

# Unrepairable Love

## Chapter 2

"Dad, you were right. I'll never win Alexander's love. I messed up. I want to come home," Elizabeth's raspy voice echoed in the empty living room.

The Percy family was the richest in Atlante, a dynasty of medical pros.

Her grandpa, Grant Percy, was a businessman, and her grandma, Celine Percy, was a famous heart surgeon.

Elizabeth had been learning medicine from Celine since she was a kid. Celine always said she was a genius.

They had set up her future perfectly. Declan had prepped tons of assets for her, and her mom, Rose Percy, always told her she could stay a little girl forever.

But she threw it all away for Alexander, sinking to this miserable state.

Elizabeth took a deep breath, went upstairs, took a bath, changed clothes, and put on some light makeup.

She cleared out her stuff.

On the wall behind the living room sofa hung a painting of a sunset she and Alexander had done together.

Holding back her sorrow, she took down the painting, ripped it apart, and tossed it in the trash.

She slapped the divorce papers Alexander had thrown at her on their wedding night onto the table.

"Alexander, just like you wanted. Wish you happiness," she muttered.

Shutting the villa door behind her, Elizabeth spotted her dark purple luxury car parked out front.

A young guy hopped out, grinning. "Ms. Percy, finally ditching this place?"

"You got here fast," Elizabeth said, sliding into the driver's seat.

Felix Garcia had been her shadow since childhood. He was a troublemaker back then, and she once saved him from drowning. Ever since, he stuck to her like glue, always loyal.

"Been waiting three years for this day!" Felix said, almost giddy.

Elizabeth felt a sting. "Did everyone think I'd lose in this marriage?"

Felix went quiet, glancing at her cautiously.

Her eyes dimmed. The whole world told her not to love Alexander, but she had to try. The thought made her chest tighten.

They soon pulled up to a tattoo parlor. Elizabeth got out, Felix right behind her.

"Gavin, I want this one," she said, handing an iPad to the tattoo artist.

It was a butterfly design, unique and lifelike.

"Where do you want it?" Gavin asked Elizabeth. She shrugged off her coat, showing a nasty knife scar on her right shoulder.

"This is..." Gavin's eyes widened.

Before Elizabeth could say anything, Felix jumped in, "Ms. Percy was young and reckless, all for saving some jerk."

Gavin got it right away. It had to be for Alexander. No one else was worth that kind of risk.

Elizabeth lay down and said calmly, "Don't need anesthetic, just do it."

As the pain hit, Elizabeth shut her eyes, memories dragging her back four years.

Alexander had been kidnapped. She went in alone to buy time and save him.

When the kidnappers found her, they demanded a trade. She agreed.

She fought them off but got stabbed in the back.

When they realized she was Ms. Percy, they decided to kill her.

They tied her up, attached a stone, and tossed her into the sea.

The water swallowed her, she kept choking, sinking, the suffocation was unbearable.

Since then, she never dared to go near water again.

Covering the knife scar, erasing the proof of her love for him, she decided to live for herself from now on.

In the hospital, lying on the bed, she whispered, "Alexander, maybe we should end this."

Alexander looked up, his voice soft, "What are you talking about?"

"Elizabeth loves you a lot. I don't want to hurt her," Esme said, sniffing, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Alexander frowned, Elizabeth's words echoing in his head, "Alexander, let's get a divorce."

He still couldn't wrap his head around Elizabeth actually wanting a divorce.

Was she trying to prove she didn't push Esme into the water by taking such a drastic step?

"I'll bring her to apologize to you later," Alexander said flatly.

Esme's eyes were filled with sadness and pity as she said, "Alexander."

"I said I'd take responsibility for you. I will marry you," Alexander said, gently stroking Esme's hair.

Hearing this, Esme nodded obediently, feeling satisfied inside.

How shameless of her to cling to the title of Alexander's wife!

Feeling irritated, Alexander found an excuse to leave, "I have some work at the company. I'll come back to see you later."

As Alexander left the hospital, he got a call from Kieran Getty, the president of Getty Group, one of the four major families in Lisbun. They had grown up together and were very close.

Kieran's voice was lazy, with a hint of teasing, "How's Esme?"

Alexander opened the car door and got in, his tone calm, "Esme's fine."

"Everyone went down to save her. How could she be anything but fine?"

Kieran asked again, "And your wife?"

Alexander snorted, "What could possibly happen to her?"

Kieran blurted out, "Alex, I saved your wife! Without me, she'd have drowned in the pool!"

Alex frowned, picturing Elizabeth's scared face for a second. But he shook it off. "You kidding? She can dive into the deep sea. A pool can't drown her."

"She was faking it? Didn't seem like it. If so, she's a good actress," Kieran sighed. "Elizabeth's ruthless. Doesn't she know Esme's scared of water because she saved you when you were kidnapped? She still messes with you."

Alex married Esme because she saved him during the kidnapping. He felt he owed her his life.

Hearing this, Alex felt uneasy, like something was slipping away. He hung up the phone.

Frowning, he remembered Elizabeth saying, "Alex, I'm scared of water too."

Doubt crept into his mind. Why would Elizabeth be scared of water?

Back at the villa, Alex pushed the door open and called out, "Elizabeth."

No answer. Usually, she'd run down the stairs or be busy in the kitchen, always cheerful. Today, the place was eerily quiet.

Alexander went upstairs and pushed open the bedroom door. It was spotless.

He paused. The walk-in closet was empty. The double toothbrushes in the bathroom? Just his now.

Had Elizabeth left?