

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 1000

The girl froze, stunned by Esteban's cold rejection of her million-dollar plea. Lowering her head, she stammered, "I know it's a lot, but I—"

Esteban cut her off, eyes sharp as they locked onto her. "For just a million, you'd do anything?"

Hope lit up in her eyes. She nodded eagerly. "Anything."

A sly grin tugged at his lips. "Fine. I'll help you. But you've got one job."

She nodded again, cheeks flushing as she hesitantly reached for his shirt.

Esteban's brow furrowed. He grabbed her wrist. "What are you doing?"

Her face fell, catching the disgust in his eyes. "Sir... you don't want that kind of service?"

She said it politely, but they both knew what she meant. She thought her looks were the only asset she had.

"I do need your service," Esteban said coolly, "but not for me." He pulled up a photo on his phone—a man who looked about 60% like him. "This is my brother, Ivan Harper. Your job is to seduce him. Stay close. Make it work."

Her expression flickered with confusion. She had her sights set on Esteban, not some lookalike. But his eyes turned cold. "Not interested? Then get out. I don't force anyone."

"I'm in," she blurted, swallowing her hesitation.

Esteban's smirk returned. "Good. Don't screw this up."

Her phone buzzed. One million dollars—transferred. She stared in disbelief. "Sir, I haven't even—"

“A million’s pocket change,” he said lazily, though a threat hid beneath his tone. “But I don’t throw away money. Succeed—or you’re done. Got it?”

She trembled but nodded. She’d begged for this chance—now there was no turning back.

...

In a dimly lit VIP room, Ivan swirled his wine, face shadowed with boredom and loneliness. A sharp click at the door made him snap, “Get lost.”

The bar manager slipped in with a smile. “Mr. Harper, don’t be mad. Drinking alone’s no fun. We’ve got some fresh faces—want a peek?”

Ivan narrowed his eyes, silent. The manager started to backtrack, but Ivan finally relented. “Fine. Bring them in.”

The manager clapped once, and a lineup of women entered—each flaunting a different style, all hungry for attention. Ivan barely looked. “This is your new stock?” he asked, unimpressed.

The manager faltered. “Is something wrong, Mr. Harper?”

Ivan’s smile turned cold. He tossed the rest of his wine in the manager’s face. “You think I’m some idiot you can dump this trash on?”

Dripping and humiliated, the manager forced a nervous laugh. “Of course not, Mr. Harper! I’ll bring you a better batch.”

Before he could move, a soft voice called out, “Is this Room 802?”

Ivan’s head snapped toward the door. A girl stood there in a plain white dress, dark hair cascading over her shoulders. No makeup, yet captivating. Her eyes held nervous energy—clearly a first-timer.

He waved off the manager. “Why’d you hold back the good stuff? Could’ve saved yourself a drink to the face.”

The manager, sensing Ivan’s interest, played along. “Gotta save the best for last, right? We’ll leave you two alone, Mr. Harper.”

With a wave, the manager and the others exited, leaving just Ivan and the girl.

He patted the seat beside him. “Come here.”

She sat, stiff and awkward. Before she could shift away, he pulled her close, reeking of liquor. “You new? What’s your name?”

“Noor Hewitt,” she whispered, trembling.

“Nice name,” he said, leaning in until their faces nearly touched. “You don’t belong in a place like this. Why are you here?”

Her lips trembled. Recalling Esteban’s briefing, she whispered, “My family’s sick. I had no choice.”

Her voice barely made it past her lips. Ivan had heard that story a hundred times—but somehow, she made it feel real. Genuine. She felt... perfect. Like she was made for him.

He smirked. “Stick with me, and I’ll fix everything.”

Arrogant? Sure. But he had the money to back it up—even if he lived in Esteban’s shadow.

Noor clutched the hem of her skirt, nerves still raw. “What do I have to do to repay you?”