

I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 04

When I woke up again, I was lying in a hospital bed, receiving an IV, the hospital's white walls making my eyes hurt.

Alan, seeing me awake, held my hand with a worried expression when he said, "How are you feeling? Is there any discomfort?"

His sudden concern left me somewhat at a loss.

Remembering Alan's cold words before I fainted made me unconsciously turn my head away.

Elizabeth, seeing my reluctance to face him, quickly pushed him aside and stood in front of me.

"Leave. She doesn't want you here."

Alan was reluctant to let go of my hand, still showing concern. "Victoria, don't be afraid. I'll be with you."

I shook off his hand with a cold face. "I don't need your company. Just leave."

Then Alan's phone started ringing, and he hung up twice in succession. I frowned. "Go answer it. The ringing is annoying."

"I'll handle it and come back to see you later."

As he turned to leave, I grabbed his wrist. "Sign the divorce papers."

Unexpectedly, he gently patted the back of my hand. "Let's talk about that when I come back."

I sighed lightly, watching his retreating figure, not knowing why he wouldn't let go since he didn't love me at all.

Elizabeth followed my gaze.

"What? Regretting? You seem unable to let go."

I shook my head.

“No.”

After chasing Alan for four years and being married for six, I was tired.

For the remaining days, I wanted to live for myself.

As soon as the words fell, my parents came in with the doctor pushing open the door.

My mother’s eyes were red and swollen from crying, but she was smiling when she saw me.

Yet, emotions were hard to hide.

They bent over by my bed and gently touched my head. “Victoria, it’s okay to get a divorce, but you need to take care of yourself. Your health comes first.”

After that, the attending physician showed me three treatment plans and gave a detailed introduction.

I listened carefully to the doctor. After that, they saw the doctor out.

When my parents asked what had happened recently, I mentioned a few things, carefully avoiding the surgery I had a month ago.

Back then, I desperately stopped Alan from telling my parents about my surgery, as my mother had not been in poor health these past two years. I didn’t want her to worry about me.

Seeing my pale face, my parents cried until they trembled.

My father cautioned, “You must listen to the doctor and take good care of yourself. Take your medicine on time, understand?”

Elizabeth tightly gripped my hand and said, “I’m taking leave to stay with you. Don’t think you can avoid taking your medicine because it’s bitter.”

She knew me well. I had always had trouble taking medicine since I was a child.

I could only swallow medicine with a cup of juice.

When I was sick, I always insisted that the doctor prescribe me capsules.

I also had a problem with swallowing large pills due to a shallow throat.

At mealtime, my mother asked me what I wanted to eat, but I shook my head, saying, "I don't feel like eating anything right now."

My father immediately responded, "How can you not eat? You'll run out of strength. We'll go buy something. You have a rest here."

As they left, I made up my mind quietly.

I looked out the window.

"Elizabeth, let's go on a trip after I get discharged from the hospital! I want to live life differently."

"I want to thoroughly enjoy this time and do things I've always wanted to do but never had the chance to."

Elizabeth immediately nodded, "Great. Whatever decision you make, I'll be there with you."

It was clear from my parents' earlier conversation that they knew about my impending divorce from Alan.

I asked Elizabeth, "Did you tell them, or was it Alan?"

Elizabeth sighed, "While you were unconscious, Alan told them. He said he'd do anything as long as you don't divorce him."

After a pause, Elizabeth added, "It's strange. He's hardly ever around, and yet he's the one who refuses to get a divorce."

I had planned to pick a good time to have a serious talk with my parents.

I thought they would try to stop me, knowing how much I loved Alan.

I confessed my love for Alan at a party after high school graduation.

I remember Alan standing under a locust tree, his expression stern as he tore up my love letter, telling me, "You're the last person I want to be with."

That night, I locked myself in my room and cried for a long time.

But I was stubborn and didn't give up.

Just before the start of freshman year in college, Alan's crush Alison went abroad with a boy she had just fallen in love with. Alan, hungover, called me to pick him up.

For seven days straight, I went to his house on time every day to cook for him and play video games with him. It was perfect timing as our parents were collaborating on a real estate project and Alan's parents liked me.

We naturally became a couple.

In my freshman year, I won a contest, and he acknowledged our relationship with a post on Instagram.

I thought we would always be happy, but fate had other plans.

Once Alison returned to the country after her divorce, he started coming home later and spent less and less time with me.

He couldn't even manage to join me for holiday meals at home.

Since everyone said they were a perfect match, I was willing to back off.