

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 959

Rhea flipped through the file, murmuring, "Hexiang Pharmaceutical... doesn't sound foreign."

"It's not," Jace replied. "It was founded by two Chinese entrepreneurs. The chairman, Mr. Hua, had a stroke last year. Now his son-in-law's running the company."

"No vice-chairman?" Rhea asked.

Jace kept his expression neutral. "There is one, but they stay out of things. Not worth your concern."

Rhea didn't push further, focusing on the project instead. Hexiang had developed a groundbreaking anti-cancer drug—a potential game-changer in a field where late-stage cancer usually meant no hope. In her short time at the hospital, she'd seen over a dozen patients suffer through it. This project was why she felt so invested.

"Go through the file," Jace said. "We're flying out tomorrow afternoon."

She nodded and turned to leave, then hesitated. "Can I bring someone along?"

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The next afternoon, Rhea arrived at the airport with her suitcase. Jace took it from her without effort. Harlow followed behind, trying to hand him hers too.

"Dean, can you—"

But Jace walked right past her like he hadn't heard.

Rhea offered, "I can take it."

"Nah, I'm stronger than you," Harlow sighed, giving up.

She leaned toward Rhea and whispered, "Why's he acting weird with me? He was super chill at the hospital, even said I could come. Now he's ghosting me."

Rhea glanced at Jace's back. "Maybe he's just... complicated?"

Harlow nodded knowingly. "Men, right?"

Security was quick. At the gate, Harlow stared at her boarding pass in disbelief. "Business class? This is my first time! These tickets must've cost a fortune."

Rhea was busy chatting with Jace and didn't catch the comment. She was telling him about a guy at security who chugged a giant can of milk and wouldn't stop burping. Jace chuckled politely.

"Wait here," he said, heading off to store their luggage. Rhea nodded, then blinked. "Where's Harlow?"

"You guys ditched me," Harlow grumbled from behind. "Thought I turned invisible."

Rhea laughed awkwardly. "Let me make it up to you. I'll buy you an in-flight meal?"

Harlow huffed but let it go. She didn't ask about Rhea and Jace's dynamic—didn't seem like the right time. But when they boarded, Rhea's seat was next to Jace's. Harlow's was several rows back.

"Why's she so far away?" Rhea asked.

Jace's eyes flickered—just for a second—but it looked like guilt. "Random seating," he said smoothly.

Rhea accepted it. As the plane took off, her stomach churned. The motion hit her hard—head spinning, nausea rising with the engine's hum. Jace noticed her trembling first. He steadied her gently. "Lean back. You're airsick? I've got meds. Hold on."

He grabbed a pill and a cup of warm water, his face tight with concern. Around others, he always had a calm, professional warmth—but now, a sharper, protective edge emerged. Yet when he turned to her, his voice softened.

"Can you sit up?"

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Rhea nodded, cheeks burning. "I can manage." She took the medicine, avoiding his eyes.

The pill didn't kick in right away. Dizzy and exhausted, she slumped back into the seat. Jace gently draped a blanket over her.

"Try to sleep," he said. "You'll feel better once the meds work."

"Where'd you get this?" she mumbled, half-asleep.

"Asked the flight attendant," he replied softly. "Don't worry about it. Just rest."

His voice was soothing, and before long, she drifted off. When she woke, the cabin was dark, curtains drawn. She shifted slightly, accidentally waking Jace. He rubbed his forehead, voice low and raspy. "You awake? Feeling any better?"

He adjusted her blanket like it was second nature. Rhea realized they'd been leaning on each other, practically cuddling. Her face flushed. *Too close*. She pulled back slightly, eyes averted. "Yeah. Much better. Thanks."

Jace's lips twitched, but he didn't tease her. "Hungry? I'll get you something."

She nodded, glad for the distraction. Her stomach had been empty before the flight, and now it growled in protest. The flight attendant brought over a steaming plate of pasta. Business class perks, apparently. Jace frowned slightly.

"This is all they had. That okay?"

"It's fine," Rhea said, digging in. She ate quickly but kept her manners sharp, mirroring Jace's polished demeanor.

As she finished, Jace reached over with a napkin, gently wiping a smudge from her lip.

"You had something on your face."

Rhea froze, heart pounding under his casual touch. Their eyes met—and something electric passed between them. Panicking, she blurted, "Still a little off. Can you return the plate?"

Jace stood and walked away. She slumped in her seat, flustered. *Was that on purpose?*

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The plane landed around 9 p.m. They headed to a pre-booked hotel. Rhea and Harlow were placed in side-by-side rooms.

"We're neighbors!" Harlow beamed. "I can swing by later!"

Rhea forced a smile, but couldn't shake a strange pang of disappointment. She didn't know what it was—just that it unsettled her. While unpacking, she realized something.

*Underwear. I forgot underwear.*

Seriously? The malls were closed, and international delivery was out.

She knocked on Harlow's door. After a few moments, Harlow answered mid-skincare routine, her hair in a towel.

"You're here already?"

"I need a favor," Rhea said, stepping inside. She explained, and Harlow cracked up.

"You forgot *that*? Don't worry, I've got a spare. Brand new. But you'll need more tomorrow."

"Thanks," Rhea sighed. "I'll go shopping in the morning."

Back in her room, she showered and slipped into the spare pair. It fit... poorly.

*Figures. We're definitely not the same size.*