

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

Chapter 11

"I have a mouth, and I'll say whatever I want."

"Willow!" Julian snapped coldly. "Considering your mother is sick and you're upset, I'll overlook what you just said. But this business with Toby is far from over. You must apologize to him."

"I did nothing wrong, and I'm not apologizing."

"Whether you apologize or not isn't up to you. It seems you still don't understand the situation."

"Julian, are you really trying to use my job to pressure me? Let me tell you, I—"

"I don't care about your excuses," Julian interrupted before she could finish. "You know how I operate. I never go back on my word. Don't apologize if you don't want to, as long as you're prepared to face the consequences."

With that, he hung up.

Listening to the dial tone, Willow found it absolutely ironic. How had she loved a man like this for so many years? She had originally intended to tell him about her resignation, but now, there was clearly no point.

Jade arrived quickly. She had promised thirty minutes, but pulled up in less than twenty.

Standing by the road, Willow watched as a stunningly dressed, slim, and stylish woman stepped out of the car. She couldn't help but sigh in admiration. It was so good to see her. Jade hadn't changed a bit in three years.

But Jade's gaze wasn't nearly as gentle. From the moment she spotted Willow, her brow had been locked in a deep frown, and it only deepened as she drew closer.

"Jade, it's been so long."

"Didn't I tell you to wait inside?"

They spoke at the same time, but compared to Willow's warm greeting, Jade's words were blunt.

"It's fine, it's not cold out. I came out early so I could see you sooner."

Jade didn't say another word, simply opening the car door for her. "Get in."

"Okay."

The heater was blasting inside the car, slowly thawing the chill in Willow's bones and easing the tension in her chest. She turned to look at her friend. "You really haven't changed at all."

"Well, you certainly have," Jade shot back.

At the mention of this, a wave of insecurity immediately washed over Willow. Over the years, countless people had commented on her looks and her figure, and without fail, it was always with disdain or pity.

Hearing Jade say it, she instantly lost her voice.

Jade glanced at her, her tone softening slightly. "What, did marrying Julian not give you the good life you expected? How did you end up looking so haggard?"

The remark caught Willow off guard. Everyone else who saw her assumed she had put on weight from living lavishly on the Sinclair dime, yet Jade could tell at a single glance that she was suffering.

"Is it that obvious?"

"What do you think?"

"But they all say I'm just a heavyweight now because I've been living too comfortably."

"What blind idiot said that? Anyone with eyes can see your body is completely out of balance from chronic sleep deprivation and immense stress. Can't they see the dark circles under your eyes?"

A sudden laugh escaped Willow's lips. Jade was still Jade—the one person who would always stand by her side, understand her, and fiercely defend her without limits.

"What are you laughing at?" Jade's expression was still tight, but her tone had entirely warmed.

"Nothing."

Since she didn't elaborate, Jade didn't push. They drove in silence for a while, the atmosphere surprisingly comfortable.

After some time, Willow finally thought to ask, "Where are we going?"

"My place."

"Your place?"

"What, you don't want to?"

"Of course not." Willow was just afraid of being a burden, but seeing the look on Jade's face, she didn't argue. "But can we stop by my house first?"

Jade didn't answer vocally, but at the very next intersection, she made a U-turn and headed toward Willow's neighborhood.