

## The Last Goodbye Chapter 8

I was being too obedient, and Valerie thought that was no fun. Hence, she walked out of the room.

Andrew didn't leave with her. Instead, he turned his attention to me.

I got up by pressing on my own leg. That was when a strong force suddenly pushed down on me.

Andrew's hand was on my shoulder, and he was forcing me to keep kneeling.

My knee smashed into the cold, hard floor. I moaned in pain before tilting my head up to look at Andrew.

"It seems you truly want to survive," commented Andrew as he looked down on me. "The problem is, I just don't understand. Given your current situation, what's the point of living?"

"The purpose of my life is not for you to decide," I replied before grabbing Andrew's wrist and twisting it as hard as I could.

At first, I assumed that I wouldn't be able to move him. To my surprise, he stumbled back two steps. His body smashed onto the bed frame, and that caused a loud bang.

I couldn't believe that I pushed him away that easily.

Suspicious, I got up slowly and frowned as I watched Andrew get back on his feet.

"Jeffrey, if you're upset, then come after me," roared Valerie, who was now standing behind me.

"He didn't mean to do that, Valerie," said Andrew softly. He stood beside Valerie and had his head down as he massaged his wrist.

The way he looked made it seem as though I had bullied him while Valerie wasn't looking.

"I saw everything with my own eyes, so you don't need to speak for him," insisted Valerie. Her gaze showed no warmth.

I grinned at my own misery. I was too lazy to defend myself.

The second I heard Valerie's voice, I knew what Andrew had planned.

It was a disgraceful way to earn brownie points, but it worked wonders on Valerie.

Someone as smart as Valerie could often see through stupid tricks like the ones Andrew just pulled. Yet, she never said anything about it. She even sided with him. All that just because she loved him.

Her love for him was the reason why she let him repeatedly torment me. Her distaste for me was the reason why she repeatedly ignored my pain.

“You should get your eyes checked, too.”

Valerie’s eyes widened after hearing my words. She was in disbelief.

I simply ignored her and walked toward the door.

When I walked past Valerie, she reached out and held my wrist. She demanded, “Come with me to get your hand bandaged first. You are to come home with me. Don’t even think about running off on your own.”

I stopped walking. I couldn’t believe my ears. Love started rippling in my heart, which had long been idle.

I wondered if Valerie was worried about me.

The moment our eyes met, she let go of my hand and shifted her gaze. That beautiful face showed no emotion when she explained, “I don’t want the paparazzi to get a photo of you being in such awful shape. I certainly don’t want others to gossip about me.”

Realization hit me. The door to my heart, which had just been opened slightly, slammed shut once more.

It had been years, and gossip about her private life had always been abundant. Yet, she had never cared about that before. I wanted to ask her why she cared now.

However, I swallowed the words before they left my lips.

At the end of the day, my words were meaningless to her, so there was no point in wasting my breath.

I was quiet when I walked beside Valerie. I let her take me to get my injury tended.

I was alone when my hand was being bandaged. When I left the room, I shifted my gaze up and immediately saw Valerie and Andrew talking in front of the window.

It seemed neither noticed that I had already left the room.

The sunlight passed through the glass window and helped the two of them cast two very long shadows on the corridor.

The girl was curvy while the guy was muscular. Every now and then, the guy would lean in close to the girl's ear and whisper into it. They would then look at each other and smile. It was a horrible sight to behold.

I presumed they were talking about their unborn baby because I saw Valerie placing her palm over her flat stomach. Her smile was warm and serene.

I wondered what she was telling Andrew about the kid.

Perhaps they were wondering if the baby would take after him or her. Or maybe they were discussing what they should name their baby.

All that was something she would never talk to me about.

When I thought about my unborn baby, my heart tightened again.

She was so tiny. She didn't even have the opportunity to open her eyes and see the world before she was left lying on the cold, hard floor.

I thought that perhaps my daughter knew her mother didn't want her, and that was why she chose to leave on her own terms.

Valerie sensed my presence and turned around. She made her way to me. The expression on her face turned stoic once more when she said, "Let's go. We're heading home."

The chauffeur took us back to the Lindberg family's residence.

I stared at that familiar villa, but I didn't want to get in.

I no longer had a room there. Although I was still Valerie's legal husband, the reality was that I was more like a stranger.

When the butler, Alfred Zimmer, saw me there, he became hesitant to speak.

I smiled warmly and replied, "Just get me a random room."

I had already started seeing the place as a hotel, while I was an unattached traveler. As such, I could leave whenever I wanted.

My head was spinning now. A little after I returned to the bedroom, I closed my eyes and couldn't pry them open again.

I could smell the familiar scent of lavender, and it felt as though I had traveled back to when Valerie and I first got married.

The young Valerie gripped her pajamas and sat at the edge of the bed. Her beautiful face blushed a little while she bit her lower lip. She looked stubborn but determined. When she realized that I was looking at her, she instantly stood up.

It was as though she were a frightened kitten.

She had said, "Even if you take my body, you won't get my heart."

"I won't force you to do anything," I said while pointing at the room to the side. "I'll sleep there tonight."

Valerie was surprised. She gaped at me and asked, "What kind of husband would let his new wife sleep alone on their wedding night?"

"No wife would tell her husband, on their wedding night, that he would not get her heart, even if he got her body, either," I refuted. I later nodded politely before opening the door to the other room. "Goodnight."

At the time, I had absolute confidence. I believed that I could slowly earn my way to Valerie's heart after we spent more time together.

However, I was completely and utterly wrong.

It didn't matter how much time was spent together. Love could not bloom when one party didn't even like the other.

As far as Valerie was concerned, I would always be a horrible man with ulterior motives.

As far as I was concerned, Valerie would always be the lifeless machine that couldn't love.

The scene in my dream shifted. In the blink of an eye, I returned to the moment when Page Group had gone bankrupt. We were balancing the account when Valerie opened the door to the meeting room. She led her employees into the place.

Everything changed after that day.

My eyelids flew open, but all I saw was darkness. My breathing became hushed. It took me a while to slowly calm down and recall where I was. The sky had already turned dark by then. I could somewhat make out the sound of a car pulling up and someone talking.

That had nothing to do with me, though.

I rested on the bed and had absolutely no intention of getting up at all. That remained the case until someone knocked on the door to the room. Alfred was behind the door when he said, "Mrs. Page's friend is here, Mr. Page. Please head over."

I murmured a response. When I got up, I felt a severe ache in my head. Hence, I parted my lips. In a coarse voice, I said, "I don't feel so well. Can I excuse myself from that?"

"Mrs. Page said that the friend is the one you wanted to meet."

It was Zoe. Valerie was quick to invite the famed neurologist over. It seemed she was eager to prove that I was lying.

I struggled while getting up. When I opened the bedside drawer, I was stunned to find it empty. My medical report and X-ray were all gone.

"Did someone come into my room today?" I asked Alfred after coming to my senses.

Alfred was honest and answered, "Mr. Stuart got you some fruit and went in there once."

It was as I suspected. Andrew knew that if Zoe were to check my report, the truth about my cancer diagnosis would be revealed to Valerie.

Seeing me being idle, Alfred urged, "Mrs. Page is waiting for you downstairs, Mr. Page."