

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

Chapter 21

The woman, having been rebuffed, instantly showed her vicious side. She grabbed the iced latte from the table and threw it right at Willow Horgan's head. Willow used her bag to block it, and the scalding liquid, along with all the sticky syrups, splattered all over her bag.

She kept her face utterly cold and slammed the bag onto the table. "Wipe it clean."

"What did you just say?" The woman looked at her in pure disbelief. "Who do you think you are? What if I refuse?"

"Then you aren't leaving here today."

As the standoff continued, a crisp sound of footsteps suddenly echoed from outside. It was the sharp click of high heels against the marble floor. A moment later, a graceful figure stepped into everyone's line of sight. It was Vivienne Sinclair.

Willow had no idea how she managed to show up in such a short amount of time, especially since she had just been with Julian Sinclair and his crowd. She didn't know how Vivienne appeared with such precision, but she knew her arrival was definitely not simple.

Sure enough, in the next second, Vivienne spoke up with a gentle, elegant tone. "What's going on? Did something happen?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, someone immediately recounted the entire incident from beginning to end. Naturally, it was the version highly unfavorable to Willow.

After listening to the story, Vivienne didn't say much. Instead, she uncharacteristically offered an apology first. "I'm so sorry. I bought these drinks to treat everyone and thank you for your hard work. It was never my intention for this to cause any conflict."

"How about this? I'll help you wipe it clean?"

After she finished speaking, she looked at Willow with a soft, kind gaze, acting like a completely different person from the Vivienne who had glared at her with such hostility earlier.

Looking at her, Willow finally realized exactly who Toby Sinclair had learned his rapid face-changing skills from.

She stayed silent, but the others, of course, would never let Vivienne wipe the bag.

In an instant, all the blame shifted toward Willow. Some called her ungrateful and pushy. Others advised her to quit while she was ahead and not make a scene. It was a chaotic mess of accusations.

Willow felt utterly exhausted. She genuinely hated participating in this kind of theatrical performance where a crowd pandered to one person.

So, she picked up her things, cast a cold glance at Vivienne, and simply walked away.

As soon as Willow left, the entire scene turned into a Vivienne praise-fest. Beautiful, kind-hearted, ethereal, considerate of her subordinates—every wonderful adjective in the book was piled onto her.

Vivienne laughed softly. "I'm not as perfect as you say. You guys definitely have a biased filter when you look at me."

"Not at all," someone replied. "Don't you know you're the Goddess of the entire firm? It's just a shame that your temper is too good, which is why people like that try to bully you."

Vivienne waved her hand, still looking completely unbothered. "It doesn't count as bullying. We're all colleagues. If someone has a bad temper, we just need to be a little more tolerant. Our ultimate goal is to get the job done."

"If only a certain someone had your level of self-awareness. Aside from everything else, it's just too much that she's trying to steal the credit for the Seattle project! Everyone in the firm knows the Seattle project achieved so much success entirely under your leadership. Willow is just some minor outsourced employee. You're the one actually steering the ship, yet she really thinks she's somebody special?"

Vivienne intervened right on cue. "Let's not say things like that anymore. As long as we do our jobs well, that's all that matters."

The others finally shut their mouths.

After leaving the firm, Willow found a nearby coffee shop. She briefly cleaned herself up and then started working on her laptop.

She had a lot on her plate, and whenever she got busy, she easily lost track of time. It wasn't until it was almost time to clock out that she remembered to check her phone. Coincidentally, Julian had just sent her a text.

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

Chapter 22

Come to my office right now.

Willow had planned to go find him anyway, so she didn't care much about his demanding tone. She packed up her things and left the coffee shop.

Ten minutes later, she arrived at Julian's boardroom. The door was open. She knocked twice and walked right in. Once inside, however, Julian was nowhere to be seen. Her gaze swept the room until she spotted him standing by the floor-to-ceiling windows, talking on his phone.

In the past, if Willow had encountered this situation, she would have immediately retreated in panic and waited quietly outside the door. She never would have dared to enter without Julian explicitly calling her in. But now, she didn't care.

Finding a random seat in the lounge area, Willow sat down, took out her phone, and browsed her messages while she waited for him.

When Julian finished his call and turned around to see this scene, he couldn't help but frown. What kind of trick was this woman playing now? In the past, let alone sitting down without permission, she wouldn't even dare to make eye contact with him. Whenever she spoke to him, she kept her head down and blushed the entire time.

Was she playing hard to get?

"Willow," he called out to her. It was a reminder, but also a warning. "I heard you were throwing your weight around today."

Willow raised her eyes to meet his gaze, neither humble nor arrogant. "What are you talking about?"

"What am I talking about?" Julian sneered. "Bullying a colleague, ignoring company policies, and even making your superior wipe your bag for you. You really were quite impressive today."

Hearing this, Willow felt like she could laugh from the sheer absurdity of it. It was obvious who had twisted the facts this drastically, and it was equally obvious who had the means to tell him about it. The answer was self-evident.

Since that was the case, explaining herself was entirely pointless. Judging by his expression, he had already made up his mind about her.

Willow stood up, but the sudden movement sent a sharp jolt of pain through her knee, causing her to let out an involuntary gasp.

She instinctively glanced at Julian, only to find his brows deeply furrowed in clear impatience. Gritting her teeth, she stood up straight.

"Did you call me here just to talk about this?"

Julian looked at her, his gaze dark and indifferent. "This isn't where you belong. Hurry up and go back to Seattle."

Willow wanted to tell him that she didn't want to stay here in the first place. If it weren't for the job handover, she would have loved nothing more than to disappear from the Sinclair Group immediately. But hearing him say it still stirred up some emotion in her. "And what if I don't leave?"

Hearing this, Julian spoke coldly once again. "Playing hard to get won't work on me."

After saying that, he looked as if he was entirely fed up and didn't want to waste another word on her. "Apologize to Toby as soon as possible."

If he hadn't brought it up, Willow would have almost forgotten about it. She hadn't expected him to still remember. He was certainly persistent.

"I told you already, I did nothing wrong, and I will not apologize to him." In a rare moment of patience, Willow tried to offer him some advice. "Do you truly believe this is good for the child? Spoiling him without any bottom line? Teaching him from a young age to solve problems with intimidation? You aren't loving him, you're ruining him."

"Are you done?" Julian's face grew even colder. "Whether it's good or not isn't up for you to judge."

Willow also felt that she had perhaps said too much. But Toby was just a kid, and she couldn't help but overthink the situation. Since he wouldn't listen, there was no need for her to say anything else.

"You're right, it isn't. It wasn't before, and it definitely won't be in the future."

As she spoke, she pulled the divorce papers from her bag and placed them on the desk. "This is..."

Just as the words left her mouth, Julian's phone suddenly rang. He picked it up immediately, his tone turning gentle. "Vivienne."

"I'm in the office."

"I'm not busy, go ahead."

Looking at his turned back, Willow let out a bitter smile. She hadn't expected that, in the end, she wouldn't even get the chance to tell him she wanted a divorce to his face. She would just leave it there. He would see it after he finished his call anyway.

When Julian finished his call and turned back around, he found that Willow had already left. She really had no manners.

He was still furious. He stared at the documents she left on the desk, his eyes dark and cold. He didn't even need to look to know it was just another pathetic trick to get his attention. Too lazy to even read it, Julian tossed the entire folder directly into the shredder.

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

Chapter 23

After leaving the Sinclair Group building, Willow headed straight to Harbor Mercy Hospital.

When she arrived, it was right around dinner time. A nurse was patiently feeding Martha Mercer. The meal was light, nutritionally balanced, and clearly carefully curated.

Martha was currently undergoing chemotherapy and was extremely tired and lethargic. Yet, she hadn't suffered any noticeable weight loss, which showed just how much effort the medical staff put into caring for her.

Seeing Willow arrive, the medical staff quickly asked if she had eaten dinner. Upon learning she hadn't, they immediately prepared a meal for her.

It was, once again, Willow's favorite food and fruit.

She hadn't taken a single bite since noon, and her body had been freezing all day. Now, having taken a bite of the warm food, she finally felt herself come back to life.

Before coming here, Willow had never imagined a hospital's service could reach this level of excellence. Of course, this was all thanks to Arthur Vance. She was incredibly grateful that someone was willing to reach out and help her during her most difficult time.

After dinner, Willow stayed to chat with Martha for a while before heading home.

She returned to Jade Yates's apartment. Just as Jade had said, she traveled for business almost every day, so right now, the only ones home were Willow and Cooper.

Thanks to the careful tending over the past few days, Cooper wasn't quite as afraid of people anymore. Occasionally, he would come over to Willow and rub against her, although his overall health was still quite poor.

Willow's own knee was still throbbing. She grabbed some ointment to apply to the bruise. Just as she was rubbing it in, her phone suddenly rang. Willow picked it up and saw it was a call from Genevieve.

She set the ointment aside and swiped to answer. "Genevieve."

Genevieve's concerned voice immediately came through the line. "Willow, I heard you came back to New York? You really are something, why didn't you let me know you were back?"

In the entire Sinclair family, if Willow had to pick one person she was actually willing to keep in touch with, it would only be Genevieve.

Back when she and Julian got married, not a single person in the family agreed—except Genevieve. Even later, when they found out she was infertile, Genevieve repeatedly comforted her, telling her not to take it to heart and that adopting a child wouldn't be a bad thing.

Although Willow hadn't been in New York for the past three years, Genevieve never missed sending her holiday gifts. She would also occasionally call just to check in, reminding her to take good care of herself in Seattle.

Thinking of this, Willow softened her tone. "I just got back. I haven't had the chance to tell you yet."

"That's perfectly fine. So, when are you coming to see me?"

"How about in a few days? Let me finish up my work for the next couple of days." Dealing with all this chaotic mess recently, Willow truly was having a hard time getting away.

"Don't wait a couple of days. Let's make it tomorrow."

"Genevieve, tomorrow I..." Just as Willow was about to decline, she suddenly heard a fit of coughing through the phone. "Are you okay? Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine, it's just an old ailment," Genevieve didn't say much more. "Then it's settled. Tomorrow is Saturday, so you'll definitely have time. Come over and have a meal with me."

After saying that, she added, "Oh, right. Remember to bring Julian along with you."

Hearing this, Willow didn't know what to say. But the idea of going with Julian was something she was a hundred percent against.

"There's no need, Genevieve. I can just come by myself."

"How could we do that? It's settled. You don't need to worry about it, I'll tell him myself." Genevieve was very persistent. "Willow, what would you like to eat? I'll have them prepare it in advance."

"Anything is fine." Willow didn't really care about the food.

"Alright then, I'll take care of the arrangements."

Following that, Genevieve urged her a few more times to get some rest and take care of her health before finally ending the call.

The next day, Willow had just gotten out of bed and was getting ready when she suddenly received a text from Julian. It contained just one word: [Address.]

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

Chapter 24

Willow couldn't make heads or tails of the random message. Too lazy to even think about it, she simply swiped and deleted it.

Five minutes later, Julian contacted her again, but this time he called.

As soon as the line connected, he spoke coldly. "Didn't you see my text?"

Willow didn't want to fight with him. "I saw it."

"You saw it and you didn't reply?"

"What address?"

"What do you think? Didn't you ask Genevieve for this yesterday?"

Reminded by him, Willow finally recalled that Genevieve had indeed mentioned having her and Julian go back to the estate together. But because she hadn't wanted to go, she hadn't taken the matter to heart.

"I didn't ask Genevieve for anything, and I don't need it. I don't need you to pick me up, and I won't be sending you my address."

"What, did you think I was going to pick you up personally?" Julian sharply caught the wording in her sentence and immediately began to mock her. "You really are overthinking it. Of course, I'm sending a driver."

Willow couldn't be bothered to argue with him. "Then don't send a driver."

"Willow, don't you think you're overacting?" Julian sneered. "You need to know when to stop playing games. You don't have what it takes to make me pick you up myself."

Willow had absolutely no idea how his mind jumped to that conclusion. She spoke in a cold voice. "I never thought that."

In the past, she wouldn't have dared to. In the future, she wouldn't need to.

He was a man who, after three years of marriage, didn't even know her home address. She wanted absolutely nothing to do with him from now on.

"Suit yourself."

With that, Julian hung up the phone.

Willow didn't care. She calmly continued getting ready.

Her place was dozens of miles away from the Sinclair Estate, and there were no direct subway lines. She had to take the subway first, then hail a cab. It took her an hour and a half to finally arrive.

As she stepped out of the cab, she happened to see a Rolls-Royce Cullinan pulling up. Next, three people stepped out of the car. It was Julian, Vivienne, and Toby. All three of them were dressed in matching tones, wearing the latest runway pieces from a high-end luxury brand. They looked exactly like a picture-perfect family of three.

Seeing her, Julian cast a cold glance her way and said nothing.

Toby, on the other hand, reacted like a kitten whose tail had been stepped on. He instantly balled up his fists and looked ready to charge at her.

Vivienne held him back, leaning down to whisper a few words into his ear before he was finally placated.

The Sinclair family valued tradition and family dinners. It was likely that Julian and his entourage were here today precisely for that reason.

Sure enough, as soon as she walked in, she saw everyone was there. In addition to Julian's parents, Zachary and Susannah, the extended family members were all present as well.

Willow wasn't familiar with any of these people. She had only met them once when she first got her marriage license with Julian, and there had been zero contact since.

They didn't give Willow any friendly looks either. After giving her a cold, scrutinizing once-over, they quickly shifted their attention back to Julian and the others. Asking them how they were doing, offering enthusiastic concern—it was the complete opposite of how they treated Willow.

Toby was exceptionally good at acting sweet and charming. He kept calling out "Grandpa" and "Grandma," coaxing laughter out of everyone. The atmosphere was incredibly harmonious, leaving Willow as the sole person excluded from the warmth.

But she didn't mind. Back when she actually cared about Julian, she used to worry that his family wouldn't like her. Now, to her, they were nothing more than strangers.

Besides, she came here today knowing that once she divorced Julian, she would never come back. She just wanted to use this opportunity to see Genevieve one last time.

Soon, Genevieve walked out. She was leaning heavily on a cane, and a few coughs escaped her as she walked. She didn't look well.

The moment she spotted Willow, she smiled and waved her over.

Willow walked over and held her hand. "Genevieve."

Genevieve looked at her, her voice aching with affection. "How did you tire yourself out like this? It must have been so hard for you in Seattle these past few years, wasn't it?"

Before Willow could even open her mouth to reply, Susannah immediately chimed in with a sarcastic tone. "Tired? She just ate too much. Can't you see how much weight she's put on? Ruining herself like this at such a young age, it's truly a sin."

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

Chapter 25

She shifted her gaze toward Willow. "Look at Vivienne. She's around the same age as you, but the difference between you two is like night and day. You should learn a thing or two from Vivienne."

"Enough, why do you have so much to say?" Genevieve glared at Susannah before turning her attention back to Willow. "What happened to your leg? I noticed you were walking a bit off just now. Did you fall?"

"I'm fine," Willow shook her head. "I accidentally bumped it, it's nothing serious."

Although she said that, Genevieve still directed her gaze at Julian. "Julian, you need to show more care for Willow. Stop putting all your energy into other things. You are her husband. You need to take on the responsibilities of a man."

When she said those words, Julian was holding Toby and talking to Vivienne. In an instant, the room fell silent, and the atmosphere became incredibly awkward.

Mr. Sinclair Sr. had passed early, and Genevieve had always been the one to manage the family business. Because of that, her prestige within the family remained extremely high. Even though she had stepped down in recent years due to health reasons, her authority was still absolute. Usually, no one dared to contradict her.

Vivienne didn't dare to utter a word. Julian simply responded, "I understand."

Toby's absolute favorites were Julian and Vivienne. Seeing that they were unhappy, his temper instantly flared.

Although he had always been somewhat afraid of Genevieve—because while the other adults spoiled him, Genevieve was always extremely strict with him—he still pouted his lips and glared in her direction. "Hmph, you're not allowed to talk about my daddy like that! My daddy is the best man in the whole wide world!"

No one had expected Toby to say such a thing. For a moment, everyone looked at each other in surprise. Only Vivienne secretly curved her lips into a smile.

Genevieve, however, couldn't exactly bicker with a small child, so she directed all her dissatisfaction at Julian instead. "Look at this. What kind of education have you been giving this child? He has no respect for his elders whatsoever. Before, Willow wasn't here. But now that she's back, she will be the one raising him from now on."

Hearing that he was going to be raised by Willow, Toby immediately jumped up. He mimicked a monster-destroying pose from television and started shouting, "Destroy you! Destroy you! I don't want her to raise me! She's not my mommy! Vivienne is my..."

Terrified, Vivienne immediately clamped a hand over his mouth and quickly apologized, "He's just a child and doesn't know any better. Please don't take it to heart, Genevieve."

"Exactly," Susannah quickly backed her up. "Genevieve, he's just spouting nonsense. Please don't mind him."

"Doesn't know any better? He seems perfectly clear to me," Genevieve scoffed coldly. "But the child is still young. There's still time to correct him. From what I see, he should be returned to where he belongs. Leave him to Willow from now on."

Hearing this, Toby burst into tears on the spot.

Susannah immediately pulled him into her arms, coaxing him and calling him her precious baby. Vivienne, meanwhile, shot Julian a look full of grievance.

"Genevieve," Julian spoke up. "Willow has never raised a child. She has no experience."

"Exactly," Susannah chimed in rapidly. "A woman who is infertile isn't even whole herself. You expect her to raise Toby properly? Besides, we raised Vivienne since she was a little girl. We know her inside and out, and she's so sensible. It's best if she stays with Julian and helps take care of Toby."

The others clearly sided with Julian as well, each adding their own commentary. "Isn't it perfectly fine for Toby to live with Julian and Vivienne right now? If you give him to Willow, she can't even take care of herself. Look how heavy she's gotten. I'd really be worried that if she took care of Toby, he'd grow up to be a heavyweight too."

Hearing the word "heavyweight," Toby cried even harder. "I don't want to grow up to be a heavyweight! I don't want to!"

Genevieve was getting annoyed by the noise. "What, are you all just refusing to listen to me now?" She turned her face to Willow, asking for her opinion. "Willow, what do you think?"

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

Chapter 26

Hearing this, Toby immediately buried his face in Susannah's arms, crying and throwing a loud tantrum. "I don't want her! I don't!"

If this woman got to choose for herself, she would definitely choose to raise him! After all, she wanted to be his mommy so badly.

He had heard her on the phone with his dad before. She always asked how he was doing, and sometimes she even begged for pictures of him. Even though his dad strictly refused her every time, she never gave up.

Moreover, she was so heavy and so ugly. There was no way he was going to let her take care of him. Otherwise, he would be too embarrassed to even show his face at kindergarten! All the other kids would definitely laugh at him!

He wanted a beautiful woman like Vivienne to be his mommy. He wanted Vivienne to take care of him!

Vivienne was worried too. No matter how you looked at it, legally speaking, Toby was Willow's child. If Willow genuinely wanted custody, and with Genevieve heavily supporting her, it wasn't impossible.

She discreetly tugged at Julian's sleeve.

Julian patted her hand, reassuring her.

Even though he knew Willow had always wanted to raise Toby and build a relationship with him—after all, since she couldn't have children, having a child was the only way she could possibly keep this marriage going with him—what she wanted didn't matter. What mattered was that he had to agree.

"Genevieve."

"Genevieve."

Julian had barely opened his mouth when another voice cut him off. It was Willow who spoke.

The moment she spoke, the atmosphere grew tense. Toby and Vivienne looked slightly angry, as if they had already anticipated her answer. Julian, on the other hand, looked relaxed, fully prepared for whatever she was about to say.

"Genevieve," Willow repeated, "I don't want to raise him."

She originally wanted to be far more direct. She wanted to tell Genevieve straight out that she was already planning to divorce Julian, and she didn't care in the slightest who raised Toby in the future.

But Willow could see the true intention behind today's dinner and the genuine affection Genevieve held for her. So, she decided to word it more delicately. As for the divorce, she would save that for a private conversation later.

After she spoke, the room descended into silence. No one expected her to give that answer.

After all, this was completely out of character for her, and everyone couldn't help but feel suspicious.

Genevieve couldn't understand her reasoning either. "Willow, don't be afraid. If you have something on your mind, just tell me directly. I'll back you up."

"I really don't want to raise him," Willow explained. "I haven't been by his side since he was born. I know nothing about his daily habits. Plus, I'm extremely busy with work right now. I honestly just don't have the time."

"Very well. As long as you've thought it through. I won't force you. Whenever you figure things out, you can always come find me."

At this, Toby and Vivienne finally breathed a true sigh of relief, though they still found it odd. This woman had always cared deeply about Toby, so they had no idea what kind of trick she was pulling today.

Julian, however, looked at Willow with a half-smile. His gaze was cold, wearing an expression that suggested he had seen through her a long time ago.

The minor incident quickly passed, and soon it was time for lunch.

The Sinclair family placed great importance on table etiquette, and every seating arrangement was highly deliberate. Naturally, Genevieve sat at the head of the table, with everyone else seated on either side. There was nothing inherently wrong with this setup, but Julian had intentionally brushed past Willow and sat right next to Vivienne.

Genevieve took one look at Julian and issued a direct order. "Julian, come sit over here." She pointed to the empty seat right next to Willow.

It was just a seat. Julian didn't actually care that much. Plus, since the earlier argument had already upset his grandmother, he didn't refuse again and simply moved over.

Even though he sat next to her, Willow acted as if she couldn't even see him. She went about her own business, treating the man beside her as if he had absolutely no connection to her. She didn't even spare him a single glance.

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

Chapter 27

Seeing the atmosphere between them was far too tense, Genevieve actively asked Julian to serve Willow some food.

Julian was somewhat cooperative. Although his face was devoid of expression, he didn't publicly undermine Genevieve's authority. Instead, he looked at the clam chowder in front of Willow and proactively ladled out a bowl for her.

Not far away, watching this scene unfold, a suffocating wave of jealousy washed over Vivienne. She had to lower her head and pretend to eat to hide the absolute hatred burning inside her at that moment.

Just as Julian finished ladling the soup and was about to hand it to Willow, she suddenly spun the lazy Susan and took the initiative to serve Genevieve instead. "Genevieve, try this."

It was precisely this movement that completely blocked the soup Julian was offering. For a moment, his outstretched hand hung suspended in mid-air, looking incredibly awkward.

Genevieve noticed this as well, instantly grasping the underlying tension, and decided not to push the issue any further.

Julian, on the other hand, stared at Willow and let out a cold, indecipherable sneer before setting the clam chowder down in front of himself.

After that, Genevieve didn't make any more demands, but she unexpectedly noticed that the diamond ring Willow always wore on her left hand was missing. She was highly confused. "Willow, where is the ring on your hand?"

In the past, she used to treat that ring like her most prized possession, wearing it no matter what she was doing.

She was referring to her wedding ring. Willow had genuinely loved it in the past.

Even though she had used her own savings to buy the ring, and even though Julian had never once put it on her finger himself, she had still cherished it.

Because it used to represent her love and her hopes for a happy marriage. But now, it meant absolutely nothing at all.

"I accidentally lost it." Willow replied bluntly. The truth was, she had thrown it away.

"Lost it?" Genevieve asked, surprised. "How could you lose it? You used to love that ring more than anything."

After saying that, she studied Willow's expression and decided not to dwell on it. "It's just a ring. If it's lost, it's lost. We'll find a time to have Julian take you out to buy a new one."

After lunch, Genevieve called Willow aside privately. In her bedroom, she took an emerald necklace out of her safe and insisted on putting it on her herself.

Naturally, Willow couldn't accept it. She quickly refused, "Genevieve, actually, Julian and I..."

"Willow," Genevieve didn't let her finish her sentence, "I know you've suffered a lot of grievances these past few years. Julian isn't a bad person at his core; it's just that there are some things he hasn't figured out yet. Are you willing to wait for him a little longer?"

Wait? How much longer was she supposed to wait?

Willow didn't want to wait anymore. "Actually, I don't care what he does anymore."

"It's completely normal for couples to have conflicts. Will you listen to a piece of advice from me?" Genevieve had lived a life of iron and blood. She was upright, open-minded, and never forced anyone to do anything. It wasn't that she couldn't understand Willow's hints; she just couldn't bear to let her go. She didn't want to lose such a good girl.

"When Julian wanted to marry you, everyone else disagreed. I was the only one who didn't say a negative word and supported it with both hands. It was because I felt a connection with you. I could tell at a single glance that you were a good girl."

Halfway through her words, Genevieve began to wipe away tears. Willow handed her a tissue. "You can see for yourself, my health isn't good anymore. I don't have many years left. Even if it's just for my sake, can you try just a little harder?"

Willow pressed her lips together and didn't answer. There was simply no way she could agree to this condition. But her initial plan to clarify her current relationship with Julian had suddenly become impossible to articulate.

Seeing her like this, Genevieve let out a sigh and didn't push it any further. "You're a good girl. Don't put yourself in a difficult position. I won't force you. Make the decision for yourself."

They didn't discuss the topic again. Genevieve asked her a few questions about her time in Seattle, and the atmosphere relaxed significantly.

Before Willow left, Genevieve suggested that Julian drive her back. Before Willow even had the chance to refuse, she saw Julian's figure walking into the room.

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

Chapter 28

"I'm fine, Genevieve." Willow refused directly. She then said her goodbyes to Genevieve, stood up, and left. Throughout the entire process, she didn't look at Julian even once.

After stepping outside, she prepared to call a ride. But out of the corner of her eye, she noticed someone following her. Turning around, she realized it was Julian. He had a cigarette pinched between his fingers, unlit, but the curling smoke from the tip drifted upward, making his sharp features look even more severe.

Willow pulled her gaze back expressionlessly and continued tapping on her rideshare app to hail a car.

Unexpectedly, Julian walked right up to her. "Get in."

"No thanks."

Willow turned in a different direction and kept trying to hail a ride, but it seemed no one was accepting the request.

The Sinclair Estate was far from the city center. Getting here hadn't been too bad—adding a tip usually got a driver to accept the trip. But right now, even after repeatedly increasing the tip, no one was taking the ride. There were barely any cars nearby.

"Weren't you just throwing a fit demanding I come pick you up?" Julian suddenly sneered. "Willow, playing hard to get loses its meaning when you do it too often."

Willow completely ignored him. Coincidentally, the app just showed someone had accepted the ride. She was about to answer the driver's incoming call when, in the next second, Julian snatched her phone away. He hung up the call and powered off the device, all in one smooth motion.

He used to do this to her all the time in the past. Sometimes he would suddenly shut off her laptop. Sometimes he would abruptly cut off her phone calls. There were even times when Willow was in the middle of a meeting and had to pause halfway through just because of him.

Back when she loved him, she felt she could endure it all. She would even mentally justify it, coming up with absurd thoughts like he wasn't wrong, and it was her fault for not considering his needs.

But now that she had jumped out of that so-called cage of 'love', she finally realized just how utterly disrespectful his actions truly were.

Willow's voice was ice-cold. "You have no right to do that. Give my phone back."

Hearing this, Julian looked momentarily confused before letting out a faint smile. "Give it back to you?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, he opened the car door and tossed the phone inside. "Get in."

Willow didn't move, coldly standing her ground against him.

Julian spoke again. "Genevieve is still watching. If you want her to worry, by all means, keep making a scene."

Hearing this, Willow looked past him. Sure enough, Genevieve was still standing under the porch. Even from a distance, Willow could see she was coughing continuously.

Taking a deep breath, Willow thought for a moment before finally opening the passenger side door.

This was the first time Willow had ever been in Julian's car. The moment she opened the door, she noticed the passenger seat had clearly been meticulously decorated by someone.

There was a sticker that read 'Princess Only', various cartoon ornaments, and that specific perfume scent that belonged exclusively to Vivienne. Willow could never have imagined that a cold, serious man like Julian would ever allow Vivienne to do all this to his car.

She picked up the phone Julian had just tossed inside, closed the passenger door, and moved to the back seat.

Julian crushed out his cigarette and got in the car as well.

"Address." he demanded impatiently.

Willow didn't answer. Instead, she made a demand of her own. "Drop me off once we're out of the main gates."

Julian cast a brief, cold glance at her through the rearview mirror and said nothing more before starting the car.

For the entire ride, Willow didn't even lift her head. Only after noticing the car had driven well away from the estate did she speak up. "Stop the car."

Julian actually stopped the car as requested. But when Willow tried to open the door, she found it was locked. No matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't open.

Willow looked at him, her words concise. "Open the door."

Julian, however, changed the subject. His gaze settled on the ring finger of her left hand. "Where is your ring?"

Willow unconsciously twitched her fingertips. This was the first time he had ever asked about the ring. Back when she first bought it, she had shown it to him like a treasured prize, only to be frightened away by his indifferent gaze. She had never dared to bring it up to him again since.

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

Chapter 29

She hadn't expected his first time asking to be under these circumstances. It truly was ironic.

Willow gave him the exact same answer she gave at the dinner table. "Lost it."

"Lost it? It's fine if you try to fool Grandma with that line," Julian looked over his shoulder at her. "You treated that ring like it was more important than your own life. You expect me to believe you lost it? Besides, based on my understanding of you, if it really was lost, I highly doubt you would be this calm."

After all, it wasn't as if he hadn't witnessed how fiercely she guarded that ring in the past.

The ring obviously wasn't lost; Willow had actually thrown it away. But she honestly couldn't understand his motive for bringing it up now. "Does it matter if it's lost? Do you even care? Why are you asking about this now?"

Julian let out a cold laugh. It was true, he didn't care about the ring at all. Just like her, it was nothing more than an accessory. As for why he asked, it was nothing more than a momentary whim.

"When are you going back to Seattle?" He steered the conversation back on track.

Her resignation had been personally approved by him. As for why he was making this demand when he already knew she was quitting, Willow could guess the reason. Her return had disrupted the perfectly normal life he shared with Vivienne and Toby. So, even if it was just for one month, he didn't want to see her.

Unfortunately, she hadn't officially left the company yet. From a legal standpoint, the demand he was making was perfectly reasonable.

"I can't go back right now."

"Why not?"

Willow was too tired to waste any more words on him. All the pent-up frustration in her chest surged out at once, and she spoke directly. "Julian, do you have amnesia? My mother is sick, and I have to take care of her. If I recall correctly, the previous hospital demanding we transfer her was entirely your doing, wasn't it? Since you already know all of this, and even orchestrated it behind the scenes, why are you asking me why now? Did you genuinely forget, or did you just never care in the first place?"

The moment she asked the question, Willow regretted it. Judging by his current reaction and his past actions, the answer was obviously the latter.

Saying more was useless. Right now, she just wanted to end the conversation and get out of his car. "Even if I have to go back, it will have to wait until my mother's condition stabilizes. Let me out."

"How long?" Julian completely ignored the latter half of her sentence.

"I don't know." Willow absolutely wouldn't give him a definitive timeline. Right now, she would stall for as long as she could, ideally until her resignation period ended.

"One week. A week at the latest. I want to see you gone."

Willow didn't agree, nor did she refuse. She reached for the handle, wanting to get out of the car.

Realizing the door was still locked, she grew irritated. "You've already made your demands. What else do you want?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, Julian suddenly leaned over toward her, extending his hand as if to touch her shoulder. Willow didn't know what he was trying to do and instinctively dodged.

In the next second, Julian sneered. "You're overthinking it. I have zero interest in you."

In an instant, the color completely drained from Willow's face. To have a man say that directly to her face—and for that man to be her own husband—was an indescribable insult to any woman.

"Open the door. I want to get out." She demanded forcefully once again.

Julian ignored her again. Instead, he reached out and showed her what was between his fingertips. It was a single white strand of fur he had just picked off her shoulder.

"Where is the dog?"

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

Chapter 30

Hearing this, Willow paused for a moment, but within seconds, she quickly reacted. "What dog?"

"What do you think?" Julian looked at her coldly, a mocking smirk playing on his lips. "Do I need to remind you? The one you took when you barged into my house."

"That is my dog." Willow's voice was resolute.

"But we've been the ones raising it for the last three years."

"You call that raising? You were abusing him!"

The moment this was brought up, Willow couldn't keep her emotions in check. The image of Cooper being kicked and beaten by Toby instantly flooded her mind. Even now, she still had nightmares about it.

Moreover, she didn't believe for a second that Julian was unaware of it.

Sure enough, in the next second, he spoke. "So what? Don't forget, it's just an animal."

"An animal?" Willow repeated with a cold laugh. "I guess that depends on how you define it. Some people walk around wearing human skin, but at their core, they're worse than animals."

"Willow," Julian warned her, "angering me won't do you any good."

"Furthermore, from the day Toby was born until now, there hasn't been a single thing he's wanted that he hasn't gotten."

Willow refused to back down an inch. "How you choose to spoil him is your business, but if you think I'm giving Cooper back, don't even dream about it."

"And what if I insist?"

"Then just try it."

Willow was putting everything on the line this time. There might be room for compromise on other issues, but not this one. Cooper was her absolute bottom line. Leaving him in New York three years ago had been an irreversible mistake. Now, all Willow wanted was to give him some warmth in his limited life.

"It seems you really aren't afraid." Julian was clearly enraged. He aggressively grabbed Willow's arm and yanked her right in front of him.

Their eyes met. Willow could clearly see his harsh features and the icy chill in his eyes. "Let go of me."

"What, are you scared now?"

Willow wasn't scared, she just wasn't used to it. In the past, he rarely even spared her a glance, let alone initiating physical contact this close.

"Let go of me!"

"Where did all that attitude go?"

Neither of them was willing to compromise. They remained locked in a standoff until Julian's phone suddenly rang, prompting him to finally release his grip.

Although Willow didn't know who the caller was, judging by his tone of voice, she could easily guess.

Sure enough, after hanging up the phone, Julian directly unlocked the doors. "Get out."

Hearing this, Willow only felt a profound sense of irony. They had argued for so long, and yet it was less effective than a single phone call from Vivienne. But she was more than happy to reap the benefits. Her ultimate goal was to get out of the car, anyway.

Without any hesitation, Willow grabbed her things, opened the door, and stepped out.

After getting out of the car, she didn't head home. Instead, she went to Harbor Mercy Hospital first.

Martha now had professionals taking care of her. Although she was still enduring chemotherapy, her spirits were relatively high. The staff here were accommodating, and she had even made a friend or two.

Seeing Willow arrive, she enthusiastically shared the latest gossip she had just heard from a friend. "I heard this hospital is funded by an investor from Seattle, and the boss himself is incredibly handsome. Have you ever seen him, Willow?"

Willow shook her head. She didn't want to disclose too many things unrelated to her mother's recovery in front of her.

But speaking of "handsome," she had indeed seen Mr. Vance a few times. He was over forty, exuding a clean, elegant, and refined aura, but it didn't quite match the typical description of "incredibly handsome." On second thought, maybe this was just the aesthetic for younger girls nowadays. Wasn't the whole 'silver fox' aesthetic extremely popular recently?