

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 386

Chapter 386

Norah's expression hardened. She had been genuinely worried about Kevin, yet he responded with such reckless words.

"Kevin, do you even hear yourself?" she asked, frustration lacing her voice.

Kevin let out a dry laugh. "Have you only just realized who I am? This is me, Norah. And maybe someday, I'll do something that hurts you even more."

Staring at the unfamiliar coldness in his face, she suddenly felt like her concern had been wasted.

She shoved him back, fury burning in her eyes. "I must've been delusional. You're hopeless. If you want to be reckless, go ahead! I won't waste my time caring anymore. Do whatever you want—just make sure you enjoy it!"

Kevin took two steps back, lowering his head. His expression remained unreadable.

Norah couldn't understand how things had reached this point.

Everything had spiraled so far beyond her expectations—including Kevin's unpredictability.

Standing there, she suddenly felt like a complete fool.

She was ready to storm off, but then she remembered why she had come in the first place. Pausing, she looked back at him. "I came here today to find Bianca. I need answers about how I was tricked into that organization. You know exactly what kind of person Bianca is. The time I lost my memory, I spent trapped in that place. And as for why I still remember you... I still don't understand it myself. But Bianca—wherever she is—I won't let her get away with it."

Kevin's deep eyes flickered slightly, as though something had clicked in his mind.

Norah, however, was too caught up in her anger to notice.

Without another word, she turned and stormed out of the office.

Kevin watched her go, his gaze shadowed with something unreadable. It suddenly dawned on him—his connection with Norah had started long before either of them had realized.

As she disappeared down the hallway, his hand twitched involuntarily, as if reaching for her.

But the moment he noticed, he forced himself to pull it back.

A strange, unsettling feeling crept into his chest.

Just then, a commotion broke the silence.

Kevin's heart clenched instinctively. Within seconds, Kian rushed in, his face pale with urgency.

"Mr. Edwards! Something's wrong—Madam collapsed!"

Kevin's expression changed instantly. Without hesitation, he sprinted out of the office.

By the time he reached the ground floor, he saw Norah lying there, curled up in pain, her face deathly pale and drenched in sweat.

Kevin didn't hesitate—he knelt down and pulled her into his arms, his hand brushing against her clammy forehead. "What's wrong? Is it the poison? I'll call Jace—"

Norah's trembling hand clutched at his sleeve, her voice weak and broken.

"The baby..." she whispered.

Kevin's chest tightened. At first, he thought the poison had taken effect.

But then he realized—this wasn't poison.

Her water had broken.

Norah gripped his arm tightly, shoving aside their earlier fight. Right now, the only thing that mattered was their child.

"Take me to the hospital!" she gasped.

Kevin wasted no time. Scooping her up, he turned to Kian, his voice sharp with urgency. “Get the car ready—now!”

Within moments, the car was at the door.

Kevin carried Norah inside, but her pain was only intensifying.

Every sharp contraction felt like her body was being ripped apart.

She clung to Kevin, her nails digging into his skin, using him as an anchor against the unbearable agony.

Kevin remained still, even as her grip left red marks on his arm. His breathing was ragged, his chest rising and falling in distress.

He felt like a caged beast on the verge of breaking loose. His blood boiled with frustration, with helplessness—but above all, with fear.

His other hand clenched onto the seat in front of him, gripping so tightly that the leather started to tear.

“Why does it hurt so much?!” Norah gasped, her voice shaking.

Kevin swallowed hard, his voice low but firm. “You’re in labor. The baby is coming. Just hold on a little longer.”

“Aahh—!” She let out a choked cry, her entire body writhing. Her face was pale, her veins bulging. She turned to Kevin, her voice laced with desperation. “Kevin... this is your child. You have to take care of him. His life depends on you.”

Her body was weakening fast. She barely had the strength to breathe, let alone push through the pain.

She needed to make sure Kevin would protect their child—no matter what.

Kevin’s throat felt dry, but he remained silent.

Then, the sharp, metallic scent of blood hit him.

His eyes darkened, his breathing growing heavier.

Seeing his hesitation, Norah's tears spilled over.

"This is your first child, Kevin... even if you get married someday... you can't abandon him. He only has you..."

Kevin clenched his jaw. The leather seat in front of him tore beneath his grip.

He couldn't bring himself to look at her. He couldn't breathe in the scent of her blood.

Instead, he forced himself to stay rational. "You're going to be fine, Norah. Stop talking like this."

"You keep saying that, but you won't even give me a promise!" she choked out. "If I don't make it... you're all he has! You have to be good to him!"

Her voice cracked, her tears falling freely.

She didn't want to die.

She didn't want to leave her baby behind.

But she was running out of time.

Kevin swallowed hard, his pulse pounding in his ears.

"You're not going to die," he said hoarsely. "I won't promise anything—because you're going to live."

If he gave her that promise now, she might lose the will to fight.

And he couldn't let that happen.

Norah clung onto him, her grip tightening, her entire body trembling.

Kevin's eyes burned red, his fury barely restrained. His knuckles were white from gripping the seat so tightly.

Then—

The car screeched to a stop.

“Mr. Edwards! There’s traffic up ahead! An accident blocked the road!”

Kevin’s gaze snapped to the windshield, seeing a long line of cars trapped in a jam.

His patience shattered.

The panic, the frustration, the helplessness—it all ignited a violent rage inside him.

Norah whimpered, her body soaked in sweat.

Kevin knew—there was no time to wait.

Without a second thought, he pulled Norah out of the car and barked orders.

“Find someone—anyone—who can deliver a baby! I don’t care how much it costs!”

Kian and the bodyguards jumped into action, knocking on every car window, desperately searching for help.

Kevin’s grip tightened around Norah, his arms trembling.

Norah, barely conscious, reached out instinctively, her fingers brushing against his sleeve.

She thought—

He was leaving her.

Her body convulsed with pain, her vision blurring.

She could barely think anymore.

Kevin stood still, his jaw clenched. The scent of blood was thick in the air.

He wanted to be by her side.

But if he did—if he stayed too close for too long—he might lose control.

And that was the last thing he could afford right now.

Gritting his teeth, he stepped away slightly, forcing himself to breathe.

He had to suppress it.

He had to stay in control.

For Norah.

For their child.

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“Mr. Edwards, we found a doctor! An obstetrician with 30 years of experience.”

A middle-aged woman stepped forward, her glasses giving her a scholarly air. She had the calm, authoritative presence of someone who had delivered hundreds of babies.

“Please, save my wife! Make sure both mother and child survive! Name your price—whatever you want, it’s yours!” Kevin’s voice was desperate, his usual arrogance stripped away by sheer panic.

“Step aside and let me in!” The doctor’s tone was firm and commanding. Without hesitation, she climbed into the car.

The traffic was still at a standstill. There was no way to move forward, and Norah was already bleeding heavily.

She had planned a C-section at the hospital—this was supposed to be a controlled, safe delivery. But fate had other plans.

After confronting Bianca, she had intended to head straight to the hospital. Now, she had no choice but to give birth here, in the middle of a traffic jam.

She reached out blindly, searching for Kevin’s hand, but he wasn’t there. Her fingers grasped at empty space.

She gritted her teeth and screamed as another wave of pain tore through her.

The doctor leaned over her. “Don’t panic. Relax your body. Spread your legs!”

Norah’s vision blurred, but she forced herself to listen, to obey. She had to stay awake.

She couldn’t pass out.

The doctor examined her quickly. “The baby isn’t coming out. You need to push harder!”

Norah’s breath came in short gasps. “I *am* pushing...”

But it wasn't enough. She had no strength left.

Her face was ghostly pale, her body trembling from exhaustion.

The doctor wiped the sweat from Norah's forehead. "Keep going! Don't give up!"

Outside, Kevin was pacing like a caged animal.

"Figure out what's happening up ahead! We need to get to the hospital now!" His voice was sharp, urgent.

The delay was killing him.

Every scream from inside the car made his heart pound harder.

He wanted to be there, to hold her, but as soon as he got close, the overwhelming scent of blood sent him reeling.

He clenched his fists and forced himself to wait.

Suddenly, the cars ahead started moving. The road was clearing.

Kevin jumped into the passenger seat.

The air in the car was thick with the metallic scent of blood. He gritted his teeth and covered his mouth and nose, trying to suppress his instincts.

"Drive faster!" he barked at the driver.

The car shot forward, weaving through the emergency lane, escorted by police.

Kevin stole a glance at Norah.

Her head lolled to the side, her face drained of color. She was slipping away.

His chest tightened.

No. She wasn't allowed to die.

Kevin's hands balled into fists. He had to keep her fighting.

With a sharp voice, he snapped, "Norah, listen to me. You are this child's mother. He *needs* you. Without you, he *will* die! You *have* to live!"

His words cut through the fog of Norah's fading consciousness.

Through sheer willpower, she forced her eyes open, her lips trembling.

“You... bastard...” she hissed through clenched teeth.

And then she pushed—one last, desperate effort.

A searing pain shot through her.

Then—

A piercing wail filled the car.

Kevin froze.

For all the violence he had witnessed, for all the chaos he had lived through, nothing had ever shaken him like this.

“The baby is out!” the doctor announced. “It’s a boy!”

She lifted the newborn, but before she could hand him over, she hesitated.

Kevin’s face was unreadable. His fists were clenched so tightly his knuckles were white.

The doctor expected joy. But when she looked into Kevin’s eyes, she saw something else.

Something dangerous.

“Take him away,” Kevin muttered.

The doctor stiffened.

She had seen countless fathers overwhelmed with emotion at the sight of their newborns. But Kevin—Kevin looked like he wanted to kill.

She clutched the baby protectively, instinctively stepping back.

Then, her gaze flickered to Norah.

Something was wrong.

“Her pulse is weak!” the doctor’s voice was sharp with urgency. “We need to get her to the hospital *now!*”

The driver pressed the accelerator.

The doctor checked the baby again. His earlier cries had faded. His small body wasn’t moving as much. His face had taken on a bluish tint.

“Both mother and child need immediate medical attention!”

The car screeched to a halt outside the hospital.

Doctors and nurses were already waiting.

Kevin threw open the door and scooped Norah into his arms.

“Save her! No matter the cost—just save her!” His voice was raw.

He carried her through the hospital doors, nurses and doctors rushing to take her.

The baby was whisked away by another team.

Norah’s body was limp, her breathing shallow.

Kevin watched as she disappeared into the emergency room.

She had fought so hard, and now—now she was slipping away.

But he wouldn’t let that happen.

He *couldn’t* let that happen.

Only one thing could save her now.

The antidote.

Kevin’s jaw tightened.

The doctor had warned him—giving birth would take the last of Norah’s strength. If she wasn’t treated *immediately*, she wouldn’t survive.

His body burned with rage.

He wasn’t going to sit here and *wait*.

He was going to *get* the antidote.

His fists trembled. His instincts screamed at him to destroy everything in his path.

Then—

“Mr. Edwards!”

A voice cut through his fury.

Kevin turned sharply.

Kian stood there, his expression grim.

“There’s someone here to see you. They said you *need* to see them—*now*.”

Kevin’s red-rimmed eyes flickered.

His instincts screamed at him to ignore it.

But something in Kian’s face made him stop.

Whoever it was—

They had *answers*.

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Kevin immediately strode out.

...

For what felt like an eternity, Norah thought she was dead.

Everything was pitch black.

She couldn’t tell where she was, but an overwhelming fear gripped her. She wasn’t ready to die.

She hadn’t even heard her baby cry.

She hadn’t seen the baby’s face—didn’t know if it was a boy or a girl, alive or... gone.

The desperate will to survive burned inside her, but her body felt completely drained.

She had no idea how long she had been floating in this void.

Suddenly, she saw a figure in the distance. Tall, shadowy, faceless. It stood motionless, waiting for her.

Fear crept up her spine.

“Who are you?” she asked, her voice trembling.

Silence.

Norah hesitated, then asked again, “Are you here to take me to hell?”

Still no answer.

She started to think the figure was just a lifeless sculpture—until it moved.

Her heart pounded. But then, a bitter thought crossed her mind: *I'm already a ghost... do I really need to be afraid of another ghost?*

Summoning her courage, she stepped closer.

The figure slowly turned toward her and lifted its head—revealing a smooth, faceless void where its features should be.

Norah let out a bloodcurdling scream.

“Ahhh!”

Reality and dreams blurred together, twisting into something eerily familiar yet entirely foreign.

She woke up in a hospital room.

“Ms. White, are you okay?” A nurse rushed in, concern etched across her face.

Norah, still gasping for breath, looked around in confusion. “W-What happened to me?”

Everything was so calm. So normal.

Had it all been a dream?

Had she just imagined giving birth? Had she just dreamed of dying?

“You’re in the hospital,” the nurse said gently. “You’ve been in a coma for a week. You’re still in recovery.”

Norah’s mind raced. *It wasn’t a dream? I’ve really been unconscious for a whole week?*

She instinctively reached out, feeling for something—someone—beside her. But her hands found only empty space.

Panic seized her.

“My baby... Where’s my baby?” she asked urgently. “Why isn’t my baby here?”

The nurse hesitated.

Norah’s heart pounded.

She remembered giving birth in the car, but she didn’t know what happened after that.

“What about Kevin?” she asked. “Where is he? Where’s my child?”

The nurse moved closer, her voice calm. "Ms. White, please don't worry. Mr. Edwards will be here soon. Your baby is in the incubator. Try not to stress yourself."

Norah's breath hitched. "The incubator? Is he okay? Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," the nurse confirmed.

Norah let out a shaky laugh, relief washing over her. "A boy... I was right."

Tears welled in her eyes. She had imagined this moment so many times.

"I need to see him," she said, trying to get out of bed.

"Not yet," the nurse said gently. "He's still too fragile to leave the incubator. But once he's strong enough, you'll be able to hold him."

Norah took a deep breath and sat back down. "As long as he's alive and healthy, that's all that matters."

She trusted the doctors. She had to.

"You should rest," the nurse said. "Mr. Edwards will be here soon."

Norah nodded, her heart filled with anticipation.

She smiled softly, thinking about her son. *He made it. He's safe.*

But then, doubt crept in.

I was supposed to die, wasn't I?

The doctors had said giving birth would be the end of her. So why was she still here?

She could still remember the feeling of slipping away, of floating toward darkness.

It was as if she had stood at death's door... but something had pulled her back.

It didn't make sense.

Just as she was lost in thought, the door opened.

Kevin walked in.

Dressed in a crisp suit, his tall frame exuded power. His sharp, chiseled features were unreadable, but his deep gaze locked onto hers.

That same intimidating, untouchable man.

But he was here.

“Are you feeling okay?” Kevin asked, his tone even.

Norah sprang up excitedly. “I’m fine! Have you seen our baby? The nurse said he’s in the incubator, but they won’t let me see him yet.”

Kevin watched her step out of bed barefoot and frowned. Without a word, he grabbed her slippers and placed them in front of her.

“I’ve seen him,” he said, his voice softer now. “He’s adorable. His eyes look like yours. His nose looks like mine. He cries a lot—keeps everyone on their toes. He’s full of energy. I think he’s going to be a troublemaker.”

Norah’s heart swelled at the thought.

She slipped on her slippers, a smile tugging at her lips. “Good. A little mischief is fine—it means he won’t be easy to bully. But we have to raise him right. We can’t let him go astray.”

Kevin nodded. “I know.”

He picked up a blanket and wrapped it around her shoulders. “You just gave birth. You need to rest. It’s best if you stay inside—too much wind isn’t good for new mothers. It could cause long-term health issues.”

“I know,” Norah said. She had read up on postpartum recovery. “I’ll take good care of myself so I can hold our baby soon.”

She wouldn’t let anything take her away from her child.

Kevin adjusted her blanket, then said, “I asked the maid to prepare a special postpartum meal for you. It’ll be here soon. Make sure you eat well.”

Norah nodded, feeling warmth at his thoughtfulness.

But something felt off.

She remembered their conflicts.

Yet after the baby was born, neither of them had addressed it.

They were avoiding it.

Kevin wasn’t saying anything, and she wasn’t pushing. But deep down, she was waiting.

Waiting for him to explain.

Waiting for him to clear the distance between them.

Finally, she couldn't hold back anymore.

"Don't you have something to say to me?" she asked, watching his face closely.

Kevin looked at her, his expression unreadable. "What do you mean?"

Norah pressed her lips together. "You've been different lately. I don't ask, and you don't say anything. But you know I'm compromising for the baby's sake. If you really want this marriage to work, shouldn't you be honest with me? Not just for me, but for our child. You need to learn how to be a good father. Don't you think so?"

She was giving him a chance.

A chance to prove he cared.

A chance to show her that their family mattered to him.

She knew Kevin had flaws, but he wasn't beyond saving.

She believed he *could* be a good father.

Kevin sat on the edge of the bed, meeting her gaze with an intensity that made her heart pound.

"If I really have changed... would you accept it?" he asked quietly. "If I hurt you—and hurt our child—do you think I could still be a good father?"

Norah's breath caught.

His words sent a chill through her.

"What are you saying?" she asked, her voice laced with unease. "The baby wasn't planned, but that doesn't mean you can't love him. Haven't you accepted him yet? Or... do you feel like I forced this responsibility onto you?"

"It's not that," Kevin denied.

Norah exhaled, relieved—but still unsure.

"Then what is it?" she asked.

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Kevin gazed at Norah deeply, brushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear. "Norah, you always surprise me. And every time, it makes me happy."

Hearing this, Norah finally felt relieved. She held Kevin's hand, her cheeks flushing. "Please don't let me down again, okay? My baby and I... we need a real home, a stable family. That's all I want. It's not too much to ask, and you know it, don't you?"

Kevin's expression darkened slightly. "You still won't forgive me."

Norah frowned. "Why wouldn't I forgive you? I know how much you've done for me. Even when things were tough, I always believed in you."

Kevin's tone softened. "Alright. I'll be honest with you. You were right—Bianca was locked up because of me. But she's not around anymore, and you don't have to worry about what happens next. I made sure she paid for everything she did to you."

He smiled slightly, as if avenging her had brought him satisfaction.

Norah, however, felt uneasy.

"What did you do?" she asked cautiously.

Kevin gently patted her head. "Nothing too extreme. She's still alive. Don't worry."

Even so, Norah wasn't entirely convinced. She didn't believe Kevin was cruel, but something about his tone unsettled her.

Just as she was lost in thought, Kevin changed the subject. "You must be bored lying here all day. I'll have your friends come visit. And whenever I get a break, I'll be here with you."

Norah nodded. "When can I see the baby?"

Kevin hesitated. "The doctor will decide. You have to finish your recovery first."

"Alright," Norah sighed. "I carried the baby for almost ten months; one more won't hurt. But make sure to tell my aunt the good news."

"Hmm."

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Kevin called.

The door cracked open, and Karina peeked inside. Seeing them together, she hesitated. "Is this a bad time?"

"Not at all!" Norah said, surprised. "Wait... where's your red hair?"

Karina stepped inside, her once-vibrant red hair now cut short and neatly tied back in its natural black shade.

She used to be striking—her red hair made her stand out, adding a sultry edge to her already bold personality.

Now, with dark hair and a more modest outfit, she looked more polished, more refined.

“I went back to black,” Karina said with a small smile. “Not bad, right?”

Norah studied her carefully. Something was different—not just her hair, but her whole demeanor.

“Yeah, you look great,” Norah admitted. “But why the sudden change?”

Karina straightened her posture, almost like a soldier standing at attention. “Because I’m not an assassin anymore. I’m a soldier now.”

Norah’s eyes widened. “A soldier? I was only unconscious for a week, and everything changed! Are you okay?”

She had worried Karina might end up in prison.

Karina laughed, walking closer. “I’m fine. Actually, I have Captain Edwards to thank for my new identity. Now, I have a fresh start.”

“That’s amazing!” Norah beamed. “Congratulations! This means we’ll see each other more often.”

Karina’s happiness was almost overwhelming. Just days ago, she thought her life was over. Either she’d be killed or forced to keep working as someone else’s pawn. But now, she was free.

She hugged Norah tightly. “I’m lucky to have met you.”

Norah was touched. “I feel the same way. We helped each other.”

Kevin, watching them, smirked. “Karina’s working under me now. You wanted to learn self-defense, right? She can teach you.”

“Really?” Norah’s eyes lit up. “Yes! Once I’m fully recovered, I definitely want to learn.”

Kevin’s smile grew. Seeing Norah happy made him happy too. More than anything, he wanted her to be able to protect herself.

“You two can keep talking. You have plenty of time.” He glanced at Norah.

“You’re leaving?” she asked.

“I still have things to take care of. Once I’m done, I’ll come back.”

“Okay.” She didn’t want to hold him back.

Kevin stepped out of the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Outside, a man in his fifties stood waiting. He was impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, his hair neatly combed. Behind him stood four or five strong bodyguards.

The man bowed respectfully. “Three months. That’s your deadline. I trust you’ll keep your word.”

Kevin’s expression turned ice-cold. His voice was equally distant. “I know.”

Satisfied with the answer, the butler gave a slight nod. “Then we’ll take our leave.”

He and his men exited the hospital in a well-organized formation.

Outside, a fleet of luxury cars waited. More bodyguards stood at attention. Clearly, this wasn’t a group to be taken lightly.

Kian, who had been standing beside Kevin, looked grim. His usual calm had been replaced with concern.

“Mr. Edwards, if you leave in three months... what will happen to Madam?”

Kevin didn’t respond immediately. He glanced back at the hospital room door, where Norah’s laughter could still be heard inside.

Right now, she was happy. He wanted her to stay that way.

“Don’t tell her anything yet,” Kevin said quietly. “In three months... she might not need me anymore.”

Then, shifting gears, he asked, “You mentioned Steven went to the Yi Tribe. Any updates?”

“Not yet,” Kian replied. “Things are unstable overseas. Mr. Lord’s disappearance doesn’t look good.”

This was also one of Norah’s biggest worries.

“Dead or alive, we need confirmation.”

“I’ll get on it.”

Back in the hospital room, Norah grinned at Karina. “So, you’ve got a new job, a new identity. Are you thinking about officially joining the army?”

Karina flopped onto the bed with a groan. “Ugh, do I have to? The whole place smells like sweaty guys. Not sure I can handle that.”

Norah laughed. “No women there?”

“I don’t know,” Karina admitted. “But just thinking about dealing with Levi every day annoys me.”

Norah teased, “Sounds like you two have gotten close.”

“Close? Please. He’s the one who keeps bothering me!” Karina scowled. “He’s a typical meathead—insensitive, clueless. Honestly, Jace is way better. Smart, polite... guys like him are rare.”

At the mention of Jace, Norah frowned. “Speaking of Jace, why didn’t he visit me? After everything that happened, I thought he’d at least check in.”

She reached for her phone. “Maybe he doesn’t even know I survived. I should call him.”

Karina’s expression changed instantly. She grabbed Norah’s hand before she could dial. “Don’t fight.”

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Norah was confused. “Why?”

Karina thought for a moment before coming up with a reason. “He’s busy in the lab all day, and it’s not convenient for him to answer calls. Don’t disturb him. If he’s free, he’ll come see you. That way, he can stay focused on his research.”

Norah considered her words and found them reasonable.

She didn’t want to be a distraction for Jace. He wasn’t an ordinary person—his work was important.

“Alright, we’ll talk when he’s done,” Norah said, not overthinking it.

Karina watched her, noting the smile on her face, but something about her expression seemed off. She worried that Norah might be reading too much into things, but she hesitated to say anything.

Still, she spoke sincerely. “Captain Edwards is a good man. For your sake, he gave me a new identity. I can start over because of you. I’m truly grateful—to both you and Captain Edwards. I won’t let you down.”

She sounded almost like she was making a vow.

Norah responded warmly, “You don’t have to be so formal. We’re sisters. You protected me before, and now it’s my turn to protect you. Yes, Kevin helped, but as long as I’m here, I won’t let anyone mistreat you.”

Karina nodded and leaned against Norah’s shoulder. “This feels so good. I’m really happy right now.”

Norah smiled fondly and hugged her. “That doesn’t mean I won’t still need to learn self-defense from you.”

“Then focus on your recovery first. Once you’re ready, I’ll teach you everything I know,” Karina promised generously.

Norah simply smiled, content with her current life. She didn’t need anything extravagant. A simple, peaceful life was enough.

After Karina left, Norah spent time alone. During this period, Sasha and others came by to see her. There was always someone visiting, so she was never truly bored.

Still, she felt a strange emptiness. Maybe she was just too eager to hold her baby. The anticipation made her restless.

Because she was recovering, she couldn’t attend the award ceremony. She had to watch it via livestream instead.

The drama had been a massive hit from its premiere to its finale, breaking viewership records. It was a sensation.

Not only did Sasha gain immense popularity, but the rising actor, Tanan, also became a star. People were saying that any actor who worked with Sasha was destined for success. As a result, many companies were eager to sign promising new talents to work alongside her.

Now, Sasha never had to worry about finding roles. This was exactly what Norah had hoped for—Sasha had finally made it.

At the award ceremony, they video-called Norah from the venue.

Nellie, overwhelmed with emotion, was in tears. “I wouldn’t be here without your support,” she said, voice thick with gratitude.

Their journey had been filled with struggles, but this moment made it all worth it.

As expected, *Glory* won Best Director and Best Actress. Watching the livestream, Norah saw Nellie step onto the stage, met with thunderous applause.

Nellie, wearing a dress for the first time, looked slightly uncomfortable in heels but held herself with dignity. It was a defining moment in her career.

Norah could see the nervousness in her friend's expression. After taking a deep breath, Nellie accepted the trophy and began her speech. "I'm incredibly happy today. I've been waiting for this moment for so long. From being an unknown director to standing here now..."

She recounted her journey, her words measured and thoughtful. But then, she choked up.

"I wouldn't be here without one person." Tears streamed down Nellie's face. "She couldn't attend today, but this honor belongs to her, too. That person is Norah. She didn't just save me—she saved our entire production. Without her, I wouldn't be standing here. Remember this: she is also the director of *Glorry*—Norah!"

The audience erupted in applause.

Norah, watching from home, felt her eyes well up. She knew the struggles Nellie had faced and couldn't help but get emotional.

After Nellie's speech, Sasha took the stage. More confident than ever, she spoke with conviction. "Ten years ago, I was just a small-time actress. I clawed my way to the top, only to fall. But now, I've risen again!"

Her words were powerful, inspiring yet another round of applause.

Then Nellie turned to the camera and smiled. "Like our director, there's someone else I need to thank. She couldn't be here today, but she made this possible—Norah. When I was at my lowest, she pulled me up. She gave me the chance to stand on this stage and accept this award. I will never forget her kindness. I want to thank her, and to all my fans out there—please remember this name: Norah!"

Norah was caught between laughter and tears.

They hadn't told her beforehand. She had always seen herself as just an ordinary person, but now she was being thrust into the spotlight.

With Sasha's immense popularity, her words carried weight. As expected, Norah's name was trending online that night.

People flooded the comments section:

[Amazing director! Thank you for giving us such a fantastic show!]

[Sasha went through so much—she was almost blacklisted! Director Norah saved her. Not only did she direct, but she also invested in the project, even going bankrupt to make it happen. Without Norah, there would be no Sasha!]

[Incredible! Thank you, Director Norah!]

Praise poured in from everywhere.

Reading their comments, Norah didn't feel like she had done anything extraordinary. Yet, somehow, she had become *their* director.

All because of a simple mistake that made her the *nominal* director.