

The Last Goodbye Chapter 15

"Mrs. Page dropped you off at the hospital but had to leave suddenly due to an urgent matter, so she hasn't been informed yet," Alfred said, his eyes reddening. "I'll contact her right away."

As he spoke, his hand trembled while he fumbled with his phone, struggling to input the correct numbers.

I sighed softly and placed my hand over his phone. "Since she doesn't know, there's no need to tell her now."

Who knows, she might even think I was conspiring with Alfred to deceive her.

"But Mr. Page..." Alfred's anxiety was palpable.

Ever since I got married, Alfred had been responsible for various matters concerning both me and Valerie. In fact, I spent more time with him than I did with her.

After ten years, Alfred had become like a father figure to me.

Seeing the redness in his eyes, I couldn't bear it any longer. I felt a pang of guilt. "There's no need to worry about it. You know the state of my relationship with her. Not telling her will save us some trouble."

My attempt at comfort had little effect. Alfred turned away, trying to hide his tears.

Although he wanted to stay by my side, I sent him off on an errand instead.

After he left, I went ahead and started the discharge process.

Time was precious, and I didn't want to waste it in the hospital.

As I waited in line to pay, two young girls joined the queue behind me.

Their bright, cheerful faces were a stark contrast to the gloomy atmosphere surrounding the hospital.

"Andrew is amazing! He won another award."

"And Ms. Lindberg was with him the whole time. When the camera panned to them together, it was so cute I nearly died."

"Ms. Lindberg should just get together with Andrew already. I hope she and her husband divorce soon."

I recognized the familiar names and realized that they were talking about Andrew, Valerie, and me.

The girls continued chattering behind me, but I couldn't focus on their words. My gaze dropped to my phone screen, which was glaringly bright.

The screen was still displaying content from a gossip account.

Valerie sat in the front row, dressed in a sleek black mermaid gown. Her dark hair was elegantly pinned up, accentuating her long, graceful neck and alabaster skin.

Every smile and movement radiated poise and grace, making her stand out even among celebrities. Andrew sat a few rows behind her, his gaze filled with affection, unreservedly visible. Despite the physical space between them, his feelings were unmistakable.

The photographer captured the moment perfectly. One photo focused on Valerie's elegance; the other on Andrew's emotional gaze.

The photos conveyed a sense of intimacy, as if there was no distance between them at all.

One look from Andrew seemed to hold a lifetime's worth of longing.

The comments beneath the photos were unanimous. People hailed them as a perfect couple, noting a seemingly fated connection between them. Some even adopted their images as couple avatars online.

It was a scene of warmth and harmony. But that warmth belonged to Valerie and Andrew, not me—the one conspicuously absent from the photos.

The comment section was filled with increasingly cruel remarks urging Valerie to finalize the divorce.

I soon learned that Valerie had slipped away in the middle of the night to be with Andrew at the award ceremony.

"Come on, man. Hurry up and pay!" One of the girls behind me complained, tapping me on the shoulder.

Jolted out of my thoughts, I stepped forward in line.

"Hey, doesn't this guy look familiar? Isn't he the husband Ms. Lindberg has yet to divorce?"

"There's no way we'd run into him here."

Their words tightened my chest. Once I the paperwork, I kept my head down and quickly left the building.