

Letting Go of Me Is Your Greatest Mistake in Life

Chapter 3

He pushed the door halfway open. He saw my body sitting on the other side of the bed.

Moonlight streamed in from the window. Hudson only saw a figure from behind.

“Hailey, what nonsense are you up to again?” Hudson said, “You’re a mom now. Why aren’t you putting Leah to bed at this hour? What’s with the whole brooding act?” When I didn’t answer, Hudson gently nudged Leah and pushed her into the room. “Hurry up and put her to bed,” Hudson said, “If you’re not resting, she still needs to. She has school tomorrow.”

I screamed frantically in his ear.

“Hudson, I’m dead! I can’t put Leah to bed anymore,” I shouted, “Can you please take her out? She’ll be scared if she finds out I’m dead.”

No matter how much I yelled, Hudson couldn’t hear me.

When I didn’t respond, Hudson rubbed his temples. A trace of anger was on his face. “Hailey, what’s the point of that expression all day long?” Hudson said, “I can let go of the past, but I hope you can reflect on yourself and not be a bad influence on Leah.” “Hudson, just walk in!” I pleaded, “If you walk in, you’ll see I’m already dead.”

Anxious, I rushed toward Hudson. I wanted to drag him into the room to see that I was dead. But I just passed right through him.

“Hailey, you should reflect on yourself,” Hudson said.

When I still didn’t respond, Hudson slammed the door shut, isolating Leah and me in the master bedroom. He then went back to the study.

The small flicker of hope in my heart was extinguished completely.

Leah, probably too tired, came over and lay down beside me. Her small head rested on my legs as she quickly fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning at eight, Hudson got up, washed up, and went to the living room. He saw the empty dining table and frowned.

I used to get up at six to make breakfast. Just so Hudson could have a hot meal as soon as he woke up.

At that moment, the lock on the master bedroom door clicked. Leah walked out of the room barefoot.

Her clothes were covered in bloodstains. Hudson looked over and froze in place. “Leah, what’s that on your clothes?” Hudson asked.

Leah rubbed her eyes and walked over step by step.

“Daddy, I’m so hungry,” she said.

Hudson glanced at the dried bloodstains on Leah’s clothes, then at the paint on the coffee table. His face turned pale.

“Your mom didn’t even bother to change your dirty clothes? She actually let you sleep in them?” he said, frustrated.

Hudson checked his watch and took Leah’s hand, asking, “Where’s your mom?” Leah pointed toward the master bedroom.

“Mommy is still sleeping,” she said.

Hudson’s frown deepened.

“Hailey, get up. Leah needs to go to school soon, and she hasn’t even had breakfast. You’re getting more and more irresponsible,” Hudson said, frustrated.

He waited for a while but didn’t get a response from me. Hudson angrily headed toward the master bedroom.

I felt a bit of excitement.

As soon as Hudson opened the door, he would discover that I was already dead. Just as Hudson reached the master bedroom door, the phone he left on the dining table rang.

I kept whispering in his ear, “Hudson, just open the door. As soon as you do, you’ll see that I’m already dead.”

But Hudson paused and went back to the living room to grab his phone.

I saw the caller ID. It was Ayla Baker, Hudson’s unattainable dream girl.

“Hudson, Rylee woke up with a fever this morning. I don’t know what to do by myself. Can you come help me?” Ayla’s anxious voice came through the phone.

Ayla’s urgent tone instantly brought a look of panic to Hudson’s face.

It was a look that had never appeared on his face, even when Leah had a fever of 104°F.

“Wait for me at home. I’ll be there soon,” Hudson said hurriedly.

Hudson put on his shoes and was about to leave. He turned around after opening the door and saw Leah standing there, looking confused. He looked toward the master bedroom with annoyance.

“Hailey, stop being unreasonable, will you? Get up and get Leah ready for school. Ayla’s child is sick, and I have to go over there,” Hudson said, irritated.

“I can’t take care of Leah anymore, Hudson, you can’t leave her alone. Don’t leave her by herself. She’ll be scared.”

I screamed in Hudson’s ear, but he remained unmoved. He quickly shut the door and left.