

HOW A DYING WOMAN REWROTE HER EPILOGUE

Chapter 11

Sylvie stepped out of Jarrod's office, and the other assistants from the secretary's team hurried over, one respectfully taking her bag. "Ms. Fielding, Mr. Silverstein is waiting for you in the dining room for lunch. He asked us to bring you over as soon as you're rested."

"This is the coffee Mr. Silverstein prepared for you, so you can enjoy it on the way."

Sylvie's gentle face wore only the faintest smile as she accepted the attention with practiced grace. She radiated calm confidence—a woman who belonged exactly where she stood, with everyone around her treating her as the boss's future wife.

Elodie couldn't help but be surprised. Jarrod's office was a fortress of confidential documents, strictly off-limits to almost everyone. Yet for Sylvie, it had become a private lounge, every detail arranged for her comfort. Elodie thought of how, in three years of living together, she'd never even been allowed into his study at home.

Love or indifference-was there ever really any need to keep questioning it?

"Ms. Thorne, could you please step aside?" Keith, Jarrod's assistant, sounded annoyed as he pointed out Elodie was blocking Sylvie's way.

Elodie pressed her lips together. Even though she'd long stopped caring, this blatant double standard still stung-a reminder of how invisible she'd been, how much she'd given for nothing.

She lowered her head and stepped away, turning to Keith. "If Jarrod has a free moment, could you remind him to approve my res-"

"Jarrod?"

Sylvie, already at the elevator, seemed to notice Elodie for the first time when she heard his first name.

Her expression was cool, thoughtful. "Is she an employee here?"

Elodie frowned. Sylvie knew who she was, but maybe not that she worked for The Silverstein Group.

Keith jumped in, "Yes, she's Ms. Thorne from PR."

Sylvie's gaze drifted away, her tone flat. "That explains it."

Of course PR didn't want to handle her reputation crisis. It made sense if Elodie was the one in question.

With a faint, almost dismissive smile, Sylvie added, "Seems like The Silverstein Group is pretty relaxed-employees call the boss by his first name."

She wasn't even really addressing Elodie.

Keith's expression soured, but Sylvie was already in the elevator, not giving the matter another thought.

But as the doors slid shut, Keith shot a look at Elodie. "Ms. Thorne, have you forgotten proper office conduct? This isn't some mom-and-pop shop-stop using Mr. Silverstein's first name. Are you trying to give other staff the wrong idea about your relationship?"

"From now on, address him as Mr. Silverstein. Unless you're actually trying to get yourself fired."

Elodie's brow creased. She'd spent years being endlessly accommodating to Jarrod, so much so that even her resignation was brushed off as just another ploy for attention.

Did they all think she was just trying to get Jarrod to notice her?

And Sylvie-she wasn't threatened in the slightest. She never feared Elodie would expose anything between them. Why should she? That was the confidence of someone who was loved. Even if Elodie caused a scene, she'd only look like the desperate woman trying to break up a happy couple.

That afternoon, Elodie packed up her things, unwilling to wait any longer for Jarrod's approval. Before five, she made her way to the drone racing event.

Thanks to Esmeralda's invitation, getting in was a breeze.

Luck was on her side-she hadn't been there long when she spotted Alexander, surrounded by admirers. The moment he saw her, his face turned icy. He pretended not to notice and kept chatting with the industry insiders.

Elodie hesitated, uncertain, and didn't approach him. Instead, she wandered the venue. The event was massive, drawing a crowd of big names from the tech world.

Alexander, the youngest rising star in innovative technology, was enjoying his moment in the spotlight. Elodie felt genuinely happy for him.

After half an hour, she felt her energy flag-she wasn't as strong as she used to be. She found a seat and sat down to catch her breath.

A pair of polished shoes appeared in front of her. She looked up to see Alexander glaring down at her, handsome features set in a scowl. "Well, well. Decided to give up foraging for wild herbs, have you? Planning a career change?"