

The Last Goodbye Chapter 6

While facing the threat of Andrew's punch, I scoffed and said, "Go ahead and hit me. It'd give me an excuse to get a medical examination and let her know the truth about my illness."

"You think Valerie still cares about you?" challenged Andrew. Despite his words, he lowered his fist and turned around to leave.

Valerie was pregnant, so naturally, he wanted to take advantage of that opportunity to prove himself. The best scenario for him would be if the baby gained him enough points to marry Valerie.

I leaned against the icy wall. The chill made everything feel real. It seeped into the skin on my face and slowly spread out. It was only when the phone rang again that I came back around and picked up the phone.

"Mr. Page, there might be a way to deal with your illness. Are you free to drop by?"

I was stunned. My hand trembled as I held the phone. A whirlwind of emotions flooded into my heart.

I had already accepted that I was nearing the end of my life. I had begun trying to come to terms with my death. Yet, at this moment, I was told that I had a chance at survival.

My mind began to race. I kept thinking about how I might live and how I still had the time to do the things I'd always wanted to do.

"Mr. Page?" The good doctor's voice drew me back to reality.

After I came around, I quickly replied, "I'll head over right away."

My heart was beating alarmingly fast, and I was feeling a little light-headed as well. I did my best to control my emotions and prevent myself from getting too excited.

Coincidentally, the hospital where I got my cancer screened was the same hospital I was already in. Hence, it was convenient for me as it saved me a trip. All I needed to do was to go from the outpatient department to the neurology department.

About ten minutes later, I left the place holding a name card.

The thin card on my palm carried my hope for survival.

I carefully put the name card away and then tilted my head up to look at the sky.

The gloomy weather had finally dissipated, and a ray of sunlight broke through the cloud.

The phone in my pocket began to ring. It was Valerie.

I had no intention of picking up, but she was relentless and persisted in ringing me.

Left with no other choice, I answered her call.

“Jeffrey, where are you? Why did it take you so long to pick up?” demanded Valerie.

I didn’t like how loud Valerie was being. I was in a pleasant mood earlier, but my delight had since turned sour. Unable to hold my frustration in, I ground out, “We are divorced. There is nothing between the two of us now, so I don’t need to pick up your call. Even if I do, it’s only out of courtesy.”

Valerie sneered. Her voice brimmed with unfounded ego as she said, “We might have signed the papers, but that doesn’t mean we’re divorced. We haven’t gone to the courthouse to make it official. Hence, from a legal perspective, we are still married. You are still my legal husband.

“What’s wrong with a wife asking her husband where he went?”

My grip on the phone tightened. I replied, “Then let’s head there quickly to get this divorce.”

“Drop by first. I’ll decide what to do depending on your performance.”

Valerie never gave me the chance to continue arguing with her. She hung up right after saying whatever she wanted.

That was how Valerie had always been. She acted as though she was better than everyone else and always thought that it was only right that everybody’s world revolved around her.

In the end, I still had to go to Valerie’s hospital room.

I hadn’t even gotten close when I heard someone throwing up inside. Andrew’s voice brimmed with worry when he asked, “Why is Valerie still throwing up like this? Is there any medicine to help her?”

“Morning sickness is just a normal part of a pregnancy. You don’t need to worry too much.”

I stood by the hospital room’s door and stared stoically at everyone in the room.

Valerie was leaning to her side and retching. Her dark, silky hair was untied, so it hid a portion of her beautiful but pale face.

Andrew was right beside her. He was holding a basin, but he used his other hand to help Valerie push her hair to the back of her ear. The guy was ever so considerate.

A group of specialists surrounded the bed, and everyone looked grim.

My lips instinctively curved into a mocking grin.

When Valerie was pregnant with Nina, she felt uncomfortable as well. Things were even worse at the time. I had repeatedly tried to get her to consult a doctor, but she turned me down every single time.

She also did not care if her medicine was harmful to the baby; she took it anyway to cope with the morning sickness. Even after she fainted, she refused to stay in the hospital and spent all day working.

It was completely different from how worried she was now.

It became crystal clear to me—she never loved me. She might even have hated me, and as such, she disliked my child as well.

Her feelings for Andrew were different, and that was why she was incredibly patient and loving with their baby.

Although I had long been aware of this, actually witnessing and experiencing it was a different sensation altogether.

Hatred slowly seeped out from the deepest parts of my heart. It grew as though it were an abnormal tree and had covered my entire heart before slowly gripping it tight.

Valerie was the first one to notice me.

She was no longer throwing up as much as she did and was now leaning against the bed frame. Andrew was holding a cup and feeding her some water. Her beautiful eyes were a little puffy, and seeing the childlike innocence they held could make everyone feel bad for her.

When she looked into my eyes, her heartbreaking tears immediately turned into a violent tornado. She pushed Andrew's hand away and fiercely demanded, "I had someone go look for you earlier. You weren't in your room. Where did you go?"

I answered, "I went to talk to the doctor."

“Jeffrey, just how shameless are you? I’m pregnant with someone else’s kid, and still, you worry about me and—”

“I wasn’t talking to a gynecologist,” I interrupted Valerie. I made sure that my gaze brimmed with taunt when I stared stoically at Valerie. It was as though I was looking at a stranger. “I don’t care about your condition at all.”

Valerie was stunned. Her eyes widened in disbelief before she scoffed aloud.

The doctors were all observant. They took advantage of the temporary peace to leave the figurative hell. The last doctor to leave even closed the door on his way out.

Just before the door was closed, I saw pity in the last doctor’s eyes when he looked at me.

The wife was pregnant with someone else’s kid. Yet, she showed no guilt or shame when facing me, her legal husband. Anyone would feel bad for me.

Having seen that kind of gaze many times, I no longer felt anything about it. I told myself that I would soon be rid of the title of Valerie’s husband.

“Valerie’s condition is unique, Jeffrey. Stop triggering her,” said Andrew to defend Valerie. “If you’re upset with the fact that she is pregnant with my child, then just vent all your anger out on me.”

I ignored Andrew altogether. All I did was stare at Valerie and say, “We’ll go to the courthouse when you feel better.”

“The doctor told me to rest in bed, so I won’t be free for a while,” replied Valerie. She stared at me tauntingly. It was as though her gaze was saying she’d refuse to get this divorce, just to mess with me. And that there was nothing I could do about it.

In that split second, I lost and regained my vision multiple times. After taking a deep breath to suppress my emotions, I leaned against the door as I stood there. I was doing my best to make myself look as though nothing was wrong.

When I spoke, however, I realized that my voice was trembling. “When is the soonest we can get a divorce?”

“That depends,” replied Valerie. She caressed her abdomen, which wasn’t yet showing. When she looked at me again, she taunted, “I might have to stay in bed until after the baby is born.”

Valerie wanted to keep dragging the divorce out to mess with me. It was a mere game of cat and mouse for her.

Unfortunately, I could not afford to waste my time with her.

My hands trembled uncontrollably. All I could hear was what my doctor told me earlier. He had said, "This specialist participated in many brain surgeries overseas. She may have dealt with cases similar to yours. However, it is said that she stopped accepting patients after she returned to the country.

"Even our hospital couldn't figure out a way to talk to her. To top it off, even if you can get this specialist to perform the surgery for you, the chances of success are low."

The memory of his words reminded me that I was about to die.

I didn't want to waste my remaining time being attached to Valerie. It was possible that after I died, people would still talk about me and regard me as Valerie's useless and cowardly husband.