

## The Last Goodbye Chapter 5

Valerie turned and bolted into the bathroom, where she collapsed in front of the toilet bowl, vomiting violently.

“Valerie, what’s wrong? Are you feeling sick? Don’t scare me like this.” Andrew was clearly rattled by her condition. His voice trembled as he said, “Hold on. I’ll get the doctor!”

He hurried out the door, stumbling in his panic, leaving Valerie alone as she continued to retch.

Seeing her in such a state stirred something within me, despite the numbness that had settled over my heart. I couldn’t help but be reminded of when she was pregnant with Nina.

She had been just as sick then, though I was too inexperienced to recognize the signs, and she had deliberately kept it from me.

“Valerie, do you remember our child?” I asked, my voice low and devoid of strength. My gaze was hollow, but beneath the surface, I held onto a sliver of hope.

“Jeffrey, what nonsense are you talking about now?” Valerie snapped between bouts of nausea, glaring at me with a mixture of anger and resentment. It was as if my words made no sense to her.

Of course, she didn’t remember.

Any hope I had crumbled in that moment. My eyes locked onto hers, cold and unyielding. “It’s been nine years. I often dream of her, you know? She’s always so lively, so full of joy.

“She was your child too. How could you be so heartless back then? If she had known her mother was a cruel woman, maybe she wouldn’t have wanted to be born at all.”

My voice was so hoarse it was barely audible, but I saw the shock in Valerie’s eyes. Her hand instinctively moved to her abdomen.

“Valerie, your child will regret being conceived by someone like you. Maybe they’ll go back to Heaven and remain an angel instead.

“And even if they come into this world, they’ll hate you and refuse to acknowledge you as their mother,” I added, my voice laced with bitterness and venom.

In that moment of Valerie’s stunned silence, I was tempted to lunge at her, to knock her down and ensure that Andrew’s child would meet the same fate as my daughter.

But I couldn't bring myself to harm an innocent child, no matter how much rage boiled inside me.

Instead, I chose the next best thing: I cursed Valerie and Andrew with all the malice I could muster, wishing them nothing but misery and misfortune.

"Shut up, Jeffrey!" Valerie screamed, clutching her stomach as she forced herself to stand.

She stormed over to me, pointing a shaking finger at my face. "When did you become so vicious? You used to be so kind! It's an unborn child—why would you curse them like that?"

"I'm not cursing the child—I'm cursing you and Andrew. You two will never find happiness! What's the matter? After all these years of being a heartless woman, have you suddenly developed a conscience?"

"Do you think you can just switch to being a loving mother? What about my daughter? She never even got the chance to see this world. As her mother, don't you feel even the slightest bit of guilt?"

My eyes bore into Valerie's, which were wide with fury. Each word I uttered was cutting deep. But in truth, I knew it wouldn't matter.

No matter how much I cursed her, she would still safely deliver Andrew's child if she wanted to. By then, I would be long gone, worn down by illness, buried in the ground alongside my parents and Nina.

I could already picture them laughing and playing over our graves—the thought made me sick to my stomach. I couldn't bear the idea of that future, so I tried to plant a seed of doubt in her mind, hoping it would take root.

But that would only happen if she had even a shred of conscience left.

"I... I was..."

Valerie's voice was trembling now, filled with a mix of guilt and anger, but she couldn't quite find the words to fully explain herself. Her attempt to shift the blame was half-hearted and ultimately unspoken.

Seeing the slight crack in her icy demeanor brought a flicker of satisfaction to me. I stared at her with eyes as cold as a frozen lake.

"We're already divorced, and you're pregnant with another man's child. Yet you're still here, clinging onto me and causing trouble. Valerie, don't you think that's pathetic? Or is it that you're just a master at playing both sides? Once you lose control, you crumble?"

"I... Jeffrey, you... You bastard!"

The ridicule in my eyes caused Valerie to stamp her feet and shriek. But before she could say more, her face turned pale, and she collapsed onto the ground.

Just then, Andrew burst in with a doctor. His face was a mask of panic and fear. "Valerie, hang in there! The doctor's here! The doctor's here!"

He scooped her up, wailing as if he were at a funeral.

Clearly exasperated, the doctor cut through the chaos. "Enough shouting. Get her to the examination room immediately."

Realizing the urgency, Andrew hastily carried Valerie to the examination room. A little later, he reappeared in my ward, his earlier panic replaced by a look of smug satisfaction.

"Surprise, surprise! Valerie fainted not because of illness, but because she's pregnant. Didn't see that coming, did you?"

"You probably didn't even consider that, especially since she hasn't let you near her. You're too cowardly to cheat, so you might have forgotten what a woman feels like.

"She didn't want me to use protection. She said if she got pregnant, she'd have the baby and even give the child the company shares."

Andrew gloated with a wide grin as he leaned casually against a chair to jab at me, his smugness bordering on arrogance.

But all I felt was a faint, lingering ache in my heart. For what Valerie would do for Andrew, and for my daughter who never got the chance to come into this world.

"You don't really think you're the only man in her life, do you? Sure, you're young and maybe a bit charming. But given Valerie's status, she could have any man she wants.

"What makes you think she'd stay faithful just for you? Besides, who knows how many other boys she's got on the side? I've seen a few myself. That baby could be anyone's."

I looked at Andrew with a cold, detached gaze. My tone was steady and emotionless, but every word I spoke cut through his smug expression like a blade.

Andrew was stunned, his face turning to one of shock and anger. He was struggling to reconcile my words with his own beliefs.

He knew, deep down, that with Valerie's connections, she could have anyone she wanted. It was naive to believe that he was the sole exception.

In reality, however, Valerie had only been involved with Andrew for the past two years.

Still, I chose to push his buttons. If my guess was correct, Andrew must have informed Valerie that my fainting was due to a cold, making her believe I was merely putting on a show.

I was merely using his tactics against him.

“You’re lying! You’re making things up!” Andrew’s denial was fierce. His eyes were red with fury as he stared at me, unable to accept the truth.

As he stood up, he grabbed my collar and raised his fist, just as the sharp sound of a ringing phone interrupted him.