

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 372

Chapter 372

Nellie refused again, shaking her head. "Forget it, dating is too much trouble."

She had never been in a relationship before. It just seemed like a hassle.

Having attended an all-girls school since childhood, she had little interaction with men and never gave romance much thought.

In fact, she wasn't particularly fond of men at all.

"This little pacifier is adorable," Norah said, accepting the gift. "Thank you. You're really thoughtful about the baby."

"What's the trouble? We're the baby's godmothers!"

Norah chuckled. "Well, my kid is lucky—one godmother is a famous star, another is a director and screenwriter, and an artist too. He's set for life. No need to struggle with godmothers like you."

Gloria smirked. "If we're such a big deal, wouldn't a powerful father be even better?"

Norah thought for a moment, then frowned. "I don't know... It's better to be careful. If we spoil him too much, what if he turns out to be a troublemaker? If he goes down the wrong path, I won't be able to rest easy—even in my grave!"

The room fell silent.

Everyone stared at Norah, surprised and a little uneasy.

Did she really just say that?

Realizing her slip, Norah quickly waved it off. "I'm just kidding! Don't take it seriously. Of course, I'll raise him right."

“You scared me to death!” Nellie patted her chest. “Besides, he won’t just have a strong father—he’s got a strong mother too! Don’t forget, Norah, you’re climbing the ranks. Oh, speaking of good news—we got shortlisted for the Gold Award!”

Norah’s eyes lit up. “Seriously?”

Nellie grabbed her hands, grinning. “Yes! And maybe Sasha will even win Best Actress! I can’t contain my excitement!”

“That’s amazing!” Norah was genuinely happy for them.

Nellie beamed. “You have to be there! You’re the director and investor—our backbone!”

Norah nodded. “When is it?”

“Next month! It’s finally happening!” Nellie hugged her tightly and gave her a big kiss, bursting with excitement.

Gloria smiled warmly. “All that hard work finally paid off.” She turned to Norah. “Congratulations—you’ll be a renowned director soon.”

Norah laughed. “I wouldn’t go that far. I just stumbled into this. It’s Nellie who really deserves the credit.”

She still saw herself as a newcomer in the industry—learning, experimenting, pushing herself. But every new challenge made her more determined.

As they chatted happily, they heard a noise outside.

The door opened, and Kevin stepped into the room.

Norah’s face lit up. His usually sharp features softened as he looked at her. “What’s got you all so happy?”

The moment Kevin walked in, the room fell silent.

It was automatic—part intimidation, part unfamiliarity.

Norah, still smiling, picked up a tiny onesie. “You came at the right time. Look at this—it’s what they bought for the baby. Isn’t it adorable?”

Kevin stepped closer, and the others instinctively moved aside. He picked up the tiny outfit, his expression softening. "It's so small... so cute."

"Right? I can't wait for him to arrive," Norah murmured, leaning against him. "Watching him grow from a tiny baby into an adult—it's an incredible feeling. One day, when we're old, looking back on all of this will feel surreal."

Kevin fell quiet at the mention of growing old. Holding her close, he imagined their future together.

"If it's a boy," he said thoughtfully, "we need to be strict. Teach him to respect his elders, value women, and be a man of responsibility. If we have a daughter... we'll spoil her. Give her so much love that no boy can ever fool her."

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Norah looked at Kevin in surprise. She hadn't expected him to think this way—it was exactly how she felt.

"You're not very kind to your son," she said with a smile.

Kevin wrapped his arm around her waist, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips. "When a boy grows up, he'll have to marry. If he's got too many bad habits and doesn't know how to treat people well, what girl would want to marry him? Even if she did, she'd just end up suffering."

Norah had to agree with that.

The others in the hospital ward seemed interested in their conversation, but after exchanging glances, they quietly left, giving the couple some privacy. They even closed the door behind them.

Norah turned back to Kevin, poking his chest with a hint of resentment in her voice. "So, you do have this kind of awareness? Where was it when you married me? You were so harsh on me back then—how am I supposed to believe a single word you're saying now?"

Kevin pulled her into his arms, pressing his cheek against hers in a rare moment of humility. "I was wrong before. It's because of everything I went through that I understand now—we can't let our children repeat our mistakes. Love and marriage should be done right so there's no regret."

Norah leaned against his shoulder. "So, do you regret it?"

Kevin was quiet for a moment before answering. "I regret realizing things too late. But I'm grateful you're still here. That's the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Norah thought back to their journey together. It hadn't been easy.

Who would have thought Kevin would fall for her?

Maybe Grandpa had seen it coming. He had taken one good look at her and bound them together.

But Norah hadn't loved Kevin then. Without love, this marriage wouldn't have even started.

It was like magic fighting magic.

Still, one thing confused her—something almost surreal. If she and Kevin hadn't had any connection in junior high, and if he hadn't saved her, why had she ended up in the same university as him? Why had she always seen him as a hero in her mind?

It didn't make sense.

It was too strange.

Kevin had another meeting, and they were about to head out again. His work kept him busy—balancing the military and managing a company made his schedule even more packed than before. But Norah understood. He had his mission and beliefs, and she supported him. He was still a hero, still protecting people.

Thinking about it, Norah felt a deep sense of admiration.

She stayed in the room, packing the gifts they had prepared for the baby. A soft, maternal smile graced her lips. She was looking forward to the birth, ready to leave the bad things behind her.

After a while, Gloria walked in.

Norah looked up. "You didn't go home? I thought everyone had left."

"They did," Gloria said. "But I know your condition, and I wanted to check on you."

She was too worried about Norah.

Being pregnant while also battling an illness—it was too much.

Norah shook her head. "It's not over yet, but I can't think the worst."

Gloria grabbed her hand, frustrated. "How can it not be over? Didn't they already send people out and catch the ones responsible? What kind of poison is this? How is it still unsolved? Why?"

Gloria's anxiety spilled over—she found the situation ridiculous.

How could something like this still exist in today's world? How could people be this cruel?

At first, Norah couldn't believe it either. But she had come to accept that there were many things in this world that people simply couldn't see.

"I'm still alive," she said, giving Gloria a small smile. "I won't give up."

Gloria stared at her, at a loss for words.

There was something about Norah—her strength, her resilience. She had a way of making people believe in her.

Just like back then, when she had convinced Gloria that she had the talent to become an artist. Without Norah's encouragement, Gloria wouldn't be who she was today.

Gloria pulled Norah into a tight hug.

Norah stroked her back, comforting her.

They were still the same. Best friends who shared everything. More than friends, really—after all these years, they had become like family.

Norah didn't want to spend every day confined to a hospital room. She might be here for a long time, but today, she wanted to go for a walk. So, she stepped outside with Gloria.

As they walked, chatting, a voice called out.

"Norah?"

A girl approached them hesitantly, her expression unsure.

Norah turned around, a little surprised.

She had a vague sense of familiarity but couldn't quite place it. The girl looked at her expectantly before speaking again.

"Norah, don't you recognize me? Have I changed that much? I sat next to you in school—we used to chat after class all the time. Did you forget me?"

Norah gave a polite smile. "I'm sorry... I do remember you, but I can't recall your name at the moment."

"I'm Lyanna Lambert! Do you remember now? It's so good to see you!"

Lyanna's short hair and makeup-free face gave her a fresh, lively look. She was practically glowing with excitement.

"I didn't expect to run into you after all these years. You're pregnant, but you still look as beautiful as ever."

Lyanna had always envied Norah's looks.

And Lyanna wasn't just any girl—she had been considered one of the beauties of their class, with her striking features and thick hair. Even now, she still turned heads.

Since they had been classmates, Norah had a lot of questions.

She looked at Lyanna, listening to her words, and slowly, the memories came back.

"I remember now. You sat next to me and loved talking about your favorite celebrities."

"Yes! Exactly!" Lyanna clapped her hands, thrilled. "I was always fangirling and plastering my desk with posters."

Norah laughed. "Yeah, I remember that."

Lyanna grabbed Norah's hand and nearly jumped with excitement.

"But after high school, I never got your contact info," Lyanna continued. "You stopped talking to me so much, and I thought maybe you didn't like me anymore. It made me really sad."

Back in school, everything had been simple. Life had been easier, free from the complications of adulthood.

"Really?" Norah frowned. "Did my personality change that much?"

"It did—at least back then," Lyanna said. "Just one summer break, and you were different. You even missed classes for a few months. You barely spoke after that."

Norah had always been quiet, but she had never thought of herself as different. In her mind, her high school experience had been normal.

Her parents had never mentioned anything either.

But Lyanna's words sent a chill down her spine.

Kevin had also said she disappeared for a summer in high school.

What had happened during that time?

Had she been taken into an organization?

How had it even happened?

As these questions swirled in her mind, Lyanna spoke again.

“Do you remember Bianca? She’s a star now. I guess beautiful girls always go far. I remember you once told me about a gorgeous older girl—a single mom. You said she had a tough life.”

Lyanna’s words hit Norah like a thunderclap.

A single, deafening realization crashed into her mind.

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Norah froze in place, her face shifting dramatically as she turned back in shock. “What did you just say?”

She gripped Lyanna’s hand tightly, thinking she must have misheard.

How could she have known Bianca in high school?

From what she remembered, even if she had been aware of Bianca, it would have been only because of her crush on Kevin. Given her personality, she would never have willingly associated with Bianca.

Bianca was a rival.

Now that she knew she hadn’t even met Kevin in junior high, how could she possibly have known Bianca?

It didn’t make sense.

A chilling realization settled over her—had her memories been a lie all along?

Lyanna noticed Norah’s face pale, her expression distant, and worried she had said something wrong. “Norah... Did I say something I shouldn’t have? You look so shaken.”

Norah forced herself to stay calm but didn’t loosen her grip on Lyanna’s hand. “No, I just—are you sure? You remember me telling you I knew a girl named Bianca? Are you absolutely certain?”

She pressed for confirmation, desperate for an answer.

Lyanna hesitated, worried she might be mistaken, but seeing Norah’s intense gaze, she didn’t dare be careless. She carefully recalled their past conversations, then nodded stiffly. “Yes, I’m sure. You told me about a younger girl. Her family was poor, and you occasionally helped her out. I thought you two were close and stayed in touch.”

Norah’s pupils constricted, a chill running down her spine.

She had interacted with Bianca before, yet she had no memory of it. And Bianca had been lurking around her all this time?

Her fingers slowly loosened their grip, and she stumbled back a few steps.

“Norah, are you okay?” Lyanna asked, concerned by her reaction.

Norah took a deep breath. “I’m fine. Don’t worry too much.”

She steadied herself and looked at Lyanna again. “Is there anything else you remember?” She needed to know just how many secrets were buried in her past.

Lyanna thought for a moment. “We mostly talked about school and hobbies—nothing unusual. I just assumed you and Bianca still kept in touch.”

Norah frowned. “But I didn’t interact much with Bianca back then, did I?”

Lyanna shook her head. “You only mentioned her once, then never brought her up again. I don’t think you were close.”

That could only mean one thing—Bianca had deliberately approached her.

Was it possible that Bianca had tricked her into joining the organization?

Back then, she had been too naive to recognize deception. If Bianca had played the victim, she might have let her guard down and sympathized with her.

Lyanna had said Norah had been kind to Bianca.

That meant she had walked right into the trap.

Lyanna also seemed to realize Norah had no recollection of these events.

It had been so long. Norah barely remembered Lyanna, so how could she recall a minor acquaintance like Bianca?

Lyanna, however, had remembered because she had sat next to Norah—and because Bianca had later become a celebrity. That had triggered old memories.

After a while, Norah composed herself. “Lyanna, I’m really glad we ran into each other today. But I’m still in the hospital, so let’s have dinner another time.”

“Sure!” Lyanna agreed with a smile, then chatted with her a little longer before leaving.

Gloria had been listening quietly nearby. Once Lyanna was gone, her face darkened. “Norah, you and Bianca knew each other that early?”

"I don't remember." Norah's voice was flat. "But if we really did, then she's even more dangerous than I thought."

She had been completely oblivious to the predator in her midst.

Gloria scoffed. "Then think about it—how much have you lost over the years? It's not a coincidence!"

Norah understood all too well.

She had never taken Bianca seriously before, but after suffering repeated schemes at her hands, there was no way she would let her go unpunished.

"Let's go back."

She hadn't fully processed everything yet, but the thought of Bianca exploiting her amnesia filled her with dread. What else had she done?

What exactly had Norah gone through in the organization?

Why had Bianca deceived her?

How had Norah managed to escape?

Calvin noticed Norah's unease.

She was in the dark, desperately searching for answers.

She couldn't shake the feeling that an even bigger secret was buried beneath it all.

She needed to remember everything.

And if her amnesia wasn't accidental, then someone had erased her memories on purpose.

Just then, Gloria spoke again. "Norah, Bianca has been released!"

Norah's head snapped up. "Released? She's out?"

"Yes. I just saw the news. It's not old footage—she was photographed outside a hotel today." Gloria pulled out her phone, showing a paparazzi photo of Bianca having hot pot with some people.

The moment the photo surfaced, rumors exploded online, speculating that Bianca had a new boyfriend.

Not long ago, she had made a high-profile announcement about her relationship with Kevin. Now, just as suddenly, there was a scandal linking her to someone else. The internet was in an uproar.

Bianca wouldn't ignore the gossip. Whether good or bad, any publicity kept her relevant.

She had always played the game that way.

And this time was no different.

"She's like a cockroach—impossible to get rid of! How did she manage to get out of prison? Who's backing her?" Gloria was furious. She had been hoping Bianca would serve a long sentence.

If she had, her career in the entertainment industry would have been over.

Norah, too, was disheartened. There was no way Bianca could have been released so soon without Kevin pulling strings for her.

Shortly after the rumors spread, Bianca released a statement.

—Not my boyfriend, just a crew dinner. Thanks for your concern!

"It doesn't matter. She's definitely out." Gloria's voice was sharp.

Bianca hadn't said a word about her time in detention. The information must have been suppressed.

It would have damaged her reputation, so of course, she had kept quiet.

Norah's eyes turned cold. Even if Bianca wanted to bury the past, Norah wouldn't let her.

Bianca had clawed her way into the entertainment industry.

And Norah would make sure she left it in disgrace.

She picked up her phone and called Emani, her voice ice-cold. "Write a report on Bianca."

Emani received the order and got to work immediately.

Two hours later, the story hit the media.

And the entire city erupted.

The female corpse case had already shaken the public.

Now, Bianca's rumored involvement reignited the panic, fueling even wilder speculation.

Bianca had hoped to lay low and recover.

Now that she was out, as long as she stayed away from Calvin and minded her own business, she still had a shot at survival in the industry.

Even she had been surprised at how easily she had been released.

Nine times out of ten, Kevin had pulled the strings.

A smirk played on Bianca's lips. He had claimed he was only honoring his grandfather's last wish, but he was still helping her.

He still cared.

She knew it.

Just as she was reveling in her own thoughts, Cleo rushed in. "Ms. Lynch, a report just came out linking you to an organ trafficking ring! Public outrage is skyrocketing, and your reputation is in free fall!"

Bianca had already been controversial.

Now, this?

It could be the final nail in her coffin.

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Bianca still dreams of stardom. As long as she remains undiscovered, she believes she can rise to fame, win awards, and secure her place at the top. But reality has a way of shattering illusions.

When she saw the report, panic set in. It exposed everything that happened in the bandits' den, along with secrets that had never been revealed before.

This wasn't just bad news—it was a career-ending disaster.

Bianca had barely gotten a break, and now this scandal threatened to derail her future in the industry.

Several directors had recently approached her for roles, eager to work with her. She couldn't afford to let this ruin everything.

Her face twisted with rage. "Who did this?"

Cleo hesitated before answering. "XNGY TV station."

Bianca's fury exploded. She hurled a cup across the room. "It's her again—Norah! She's been after me from the start! I've survived everything, and now this bitch doesn't know her place?!"

Cleo had seen Bianca angry before, but never like this. There was a new, frightening edge to her rage.

Bianca seethed. "Just because she filmed one drama, she thinks she belongs in this industry? She's nothing compared to me! Even if she lands roles, she'll never surpass me!"

Cleo, choosing her words carefully, said, "Ms. Lynch, our last drama got slammed for excessive post-production edits. Netizens tore it apart, and even the novel's author faced online harassment. Meanwhile, their drama is a massive hit."

Bianca's expression darkened. "What are you saying? That's impossible! We were trending from the start! They were nobodies—how could they suddenly become popular? You're lying to me! How did things turn out like this?!"

Cleo delivered the brutal truth. Bianca had assumed her first big hit guaranteed an easy road ahead, but her second drama had flopped. What was supposed to be a grand follow-up had instead been labeled a disaster. The more attention she attracted, the stronger the backlash became.

Her recent scandals only fueled public resentment. Netizens were growing tired of her behavior. Even her most loyal fans were turning away.

Seeing the flood of criticism online, Bianca felt ice creep into her chest.

She had always believed she'd be protected, that others would pave the way for her. She thought everything would resolve itself.

But reality was teaching her a harsh lesson.

Her hands trembled as she scrolled through the hate comments. "That bitch is trying to destroy me! Why?! Does she really think she can take me down? I'm Bianca! I'm going to be a top actress—she has no right to spread these lies!"

Furious, she swept everything off the table, sending it crashing to the floor. But she had to find a solution—fast.

"Call my agent! Now!" she shouted at Cleo, her eyes burning with desperation.

Cleo was just as overwhelmed. Journalists were bombarding her phone with calls. Frustrated, she shut it off before scrambling to contact Bianca's agent.

When the agent finally answered, she was furious. "Bianca, you cause a crisis every other day! Do you have any sense of responsibility? You can't just mess up and expect me to fix it every time! If you committed a crime, no company could protect you. Whoever manages you is doomed to fail. Figure this out yourself. If you can't, prepare to be blacklisted. I'm done."

Bianca's face contorted with rage. "How dare you talk to me like that?! You believe baseless rumors? If you don't handle this properly, the company will hold you accountable. You're my agent—it's your job to fix this! How am I supposed to keep working if you won't do your job?!"

The agent scoffed. "Oh, now I'm your agent? But when you got into trouble, you didn't come to me—you ran to Mr. Edwards. Now that he's not helping you, suddenly I matter? Well, too bad. I'm not your babysitter."

"Hey! Hey!" Bianca shouted, but the call cut off.

Her fingers clenched around the phone, her nails digging into her palm. No one was coming to her rescue.

Her agent had abandoned her.

Her fans were leaving.

Her career was crumbling.

With a frustrated scream, she threw her phone across the room. "They're all waiting for me to fail! Traitors! Every last one of them!"

Cleo hesitated before speaking. "Ms. Lynch... shouldn't you reach out to Mr. Edwards? You're engaged to him—he'll help you, right?"

Cleo still had no idea what had really happened. She assumed Bianca and Kevin were still deeply involved and that he would fix everything.

Bianca's expression twisted. "If that would work, do you think I'd be in this mess right now?!"

She was delusional, but deep down, she knew Kevin had cut her off.

If he still cared, this scandal would have been buried long before it ever surfaced.

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

A maid entered. "Ms. Lynch, Mrs. Edwards is here to see you again."

Cleo frowned. "Didn't we agree to turn her away whenever she came?"

"Wait," Bianca said, her voice sharp. "Is it Siena?"

Cleo sighed. "Mrs. Edwards keeps visiting. I always tell her you're not home, but she won't give up."

"Let her in."

Right now, Bianca had no allies. Siena was her last lifeline.

She knew Siena still felt indebted to her—and Bianca was willing to exploit that to the fullest.

Siena had shown up so many times, always hoping to see her. Today, her persistence was finally rewarded.

Overjoyed, Siena rushed in. “Bianca! Bianca!”

She carried a thermos, just as she always did. Every visit, she brought soup for Bianca.

Seeing the young woman she cared for so deeply, Siena’s face softened with warmth. She didn’t resent Bianca for avoiding her. Instead, she pitied her.

“I was starting to think I’d never see you again,” Siena said gently. “You look thinner... Have you been taking care of yourself? I made this soup for you—it’s very nutritious. You need to eat properly.”

She placed the thermos on the table. “It’s still hot.”

Bianca’s eyes turned red. In a soft, pitiful voice, she said, “Auntie, I’m so sorry. I’ve been too busy with work. I didn’t mean to keep you waiting.”

Siena took her hand. “I understand. I don’t blame you.” Then, noticing Bianca’s red-rimmed eyes, she frowned. “What happened? Are you crying? Did Kevin hurt you? I read a report saying you two are about to get married, but you moved out, and he doesn’t visit you. I had no way to reach you. If he’s treating you badly, I’ll confront him myself!”

Siena had been ecstatic about the supposed engagement. She hadn’t heard the truth directly from Bianca, so she had relied on online reports.

Hearing this, Bianca’s eyes welled with tears again. “It’s nothing, Auntie... Don’t worry about me.”

Cleo, however, had no filter. “How can you say that?! Ms. Lynch, your reputation is in ruins! People are interfering in your relationship, and now your career is in jeopardy! If this continues, you’ll be completely blacklisted!”