

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

Chapter 8

Hearing the absolute certainty in his voice, she would have to be an idiot to turn him down. "If you're serious, then I would be incredibly honored to join your team. I just need to finalize my exit strategy here first, which might take a little time."

"There is absolutely no rush. We operate entirely on your schedule."

"Thank you," she breathed out, the profound gratitude heavy in her chest.

"Don't thank me. I'm merely following orders," Arthur muttered, though his words were practically a whisper and caught in the static, leaving Willow confused.

"I look forward to finalizing the details," she said.

"As do I."

Hanging up, Arthur Vance immediately dialed another private number. Straightening his posture instinctively, he waited for the imposing figure on the other end to pick up. "Mr. Thorne."

"Is it handled?" Silas Thorne's deep, authoritative voice commanded the line.

"Yes, sir. Everything is in motion," Arthur replied with utmost reverence.

Arthur was genuinely intimidated by his boss. Silas Thorne practically controlled the global biotech industry from the shadows. Standing at the undisputed peak of power, he radiated an aura of lethal dominance that commanded absolute submission.

His business tactics were famously ruthless and precise. Coupled with his strict avoidance of any romantic scandals, Wall Street had dubbed him a merciless predator. If it hadn't been for his sudden, obsessive intervention regarding Willow Horgan, Arthur would have never guessed his boss possessed a protective streak.

"Give me the specifics," Silas ordered.

Meanwhile, Willow pocketed her phone and marched right back into the Human Resources department.

The HR rep sneered as she approached, assuming Willow had come back to beg for mercy. "Look who finally came to her senses. If you knew you were going to cave, why act so tough? You really thought you had leverage? Look at yourself. You're a heavy, washed-up nobody. Did you honestly believe you were on Ms. Sinclair's level? She has the boss wrapped around her finger, while you're—"

"Save the pathetic lecture," Willow interrupted, her voice snapping like a whip. "I am officially notifying you that I have already submitted my resignation."

The rep blinked, her arrogant smirk vanishing. "Excuse me?"

"Are you deaf? I quit." Willow didn't mince words. She pulled up the corporate portal on her phone and shoved the screen in the woman's face.

The rep's eyes widened as she read the approved status, complete with Julian's digital authorization stamp.

She hadn't received prior notice, but with the CEO's direct sign-off, she had no grounds to argue. It was blatantly obvious that Willow had severely crossed Julian, which explained the targeted financial sabotage.

Recovering her haughty demeanor, she scoffed. "Fine. Quit. See if we care."

She yanked an exit form from a drawer and tossed it across the desk. "Sign here. You have a standard thirty-day handover period. Do the math."

Willow didn't hesitate. She slashed her signature across the dotted line, snapped a photo for her own records, and walked out without a second glance.

Watching her retreat, the rep muttered to a coworker, "With the way she let herself go, she definitely embezzled from the West Coast accounts. She's smart to bail now. If the auditors caught her, she'd be facing prison time, not just termination."

For a fleeting second, the rep had considered calling Julian's office to confirm the exit strategy.

But since the CEO had already signed off—and given his strict orders to handle Willow via standard bureaucratic channels without involving him—she quickly dismissed the thought.

Shrugging, she tossed Willow's paperwork into a random tray and forgot about her entirely.

Now that the professional ties were severed, Willow was determined to burn everything else down. She wanted Julian completely eradicated from her personal life as well.