

Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

Chapter 991

Cody sighed when he saw Jimena didn't want to talk. "Let me take care of your injuries first."

He grabbed some alcohol and a cotton swab. Jimena flinched, a little embarrassed. "It's not a big deal. I can handle it."

"Don't move," Cody said firmly.

She froze, instinctively doing what he said. The alcohol stung as it touched her wounds, and she winced. Cody noticed and frowned. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, it's just... cold," Jimena said quickly. "And it stings a little."

She'd lived a sheltered life, never dealt with anything like this. Even disinfecting wounds was new to her.

"I'll be more gentle," Cody said, slowing down.

But his lighter touch made it worse—soft and ticklish. She squirmed and grabbed his wrist without thinking.

Cody paused and looked up. Their eyes met, and Jimena instantly realized how awkward it was. "Dr. Cody, it's too itchy," she muttered, completely embarrassed.

Cody stood and cleared his throat. "My bad. Should I get a female nurse? Might be easier for you."

"No, I'm fine," she said quickly. "You're busy—go ahead."

Cody studied her for a second. She had her head down, avoiding his gaze. After a pause, he gave in. "Alright. Call me if you need anything."

He stepped out, and Jimena finally let herself breathe. Alone now, the strength she'd been holding onto crumbled. Silent tears streamed down her face as the fear and stress caught up to her.

Unbeknownst to her, Cody stood just outside, making sure no one disturbed her. He wanted to comfort her but knew she needed space.

When he came back, Jimena had pulled herself together. Her wounds were treated. "All done?" he asked.

“Yeah,” she said with a faint smile. “Thanks for checking on me, Dr. Cody.”

He noticed her red eyes but didn’t mention it. “Good. I’ll take you home.”

She hesitated. Mr. Jensen’s threats and the red paint flashed in her mind. Fear crept in, but she didn’t want to worry Cody. “Okay,” she finally said.

When they reached her villa, they both saw the red paint—insults like “bitch” and “slut” smeared on the door and driveway. Cody’s expression darkened. “Who’d you make mad?”

When she stayed quiet, he pressed, “Is this connected to your injuries?”

His tone was firm. She sighed and unlocked the door. “Come inside. Aunt Tao’s off today.”

Sitting on the sofa, she told him everything—about Mr. Kwan, Mr. Jensen, the dinner setup, the attack, and how she escaped. “Mr. Kwan used to be Dad’s partner. I trusted him. I never thought he’d sell me out.”

Her voice broke. Cody’s hand twitched like he wanted to reach out but held back. “People kick you when you’re down,” he said. “Get used to it. You’re working with Edwards now—plenty of folks will be jealous. You’re a target.”

Jimena wiped her tears and nodded. “I understand.”

Cody promised to check in more often. He wanted to stay with her that night, just to be safe, but his phone rang. His expression changed. “She’s sick? I’m coming.”

He hung up and looked at Jimena, clearly torn.

“Go,” she said, ignoring the sting in her chest. “I’ll be fine. No one’s stupid enough to try anything in broad daylight.”

“Call me if you need anything,” Cody said, relieved. Then he left.

Chapter 992

Alone in the villa, Jimena locked every door, but the place still felt cold. She took a hot bath and went to bed early, trying to shake the emptiness. Thankfully, the night was quiet.

The next morning, she hired someone to clean the red paint. Then she headed to the factory. Sawyer greeted her with good news: they’d hired fourteen new workers, most from his village.

“Uncle Larouche, are your villagers all this hardworking?” Jimena asked, smiling.

“They sure are,” Sawyer said, pausing to wipe his hands. “I spread the word, and they jumped at the chance.” Then he added, “Ms. MacLean, you shouldn’t come here too often. The air gets bad when we’re in full production. We wear gear for a reason.”

Jimena touched her face, realizing she had no mask. “Oops, forgot. I’ll put one on.”

Sawyer introduced her to the new hires—men and women ranging from twenty to fifty years old. The youngest, a boy barely in his twenties with pale skin, stood out.

They stared at Jimena in surprise. She was young and beautiful—not what they expected.

Sawyer snapped, “Eyes front! This is Ms. MacLean—she’s the boss!”

“Hello, Ms. MacLean!” they all greeted in unison.

“No need to call me boss,” she said. “Just Ms. MacLean is fine.” She still saw the factory as her father’s—she was just managing it for now.

She discussed logistics with Sawyer. “You told them food and lodging are included, right?”

“I did, but there’s one issue,” Sawyer admitted. “The dorms are a mess. No one’s lived in them for years. I thought we could send everyone home for a few days to pack, but we need a long-term fix.”

Jimena hadn’t thought about that. “Keep them calm for now. I’ll take care of cleaning.”

Hiring professional cleaners would cost hundreds a day—way too much right now. Then it hit her: *Why not just do it myself?*

She rushed home to grab a broom and mop. Aunt Tao, just back from her break, looked confused. “Jimena, why are you hauling cleaning stuff? That’s my job.”

Jimena explained the dorm issue and her plan to clean it herself to save money. Aunt Tao was heartbroken. Jimena, who never had to worry about money before, was now willing to mop floors.

“Silly girl,” Aunt Tao said, taking the broom. “You can’t clean an entire dorm by yourself. Let me do it.”

Jimena trusted her. By that afternoon, Aunt Tao had gathered a group of older women. They cleaned the dorms in just a few hours—for only five hundred dollars.

“Keep the men’s and women’s dorms separate,” Jimena told Sawyer. “Put them far apart. Set up night patrols and cut the power on a schedule to save on electricity.”

“Got it,” Sawyer said.

The factory was officially back in business. A few days later, with everything running smoothly, Jimena turned her attention to the next big issue: dealing with Mr. Kwan’s betrayal.

Chapter 993

Jimena wanted to confront Mr. Kwan, but she hesitated, unsure of what he was really after. Before she could make a move, he called her.

“Jimena, I’m so sorry,” he sobbed through the phone. “I didn’t know Mr. Jensen would try that.”

She heard a sharp slapping sound, like he was hitting himself. Jimena frowned, not buying it. “Mr. Kwan, I’m not a kid. Don’t act like I’m stupid.”

There was silence on the other end.

“You set me up,” she went on. “You told me it was a business dinner. I went because of your connection with my dad. But when Jensen got handsy, you just left. And now you’re crying for sympathy?”

His fake guilt vanished. “Your dad?” he sneered. “He’s half-dead in a hospital. I only called for old times’ sake. You know what you did to Jensen.”

“So what?” Jimena snapped.

Mr. Kwan gave a cold laugh. “The MacLean family is finished. I could crush you. Meet me at Jindinglou Hotel at 8 p.m., or you’ll regret it.”

He hung up.

Jimena sat still in the quiet living room, glad Aunt Tao hadn’t overheard. She thought about calling Cody—he’d said to reach out if she needed help. But he had rushed off last night, probably for Miranda. She didn’t want to intrude.

So she decided to wait. Let’s see what Mr. Kwan does next.

That afternoon, she visited her dad in the hospital. She paid his medical bills using the \$350,000 left from Kevin’s million and some of her own savings. She was thankful for Kevin’s foresight—he had really thought of everything.

Inside the ward, Mr. MacLean lay quietly, unconscious.

“Dad,” she said softly, choking up, “I signed a deal with Edwards. The factory’s running again. You don’t have to worry anymore.”

She wiped him gently with a warm towel and kept talking, filling the silence even though he couldn’t hear her. After about an hour, she left.

As she stepped into the hallway, she saw Cody, suited up in his white coat and mask, heading into surgery. Their eyes met briefly. She smiled, ready to say hi, but he didn’t stop. He just nodded and walked past.

She wasn’t upset. She admired his focus.

Back at home, she spotted two men loitering outside her villa. They wore black masks and caps and were clearly watching the place. Her chest tightened—Jensen’s men, no doubt.

With Cody busy in surgery, she quickly dialed 110.

“There are two suspicious men outside my house—”

“Hey! That girl’s calling the cops!” one of them shouted.

Jimena froze, still holding the phone.

Chapter 994

Jimena’s heart pounded as the two men charged toward her. Pure instinct kicked in—she bolted to her car, fumbling with the keys. If she could get to the city center, she’d be safe. They wouldn’t dare make a scene in public.

She jumped into the driver’s seat, didn’t even bother with the seatbelt, and hit the gas.

“She’s getting away!” one man yelled.

“No kidding!” the other snapped, smacking his partner’s head. “Get the car!”

Their car was parked nearby. One of them sprinted to it, and they peeled out after her.

“Hit her!” the passenger shouted.

The driver slammed into Jimena’s rear bumper. Her body jerked forward, but the airbag saved her from injury. Her pulse was racing—these men were insane.

They leapt out of their car and rushed her driver’s side. Jimena hit the lock, hands shaking, silently begging the police to show up.

“Ms. MacLean,” one of them said with a mocking smile, “we just want to talk. Get out, and we’ll make it easy.”

Yeah right. She saw the malice in their eyes. If she opened that door, she’d be done for.

The second man came back holding a metal rod. With one brutal swing, he shattered her window. Glass exploded everywhere. She grabbed a jagged shard, gripping it tightly for protection.

As a hand reached through the window, she slashed. Blood spilled.

“Ahh! You bitch!” the man screamed, clutching his arm. “You’re dead!”

They thought they had her cornered—but then, a voice cut through the chaos.

“Who the hell are you?!”

It was Cody.

Jimena looked up, stunned. How was he here? He was supposed to be in surgery.

“Run!” she shouted. “Don’t get hurt because of me!”

But Cody didn’t flinch. He charged the attackers without hesitation, trading punches and holding his ground.

Jimena’s eyes filled with tears as she watched him fight for her.

Then, sirens blared. The police arrived.

“Hands in the air!”

The men tried to run, but their wrecked car gave them nowhere to go. Officers took them down fast.

At the station, Jimena and Cody gave their statements. It was midnight by the time they finished. She glanced at his sleeves, stained with blood. Her heart ached.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered. “You got hurt because of me.”

“It’s nothing,” Cody replied, brushing it off. “Come stay at my place tonight. It’s safer.”

She shook her head. “You’re hurt. We need to get you to a hospital.”

He chuckled. “Jimena, I *am* a doctor. It’s just a few scratches. No hospital needed.”

“Scratches still need treating,” she said firmly.

He smiled. “Okay, then come to my place. I’ve got a med kit. You can patch me up. Deal?”

“Of course,” she said instantly. He risked his life for her. This was the least she could do.

She drove them to his place and parked outside. Inside, she slipped on the guest slippers and asked, “Where’s the med kit?”

“Relax. Have some tea first,” Cody said. “I’m not dying.”

“No way,” she said. “I’m wide awake. Tell me where it is.”

He gave in and got the kit from his study. Jimena took out iodine, bandages, and ointment. “Where are you hurt?”

“Arms and legs,” he said.

“This is going to sting,” she warned, rolling up his sleeve. Carefully, she cleaned away the dried blood and started treating him.

Chapter 995

Jimena focused carefully as she treated Cody’s wounds. Under the soft lighting, her face looked even more beautiful, and Cody couldn’t stop watching her—captivated by her quiet determination.

When the ointment stung, he winced.

“Did that hurt?” Jimena asked, leaning in and gently blowing on the wound. “This might help. I’ll go easier, but it’s still gonna sting a little.”

Cody chuckled. “Jimena, I’m not a kid. I can take it.”

“I know,” she said seriously. “But pain is pain. If I can make it hurt less, why wouldn’t I?”

He didn’t say anything, just moved by how much she cared.

She moved on to the cuts on his legs, finishing everything in about half an hour.

“It’s late,” Cody said, standing up. “Get some rest. I’ll drop you at the factory tomorrow.” He pointed toward the guest room. “Fresh sheets—make yourself comfortable.”

“Thanks,” Jimena said with a half-laugh. “You’re way too good to me. I don’t even know how I’ll repay you.”

“We’re friends,” he said, shaking his head. “No need to repay anything. Go get some sleep—I’m exhausted.”

She smiled and went to the guest room. After showering and drying her hair, she wrapped herself in a towel and collapsed onto the bed, drifting off quickly.

In the middle of the night, hunger woke her. No takeout options at this hour, but she remembered seeing some fruit in the living room. Thinking Cody was asleep, she didn’t bother getting dressed and tiptoed out, still in her towel.

She reached for an apple in the dark—when suddenly the lights flicked on.

Cody stood there, stunned.

Jimena froze, clutching her towel, face burning. “I... I was hungry. Just wanted an apple. Why are you up?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” he said, quickly turning away. “Heard something and thought maybe there was trouble.”

He couldn’t unsee her like that. Jimena wished she could disappear. “I’ll go back,” she muttered, turning around.

“Wait,” Cody said. “I’m kind of hungry too. I’ll make something. Want to join me—or I can bring it to your room?”

“I’ll change,” she said quickly, rushing back upstairs.

In the bathroom, she splashed cold water on her face, trying to calm down before heading back.

Cody had a steaming hotpot ready when she returned.

“Smells amazing,” Jimena said. “You’re seriously a great cook.”

“It’s just seasoning,” he said, handing her an apron. “Here—don’t mess up your clothes.”

“Thanks,” she said, glad he’d thought of it. She hadn’t brought any spares. “Eat with me,” she added. “I’ll feel weird eating alone.”

They sat down, and for the first time in a long while, Jimena felt happy while eating. With the factory finally turning around and Cody’s quiet support, a small flame of hope sparked inside her. She imagined telling her father everything one day.

After eating, she insisted on helping clean up.

“You cooked, so I’ll wash,” she said.

“You’re a guest,” Cody replied.

“I’m not even tired,” she said with a smile. They compromised and cleaned up together, the moment warm and comforting.

Back in the guest room, Jimena scrolled through her phone for a bit before finally falling asleep. By morning, Cody had already made breakfast—porridge, eggs, and more. He wore an apron, as usual.

“Made a little bit of everything,” he said. “Porridge’s almost ready.”

“You’re too perfect,” Jimena teased as she sat down. “Whoever ends up with you is seriously lucky.”

He just smiled, saying nothing. After breakfast, he drove her to the factory, which was already buzzing with energy.

Chapter 996

"Ms. MacLean, everyone's been working hard," Sawyer reported. "No one's slacking—they really care about this job."

He wasn't just saying that. As the factory manager, Sawyer was known for being honest and fair.

"I trust you," Jimena said. "You were solid with my dad, and you're just as dependable now."

Sawyer grinned and closed the office door behind them.

"About Jonah," he began. "Remember him?"

"Yeah," Jimena said, recalling the guy who didn't want to come back when the factory first reopened. "What about him?"

Sawyer sighed. "He wants to return. His family's in a bad spot—four kids, lots of fines, and his youngest needs special education. He saw everyone back at work and now regrets quitting. Should we take him back?"

Jimena frowned. Jonah's situation pulled at her heart, but she had to be fair.

"He made his choice," she said. "I can't break the rules for one person. Everyone's got struggles."

"You're right," Sawyer agreed. "He turned it down when we needed people. That's on him. Four kids is his responsibility, not ours."

"Exactly," she said. "And we don't need extra hands right now anyway."

"True," Sawyer said, smacking his forehead. "Totally forgot we're fully staffed. I'll let him know."

"Thanks for handling it," Jimena said. "I'll focus on bringing in more orders—make sure everyone can keep earning."

"We believe in you," Sawyer said with a smile. Around the factory, whispers were going around—some workers believed she might even outshine her father someday.

Just before he left, Jimena called out, "How's lunch working out for the team? Bringing their own or buying nearby?"

"Bit of both," he said. "Most just see food as fuel."

Jimena nodded thoughtfully. Cold buns and soggy pickles weren't enough. A cafeteria was too expensive, but maybe she could arrange lunch deliveries—cheap, hot, and decent quality.

She visited three nearby food vendors. One was way too pricey. Another one looked dirty. But the third—a clean little spot run by a friendly woman—served good food. Jimena tried a meal and was impressed.

“How much for bulk orders?” she asked, explaining the number of workers.

The woman’s eyes widened. “That many? I’ll give you 20% off, throw in free delivery, and rotate the menu daily. Try us for three days—if it works, we’ll draw up a contract. If not, you only pay for the trial.”

“Deal,” Jimena said, saving her contact info.

Back at the factory, she passed workers munching on plain buns. Her mind was made up.

This was one way she could show them she cared.

Chapter 997

Jimena had one mission: get her company back on track—fast. Profit was everything. The more deals she closed, the better her odds of survival.

She was deep into pitching new clients when, out of nowhere, Miranda appeared. Dressed in a sleek pink suit, she exuded confidence and beauty. Jimena barely knew her, but their last run-in hadn’t been pleasant.

This time, Jimena stayed silent. She wasn’t about to start anything.

But Miranda walked right up to her.

“No Dr. Cody today?” Miranda asked with a smirk.

The words were casual, but the tone was sharp—Jimena felt the sting immediately.

She kept her cool. “Do I know you?”

Sure, Miranda and Cody had history, but that had nothing to do with her. Miranda’s smirk just confirmed she came to start something.

“For Cody’s sake, I’ll say this,” Miranda said. “Leaning on him to save your dad’s company? Smart move.”

Jimena couldn’t deny Cody had helped—his connections, especially introducing her to Kevin, had been a turning point. But she wasn’t about to let Miranda act superior.

“Yeah, it was a good deal,” she replied. “What’s it to you?”

Before Miranda could speak again, a man cut in sharply, “Watch your tone.”

Jimena recognized him from the club—a guy Miranda had been with. She wasn't intimidated.

"I'm matching hers," Jimena said calmly. "There are cameras here. You don't even know me, so why are you in my face? Is this really about Cody?"

Miranda scowled. "Cody, this your fiancée? She's got some nerve."

Jimena turned. Cody was there, standing a few feet away, his face tight. Miranda had always been his soft spot. If he took her side, Jimena knew she was toast.

But Cody stepped forward and gently placed a hand on Jimena's shoulder.

"She's treating you how you're treating her," he said evenly.

"Jimena's got no past with you, Miranda. You sure this isn't just you causing trouble?"

"Cody!" Ronan—the guy from the club—stepped in front of Miranda. "You're saying Miranda's picking a fight? Come on, man."

Cody let out a sharp laugh. "My girl isn't the one causing drama. Been a while, Ronan. You still need scenes like this to feel important?"

Ronan's face darkened, while Miranda looked stunned. She remembered how Cody had once chased her relentlessly. Now he was standing there, backing someone else?

Miranda snapped, "Watch it, Cody. When have I ever chased attention?"

Ronan added, "You're bitter, Cody. Weren't you the one following Miranda around like a lovesick puppy?"

Cody's expression tightened. It was true—he had proposed more than once, and Miranda had always turned him down. Ronan had snapped his fingers and Miranda had accepted, even his daughter.

"Yeah," Cody said. "I was that guy. But I admit it. What about you? Still think everything revolves around you?"

Ronan flared. "If anyone's bitter, it's you."

Jimena had had enough. "You're projecting. Acting like a victim while throwing insults? Keep your drama to yourself."

With that, she grabbed Cody's arm and walked off, not bothering to look back.

Ronan rushed to Miranda. "Forget them. They're just mad they're not you."

But Miranda didn't reply. She just stared at Cody, watching him walk away without hesitation, letting Jimena pull him along. He had helped save her family's company—and now he was standing by her side. The weight of it all hit Miranda hard.

"Miranda?" Ronan nudged her.

She didn't answer—just brushed past him.

Meanwhile, out of sight, Cody shook off Jimena's hand.

"You think this was some setup?" he asked, eyes cold.

Jimena didn't flinch. "If I planned this, tell me what I'd gain."

Cody had done so much for her—helping her family when no one else would. Soon she'd repay his loan and they'd be even. Why would she risk stirring the pot with Miranda?

Chapter 998

Cody didn't say anything right away, just studied her with those dark, unreadable eyes. Jimena's expression was solid—strong and unapologetic.

Maybe she wasn't trying to use him. Maybe she wasn't leveraging this drama to boost her reputation in the capital. If anything, it looked like Miranda was the one stirring trouble.

Jimena broke the silence. "Don't paint me like a schemer, Cody. You and your dad have already done enough. I'm not trying to take more."

She'd learned the hard way—greed eats you alive. She and Cody came from completely different worlds. After what happened with Pablo, she'd closed the door on love.

"Fair," Cody said. "So, what are you doing here? Business?"

Jimena nodded. "Yeah. Locking in more contracts for MacLean Corp. My team stayed through the worst—I owe it to them."

A small smile tugged at Cody's lips. "The contacts I introduced you to—have you considered the medical field? It's booming."

Jimena shook her head. "You've already done more than enough. If I keep leaning on you, I'm just freeloading. I've got this."

Cody frowned. "That's not freeloading—it's smart business. You're chasing profit, right? Take the help."

She chuckled lightly. "It's helpful, yeah—but it's still another favor I owe. I'm finally standing on my own. I'd rather keep it that way."

Cody went quiet again.

After a beat, Jimena said, “If that’s all, I should get going.”

“Be careful,” Cody said, letting her leave.

Jimena knew the truth—his connections had opened doors. People in the industry were finally taking her seriously. She wasn’t about to waste that.

Later that night, Cody lounged in a private club room, red wine in hand. Esteban, his friend, stared as Cody poured glass after glass.

“Where’s your girl?” Esteban teased.

“What girl?” Cody scoffed. Jimena wasn’t really his girlfriend—just part of a little act they’d agreed to.

Esteban grinned. “Not official yet, huh? You brought her around. What’s the holdup? She’s pretty great.”

Cody didn’t answer.

Esteban leaned in. “Man, stop chasing people who don’t want you. That path leads nowhere. Remember Jace?”

Jace had loved Norah but ended up with Rhea. It was proof—no one is irreplaceable, and no obstacle unbeatable.

“I’m not in a rush,” Cody said calmly.

“So when?” Esteban pressed.

Cody shot him a look. “Why don’t you focus on your own wedding?”

Esteban laughed. “Easy. Right person shows up, I’m all in. If not? I’m chill being single. But you and Jimena? Solid. Don’t blow it.”

Cody smirked. “Single’s just fine. Once I’m gone, someone else can deal with the fallout.”

Esteban groaned. “You’re the worst.”

Cody grinned wider. “And you act like my mom. Relax.”

Esteban rolled his eyes. “Next time you wanna drink, call someone else.”

Cody yanked him back into his seat. “Come on, man. We’re the last two single guys left. Who else am I gonna drink with all night?”

Esteban snorted. “You only remember me when you need something. Some friend.”

Chapter 999

Cody rolled his eyes. “You sound like my annoying ex.”

Esteban didn’t miss a beat. “I’m just being honest, man. That a crime now?”

Cody was glad the room was empty—Esteban’s drama could be way too much in front of others. “You’re the king of petty,” he said, smirking.

Esteban shrugged. “Hey, I call it like I see it. What, you gonna shut me up now?”

“Drink or leave,” Cody shot back, half-joking but done with the conversation.

Esteban knew Cody wouldn’t actually blow up on him, but the energy was off. He pulled out his phone and made a call. Soon, a few women walked in, gathering around them.

Cody scowled, dodging their advances. “You do your thing. I’m out.”

He walked away without a glance back. Esteban called after him, but Cody didn’t stop.

“Boss, wait—” one of the women said, stepping toward him.

“Scram!” Esteban snapped before she could say more.

Most of the women left. But one stayed behind. She knelt in front of him, her voice low. “Please... don’t make me go. I’m clean...”

Esteban blinked, thrown off. “I don’t do that kind of thing. You need help? Find someone else.”

She clutched his leg. “I don’t have anyone else. I need the money...”

Esteban sighed. Jimena had pushed through bankruptcy for her family, and Cody had backed her because of old connections and pressure from his own family. But this? This felt different. Off.

“I’m not your savior,” he muttered, peeling her off. “I just called you in to tease my buddy. That’s all.”

The girl, dressed in a low-cut black dress, wouldn’t let go. “You’re someone important—I can tell. Please... just this once.”

Esteban raised a brow. “Everyone here’s got money. Go throw a dart, you’ll find some rich guy willing to help. Why me?”

Her grip tightened, voice trembling. “I wouldn’t be here if I had another choice.”

He looked closer—pale skin, delicate features, tears brimming in her eyes.

“Don’t play the pity card,” he said, gently pushing her back.

Still, she clung to him. “I’d never humiliate myself like this if I wasn’t desperate.”

He narrowed his eyes. “You’ve got hands and feet. Go work. I can help you find a job if you really want it.”

Her gaze flicked toward the hallway Cody had disappeared down. “That guy who left... can you introduce me to him?”

Esteban laughed bitterly. “So you sized us both up the second you walked in. Thought maybe we’re your ticket out, huh?”

She didn’t answer. That was answer enough.

“Why should we help just because you’re in a bad spot?” he asked sharply.

For a second, he’d considered helping her. But now? Her silence ruined it.

“Let go,” he said, voice turning cold. “Or you’ll regret it.”

She still didn’t move. “I need a million. Just one. I’ll work like crazy for it. Do whatever you ask...”

Esteban’s eyes narrowed.

A million?

That wasn’t a small ask. Now he was really wondering—what was her story?