

HOW A DYING WOMAN REWROTE HER EPILOGUE

Chapter 3

"Ivan!"

A woman's delighted voice shattered Elodie's thoughts. She brushed past Elodie and threw herself straight into Ivan's arms. Ivan instinctively caught her, letting her cling to him as if it were the most natural thing in the world.-

"Do you know how long I've waited for you?" she exclaimed, her voice full of giddy affection. "If you hadn't come out soon, I swear my dad would've dragged me off to marry someone else!"

Ivan's gaze lingered on her face as she pressed a kiss to his lips. He smirked. "That desperate, huh? Well, tell your driver to wait outside later—I'll send your father a little thank-you note myself."

She giggled and clung to him, refusing to let go. "You're terrible! My dad wants you to come over, says he's dying to meet you, and wants to throw you a welcome dinner..."

Elodie was rooted to the spot, staring at the scene in a daze.

A slow, creeping embarrassment and helplessness washed over her.

The Ivan who'd once been gentle and attentive, who used to make her the center of his world-had he ever really existed, or was it all just a decade-long dream?

A dull ache started to throb in her stomach.

It felt as if a knife had sliced through time and stabbed her all over again.

"Elodie, I don't want to be registered as a Harcourt. I don't want to be your brother."

"When you're an adult... will you marry me?"

The echo of his gentle voice lingered in her mind, leaving her dazed and unsteady.

"Watch out!"

A sharp warning jolted her back. Elodie turned just in time to see a motorcycle tearing toward them.

Without hesitation, Ivan pulled the woman back, shielding her with his body.

Elodie had to scramble out of the way on her own, stumbling as she covered her face. Her ankle twisted painfully.

"You?" Ivan glanced over at her, his eyes dark and searching, a flicker of worry and uncertainty crossing his face.

"I'm fine..." Elodie managed, turning away before tears could fall. She ran off, swallowing her pain.

The woman watched her go, curiosity sparking. "Who was that?"

Ivan hesitated, then lowered his head, brushing her lips with a kiss as he cupped her chin. "Looked like someone I used to know."

Someone he used to know...

Someone he'd spent years growing up with. Someone he'd once promised to marry.

Elodie slipped back into her car, doubled over the steering wheel, pressing a hand to her aching stomach. Cold sweat broke out across her skin. She couldn't tell what hurt more-the bitterness in her chest or the pain radiating from her illness.

A shrill ringtone snapped her out of it.

She glanced at her phone: Keith was calling.

Silverstein Group Headquarters.

Keith frowned as he flipped through the documents Elodie had sent over.

She worked in the same company-what kind of stunt was she trying to pull now?

Just because she wasn't allowed near the executive floor, did she really think this would grab Mr. Silverstein's attention?

Childish.

Annoyed, Keith headed straight for the PR department.

But he was told Elodie hadn't shown up to work today.

The day was already hectic enough; Keith's irritation only grew as he dialed her number.

"Ms. Thorne, I don't care what you're up to get back to the office right now."

Elodie lowered her gaze. Was this about Jarrod? Had he already looked over the divorce papers and wanted to talk?

It was the only thing that made sense.

She didn't hesitate, turning her car toward Silverstein Group.

When Keith saw her rush in, he felt vindicated-Elodie just couldn't help herself, always looking for ways to get Mr. Silverstein's attention. He could barely hide the sneer on his face.

"Where is he?" Elodie's tone was strained, her complexion pale.

She still needed to pick up her medication at the hospital. She was weighing her options for treatment, but once she started, it would be hard to keep the truth from her grandmother and uncle.

"This is a company, Ms. Thorne. You don't expect Mr. Silverstein to come down just to see you, do you?" Keith's tone was all business. "There's a matter Mr. Silverstein wants you to handle."

"The divor-

"Last night, at Ms. Fielding's birthday party, some negative rumors started circulating. People are saying she stole someone's fiancé just to climb the social ladder. Ms. Fielding isn't just anyone-she's about to become the face of our company's biggest project. We can't afford any scandal, and her reputation must remain spotless."

"Mr. Silverstein specifically requested you manage this. He wants you to clear Ms. Fielding's name and put an end to the gossip."