

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

Chapter 1

In her third year exiled to the West Coast office by Julian Sinclair, Willow Horgan called him for the first time.

Over the line, she relayed everything the doctor had just told her about her mother's condition.

A severe blood infection. It was critical, and she could slip away at any moment.

She had to fly back to New York City immediately.

Yet Julian couldn't have cared less. "Willow, you aren't a doctor," he replied, his tone chillingly dismissive.

The implication was clear—her returning would be completely useless.

She knew that perfectly well. She couldn't magically save anyone.

But that was her mother. In a nightmare like this, all she wanted was to be by her side.

So, even though she had always obeyed his every command without question, she mustered her courage. "I just want to go back and be with her. Don't worry, I'll only take a few days off. It won't affect my work."

Perhaps surprised by her insistence, the man on the other end paused. After all, she had never dared to say no to him before.

When he finally spoke, his voice was even colder. "She isn't dead yet."

The sheer cruelty of his words hit her like a physical blow. Even accustomed to his icy demeanor, Willow couldn't stomach it. "You can't say something like that!"

But Julian ignored her obvious distress. "Remember your place," he snapped with impatient disdain. "You don't have the right to speak to me that way."

Just like every other moment over the past three years, he didn't care about her feelings, her thoughts, or her as a person.

They were husband and wife on paper, but in reality, they were nothing more than strangers.

Willow still couldn't understand it. He had been the one to propose, stepping in right after she had endured the worst trauma of her life. Even after finding out she couldn't have children, he had been the one to suggest adoption.

A suffocating wave of despair washed over her. Swallowing her pride, she tried one last time. "Julian, please. I'm begging you, I just—"

"Enough." He cut her off, clearly at the end of his nonexistent patience. "You know how I operate. The matter is settled. If you want to fly to New York, you'll have to resign from Sinclair Group."

With that, he hung up on her.

Listening to the dial tone, Willow felt her chest tighten painfully.

During her three years in Seattle, she hadn't taken a single day off. She had poured her blood, sweat, and tears into the company. Not only had she secured Sinclair Group's stronghold on the West Coast, but she had also spearheaded multiple biotech patents and groundbreaking technologies.

She thought that even if he didn't value their marriage, he would at least respect her professional contributions.

Clearly, she had been a fool.

If that was how it had to be, then she would simply quit.

She logged into the corporate portal, filled out the necessary forms, and hit submit without a second thought.

Once it was done, she booked a red-eye flight to New York City.

She landed at six in the morning.

Upon arriving at the hospital, the specialist walked her through Martha's diagnosis.

It was sudden-onset acute leukemia, cause unknown. While they had temporarily stabilized her, the situation was still incredibly dangerous. She would need aggressive chemotherapy followed by a bone marrow transplant. As for the medical bills, it would cost at least three hundred thousand dollars to get started.

Looking at her mother's frail, exhausted figure in the hospital bed, a lump formed in Willow's throat.

In truth, she wasn't biologically related to Martha or Benedict Horgan. She had been adopted as a little girl, but Martha had always loved her like her own flesh and blood.

It seemed her mother had spent her entire life suffering—first working multiple jobs to raise her, then draining her savings to pay off Benedict's gambling debts. Even now, she had only been brought to the hospital because a neighbor happened to find her collapsed on the floor and called 911.

Willow shuddered to think what would have happened if no one had found her in time.

Because Martha was in a sterile isolation ward, the doctors didn't let Willow stay long. After running down the strict visiting protocols, they gently reminded her to secure the funds. A disease like this required a bottomless bank account.

Sitting alone on a cold hospital bench, she mentally calculated her savings. Despite living a frugal life and skipping out on any luxuries, her meager salary meant she only had about forty-five thousand dollars to her name.