

## **I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 06**

After half a month of recuperation in the hospital, I completed the discharge procedures and went home.

The doctor prescribed some medication for me to take regularly.

Upon returning home, my mother personally cooked a large meal.

Seeing my father serving me soup and my mother handing me fruit, I couldn't help but tear up.

Phugged them tightly and said, "I'm sorry for being an unfilial daughter. I was blind in choosing people and now I'm causing you worry."

they gently patted my back. "It's not your fault; it's ours. If we had been a bit more resolute back then, you wouldn't have been hurt by Alan like this."

But what fault did they have?

The fault was mine.

Every season change, my mother would send me supplements and remind me to prevent urticaria flare-ups in spring and summer.

Whenever they heard I was on a business trip overnight, they would text me to remind me to rest, saying that making money wasn't the most important thing. they did everything they could, even more than most parents would do.

Yet I still ended up like this.

Three days later, we planned a family photo shoot. My parents were as happy as children.

had promised them an outdoor family portrait long ago but kept delaying it due to work.

Selfishly, I hoped that when I wasn't around in the future, seeing the photos would make them genuinely happy.

Palso wrote them a letter, thanking them for their understanding.

As I left, I didn't know when I would see them again.

After all, I wanted to live a different life.

My mother loved beauty, so I chose many pieces of jewelry for her. Over the years, besides the company's profits, they had given me a lot of pocket money. I bought ten gifts for my mother. In the evening, I sat on the swing in the courtyard chatting with my father.

pointed to a piece of land underfoot and said, "Dad, let's plant some sunflowers here. I really like them."

After marrying Alan, I had made the same request to him, but he refused.

He replied coldly, "Girls like roses. Why do you like such niche things?"

But aren't people different from each other?

At that moment, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Alan getting out of the car holding pink roses.

I fied in panic.

No matter how hard he knocked on my door, I refused to see him.

In the end, he squatted outside my door and said, "Then let's talk through the door."

Why? He didn't care about me that much. He promised to come late but didn't even keep that promise.

Why cling to me now?

Alan started speaking. "Victoria, do you really not want me anymore?"

Treplied calmly, "Because everyone makes different choices. Just like when I resolutely chose to marry you back then and now choose to leave you—these are my choices at the moment." Alan continued to persuade me. "Open the door so we can talk face-to-face."

sighed and said, "Alan, there's nothing left to say between us. I'll give you back to Alison. You sign the papers and we'll be done."

Then Alan angrily pounded on the door. "I didn't do well before and caused misunderstandings. But I can change. Please don't divorce me."

His tone in that last sentence was like a puppy waiting to be petted.

I opened the door and shook my head. "Alan, do you understand? Your feelings for me are not love."

Unexpectedly, he pulled me into his arms and whispered in my ear: “No, I love you, Victoria!”

But what kind of love is his?

Leaving me alone at home with a high fever; kicking me out of the car when injured; treating me like a servant; always making me pick him up when he’s drunk?

pushed him away forcefully and scoffed. “Enough! Alan, I can’t bear your kind of love.”

really love you, Victoria. Give me a chance to make it right,” Alan pleaded while holding me tightly as if afraid I’d break.

My heart softened momentarily but then hardened again as memories flooded back.

Flifted my head and looked him straight in the eyes. “Alan, at this point, please respect my choice.”

With that said, I pushed him away and turned to close the door. Alan blocked it with his hand.

Victoria, I’m not getting a divorce. I’ll prove my love through actions.” His eyes were firm and determined.

Isaid nothing and silently closed the door.

Alan, do you really understand what love is? I asked myself inwardly.

That night at dinner, Alan stayed to eat with us. He kept piling food onto my plate until he handed me a piece of mango that made me laugh out loud.

“Alan, after six years of marriage, do you still not remember I’m allergic to mangoes?”

Mangoes were Alan’s favorite fruit. Once when he was drunk and clamoring for them late at night, thad to endure discomfort to peel mangoes for him.

Alan paused for a few seconds before hurriedly retracting his hand.

My parents glared at him and said: “It seems Victoria’s decision to divorce isn’t impulsive.”

Indeed, hearts don’t grow cold overnight.

Accumulated disappointment left me without courage to speak up anymore.

Embarrassedly scratching his head, Alan explained: "I've been so busy lately; my mind's a bit fuzzy."

I added: "Not just lately—last year you ordered a mango-flavored birthday cake for me too. The chocolate card even read 'Victoria Happy Every Day'."

I never told Alan about this incident but knew it was Alison's doing—a deliberate provocation she had repeated multiple times before,

leaving her lipstick or scarf in Alan's car for me to find on purpose.

Alan was utterly shocked.

"Impossible! Last year I clearly ordered chocolate-flavored cake; I'm sure of it."

"Maybe someone switched it," I suggested coldly,

prompting Alan's immediate anger as he got up to make calls outside,

While Mom held my wrist gently saying: "Let bygones be bygones; these things aren't worth your anger."

But despite no longer fearing his displeasure now,

needed closure by voicing out loud everything stuck painfully within all along—

Alan spent ages calling from our yard before leaving without another word,

earning harsh criticism from Dad though only prompting resignation from myself: You'll get used to it—that woman always knows how best manipulate situations." But neither am I any fool either.