

## Chapter 10 Her Resignation Letter Requires Your Signature

Waldo gave a short nod, and a heavy stillness settled over the wide office.

Caiden leaned back in his chair after a beat and said evenly, "Tell Noreen to make a cup of coffee and bring it up."

The order caught Waldo off guard. His brows lifted slightly. "I can take care of that for you, Mr. Evans."

"Get Noreen to do it," Caiden ordered in a clipped tone.

Waldo straightened his glasses, masking his surprise and replied quietly, "Understood."

He stepped out into the corridor and called Noreen on the intercom. "Make a cup of coffee and bring it to Mr. Evans's office," he instructed.

Noreen barely made it back to her desk when the internal line rang. The moment Waldo relayed Caiden's order, her fingers tightened around the receiver.

That single command dragged her mind back to earlier—Jessica's condescending smile, her casual demand for coffee, and Noreen's refusal.

Now it wasn't Jessica asking. It was Caiden. And the coffee wasn't really for him. He was doing this for Jessica.

A sharp, bitter ache welled up in her chest, prickling through every inch of restraint she had left.

Her lips parted as if to respond, but the bitterness caught in her throat, thick and suffocating.

When her silence stretched on too long, Waldo cleared his throat and said stiffly, "You're still an employee at Evans Group. You..."

"You make it yourself." She cut him off, her voice flat and edged with quiet exhaustion. "I'm not coming upstairs. There's no point in us seeing each other and making things worse."

The receiver clicked back into place.

Waldo's jaw tensed. As he lowered the phone, a heavy stillness settled over him. When he finally turned, Caiden was already standing behind him, his expression darkening like a gathering storm.

Caught off guard, Waldo stammered, "I can make the coffee, Mr. Evans..."

"I don't want it anymore." Caiden cut him off, his tone tight and unyielding.

Waldo pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose, recalling Noreen's earlier words about resigning.

He took a hesitant step forward. "By the way, Mr. Evans, Noreen is..."

"You don't need to report her affairs to me," Caiden interrupted again, his voice low and controlled. "If she has any complaints or requests, deal with them according to company policy. Give her what she needs."

He pivoted to leave, but Waldo blurted out, "But her resignation letter requires your signature."

At that, Caiden's shoulders went rigid for the briefest second.

Sunlight poured in from the window, casting a sharp edge around his figure. He stood tall and composed, betraying nothing—almost as if that flicker of reaction had never happened at all.

Waldo, however, caught the subtle tell—Caiden's right hand curled into a tight fist at his side.

Silence stretched between them before Caiden's voice broke through, low and controlled, edged with a chill. "Bring it here."

Waldo rushed to pass him Noreen's resignation letter.

Caiden gripped the letter, his eyes lingering on the familiar scrawl at the bottom of the last page.

Noreen's signature had always been crisp and deliberate, the final stroke lifting ever so slightly—an unmistakable mark of her unyielding nature.

Today, that same defiant flourish pressed against his chest like a slow, grinding ache.

His fingers flipped the pages with unnecessary force, each sharp rustle slicing through the stillness of the office.

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Even the soft hum of the air conditioner felt intrusive, amplifying the quiet tension that coiled around the room.

Waldo's gaze flicked to Caiden's throat, catching the subtle bob of his Adam's apple and the rigid line of his jaw, as if he were holding something in check.

"Did she say anything else?" Caiden pressed, his voice clipped and too calm to be natural.

His eyes never left the paper, concealing the flicker of feeling beneath.

But Waldo saw the tell—Caiden's thumb halted on a particular page, the pad of it rubbing against the paper as though searching for proof of something.

After a brief hesitation, Waldo lowered his voice. "She said... the sooner it's done, the better."



Hi! Baby! I miss you!

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