

## **I Just Ended My Six-Year Relationship Chapter 07**

On the day of departure, I gifted Alan something significant.

The gentle and likable persona Alison had carefully cultivated collapsed that day.

Her reputation as a renowned pianist also plummeted.

In fact, I had started investigating her the first time she covertly challenged me upon her return to the country.

To destroy her, I first let her run wild.

After returning, Alison hid her marital history from the public, telling everyone that her divorce was due to her ex-husband's infidelity and domestic violence.

She even used this reason to gain Alan's sympathy, who then spent money to open three beauty salons for her at Silverleaf.

But in reality, it was Alison who had been unfaithful.

She was caught by her ex-husband three times being intimate with another man while she was pregnant.

Three times is a limit, and beyond that is unbearable; her ex-husband reluctantly filed for divorce.

Yet, she took all his fortune during the divorce.

Her ex-husband, frustrated, initially wanted to confront Alan directly, but I intercepted him first.

I met all his demands, and he provided me with evidence.

It must be said, Alison's ex-husband was also a meticulous man; he had everything from audio recordings to photos.

And Alison's status as a famous pianist was also achieved by stealing others' achievements. Abroad, she bullied her competitors, breaking a rival's hands before a final competition and threatening their family.

Elizabeth asked me, "Why didn't you expose her sooner? That way, you and Alan wouldn't have ended up like this."

She didn't know I was always missing a chance, but her post last night gave me the opportunity.

Last night, she posted a photo on Weibo wearing the ‘Blue Tears’ necklace that Alan had bought at an auction for thirty million.

With the photo, everyone praised her beneath her post.

But only I knew it was a fake; the real necklace lay in my jewelry box.

And Alan wasn’t with her last night, because he was sitting desolately on my couch all night.

Even in the morning, he had to be carried to the airport by bodyguards so that Elizabeth and I could leave.

I sent a photo of Alan sitting desolate at the base of my apartment to a journalist, and instantly, the journalist was overwhelmed by public scrutiny.

Fans believed Alison’s words, accusing the journalist of unethical practices and incorrect information.

But the journalist knew I used a watermarked camera, and the video he provided also displayed the time.

This was my arrangement, and half an hour later, the journalist released the time–stamped video.

Facing the evidence, netizens switched sides and flooded Alison’s Weibo, calling her a fraud.

Alison’s Weibo followers nearly reached a million, and initially, she responded defiantly in the comments. But when comments exceeded 9999, she couldn’t keep up, and she had to shut down her comment section.

But I wanted more than just that.

Just before the plane took off, Alison’s previous marriage and rise to fame were exposed.

In just five minutes, the word “exposed” turned a bruise–like purple.

I sighed deeply, closed my phone, and flew away from Silverleaf.

After landing, the first thing I did was throw away my SIM card.

What awaited me was a brand new life.

Elizabeth gave me a thumbs up, “Finally, you’re seeing clearly!”

I hugged her shoulder and said, “A lickspittle too long, one eventually comes to their senses.”

We went to the desert, rode camels, and saw the turquoise sea.

We slept in until late morning, finding a

We slept in until late morning, finding a quiet bar at night, enjoying the sea breeze and snacks.

But Elizabeth made sure I took my medication three times a day and stopped me from eating too much fried food.

She said, “I hope you live a long life, to spend more time with me.”

Thus, we stayed in Moonstone Hills for half a month, and Elizabeth took many photos of us together.

I could see my body changing; although I ate a lot, I visibly lost a lot of weight.

Elizabeth noticed the sadness in my eyes and quickly said, “It must be my poor photography, don’t worry, the doctor said as long as you take your medicine on time, you’ll recover.”

Every other day, I chose a few photos to send to our family group, and my parents kept complimenting how good I looked.

I knew everyone was carefully shielding my emotions.

Dad kept insisting on giving me the company and retiring with mom.

But I shamelessly asked him to hold on for a few more years and entrusted my small company to him.

During the trip, I fell in love with writing, or more accurately, wanted to document my travel experiences.

Every night before bed, I spent an hour recording the interesting events of the day.

Elizabeth joked, “If this book becomes a hit, can you share half the money with me? I want to taste receiving royalties.”

I pinched her cheek and replied, “All yours, no problem.”

After leaving Moonstone Hills, I wanted to visit the mountains.

It had always been my dream, though I managed to visit the orphanage in Silverleaf every year, donating money to the children.

But I also wanted to visit the mountain areas described in books.

Elizabeth took over all the ticket booking tasks during the trip; I just followed her.

Thus, we stayed in the mountains for ten days, my parents arranged two trucks full of gifts, and we made a donation.

In their eyes, I saw innocent and bright expressions; before leaving, each child gave me a painting.

That night, I cried in Elizabeth's arms for a long time.

"I regret that I and Alan didn't have children."

Initially, it was because of work; I thought to wait a few years, but then

Alan seldom came home, and the matter was shelved.

I wanted to hear his soft words, to see him toddle and learn to walk.

But Elizabeth's words were also true, "If you had a child, maybe you would have kept the marriage going for their sake!"

Yes, every step in life counts, maybe this is my destiny.

Without the ties of children, I could say goodbye to Alan with a clear conscience.

After leaving the mountain area, I told Elizabeth I wanted to visit the Tibetan area, but she refused.

She said I had just been discharged from the hospital and might suffer from altitude sickness as soon as we landed.

At my insistence, she finally agreed to take me to the hospital for an assessment.

If the doctor said it was okay, she would accompany me.

Unexpectedly, we encountered Alan at the hospital.

He had lost much weight, his beard was unkempt, and his hair was disheveled.

I lowered my head, trying to pass by him, but he grabbed me.

He whispered my name.

“Alison, I finally found you.”

His words felt like from another lifetime.

I’m directionally challenged, I had once asked him, “If I ever got lost, would you come find me?”

Alan’s answer at the time was, “Even if it takes searching every corner of the world, I will find you.”

I shook off his hand, “Why aren’t you at work, coming here instead?”

“I’ve been looking for you for a month, if it weren’t for following the truck arranged by your parents, I wouldn’t have known you came to such a remote place.”

“Remote? The children here are clean and sunny, you should see them.”

And cleanse your own eyes, for anyone who could love Alison isn’t ordinary.

Even though I told him to leave, he followed me and Elizabeth.

After the doctor’s evaluation, my physical condition was not suitable for entering the Tibetan area.

But I couldn’t resist insisting.

Alan flew with us.

As soon as we landed, I suffered severe altitude sickness and was hospitalized.

Knowing I didn’t want to see him, Alan only came while I was unconscious.

Every time I saw the sunflowers by my bed, I knew he had been there.

After I recovered, we traveled through the wilderness, shot many VLOGS.

I insisted on updating my novel daily; life indeed became very different.

I told my parents I wanted to try being a travel blogger.

They didn’t stop me, just told me, “If you’re tired, just come back, we’re always here.”

Elizabeth also said she would accompany me.

Alan and I had one last talk; he returned to Silverleaf.

He told me, "If you're willing, I will always be waiting for you."

But really, none of it mattered anymore, I had found the direction for my future life.

I don't want to live depending on a man.