

HOW A DYING WOMAN REWROTE HER EPILOGUE

Chapter 4

Elodie froze.

She pressed her lips together until they turned white. "That's Jarrod's

instruction?"-

"Yes."

Keith had never liked Elodie. Sure, she was diligent and competent, but she'd clawed her way into the marriage with underhanded tricks, manipulating her way into Jarrod's bed and then forcing a proposal.

Women like her disgusted him.

"Mr. Silverstein says you're not to leave the office today-not until things calm down in the press."

"If you can't manage that, then The Silverstein Group has no need for dead weight."

Elodie knew all too well that she meant nothing to Jarrod now.

But she hadn't expected that, even on the eve of their divorce, she'd be roped in like this-expected, as the soon-to-be ex-wife, to clean up the mess left by his mistress, to sweep real scandals under the rug.

The injustice hit her so hard she could hardly breathe. Her stomach twisted with pain, and she gripped the edge of her desk to steady herself, masking her discomfort as she glanced down at her work badge with a cold smile.

She picked it up, wound the lanyard around her fingers.

"The Silverstein Group doesn't keep slackers, that's true," she said coolly, setting the badge aside. "But this job isn't for me anymore. I resign."

She'd submitted her resignation the night before, right after finalizing the divorce papers.

Maybe the paperwork hadn't reached Jarrod yet, but she wasn't about to handle Sylvie's mess today.

"Don't come to me about Sylvie again. Please let Mr. Silverstein assign someone else. The Silverstein Group is a massive company-I'm sure it won't fall apart without me."

Keith was momentarily stunned.

Elodie was really quitting?

She was actually willing to walk away from the one job that kept her close to Mr. Silverstein?

Then again, maybe this was just another calculated move-some new tactic to win back Jarrod's attention.

Keith returned to the top floor.

Jarrold's schedule was packed. He was about to meet with President Brown from Aurora Analytics.

"Mr. Silverstein, here's the Aurora Analytics contract for your review."

Jarrold glanced over it, then asked, "How's the PR team handling the Sylvie situation?"

Keith hesitated. "Ms. Thorne... well-"

"Spit it out."

"Ms. Thorne said she can't handle it. She's resigned, and said not to contact her about Ms. Fielding again."

Jarrood's hand stilled over the contract. He looked up, his gaze icy and unreadable. "She resigned in person today?"

"She was actually on leave today, but I called her in. HR said she submitted her resignation yesterday."

"On leave?" Jarrood ignored the resignation for a moment, focusing instead on the unusual request for time off.

Keith couldn't read his boss's thoughts. He hesitated. "She must have something important going on. In three years, Ms. Thorne's never once taken a day off."

Jarrood already knew that.

Elodie always kept to herself, cool and detached, but she was sharp, resourceful, and completely dedicated to people, to work, to everything she did. Otherwise, she never would have become head of PR in under two years.

For her to both take leave and resign-this was no ordinary situation.

Jarrood lowered his gaze, lost in thought.

Then, suddenly, his expression turned glacial. He stood up abruptly.

"Approve it, but only after she's handled Sylvie's situation. If the company's reputation takes a hit, she'll have to deal with the consequences herself."
Keith was baffled.

By all rights, Mr. Silverstein should be glad to see Elodie go—so why was he suddenly refusing to let her leave?

He couldn't make sense of it.

"Oh, Mr. Silverstein, Ms. Thorne also sent over a—"

Jarrood answered a call before Keith could finish and waved him off without looking up. "You know the drill."

The drill was simple: anything from Elodie got shelved.

In the past, she'd sent over clothes, ties, cufflinks, handmade gifts. Because The Silverstein Group's flagship project was focused on drone technology, she'd even crafted a model drone as a clever little gift.

Jarrold never gave any of it a second glance. Everything from her ended up gathering dust in some forgotten cabinet in his office.

Only in emergencies did anyone ever rummage through that cabinet to find something useful.

Keith, well-practiced in this routine, tossed the unopened file in there with the rest.

All Elodie's careful efforts-wasted on a man who'd never even noticed.