

Three Years Forgotten, Why Go Crazy When I Say Goodbye?

Chapter 7

It was Arthur Vance.

Arthur was Sinclair Group's biggest client on the West Coast, accounting for a staggering eighty percent of their regional revenue. He was also the most professional and easiest executive Willow had ever worked with.

When she had first arrived in Seattle, inexperienced and completely isolated, she had faced relentless rejections. Arthur was the only one who threw her a lifeline. His massive investment in her biotech projects became the catalyst that brought every other major player to the table.

He had never tried to squeeze her on margins or play tedious negotiation games. He was her guardian angel in the corporate world, and he had been consistently supportive for the past three years.

Willow forced a professional tone and answered. "Mr. Vance. How are you?"

"I'm doing well, Ms. Horgan," Arthur replied.

He was endlessly polite and respectful, completely devoid of the usual arrogance expected from a mega-client. Despite her insisting he use her first name, he always kept things impeccably formal.

"I heard you caught a flight back to New York?"

"Yes, I flew back last night," she said. Assuming he was worried about the ongoing projects, she quickly added, "There's no need to panic about the deliverables. I've fully briefed my deputy. You can reach out to him if anything urgent comes up, or you can still call me directly."

"This isn't about business," Arthur assured her smoothly. "I wanted to check on you. Rushing off like that—is everything alright?"

She decided not to hide it. "My mother is very sick."

"Is it critical? Do you need any assistance?"

A fresh wave of tears threatened her composure. He was the first person to offer genuine concern since her nightmare had begun.

Before she could respond, he pressed further. "Do you need capital or medical resources?"

Coming from anyone else, the blunt offer of money would have felt incredibly presumptuous. But Arthur's tone was so warm and sincere that Willow knew he genuinely wanted to help.

Maybe it was because she had reached her breaking point, or maybe because she trusted him implicitly, but she blurted out the truth. "I need two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Text me your routing and account numbers," Arthur replied instantly.

Reality crashed over her. "No, please," she stammered, horrified by her own audacity. "I have no right to ask you for a personal loan."

If it weren't for Sinclair Group, they never would have met. The company was the only bridge between them, and Willow was burning that bridge to the ground.

Her resignation meant severing ties with Arthur as well.

"You shouldn't feel obligated to fund this just to maintain your partnership with Sinclair Group. I'm stepping down from my position. Any corporate leverage is gone."

"My offer has absolutely nothing to do with Sinclair Group," Arthur stated firmly. "But on the topic of your career, are you currently entertaining new opportunities? Have you landed anywhere yet?"

"Not yet," she admitted.

"In that case, how would you feel about coming to work for us?"

Willow was stunned speechless.

Arthur represented Merit Biotech, the undisputed global leader in the biomedical field. They were a titan compared to the Sinclair Group. Without her corporate backing, could she really secure a spot at Merit?

Thinking he had misunderstood, she clarified. "Mr. Vance, I think you missed my point. I'll be leaving the firm permanently. I won't have access to their labs, data, or network anymore."

"I heard you perfectly," Arthur said softly. "We were never interested in Sinclair Group, Ms. Horgan. We were only ever interested in you. Take all the time you need to think it over."