

The Last Goodbye Chapter 14

Dark clouds veiled the moon as the wind began to howl. Lightning streaked across the sky, followed by the low rumble of thunder. Soon, the rain poured down in torrents. The raindrops formed a steady curtain, pounding noisily against the ground.

I had been sitting on the front steps, but when the rain came, I rushed to the door for cover. It didn't help much as I was already soaked. The wind carried the cold dampness right through me, making the chill seep into my bones.

Behind me, the door remained shut.

Unwilling to give up, I knocked again.

After what felt like an eternity, the door finally creaked open. Alfred appeared, draped in a robe. His eyes widened in surprise when he saw me. "Mr. Page, come in quickly!"

I stepped inside, water dripping from my clothes onto the floor. Alfred handed me a towel to dry myself off. He muttered softly, almost to himself, "I don't remember locking the door..."

"She was the one who did it," I said, glancing toward the second floor.

Alfred hesitated, unsure how to react. He finally said, "Mrs. Page must have assumed you were in your room."

"Didn't she tell you to lock the door?" I pressed.

After all, I had been calling out for what seemed like forever, and Alfred hadn't come to let me in.

He looked confused. "Mrs. Page didn't say anything like that."

His gaze shifted as if he was connecting the invisible dots, though he kept his tone neutral. With a small, uncomfortable smile, he added, "I was in the backyard cleaning up, so I didn't hear you. That's on me."

If Valerie wasn't the one who locked me out, then it had to be Andrew.

"What are you doing standing around in the middle of the night?" Valerie's voice cut through the silence.

She stood barefoot at the top of the stairs, looking down at me with clear annoyance etched across her delicate features, irritated at having been woken up.

I glanced at her bare feet, the instinctive urge to express concern rising in my throat before I swallowed it back down.

Noticing my soaked clothes, she smirked. "Putting on another show?"

I didn't answer, though a bitter smile tugged at my lips,

It was true, after all. When someone did not care about you, even if you hung yourself, they'd think you were just playing on a swing.

"Someone locked the door and wouldn't let me in," I said, holding her gaze, waiting to see how she would respond.

There were only three of us. If it wasn't Valerie, it had to be Andrew. I wanted to see how she would defend him.

The smirk on Valerie's lips faltered, and her gaze flickered.

After a moment, she scoffed. "But you're inside now, aren't you?"

With a lazy yawn, she cut me off before I could say anything further. "It's late. Go to bed."

She brushed the issue aside so easily, as though it was nothing. No acknowledgment, no accountability.

I closed my eyes, a deep sense of humiliation settling in. I took a breath, trying to rein in the frustration building inside.

Andrew wouldn't be so bold if Valerie hadn't given him free rein.

The stolen medical records, locking me out—it was all Andrew's doing, emboldened by Valerie's constant indulgence.

I could no longer hold back the storm brewing within me. The rage swelled uncontrollably until I sensed a sharp metallic taste in my throat. My vision darkened, and I remember nothing after that.

only vaguely heard a distant voice. "Jeffrey, stop pretending to faint. It's getting old."

When I came to, I was greeted by stark white walls and the unmistakable scent of disinfectant.

I was back at the hospital.

I sat up, scanning the empty room.

Once I felt strong enough, I pushed the blanket aside and climbed out of bed.

“Mr. Page, please lie down. If you need anything, I’ll get it for you,” Alfred’s voice called out as he entered the room with a tray of food. He rushed over, setting the insulated container on the side table before offering his hand to steady me.

He hovered nearby, as though wanting to speak but unsure if he should. His expression held traces of sympathy, carefully masked beneath a professional demeanor.

It was a look I had seen many times before.

“You know about my condition, don’t you?” I asked quietly, surprisingly calm as I sat back down with his help. “I wasn’t lying. Does she know?”