

After All the Hurt, She Chose Herself

Chapter 2

Years ago, to help Gideon's company land a major deal, she had drunk so much she was hospitalized with a bleeding stomach.

When she was discharged, the doctor repeatedly warned her to eat her three meals on time, otherwise, if it got any worse, she'd have to have part of her stomach removed.

But now, coming from Gideon, it was just a dismissive, "It's not like you'll die."

On the hospital bed, Lilith took a small sip of the soup.

In the next moment, a sharp cry erupted, and the stainless steel thermos in her hands flew straight at Aria.

"It's hot!"

Aria instinctively took half a step back, managing to avoid getting splashed.

But the thermos slammed hard against her head.

The rest of the soup in the container trickled down her hair and all over her clothes.

Aria grabbed some tissues to wipe the soup stains off herself and snapped, "Lilith, did you do that on purpose?"

She thought Gideon was going to drink the soup, so she'd specifically let it cool for half an hour after making it. How could it possibly be that hot?

It was obvious she was just trying to stir up trouble; even a fool could see it.

But before Aria could finish, Gideon's reprimand came crashing down on her.

"Aria, did you do that on purpose?"

"If you can't even handle something this simple, what use are you?"

The man's icy gaze pierced Aria like a sword. She felt nothing but a profound sense of despair, unable to utter a single word.

His final word, "Get out," landed with a thud.

Aria fought back tears and left the humiliating scene without a backward glance.

As she left, she heard their conversation from the room. "I'll find Dr. Dawn as soon as possible."

"And I'll have a child with Aria."

"No matter what, I won't let anything happen to you."

Aria's tears finally broke free, streaming down her face.

After leaving the hospital room, Aria quickly cleaned herself up in the restroom.

By the time she emerged, it was past noon. Her empty stomach was churning, and she felt terribly unwell.

Aria expertly took some painkillers from her bag.

She leaned back against the chair, thinking back on all the years.

Back then, she had loved Gideon, loved him so much that she willingly married him, knowing he didn't love her back.

Before the marriage, she and Gideon had fought side-by-side in the business world.

After getting married, she juggled family with her left hand and career with her right, giving up her own ambitions to become a homemaker for him. She was so busy she never had a moment's rest, all in the hope of making his life a little easier.

She had thought she could eventually warm his heart, but looking at things now...

Aria pulled her lips into a self-mocking smile. She had been deluding herself.

If she couldn't warm his heart, then she didn't want it anymore.

Back then, she and Gideon had only gotten married because of an accident.

She had an agreement with Old Mr. Evernight. It was a contract marriage.

If, after three years, she was willing to give up her marriage to Gideon, Old Mr. Evernight would give her twenty million dollars as compensation for what had happened.

Counting the days, it was now just one month until the three-year contract expired.

Since she had already chosen to let Gideon go, it was time to talk business.

Aria sent a text to Old Mr. Evernight, stating that she intended to end the marriage in a month and hoped he would deposit the twenty million dollars into her account on time.

At the same time, she sent a message to her lawyer: [Dalton, please draft a divorce agreement for me as soon as possible.]

After doing all this, Aria let out a long sigh of relief.

Now, she could finally do what she truly loved.

Before becoming Gideon's secretary, she was in medical research, winning so many patents and awards she couldn't count them all.

Her codename in the medical world was Dawn.

She was the only person in the world who had successfully completed the most difficult osteosarcoma resection, a major breakthrough in medicine.

Aria tapped on the profile picture she hadn't dared to touch in eight years and made up her mind.

[Professor, I want to return to the medical field.]