

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 191

He moved his lips and locked eyes with Elizabeth's beautiful almond-shaped ones. Henry homed in and swallowed hard. Elizabeth's eyes reminded him of Allen's when she was young. Henry lined his veneer, his brows furrowed, his rugged face still strikingly handsome. He warned Elizabeth, "Stay away from Esme. If you have issues with her, deal with them." He was very fond of Esme, thinking that if he treated other daughters well, his own adopted sister would be treated well by her adoptive family. Nancy was his biological sister. If Nancy came home, he'd love her even more than Esme. He'd never raise his voice at Nancy and would give her the best of everything! "Elizabeth, watch yourself," he added, then turned and went into the ward. The door slammed shut.

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. Esme should watch herself! Having first noted Esme's guilty expression earlier, she seemed like she had something to hide.

As Elizabeth walked out of the inpatient department, Sunny called out, "Dr. Percy!" Elizabeth looked up. "What's up?" Sunny logged over, panting. "Do you remember the couple who ended up in the police station because of a domestic violence case?" Elizabeth touched her head. "The hurt woman was beaten and brought into the emergency room!" Sunny said. Elizabeth was a bit surprised. "Who beat her?" "Her husband, who else?" Sunny spread her hands. Elizabeth took a step forward, instinctively wanting to go to the emergency room.

But thinking about what happened yesterday, Elizabeth held back her overly kind heart. Everyone had their fate; let it be. It was better not to meddle. She couldn't save herself, let alone a woman trapped in a quagmire.

Elizabeth went to the inpatient department to see Grant. Grant was in great shape. As soon as he saw Elizabeth, he said, "Dear Elizabeth, when can I be discharged? I'm very lonely!" Elizabeth glared at him while peeling an apple. "What do you want to go out for?" "I want to go home to see the Howes, feel the breeze, and drink tea," Grant said pitifully. She offered him a small piece of apple and said, "Got it. I'll take you home as soon as possible."

“So, how are things with Alexander lately? Have you divorced yet?” Grant’s eyes lit up when he mentioned this. Elizabeth sighed. She had never seen a family like this. Whenever they asked about her duty, they were more excited than if they had made a million dollars.

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Amanda brought a patient up from the emergency room. Elizabeth stood up. “Grandpa, I have to go. You rest first.”

Emergency Department

Elizabeth walked in; she heard people saying, “That woman was beaten so badly!” “Her face is almost unrecognizable! I heard she has a heart condition too.” Elizabeth naturally knew who they were talking about. As Elizabeth was looking for someone, she passed by the woman’s ward. The woman was lying in bed, covered in medical equipment. When she saw Elizabeth, she instinctively called out, “Dr. Percy,”

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Elizabeth stood at the foot of the bed, looking at the woman calmly. Any pity she felt yesterday was gone today. The woman was bruised and bandaged, clearly showing how brutally she had been beaten. Elizabeth thought about how the woman had defended that man yesterday and felt sad. What did she get in return? More violence from him!

“Dr. Perry, don’t blame me. I rely on him to support me,” the woman said, her voice shaky and her face hurting. Elizabeth frowned, “Without him, I’d die. Can you understand that?” Beth shook her head; she couldn’t. “I have to beg him to treat my illness. Without him, it’s a dead end for me. Actually, he’s quite good to me,” her voice softened. She was just an ordinary woman from the countryside, her life revolving around marriage and children. If her husband left her, she’d have nowhere to go.

Elizabeth looked at her, and things became clearer. Suddenly, her marriage with Alexander didn’t seem as bad. For the first time, Elizabeth called her by name, “Linda Reed. A woman can marry a man, but she shouldn’t entrust her life to him unless he’s worth it. Clearly, he’s not. He chose having children over your life. He didn’t care about other’s opinions when he beat you in the clinic, and now he beat you so badly that you ended up in the hospital. Can’t you see that?”

Linda was speechless. She knew her husband wasn't good to her, but she didn't want to accept it. "The person you should apologize to is yourself. Look at your body; how much has it suffered?" With that, Elizabeth turned and left.

In the elevator, Elizabeth looked at her reflection and let out a bitter laugh. Elizabeth, look at yourself too. Look at this body that has followed you for over twenty years; how much has it suffered? Losing your essence because of marriage...

A news alert popped up on Elizabeth's phone: funding news. The Russell Group will collaborate with the Tudor Group. Seeing this, Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat. The Tudor Group's willingness to collaborate with the Russell Group was setting up Alounder and fame. On the surface, it was a partnership, but behind the scenes, it was...

Elizabeth stared out the elevator window as the numbers changed, her thoughts sinking in. She was advising others, yet her own marriage was a failure. But at that moment, she was grateful for Linda's predicament, which made her wake up to diverse realities!

The elevator doors opened, and as Elizabeth was about to call Alexander, Amanda called her over, "We have a surgery to do. Come with me." "Coming," Elizabeth quickly put down her phone and followed Amanda.

Amanda asked, "Where have you been? You practically vanished!" "I saw Linda in the emergency room and had a few words with her. Elizabeth was truthful.

"Don't interact with her anymore. Be careful not to get into trouble," Amanda reminded her. Elizabeth nodded and followed Amanda into the operating room.

At night, the surgery ended, and it was already very late when Elizabeth got off work. The sky in Lisbon turned cloudy, looking like it was going to rain. As Elizabeth walked out of the inpatient department, she saw a black car parked at the entrance and Joseph, dressed in a suit.

"Elizabeth," Joseph waved at her with a gentle smile. "Mr. Stewart, long time no see! Have you been busy lately?" Elizabeth walked over to him. Joseph responded, "I just got back from a business trip."

Elizabeth glanced into the car and saw Joseph's suit. "Didn't you take your lager home?"

"Missed you so much, I came straight to the hospital," he said. Elizabeth smiled at him.

"Thoner tether?" he asked.

Elizabeth nodded. "Sum."

Joseph opened the car door for her. Once inside, he handed her a gift. "This is for you."

"Thank you so much, but this is too generous."

"It's nothing. You saved my dad, and I never properly thanked you," Joseph smiled. "Speaking of my dad, he wants to invite you to dinner sometime."

Elizabeth was unwrapping the gift and looked up. "It was just a small favor, no big deal."

"It might have been small to you, but it was my dad's life," Joseph said seriously.

Elizabeth smiled. "Alright."

The Stewart family had their manners, and it was just a meal. Plus, she could check on his dad's health again.

As the car drove away, Elizabeth opened the box. It was a necklace. Elizabeth recognized it as a rare piece, limited edition, requiring a reservation.

"It's a butterfly," Elizabeth said, pleasantly surprised.

Joseph smiled. "Because you have a butterfly tattoo on your back."

Elizabeth touched her shoulder and thanked him. "I really like it." She did like butterfly designs. This gift was perfect. Joseph paid attention to details, unlike Alexander, who probably reserved all his attention for Esme.

Elizabeth thought for a moment and asked, "Their cruise party in a month, are you going?"

“The one in Labon?” he asked.

She nodded.

“If you want to go, I’ll point you,” he said softly.

Elizabeth smiled but didn’t respond. Joseph, being elegant and dignified, wouldn’t enjoy such events.

She accepted the necklace, placed it on her hand, and looked out the window, lost in thought. Then, Elizabeth took her seat while Joseph went to the testing area.

She was deciding what to do when a voice caught her attention. “What do you know? Alexander and Esme are perfect together. How can Elizabeth compare to Esme?”

Another voice asked, “Mrs. Russell, who is Nancy?”

Elizabeth turned and saw Esme’s mother, Allen.

“Nancy?” Allen seemed reluctant to explain.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. “Mrs. Russell, what a coincidence. You’re dining here too?”

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Beland. Her. But then, the save, it was Elizabeth. Her mood instantly soured. Those striking features...

Allen sneered, “What are pedigrees?” She parted and dressed demurely.

“My Perry, dining *wila*? You are so lonely. Unlike Esme, who always has Mr. Tudor with her.”

“In your husband, right?” Allen said sarcastically.

“Yes, Ms. Russell loves my husband. Nothing I can do about it.”

Herfords exchanged glances and laughed. Was Elizabeth implying Esme liked being a mistress? Clueless, Esme clung to Elizabeth’s husband, and Allen thought it was something to brag about. What a shameless family!

Feeling defeated, she retorted, “Couldn’t keep your husband, huh? That’s why Esme took him.”

“Right, Mrs. Kisell, I don’t want that trash, Alexander, anymore. I’ll give him to Esme,” Elizabeth smirked.

Her face darkened. “Tame is not a trash can. What do you mean by giving her your unwanted trash? Elizabeth, if you can’t handle it, don’t insult others!”

So angry? She shouted and quickly approached. “Mrs. Russell, what’s the matter? Why so...?” She frowned. Why was Joseph here with Elizabeth?

“He’s having dinner with Ms. Perry,” Joseph explained.

Bose Elubech smiled, “Mrs. Russell, I’m not that lonely after all!”

Before she could say more, one of her friends pulled her aside. “Alright, Allen. Don’t argue with these youngsters. Elizabeth’s in a bad mood because of her marital...”

“Weren’t for Esme, I wouldn’t have marital...”

Her friends quickly led her away.

He stared at Elizabeth, who remained expressionless, her eyes cold and sharp.

Men sorted, disgusted with Elizabeth.

Inard asked, “Allen, why are you so hostile towards Elizabeth? He didn’t do anything wrong! Don’t you think Elizabeth’s eyes look a bit like yours?”

An unsettling resemblance. “I don’t compare her to myself! Her face...” She blushed.

“They look alike, especially the eyes. Check your old photos,” her friend continued.

Already angry, Allen became even more upset at the comparison. He didn’t have a daughter like Elizabeth.

Thinking of this, Allen sighed.

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Allen had no clue what Nancy had turned into over the years—whether she was as tough and unlikable as Elizabeth.

“You and Mrs. Russell have a grudge?” Joseph asked Elizabeth, curious.

“I don’t get along with her daughter. How could she be nice to me?” Not just Allen, but also Esme’s brother Henry. The Sell family seemed pretty hostile towards Elizabeth.

Joseph raised an eyebrow. “Really?” He leaned in, looking mysterious. “Elizabeth, I know a secret about the Russell family. Want to hear it?”

Elizabeth sipped her water, considering. She rubbed her ear, signaling she was all ears.

Joseph grinned, teasing. “No girl can resist a secret.”

“Weren’t you the one who wanted to tell it?” Elizabeth shrugged.

Joseph leaned closer. “Esme actually...”

His phone rang, cutting him off. Elizabeth glanced at his phone. It was his dad.

Joseph gave an apologetic smile. “I need to take this.”

Elizabeth nodded. What was he about to say? Something about Esme?, she wondered.

After the call, Joseph stood. “Got it.”

Elizabeth looked up. “What’s wrong?”

“My dad had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital.” He stayed calm. Joseph’s father’s situation likely happened often, which was why Joseph remained calm.

He frowned and apologized. “Sorry, Elizabeth. I can’t continue dinner.”

Elizabeth quickly shook her head. “I wasn’t that hungry anyway. I’ll go with you.”

“That’d be great.” He smiled, looking a bit relieved.

The restaurant was close to the hospital, and they arrived as the ambulance did. Elizabeth saw Bryan Stewart in the ambulance, clutching his heart, looking pale. Remembering hazy symptoms from the last banquet, Elizabeth quickly informed the emergency doctor.

“Alright, family members, please wait outside.” At the emergency room entrance, Elizabeth and the others were stopped.

Elizabeth turned and saw the butler apologizing to Joseph. “Mr. Joseph Stewart, I’m sorry, I didn’t take good care of Mr. Bryan Stewart.”

Though anxious, Joseph didn’t blame him. “You can go back now.”

The butler nodded and left. Elizabeth looked at Joseph and patted his arm. “It’ll be okay.”

“Alright.” Joseph’s eyes darkened, and he sat on the bench. He didn’t say a word. It was the first time Elizabeth had seen him like this.

Elizabeth sighed, came in front of Joseph, and gently touched his shoulder. Joseph looked up, helpless. “Elizabeth, I only have my father, no other family.”

Elizabeth’s heart skipped a beat. She had never asked about Joseph’s family and had only seen Bryan around. She suddenly felt Joseph’s vulnerability.

“Your father will be fine, don’t worry. I’m here with you.” Elizabeth smiled gently, offering comfort.

Joseph sat on the bench, staring at her, their eyes meeting, his gaze full of unspoken words. Not far away, Alexander clenched the prescription in his hand, watching the intimate scene between Joseph and Elizabeth.

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Mrs. Tudor, the nurse called softly. Alexander turned, radiating an intense presence. The nurse swallowed and handed him the medicine. “Here’s your medicine.”

Alexander grunted, glancing at the emergency room. “What’s going on over there?”

“Mr. Stewart’s father is having a heart attack,” the nurse replied.

Alexander frowned. Joseph's dad had a heart attack, but why is Elizabeth there? Did she become the Stewart family's personal doctor after the banquet? Thinking this, Alexander snorted. What skills did Elizabeth have? The Stewart family actually trusted her with Bryan's care!

"Mr. Tudor, you really need to take care of your stomach. Eat on time," the nurse advised.

Alexander frowned, grunted, and turned to leave. He couldn't help but think of Elizabeth when the nurse spoke. Elizabeth had nagged him a lot over the years. Sometimes, when he drank too much, Nolan would bring him back to the villa. He'd be dead drunk, and his stomach would hurt. Elizabeth would fuss over him, her thin form moving between the kitchen and living room. He'd always ask, "Elizabeth, aren't you tired? Can you stop bothering me?"

She'd gently reply, "I'm not tired, and I'm your wife. Isn't this what I'm supposed to do? But, Alexander, please drink less."

He found her nagging annoying and didn't want to listen. Now he wanted to listen, but she might not say it anymore. Alexander rubbed his stomach, got a cup of hot water, and took his medicine.

Bryan was resuscitated and needed to stay in the hospital for observation. Joseph went to handle the admission paperwork. Elizabeth stayed with Bryan, giving him a check-up.

"Dr. Perry," the nurse alerted Elizabeth. Elizabeth nodded. The nurse said, "Mr. Tudor was her..."

Elizabeth locked up: "Alexander?" The nurse replied, "Yes. His stomach was acting up, so he came to get some medicine."

Caletta peripherally caught a prescription sheet nearby—the usual cardiacine Alexander took. Honestly, taking these medicines frequently would lead to resistance. She decided not to say anything this time. Elizabeth initially wanted to ask someone to change some of the ingredients in his medicine. Elizabeth greeted Joseph and planned to leave.

Just as she stepped out of the hospital, she heard someone shout, "Someone is about to jump off the building!" "Isn't that the woman from the emergency room? Call the police!"

Elizabeth followed the sound and saw a woman in a hospital gown swaying on the rooftop. A name quickly flashed through her mind. Elizabeth hurriedly ran upstairs. The thought... Linda is actually going to jump! Her will to live was so strong. She wasn't even afraid of that man beating her and secretly came to the hospital for treatment. How could she be jumping off the building? Did that man come again?

When Elizabeth reached the rooftop, there were already many people there. The doctor was persuading her, "Linda, whatever the issue is, we can solve it. Don't do anything foolish!" "Linda, don't jump! Let's solve the problem, okay?"

Elizabeth squeezed through the crowd, the bright rooftop lights illuminating Linda's swollen face. Linda saw Elizabeth and smiled gently. "Dr. Perry, you're here," she said.

Elizabeth frowned. The words felt like a thorn, as if Linda was saying goodbye; as if seeing that Elizabeth was there, she could leave in peace.

"Dr. Perry, I'm sorry," she said softly. Elizabeth's heart ached even more. "Linda," she choked up and reminded Linda, "Don't step back and do anything foolish."

"I'm going to die sooner or later..." Linda's voice...

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Elizabeth shook her head and moved forward slowly. "You said we shouldn't let others control our fate, so I'll take mine into my own hands," Linda said, her sadness pouring out. Peres, I'm leaving. She turned and was about to jump!

Screams erupted from the rooftop and outside the hospital. Fame rushed over and grabbed her wrist. Elizabeth's eyes darkened, and she hurried to help hold onto Linda. Linda was hanging off the edge. "Let go of me!" she cried.

Elizabeth grabbed Linda's left arm while the man held her right. Linda kept rubbing her left arm, and Elizabeth's wrist was nearly bleeding. Elizabeth felt numb, only thinking that Linda must not die. The man used his other hand to protect Elizabeth's wrist. Elizabeth turned her head and paused when she saw his face. "Don't just stand there, help us!" Alexander shouted.

People rushed over, and Alexander first held Elizabeth's hand, letting the wall scrape his instead of Elizabeth's. Together, they pulled Linda up. Linda, with tears streaming down her face, shouted angrily, "Why did you save me? You should have let me die!" "Let me die!" she cried, trying to slam herself against the wall. Alexander frowned and quickly blocked her. Linda crashed into him. Alexander took two steps back and grunted. He gasped, clutching his chest. His stomach had already been hurting, and now his chest hurt from the impact. He had just come to the rooftop for some fresh air and saw Linda about to jump.

Linda's last words were to Elizabeth. If Linda had jumped, the police would first investigate Elizabeth. He had wanted to get involved, but since it concerned Elizabeth, he had no choice but to save Linda. "Linda, snap out of it!" Elizabeth pulled Linda up and questioned her, "If you're not even afraid of death, what else can defeat you?" Her leap had been so decisive! "Dr. Percy, I'm beyond saving," she cried. "You're right that I've let myself down!"

"Do you know how many people want to live? By treating your life so lightly, you're making those who don't want to die feel resentful," Elizabeth tried to scold her. The crowd chimed in, "Exactly, my daughter, your life like this." Cancer. The doctor said she doesn't have much time left. I wish she could live. You, who can love, shouldn't waste...

"Everyone is stumbling through life. There is no obstacle that can't be overcome. Don't commit suicide," Look at you, you're so young. What can't you get through? If you're sick, get treated. If it can't be treated, then deal with it later!" Linda fooled them. Their mouths opened and closed, and she felt extremely wronged.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and looked at Linda, speaking heavily, "Linda, live well. As long as you don't waste your life, I'll treat your illness." Linda looked up and met Elizabeth's eyes. Alexander also looked at Elizabeth. Elizabeth was too kind-hearted.

Back in high school, there was a student in their class. He had lost his parents young and lived with his grandparents. His grandparents had been in a car accident and were bedridden. The student had to go to school and work to support them. Elizabeth had cried her heart out when she heard this and had directly arranged for the rest of his life.

"Linda, I'll say it again. I'll treat your illness," Elizabeth stared at Linda, her tone firm. "I'm not joking." Elizabeth didn't mind the cost of treating Linda.

But she had one requirement: Linda had to live her life properly. Linda's agitated emotions slowly calmed down. She just looked at Elizabeth and collapsed to the ground. The doctors immediately stepped forward and took Linda back to her room. The crowd on the rooftop dispersed, and Elizabeth finally breathed a sigh of relief. She knelt on the ground, gasping for air, and only then did she notice the pain in her wrist. Elizabeth let out a bitter laugh, feeling indescribable emotions. "You're being overly sympathetic again," Alexander's voice came from above her.

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Elizabeth noticed Alexander's hand was bleeding. She glared at him. "Aren't you the same?"

"Do good deeds without expecting anything," Alexander said, standing where Linda had been.

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat... He turned to her. "Elizabeth, remember when you said you wanted to jump off a building?"

She stayed silent.

"You probably don't. Let me remind you," Alexander spat, raising an eyebrow. He smiled. "Last year, you messaged me one night, saying you were sick and if I didn't come back, you'd jump and make me deal with your remains."

Elizabeth's face darkened. She had said that, foolishly. For Alexander, she'd say anything crazy. But she valued her life too much to actually do it. Thinking back, she wanted to slap herself.

Seeing her sour expression, Alexander continued, "And three months ago, you said you'd jump because you hadn't seen me in over a month. Remember which building? The Tudor Group building."

Elizabeth turned to leave, and Alexander called after her, "Not jumping anymore?"

She stopped. Through Linda, she realized such actions would gain a man's attention, only his disgust. Love and indifference weren't forced; they developed naturally.

Elizabeth turned back, smiling. “Not jumping. I won’t do any foolish things for you anymore.” She smiled brightly under the rooftop lights, reminding Alexander of how she used to be in high school, always smiling and calling out to him. They hadn’t been like this in a long time.

“Alexander, Linda taught me a lesson, I hope someone teaches you one too,” she said, raising an eyebrow and waving.

Alexander watched Elizabeth’s carefree figure fade into the distance, his heart suddenly clenched with inexplicable unease.

Elizabeth returned to Linda’s hospital room. Linda had called her down.

“Starting tomorrow, I’ll be your attending physician. Ms. Carter and I will treat your illness,” Elizabeth said coldly, stifling a smile down at Linda’s cheeks. “My money doesn’t grow on trees. If you still want to end your life, we won’t treat you,” Elizabeth said seriously.

Linda shook her head. “Dr. Percy, I’ll listen to you. I don’t want to die!” Linda’s will to live was strong. Elizabeth knew it from the start. Elizabeth always felt Linda was resilient. She had helped many people and hoped Linda wouldn’t let her down. Elizabeth furrowed her brows but eventually softened and logged Linda’s notes.

When she left the hospital, it was night.

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Elizabeth saw Joseph waiting by the car. “Your father okay?” she asked.

Joseph nodded. “He’s admitted and asleep.”

“Let me drive you home. It’s late, and I don’t feel comfortable,” Joseph said gently.

Elizabeth couldn’t refuse and got in the car.

“It’s Alexander,” Joseph said.

“Linda was going to jump, and he saved her,” Elizabeth said, looking at her wrist wound. It wasn’t serious, just scraped skin. She thought of Alexander’s hand, which was more seriously injured.

"I mean, when you got into my car, Alexander saw it," Joseph added.

Elizabeth was stunned. Really?

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Joseph could not help but ask, "The you really not love him argue?"

Bough. Ehdeth suddenly pointed out the window. Elsbeth stepped out of the car, ready to remind Joseph to drive safely, but saw Bon potting out too. "Ti join you," he replied warmly.

Elizabeth shook her head. "Your dad's still in the hospital. Back later." He smiled and walked ahead. Elizabeth was momentarily stunned and busied herself trying to explain.

Kali wrta was fusing a Idast in the Guntain. Despite the late hour, the place was buzzing. Elizabetii pot bumped into, and a few kids giggled and apologized before continuing their play. Het cliches got a hát vrt. Lizabeth's eyes caught some beautiful balloon moms needing... A beautiful butterfly balloon, boosted inside a transparent one. Lineph noticed and bought it.

"There you go, Riddo," he said with a smile, at the balloon and sighed, "I wish I could always be a kid. I really don't want to grow up." A few kali akustest, "Miss, come play with mut tour nail..."

Elizabeth smiled and glanced at the kids, "Don't cry later, okay?"

Run! The kids scattered. Elizabeth quickly joined them. Joseph watched from a distance and snapped a few photos. Just as he was admiring the shots, Elizabeth appeared behind him. "Mr. Stewart, want to join?"

Joseph turned around, and Elizabeth's eyes sparkled, looking so different from her usual self. She really looked like a kid. A kid was about to splash water on Elizabeth. Joseph quickly shielded her, getting his shirt soaked. Now, he had no choice but to join in.

After a while, Elizabeth sat on the ground, waving at Joseph. "I can't do it anymore."

"Are you surrendering?" he asked with a smile.

Elizabeth nodded. "Yes, I surrender."

Joseph ruffled her hair and sat beside her. Watching the happy kids, they both fell silent. Elizabeth wiped her hair and heard Joseph say, "Elizabeth, I hope you can open your heart soon."

Chapter 200

The next day, it was muggy outside. Elizabeth woke to her phone ringing. She saw it was Felix calling and ignored it; he never had anything important to say. But he called again, so she answered, still half-asleep. "What's up?"

Felix, sounding amused, said, "Still in bed? You're fanuses."

Elizabeth was confused. "What?"

"Check the news," Felix said and hung up.

Elizabeth yawned, turned on her phone, and saw a flood of messages. Her name was in the headlines.

Last night, Elizabeth and Joseph spotted at Music Fountain Park? Sweet and romantic!

Elizabeth's marriage status questioned: Seen with Joseph at dinner and visiting Bryan.

Elizabeth smirked and read the comments.

User A: [So she really divorced Alexander? Already with someone new?]

User B: [Elizabeth and Joseph look good together!]

User C: [Alexander got dumped? Good.]

User A replied to C: [Shouldn't it be Elizabeth who got dumped?]

User C replied to A: [No way. Elizabeth dumped Alexander. He cheated!]

Elizabeth squinted. The user's sharp tone sounded like one of her friends. She checked the profile and saw the IP was from Lisbon. Definitely someone she knew.

She messaged Lila un Wethur: [Time to argue with netizens, hub? Setting the record straight. You dumped Alexander!]

(Focus on your art!)

Later, Elizabeth's phone kept ringing. Laly called again. Elizabeth, armed with a smirk, answered. Thunderie Lily, wounded but untied, asked, "What's going on with the purple words, ge?"

"Grandina, let's not meet," Elizabeth said, fearing she'd soften. The Tudor family had treated her well, but her marriage with Alexander was over.

"Grandina, let me divorce Alexander, please," Elizabeth pleaded. "This marriage is pointless. I feel like a resentful woman, always waiting for him. He deserves to be free, and I need my dignity," Elizabeth said softly.

Lily felt a pang of discomfort.