

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

Chapter 2

Compared to the three hundred thousand dollars she needed, it was barely a drop in the bucket.

With such a massive financial hurdle, she was out of options.

After settling things at the hospital, she caught a cab straight to Emerald Heights.

This was where Julian's luxury estate was located. Aside from the week they got married, this was only her second time stepping foot on the property.

The housekeeper who answered the door didn't recognize her and insisted on checking with the owner first.

Through the grand foyer, Willow could hear bright, cheerful laughter echoing from the living room. It was a woman and a young boy. The woman's voice was unfamiliar, but she assumed the child had to be Toby, the boy Julian had adopted.

Thinking of the little boy softened her heart.

Even though he wasn't biologically hers, and she had only ever seen photos of him, she was legally his mother. A natural maternal instinct tugged at her.

She was just making a mental note to buy him a gift later when the laughter abruptly stopped. The housekeeper returned and ushered her inside. As Willow stepped into the expansive living room, she saw three people sitting on the custom sectional.

Julian, Toby, and an elegantly dressed woman.

Julian wore a perfectly tailored dark suit and a matching silk tie, his hair impeccably styled. His sharp, striking features and commanding posture radiated absolute authority. In the three years they had been apart, he had only grown more imposing and intensely intimidating.

However, he made no effort to greet her. His gaze remained firmly locked on his phone, not even bothering to glance up. He had a stack of pending corporate approvals, which he swiped through and authorized without a second thought.

The woman beside him stayed silent as well, raking a cool, assessing gaze over Willow. There was no confusion in her eyes—she clearly knew exactly who Willow was.

It was Toby who finally broke the silence. "Mom, who is this lady? She looks so frumpy and heavy. Is she friends with you and Dad? Didn't you teach me that we only associate with high-class people? Why would you be friends with someone like her?"

Kids possessed a brutal honesty that always cut the deepest.

Willow flushed with embarrassment. Years of relentless overtime and skipping meals had wreaked havoc on her metabolism, causing her to put on quite a bit of weight since she last lived here.

But far more shocking than the insult was the fact that Toby had just called the other woman "Mom."

If that woman was his mother, then who the hell was Willow?

Before Willow could find her voice, the elegant woman smiled gently and ruffled Toby's hair. "Toby, honey, didn't we talk about this? I'm not your mom. You're supposed to call me Aunt Vivienne. That lady over there is your mother."

She pointed a manicured finger at Willow.

Disgust twisted Toby's small features. He crossed his arms defensively and sneered. "No way! She's not my mom! I don't want a fat, ugly old lady for a mother! Kick her out!"

A heavy, awkward silence descended over the room. Vivienne made no attempt to correct the boy; instead, she threw Willow a blatant look of challenge.

Just as Willow opened her mouth, Julian finally spoke up. "Vivienne, take Toby upstairs."

His tone was incredibly soft—a tenderness he had never once directed at Willow.

A bitter taste coated Willow's tongue as realization dawned. This had to be Vivienne Sinclair, the Sinclair family's ward, Julian's adopted sister.

Vivienne hadn't attended their impromptu wedding. Willow had known of her existence but had never met her until now. Seeing her in person, Willow noticed she shared Julian's icy, untouchable aura. But what was truly striking was how much her facial features resembled little Toby's.

Vivienne happily complied, taking Toby by the hand and leading him up the grand staircase.

Once they were out of earshot, Julian finally shifted his gaze to her. Their eyes locked in a silent clash.

At that exact second, Willow's phone buzzed in her pocket. It was an automated email from HR—her resignation had just been officially approved.