

The Last Goodbye Chapter 20

Looking at the striking pool of blood I'd just vomited, I felt a wave of dizziness wash over me. After a day without proper rest, my body had finally reached its limit.

I couldn't help but wonder how much longer I could hold out, and if I would make it until the divorce.

Andrew snarled, "Jeffrey, what's your problem? I only asked for a small favor. Why are you acting so

I upset? We're men, no need to be so petty, right?"

Valerie's eyes briefly flickered with surprise before settling into their usual indifference. She approached with a sneer, her voice dripping with mockery. "Your act is getting impressive. Even coughing up blood now? How realistic."

Even if I dropped dead in front of her, she would still think I was faking it.

I hadn't intended to collapse in front of them, but my body gave in. Weakness pulled me down before I blacked out.

"Zoe, what's wrong with him? Is he faking it?" Valerie's cold voice reached my ears, not an ounce of concern in her tone.

"Valerie, I told you the other day, he's really sick. And his condition is—"

"Zoe, you don't need to defend him. He's always been a great actor. Does he still think he's the heir of the Page family? He can't even handle a small task without collapsing. This isn't the first time he's fainted. He's just putting on a show for you."

Valerie would never believe Zoe's words. In her eyes, everything I did was part of a grand scheme.

Even my desire to leave her was just another performance. After all, in her mind, I would always cherish her.

"Jeffrey, Valerie even brought in a doctor for you. Stop pretending already. Acting like you've been wronged before you even started working—it's pathetic. What will people think if they see you like this?" Andrew's tone was laced with mockery. Seeing his smug face disgusted me. He had clearly seen my medical records; he knew I wasn't faking anything.

"Say what you want. I'm exhausted, so just leave. Don't let my illness bring you bad luck."

I no longer wanted to see Valerie's and Andrew's faces. Let them think what they want. I had no energy left to explain myself.

Valerie, indifferent as ever, glanced at me and sneered. "Next time, don't bother pretending to faint. Come up with something new. I'm sick of calling the doctor for you."

"Don't be mad, Valerie. Maybe Jeffrey felt hurt seeing the two of us together and wanted some attention. Let's skip his punishment today. We don't want him coughing up blood all over the place again, do we?"

Andrew pretended to plead for me, but his words were nothing but veiled insults. He was deliberately suggesting that I would continue faking my illness to avoid responsibility. His performance was flawless; no one could pick out a single flaw in his words or actions.

After they left, Zoe walked over to me and stared at me for a long time.

When she didn't say anything, I asked, "Yes?"

"Jeffrey, why won't you explain yourself? You're clearly suffering. Valerie's angry because of your lies, but if you just talk to her and try to make amends... She's not completely heartless."

I let out a bitter laugh, turning away to push down the sharp ache in my chest.

"Explain myself? Do you really think she'll listen? In her eyes, I'm nothing but a liar. She'd never believe a word I said."

"You're truly pitiful. I used to think you were too much. But now that Valerie has someone else, and your body's in this state, it's best if you leave as soon as possible."

Zoe's warning echoed my own thoughts. But could I really leave?

Valerie despised everything about me. She wouldn't let me go until she was finished with her games.