

I Chose to Say Goodbye

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Chapter 1

My parents acted with astonishing efficiency.

Even before I was discharged from the hospital, they had already sent me dozens of profiles of eligible bachelors, along with over ten wedding plans. The earliest of these plans had been prepared years ago.

Finally, my mom left me a message.

"Sweetheart, as someone who's been through this, I know what it's like to truly love someone. If Sean really loved you, he wouldn't have let you wait this long. Leaving him is the right choice. I've always been keeping an eye out for you, and I started planning your wedding early on. My daughter's wedding must be perfect."

So, it turned out Sean never loved me—it was that obvious to everyone else.

I was the only one foolishly clinging to the flawed dream he had woven, unwilling to wake up.

"Thanks, Mom. Keep the wedding simple. You can decide the man for me. I'm fine with anyone."

"The heir of the Quinn family is exceptional. Let's go with him. The wedding will be in five days. You just need to come home; I'll handle everything else."

"What wedding are you talking about?"

Sean had just walked in from outside.

I didn't want him to find out, so I turned off my phone and placed it face-down in my hand.

When he reached out to grab my phone, his own phone started ringing.

The night was quiet, and I could hear the voice on the other end clearly—a girl, trembling and choking on her words as she said,

"Sean, after you left, my ex-husband dropped by. He's banging on my door like crazy. I'm so scared."

The moment Sean heard her sobs, his brow furrowed.

"Serena, don't open the door. Go to your bedroom and lock yourself in, then call the police. Don't be afraid. I'm coming over right now."

He didn't even finish speaking before he turned and ran out, leaving me with nothing but his retreating figure. He didn't even bother to close the door.

Once again, he abandoned me in the quiet of the night.

I thought I would feel the same pain as before, but this time, there was no ripple in my heart.

Looking down at my phone, I texted my sister, "I'm getting married."

My sister cared about me more than anyone else, far more than my parents ever did. After they moved abroad for work, I ended up living with her.

It was because I moved to this city with her that I met Sean Everett.

In a strange city, I was once followed by a homeless man. At a critical moment, Sean rushed out and scared him off. From that day on, Sean became a beacon of light during my youth.

Later, when my sister was preparing to get married, I didn't want to continue being a burden to her. Sean bought an apartment in the same neighborhood, saying he could take care of me. Despite my sister's objections, I moved in with Sean.

I never expected that this arrangement would last nine years.

When my sister heard the news about my wedding, she immediately video-called me.

"You're finally getting married! After nine years of this love marathon with Sean, you've finally reached the finish line."

"It's not a wedding with Sean," I corrected her. "I'm marrying the heir of the Quinn family. I don't even know his name yet, but Mom says he's excellent."

My sister fell silent for a moment.

Looking at me, her eyes revealed a mix of regret and heartache.

"Have you thought this through? You've been with Sean for nine years. You like him so much, so why are you suddenly doing this?"

I shook my head and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Save it, Sis. Nine years under the same roof, and what did it amount to? Nothing concrete. Just endless maybes and somedayes. He never wanted to commit, and I've finally had enough."

My sister was stunned. After nine years of living together, Sean never gave me a proper status.

Deciding not to dwell on Sean anymore, she told me she'd support my decision.

After ending the call, a notification popped up to confirm my ticket purchase. The flight was set—five days from today.

The next day, I brought the few succulents I couldn't take with me and headed to a mall near my sister's home. We'd agreed to meet there.

As soon as I walked in, she dragged me toward the home goods section, saying she wanted to buy me a set of bedding as my wedding gift.

What I didn't expect was to run into Sean and his ex-girlfriend while browsing through bedding supplies.