

The Last Goodbye Chapter 16

The footsteps behind me grew closer, confirming the two girls were indeed following.

I quickened my pace, which only seemed to encourage them.

Their footsteps persisted for a moment before finally fading as they gave up the chase.

I hid in a stairwell, leaning against the wall and catching my breath.

If only someone were here with me, maybe I wouldn't feel so alone.

I shut my eyes as Andrew and Valerie's photos together replayed in my mind like a slideshow.

Why wasn't anyone by my side?

Lost in thought, I barely noticed when the safety door opened. A woman in professional attire entered, her back turned to me. She didn't see me as she pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a long drag.

When she turned around, our eyes met. The atmosphere became awkward in an instant.

Zoe calmly stubbed out her cigarette and remained composed. "Since I promised to see you, I'll keep my word. You didn't have to track me down at the hospital

I held up the payment slip in my hand in response to her accusation.

"Since you're here, we might as well do the check-up." Zoe didn't give me a chance to refuse and walked through the door, signaling for me to follow.

I followed Zoe into the ward but hesitated at the door. The room was filled with important figures- department heads and directors.

"Come in," Zoe called, catching everyone's attention as they turned to look at me.

"I'm here to demonstrate the examination process and establish a treatment plan," she said, quickly slipping into her professional demeanor, complete with a white doctor's coat. She waved me over.

It became clear that her willingness to see me was more about using me as a case study. Reluctantly, I stepped forward and cooperated with Zoe for the examination.

Zoe carefully reviewed my X-rays, her brow furrowed in concentration as she pored over my medical records.

The atmosphere in the room was tense, with her serious expression and tightly pressed lips adding weight to the already heavy air.

“You’re not needed here anymore. You can leave,” Zoe said.

“I’ll wait for your response,” I replied.

As I approached the door, Zoe added, “Don’t rush off. I need to discuss things with you shortly.”

Half an hour later, Zoe emerged from the ward. Seeing me still waiting, she looked momentarily surprised before walking away while dialing a number.

“Valerie, about Jeffrey’s condition...” she began.

On the other end, Valerie answered slowly, her voice muffled by background chatter and laughter. “I’m busy right now. We’ll talk when I get back.”

“What if I told you Jeffrey is really sick?” asked Zoe.

“Are you falling for his lies too? It seems he’s getting better at lying,” Valerie replied indifferently. “If it’s not urgent, we’ll handle it when I’m back.”

Zoe tried to say more, but the call abruptly ended. She tried calling again, but Valerie didn’t pick up.

With a sigh, Zoe put her phone away. “I’ll inform her.”

She patted my shoulder in what appeared to be an attempt to comfort me.

“Dr. Sanders, it seems like studying my condition is more important.”

Zoe pressed her lips together. “Your condition isn’t particularly complex, but because it was discovered late, it’s already advanced. Treatment will be difficult. I’ll prescribe some medication for you to start.”

I nodded, sensing the intense scrutiny from Zoe. I looked up at her as she said, “It seems like you don’t plan to tell Valerie about this.”

“I’ve tried, but she doesn’t believe me,” I said with a forced smile. “Now it seems she doesn’t even trust what you say when it comes to me.”