her, his expression unreadable. “What has he done?”

“He’s going after that woman for me, even though she’s pregnant with his child,” Bianca said smugly. “He’s kind and gentle with me now. I told you, Dad, he just needed to see how much I love him. He’s finally coming around.”

Calvin sipped his tea, saying nothing.

Bianca pressed on, “When will you meet him? I want to show him how important our family is to me.”

“He’s Siena’s son, and I’m only your adoptive father,” Calvin replied flatly.

Bianca’s face darkened. “Don’t bring up Siena! If she hadn’t raised Kevin, do you think I’d bother with her? Everything I’m doing is for Kevin.”

“Fine,” Calvin said, his voice steady. “Let’s wait and see. If he proves himself, I’ll meet him.”

Bianca smiled, satisfied. “You’ll see, Dad. Kevin will be thrilled.”

As she prepared to leave, Calvin warned her, “Be careful on your way back. The city isn’t safe—there’s been another case involving a female corpse.”

Bianca frowned. “Is the organization behind it? Kevin mentioned investigating something like that.”

Calvin's gaze sharpened. "Kevin is looking into this?"

Bianca nodded. "Yes, he's personally involved."

A slow smile crept across Calvin's face. "Then deliver him a message from me. I can help him solve the case—quickly."

Meanwhile, Nellie paced back and forth, unable to sit still. "I can't take this! The suspense is killing me!"

Norah, watching her sister-in-law fidget, pulled her into a chair. "Relax! The show hasn't even aired yet, and I've never seen you this nervous before."

"You don't get it," Nellie shot back. "I've poured my heart into this project. It *has* to succeed!"

"Whether it does or not, we'll find out at eight tonight," Norah said calmly. "Even if it doesn't, we'll have another chance."

"No! It has to be a hit!" Nellie exclaimed. "We've sunk everything into this—especially with you nursing the baby!"

The gravity of their situation weighed on both women. Norah, despite her composed exterior, was equally worried. Everything was on the line. The money for production and marketing had completely drained their resources.

Emani entered, phone in hand. "Did you see the news? *Demon Bones* is premiering at the same time as us—eight o'clock!"

"What?" Nellie's face fell.

"It's obvious they're trying to steal the spotlight," Emani said. "*Demon Bones* has a massive budget for marketing. They've already bought multiple hot searches."

Unlike their modest promotional efforts, *Demon Bones* had flooded social media with ads and teasers.

"All I ask is that we break even," Nellie whispered, clasping her hands together. "Please, just don't let us go bankrupt."

The doorbell rang.

“Emani, can you get that?” Norah asked.

When the door opened, Gloria stood there, grinning. “Surprise!”

Norah lit up. “What are you doing here?”

“I couldn’t miss the premiere of *Glory*! I brought beer and fried chicken—we’re watching together!” Gloria said enthusiastically.

“Such good vibes!” Norah laughed.

“Let’s make it a hit!” Gloria declared. “I’ve already told all my friends to tune in.”

Nellie smiled nervously. “Thank you for the support.”

By the time the clock struck eight, everyone gathered around the screen, anxious yet hopeful. They kept one eye on the live ratings and another on the trending topics.

But *Demon Bones* dominated the online conversation, occupying multiple top spots on social media.

“This is so unfair,” Gloria grumbled. “The plot is ridiculous, the characters are shallow, and it’s no better than a generic romance. Our show has so much more depth and excitement!”

Nellie sighed, clasping her hands together. “All we can do is hope for the best.”

Chapter 342

Gloria tried to stay upbeat, but the mood was dampened as no one could muster the same enthusiasm.

Their expectations had been sky-high, but with results falling short of their hopes, confidence dwindled.

Nellie’s self-doubt surfaced as her eyes welled up. “Is my script just not good enough? Why can’t it measure up? I worked so hard!”

Her confidence was in shreds.

“No way!” Norah jumped in, trying to comfort her. “We barely did any marketing, so it’s natural the hype is low. It’s only the first day. Let’s give it time.”

“I really thought it’d take off right away,” Nellie sniffled.

“It’s not bad at all!” Norah said, scrolling through the comments. “Look, people are saying the story is fresh and exciting. They want more!”

“But the buzz isn’t building!” Nellie lamented. “The ratings platform has us in second place, and we’ve dropped significantly. What’s the point of good reviews if no one’s watching?”

“It’ll climb.” Norah’s voice carried determination. “This is just the start—don’t lose hope.”

Nellie nodded, wiping her tears. She wanted to believe Norah was right and rallied herself to push forward.

After finishing the viewing, they parted ways for the night.

Norah couldn’t sleep. She stayed up, scrolling through hot search results and checking for feedback on *Glory*.

The response was genuinely positive.

Viewers praised the show for its gripping storylines and fresh perspective.

But on the other hand, *Demon Bone* had smashed the year’s ratings record on its debut.

The gap was stark, and *Demon Bone* had a robust promotional push behind it, with an avalanche of trending hashtags and marketing campaigns.

Bianca, however, was already in celebration mode.

“Congratulations, Ms. Lynch, and congrats to the director! Breaking the first-day record is just the beginning—you’re bound to soar!”

“Thank you for the kind words!” Bianca beamed, raising her glass. Nothing could top this moment.

“Ms. Lynch, I see an award in your future! Winning Best Actress will cement your place!”

“Imagine that—winning Best Actress after only two shows! That would be historic!”

Bianca smiled, brimming with confidence. “Winning Best Actress would validate my acting and all the effort I’ve put in.”

“Ms. Lynch, you’ve had such a smooth career path,” someone remarked.

“I wouldn’t call it smooth,” Bianca said with a self-deprecating chuckle. “I’ve faced my share of struggles. No success comes without hard work.”

She basked in the glow of their compliments, envisioning herself rising to the top of the entertainment world.

As Bianca scanned the crowd, her smile dimmed slightly. Kevin wasn't there.

She approached Kian and asked, "Where's Kevin?"

Kian responded with a quiet nod. "Mr. Edwards had to leave urgently. He and Levi just left."

Bianca frowned. "Does it have to do with the female corpse case?"

"I'm not sure, but it seems related," Kian replied.

Kevin's absence dampened Bianca's mood. Without him, even the celebration lost its appeal. She quickly excused herself and left.

She tried to track Kevin down, but he hadn't returned. Worry gnawed at her—what if Kevin was in danger?

Bang, Bang, Bang—

"Don't!"

Norah woke with a start, her forehead damp with sweat. A nightmare had shaken her to her core.

In her dream, Kevin's body had been riddled with bullet wounds. He lay lifeless, cold, and unresponsive.

Though they were divorced, the haunting imagery left her shaken.

Unable to sleep, Norah got up, turned on the light, and poured herself a glass of water.

She grabbed her phone, scrolling through the latest news in an attempt to distract herself.

There were no updates on the female corpse case, but her unease persisted.

Her thoughts drifted to Jace. She hadn't seen him in a while, too wrapped up in her work to notice any activity next door.

Curiosity and concern pushed her to step outside. The dead of night was eerily silent, each sound amplified in the stillness.

Standing at Jace's door, she hesitated, uncertain how to approach him.

Before she could knock, the door opened, and Jace stood there, his gentle smile as welcoming as ever.

“You...”

“Come in,” Jace said, his tone warm and inviting.

Without thinking, Norah entered.

A strong medicinal scent permeated the air, even stronger than before.

Jace returned moments later with a steaming cup of milk. He handed it to her.

Norah sat on the sofa, cradling the warm mug in her hands. The milk was sweet, just the way she liked it.

“How did you know?” she asked, surprised.

“Kevin told me,” Jace admitted. “The day you fainted, it was Kevin who called me. He knew I could save you.”

Norah’s expression shifted, a mix of emotions swirling within her. She took a sip of the milk, its warmth soothing her nerves.

“The smell of medicine in your home seems stronger,” she noted.

Jace’s face faltered briefly before he smiled again. “Does it bother you? If so, we can go to your place instead.”

“It’s fine,” she replied quickly. “I just had a nightmare—it was about Kevin. I saw him... dead.”

“Dreams often mean the opposite,” Jace said softly.

“I can’t shake the feeling that something bad is about to happen,” Norah murmured.

Jace’s gray-brown eyes met hers. “Everything will settle. Don’t overthink it.”

Norah hesitated before asking, “I’ve been piecing together memories, and I recall being with you in the past. I wasn’t a child—why was I there? Was I captured? Deceived? And why was I able to escape when you couldn’t?”

Jace’s expression grew serious. “I don’t know how you ended up there. When the organization was exposed, many were taken by the police. You must have been rescued by them.”

“Why weren’t you rescued?”

“You were separated from us.”

Norah nodded slowly, though doubts still lingered.

After finishing her milk, she felt calmer and quickly fell asleep once she returned to her room.

The next morning, a phone call jolted her awake.

“Norah, get online—something’s gone wrong!” Nellie’s voice crackled with urgency.