

Letting Go of Me Is Your Greatest Mistake in Life

Chapter 13

Eva called the police. The coroner took my body away.

Hudson hadn't come to his senses even after the body was taken away. He just sat on the couch, staring blankly Leah was exhausted. She had walked so far by herself. She had fallen asleep in Eva's arms but slept fitfully, whispering for me.

"Hailey was diagnosed with cancer two months ago. It was late-stage," Eva said.

Eva's words hit like a bomb.

"What? Why didn't I know? Why didn't she ever tell me?" Hudson asked. His voice was full of disbelief.

Hudson's eyes were full of shock.

Eva let out a cold laugh. She glanced at Ayla, who was sitting silently on the edge of the room.

"Since that woman showed up, have you ever cared about Hailey and Leah? Did you ever care if she was okay or in pain?" Eva asked.

Hudson was stunned by the question. He seemed to be recalling something.

Two months ago, I had been feeling unwell. My appetite was poor. I constantly felt like vomiting, and my abdomen was swollen.

I had mentioned it to Hudson, but he didn't care..

"You've probably just been overeating. You stay home all day and don't move around. How can you expect to digest anything?" Hudson had said, dismissing my concerns. I had no choice but to go to the hospital by myself. I never expected it to be stomach cancer.

Hudson sat on the couch in regret. He raised his hand and slapped himself.

"I'm such a bastard. I didn't even notice she was sick," Hudson said, filled with self-loathing.

Eva sneered.

"What's the point of acting like this now? I bet you were just waiting for Hailey to die. "Back then, you had nothing. Hailey insisted on marrying you against all odds. She begged her family to fund your business. She downed glass after glass at meetings to secure investments for you. Without her, you'd be nothing today.

“Let me tell you, Hudson. Hailey died because of you. She ruined her stomach years ago trying to get investments for you. If it weren’t for that, would she have gotten stomach cancer at such a young age? You’re nothing but a murderer,” Eva accused.

Eva glared at Hudson. Her expression was dark but tinged with sadness.

She felt I was not worth the sacrifice.

Hudson nearly collapsed onto the floor. He knelt by the couch, staring ahead as if lost in self-reproach.

Eva glanced at Leah in her arms. Then she stood up, holding the child close.

“I’m taking Leah with me. I’ll contact you once the coroner’s report is out,” Eva said.

After speaking, Eva prepared to leave. But Hudson immediately grabbed onto the leg of her pants.

“Leah is my child. You can’t take her,” Hudson said, pleading.

Eva shook off Hudson’s hand and sneered.

“Do you think you deserve to be Hailey’s husband? Or Leah’s father?” Eva asked.

Those words stunned Hudson. He let go of her leg.

Eva left without looking back, holding Leah close.

After Eva left, Ayla stood up and walked over to Hudson. She knelt beside him and reached out to hug him.

Hudson suddenly shoved her away and yelled at her.

“Get away from me! Don’t touch me,” Hudson shouted.

Ayla was terrified. Her eyes immediately welled up with tears, and she looked at him with a hurt expression.

“Hudson, I was just trying to comfort you. I didn’t mean anything else,” Ayla said. Her voice was trembling.

Hudson pointed toward the door.

“Get out,” Hudson said.

Ayla had always been cherished by Hudson and had never been treated like this before. Her pride couldn't take it. She grabbed her things and left immediately. After everyone left, Hudson suddenly stood up. He walked toward the master bedroom, the place where I had died.

It had been a year since Hudson last stepped into that room.

Since Ayla had returned to the country, he had moved into the study, claiming Leah was too noisy.

The room's arrangement was the same as before, except for the addition of many toys. On my vanity was a family photo taken when Leah turned one month old.

The carpet was stained with blood. Hudson sat down in the spot where I had died. He leaned against the bed, sitting silently on the floor. He was lost in thought.