

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

Chapter 15

"I'm glad your mother is doing well. You don't need to worry about anything moving forward. Harbor Mercy Hospital has world-class technology and the absolute best medical resources globally. Your mother will be perfectly fine."

"Thank you so much." Willow expressed her gratitude again. Realizing she had nothing material to offer in return, she brought up her employment status. "I've already submitted my resignation to the Sinclair Group. I'll be fully clear to leave in a month."

Just as she said this, Willow suddenly heard another male voice over the line. It was deep, magnetic, and spoke a crisp line of a foreign language. Even though she didn't understand the words, the voice was incredibly captivating.

"Are you busy right now?" she asked, worried she was interrupting Arthur's work.

"No," Arthur denied quickly. "That was just a passerby."

Willow didn't pry; she had only called to give an update anyway. "Then I won't take up any more of your time."

"Call me whenever you need anything."

After hanging up, Arthur nervously wiped a bead of cold sweat from his forehead. In his panic, he had just referred to his boss as a "passerby." He had no idea if the man would be angry. But he had no choice—Mr. Thorne had strictly ordered him not to reveal his identity during any interactions with Ms. Horgan. He had practically been forced into the lie.

"Mr. Thorne, my apologies."

Silas Thorne didn't seem bothered. "Watch it next time."

"Understood. I will be more careful."

"Good. Now, instruct the hospital to adjust her dietary plan. Change the menu to local New York favorites."

"And swap out the fruits and desserts to match."

"Right away, I'll make the arrangements."

Back at the hospital, Willow waited a while longer before her mother finally woke from her medicated sleep.

Having slept for so long, Martha was still a bit disoriented. It took her a few moments to recognize Willow. "Willow, when did you get back?"

"I came back to see you." Willow gently brushed a stray lock of hair from her mother's forehead. She was about to ask how she was feeling and if she was hungry, but to her shock, Martha suddenly burst into tears.

"You look so exhausted, so worn out. These past few years working away from home must have been so incredibly hard on you. And now, with me getting sick, I'm just dragging you down. It would have been better if I never woke up."

"Don't say that," Willow chided gently, feigning anger. "What do you mean 'dragging me down'? I'm your daughter. Isn't it my job to take care of you? Besides, the doctors said it's nothing we can't handle. As long as you cooperate with the treatment, you'll be out of here in no time."

"Really?" Martha's emotions stabilized slightly as she looked around the opulent room. "The facilities here are amazing. Did Julian arrange all this? Where is he? Has he been keeping you company?"

Her mother knew absolutely nothing of the nightmare with Julian. She only knew that Willow had married the man she deeply loved. And for the past three years, through Willow's careful deception, she fully believed her daughter was living a perfectly happy married life.

She would have to tell her mother the truth eventually, but today was not the day.

"He's just very busy with work," Willow answered vaguely, deliberately dodging the question.

"I understand. He runs such a massive company, it's normal for him to be tied up. You need to be understanding too. By the way, when does your project in Seattle end? Once it's over, you can finally move back to New York City, right? Living so far apart all the time isn't good for a marriage."

"We'll see," Willow deflected, refusing to entertain the topic. "Don't worry about any of that right now. The most important thing is focusing on your recovery."

"I know, I know. I promise I'll get better. I still need to stick around to help take care of my grandchildren."

A sharp pain pierced Willow's heart at the mention of children. Just then, her phone buzzed on the nightstand. She glanced down to see Julian's name flashing on the screen.

Willow originally intended to ignore it, but Martha had already seen the caller ID and immediately urged her to answer.

Grabbing the phone, Willow stepped into the private bathroom.