

The Last Goodbye Chapter 10

Valerie and Zoe had already entered the dining room. Valerie showed absolutely no desire to invite me to join them.

I knew that it was a meal between the ladies, and I shouldn't follow them.

"Ah, so that's Jeffrey Page. He's different from the guy I remember."

The door to the dining room wasn't shut properly. Hence, Zoe's soft voice traveled out of the room via the gap in the door.

"Is that so?" asked Valerie. Her voice was completely even, and I couldn't detect even a hint of emotion from it.

That had always been how she treated me. It was calm, with a hint of distaste.

I got up and was ready to walk back up the stairs. From the reflection of the glass, I could clearly see the state I was in.

My gaze was lifeless, my cheeks were sunken, my lips were pale, and I looked utterly weak. I was nothing like the legendary Jeffrey Page I used to be.

I couldn't blame Zoe for sighing aloud.

"Mr. Stuart, you're back," greeted Alfred. His voice stopped me short as I was walking up the stairs.

I turned around on instinct, and that was when I saw Andrew entering the place in stride.

It was likely he had just finished attending an event. He hadn't even had the chance to remove the makeup he had on. With the eye shadow's aid, his eyes looked even brighter than usual. Under the light, his face looked even more handsome than usual.

That didn't stop my fist from landing on his face, though.

"Andrew, where is my medical report?"

Andrew didn't expect me to suddenly attack him. He definitely didn't think that I actually still had some strength left in me. As such, he felt the full sting of that punch.

Andrew wiped the blood off the edge of his lips. After that, he looked right at me and smiled. That revealed his blood-tainted teeth. He asked, "Jeffrey, what are you talking about? What medical report?"

Valerie heard the noise, so she came out. In a hostile tone, she demanded, "Jeffrey, why are you acting like a lunatic again?"

"I'm fine, Valerie," replied Andrew. He had his hand on his face and directed his gaze downward. Even after all that, he made a point to make Valerie feel better. He added, "There's a misunderstanding between Jeffrey and I."

"He was talking about some medical report. It seems really important to him, so it's only natural that he overreacts."

The more kind and understanding he was, the more aggressive and extreme I seemed.

Valerie's expression showed a hint of anger. The way she looked at me seemed even more hostile than it usually was.

I demanded again, "Where did you hide my medical report?"

My entire body was trembling now. All of my focus was fixed on Andrew. I had to clench my fists to control my emotions so that I wouldn't throw another punch to his face.

My rational side faded the moment I saw Andrew step inside.

Zoe already didn't have a good impression of me. Under those circumstances, it was unlikely she'd agree to take me in as a patient or schedule another medical appointment. I needed to hold on to that opportunity and show her my medical report.

I needed her to believe that I truly had cancer. Only then would I have any hope of her treating me.

At that moment, all I could think about was getting my medical report back.

"Jeffrey, I never even saw your medical report. Could it be that you misplaced it?"

"Jeffrey, that's enough," scolded Valerie fiercely. She was loud as she spoke up before I could say anything else. She continued, "You faked your illness, so there is no report to begin with."

Valerie didn't even ask a second question before she bought Andrew's words.

I did my best to hold myself together and make my voice sound as though nothing was wrong. After that, I suggested, "How about we check the security footage? We can see if he took anything from my room this afternoon."

Valerie ignored me and dragged Andrew toward the dining room.

"Valerie," I called once more.

“I removed the security cameras on the second floor,” replied Valerie. She had an indecipherable smile on her face when she added, “I didn’t quite enjoy having my privacy invaded by a couple of cameras, so I took them down.”

Her tone was filled with even more distaste when she said, “Unlike a certain someone, I don’t have a hobby of spying on others.”

I was in a little bit of a daze after hearing that. It was true that I was the one who installed the cameras there.

But the way Valerie spoke suggested that I did all that just to spy on her.

It seemed she had forgotten it all.

A little after we got married, our house was burgled. Valerie said that she kept hearing footsteps outside the door at night, and I was worried about her safety. Hence, I made the effort to install the cameras there and increased the bodyguard’s patrol.

I initially thought that my thoughtful gesture would touch her. To my surprise, she ended up calling me a control freak.

I smiled bitterly and replied, “There is nothing wrong with my head. I won’t make light of my health issues or my life. Valerie, please believe me just this once.”

As soon as I said those words, I realized that I was mistaken. There was indeed something wrong with my head, both physically and mentally.

I shouldn’t have asked Valerie to believe me. That was simply asking for the impossible.

“You won’t make light of your health issues?” repeated Valerie. She scoffed and said, “Now you’re just being dumb, Jeffrey.”

Seeing how tense things had become, Zoe showed up to ease the tension. She said, “Get your medical report ready in advance the next time we meet. We’ll discuss everything in detail then. I will be in the country for a little longer this time.”

“Zoe, your weakness has always been that you are too kind. That is why others take advantage of you,” said Valerie. “You may see him as a patient, but you don’t know what he’s actually treating you as.”

“I’m not—” I began speaking to defend myself.

Valerie ignored that. She linked her arm with Zoe’s and headed toward the dining table. She even apologized. “Sorry about all of this. You must find this ridiculous.”

“It’s fine,” replied Zoe. She waved her hand to show that she didn’t mind.

“Don’t make Valerie angry all the time, Jeffrey. I noticed that you have been sleeping all afternoon. You must be famished. Come eat,” said Andrew. He stepped forward to reach out for my arm, but I pushed him away. That prompted him to look at Valerie and act all pitiable.

“Ignore him. Who cares if he’s hungry?” challenged Valerie. She didn’t even bother glancing at me.

Zoe’s sight shifted between Andrew and me. She likely didn’t expect me to agree to stay in the house where Valerie and her lover were also staying.

I wondered if her gaze was filled with empathy, pity, mockery, or hatred.

I instinctively clenched my fists. My throat felt dry, and it was difficult for me to speak, but I managed, “I’m not hungry. You guys eat up.”

I turned around to leave the dining room. However, I didn’t walk up the stairs. Instead, I returned to the living room and waited until Zoe was finished eating.

She had already agreed to drop by again to give me a diagnosis, but I worried that the situation might change. The best option was to get her contact details.

Andrew was great at socializing. It didn’t take him long to get both Valerie and Zoe laughing endlessly.

Laughter filled the dining room soon after.

I sat on the couch and watched as the clock ticked by. My eyelids were getting heavier and heavier.

It seemed my situation truly was getting worse.

While in and out of a daze, I heard laughter echoing in my mind. It felt as though I had stumbled into a dream. One minute, I was at my wedding with Valerie and receiving congratulatory wishes from everyone. The next minute, I was listening to Valerie, Andrew, and Zoe laughing endlessly.

“Mr. Page.”

When I opened my eyes again, all I saw was Alfred’s face right in front of me.

“Where is Dr. Sanders?” I asked while sitting up. I looked around, but the entire floor was completely quiet.

“She has left.”

One sentence was all it took to wake me right up. I immediately stood up and asked, "When did she leave?"

"Just now."

I couldn't be bothered with anything else and rushed out of there immediately.

Fortunately, Zoe hadn't left yet.

She started her car and was getting ready to leave. That was when she saw that I had suddenly shown up in front of her car. She hit the brakes right away.

"Jeffrey Page, what the hell are you doing?" demanded Zoe. She got out of the car. Her beautiful eyes showed obvious impatience as she pushed her glasses up once more.

"Dr. Sanders, when will you have time next? I'd like to ask you to look at my medical report," I said. I knew this request was a little out of the blue, so I lowered my head to show how apologetic I was.

Zoe stood at the same spot and never moved a muscle. Her glasses hid the emotion in her eyes, so I couldn't guess what she was thinking at that moment.

The night sky was completely dark by now. Only the streetlights above us were illuminating the streets. As the light reflected off of her, I heard her say, "Send me your contact number."

Those words were Heaven-sent to me.