

28: Dying

VACE'S POV

My hands trembled as I grip the steering wheel firmly keeping my attention to the road in front of me but deep down my mind is nowhere in my system.

"Hang in there please I said to myself and step on to accelerate until I reach the said hospital my wife texted to me.

I was having my time to clear out my mind and think everything I've done when Stella, my wife texted me a hospital name and a picture of her hand a heart monitor and that's when it dawned on me that she's in a freaking hospital!

"Where is Stella McHawkins room?" I immediately ask the nurse in the reception as I tried myself not to pass out in worry.

"Room 098, sir. 2nd floor" Without saying thanks to the nurse. I immediately run towards the elevator and irritatedly push the number two button.

Gladly there's no one inside the elevator making me relax for a moment and think about Stella.

"I didn't clear my mind yet so why the hell is this happening to us?" I ask myself remembering the last encounter with my wife and also the first fight we ever had.

The truth is it hurts me when she removes our wedding ring from his fingers but nothing hurts me more when I saw the pain in her eyes. I also wanted to punch myself on that day for saying those words, for being a jerk to her, to our son, to our family.

Because of fear of being alone, I planned the most stupidest plan ever.

Leading me to greediness and making my own son's life in danger.

It's now a week since the fight we had with Stella and it's just right now it dawned on me how I wasted my time for being stupid instead of being a good husband and a father to my wife and to my son.

"Stella!" I kick the door open when I reach her room but only to be rooted on where I stand as I saw my wife's condition in front of me.

Worry. Guilt. Anger.

It all mixed up inside of me but still I can't move even a little as my wife looks at me with a small and weak smile.

"Stella" My voice quivers looking at her hand that she slowly raised tugging me to go near her but I couldn't.

How could be the healthiest and the most lovely person I ever known ended up being a frail one?

"Where just outside Dad" I couldn't say words to my Dad as they live me with Stella in the room.

"Come here my stupid husband" She weakly says. With all strength that is left on me, I slowly walk towards her and held her hands that are still raised.

"What happened to you?" I ask as tears clouded my vision while checking her whole body. And it hurts me seeing her how weak she is now.

"Well karma hits me" She said weakly as I look into her eyes.

"What do you mean? How could you be in this state for a week?" I ask still thinking on why she is in this state abruptly.

"Well. The truth my stupid husband. The medical result that you get three weeks ago wasn't yours, it was mine. And that doctor who gave you is my dumb friend and she accidentally swapped our medical results. Funny right?"

I shake my head in disapproval and tears run in my face as I realize something.

My wife.

The only person who stayed with me through out these years. The only person who accepted, understood, and loved me.

Is dying.

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