

Chapter 61

teeth, the bruises. It seems like such a strange accident, doesn't it?"

I can hardly breathe. This is it—the confrontation I've been dreading. Do they suspect?

"Very strange," I reply, my voice barely a whisper.

Evelyn continues to look at me, her gaze unyielding. But then, surprisingly, her expression softens a fraction. "But Andy was always one for... unusual situations," she says, a hint of sadness in her voice. "And accidents do happen."

I'm silent, not sure what to make of her words. Is this her way of saying she knows what happened but doesn't blame me? Or is she simply playing a part, just like I am?

Evelyn finally turns her attention away from me and back to her son. "I just wish things could have been different for all of us," she says, her voice laced with a touch of regret.

In that moment, I feel a strange connection with her—an understanding that transcends our previous animosity. Despite everything, she too has lost someone.

"Yes," I agree, my voice soft. "Me too."

As Evelyn stands there, gazing at Andy, I realize that the complexities of our entangled lives are not so easily unraveled. The pain, the secrets, and the silent battles we've fought are wrapped up in the fabric of this solemn gathering.

I watch as Evelyn takes one last look at her son, then nods slightly to me before she walks away. In her departure, I feel a weight lift slightly. Perhaps this is the beginning of closure, not just for me but for everyone Andy's life touched.

In the heavy silence that follows, I reflect on my journey to this point—the fear, the resilience, and ultimately, the liberation from a life of torment. Andy's death has set me free in more ways than one, but the path ahead is still uncertain.

I glance over at Cecelia, my beacon of hope, and realize that despite the ghosts of the past, the future holds promise. As the chapter of Andy's tyranny concludes, a new one begins, ripe with possibilities and the chance to rebuild from the ashes of a life once consumed by darkness.