

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 343

Chapter 343

Norah was still groggy as she rasped, "What's broken?"

"Drama," Nellie replied with excitement. "We're surging!"

Those words snapped Norah wide awake.

She immediately sat up, grabbed her phone, and looked up the stats for their show.

Yesterday, they were ranked second, but now, they had climbed to first.

The real-time viewership numbers had surged overnight, multiplying several times since yesterday morning. Word of mouth was building steadily.

The heat index had been broken for days, and this unexpected rise was a huge surprise for Norah.

If the buzz kept growing and the plot stayed strong, the show's future looked incredibly promising.

Norah's nerves finally eased, and a wave of relief washed over her. Her hard work was paying off. She smiled, comforted by the thought that, with enough effort, many of her dreams could come true.

After a quick shower, she got ready to meet the team.

Downstairs, she ran into Jace, who was pulling up in his Mercedes coupe. He rolled down the window and asked, "Heading out? I can give you a lift."

Still in high spirits, Norah accepted his offer.

Sliding into the car, she was eager to share the good news, but Jace beat her to it.

"Congrats," he said. "Your drama's doing really well."

“Thank you.” Norah smiled faintly. “Hard work pays off. As long as it earns enough to cover my baby’s expenses, I’ll be satisfied.”

She had gambled everything—her entire savings—on this project. Judging by the current momentum, she wouldn’t just break even; she’d make a little extra, which was more than enough for her.

Jace chuckled. “How are you so sure it’s a boy?”

Norah instinctively rested her hand on her stomach. “I’d be happy either way—a son or a daughter—but I just feel like it’s a boy.”

Her maternal intuition told her so.

Jace didn’t press further. His gaze shifted to her belly, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

Norah remained optimistic. She wasn’t ready to dwell on the darker possibilities—how her child could weaken her body and shorten her life. For now, carrying the baby made her feel safe and strong.

For her child’s sake, she was determined to fight and live as long as possible.

“Don’t forget to rest more often,” Norah said, eyeing Jace with concern. “You look like you’ve lost weight.”

Jace waved off her concern. “I’m fine. Don’t overthink it.”

When they arrived at her destination, he parked the car and said, “We’re here.”

Norah stepped out, waved goodbye, and headed inside.

Jace lingered for a moment, watching her walk away, before finally driving off.

Inside, Norah was greeted by a burst of colorful confetti and streamers.

“Surprise! We did it!” Nellie cheered, her face beaming.

“What do you think of my headband?” Emani twirled around, showing off a hair accessory featuring Sasha, a character from the show.

Norah brushed some ribbons off herself and asked, “You already have character-themed headbands?!”

Emani grinned. “I didn’t make it—an online store did! They’ve got headbands, keychains, dolls, and more!”

“That fast?” Norah was stunned.

“Yep, the internet moves at lightning speed! These were available within hours,” Emani explained, sending her a link.

Norah was impressed. “The power of technology—it’s incredible.”

“Don’t you think the dolls are adorable?” Emani gushed, clearly smitten with the merchandise.

“They’re so lifelike,” Sasha added. “It’s amazing how creative people can be.”

Norah smiled. “Are these officially licensed?”

“Absolutely,” Nellie confirmed. “No piracy here. These are the real deal. Sales are already booming!”

“It feels surreal,” Norah said softly. “Just yesterday, things were so quiet, and now, we’ve achieved this much success.”

“We’ve crossed 100 million views already!” Emani exclaimed. “I never thought I’d be part of something this big!”

Norah checked her phone. It was true—the drama had surpassed 100 million views. The comment sections were buzzing with praise for the plot and the performances. Reviews had climbed into the tens of thousands.

For an online drama, these results were phenomenal.

“Well,” Norah joked, “looks like my son’s formula money is secured.”

Emani laughed. “At this rate, we might even surpass *Demon Bones*! Everyone’s saying *Glory* is a dark horse—zero hype, minimal marketing, and yet it’s taking off!”

“I keep seeing clips on social media,” Emani added. “Hundreds of thousands of likes!”

Norah didn't bother checking *Demon Bones* anymore. As long as *Glory* was doing well, the competition didn't matter.

"Let's celebrate tonight!" Emani suggested. "You and Nellie are the bosses—you've got to treat us!"

"Sure, I'll treat everyone!" Nellie agreed. "Norah's off the hook since she needs to save her energy for the baby."

"Wow, Boss Corbeil, you're so generous!"

Amid the laughter, Norah's attention was drawn to a message from Quinn.

The headline sent a chill down her spine:

Police Raid Criminal Organization: Scene of Carnage Unveiled

Though the photos weren't graphic, the chaos depicted was unsettling. The message only deepened the unease that had been gnawing at her since her nightmare last night.

Sasha noticed the change in Norah's expression and walked over. "What's wrong?"

Norah quickly locked her phone. "Nothing."

Sasha wasn't convinced. "Your face says otherwise. You're worried."

Norah hesitated before admitting, "I can't help it. Even though Kevin and I are apart, I know he's alive, and I can see him. But his work... it's so dangerous. I can't stop fearing the worst."

"I get it," Sasha said gently. "You still love him, and I'm pretty sure he loves you too. Life isn't simple, and neither are relationships, but you understand his struggles, don't you?"

Norah forced a bitter smile.

Deep down, she did understand Kevin's choices. And she wanted him to be free, even if that meant sacrificing her own happiness.

To let him go was, in a way, to save herself.

Norah suggested, “If you’re worried, go see him. Not for his sake, but for your own peace of mind. Once you see he’s safe, you’ll feel better.”

Sasha nodded thoughtfully, offering her support.

Bianca hadn’t slept the entire night.

Her thoughts were consumed by Kevin’s safety. She’d even called Calvin for reassurance, but while he’d assured her there was no danger, her instincts told her otherwise.

By morning, Bianca was utterly drained. Though exhaustion tugged at her, she remained on edge, her ears straining for the slightest sound that might signal Kevin’s return. But the silence dragged on—no news, no updates.

For once, Bianca couldn’t bring herself to care about the ratings for *Demon Bone*.

Sure, the ratings had been strong yesterday, and she knew *Glory* wasn’t doing as well as expected. That knowledge had provided some comfort. It meant she was winning—for now. After all, this was her chance to outshine Norah, in both reputation and love. And Bianca had always taken pride in excelling at everything she did.

Yet Kevin’s absence was a cloud she couldn’t shake.

Curled up on the sofa, she was startled by a noise at the door.

Her heart leapt. *Could it be Kevin?*

She rushed to the door and flung it open with hope in her eyes. “Kevin!”

Instead, Cleo stood there with a tray.

“Ms. Lynch, I brought you breakfast,” Cleo said, stepping inside.

Disappointment washed over Bianca, and her excitement fizzled. “Just leave it on the table,” she muttered, retreating into the living room.

Cleo set the tray down and tried to engage her. “Ms. Lynch, did you see today’s trending topics? *Glory* is picking up steam!”

Bianca snorted, her tone laced with sarcasm. “So what? They probably bought some hot searches. It’s the oldest trick in the book. No matter what they do, it won’t save that flop. Norah’s too green to think she can produce a hit just by throwing money around. At best, it’ll fizzle out after some initial noise. Meanwhile, *Demon Bone* is leagues ahead—and the reviews prove it. I might even snag an award this year.”

Cleo hesitated, sensing Bianca's overconfidence, but eventually chimed in. "You might be right. Still, the ratings for *Glory* have spiked significantly—they've hit the top spot on their platform."

Bianca froze mid-sip of her coffee. "What did you say?"

Cleo repeated, "The viewership jumped overnight. It's trending now. Word of mouth seems to be catching on."

Grabbing her phone, Bianca searched for herself, and her expression darkened as she saw the surge in *Glory*'s popularity. In just 24 hours, its ratings had multiplied several times over, showing no signs of slowing down.

Bianca's jaw tightened. "It's just an online drama," she said, more to herself than anyone else. "The ratings for *Demon Bone* are still better. They'll never touch us. This hype is nothing compared to the legacy of *Demon Bone*. A small production like *Glory* doesn't stand a chance."

Bianca clung to her reasoning. For years, fantasy dramas like *Demon Bone* had dominated the market, built on strong IPs with wide appeal. Naturally, its viewership would grow steadily over time.

By contrast, *Glory* was a niche drama—she refused to believe it could match *Demon Bone*'s success.

"I think you're right," Cleo said, trying to reassure her. "They're probably desperate for money—that's why they're already selling merchandise like crazy."

Bianca scowled but opened another tab to verify Cleo's claim. To her dismay, *Glory*'s merchandise was flying off the shelves. The presale numbers were impressive.

"Do we have merch ready for *Demon Bone*?" Bianca demanded sharply.

Cleo hesitated. "I'm not sure. I can look into it."

"Do it," Bianca ordered. "If they're releasing merchandise, we'll do the same. No way I'm letting Norah win. She went all-in on that drama, didn't she? Let's make sure it bankrupts her."

Cleo nodded and hurried off to make calls.

But even after giving orders, Bianca couldn't sit still. Kevin's absence gnawed at her more than her rivalry with Norah.

"I can't take this anymore. I'm going out," she said abruptly, grabbing her coat.

Cleo blinked. "Where are you headed, Ms. Lynch?"

“To Kevin’s place,” Bianca replied. “I need to see if he’s back.”

“But what about breakfast?”

“I’m not hungry,” Bianca said curtly. She slung her bag over her shoulder and strode out the door, instructing her driver to head to Kevin’s residence.

As they drove, something caught her eye—a sleek new car she immediately recognized.

It was the one Kevin had given to Norah. Bianca knew for a fact it hadn’t been included in their divorce settlement.

Her chest tightened, and her fingers clenched her purse.

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“Ms. Lynch!” Cleo hurried over, holding a sun umbrella to shield Bianca from the glaring sun.

But Bianca’s skirt was already stained.

“This Norah has no class at all. Let me help you clean it.” Cleo quickly knelt down and pulled out a tissue to wipe the dirt off Bianca’s skirt.

Bianca glared in the direction Norah had left, her eyes blazing with anger. She hated Norah with every fiber of her being.

“She’s so ill—what right does she have to act arrogant in front of me!” Bianca hissed. “Once she’s bedridden, she’ll be begging for mercy.”

Even though she seethed with rage, Bianca composed herself, still clinging to her ladylike demeanor. “Let’s head to Kevin’s villa and wait there,” she said finally.

Meanwhile, Sasha glanced at Bianca’s theatrics through the rearview mirror, her lips curling into a smirk. “Give her an inch, and she’ll take a mile. Someone like her needs to be put in her place.”

Norah, however, didn’t even spare Bianca a second thought. To her, Bianca wasn’t worth any attention. It was always Bianca who pushed boundaries, seeking every opportunity to harm her.

Norah turned to Sasha with a suggestion. “It’s a beautiful day. How about setting up a small tent and going camping?”

Sasha perked up. “That sounds great! Let’s call everyone and make a plan!”

Norah pulled out her phone to organize the impromptu outing, but before she could, her phone buzzed with an incoming call. It was Jace.

“Hey,” she greeted him, sensing something off in his tone.

“Norah, don’t go any further!” Jace’s voice was urgent.

But before she could fully process his words, the sound of a honking horn cut through the call.

“Jace, what did you say? I didn’t catch that,” she asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

“Don’t go any furth—” His voice was abruptly drowned out.

Norah’s instincts screamed at her. “Sasha, stop the car!”

Before Sasha could respond, a deafening explosion erupted behind them.

The blast sent shockwaves through the area, violently shaking their car. Sasha gripped the steering wheel desperately, but the impact caused her to lose control. The car spun out, the brakes screeching before it came to a jolting stop.

Shattered glass littered the seats. The explosion had destroyed vehicles behind them, pushing some several feet away. The air was thick with dust and screams of terror.

Sasha was bleeding from cuts on her head, her vision blurry. In her haze, she saw Norah being dragged out of the car by unfamiliar figures.

“Norah!” she cried, struggling to reach her. But the pain was too much—Sasha slipped into unconsciousness.

The scene was chaos. Cars were abandoned, and the road was blocked. Those who survived the blast fled in panic.

Meanwhile, Bianca was en route to Kevin’s villa when she realized something was off.

“This isn’t the way to Kevin’s house. Why are you driving this route?” she questioned the driver sharply.

Before she could press further, the car screeched to an abrupt halt.

“Ahh!” Bianca yelled as Cleo rushed to steady her. But before Cleo could act, she was struck unconscious by a sudden blow.

Bianca fell to the ground, scraping her leg, only to see the driver being replaced by another man.

Her eyes widened in fear. “Who are you?” she stammered.

The man didn’t answer. He knocked her out, slung her over his shoulder, and loaded her into a different car.

When Norah woke up, her head was throbbing, and her stomach churned from the bumpy ride.

Her hands and feet were bound, and the overwhelming stench of gasoline filled her nostrils. She was tied to a wooden post in what appeared to be an old cabin.

As her vision adjusted, she realized another person was tied to the same post behind her. She twisted her head to catch a glimpse of their clothes—and recognized Bianca.

Norah’s heart sank. Why was she tied up with Bianca?

Before she could dwell on it, Bianca stirred awake, her nerves clearly on edge.

“Who’s there? What’s happening?!” Bianca’s voice trembled as she took in her surroundings.

“Don’t move!” Norah warned sharply. “There are people behind us.”

Bianca froze and turned, spotting Norah. “Norah?!”

Her panic quickly turned to anger. “You set this up, didn’t you? You’re jealous of me, so you hired someone to kidnap me! You’re out of your mind!”

Norah shot her an exasperated look. “Do you even think before you speak? I’m tied up too!”

Bianca ignored the logic and continued to spiral. “Who would dare kidnap me? Do they even know who I am?”

Norah couldn’t help but roll her eyes. “You’re tied up like me, Bianca. Right now, your titles and connections mean nothing. You’re just as powerless as I am.”

Bianca scoffed. “Kevin will come for me! Once he finds out I’m missing, he’ll save me. But you? No one’s coming for you.”

Norah didn’t bother responding. She knew engaging with Bianca would be a waste of energy.

Just then, the sound of approaching footsteps silenced Bianca’s tirade.

The door creaked open, and loud, mocking laughter filled the room.

“It’s good to see you both,” Archer sneered as he stepped inside.

Norah’s blood ran cold as she recognized the man with the scarred face—the same one who had kidnapped her before.

Archer’s gaze shifted between them, his expression dripping with malice. “Kevin thought he could take me down? I’ll make sure his wife pays the price for his arrogance.”

Bianca’s face twisted in confusion and fear. “Why did you kidnap me? I have nothing to do with this!”

Archer’s eyes burned with hatred. “Ask your father what he’s done,” he growled.

“You dare blame my father? You’re the one who betrayed him!” Bianca shot back, but her words were cut off by a sharp slap that left her stunned.

Archer sneered. “You’ll learn your place soon enough.”