

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

Chapter 13

Having drank too much the night before, Willow woke up with a pounding headache.

By the time she rolled out of bed, Jade had already left for work. On the table sat a prepared breakfast and two copies of a divorce agreement.

Willow checked her phone and found a barrage of unread messages from Jade. Aside from reminding her to eat well and take care of her health, she had detailed every single clause in the divorce papers.

The document was incredibly professional and watertight, securing the maximum possible assets for Willow within the boundaries of the law.

To have drafted something this comprehensive in such a short amount of time, Jade must have stayed up the entire night.

Deeply moved, Willow didn't hesitate for a single second. She signed her name at the bottom of both copies. She then tucked them into her bag, planning to hand them to Julian in person.

With that handled, Willow sat down to eat. She was still on leave today and planned to visit the hospital after breakfast.

But halfway through her meal, her phone rang. It was the hospital.

Willow's stomach tied into knots. When she had left yesterday, the doctor had explicitly told her they wouldn't call unless it was an emergency.

Her hands trembled as she answered. "Doctor, what's wrong? Has something happened to my mother?"

"You need to get to the hospital immediately," the doctor demanded, his tone incredibly sharp.

It was the same doctor from the day before, but his attitude had entirely flipped. He sounded impatient, almost hostile.

"I'm on my way," Willow said, grabbing her bag in a panic and rushing out the door. She had no idea what had happened, but her heart was racing. "Could you please just tell me what's going on with her?"

"I said get over here. Stop asking questions."

The line went dead.

Willow didn't even have a second to process why his demeanor had completely soured overnight. All she knew was that she needed to get there as fast as humanly possible.

When she arrived, the doctor was already waiting for her. The moment he saw her, he unleashed a tirade. "Didn't I tell you to hurry? Why did it take you so long?"

"I'm sorry, I live quite far away and got caught in traffic," Willow gasped, out of breath. "Doctor, please, what's wrong with my mother?"

"Your mother can no longer be treated at this facility. You need to process her discharge paperwork right now."

Willow's knees buckled. "Why? Did her condition worsen?"

The doctor ignored her, keeping his head down as he filled out a form.

Panic gripped her completely. "Is it about the money? I'm already gathering the funds."

Desperate, she quickly opened her mobile banking app and shoved the screen toward him. "Look, I have the money, and I can get the rest soon. Please, you have to save my mother."

The doctor's eyes flicked to her balance, widening for a fraction of a second before quickly turning cold again, as if remembering something. "Are you deaf? I told you to arrange a transfer immediately."

"But why?" Willow was completely baffled. Thinking she might have opened the wrong account, she glanced at her screen. That was when she realized her balance had skyrocketed from thirty thousand dollars to a staggering five point three million.

It seemed Mr. Vance had already transferred the funds. And the amount had increased—it wasn't the initial five hundred thousand they discussed, but a flat five million dollars.

Pushing her confusion aside, she pleaded again. "Look, I have the money now. Why won't you help us?"

Visibly irritated, the doctor snapped, "It's not about the money. Just process the paperwork," before turning on his heel and walking away.

Willow stood frozen, staring at his retreating back.

She couldn't understand it. Just yesterday, this same doctor had been incredibly patient, reassuring her that her mother was in good hands and that she just needed to secure the funds as soon as possible. How could everything change so drastically overnight?

As she stood in the sterile hospital corridor, a cold draft swept past her, snapping her out of her daze.

And then, the realization hit her like a freight train.