

I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 03

I didn't have many personal items in the villa, and I packed up quickly.

Elizabeth asked me to wait at home for her to bring the divorce papers.

During that time, Alan called me several times, but I hung up on all his calls.

After Elizabeth arrived, I quickly signed the divorce papers, tore up the photograph on the coffee table, and prepared to leave.

Just then, Alan came home, looking exhausted and with an injured hand.

He paused when he saw my suitcase and tossed something at me.

"I bought you some gauze. Can't believe you can't handle even this minor issue."

I looked down at the items in the bag. Inside were two rolls of gauze. One of which was already open.

"No need. I've already had it taken care of at the hospital."

He sighed in relief. "That's good then. It was just a small cut that bled a little. Not a big deal at all."

I took a deep breath, gripping the handle of my luggage tightly.

"Yeah."

He knew I had surgery not long ago and that I had a problem with blood, yet my body hadn't fully recovered.

I never dared to tell him how it affected me, fearing it would affect him.

But if he paid a little attention, he could have noticed my discomfort. Instead, he didn't care at all.

"I was also at fault tonight, but as you know, Alison is a girl with no one around to look after her. I might have been a bit impulsive. You don't mind, do you?"

I stared at the injuries on his hand as I said, "Why not spend more time comforting her?"

He became angry.

"Victoria, do you really need to talk to me like this?"

“This opened gauze was used on her, wasn’t it?”

I placed the gauze on the coffee table and turned to leave as he awkwardly tried to explain.

“Yes, it was for her. I saw she scraped her hand a bit, so I used one of them. There was a lot left, so I brought it back for you.”

I nodded, turned, and moved to pull my suitcase.

Alan’s face darkened instantly.

“I explained right away because I feared you’d misunderstand. What is this supposed to mean? Are you playing some petty game of running away from home?”

“Victoria, I’m trying to be nice to you, and you’re getting carried away, right? I won’t allow you to leave this house!”

With that, he grabbed my suitcase, pulling it violently.

His actions were so forceful they almost twisted my upper body out of alignment.

The wound that had already started to crack open began to hurt again.

Soon, I was bleeding.

“Alan, it hurts so much. Please take me to the hospital. My wound reopened.”

While I was speaking, cold sweat appeared on my forehead, and my fingertips became cold.

“I just pulled a bit, and you start this act? Victoria, are you always this pretentious, playing the victim?”

I held back the shivers running through my body, trying to speak to him calmly.

“Alan, you know I had surgery not long ago. I haven’t fully recovered, and now it’s bleeding. I need to go to the hospital.”

Alan paused, glanced at my wound, and scoffed,

“Victoria, do you have no shame? How long has it been since your surgery? You’re still pretending it hasn’t healed. I think you’re just being melodramatic. Today, it’s bleeding. What’s next? Are you going to say you need an amputation?”

He pushed me harshly.

I fell to the ground, hitting my head heavily against the corner of a cabinet.

It hurt, and I felt dizzy.

“Since you love acting so much, I’ll grant your wish. Someday when I lose my patience, we’ll get a divorce.”

I looked up at him.

“Someday is today. Let’s just get a divorce. I won’t cling to you. Just sign the papers, and we can go through with the procedures.”

He was stunned, disbelievingly staring at me.

“Victoria, have you gone mad?”

I calmly looked back at him.

“Your first love has returned. Isn’t it better that I step aside?”

Alan said angrily, “How many times do I have to tell you? I’ve always seen her as a sister! Why won’t you believe me?”

“When will you stop throwing a tantrum?”

I spoke softly, “It’s been two years. She has called you late at night so many times, and you’ve cared for her. I’m not blind. I can see it.”

“Just like today, I was injured, but you couldn’t be bothered to care.”

“I remember when Alison merely cut her hand while chopping vegetables. You had worried for three days, ordering takeout for her daily and not letting her cook anymore.”

“Whereas I had surgery, and you never once asked about me. Even the house chores for these past few days were all left to me.”

“And you never thought, how could I, who just had surgery, have the strength to do all this myself? And why has my wound not healed properly?”

I let my gaze fall. “Alan, let’s end this. I’m tired.”

Alan suddenly slammed the suitcase down next to my feet.

“Enough!”

He bent down, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me up.

“Get up. Tired? You’re just pretending! You said your wound had reopened, right? Fine, I’m taking you to the hospital. I want to see how long you can keep this act up.”

He accidentally pulled at my wound again, causing great pain. My face turned pale, and sweat dripped heavily from my forehead.

I tried to struggle, but the weakness from the blood loss, coupled with the dizziness from hitting my head, left me gasping for air.

I was practically dragged by him.

At that moment, this scene was witnessed by Elizabeth, who had come to deliver a contract. She screamed, rushed in, fiercely pushed Alan away, and held me anxiously, shouting at him,

“Alan, what the hell are you doing? Can’t you see Victoria is bleeding? You’re still hurting her! Will you only stop when she’s dead?”

Alan froze, staring at the blood trail on the ground from his dragging, his composure shattered.

“No... I thought... Wasn’t she faking it? Why...”

Before I lost consciousness, I looked at him.

He stood there, helpless, with clothes scattered around him from the damaged suitcase.

Elizabeth pulled out divorce papers from her bag and slammed them onto him.

“Sign this. Damn it. Just sign it.”

“For you, Victoria never truly rested after her surgery, going to the hospital multiple times for infections, all accompanied by me, while all you did was fool around with another woman.”

“And now you’re using violence, causing her to bleed heavily. Are you even human, Alan? If anything happens to Victoria, you are a murderer!”

The hard corner of the blue folder hit his forehead, breaking the skin.

Documents scattered around him.

Alan just stood there with an ashen face, motionlessly watching me.