

HOW A DYING WOMAN REWROTE HER EPILOGUE

Chapter 6

Elodie met Ivan's gaze. He watched her with a hint of a smile, as if he were an outsider simply waiting to see her squirm.

She tightened her grip around her fingers, feeling the last shred of hope slip away.

Elodie didn't look away. She met his eyes, giving him exactly what he wanted. "Hello, Queenie," she said, her voice steady.

Queenie's smile widened as she wrapped her arms around Ivan's waist, leaning into him with a show of affection.

Ivan paused, glanced at Elodie for a fleeting moment, then lowered his head and led Queenie into the sitting room.

"What's with the act?" Reba strode over, her voice sharp with scorn. "My brother isn't interested in a married woman."

"And as for that Ms. Fielding—the one Mr. Silverstein invited for his birthday yesterday—she's a hotshot PhD in aerospace engineering. Someone the entire business world is fighting over. How could a housewife whose only talents are cooking and warming a bed ever compete?"

"Or maybe you're just afraid you'll be kicked out, so now you want to cozy up to the Harcourts?"

This miserable marriage—everyone was just waiting to watch her fall.

Elodie's chest twisted with pain. She set the gift she'd brought down on the table. "Don't worry. However my life turns out, it's got nothing to do with the Harcourt family. After all, my name is Thorne."

Without another word, she left, not bothering to look back.

Staying any longer would only make things worse for everyone.

"She's gone?"

Malcom emerged from the side room just in time to see Elodie's resolute figure disappearing through the front door. His expression darkened.

Reba snapped out of her daze and grumbled, "Dad, did you see that attitude? She doesn't care about the Harcourts, or you. If you ask me, Mr. Silverstein is going to divorce her sooner or later."

After three years, Malcom could see it clearly: Elodie had never won Jarrod's heart. The only benefit he'd ever gotten from the marriage was at the very start, when he'd leveraged the Silverstein name for a business deal. Since then, the Harcourt family had tried to rely on the Silversteins for other projects, but Jarrod never showed the slightest concern for his father-in-law.

And wasn't it all Elodie's fault for being so useless? She couldn't even win over her own husband. Pathetic.

His face hardened. He glanced at Reba. "You're not getting any younger, either. Elodie's a lost cause. If I get a chance, I'll help you get some face time with Mr. Silverstein."

Reba instantly understood what he meant.

Her face stiffened. She unconsciously glanced over at Ivan, who was still lounging

on the sofa, feeding grapes to Queenie with a wicked grin.

Reba bit her lip, a flash of resentment flickering in her eyes.

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Elodie rented a small, two-bedroom

apartment-tastefully furnished, move-in ready. She signed a year-long lease; the place was only about a mile from the hospital where she often worked.

It would be easy to get there if she needed anything.

Her head was pounding after leaving the Harcourt house, but Elodie didn't forget

to block Jarrod on her messaging app.

She kept his number, just in case she needed to take his call about signing the divorce papers at city hall.

All she had to do now was make it through the thirty-day cooling-off period.

Setting her phone aside, she took a long shower, then collapsed into bed and fell asleep.

Meanwhile

Jarrod returned to the villa. The foyer was dark; not a single light left on.

No matter how late he came home before, Elodie always left a lamp burning for him, greeting him at the door taking his coat and bringing him clean clothes.

He rarely came home. In fact, it was only on certain days each month-out of obligation, really-that he showed up at all.

Tonight, as he reached for his coat and found no one waiting, he looked around, frowning slightly.

Throwing a tantrum?

He headed upstairs and pushed open the master bedroom door, expecting to find her curled up

pretending to sleep, ready to stage some silent protest. But the room was empty.

The whole place was quiet and dark.

Elodie hadn't come home.

Keith had already reported to him about Elodie's attitude toward Sylvie-how

she'd even threatened to see him in court.

And now...

Jarrood loosened his tie, a faint, mocking smile on his lips.

So she'd learned how to storm out?

He wasn't worried.

Maybe some time on her own was exactly what she needed.