

The Last Goodbye Chapter 12

The room was dead silent. I lay there with my eyes closed, waiting.

Time seemed to slip away until the sound of a text notification finally broke the stillness.

My eyes flew open, but my fingers trembled as I tried to unlock my phone, fumbling several times before I finally managed it.

There it was—the message I had been hoping for. I let out a sigh, relief flooding through me.

I had been right, after all.

Valerie would never allow Zoe and me to stay in touch, so I came up with a plan. I told Zoe I needed her to treat me, betting on her sense of duty as a doctor.

Thankfully, it worked.

Having slept too much during the day, I found myself wide awake at night. The room felt stifling, so I slipped out for a walk.

As I passed Valerie's room, the muffled sounds of intimacy leaked through the door.

I rolled my eyes and headed downstairs. That was when I spotted it on the coffee table—a familiar folder.

I strode over and ripped it open. As I scanned the contents, my suspicions were confirmed.-

The missing medical records.

"Mrs. Page brought this earlier," Alfred said cautiously, sensing my apprehension. "She said it was just junk and told me to get rid of it. Mr. Page, would you prefer to handle it yourself?"

I gripped the corner of the folder, my mind buzzing yet completely blank.

Valerie had sent it down, meaning she had seen it. She knew I had cancer yet did not care.

My hands shook as I tried—and failed—to shove the records back into the folder. Frustrated, I handed them to Alfred.

"Take it to my room," I said, my voice hollow.

I glanced back at Valerie's closed door, the walls of the house appearing to close in on me, pressing down until the air felt too thin to breathe.

I turned and—ignoring Alfred's attempts to stop me—quickly left the villa.

the ceiling

I wandered aimlessly down the road until a gust of damp night air hit me, snapping me back to reality. I had reached the lakeside amid my daze.

During the day, the lake was peaceful and picturesque, but under the moonlight, it felt eerie. The cool night wind rustled the trees and reeds, their shadows swaying creepily as if they were waving at me.

Drawn toward the shimmering patch of moonlight on the lake, I didn't even notice when my shoes and socks were soaked by the water.

"Hey, what are you doing?" a voice rang out, sharp in the stillness of the night, its echo rippling across the lake.

I turned to see a security guard standing at the shore, cautiously inching closer. His voice softened, as if afraid I might do something reckless.

"Come back up and let's talk, young man. Whatever's on your mind, we can work it out."

I glanced down, startled to see the water had risen to my waist. A few more steps and this lake could have swallowed me whole.

Slowly, I waded my way back to shore, wringing out my soaked clothes as I went. "Sorry about that," I apologized. "I just got lost in the beauty of the moonlight. Didn't mean to cause any trouble."

The guard sighed deeply, his eyes filled with pity and sympathy.

I could tell he recognized me—the useless husband of the wealthy Valerie, the one who turned a blind eye to her endless affairs.

"You're living in this neighborhood now," he remarked. "Some troubles aren't worth dwelling on. Focus on your own happiness. Don't let yourself do anything foolish again."

"I wasn't," I said quickly. "Honestly, the moonlight was just so beautiful, I couldn't resist getting closer. No matter how beautiful the moon is, it's meant to stay up in the sky. When reflected on the water, it becomes a mere illusion—a deadly one if you're not careful."

As if reading right through me, he added, "Some things are better admired from afar. Some battles, not worth fighting."

His words drifted over me in the cool night breeze. For the first time, I really looked at him—this seemingly insignificant man offering unexpected wisdom I desperately needed to hear.