

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

Chapter 17

Willow couldn't help but be amazed. The service at this hospital was simply unparalleled. She hadn't mentioned a single preference, yet they had fully customized the menu to her exact liking.

Halfway through their meal, Jade walked through the door. When she had asked for the address earlier, Willow tried to talk her out of coming, worried it was too exhausting after her long day, but Jade absolutely refused to take no for an answer.

Martha was thrilled to see her. Having no idea about the situation between the two friends, she just knew it had been years since they last saw each other, making the reunion especially warm.

They kept Martha company while she ate and chatted for a bit. Seeing that Jade was dangerously close to steering the conversation toward Julian, Willow quickly made up an excuse to drag her out of the room.

Once in the hallway, Willow finally filled Jade in on her mother's hospitalization and her upcoming resignation.

Predictably, Jade went off on her. "What is going through your head? Why wouldn't you tell me something this massive? Do you think I'm completely useless? Even if I couldn't pull strings myself, I still have my parents, don't I?"

"You don't even ask your own parents for help with your issues."

"That's completely different! Of course I won't ask for myself, but when it comes to you, all bets are off."

That was just how Jade was—loud, blunt, and completely unfiltered. But beneath those sharp words lay the fiercest, most genuine loyalty in the world.

Knowing she was in the wrong, Willow stayed quiet and let her vent.

Honestly, she hadn't planned on telling Jade any of this from the start. First, Jade was hustling on her own away from her family's shadow, and she was surely dealing with her own struggles. Second, just as Jade mentioned, if things got truly desperate, she would have gone to the Yates family for help. But with Julian breathing down her neck in New York City, Willow was terrified he would retaliate against them.

After a few more complaints, Jade's anger fizzled out, replaced entirely by concern. "So what's the plan? Are you really going to keep your mom in the dark forever?"

"For now, yes. I'll tell her when she's physically stronger."

Jade nodded, her attention suddenly caught by the sheer luxury of the hospital corridor. "Judging by how high-end this place is, the company you're jumping ship to must be insanely powerful. Now that I think about it, it's a good thing you didn't ask me. Even if you did, I wouldn't have been able to score you VIP treatment like this."

Willow didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the blunt admission.

Jade kept rolling. "This is exactly how it should be! Quit that toxic job, finalize the divorce, and upgrade to something a million times better! Let that absolute bastard Julian choke on his regrets!"

"Oh, right. The divorce papers I drafted—did you sign them? When are you handing them over?"

"Signed them this morning. I'm taking them to his office tomorrow."

Jade still had case files to review that night and an out-of-town trip the next morning. They chatted a little longer before she had to leave.

Before she left, the topic of Willow's living situation came up. Willow didn't want to overstay her welcome and be a nuisance, but Jade shot that down instantly. She argued that she traveled roughly 300 days a year anyway, so there was practically zero chance of her being 'disturbed.'

Furthermore, Jade knew exactly what kind of man Willow's father was. She pointed out that, if only for her mother's peace of mind and recovery, Willow needed a stable place to stay.

That was an argument Willow couldn't win.

Her father was a chronic, unapologetic gambling addict. Even when her mother was finally cured and discharged, bringing her back to that toxic environment was out of the question.

After Jade left, Willow stayed with Martha until almost ten o'clock before finally heading home.

The next morning, armed with the signed divorce papers, she marched into the Sinclair Group headquarters.