

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

Chapter 4

Before she could argue, a sudden, agonizing yelp echoed from upstairs. Willow froze.

Before moving to Seattle, she had adopted a little dog named Cooper. Unable to take him on the sudden relocation, she had left him in the care of the estate's previous housekeeper. Now that the staff had changed... what had happened to him?-

Forgetting the argument completely, Willow sprinted up the stairs. The closer she got, the more harrowing the animal's cries became. Pure panic gripped her chest.

Rounding the corner, she finally spotted him. It was her beloved Cooper. But the horrific scene playing out nearly made her scream.

Vivienne and Toby were in the hallway with the dog.

Vivienne stood by with her arms crossed, passively watching as Toby sat directly on top of the small dog, viciously kicking and punching the helpless animal. "Fat, ugly lady! You don't deserve to be my mom!" the boy chanted with every strike.

Willow couldn't believe her eyes. "What the hell are you doing?!" she shrieked, sprinting toward them.

Toby didn't stop. He just shot her a defiant glare and kept swinging.

Furious, Willow grabbed Toby by the collar and yanked him off. She scooped Cooper into her arms, desperately trying to soothe him. But the dog was limp and barely breathing, his eyes glazed over in shock.

Pulling him close, she noticed a piece of paper taped to Cooper's forehead. It was her and Julian's official wedding portrait.

Except Julian had been brutally cut out of the frame. Only her face remained, smiling sweetly with the radiant glow of a blushing bride—a sickening contrast to the living nightmare she was in now.

A tempest of rage and devastation consumed her. Trembling violently, she raised her free hand to teach the malicious little brat a lesson.

Vivienne, who had done absolutely nothing to stop the abuse, suddenly shoved Toby behind her. "Are you out of your mind?" she scoffed. "It's just a dog. Are you seriously trying to hit a child over a mutt?"

"A child? He's acting like a monster!" Willow fired back, her blood boiling. "And who do you think taught him to act like this? It's clearly a reflection of the adults raising him!"

Vivienne's face hardened, her voice rising an octave. "Excuse me? Are you trying to lecture me? Take a look around. Since when do you have any authority to scream in this house?"

At Vivienne's harsh tone, Cooper let out another frantic, traumatized whimper and began thrashing wildly in Willow's arms.

Heartbroken, Willow stroked his fur, murmuring quiet assurances until he finally went limp again. She didn't have time to deal with this psycho. She needed to get Cooper to a vet immediately.

She turned to leave, but Vivienne's mocking voice stopped her in her tracks. "You were never good enough for him, Willow."

It wasn't just an insult; it was a brazen claim of ownership. The venom in her tone didn't sound like a sister at all—it sounded like a bitter, jealous rival.

Willow shot her a withering glare. "That's not for you to decide." Refusing to back down, she added, "He was the one who got down on one knee."

Instead of getting angry, a triumphant smirk stretched across Vivienne's face. "Is that what you think? You might want to ask yourself who he was actually trying to protect when he did that."