

I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 01

On Valentine's Day evening, my husband Alan and another woman exchanged wedding rings.

Their fingers intertwined aboard a cruise ship.

I saw this news on X.

"True Love Returns Home, the Tycoon Spends a Fortune to Win a Beauty's Smile."

Alison reposted that news on Instagram, and I calmly liked it.

After refreshing the page, I found she had unfriended me.

Alan called me. "Stop obsessively spying on the people around me. You're scaring Alison."

From the other end of the phone, I heard Alison's coy voice. "Alan, it is such a beautiful night."

Indeed, six years of love couldn't withstand another woman.

I was utterly defeated. This time, I chose to let go.

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The next morning, Alan came home, reeking of alcohol.

He yelled upstairs, "Victoria, come down and help me change my shoes."

After our marriage, I had truly become his helpmate, personally attending to tasks like removing his clothes and shoes.

Bleary-eyed, I walked downstairs, saw dark circles under his eyes, and did not stoop down.

He kicked me with his foot, angrily shouting, "What are you spacing out for? Hurry up and change my shoes."

"I'm very tired. Can't you be a bit more considerate?"

Listening to his usual commanding tone, I couldn't help but sneer.

On Valentine's Day, my husband's secret rendezvous with another woman became a trending topic.

He came home and not only did he not explain, but he also looked at me with disgust.

Did he really think I didn't know how to fight back?

As I pouted and remained motionless, he took a jewelry box out of his bag and handed it to me.

"Alison bought this for you. She was afraid you'd misunderstand and bought a gift to apologize."

I opened it and saw the brooch, scoffing, "She must have really struggled to find this trinket in the thrift store."

Alan snatched it back after hearing this, saying, "It's the thought that counts. She bought it for you herself. Don't take her kindness for granted."

I watched him treasure it in his palm, tears rolling down my cheeks.

I had a nickname in the circle, "Alan's Dog."

I chased him for three years and was married to him for six. I thought my affection could win his heart.

But as soon as Alison appeared, everything changed.

I was like a stray dog, wagging my tail, begging for attention.

Whenever Alison called, Alan would abandon me to run to her.

At that moment, I was suddenly overwhelmed with exhaustion.

Seeing my various grievances, Alan furiously said, "Victoria, you actually have the nerve to give me attitude?"

“Go pour me some water!”

After saying this, he pushed me.

I held my slightly aching abdomen, shaking my head in refusal.

“Pour it yourself. I’m not feeling well.”

At that moment, my forehead was covered in dense sweat, and he came close and held his nose, saying, “Victoria, you’re sweating.”

Alan had a strong aversion to smells.

He wouldn’t allow any scent of sweat on me, even demanding that I only use his favorite woody perfume.

I had stomach pains all night, and my body had sweat intermittently.

In the past, I would have rushed upstairs to shower immediately.

But now, I was unwilling.