

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

Chapter 20

"There's nothing wrong with being pure," Lucas chimed in. "With Julian protecting her, and with all of us looking out for her like family, Vivienne never has to worry about the dark side of the world."

Lucas had always treated Vivienne like a precious, fragile little sister.

Years ago, when he first moved into the Lane household with his mother, he hadn't been an only child. He had been four years old, and he had a one-year-old biological sister. Just when he thought they were finally going to live a normal, happy life, his mother abruptly told him his sister was gone. Lost.

The news had shattered him. But as a four-year-old, his crying and screaming meant absolutely nothing. His mother maintained a terrifyingly cold stance: the girl was gone, he was never to think of her again, and he needed to focus entirely on their new, wealthy life.

Over the years, things played out exactly as his mother dictated. He lived in luxury, wore designer clothes, and had a golden future ahead of him. Yet, a hollow, gaping hole remained in Lucas's heart.

So, when he first laid eyes on Vivienne all those years ago, an intense, protective affection flared to life inside him. Her wide eyes and flushed, pink cheeks immediately reminded him of the baby sister he had lost.

Even when he caught glimpses of Vivienne's cruel and tyrannical nature, Lucas brushed it off as harmless. She was a girl, after all—she was supposed to be spoiled and coddled.

If his real sister were still alive, he would have spoiled her exactly the same way.

The group showered Vivienne with a few more compliments before surrounding her like bodyguards and heading off to an exclusive restaurant.

Meanwhile, Willow's appetite had been entirely destroyed by the encounter. She bypassed lunch and headed straight back to the office floor. The second she pushed open the glass doors, she noticed a massive commotion around the desk she had claimed that morning. A crowd was gathered around it, buzzing with noise.

Walking closer, she realized they were passing out premium bubble tea and expensive fruit platters.

The desk that had previously held her laptop and meticulously organized files was now completely hijacked by a chaotic spread of drinks and snacks. Her belongings had been shoved aggressively to the side, and a puddle of condensation and spilled tea had seeped right onto her laptop.

Willow glanced at the surrounding pods. There were at least half a dozen empty desks available, yet they had deliberately chosen the exact one she had been sitting at.

It was a blatantly calculated attack.

She shoved past the two women blocking her path, intending to just grab her ruined things and leave. Suddenly, a grating, mocking laugh erupted from the crowd. "Oh my god, you were sitting here? We totally thought this desk was empty!"

It was one of Vivienne's loyal lapdogs. Willow didn't know the girl's name, but she recognized her aggressively mean face.

She had originally planned to just grab her stuff and walk away, not wanting to waste her breath on these bottom-feeders. But since this girl was desperately begging for a fight, Willow decided to give her one. "Right. So now that you know someone is sitting here, shouldn't you move your trash?"

The girl clearly hadn't expected her to fight back. She blinked in shock before a nasty sneer curled her lips. "Move my stuff? Do you not understand how a hot desk works? Whoever claims it, keeps it."

"Is that right? Whoever claims it keeps it? You couldn't see my massive laptop sitting right in the middle of the desk? If your eyes are that broken, I suggest you book a doctor's appointment." Without missing a beat, Willow pulled the ergonomic chair back and planted herself right into her original seat.

For a moment, the surrounding employees exchanged nervous glances. A few people, terrified of an HR incident, tried to smooth things over by claiming it was an honest mistake and hastily offering Willow a cup of tea and a fruit bowl.

Before Willow could even decline, the lapdog shrieked in outrage. "Ms. Sinclair bought those! Like hell she deserves any of it!"

Turning her venom completely onto Willow, she hissed, "Why don't you look in a mirror before you start making demands? Look at how bloated you are. Just standing next to you is disgusting."

While it certainly wasn't the first time she had heard insults like that, having it screamed at her in the middle of a crowded office was still deeply humiliating. Slowly, Willow stood up, turning to face the vicious woman dead on. "Is it nearly as disgusting as stealing someone else's space like a rat?"