



# When Love Vanishes in Silence

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** It was supposed to be a special night—my birthday. I had spent hours getting everything just right, and then I waited. And waited. Hours passed, and still, no sign of Sam Walker. No message. No call. Just silence that grew louder with every passing minute.

Then I saw it.

A photo popped up on Instagram. He was sitting comfortably on a sofa, a soft smile on his face—not with me, but with her. His first love, Eleanor. She had posted the picture with a caption that pierced deeper than any excuse ever could: “You are the source of my sense of security.”

I should have been furious. I should have screamed, cried, and demanded an explanation. That would’ve made sense. But instead, I just stared at the screen, frozen, realizing that sometimes, betrayal doesn’t come with a loud bang. Sometimes, it comes in the form of quiet absence, and a picture that tells you everything you need to know.

**Total Pages (Source):** 14

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

I waited for Sam Walker at a restaurant until 11:00 pm on my birthday night.

He cancelled our date again.

Seeing the picture that Eleanor Carter posted on Instagram didn't make me feel anything.

At that very moment, I was ready to let everything go.

Sam made a reservation for two at that restaurant.

Sam took Eleanor Carter to see the sunrise by the sea last month on her birthday.

When I asked him angrily, he said I was being too sensitive. He said that he went to the beach with his friends, not just him and Eleanor.

We had a "cold war" for two weeks because of this.

Sam texted me yesterday to say he had booked a table and asked me to dinner.

I know he was trying to make things right.

Whenever we fought or argued, I would always be the one to start talking to him first.

After we got back to normal, he would give me a gift or show that he cared. One kind word from him would make me happy all day, and I would forget about all the bad things that had happened and get excited about him again.

The same thing happened over and over again for the past few years.

It was like, “If he hit me, I’d still forgive him for giving me candy after.”

He was in charge of our whole relationship.

I was like a kite in the air, but he held onto the string tightly.

My feelings depend on how he feels.

I am to blame for what I have become.

Because loving him made me lose my dignity.

He asked me to dinner yesterday, but I wasn’t as excited as I used to be.

If I am still the same person, it will be nice that he remembers my birthday.

For my past birthdays, I had to remind him over and over again to get me a gift or something.

I forgot my own birthday this year, so I was very surprised when Sam brought it up.

I only remembered my birthday was coming up when I got his text at work yesterday.

Then I said, “Good. I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

I lock my phone and go back to work. I don’t feel anything just because he called me.

Today, when I’m not at work, I get a text from Sam that says, “See you in the restaurant.”

I get to that restaurant first.

The time is set for 7:00 PM, and I get there at 6:30 PM.

I keep waiting. Sam still hasn't come by 8 p.m.

I call him and text him, but he doesn't answer.

At 10:00 pm, the waiter asks me if he should bring me my food because the restaurant will close at 11:00 pm.

I give him a nod.

I'm chewing on the steak slowly and drinking some wine. I leave the restaurant at 10:30 p.m.

While I was waiting for the taxi on the road, I saw a picture that Eleanor had posted on Instagram.

She also said, "You make me feel safe."

That picture shows Sam sitting on her couch from the side.

When I see that picture, I don't feel angry, sad, or any other emotion.

I feel calm inside, like I already know the answer to the riddle.

Look. I knew it.

Every time he let me down because of Eleanor.

It's strange that I don't feel sad at all this time.

I take a bath and then go to bed when I get home.

I am sound asleep at midnight, but the door opening wakes me up.

I know it's Sam.

I don't open my eyes to act like I'm asleep because the noise is bothering me. I don't want to talk to him.

I can still hear him walking near the head of the bed, but he doesn't seem to be talking.

Even though my eyes were closed, I could still feel him staring at me.

"What's wrong with Sam? Isn't he going to take a shower and go to bed? Why is he staring at me?" I was so confused. "Being stared at was really annoying."

Could he feel weird that I didn't leave the lights on and angrily sit in the living room and ask him questions like I used to?

He should be happy that I didn't go crazy this time.

He would stand next to me and look at me with eyes full of disgust and ignorance while I was breaking out.

I could tell he was treating me like a crazy clown by the way he looked at me.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

He used to be willing to explain if I asked him about his relationship with Eleanor. He said they were just friends and never crossed the border. He told me I was thinking too much.

He slowly stopped explaining anything to me, and I got so angry that I felt like a volcano erupting until I calmed down on my own.

I can now see everything clearly and let it all go.

I admit that I was crazy when I think about what I did. I must have looked very ugly every time I lost my cool. Sam hates me more and more every day.

Right now, I don't want to ask him anything. I just wanted to sleep.

Sam stares at me for a while, and when I don't open my eyes, he says, "Lillian?"

I still act like I'm asleep, not moving.

He finally leaves after a while.

I can hear the water running in the bathroom. He must have gone to clean up.

I didn't think I would fall asleep with the sound of the water running, and I had no idea when Sam got to bed.

The next morning, I get up and go to work like I always do.

I've been working all day, and the time has gone by so quickly.

After work, I eat dinner outside before going home.

When I walk into the living room, I see Sam sitting on the couch.

"You're here earlier than usual today?" I take off my shoes and ask him.

He says, "Not busy today."

"Good," I say and hang my bag on the hook as I walk to the study.

"Sam stops me and says, "Lillian, your birthday gift, I already bought it yesterday..."

"Thank you," I say as I take the pretty box from him.

When I open it, I see a pretty bracelet.

"It's so pretty. "I like it so much," I say with a smile, "I'll start wearing it tomorrow."

I turn around and Sam holds me by the arm.

"I'm sorry about what happened yesterday. "I didn't come," he says. "I was on my way to the restaurant when Eleanor called." She said her ex-boyfriend was stalking her again, and she was very scared. I thought she was living alone, so I...

"I believe you," I say, interrupting him. "You're doing the right thing. You can't leave her alone in danger. You told me her ex was a little crazy. I've heard this before. Now, can you let me go? I still have some work to do.

"Lillian!" "He's still holding my arm.

“Yes?””I look at him with a blank look.”

“I haven’t eaten yet.”

“Oh, but I have. Why don’t you get your own food?”With this, I break free from his hold and go straight to the study.

As soon as I sit down in the study, I hear a “bang” from the door.

When I walk out, it looks like he’s gone.

He bought me the gift and was nice about it, but I didn’t pay attention.

He must be really mad now. Sam and I don’t talk to each other much anymore.

I would always feel bad after an argument with him and try to make things right. But now, I’m surprisingly calm.

At night, Sam sleeps in the guest room, so I get to sleep in the big bed by myself. These days, I sleep a lot better.

I don’t get up early to make him breakfast anymore in the morning, so I get another half hour of sleep.

When I’m at work, I stop thinking about Sam and texting him, which helps me get things done. I used to wait until the last minute to finish my work, but now I can do it ahead of time.

I don’t have to go to the kitchen to make dinner when I’m at home.

I kept practicing my cooking skills so I could make him healthy meals every day. The



first thing I did when I got home was cook for him.

But the truth is that he threw parties every day, and he might only come back for dinner twice a week.

I have a lot more free time now that I don't keep thinking about Sam.

In just three nights, I watch a whole season of a TV show.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

I hear a new person at my office say that she is getting ready for the qualification certificate for our job, and that makes me feel bad.

Even the young girls know they should take advantage of the time to get better, but I still don't know what I'm doing with my life every day.

I have to blame myself for putting my relationship with Sam first.

I had been dreaming of marrying Sam since I graduated.

So far, my dream hasn't come true.

In the past, the most important thing for me to do was to be around Sam.

I had even thought that if Sam asked me to quit my job and stay home with the kids, I would do it right away.

I thought that the best life for me would be to marry Sam and have kids with him.

I now know that I am a complete loser.

I put everything I had into this relationship, but he didn't respond properly. He even offered to marry me.

I was a mess at work and wasn't getting anything done.

The new person at work really inspires me.

I believe it's time to make a change now.

I politely ask my coworker what study materials I should buy, and then I start getting ready for the certificate.

On my days off, I eat outside first, then study at home before bed. Sam is probably still mad at me because he comes back late every day.

That's great news for me. I can study at home in a quiet and comfortable place.

I play with my phone during the afternoon break, and then I check Sam's Instagram to see what he's been up to.

There is only a picture and no words.

There are a lot of dishes and two sets of cutlery on the table in that picture.

I can tell the hand in the corner of the picture is Sam's because I know the watch I bought him.

I knew Sam too well. He must have posted this picture on purpose to let me know that we are having dinner together, which he thinks will make me mad.

Honestly, I don't feel angry or jealous anymore.

I will never call him and ask him why I'm mad again.

I look at that picture for a second, and then I go back to playing with my phone.

Sam called me in the afternoon.

His voice was calm and emotionless when he said, "I'll pick you up today."

I said no right away.

"Thanks." I have to work extra hours today, though. "I might get off work late," I say without thinking.

"When will you be done with work then?" "he keeps asking.

"Well, 8 pm." I have to stick to my story.

"Okay. He quickly hangs up the phone and says, "I'll meet you in front of your building at 8."

I can't say I was lying, so I stay in my office and start to study with the things I bought.

I grab my bag and go downstairs at 8 p.m.

As soon as I leave the building, I see a car I know not too far away.

I walk over, and Eleanor, who is sitting in the front passenger seat, smiles at me.

"Lillian, I just had dinner with Sam, and now he's driving me home," she says.

"I see," I say, and then I open the back door and get in.

I had never sat in the front of this car with Eleanor before.

I have fought with Sam about this over and over, but I can't do anything because he was so clearly biased against Eleanor.

He said it was because Eleanor was sick in the car.

He said I was narrow-minded, but I told him that the front seat should only be for his girlfriend. He just laughed and said I was being unreasonable.

I have never beaten Eleanor.

When we're in the same car, I get depressed every time.

I'm glad I don't care about this anymore.

I feel so sleepy when I get in the car after working all day and studying for two hours.

"Sam, the prawns tonight is so good!" Next time, let's go to that restaurant." Eleanor said with excitement.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

Sam said, “That’s great.” As long as you enjoy it.

“But will you get tired of taking the shells off of prawns for me?” Eleanor asked in a sweet voice.

“Of course I won’t.” That’s normal for me.

“Lillian, Sam is really good at taking the shells off of prawns. Eleanor turned to me in college and said, “Don’t you think you should thank me for this?” It’s because of me that he is so good at that.

I thought, “Thank her? For what? For Sam’s ability to peel prawns? But he never did this for me.”

I remember a famous person on a reality show saying that she liked prawns but wouldn’t eat them if no one peeled them for her.

I went out to dinner with Sam once after we started dating. I begged him to peel those prawns for me, but he stopped and asked, “Can’t you do it yourself?”

I didn’t say anything right away because I loved him more than he loved me. I was not in a good place in this relationship.

Since then, I had never asked him to peel prawns for me.

I lift my head to see Eleanor.

The car is dark, but I can still see the pride and defiance in her eyes.

That's something she does a lot. If you provoke me, wait for Sam to come to her aid.

It looks like she'll never get tired of this.

But right now, I'm calm and don't want to fight with her.

"Thanks for that," I say without thinking.

Eleanor greets her teeth and then goes back to talk to Sam without reaching her goal.

When Sam talks to Eleanor, he is always kind and soft.

I can feel my eyelids getting heavy and their voices fading as they talk angrily.

I wake up in the car in front of my apartment building, and Sam is sitting in the front seat without saying anything.

Eleanor is gone now.

"Why didn't you wake me up when we got here?" I sit up straight and open the door to the car.

Sam is behind me, not saying anything.

He then asked, "Are you tired?" as he walked out of the lift.

"What?" I didn't know what he meant.

"I saw you were sleeping while I was talking to Eleanor."

“Yes, I’m tired.” I don’t want to talk. I just want to go to bed.

“Benjamin set up dinner for today. You know, my college friend. He also invited Eleanor because they are friends. I gave her a ride home,” Sam suddenly said to me.

That’s a weird thing. I kept asking him why he was always with Eleanor, but he never bothered to tell me.

Today, I don’t ask him, but he surprisingly takes the lead and explains.

“I know,” I say as I walk to the toilet.

“I was going to take you to dinner, but you said you had work to do. So I decided to pick you up after dinner,” he went on to say.

“Yes, I understand. I’m going to take a shower now and leave where we are right away.

I go right to sleep after my shower.

The next day, after work, I see Sam again in front of my building.

Eleanor isn’t with him this time.

But I go back to the back seat. Sam turned his head to look at me, and it looked like he was going to say something, but nothing came out.

I feel good when I just treat him like a driver. I should have told him that Eleanor couldn’t sit in the front seat. It wasn’t a big deal.

“Mike is moving to his new house today, and he wants us to come over for dinner,”



Sam says as he starts the car.

Mike is also a friend from college.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

Sam and his three best friends all happened to stay in Texas after graduation.

They get along well and often go out to eat or play together.

Sam was one of Eleanor's college boyfriends, and all of his friends helped him win her over.

Even though Sam and Eleanor weren't together anymore, he and his friends still hung out with her.

Eleanor has been in a few relationships over the past few years. She said that her boyfriend was different from her friend and that Sam was always her good friend.

Eleanor broke up with them at first, but then she got back together with them.

Every time I saw Sam taking care of her, my blood pressure would go up.

I fought and argued, but it didn't help. After that, I stopped going to their parties.

"Have a good night." Could you please take me home first?" I ask him."

There is no sign that I want to go to their gathering.

Sam says, "We'll be back soon after dinner." It won't be long. Mike really wants to invite you because he hasn't seen you in a long time.

"Okay then," I stop pushing.

Then we stand in front of Mike's new house. The door opens when the doorbell rings.

A person runs out from behind the door and jumps right on Sam's back, wrapping his neck.

Sam can't even stand still because she is so fast, but he seems to get used to it and holds her without even thinking about it.

"Ha...ha... Sam, you're late. I'll make you do ten push-ups with me on your back," Eleanor says with pride.

After Sam steadies his steps, he stops for a moment and then turns to look at me.

I smiled at him when I saw the worry in his eyes.

He looks like he's stuck to the ground and loses his grip right away.

Then Eleanor falls off the guards' backs.

She hit Sam hard and said, "I was so scared! Why did you let me go?"

I know she has always liked ignoring me. She raises her head and looks at me in fake surprise, saying, "Lillian, you are here too! I was just kidding."

"It's just a punishment for people who lost the game when we were together. You won't mind it, will you?" "No, I don't mind it at all. You can play whatever you want. I don't care. To be honest, I prefer to watch TV now," saying this, I pick up the remote control and shift the channels.

"Lillian, you know what? Sam is great. He can do a dozen push-ups in a row with me on his back!"

“Really? I didn’t know that. Why don’t you two do it right now to open my eyes?” I put down the remote and looked at Eleanor and Sam with interest.

“I’m going to the kitchen to help Mike,” Sam said suddenly, and he got up and walked there with a blank look on his face.

The rest of us are still in the living room, looking at each other.

I am sitting to Sam’s left and Eleanor to his right at dinner.

Eleanor said, “Oops, I don’t like mutton,” and put it on Sam’s plate.

They have acted so close to each other before, so this isn’t new to me. I have changed. This won’t make me mad.

I’d rather bury my head in the plate and eat until I’m full because Mike can cook.

Eleanor tells them to play a game together after dinner. I want to go home because I don’t think I’ve gone over my notes.

“Have a good night. I have to go,” I say as I stand up.

Sam also stands up and says, “I’m with you. I’ll drive you home.”

“No, thanks. I can take a taxi home,” I said. I really don’t think I need Sam to take care of me.

But I don’t know why Sam’s face drops when he hears what I said. “Go back home now, right now,” he said with a stern voice. Eleanor asked, “I will go with you two. Would you like to give me a ride?”

I walk up to his car, open the back door, and get in.

Soon, I'll start looking over my practice materials on my phone.

Before the test, I made a plan for myself: two hours a day.

I was too busy with work during the day, so I have to study every minute now.

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*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

I think I only have to study for another hour and a half at home after half an hour on the way home.

I get into the materials quickly, and it takes me a long time to notice how quiet the car is today.

“Sam, did you hear me just now? Why didn’t you say anything? I’m about to get mad!” Eleanor finally speaks up.

“I am so tired today,” Sam said. “Eleanor, please leave me alone. I am driving.”

Eleanor didn’t like it and stopped talking.

She even slams the door on purpose when she gets out of the car to show how angry she is.

When I get home, I go straight to the study. I go outside after half an hour, and Sam is in the guest room.

I let out a sigh of relief. We haven’t been living together since the last fight. Sam is a proud person. I know he won’t come to me if I don’t say I’m sorry first. I know that.

It sounds like good news to me now.

When I get up in the morning, I don’t expect him to be up yet.

“You wash up first. There’s no need to rush. I’ll drive you to work,” Sam said as he

looked at the sofa. “Thanks, I’ll go with my coworker. He’ll take me there.”

He is following me as I leave the flat.

He says, “I’ll drive you to work. You don’t have to bother anyone else.”

“I am not bothering him. I pay him to drive me to work,” I say.

Sam did drive me to work for a while after he bought his car.

But over time, he began to lose interest in it.

Because my company isn’t on his way to work. He thought I was wasting his time at that point.

He told me, “Why don’t you take the metro to work? I want to sleep a little longer in the morning.”

He hasn’t driven me to work since then.

He has a lot more reasons not to pick me up after work, like hanging out with friends, going to work with coworkers, and working late. In any case, he didn’t want to pick me up.

One of my coworkers once asked if anyone needed a ride but didn’t want to pay for it.

We were both going to the same place for work, so I rode in his car instead of taking the tube, which saved me time.

If I took a ride back, I would have had to pay him \$200 more.

I didn't think I needed to hurry home, so I took the metro back, which saved me some money.

Sam walks with me to the gate of our meeting and watches me get into my coworker's car.

He sends me a message when I sit down at my desk.

"Is it just you and your coworker in his car?"

I say, "Yes, just the two of us are going home."

"How about I drive you to work from now on? If you two keep getting to work at the same time, people might talk about you."

"They won't. Didn't you say you wanted to sleep a little longer?"

"Let's get up together starting tomorrow," he said.

"Let's talk about this next month." I already paid him for this month's travel.

Sam doesn't answer me anymore.

Then I put all of my attention on my work.

Sam texted me again during lunch.

This time it's a picture.

"What do you think of my lunch?" You look great!"



I didn't answer him.

Then he sends me another text that says, "What are you having for lunch?"

"Is he sharing his life with me?" He really confuses me. I used to tell him everything about my life.

If I read through all of our chat logs on my phone again, I would see that most of the time it was me who tried so hard to start conversations with him.

I want to tell him everything because I love him.

No matter how small it is, I will tell him right away when I see a cute puppy, drink something delicious, get praise from my boss, or trip over a stone and find a new beautiful spot.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

At first, he always answered my texts.

As time went on, he changed. He would always respond to my texts with “yes” or “good.”

I know that the texts I sent him with excitement didn’t even get a look from him.

At first, I was sad, but then I got used to it.

The only reason is that I love him and want to be with him.

Finally, my excitement faded and I didn’t want to send him anything.

I looked through our chat logs from this week and saw that I didn’t text him once.

It’s Friday today, and one of my coworkers said they would throw a party.

In the past, I wouldn’t have joined them.

When I first started, I would sometimes go out with my coworkers.

Sam often went out with his college friends, so he only stayed home for dinner two or three times a week.

Sam called me while I was outside having dinner with my coworkers and asked where I was. That day, he went home earlier than usual.

That day, I felt bad for him. He didn't go back for dinner very often, and I even missed it.

I stopped doing anything after work so I wouldn't make the same mistake again and miss dinner with him. I would go home early, make dinner, and wait for him to show up.

This is why I didn't get along with my coworkers.

We had worked together for a few years, but we were still not friends.

After a while of thinking about it, I ask one of my coworkers next to me, "Where are you going for dinner?" I'd love to go with you.

This coworker said in shock, "I can't believe you're coming too!" Everyone needs to go!"

Sam calls me when I'm done with work.

"Lillian, I'll come get you later." Let's go to the grocery store together. It's been a long time since we've eaten dinner at home.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I have to go to a party with my coworkers.

"But could you..."

"I don't often do things with them, which makes me look like an outsider," I say to him.

Everyone on our team has a great time because no one is missing.

I also have some wine.

Sam calls me several times during the party to ask when it will end and offer to come pick me up.

I tell him no because I'm not sure when the party will end. I tell him to get some rest and that I'm having a great time at work.

"Where are you now? I can wait for you outside. It's late, and I'm worried about your safety."

I can't believe Sam said this to me.

He once turned down my request to pick me up at the airport at 1 a.m. after I got back from a business trip.

He said he needed to sleep because he had to get up early for work the next day.

He also said that it should be easy for me to get a taxi at the airport, so he didn't worry about my safety at all.

It's almost 9 p.m. now, and he's worried about me going home alone.

Do guys change just as quickly?

At 9:30 PM, Sam sends me a text saying he is outside the restaurant where I am eating.

I saw him as I was leaving the door after dinner, which ended around 11.

"Did you drink?" He came closer to help me.

“A little wine,” I said, but I’m not very good at drinking. A small cup is all it takes to get me drunk.

Sam took me to the front passenger seat and put on my seat belt.

He doesn’t start the car when he gets in; instead, he comes to hug me.

“I finally understand how it feels to wait. I’m so sorry, Lillian. I’ve made you wait for me so many times, but I won’t do it again,” he said.

“Drive home! I want to sleep!” I say with a frown and push him away.

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*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

He brushes my hair back with a small smile and says, “Anything but a drinker. I have to keep a close eye on you in case you get drunk and someone else uses you.”

I think that Sam’s body is inhabited by another soul. He looks like someone else. Our roles change in our relationship. He is the one who clings more.

He picks me up after work instead of going to parties with his friends. He says he wants to eat dinner with me at home.

I tell him that I don’t have time or energy to make dinner for him because I’m studying for an exam.

He says he will do it. And he really does it.

He goes grocery shopping every day after work and then gets to work in the kitchen.

Since Sam has never stepped foot in the kitchen for me, I am sure he can’t cook.

It really surprises me that he can cook and do it well.

I know he could cook, but he didn’t cook for me.

I still remember that Eleanor put up a picture of him making congee.

Now, Sam wants to show me everything he can cook. Every day, there are different dishes.

He wouldn't let me wash the dishes and plates after dinner, but he told me to study.

I can't stop thinking about how thoughtful Sam is.

I don't feel relaxed; I just feel more stressed because he would always knock on my door while I was studying and ask if I wanted water or fruit.

He is bothering me, and I'm very angry.

So I come up with an idea. I told him a lie that I have to work late these days and won't get off work until 8 p.m.

The truth is that I study at work after work.

I can study and feel calm without him bothering me.

Today, since I'm not working, I take my things out of my bag and start studying at my desk like I always do.

The whole building goes dark half an hour later.

I ask the security guard, and he doesn't know why either, but someone is checking the circuits right now.

I grab my things and head to the cafe across the street.

I order a latte and sit there for two hours to study.

After that, I ran back to my office.

I told Sam he didn't have to come get me, but he insisted on coming every day at 8

p.m.

I can see his car coming when I walk to the front of the building.

Lately, he has been very talkative and bringing up all sorts of things.

He wants to know how my work is going, how my studies are going, and how well I get along with my coworkers.

He would keep being excited even if I rarely answered him.

But tonight, he isn't saying anything. But I take advantage of his silence to get some sleep. I take off my shoes when I walk into the flat, and he finally speaks up.

"You didn't have to work extra hours these days, did you?"

I stop for a moment and then say, "You're right."

"Every day, I drive to your company and wait for you in front of the building. I usually arrive at 6:30 pm and wait for an hour and a half. But when I got there today, the building went dark, and I saw you run to the cafe across the street so quickly that I couldn't stop you. I followed you, and you studied there until eight o'clock."

"Did you see me then? Why didn't you call me?" I'm a little embarrassed. "So you've been studying at your office all these days, right? Why didn't you study at home? Lillian, we're not married yet, and you're tired of our home? You'd rather stay in your office than come back to see me, right? What did I do wrong? You tell me, and I'll fix it."

I said, "Well, I do think we need to talk about our relationship." "Lillian, I have a business trip in the neighbouring city," Sam interrupts me. "I have to get up early



tomorrow morning.” “Let’s talk about this when I get back.”

I don’t know if I’m wrong. I can see that he’s scared.

I sigh and say, “Okay.” Are you ready to go?”

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“No yet,” he says.

“Then get your things ready quickly. I’m going to get in the shower.

I used to pack for Sam every time he went on a business trip, but now I lose my temper.

The next morning, I see him dragging his bags and walking out of the flat. I feel more relieved than ever.

I don’t have to deal with him, so I can enjoy some peace and quiet.

Three days after Sam leaves for work, Eleanor calls me.

She says that Sam got a bad cold and is now in the hospital on a drip.

I take a taxi to that hospital during my lunch break.

Sam has a pale face and is on a drip. From the way he looks, I can tell that he is very sick.

“Don’t you have a business trip?””I walked up to him.

Sam opens his eyes in surprise and then turns away from me when he sees me.

“What are you doing here, Lillian?” Who tells you that I’m in the hospital?”

“It’s me!” Eleanor came into the room with a cup of hot water.

She looks at me and says, “What did you do to Sam?” in a way that is right. He was too scared to go home, so he stayed at Mike’s. How can you treat him this way? You went too far!”

I look at Sam and say, “You said you were on a business trip.”

Sam doesn’t look me in the eye and says in a weak voice, “I’m sorry, Lillian.” I told you a lie. “I didn’t go on a business trip.”

Now I know that he has been avoiding me because he knew there was something wrong with our relationship.

He asked me why I lied to him about studying at my office, and I had planned to use that chance to have a serious talk with him about our relationship.

Then he said he couldn’t talk to me because he had to go on a business trip. He would rather stay at his friend’s house than face me and talk about the problem between us.

“Sam, avoiding the problem is not a good way to deal with it. “I need to talk to you, really,” I say.

“Yes, I know. But can you wait until I feel better?” Please,” he says with pleading eyes.

“Sure,” I say, “Get some rest.” I’m going to work now.

“Lillian, aren’t you going to stay?” His eyes look like a puppy’s.

“It’s just a cold,” I say coldly. “You’re an adult.” You don’t need me to treat you like

a baby, do you?”

Sam stiffens and jerks his head up to look at me when he hears this.

I can tell he knows what I mean by the sad look in his eyes.

What I just told him is true, and what he told me is true too.

Last winter, I had a high fever and went to the hospital by myself to get help.

Everyone else at the hospital had someone with them, but I was alone. I couldn't help but call Sam and ask him to come with me.

He said in a cold voice, “You are an adult.” You don't need me to treat you like a baby, do you? It's just a cold. “How important it is.”

There was loud music coming from the other end of the picture, and I could hear Eleanor say, “Sam, it's your turn to sing!”

He was singing with his friends while I was getting a bad cold.

I felt really cold all over my body, especially my heart, at that moment.

But I wasn't good. A few days after our “cold war,” I forgave him again, just like I had before.

Sam must have thought about how little he cared about me while he was sick. He says, “I'm so sorry,” in a shaky voice.

What he said hurt me like a knife stabbing my heart, but he had no idea how much it hurt. Only when the knife turns on him does he realise that words can kill.

Sam is the kind of person who doesn't care about other people's feelings until he feels them himself.

Eleanor is standing next to us, and it looks like she can't take it anymore. She looks at Sam with concern and says, "You are sick now." As your girlfriend, she doesn't care about you at all and is about to leave. Why did you say you were sorry to her?"

I smiled a little and said, "See? There is still someone who cares about you even though I'm not there.

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“I’m not as cold-blooded as you!” I promise to take good care of Sam!” Eleanor yells at me.

I can’t speak and turn to leave.

Sam isn’t coming home tonight.

He sends me a text saying that he will still be staying at Mike’s house for a while and that he will talk to me about our relationship when he feels better.

Actually, I’ve already made up my mind. I’m going to break up with Sam.

It’s easy to say “break up,” but it’s hard for me to do it.

Since I was a junior in college, I’ve been with Sam. It’s been five years since we graduated, and we’ve been together for seven years.

We really loved each other in the first few years, and this relationship made us very happy.

We left our footprints all over this city during my college years.

Texas saw our sweet past, as did every beautiful place we went together.

We helped each other improve our resumes and looked for jobs together in the year we graduated.

After we both got jobs, we climbed the mountain where we drank, sang, and had fun to celebrate.

We carefully decorated the house after we rented it and dreamed about how great things would be for us.

I was happy every day during that time.

When did our relationship change? Maybe it was when Sam's love for me stopped being strong.

Exactly, because Eleanor came back into our lives.

I heard Eleanor's name while I was in college.

At that time, I lived with Sam in the Students' Union. We weren't dating, but we were close.

His friends told me that he was following Eleanor's footsteps.

I had never seen Eleanor before because we were in different majors.

In my opinion, Sam was a great and capable man who became the leader of our apartment in my sophomore year and ran for president of the Students' Union.

He did well in school and got the scholarship every year.

He was also a good and responsible person. When another student in our flat made a mistake during a Students' Union event, Sam stood up and took the blame.

Whenever I had a problem at work or in life, I would ask him for help. He was

always patient with me.

Looking back, it must have been then that I started to like him.

He was also a good-looking man with a tall body and a perfect face, in addition to these good traits.

I thought he was the perfect man, and I would always have a crush on him.

But after two years of trying, this perfect man couldn't get Eleanor.

I could see Sam getting angry and even his smile turned bitter after Eleanor started dating another man.

I felt sorry for him and wondered why Eleanor didn't like Sam who was such a great man.

When I was a junior, I worked up the nerve to tell Sam how I felt after a regular Students' Union meeting.

He said yes, which was a big surprise to me.

Sam had been getting more and more lively and smiling more and more since then.

I could tell he loved me by the way he looked at me.

We met Eleanor once in college, just before we graduated. I didn't know her then, but I saw Sam staring at her a lot, which made me curious. When I asked him, he told me that Eleanor was the girl he had been wanting to be with.

Eleanor was holding her boyfriend's arm when they met.



I quickly understood why Eleanor said no to Sam when she saw her boyfriend.

Her boyfriend wasn't very attractive and was almost as tall as she was.

But all of the clothes he was wearing were from well-known brands.

That's why Sam lost to him.

Sam was a great guy, but his family wasn't very special.

He worked hard to get into a prestigious college, and both of his parents were regular workers.

Sam couldn't afford to buy Eleanor just one bag, which would cost tens of thousands of dollars.

Eleanor left Texas after she graduated.

She came back three years ago and started to show up a lot as Sam's friend.

I could tell that Sam was more interested in her than in our relationship.

Eleanor could call him at any time and he would leave me right away.

I cried, I yelled, and I wanted to know why, but that only made Sam want to stay away from me. He seemed to get tired of me.

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I thought about breaking up with him, but I didn't want to give up so easily.

I didn't do anything wrong, so why should I give in?

I never said "break up," no matter how bad our fight got.

I was scared that Sam would say yes, and then I wouldn't be able to change my mind.

I didn't want to say goodbye because I knew in my heart that I still loved him.

I thought I could put up with that forever.

I didn't expect that one day I would get tired of this relationship.

My love for him was full, but as time went on, it spilt over the glass like milk.

Until the glass that held my love was empty.

It turned out that my love wasn't endless and could run out.

I knew I didn't love him anymore when I realised he couldn't make me feel anything.

I didn't feel bad about anything and was at ease.

Before I broke up with him, I thought about it a lot.

We should break up because I don't love him anymore.

I thought we would live together until we were old and get married and have kids.

I have dreamed about our life together in the future over and over again.

But I might as well stop now before I hurt myself even more.

I'm twenty-eight now, not young, and I might never meet a man who I love as much as I love Sam.

But who cares? Life isn't just about love.

I'm not old, and I can change my steps. It's not too late to start over.

I don't regret my relationship with Sam.

We had a great start, and I know what it feels like to be loved.

I loved, devoted, and learnt a lot in this relationship.

I don't think it's a waste of my youth. I think it makes me a more mature and calm woman.

I am not afraid to love, and I am also not afraid to lose.

Sam didn't come back on the second day or the third day after we met in the hospital.

I don't know if he will always stay away from me.

My mum calls me when I'm going to see him and talk to him in person.

She says my father's leg hurts a lot these days. They took him to the hospital and had

his leg X-rayed. The doctor said it wasn't serious.

I still worry about him, so I tell my mom, "Why don't you come to me tomorrow?" I'll take Dad to a better hospital for a checkup. "You should have one too, Mom."

My parents live in a small county, and it takes them more than an hour to get to the city by train.

I took two days off and picked them up at the train station at 9 a.m.

The good news is that my dad's pain isn't too bad and he just needs to rest.

There is also nothing wrong with my mother's test results.

I decide to show them around because there is still one day off and a weekend. I book a hotel room for them and take them outside to have fun for three days. We take a lot of pictures.

I took a picture of my family and posted it on Instagram while we were on our way to the train station.

Sam called me right after I posted it.

"Your parents are here?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me then?"

"Why do I have to tell you?"

“I could have shown you around the city if you had told me,”

“Didn’t you say you weren’t good at dealing with older people and weren’t ready to meet my parents?””

He doesn’t say anything on the other end of the photo.

“Let’s meet up and talk tonight. “Not talking to each other won’t fix the problem.” After I said that, I hung up the phone without waiting for him to respond.

We have been together for seven years, but we have never met each other’s parents. When we were younger, we didn’t think much about where our relationship would go.

I started to think about getting married when I was 26.

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*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

I asked Sam to come see my parents on New Year's Eve, but I wasn't sure if he would.

He said he didn't want to and that it was too sudden for him to see my parents.

Last year, my parents came to see me for the holidays, and I asked Sam to come with us, but he said no again, saying he wasn't ready to see my parents and wasn't good at dealing with older people.

He also told me that I was putting too much pressure on him.

I never talked about my parents in front of him again after that.

When I get to the train station, I have to wait a while for the train to leave, so I sit next to my parents and talk to pass the time.

I walk them to the train right before it leaves.

"Lillian!" "Someone I knew was behind me.

I turn around and see Sam with a lot of gift boxes in his hands.

"Mr. Hello, Davis and Mrs. Davis. I'm Lillian's boyfriend. "I'm sorry I haven't been able to come see you lately," Sam said with a smile but without looking at me. "These are for you." I hope you like them.

My parents look at him in shock and then at me, not sure if what he said is true.

“Mom, Dad, it’s time to board. Get going. I tell them to leave, “I’ll explain this to you later.” My parents looked confused as they got on the bus.

I turn around, change colour, and ask him, “Sam, what are you doing here?””

“I’m your boyfriend.” I should have gone to see them since your parents were there.

“Now you want to go see them. You didn’t say this to me before.

“I wasn’t grown up before, Lillian, and I know I was wrong. I’m sorry.

I look at him calmly and say, “What you did was very rude. Let’s go back.” I want to say something.

When I get home, I sit down and say, “I used to lie to myself that you love me and ignore the problem between us. In fact, our relationship has already gone bad.” I’ve been thinking about this a lot lately, and now I’d like to make my decision known: let’s...

“Lillian, will you be my wife?”” Sam suddenly stopped me and pulled a delicate box out of his pocket.

He opened the box and saw a diamond ring that sparkled.

I stay still for a while.

He goes on to say, “I didn’t come back home because I was thinking about asking you to marry me.” I picked this out carefully, and I’m sure it’s your favourite style.

The diamond on the ring is shaped like a heart, which is my favourite style.





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I remember showing him a picture of a diamond ring in a magazine and asking him what he thought of it.

Actually, I just wanted to know how he felt about marriage.

He then just looked at it and pushed it away, saying, "So ugly."

At that time, I couldn't have been more upset.

I really wanted to marry him, and I had dreamed about our wedding many times. Today, he is proposing to me, but I am not excited at all. My hopes for him are gone.

"Lillian, will you be my wife?" Sam looked at me with a lot of love.

"I won't," I say every word with no emotion.

Sam doesn't seem surprised, as if he knew this would happen.

He makes a sad smile and seems to cry, "Is it your birthday?"

I don't get what he meant by "What?"

He continues, "I didn't come on your birthday. The next morning, you didn't make me breakfast, text me, or call me when I was out with friends. You stopped asking me where I was, what I was doing, and when I would go home. When Eleanor got closer to me, you weren't angry anymore. You've changed since your birthday."

I shake my head and say, “It’s not just because of that. I’ve been disappointed every day, and it all came out on my birthday. The truth is, there has been something wrong with our relationship for a while now.”

“I know I’ve messed up a lot and you should be mad at me. Lillian, I’m begging you to give me another chance. I’ll change until I’m the perfect boyfriend for you and you want to marry me.”

Sam chokes up and says, “Every day, I will make you breakfast, take you to work and then pick you up after work. I will never let another woman sit next to me in my car. If you like eating prawns, I will take care of the peeling. Let’s travel together on holidays. I promise I will never forget your birthday or miss an anniversary.”

I blink my eyes and look at him without saying anything.

He gets more nervous. “I know I didn’t handle my relationship with Eleanor well. I promise I won’t see her again. I’ll delete all of her contact information and social media.”

I sighed weakly and said, “You see, you know what your mistakes are. As my boyfriend, you know what you shouldn’t do, but you did it anyway. When I ask you about it, what do you say? You looked like you hated me and I disgusted you. It’s all because you don’t care about me. You think I love you, so you never think about my feelings. You don’t respect me because you think that no matter what you do to me, I won’t leave you. Is that what you thought?”

Sam kept saying, “I’m sorry, Lillian.”

“If love fades, the best thing for us to do is break up.”

“No, that’s not it! I still love you, Lillian! I love you all the time!”

“I’m sorry then. I didn’t feel any love from you. I have only felt your coldness, neglect, and pain. I believe Eleanor is the woman you really love. You give her everything she wants, you go to her when she needs you, and you give her most of your softness. She is the one you love!”I say.

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*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

“I used to think I loved Eleanor and that I had feelings for her. But now I know I don’t! Now that you’re leaving, I finally understand that you’re the one I love. The thought of losing you makes me so sad! It hurts me more than when I found out Eleanor had a boyfriend. When you got into another man’s car, I was so jealous. I didn’t know I loved you until now because I’m so dumb. I should have known how I felt about you sooner. I have to say that it’s not because I love Eleanor; it’s because of my pride. I just couldn’t believe that she didn’t pick me.

“But I don’t love you anymore,” I said in a weak voice. “I don’t want to be in a relationship where I have to give up everything for you.” I am a great woman, and I deserve a great relationship with a man who really loves and respects me.

Sam is so desperate that he puts his hands on his head and squats.

When the doorbell rings, I’m going to pack my bags.

Eleanor rushes in with a bag and a worried look on her face when the door opens.

“Sam, you block me? I tried to call you, but it didn’t go through. Why would you do this to me? Eleanor says, “The water pipe breaks in my house, so I have to stay with you,” while crying and squatting in front of Sam.

Eleanor jerks her head up and says proudly, “This is Sam’s house and you can’t say no!” before I even open my mouth.”

“I’m going to say anything, this woman. I tell Eleanor, “You can do whatever you want in this house,” and then I go back to my room to pack.

“Leave me alone!”The living room is where Sam’s roar comes from.

“Sam, you never did this to me before!”Eleanor says in disbelief, “You never yelled at me before!””

“I don’t want to say the same thing again. You are not welcome in my house! Get out of here now!”

I heard the door slam after a few minutes of silence.

I only bring my favourite dresses with me. I pack everything I need into two suitcases. When I drag the suitcases out of the room, I see Sam sitting alone in the living room.

He runs over quickly and pulls my bags back, saying, “Don’t go.” Please, Lillian.

“I don’t care what you’re doing here, it’s useless,” I say as I pull my bags back.

As I step out of the flat, I hear his voice behind me say, “You will never forgive me, will you?””

I say, “Goodbye, Sam,” and then I leave.

Goodbye, the man I loved so much.

It is time to say goodbye and go our separate ways. I hope we never see each other again.