

## I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 02

Alan handed me his phone, saying, "Alison wants to have dinner at Grand Thames tonight, but I have a dinner engagement, so you'll take her. Consider it a return favor."

"Be polite," he continued, "After dinner, buy her a purse. Reciprocity keeps relationships lasting."

A cheap brooch for a purse worth thousands. How ridiculous.

I didn't reach for the phone. Seeing me motionless, Alan dialed Alison's number himself.

Alison, delighted, asked, "What is it, Alan? Missing me?"

Alan, lowering his gaze and clearing his throat, said, "Victoria will take you to dinner tonight. Pick a gift, and she'll pay."

Alison paused for a few seconds and then sweetly replied, "I knew you're the best."

I coldly told him, "I said I'm not feeling well today. I'm not going."

After I finished speaking, Alan clenched my wrist tightly. "Don't be disgraceful. You have to go tonight!"

He then angrily took off his coat and threw it in my face to vent his frustration.

His throw was forceful. I lost my balance and stumbled, falling next to the sofa.

My right leg hit the edge, and blood gushed out instantly.

Alan looked at me as if I were a fool and said, "Are you okay? I'll get the first aid kit."

He searched but couldn't find even a piece of gauze.

His irritation grew.

"Victoria, is this how you prepare a first aid kit? I can't even find a piece of gauze!"

He probably forgot that I had an appendectomy just a month ago. The gauze was used up during a dressing change, and I had reminded him to buy some from the pharmacy if it was convenient.

In the past, I would have argued with him to prove it wasn't my fault.

But now, I didn't want to utter another word.

I have a phobia of blood. Struggling with discomfort, I slowly stood up and said, "Can you take me to the hospital to get this bandaged?"

Alan muttered irritably and headed out the door.

I followed him.

As soon as we left the neighborhood, Alan's phone rang.

I glanced at it and saw the caller ID "Alison".

The next second, Alan covered the screen with his hand and hung up, his face uneasy as he looked at me.

I indifferently withdrew my gaze and remained silent.

His eyes strangely fixed on me.

"You don't mind?"

What was there to mind?

I looked back at him.

Did he think I would act as before, hysterically grabbing his phone to block her number and assert my dominance?

Right now, all I wanted was to get to the hospital quickly.

Soon, the phone rang again. Alan frowned, glanced at me, but answered the call.

Alison, her voice trembling with tears, said she was being followed and was scared. She even thoughtfully asked Alan to explain to me, to prevent any misunderstanding.

Alan, already impatient, glanced at me twice before barking sternly, "Get out of the car now."

I remained seated, prompting him to come around and physically drag me out of the car.

"If I don't go, Alison will be in danger!" With that, he drove away.

Collapsed on the ground, I smelt the car exhaust, and my heart clenched in disappointment.

I took a taxi alone to the hospital, where the driver asked with concern, "Why are you alone? You're still bleeding from your leg."

The unexpected concern from a stranger brought tears to my eyes.

While being bandaged, I overheard the nurses at the station discussing Alan and Alison.

Given the Alsop family's significant status in Silverleaf, their attention was not surprising.

Despite my disinterest, their chatter reached my ears.

"Mr. Alsop's true love looks so beautiful!"

"These two are such a good match. I heard she's a pianist."

"Do you think they'll announce their marriage soon?"

As I was lost in thought, the nurse bandaging me shouted inside, "Keep it down, or the head nurse will dock your pay again."

I smiled bitterly. Even after our marriage, I had attended several charity galas with Alan, yet it seemed I made no memorable impression.

With Alison's appearance as Alan's true love, everyone had forgotten he was already married.

After I left the hospital, my phone pinged with another news alert.

Someone had posted a video of Alan getting physical in an altercation, causing a stir online.

It seemed Alison might actually have been harassed, but Alan, who usually cared about his reputation, typically had his assistant handle such matters.

Unexpectedly, this time he had lost his composure and intervened personally.

I remembered at the start of the year, I had accompanied him to a company party where I was maliciously shoved and fell publicly.

He, however, was escorting Alison, ignoring me as they walked past under everyone's gaze.

I called out to him, but he didn't even glance at me, only turning when Alison spoke up, and then he looked at me with disdain.

"How embarrassing!"

He said, leaving me alone to be mocked by everyone.

The next day, he sent me a necklace as an apology.

I treasured it, never daring to wear it, only to find out later that it was something Alison had discarded.

Limping, I went straight home to pack my stuff.

I also contacted my friend Elizabeth, a well-known lawyer in Silverleaf. "Elizabeth, I want to divorce Alan," I told her.