



Arriving home, Harold's cold and cruel words are still ringing in my ears.

I don't know why we end up like this. We once loved each other so much.

My relatives, friends, and even my parents don't know why either.

Harold had been cheating on me without guilt and attends social activities with his mistress, which makes me lose face in public. No one understands why I still want to keep this marriage.

It is because I can't accept the failure in my marriage.

I can't believe the man who loved me so deeply has changed his heart.

How could he stop loving me and be with another woman?

Harold once took me to his heart, making me feel I was the happiest woman in the world. Even until now, I am still obsessive about the feelings he once gave me. The past is like a dream.

I deceive myself that it is just a small obstacle Harold and I face in our marriage and I believe he will return to me and to our marriage and that our relationship will resume.

So I still stick to my marriage. No matter what others say, I won't give up even if I am on the verge of my breakdown already.

### Chapter 3

I am afraid that once I let him go, Harold and I can't get back together anymore.

When I was in mental suffering, I would soothe myself down with sweet memories between us. I really cherish those days when Harold and I were living a fulfilled and happy life.

---Memory---

Harold and I were neighbors and he was one year older than me.

We went to the same kindergarten and one day, he took my hand, saying he would protect me.

During the elementary school years, all of our classmates knew Harold and I were close friends.

He was my senior. When he went to junior high school, I was still in elementary school. He was worried about me so much that he insisted he accompany me to school, although I had a family driver at that time.

Until I walked through the gate, Harold asked his driver to send him to his school.

His and my family were good neighbors with a close relationship and we often gathered together for meals.

During the meals, Harold would always put food on my plate because he knew quite well what I liked to eat and what I didn't.

He would also peel the shrimps for me patiently, help me with my homework, and remind me to put my slippers on

and not to walk barefoot on the cold floor.

His parents often joked that maybe Harold should marry me when we grew up while my parents were cautious about their joke. They said, "Well, things change. It's not bad for them to be good friends."

Harold then refuted, pouting his mouth and saying seriously, "I will always be nice to Quinn."

He was still young and his cute serious face made the adults laugh.

When I was in senior high school, Harold was admitted to a prestigious university. Every night, he would give me a video call and help me with my homework.

The study time was too long. I got so tired that I made a lot of mistakes. Then, he would wear a serious face and ask me to be careful strictly.

I shed tears and immediately he apologized for being too strict.

Harold explained, "Quinn, I want you to apply to my university. I am afraid..."

I knew him. He was afraid I was not good enough to be admitted to his university. He was more nervous about my study than myself.

After all, his university was one of the Top 5 best universities in the country and I had to make a great effort to gain access to that hallowed hall of learning.

### Chapter 3

I was nervous as well. I wanted to be with him during the university years.

But I didn't admit it and said, "I am okay if I can't be with you. There are so many colleges for me to choose. I heard that the University of Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful universities..."

I suddenly paused because I saw his eyes redden on the screen.

The next day, after school, I found Harold standing on the road in front of me.

I ran to him joyfully and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Out of the blue, I was held in his arms. Motionless, I quietly feel the strength of his arms around me. After a while, I said in a small voice, "You kind of hurt me. It is too tight."

Then he immediately released me.