

The Last Goodbye Chapter 7

“Valerie, what will it take to get you to leave me alone?” I asked.

“That depends on my mood, really,” replied Valerie.

Andrew shot a look at me. He desperately wanted Valerie and me to get a divorce so he could replace me. I could see that his eyes brimmed with jealousy, but when he turned to Valerie, he acted as though he were a faithful lover. He spoke sweetly as well.

He began, “Valerie, it seems Jeffrey truly wants to leave you. How about—”

“This is between me and him,” said Valerie to cut Andrew short. She reached out and caressed his face. Her expression showed love when she promised, “Don’t worry. It doesn’t matter how things progress between him and me. My relationship with you won’t change.”

Andrew nodded obediently.

I scowled as I stared at the two of them acting all lovey-dovey as though no one was around. I fished my phone out and was going to call a cab to leave.

A soft thud sounded at that moment. It was rather obvious in that silent hospital room.

The thick name card had fallen onto the floor. That was what made the sound.

The name card was one of exquisite quality.

I immediately bent down to pick it up. That name card carried all of my hope, so I valued it deeply.

“What is that?” demanded Valerie. Her eyesight had always been a perfect 20/20, and she was staring straight at the name card I had with me. She demanded, “Hand it over.”

I stood there and never moved a muscle. In a stoic tone, I replied, “This is none of your business.”

“Hand it over,” repeated Valerie.

Having noticed that her words had no impact on me, she shot a look at Andrew.

The latter immediately received the message. He stood up right away and made his way to me before he said, “Valerie simply wants to take a look, Jeffrey. The two of you are married, so you shouldn’t keep things from her.”

Andrew’s voice carried a hint of fury toward the end.

Andrew seemed angry to learn that Valerie had changed her mind and no longer wanted to divorce me. However, he didn't have the guts to show that to Valerie, so all he could do was vent his frustration on me.

The guy got close to me and had a hand on my shoulder. He pushed me up against the door.

My back slammed against the hard surface in that instant, making a rather loud noise. The door handle happened to hit my waist, and it hurt me badly.

I hissed aloud but still made a point to hide that name card behind me.

Andrew used his other hand to grab a corner of the name card. He tugged hard after that.

The edge of the name card was sharp, and it cut my palm as it slid through it. Crimson-red blood tainted the edge of that card.

Andrew now had that blood-tainted name card in his hand. He stared at me with delight before turning around. He presented the name card to Valerie as though it was some sort of treasure.

I tilted my head down and was in a daze when I saw the cut on my hand.

Blood was still oozing out of the open wound. The blood gathered to form crimson droplets before dripping onto the floor.

Despite that, I couldn't feel the pain. All I did was run to Valerie's bedside and say, "Give that back!"

Andrew stepped in front of me and wouldn't let me get close. He snapped, "Valerie simply wants to take a look at it, Jeffrey. Could it be that it's something disgraceful?"

He hadn't had the chance to read that name card earlier, so he made a malicious guess. He said, "It's not a call girl's number, is it?"

Before I replied, Andrew added, "I know it's been a while since you've satisfied your needs, but you still shouldn't do something so disgraceful."

I replied, "Move aside."

I pushed him, but he was like an unbudging mountain.

Faced with Andrew's repeated taunts, my mind crystalized cruel words near my lips. However, my rationality allowed me to push my emotions aside forcefully.

I had multiple battles against Andrew in the past, and from what I learned, I would not benefit from fighting against him at this moment. I would always be on the losing side with Valerie defending him.

Worse still, Valerie might assume that I was fighting with Andrew because I was jealous.

That was why I chose to simply look at Valerie instead.

When she saw the name on the card, her expression turned unreadable. She later scoffed and said, "Jeffrey, your tricks are getting more boring by the day."

She had the name card between her forefinger and middle finger. Valerie played with it as she flashed me a mocking grin. She said, "Even if you need a neurologist, you should not go to her."

The shiny gems on her fingernails reflected the light as she moved her fingers. That light stung my eyes.

"Zoe is a friend of mine. She won't work with you to put on a show. Nor would she let you use such comical methods to get my attention," said Valerie.

Her words made me forget about struggling. I came around after being stunned for a while. While looking right at her, I asked, "Zoe Sanders is your friend?"

Valerie rarely took the initiative to talk about her friends after we got married. It was even more rare of her to get me to meet her friends. Hence, I knew very little about the people she hung out with and what they did.

When I first received the name card for the specialist, I simply found the name somewhat familiar. I didn't try to figure out where I had heard that name before.

It turned out that I recognized it from previous conversations with Valerie.

"Zoe is such a bitch. She promised to come over this year for my birthday, but she blew me off again," Valerie spat all of a sudden.

"She isn't replying to my messages again. She's probably busy now."

"Zoe..." It turned out that the Zoe in question was the neurologist recommended to me.

At that moment, all sorts of emotions tangled within my heart.

Given Valerie's friendship with her, Zoe might take me in as a patient if Valerie agreed to help and introduce us.

The problem was that she still didn't believe that I was sick. Hence, there was no way she'd help me.

I grinned bitterly and asked, "What do I have to do to make you believe me?"

Valerie was quiet for a moment. She later grinned sinisterly and said, "I see you truly want to meet Zoe. Unfortunately, she is no longer the kind of doctor anyone can get in touch with. If you really are sick and in need of medical attention, I guess I can introduce you."

I stopped breathing for a moment there. I couldn't help feeling hopeful.

If Zoe took me in as a patient, I would have a shot at beating cancer. I would even settle for living just a little longer if I could not be fully cured.

Valerie pulled her blanket off and walked to me. She had her head held high when she looked at me. That stunning face of hers could stir anybody's heart. Her red lips parted, and she uttered the most devastating word possible: "Beg".

She wanted to crush my ego and watch as I was reduced to nothing but dust.

"A person begging for help should adapt to the stance of a beggar," added Andrew. "If you want to get Valerie's friend to take you in as a patient, then it shouldn't be too much to ask you to kneel, right?"

I parted my lips and replied, "Not too much at all."

There wasn't any anger left in me. It didn't matter what they wanted to see. I would still show it to them.

If kneeling truly could get me another shot at life, then it wasn't something I was too proud to do.

Day after day, year after year, the torture and humiliation had already ground my pride to dust.

All I wanted at that moment was to survive. I wanted to fight for more time so that I could do all the things I hadn't had the chance to do.

As I spoke, I took a step back. I looked at both of them as I slowly bent my knees.

Andrew's irises dilated. His gaze brimmed with excitement as he stared at me going down on my knees.

Valerie frowned the entire time. Her gaze showed no emotion when she saw what I was doing. She seemed to have no intention of stopping me at all.

The last shred of hope in my heart faded completely. I had my head down and kept my gaze on the small piece of floor tile in front of me. My throat felt dry when I said, "Please, I beg of you."

It was eerily quiet in the room.

It had been a while, but I still hadn't received a response. Hence, I tilted my head up to look at Valerie. That was when I saw the inquisition in her gaze.

That expression was rather complex, and even I couldn't decipher it.

Perhaps Valerie was enjoying it. The once-powerful eldest son of the Page family was kneeling in front of her. Anyone would be delighted under those circumstances.

"I can ask Zoe to come meet you. However, if she claims that you don't have cancer, you are to behave in the future," said Valerie.

Her gaze lingered on my face for a moment before she added, "You petty tricks can fool laymen like us at most. However, with someone as skilled as Zoe, your lies will surely be exposed."

I murmured a response quietly.

Zoe might be able to see through a fake, but I truly was sick.