

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

Chapter 12

Willow didn't actually have much to do at home; she just needed to pick up Cooper.

Jade remembered the little dog. Seeing him, she immediately reached out to pick him up, but to her surprise, the normally quiet Cooper started barking frantically at her approach. He then began to tremble, shrinking himself into a tight ball.

Jade looked utterly bewildered. "What's wrong with him?"

"He's terrified of people."

"Why?"

"He was severely abused recently." Willow didn't hide anything from her, recounting exactly what she had witnessed upon returning to Emerald Heights.

Hearing the story, Jade swore loudly. "It's bad enough that Julian and Vivienne are completely heartless, but to take it out on a defenseless animal makes them downright monsters."

Jade looked ready to grab a weapon and storm their house, but Willow held her back. Everything was already too messy, too exhausting. They had only just reunited, and she didn't want Jade getting dragged into the chaos.

Seeing Willow's exhaustion, Jade didn't push the issue. She packed up Cooper's things, and the two of them left immediately.

The distance from Willow's house to Jade's complex wasn't actually that far, but the atmosphere was worlds apart. It was a famous, high-end residential neighborhood in New York City, known for its quiet elegance and picturesque scenery.

Jade actually came from a very wealthy background; she was the only daughter of the Yates Group in New York. Her family ran a massive real estate empire. While it couldn't quite rival the sheer scale of the Sinclair Group, they were still a prominent name in the city's upper echelons.

Yet, she had zero interest in inheriting the family business. She was obsessed with the law, a passion that had caused a massive rift with her family. As a result, she rarely spoke to them these days, choosing to live entirely on her own.

The neighborhood she brought Willow to today was actually one of the luxury developments owned by her family's corporation.

After passing through multiple layers of security and finally getting inside the house, the first thing Jade did was dig through the refrigerator. She hadn't cooked a meal in years, but tonight was going to be an exception.

"Why don't I handle this?" Willow offered, walking into the kitchen after settling Cooper in.

"No need, I've got it."

"Then let me help chop the vegetables?"

"Seriously, no. Put the knife down right now."

"I'll handle the stove then."

"Not that either. Just step away from the counter."

After a few rounds of this, Willow finally realized what was going on. Ever since they had been at her house earlier, Jade had stuck to her like glue.

Now she wasn't allowed in the kitchen, wasn't allowed near knives, and definitely wasn't allowed near anything remotely dangerous. Could it be...

"Are you worried I'm going to do something stupid because I can't handle the pressure?" Willow asked with a faint smile.

Jade didn't smile back. She pressed her lips together and remained silent.

"Don't worry, I won't," Willow promised her softly. "Julian isn't worth it."

Hearing that, Jade finally let out a long breath of relief. She then pushed Willow out of the kitchen and fully committed to her dinner preparations.

Though it was a struggle, she managed to pull it off. When a gorgeous spread of comfort food was finally set on the table, Willow was genuinely impressed.

Jade opened a bottle of wine, and the two drank deeply. Under the influence of the alcohol, all the questions they had been holding back finally poured out.

"Have you really thought this through?"

"Yes. I have."

"No regrets?"

"No regrets."

"Alright then. I support you."

"You aren't even going to ask why?"

Jade scoffed. "Why else? The only reason would be that scoundrel Julian betraying you."

"Jade, you're too smart." Willow wasn't drunk, but in that moment, she felt completely overwhelmed. Otherwise, why were there so many tears suddenly spilling from her eyes? If it wasn't the alcohol, what else could it be?

"He doesn't love me. He never loved me." Willow felt she could no longer control the tears. It turned out that in front of the people closest to you, keeping your emotions in check was impossible.

She drank and cursed, spilling every single awful thing Julian and Vivienne had ever done to her.

Jade listened in total silence. By the time Willow finally cried herself to sleep, Jade's expression was beyond furious—it was completely ashen, laced with a sharp, terrifying hatred.

She took one last heavy swallow of wine and slammed the glass onto the table. "I'm going to take this case, and I will destroy him."