

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

Chapter 19

Willow finally understood. Falling for Julian was the original sin that triggered her entire nightmare.

Between the ghosts of her past and the absolute garbage fire of her present, Willow had zero patience left. She stared dead into the eyes of the two men putting on the humiliating show. "Have you said enough?"

The moment the words left her mouth, total silence fell over the group.

They hadn't expected her to utter a single syllable, let alone snap back. In the countless times they had pulled this routine, she had only ever lowered her head and taken the abuse.

Had she completely lost her mind today?

The air turned thick with awkward tension.

Seth was the first to recover. "What did you just say?"

"I spoke plain English. Are you deaf?" Willow shot back.

"Say that to my face again." Being publicly humiliated in front of Vivienne made Seth's face burn, and his tone shifted from mocking to downright vicious.

Disgusted by his theatrics, Willow refused to engage further. She spun on her heel to walk away.

But before her foot could hit the pavement, a leg suddenly shot out into her path. She tripped over it hard, her knees smashing brutally against the solid concrete.

It was Seth.

Seeing Willow crumble to the ground, he popped an arrogant eyebrow, looking incredibly smug, as if he had just avenged a grave insult.

The impact on her knees was agonizing, turning her legs to jelly. For a moment, she couldn't even push herself up. She looked up at the faces towering over her. Lucas watched her with detached amusement, a cruel, subtle smirk playing on his lips.

Vivienne stood with her arms crossed, oozing arrogance and malicious triumph.

And Julian? Julian stood there with the exact same freezing apathy he always had, entirely unfazed, acting as if the woman bleeding on the pavement meant absolutely nothing to him.

Willow squeezed her eyes shut, pressing her palms against the rough ground, forcing herself to try and stand again.

Suddenly, a hand extended into her line of sight. Looking up the arm, she saw Hugo. He was trying to help her up.

Every instinct screamed at her to reject his pity—he was one of them, after all. But her body was failing her, leaving her with no other choice. She gripped his hand, using his leverage to pull herself to her feet. However, a 'thank you' died in her throat. She simply couldn't bring herself to say it.

Desperate to escape their staring eyes, Willow gritted her teeth against the pain and limped away.

She hadn't even made it far before Seth started whining loudly. "Hugo, what the hell did you help her for? You should've let her kiss the concrete! Did you see how arrogant she was acting? Who does she think she is? Just some ugly heavyweight acting out of turn. Trying to compete with Vivienne? In her dreams!"

Lucas was equally displeased. "Seriously man. We've always treated Vivienne like family, always looked out for her. Now that she and Julian are so solid, they're obviously endgame. Why would you side with an outsider?"

Listening to their complaints, Hugo's brow furrowed in distaste. "Drop it. That was enough."

Vivienne, who had been glowing with satisfaction just moments before, instantly felt her face fall at Hugo's words. Outside of Julian, Hugo's opinion mattered to her the most. He was devastatingly handsome and his family's wealth rivaled the Sinclairs'; he was the absolute peak of their social hierarchy.

But knowing she had an audience, she couldn't afford to look petty. Forcing a generous smile, she said, "Let it go, guys. It wasn't a big deal anyway."

Seth, however, wasn't letting it go. In his mind, he was acting as Vivienne's personal attack dog. "Why did that cow even come back to the office? Wasn't she exiled to Seattle?"

"I heard her mother got sick," Vivienne smoothly supplied the gossip.

"Sick? Yeah, right." Seth sneered. "Poor people's lives are cheap. They don't just randomly get 'sick' when it's convenient. I guarantee the illness is just a pathetic excuse to come back to New York and stalk Julian. We've all seen how psychotic her obsession with him is."

"Oh, surely not? Nobody would fake their own mother's illness, would they?" Vivienne asked, her voice dripping with fake innocence.

"Why wouldn't they?" Seth countered. "You think everyone has your moral compass? The world is a lot darker than you think, Vivienne. You're just way too pure for your own good."