

The Last Goodbye Chapter 19

Andrew had to have seen my medical records. Whether he believed them or not was up to him. I wasn't going to waste my time explaining.

"Mr.s Page, Mr. Page hasn't had dinner yet, and he's looking unwell. Should we-"

Alfred, perhaps out of sympathy, dared to bring it up. However, Valerie immediately cut him off.

"What? Acting all sick and pathetic the moment he gets back? Was he pulling the same stunt with Zoe too? Or does he think he can find someone better now that things aren't working out with me?"

Valerie threw the fruit she was holding onto the floor and strutted toward me, her gaze dripping with disdain.

I swallowed the exhaustion weighing me down and met her glare. "Think whatever you want. If you can find a new lover, why can't I?"

"Jeffrey! Do you really believe Zoe would be interested in someone like you? If I find you worthless, why would she see any value in you?"

She continued, "You actually think playing the victim will get you sympathy? Pathetic. Andrew and I haven't even had dinner yet. Go make us something."

I scoffed but stayed quiet.

Andrew stood up just then, wrapping his arm around Valerie's waist right in front of me. His smirk was full of smug arrogance.

"Jeffrey, I'm craving pork ribs, but they can't be too sweet or too soft. You should know Valerie's

preferences by now, right? You'd better do a good job. If you don't, and Valerie gets upset, cleaning the villa will be the least of your concerns."

I had grown used to Andrew's jabs by now. He used Valerie to humiliate me just to stroke his own ego. "If you're hungry, ask the nanny. I don't cook, and even if I did, you shouldn't come crying to me when end up with food poisoning."

Valerie hadn't expected me to push back like this. She wasn't used to her once-docile husband now standing his ground. Fury simmered just beneath the surface of her cold expression.

“Jeffrey, you’ve gotten bold, haven’t you? Don’t forget you’re eating my food, living in my house, and I’m still your wife. I’m pregnant now, so you’d better start taking care of me and this baby I’m carrying.”

Her words struck hard.

Had I not taken care of her before? I treated her like she was everything, but what did she do in return? She didn’t hesitate to get rid of our child.

“Valerie, have you forgotten who the father of this child is? Or have there been so many men that you’ve lost track? Given how close you and Andrew are, there’s at least a 50% chance the baby is his. Have him take care of you instead.”

As if in a trance, I continued, “After all, he’s always been great at catering to your needs. Now that you’re pregnant with his child, it only makes sense for him to step up. I don’t want to be the third wheel.”

With death looming and separation inevitable, I saw no point in holding back anymore. Everyone already knew I was being cheated on.

“Valerie, he’s clearly treating you with more disrespect than ever. You’re pregnant, so don’t stress yourself out. Let me handle it,” Andrew said.

His words only fueled Valerie’s contempt.

“Jeffrey, you’re refusing to cook? Fine. Your filthy hands are only fit for cleaning anyway. If you did cook, it’d just make me sick.”

“Now clean the whole villa, from top to bottom. Don’t even think about sleeping until it’s spotless. And if you don’t finish, I’ll give the old Page family estate to Andrew. He seems to like the decor there.”

“Valerie, don’t cross the line! For the sake of our ten years together, give me time. I’ll buy back the Page estate,” I found the courage to say.

I never imagined she would take things this far.

She knew exactly how much the old Page family estate meant to me, yet she threatened to hand it over to Andrew as if it was nothing. My chest tightened, my stomach churned, and I could feel the bitter taste of bile rising in my throat.