

The Last Goodbye Chapter 18

I turned my phone off, shutting out the news altogether. Right now, I just wanted to revisit the place where I grew up.

The dining table and chairs were personally chosen by my mother and father. They always said dinner was a time for family, a warm gathering. We had dinners around that table for more than ten years.

My parents were gone now, but the table and chairs remained—still clean and polished, as if someone had been regularly cleaning them.

“Mr. Page, someone has been cleaning here regularly. It must have been arranged by Mrs. Page. She may seem cold, but she’s warm at heart. Even though she grew close to Andrew, you were still married for ten years. How could she not care about you?”

Alfred always worried about my relationship with Valerie. After all, we had spent so many years together, like family.

I couldn’t help but sneer. Valerie had a heart of stone when it came to me, but she was always warm and passionate around Andrew.

Understanding my silence, Alfred wisely held his tongue. He knew that my relationship with Valerie was beyond repair.

If my parents knew that their beloved son had become nothing more than a disposable tool to a woman, it would have broken their hearts.

But no amount of guilt or regret could change the past. I didn’t have much time left, so all I could do now was do what I wanted.

“Let’s go.”

Alfred was taken aback when I said I wanted to leave. “Mr. Page, it’s been less than half an hour. You’re already leaving?”

Usually, I would sit for hours when I came here, revisiting familiar places from the past. But now, those memories only made me uneasy. I was the one who ruined the Page family. Because of one woman, I tore the family apart. Every visit here filled me with shame.

“I’m tired. I want to rest.”

Alfred said no more. On the way back, I looked at the scenery surrounding the old Page family estate. So much had changed since then.

Perhaps it was because of everything that happened at the old Page family estate. After my parents passed away, the place became eerily quiet. Many of the neighbors had moved away, some even choosing to go abroad. There was no one left to talk to. Maybe this was my punishment.

The moment I stepped back into the house, laughter greeted me from the living room. Valerie and Andrew were already home.

“Valerie, how’s the fruit?”

“It’s really sweet!”

Valerie leaned against Andrew, who was peeling fruit for her, feeding her piece by piece. They looked like a loving couple, while I remained the unwanted outsider.

Valerie had changed into a white silk loungewear set. The fabric clung to her skin, highlighting her curves. A necklace sparkled against her neck—likely a gift from Andrew after winning that award.

If I had bought it, she would’ve tossed it in the trash without a second thought.

Andrew didn’t even acknowledge me as I walked in, still feeding Valerie with tenderness. Her expression, however, hardened. She shot me an annoyed glance before speaking, her tone sharp.

“Where have you been? Who wanders around like an idiot when they’re sick? You’re just pretending. Even Zoe fell for it. Since you’re not dead, come over here and serve us.

“If you manage to please me, I might let you go to bed early tonight. Otherwise, you can clean the entire villa. Sick people should exercise more.”

Andrew, once wary of me, now acted as if I didn’t exist. I supposed it was no surprise. I was just a man about to be divorced, riddled with illness, with no guarantee of survival.

What kind of threat could I possibly be to him now?