

Unrepairable Love / I married a man Novel Alternative

Chapter 111 - 120

Elizabeth blocked him? Alexander called her, but his number was blocked too. His face darkened, anger boiling up. She blocked *me*? She was fine during dinner. What happened when she went to the restroom? Didn't she always want to be with me? He stared at the unfinished meal, feeling troubled. He stood up and walked out. At the bar, the manager said, "Mr. Tudor, Mrs. Tudor already paid."

His face grew darker as he thought, *Was she insulting me?* "When did she leave?" he asked coldly. "Fifteen minutes ago," the manager replied. Fifteen minutes ago? Right when he was on the phone with Esme. Did she hear him talking to Esme and get mad? Suddenly, he wasn't so angry.

"Miss, there's a car following us," the driver said. Elizabeth, almost asleep, opened her eyes and saw a Rolls-Royce. She knew it was Esme's car. "It's okay, just drive normally," she reassured the driver. Esme has someone following me. *Is she afraid Alexander would fall for me again?* Elizabeth thought.

Inside the car, Esme was furious. Alexander was hers, and she wouldn't let anything ruin that. If Elizabeth and Alexander hadn't divorced, she'd have to take action.

Early in the morning, a Maybach stopped at the entrance of Lisbon First Men's Prison. In the visitation area, a guard brought out a scruffy man in his forties. "Inmate 2823, your visitor," the guard said. 2823 looked up. A man in a black suit stood with his back to him. "Who are you?" 2825 asked.

Alexander turned around, his cold gaze meeting the man's tired eyes. The man's eyes widened. It was Alexander! He had only kidnapped him, yet got life imprisonment. On his first night in prison, someone cut off his pinky finger. Alexander was terrifying! Seeing him again, Alexander still felt the urge to kill him. If he hadn't been rescued, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

"One question, answer truthfully," Alexander said, leaning on the table. The man, trembling, tugged at his collar. "Okay." "Did you clearly see who was always following you to rescue me back then?" Alexander asked.

Chapter 112

2825 looked up, locking eyes with Alexander. Alexander felt a strange unease. At this moment, the name lingering in his mind was not Esmer, but Elizabeth. He wanted it to be Elizabeth, but was scared it might be.

“Think hard and answer me!” Alexander’s eyes grew more dangerous.

2523 looked down; his hands trembled. He was behind the kidnapping and had been watching Alexander. He knew it was Elizabeth who had followed him that day. She was from the Percy family, in her early twenties, and had fought them alone. She was ready to sacrifice herself for Alexander. He almost let them go, but his boss insisted Alexander had to die. He had no choice.

2825 gritted his teeth, stood up, and faced Alexander. “Mr. Tudor, you really don’t know who saved you?” Alexander had been unconscious. How could he know? When he woke up, he was in the hospital. Esme, injured and in a hospital gown, was crying by his side and claimed she saved him.

“Enough,” Alexander snapped, grabbing 2523’s collar. He needed to know who saved him.

2513, scared, quickly said, “It was Eume!”

Alexander froze, forgetting to breathe. For three years, he believed he loved Esme and wanted to marry her. But why did he feel disappointed hearing it was Esme?

“It was Eme from the Russell family. I stabbed her, and there’s a scar on her right shoulder blade. A vertical scar,” 2825 urged, fearing Alexander might hurt him again. Esme had a scar exactly as described.

“Mr. Tudor, Ms. Russell is brave. She almost died for you. She’s just an ordinary girl but did something so courageous. It’s admirable.” As 2523 said this, he thought of Elizabeth. She was covered in blood, biting a dagger, shouting, “Let Alexander go! I’ll be the hostage!” She was calm and fearless because her lover was kidnapped.

Alexander slowly let go of 2823. He repeated, “It was Esme.”

“Yeah,” 1823 nodded.

Alexander lowered his eyes and released him.

Chapter 112

2825 said, “Mr. Tudor, I’m envious. A woman willing to risk her life for you is rare.”

Alexander fell silent. Esme sacrificed herself to protect him out of love. What more could he ask for? He didn’t cherish Esme, suspected she was an imposter, and even grew increasingly impatient with her. Alexander rubbed his temples and sighed. After a while, he walked away without looking back.

2823 collapsed into a chair, his palms sweaty. He had lied for his family. He had no choice.

Chapter 113

William texted Esme: [lley, McRovell. Alexander visited the prison today.]

Esme saw the message at work, and her heart skipped a beat.

Esme: What did he ask?

William: Who saved him back then?

She felt a moment of panic but then asked calmly: [llose did he answer?]

William: Don't worry. He was honest.

Esme's brow hitched, feeling guilty inside. Alexander suspected *her*! Despite his declarations of love and wanting to marry her, he was secretly investigating if she was the one who saved him.

When Elizabeth pushed open the office door, Laura immediately approached her. “Dr. Perry, did you spend a lot of money yesterday? I’m really sorry!”

Elizabeth casually tied up her hair and, noticing Esme, said calmly, “I didn’t pay last night’s bill.”

Esme looked up, surprised.

“We should thank Dr. Russell,” Elizabeth said, leaning on Esme’s partition with a smile.

Esme was confused. “What do you mean?”

“Mr. Tudor paid last night’s bill,” Elizabeth smiled.

Esme was flabbergasted. She had ordered so many lobsters to make Elizabeth spend a lot, but Alexander ended up paying.

“Elizabeth!” Esme pointed at her.

Elizabeth spread her hands and smirked. “I wanted to pay, but Mr. Tudor insisted. I had no choice. So if anyone should be thanked, it’s Dr. Russell,” Elizabeth yawned and went back to her desk.

“But Mr. Tudor is your husband,” Laura said softly.

Esme was displeased. “Their marriage is just in name!”

“In name, they’re still legally married,” Laura retorted, “But you, what’s your relationship with Mr. Tudor?”

Esme jumped up angrily. “Laura, mind your tongue!”

Elizabeth watched quietly. Everyone knew everything but just didn’t say it.

“Why should I listen to you?” Laura snorted, clearly annoyed with Esme.

Donna saw Esme being rebuked and was about to intervene when Amanda walked in, scolding, “I could hear you arguing from far away. Do you think this is a farmers market? Get back to work!”

Laura snorted, grabbed a medical record book, and left.

Esme felt very embarrassed. The office was full of people, and Laura’s questioning made her feel ashamed. Alexander and Elizabeth hadn’t divorced yet. To everyone, Esme’s behavior towards Alexander was simply that of a mistress.

“Dr. Percy,” Sunny knocked on the door. “Mr. Tudor is looking for you.”

The whole office looked at Sunny.

Chapter 113

Elizabeth was puzzled. “Is it Alexander?”

Esme felt uneasy. Alexander came to find Elizabeth the night after returning from prison?

“Got it,” Elizabeth told Amanda and went out.

Esme, still in the office, felt even more uneasy. She thought, What does Alexander want to say to Elizabeth? Could he know that Elizabeth was the one who saved him?

Chapter 114

Elizabeth pushed open the door and saw Alexander lounging on the sofa. He was in a black suit, flipping through a magazine, legs casually crossed. He looked effortlessly elegant.

Elizabeth knocked and walked in. Alexander glanced up, meeting her calm eyes.

“What’s up?” Her distant tone reminded him their relationship was over. She said she didn’t love him anymore, but he still wondered if she was the one who saved him back then.

Alexander pointed to the table. Elizabeth noticed the divorce papers. He said, “Elizabeth, I drafted a new agreement. Like you said last night, I’ll give you half my assets.”

She was momentarily stunned, then picked up the papers. He had already signed, just like the night they married when he handed her a signed prenuptial agreement. But now, his attitude was a bit friendlier.

“These past years, you’ve taken care of my grandmother, soothed my parents, even argued with your family for me. I feel guilty. So, I’m giving you ten percent of the Tudor Group’s shares.” He looked at her.

Elizabeth wasn’t surprised by the shares, just thinking, *If only I were after Alexander’s money, then my heart wouldn’t ache*. Unfortunately, what I seek is affection Alexander cannot give. Money was just material to him. As long as he lived, he could make more.

“I was joking about wanting half your assets. Alexander, I don’t need money.” She didn’t need his compensation.

“I know you don’t need money.” He just wanted peace of mind.

“Let’s stick with the original agreement,” she said calmly. That one was simple, just ending their marriage.

Alexander knew she was stubborn. If she said no, it was no. This time, he’d go along with her.

He nodded and took back the agreement. He hesitated to speak, and Elizabeth quietly watched him. He rolled up the agreement, then let it go. After a few times, he looked at her. “Do you have time this afternoon? We can go to court and file for divorce.”

“Okay, I’ll take the afternoon off.” She nodded, not dragging it out. Her straightforward answer made his heart ache. The person who once clung at the mention of divorce was no longer Elizabeth.

“No need to take time off!” he said. The lounge was cool, but he felt hot and restless, tugging at his collar. “We can go during your break?”

Elizabeth sniffed. She clasped her hands behind her back, fingers twisting, palms turning purple from the pressure. “Let’s do it at one.” If they delayed, who knew what might happen.

She pointed outside, forcing a smile. “I’ll get back to work then.” She turned, and Alexander frowned, lowering his voice. “Elizabeth.”

Chapter 114

She stopped. “What?” Their calm tones made them seem like old friends. They were no longer at each other’s throats. She had learned to face the divorce calmly. Everything was going as he wished, but why did his heart hurt so much? He gazed at her, a complex emotion in his eyes.

She waited, but after a long while, he only said, “Go ahead.”

She forced a smile. “Okay.” She left.

As the door closed, Elizabeth’s hand clenched into a fist. Her back pressed against the door, and her heart raced uncontrollably, as if something was tugging, making it hard to breathe. She thought she was numb to facing Alexander. She thought she didn’t love him anymore.

Chapter 115

It was all a monstrous deception! When he mentioned the advance again, his heart still hurt. This marriage had fruitlessly ended in a mess. Thrabeth kept gaping, trying to adjust her mindset. She didn't even notice the tear that fell from her eye.

After a while, Elizabeth hoped to get busy with work. She needed to keep occupied to avoid dwelling on things. In the lounge, Alexander slowly crumpled the papers. He pinched the bridge of his nose, breathing heavily. He was divorcing Elizabeth, yet he didn't feel any rebellion.

After a while, the door to the lounge opened, and Esme walked in.
“Alexander!”

Alexander smiled. “Here’s work?”

“Not bad,” Esme sat next to Alexander, looking dejected. “My back’s been hurting a lot lately.”

“Is it the wound?” Alexander asked.

She nodded, pouting. “Maybe it’s from too much air conditioning.”

Alexander thought of what that man had said: “Mr. Tudor, Ms. Russell is brave and resourceful. She almost died in that sea for you. She’s just an ordinary girl, yet she did such a courageous thing for you. It’s truly admirable.” Thinking of this, he felt a deep ache for Esme. “Find a good therapist to help you.” He squeezed Esme’s shoulder, his eyes full of affection.

Esme could tell Alexander was being especially kind to her today. When she came in earlier, she had bumped into Elizabeth, who didn’t look well. She had been worried that Alexander might have found out something. But now it seemed he still didn’t know anything.

“Why were you looking for Elizabeth?” Esme asked loudly.

Not wanting Esme to overthink, Alexander replied honestly, “I told Elizabeth we would apply for a divorce at one o’clock this afternoon.”

Esme was surprised. “Were they going to apply for a divorce again?”

“Wunder, I’m waiting for your good news,” Esme said playfully.

“Yeah,” He nodded, then glanced at the time and said, “I have a meeting to attend, so I have to go!”

Esme saw Alexander out. Elizabeth was just coming out of a patient consultation and bumped into them. Seeing Esme’s complacent smile, Elizabeth knew Alexander must have told her about their divorce. Esme was finally going to get her wish to become Alexander’s wife. How could she not be happy?

Alexander gave Elizabeth a deep look, then left without looking back. After Alexander left, Esme’s smile disappeared. She sneered at Elizabeth and walked away triumphantly.

Chapter 115

Esme thought, *Soon, Elizabeth will be Alexander’s ex-wife! And I will be his wife!*

One o’clock in the afternoon, Elizabeth arrived at the courthouse on time. As she got out of the car, Alexander was also getting out. At the courthouse entrance, they looked at each other in silence. Elizabeth tightly clutched the divorce documents and followed behind Alexander. Alexander glanced back at her. There was no reluctance in her eyes, as if she had long been prepared for this day. The clerk was momentarily stunned when they saw them. This couple, who had never been favored, had finally come to this point.

“Hello, we are here to apply for a divorce.” Alexander’s voice was very magnetic; even saying “divorce” sounded pleasant.

Chapter 116

“Divorce papers,” he reminded Elizabeth.

She placed the documents on the table. The staff member looked up and asked, “Are you sure about this? Marriage problems can be solved, you know...”

“We’re sure,” Elizabeth cut her off. Their problem was unsolvable; he didn’t love her.

Alexander stayed silent, his gold stare making him seem unapproachable and intimidating. The staff member, sensing the tension, said, “After submitting the application, there’s a waiting period. It won’t be immediate.”

“Okay,” they both replied.

Elizabeth thought, *Is this the most in sync we’ve ever been?* The staff member hesitated, then decided not to say more. Both Elizabeth’s and the staff member’s phones rang at the same time.

Alexander glanced at Elizabeth. She answered her phone, stepping aside. “Dad, what...” Her smile suddenly vanished. “Is it serious?”

Alexander frowned, sensing trouble. Elizabeth hung up and looked at Alexander, while the staff member was still on her call.

“Could you continue filing for divorce with the documents while I leave first?” Elizabeth asked Alexander.

“What happened?” he asked, puzzled.

Elizabeth didn’t want to explain and looked at the staff member, who was still on the phone. “Okay, I understand.” Elizabeth bit her lip, waiting.

After some time, the staff member finally hung up the phone, said, “Please wait for me for ten minutes,” and hurried away.

Elizabeth, anxious, grabbed Alexander’s arm. “Let’s reschedule.” She picked up the documents and ran out.

“Elizabeth, what’s going on?” Alexander followed her.

Elizabeth opened the car door, but Alexander stopped her. “My grandpa’s in trouble. He’s at Evergreen Medical Center?” she said, worried.

Alexander’s eyes widened. He grabbed her wrist. “You can’t drive like this. I’ll take you.”

“No need?” She shook him off.

“Elizabeth, listen to me!” he insisted, pulling her into his car. He couldn’t let her drive in this state. What if something happened?

Meanwhile, news outlets were reporting—Grant Percy of the Percy Family suffered a sudden heart attack and was in emergency treatment! Elizabeth clutched her phone, thinking. Grant was always healthy; how could this happen?

Chapter 117

It's serious. Elizabeth's tears fell instantly. She called Declan, her voice shaky, "Dad, how's Grandpa?"

Grandfather's illness is serious. He's still being resuscitated. The doctor said it's not looking good," Declan replied heavily.

Elizabeth clenched her knees, her fingers digging into her skin. "How did Grandpa suddenly have a heart attack?"

"Your grandma mentioned he had occasional heart pain six months ago, but they didn't think it was serious," Declan's voice trembled.

I'm almost there... Elizabeth's mind went blank. She could save others, but when Grant got sick, she lost it.

"Alexander, hurry up," Elizabeth urged.

Alexander glanced at her. Her eyes were bloodshot, tears streaming down her face, panic evident.

The courthouse was a thirty-minute drive from Evergreen Medical Center. Every red light felt like torture to Elizabeth. She closed her eyes, taking deep breaths, but couldn't calm down. She thought, *Grant must be okay! If something happened to him, what would our family do?* She couldn't imagine life without Grant.

Just when Elizabeth felt lost and panicked, a warm hand held hers. Alexander looked ahead, suppressing his emotions, and comforted her, "Grandpa will be fine, Elizabeth. Don't scare yourself."

However, as soon as he finished, Elizabeth felt even more upset. "Don't cry." He frowned, heartbroken seeing her cry.

Elizabeth turned to look out the window. Alexander tightened his grip on her hand and pressed the gas pedal.

When they arrived at the hospital, the place was swarming with media. As soon as the media saw them, they surrounded them, asking, "How is Mr. Percy doing now?"

“Ms. Percy, Mr. Percy’s health has always been good. How could he suddenly have a heart attack?”

Elizabeth didn’t have time to answer; she just wanted to see Grant! But the more she tried to push inside, the more the crowd blocked her.

“Ms. Percy, you’re crying so sadly. Does that mean Mr. Percy’s condition is bad?” a reporter asked pointedly.

Elizabeth gritted her teeth. These reporters always make things up! Do they wish for Grant to be in bad condition?

Alexander sensed her turmoil. He grabbed her hand and shielded her behind him, whispering, “Elizabeth, stop crying. The reporters will make up stories based on your expression. Grandpa is sick, and the Percy family is already in chaos. If the Percy Group’s stock fluctuates because of this, it won’t be good.”

He then turned to the media, his voice cold and stern. “Our grandpa’s condition isn’t that bad! We will inform you of any updates as soon as possible. Please don’t crowd her and disrupt the hospital.”

Alexander’s words made the media hesitate. “Please step aside, thank you!” Alexander pulled Elizabeth inside. His calm demeanor helped stabilize her anxious heart.

Elizabeth followed him, feeling even more sorrowful as she watched him clear the way. They reached the emergency room.

Chapter 117

At the door, Declan was supporting Rose, who was crying silently. Declan looked up and saw Alexander. He was surprised. “Why is Alexander with Elizabeth?”

Before Alexander could greet them, the emergency room door opened. Nick walked out, his forehead covered in sweat. He looked at the Percys and Alexander, feeling nervous and momentarily at a loss for words.

Elizabeth clutched Alexander’s arm, worriedly asking, “Mr. York, how’s my grandpa?”

Chapter 118

Alexander held Elizabeth's hand, signaling her to stay calm. Nick took off his mask, looked at the group, and said, "He's not doing well." Habeth stepped back, and Alexander quickly pulled her into a hug.

"What do you mean?" Hosped, her voice breaking.

"Mr. Percy is still being resuscitated. He just went into shock, and his condition is unstable. This is a critical condition notice." Nick handed over the document and continued, "Mrs. Percy needs you to sign it."

Elizabeth felt a pang of pain at Nick's words. Declan tried to stay calm as he signed. "Do you think he'll make it?"

Nick sighed, "It's hard to say."

It felt like a death sentence for Grant. Elizabeth's legs went weak; memories of Grant flashed through her mind. Declan collapsed onto a bench. Alexander rushed over. "Mr. Perry!"

Declan waved him off, indicating he was okay. Just then, someone from the emergency room called out, "Mr. York, come quickly!"

Nick's gut told him something was wrong. He hurried back inside. Elizabeth watched him go, feeling anxious. Suddenly, a thought flashed through Elizabeth's mind. She clutched her heart and told Alexander, "Take care of my parents. I need some..." She left immediately.

Alexander didn't see her again until the emergency room light went off and the door opened. Nick and Celine walked out. The group rushed over.

"Mom, how is Dad?" Declan asked, worried.

Celine patted his arm and comforted him, "He's okay now. They'll move him to a room for observation."

"Really?" Rose asked repeatedly.

Celine nodded. Grant was wheeled out. Declan followed quickly. Alexander was the last to follow. He noticed a woman in a white coat leaving the emergency room, who looked like Elizabeth.

Is it Elizabeth? He followed but lost her in the lobby. In the safety corridor, Elizabeth watched Alexander, clutching the white coat. She almost got caught. Her phone rang. It was Felix.

Felix asked, "Boss, did your grandpa make it?"

Elizabeth replied in a loving voice, "Yes. Your medicine arrived just in time."

Chapter 118

Felix laughed. "It wasn't the medicine; it was your acupuncture skills!"

Elizabeth frowned. Her skills were useful but exposed her identity. In the emergency room, Nick had recognized her by the acupuncture tools. "You're the one who saved me that day!"

She couldn't hide anymore. At the hospital room, Alexander was waiting at the door. He leaned against the wall, looking into the room, deep in thought. Sensing Elizabeth, he turned and met her gaze.

Chapter 119

Elizabeth's eyes were red, her hands hanging by her sides, looking a bit lost. "That went outside for some air," Elizabeth said softly, not even trying to lie.

"Your grandpa is fine now," Alexander told her.

Elizabeth approached Alexander, her eyes full of apology. "Sorry for causing trouble."

"What are you talking about?" He frowned, not liking her tone. Even though they were planning on having dinner, he was still her husband, in a sense. He couldn't just stand by when her grandpa was in trouble. Just like how Elizabeth attended Lily's birthday banquet, didn't she?

"About the divorce," Elizabeth started.

Alexander interrupted, "No, no, let's talk after your grandpa gets better."

Elizabeth looked up, her eyes watery, resembling a frightened fawn, pitiful and delicate. She bit her lip and lowered her head in shame. Alexander's mood shifted. He raised his hand, his fingertips landing on her lips, signaling her to stop biting.

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Elizabeth explained softly.

Alexander was taken aback. “What?”

Elizabeth said weakly, “I was afraid you’d think I was playing tricks to avoid the divorce.”

Alexander fell silent. Last time they were getting divorced, Lily suddenly visited. He had misunderstood her then. Elizabeth really held grudges.

Alexander tapped her forehead. “Go see your grandpa,” he reminded her.

Elizabeth nodded, then asked, “Together?”

“No. I have a meeting this afternoon. You come see him later,” Alexander said gently. She didn’t try to keep him any longer. Elizabeth responded with a hum.

As Alexander was about to leave, Elizabeth suddenly hooked his sleeve. Alexander turned, his gaze falling on her pretty face. She looked at him gently and said softly, “Thank you.”

Compared to her, Alexander’s emotions were really stable; past dealings with the media were something Elizabeth needed to learn for a long time. Alexander bent down slightly, his gaze level with hers. Seeing her so obedient, he inexplicably wanted to tease her. “Is that all you have to say?”

Elizabeth met his eyes. “What?”

Alexander straightened up with his hands in his pockets, casually saying, “Treat me to a meal or something. Just saying thank you is too insincere, isn’t it?”

“Then, when grandpa gets better, I’ll treat you to a meal,” Elizabeth said.

Alexander smiled. “Alright.”

Chapter 119

“And then, we’ll apply for the divorce,” she added.

Alexander fell silent. Once again, he felt that in this game of marriage, it was Elizabeth who wanted the divorce more.

“Elizabeth.” At the door of the hospital room, Declan called her. His voice was cold, lacking its usual affection.

Elizabeth turned to look at Declan and immediately said, “Dad.”

Alexander took a step back, respectfully saying, “Mr. Percy.”

“Thank you for accompanying Elizabeth today. But I hope you won’t contact each other in the future.” Declan glanced at Alexander, raising his face, his tone not very good.

Both Alexander and Elizabeth were stunned. Elizabeth tugged at Declan’s arm. “Dad,” she called softly.

“What are you calling me for? Haven’t you been hurt enough by him?” Declan disregarded Alexander’s face and questioned. “Elizabeth, you’re a girl and need to know what well...respect is.”

Chapter 120

Declan rarely raised his voice. Alexander trembled and said, "Groeth, it's my fault. Please don't blame her, Mr. Perry."

"Of course it's your fault! My daughter married you, did she wrong you?" Declan glared at Alexander, his eyes filled with reproach.

Alexander glanced at Elizabeth, his eyes a mix of emotions. Elizabeth grabbed Declan, avoiding Alexander's gaze, signaling him to stop.

The hospital was a bank. Alexander, the president of Trades Grisp, was a well-known figure in Lalam. Being scolded in public wasn't good.

Declan, annoyed, tilted his head. "Even now, you're defending him! Have you forgotten the pain he caused you? You almost lost your life." Before he could finish, Elizabeth cut him off. "That's enough, Dad."

Declan stopped mid-sentence. Was he so emotional? Alexander squinted at them, wondering. What was Declan about to say? Why did Elizabeth get so emotional?

Elizabeth turned slightly and whispered, "I know I was wrong. Do you really have to bring up that painful past?" She knew what Declan was about to say. It was about how, four years ago, she risked her life when Alexander was

kidnapped. And what did she get in return? She never wanted to bring up that past again. Every time it was mentioned, she felt like a fool, risking her life for a man who didn't love her.

"What's wrong with talking about it? Just a few words about him, and you feel hurt!" Declan's tone was deep.

Elizabeth didn't answer but gave Alexander a look and said flatly, "Let's go. I'll see you later."

Alexander, however, looked at Declan, a complex expression in his eyes.

Declan glared at Elizabeth and shouted, "Come back early. Joseph is coming to see your grandfather later!"

Elizabeth replied, "Got it!" She turned and walked ahead without looking back.

Elizabeth pressed the elevator button and stopped. Alexander stood next to her, brows furrowed, eyes fixed on the elevator. Their reflections appeared on the elevator doors, looking well-matched. Yet, despite this compatibility, their marriage was very unhappy.

The elevator doors opened, and they entered. Inside the empty elevator, Alexander looked at Elizabeth and asked, "What was Declan about to say?"

"What else could he say?" Elizabeth's tone was imitated.

"He seemed to have something to say," Alexander insisted.

Elizabeth rarely looked at him, her eyes dull and weary. Alexander was at a loss for words.

"He has a lot to scold you about. Do you want to hear it?"

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat. She had a lot of grievances to tell Alexander. Did he want to hear them? She wanted to tell Alexander that over the years, loving him had hurt her family deeply. She had been pampered and loved since childhood. No one had ever yelled at her, blamed her, or humiliated her. But over the years, Alexander had given her all the suffering. She also wanted to tell Alexander that she was actually very fragile. When Esme needed his protection, she needed it too. But these words, along with Elizabeth's swallowed grievances, were extinguished in her dull eyes. She had no right to

say them, nor was there any need to. Because Alexander never cared about what she had to say.