

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

## Chapter 16

Julian had just wrapped up his workday and specifically waited until after a romantic candlelit dinner with Vivienne to make this call. He had purposely ignored Willow's calls that morning, calculating the timing perfectly. He figured leaving her to panic all day was more than enough time for her to realize exactly who held all the cards.

"Have you thought it through?"

"Thought what through?"

Willow's tone was ice-cold—a complete departure from the cautious, eager-to-please demeanor she used to have around him. Julian frowned.

He simply didn't believe a person's entire personality could shift so drastically in such a short amount of time. More importantly, he refused to believe her love for him could just vanish. Because of this, he was utterly convinced she was just playing hard to get.

"Take a guess," his voice dropped a few degrees.

"I have no idea. If you don't have anything real to say, I'm hanging up." Willow was still in the hospital room. Though the bathroom door separated her from her mother, she still kept her voice hushed, terrified of being overheard.

"Apologizing to Toby."

So it was about that again.

"I already told you, I did absolutely nothing wrong, and I will not apologize." Willow remained fiercely adamant.

"It seems today wasn't enough to teach you a lesson. Don't forget—if I can speak to one hospital, I can speak to the next." Julian had already received word that Willow's mother had transferred out, but he hadn't bothered to look into the specific details.

Hearing this, a cold sneer curled on Willow's lips. At least he was brazen enough to outright admit what he had done.

She had absolutely zero desire to argue or yell at him. All she cared about was handling the fallout.

While her mother was safe at Harbor Mercy Hospital for now, they were still in New York City—the Sinclair family's stronghold. If Julian truly wanted to cause trouble, he had the resources to do it. Furthermore, she had already troubled Mr. Vance more than enough; she didn't want to create any more unnecessary drama.

"What exactly do you want?" Willow asked bluntly.

"Simple. Apologize to Toby, pack your bags, and go back to Seattle. Everything goes back to normal."

In your dreams!

Willow cursed him inwardly. She wouldn't be doing either of those things.

"Julian, you can't honestly believe this is good for the boy, do you? Instead of teaching him right from wrong, you're warping his morals and validating his toxic behavior."

"Whether it's good or not is none of your damn business."

"Then whose business is it? Vivienne's?" Willow intentionally jabbed at his ego. "Don't forget, legally, I am that child's mother."

"It's still not your place to judge," Julian repeated coldly. "I'm giving you one night to think it over. I want your answer tomorrow."

"I'll be at the office tomorrow." Whether she gave him the answer he wanted or not was another story. She was going in to drop off the divorce papers anyway.

Hanging up the phone, Willow stepped out of the bathroom and immediately met Martha's eager, hopeful gaze. "Well? What did Julian say?"

"Nothing much. He just told me to make sure you're resting." Willow turned away, adjusting the bedsheets to avoid making eye contact.

"I'm the one lying in a hospital bed, I'm perfectly safe. The two of you are the ones who need to take better care of yourselves."

"I know. Are you getting tired? Do you want to sleep a little longer?"

The medication was heavy, and Martha was indeed feeling drowsy again. After murmuring a few more reminders, she drifted back to sleep.

Martha slept straight through until the evening. Right as she woke up, the hospital staff delivered dinner. It was entirely classic New York cuisine, but clearly tailored to perfection, maximizing flavor while strictly adhering to her dietary restrictions.

Willow was just marveling at how a facility with Seattle roots managed to produce such authentic, high-end East Coast food, when a nurse walked in with a second tray. This one was for her. It was no exaggeration—every single dish was her absolute favorite. Even the fresh fruits and desserts were exactly to her taste.