

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

Chapter 6

Under intense cross-examination, the HR rep finally smirked and revealed that Mr. Sinclair had personally drafted this new clause. It was effective as of this morning.

Everything clicked into place. Julian was truly going out of his way to ruin her.

Refusing to waste another breath on HR, she headed straight for the executive suite. She desperately needed every last dollar for her mother's treatment; she wasn't about to let him steal her hard-earned money out of spite.

Watching the red digital floor numbers climb higher, she rationalized his behavior. This was just a sick power play. He wanted to punish her, to force her onto her knees and beg for forgiveness.

She knew she had done nothing wrong, but given Martha's critical condition, she was willing to swallow her pride and play his twisted game. After all, they were still legally married, and she didn't want this to escalate into a full-blown war.

Stepping up to the heavy mahogany doors, she raised her fist to knock. A soft conversation drifted through the crack. It was Julian and Vivienne.

Not wanting to intrude on whatever toxic dynamic they shared, she turned to wait down the hall. But the sound of her own name froze her in place.

Vivienne's voice was sickeningly sweet and overly intimate. "Julian, when is Willow going back?"

"Don't worry, I'm handling it as quickly as possible," Julian replied.

His response was immediate. Willow didn't need to see his face to know it was filled with utter devotion.

"I trust you," Vivienne cooed. "You know Toby and I are really struggling with her showing up out of nowhere. She's changed so much, and she acts completely deranged now. I don't mind suffering a little, but I can't let her traumatize Toby."

"I know," Julian murmured softly. "I'm fixing it. She'll be back in Seattle before you know it. Here, look at the present I bought you."

A brief, rustling silence followed.

A loud gasp shattered the quiet. "You got me this bracelet? Julian, this must have cost at least a million and a half dollars! You shouldn't have spent so much!" Though she feigned shock, her absolute thrill was unmistakable.

"It's nothing. It looks beautiful on you," he said, his tone thick with affection.

Hearing him dote on another woman sent a wave of nausea through Willow. He had brutally rejected her desperate plea for a couple hundred grand to save her dying mother, yet he casually dropped over a million dollars on jewelry just to see Vivienne smile. The glaring disparity between who he loved and who he tolerated was agonizing.

Suddenly, Vivienne started crying—tears of joy. "You're so good to me, Julian. When I got pregnant back then, if Nana had found out, she would have destroyed me. But you stepped up. You married Willow just to create a legal cover so we could adopt my baby without arousing suspicion. I know we have to keep our true relationship a secret for now, but just being able to be here with you and Toby... it's all I've ever wanted."

"I protected you then, and I'll protect you forever. I'm going to take care of you and Toby for the rest of my life."

The rest of their conversation drowned out in a deafening ring. The world spun violently around Willow as the horrifying truth locked into place.

Toby was Julian and Vivienne's biological son. Julian had only married Willow to secure a legitimate cover to adopt his own secret child. Their entire marriage was a meticulously crafted lie. He had never loved her. Not even for a second.

Her heart shattered, the pain so suffocating she couldn't pull air into her lungs. Tears blurred her vision, and her legs gave out, leaving her to heavily lean against the corridor wall to stay upright.

Yet, in the midst of her total devastation, an awful clarity emerged. Every bizarre inconsistency, every cold shoulder she had blindly ignored over the years suddenly aligned like pieces of a twisted puzzle.

No wonder he had been in such a massive rush to get married.

No wonder he had exiled her to Seattle the morning after their wedding.

No wonder Vivienne had smirked at her just hours ago when Willow defended his proposal.

It all made sickening sense now. The uncanny resemblance between Vivienne and Toby. The undeniable, exclusive intimacy that made them look like a perfect family when she walked into the living room...

She had been played. Everything had been orchestrated to shield Vivienne from scandal.

And Willow was just the collateral damage. A useful idiot who genuinely believed she had found her fairy-tale ending.

A dark memory resurfaced. Three years ago, she had been violently assaulted and abducted on her way home. The trauma was mostly a blur, but she distinctly remembered her attackers having West Coast accents.

When she woke up in the hospital, Julian had been the first person she saw. He told her she was permanently infertile due to her injuries, but swore he didn't care. He offered to marry her right then and there, claiming they could just adopt a child to complete their family.

At the time, Julian had seemed like her savior. The man she had secretly pined over for four years was suddenly proposing when she was at her absolute lowest. Blinded by grief and misplaced gratitude, she had agreed without hesitation.

It was all a mirage. They had simply exploited her vulnerability for their own sick gain.

Hot tears streamed down her cheeks. A profound, crushing wave of despair anchored itself in her soul.

Her phone buzzed, vibrating against her hip. Wiping her face furiously, she checked the caller ID and hurried down the hallway.