

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 201

“Elizabeth, have you fallen for Joseph?” Lily asked. If Elizabeth admitted she loved Joseph, the Tudor family would leave her alone. Elizabeth gripped her phone, bit her lip, and said firmly, “Yes, Grandma. Joseph is great and gentle, and I’m happy with him.”

Lily went silent, but Elizabeth could sense her sigh. Lily had done so much for Elizabeth’s marriage to Alexander, yet here they were. “Elizabeth, I can’t bear to let you go,” Lily’s voice wavered.

Elizabeth smiled. “Even if Alexander and I aren’t together, my feelings for you all won’t change. I’ll still visit often, okay?”

Lily was reluctant. “Elizabeth, please reconsider.”

“Grandma, I really have fallen for Joseph.” With that, Elizabeth made Lily give up. Lily had no reason to keep pushing. Elizabeth hung up the phone, feeling surprisingly calm.

Leaving the Tudor family turned out to be simple. She took a deep breath and went downstairs. The family was all there. Declan had brought Grant home from the hospital early. They were all at the dining table, waiting for her. Seeing them made Elizabeth happy.

“Elizabeth, were you with Joseph last night?” Rose teased.

Elizabeth blushed. “Mom!”

“You two had fun!” Rose laughed. “Could Joseph be your future husband?”

“Let’s eat and stop talking about that,” Elizabeth said.

Declan looked at Elizabeth and sighed inwardly. Who knew if she’d be happy without Alexander?

“Get the divorce done soon!” Celine said sternly.

Elizabeth nodded. “Got it, Grandma. I’ll do it after I finish my current work.”

“Good. We heard about the hospital incident. I support you,” Celine said.

Elizabeth was touched. “Thank you, Grandma.”

“Grandpa, rest well. I’m off to work,” Elizabeth said to Grant.

Grant nodded.

At the hospital locker room, Elizabeth had just put on her white coat when she saw Esme.

“Ms. Russell, feeling better?” Elizabeth asked.

Esme looked up. “Ms. Percy, you’re quite famous lately.”

“Not really,” Elizabeth replied.

“You and Mr. Stewart make quite a pair,” Esme added.

Elizabeth smirked. “Should I hurry up and divorce Alexander to make room for you?”

“You’d better!” Esme said through gritted teeth.

Elizabeth snorted and ignored her. They walked out of the locker room together. Esme mocked, “Elizabeth, you’re still married. Staying out all night with another man doesn’t look good for Alexander.”

“Mind your own business,” Elizabeth said, walking ahead.

Esme stopped, her face darkening. “Who wants to meddle in her affairs? I’m just thinking of Alexander. If people know his wife was out all night with another man, how embarrassed will he be?”

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Amanda called out, “Elizabeth, clinic duty today.”

Esme walked up and asked, “Ms. Carter, can I join clinic duty today?”

Amanda was surprised and thought, 'She wants to go too? She usually avoids it.'

"Sure, you two can go together," Amanda said, not really caring.

Elizabeth whispered to Esme, "Why are you like a leech? I can't shake you off."

"Can't shake me off? I was here in cardiology first!" Esme shot back.

"Esme, keep a low profile. Don't forget whose spot you took to get into med school. If I'm not happy, I can easily ruin your degree," Elizabeth threatened.

Esme was stunned, then gritted her teeth. "Elizabeth! Are you threatening me?"

"You got it? I thought you were too dumb to understand," Elizabeth smiled sweetly.

Esme's face turned red with anger. "Elizabeth!"

Amanda glared at them. "What are you arguing about? Are you going or not?"

They instantly fell silent.

Mark walked up behind them and glanced over.

"Mr. Fisher," Elizabeth greeted.

Mark just raised an eyebrow and went into the office.

Esme rolled her eyes as she watched him leave. Mark always acted like he was so superior.

At noon, Elizabeth bought some things to visit Bryan. As she opened the hospital room door, Bryan closed his file and smiled. "Elizabeth."

"Uncle Bryan, how are you today?" she asked.

"Much better, but my body is getting weaker. I'm getting old," he said helplessly.

Elizabeth thought of what Joseph had said last night and felt sad. Joseph had said Bryan was his only family.

Elizabeth came to the bedside. “Uncle Bryan, shall I check you over?”

“Sure,” Bryan agreed.

Elizabeth sat down and began examining him. Bryan scrutinized her. Everyone said Elizabeth was useless, but he didn’t see it. Rumors could be harmful.

Elizabeth frowned. “Your body is still very weak. You need some medicine. How about I prescribe some?” she asked.

Bryan was surprised. “You can treat this?”

Elizabeth nodded. “I learned from my grandmother. If you’re not afraid of my lack of expertise, I can help,” she said gently.

“Okay. Thank you, Elizabeth,” Bryan admired her even more. He thought how impressive the Percy family was to have raised such an outstanding Elizabeth. If Joseph could marry someone like her, he could die in peace.

“Uncle Bryan, I spoke with your doctor. You need to stay in the hospital a few more days. I know Joseph is busy, so here’s my contact info. If you need anything and can’t reach Joseph, call me. I work on this floor. If I’m not in surgery, I’ll come right away,” Elizabeth said, leaving her number.

Bryan was deeply moved and thanked her repeatedly. Elizabeth shook her head, indicating he was being too polite.

After a few more pleasantries, Elizabeth left.

Bryan couldn’t help but text Joseph: [Elizabeth is really great, so you need to work hard!]

## Chapter 203

Elizabeth went downstairs to fetch something. Passing the emergency room, she saw people rushing in with prison guards and police officers. Curious, she followed and overheard a guard telling the doctors, “This is a high-profile prisoner. You have to save him. He’s a suspect in the Alexander kidnapping case.” The guard then made a call, saying, “Yes, it’s 2823, the main suspect...”

Elizabeth watched the guard, then walked into the emergency room. She saw a man, pale, foaming at the mouth, his eyes rolling back. Was he poisoned? How

does someone get poisoned in prison?, she wondered, raising an eyebrow. Could Alexander be behind this? She remembered when this man tied stones to her and threw her into the sea. Shivering, she touched her back, feeling the old wounds ache like ants biting her.

Elizabeth left the emergency room and looked at the overcast sky, predicting rain. Rubbing her shoulder, she was heading to the inpatient department when she saw Esme hurrying away.

Later that evening, Elizabeth rubbed her wrist. Sunny greeted her, “Dr. Percy, off work? See you tomorrow.” Elizabeth nodded. As she left the inpatient department, she saw Alexander getting out of a car. He was driving a black car, wearing a white shirt and black tie, holding a phone between his ear and shoulder while grabbing a bouquet of flowers from the car. He closed the door, hung up the phone, and pocketed it. When he looked up, his eyes met Elizabeth’s calm, indifferent gaze.

Elizabeth’s hair was casually tied up, and she wore a plain white dress, looking very different from the Elizabeth he once knew.

“Alexander!” Esme’s voice called from behind. Alexander’s gaze shifted to Esme, who looked charming and spirited, contrasting sharply with Elizabeth. Elizabeth turned and saw Esme running towards Alexander, about to hug him. Alexander gently held her shoulder and handed her the flowers.

Esme paused, giving him a wistful look. Was he avoiding her hug because Elizabeth was there? Esme had just been discharged and returned to work, asking Alexander to pick her up. Determined, she hugged him over the flowers, “Wow, tulips, so beautiful! Alexander, thank you, I love them.”

Alexander’s expression darkened, his gaze drifting back to Elizabeth. Elizabeth watched quietly, her eyes indifferent, showing no emotion. The old Elizabeth would have caused a scene, cried, and questioned Alexander. But now, her heart felt dead, incapable of feeling anything.

Suddenly, a car horn honked. They turned to see Joseph getting out of the car, walking towards Elizabeth, and apologetically asking, “Am I late?”

Alexander frowned. Joseph again!

“Mr. Stewart, are you here to pick up Elizabeth?” Esme asked first.

Joseph nodded. Esme glanced at Alexander, noticing his unusual expression, and deliberately asked, “Alexander, did you see the news this morning? Don’t you think Elizabeth and Mr. Stewart make a good match?”

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Alexander chuckled, his eyes hostile as he glanced at Joseph. “A good match? I don’t think so.”

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and clung to Joseph’s arm. “Mr. Tudor, take another look.”

Alexander squinted. “What’s Elizabeth up to? Testing my patience?”

“What’s *not* a good match?” Elizabeth leaned closer to Joseph, becoming more affectionate. Alexander’s brow furrowed deeper. Esme sensed his displeasure and gently held his hand. Alexander’s gaze stayed on Elizabeth, looking menacing. Elizabeth remained indifferent, her expression growing colder with a hint of provocation.

Alexander suddenly raised an eyebrow and smiled calmly. “Ms. Percy, as long as you like it, who cares what others think?”

Elizabeth nodded. “Mr. Tudor, that’s spot on.” She turned to Joseph with sparkling eyes. “Joseph, I know a great restaurant. Shall we go?” Her sweet demeanor seemed genuine, just like when she looked at Alexander before, which only irritated him more.

“Sure,” Joseph nodded and got into the car with Elizabeth. Joseph closed the car door for her, then looked at Alexander and Esme. “Do as you like. We’re off.”

Alexander clenched his fists, watching the car drive away. Damn it!

“Alexander,” Esme called softly. “I’ve booked a restaurant. Let’s go.” He sounded irritable as he got into the car.

Esme felt increasingly dissatisfied. Wasn’t it clear Alexander still cared about Elizabeth?

“My father said you visited him today,” Joseph chatted with Elizabeth. Elizabeth was browsing entertainment news; their popularity was still high.

“Yeah, just went to see him,” Elizabeth replied.

Joseph smiled. “He has a very good impression of you.”

“Like him, too. Both you and your father are gentle and elegant. I really like emotionally stable men,” Elizabeth smiled, putting down her phone.

“Ideally, there shouldn’t be any unexpected events, right?” Elizabeth suddenly felt uneasy. No matter who she had dinner with, something unexpected always happened.

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“Shouldn’t be,” Joseph put his phone on silent mode.

Elizabeth nodded, relieved.

They arrived at a new private restaurant in the city center, on the 39th floor. It felt cozy and had only two uniquely designed private rooms. The waiter began serving dishes as they entered. Elizabeth’s seat faced the door. Two people entered another private room.

“Is it fully booked today?” Joseph asked.

The waiter nodded. “Yes, Mr. Stewart.” She glanced at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth noticed and looked outside again.

“Mr. Stewart, Ms. Percy, all your dishes are served. Enjoy your meal.” The waiter closed the door.

“Let’s dig in,” Elizabeth smiled.

“Please, go ahead,” Joseph gestured.

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## Chapter 205

The food at this restaurant was good, but the prices were a bit steep. At least the place looked nice, and the service was solid.

After eating, Elizabeth went to the restroom to touch up her makeup. She stood in front of the mirror, about to wash her hands, when she noticed a man leaning against the wall. Elizabeth squinted, thinking she was seeing things.

“Lisbon is really small,” she sighed. Why do I keep running into people I don’t want to see? she thought.

Alexander let out a cold laugh and walked over to wash his hands next to her. Elizabeth grabbed two tissues to dry her fingers, which were beautifully pink. Alexander looked away, his voice low. “Elizabeth, enough is enough.”

“What do you mean, Mr. Tudor?” Elizabeth tilted her head.

Alexander met her almond-shaped eyes. Under the dim, warm light, her face looked stunning. Those eyes had an indescribable allure.

“You know what I mean.” Alexander was losing patience. This drama with Joseph was too much!

“I’m not smart, so I don’t understand,” Elizabeth said, looking away and continuing to dry her hands.

Alexander grunted and asked, “Elizabeth, do you think this will get my attention?”

“I’m not trying to get your attention, Mr. Tudor. Don’t overthink it,” Elizabeth replied casually.

As soon as she finished speaking, Alexander grabbed her wrist, pushing her back and pinning her against the wall in one swift motion. “Alexander, let go of me.” Elizabeth’s voice was clear and cold.

“Elizabeth, stop testing my limits.” Alexander frowned, his fingers pinching her chin, his tone threatening.

Elizabeth looked up, meeting his deep eyes, and smiled. “Are you angry? What are you angry about?” she asked, puzzled. Is he mad that I’m getting close to Joseph? Or is he upset that I was out with Joseph at the fountain square last night, making him “Jose-face”? she wondered.

Alexander was taken aback by her question. “Yeah. What am I angry *about*?”



“Don’t you dislike me pestering you? Fine, now I like someone else. Didn’t you want a divorce? I agreed. So, Mr. Tudor, what else are you dissatisfied with?” Elizabeth glared at him, her eyebrows raised.

“Elizabeth,” he called her softly, his expression complex, filled with indescribable anger.

## Chapter 205

“I’m doing what you wanted. I’m letting you be free to like someone else, and yet you’re...” She removed Alexander’s hand, her tone sarcastic. “Alexander, you’re really hard to deal with.”

Alexander’s throat tightened, and he glared at Elizabeth’s disdainful face, feeling as if his heart was being torn apart.

“Mr. Tudor, are you done? Joseph is still waiting for me. If I don’t go back, he’ll get anxious,” Elizabeth said. Not to mention, Esme would probably get anxious too.

Elizabeth stared into his eyes, slowly removing his hand from her waist. Just as her hand was about to drop, Alexander grabbed it again. He suddenly pushed her against the wall, and a fierce kiss was about to land. Elizabeth instinctively turned her head, dodging it.

A flash of anger crossed Alexander’s eyes, his voice trembling with fury, “Elizabeth, how dare you dodge?”

Thinking of Elizabeth’s closeness with Joseph, Alexander’s anger surged. His palm wrapped around her waist, his voice low. “Joseph can touch you, but I can’t?”

“Alexander, show me some respect!” Elizabeth retorted through gritted teeth.

Alexander frowned, pressing closer, his whole body exuding a sense of oppression. “Are you going to hit me again?”

“Do you think I don’t dare?” Elizabeth countered.

Alexander let out a cold laugh, inexplicably carrying a hint of obsession, his voice calm, “Elizabeth, go ahead and try.”

Elizabeth's hand, hanging by her side, slowly clenched. She looked at Alexander, raising her hand, about to strike!

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Alexander grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, spun her around, and shoved her against the wall. The butterfly tattoo on Elizabeth's back immediately caught his eye. Alexander's brow twitched, and a blurry image of a girl's face flashed in his mind. His breathing grew heavier.

Pressed against the wall, Elizabeth turned her head and glared at him, struggling as she cursed, "Let go!"

Alexander stared at the tattoo, his throat tightening. He pressed harder and asked, "How did you get this scar?"

Elizabeth snapped, "Let go, or I'll..." he demanded.

Alexander looked at her, his thick eyelashes casting shadows in the dim restroom light. "Answer me!" he demanded.

Elizabeth turned her head away, feeling humiliated. Alexander felt uneasy. He couldn't shake the feeling that Elizabeth's *scar* was significant. He thought, *Could there really be two women with the same scar?* Elizabeth said she got it from falling on a vase as a child. I remember in high school, she loved wearing pretty dresses and had no scars. The man in prison said the person who saved me was Esme. But Elizabeth never showed up when I was in the hospital. She loved me so much, how could she not appear when I was injured? So, how did she get this scar? If she saved me, why wouldn't she say so?

"Elizabeth, be honest. This scar, did you save..."

Alexander's words were cut off. Someone outside the door called, "Alexander." Both turned their heads.

Esme looked uncomfortable, biting her lower lip. "What are you two doing?"

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat. What is Alexander about to ask?

“Alexander, is this why you brought me here?” Esme’s eyes trembled, her voice full of grievance. “Because Elizabeth and Mr. Stewart are here?”

Alexander frowned and unconsciously released Elizabeth. Elizabeth looked at Alexander, whose eyes were filled with complex emotions. He slowly said, “It was a coincidence.”

Elizabeth rubbed her wrist, hurt by his grip. Esme’s tears began to fall. “Alexander, what have I done wrong?” She had been outside the whole time and heard their conversation. It turned out that Alexander never fully believed she was the one who saved him.

Esme felt truly aggrieved. Aside from taking credit for saving Alexander, she had been sincere with him.

“Alexander, I...” Esme’s words were cut off as she suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed. Alexander immediately rushed forward. “Esme!”

Elizabeth watched as he picked up Esme and hurried out. She quietly followed, watching them enter the elevator. Alexander looked up and met Elizabeth’s indifferent gaze from outside the elevator. He seemed to have something to say. Elizabeth smiled slightly, her expression stiff. As the elevator doors closed, she lowered her head, let out a bitter laugh, and shook her head.

“When did Esme’s health become so frail?”

Elizabeth looked up and met his eyes. Joseph’s voice suddenly came from beside her. He was holding her bag and raised an eyebrow. Elizabeth seriously considered his question. It seemed that ever since Alexander was kidnapped, Esme had been frequently ill.

“Let’s go,” Joseph said.

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Elizabeth made a noise in response. They stood silently by the elevator. Joseph glanced at Elizabeth’s shoulder and neck. “How’d you get that injury?”

Elizabeth hesitated. Did he overhear her chat with Alexander?

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to eavesdrop. I saw Esme at the door and got curious,” Joseph explained.

Elizabeth shook her head.

“When I was a kid, I fell off the balcony and landed on a vase. It cut me,” she said casually.

Joseph looked into her eyes. “Really?”

“Of course, I never lie,” Elizabeth said seriously.

Joseph chuckled. Elizabeth coughed lightly, feeling a bit guilty.

“Never lie,” he repeated, amused.

Elizabeth had often said she loved him, playing along in front of Alexander. The prettier the woman, the easier she lied without a blush or a pause.

The next day, Elizabeth was having breakfast on her way to the hospital. The gossip about her and Joseph had vanished from the news. Someone must’ve cleaned it up. Passing the emergency room, she saw Alexander.

At the office door, she noticed many colleagues standing around. They seemed to be waiting for something.

“Why isn’t anyone going in?” Elizabeth asked, puzzled.

“You’re finally here,” Laura pointed inside. “Someone’s here to see you.”

Elizabeth, confused, pushed open the door and saw Elara and Lily on the sofa, with Amanda nearby. Elizabeth frowned and texted Alexander: [Your mom and grandma are in my office. Can you come over?]

Amanda stood up when she saw Elizabeth. “Dr. Percy, someone’s here to see you.”

“Grandma, Mom,” Elizabeth said helplessly. Why did they come to the hospital?

Amanda left, giving them space. Mark glanced inside and snorted, “They really make an entrance. This is a hospital, not their home! Can’t they talk outside?”

Amanda glared at Mark. “Why are you complaining? Don’t you have work to do? Do you need the office urgently?”

## Chapter 207

“Everyone, get back to work!” Amanda ordered.

Laura led the way back to work. Mark was indignant. Amanda reminded him, “Mr. Fisher, don’t always be so hostile towards wealthy people.”

Inside the office, Lily said, holding Elizabeth’s hand apologetically, “Elizabeth, I had no choice but to come here with Elara to see you.”

Elizabeth shook her head. “It’s okay, Grandma.”

“Elizabeth, you told me on the phone that you fell in love with Joseph. I don’t believe it,” Lily said firmly. Elizabeth lowered her eyes as Lily continued, “I’m right here. Look into my eyes and tell me that you don’t love Alexander anymore, and you fell in love with Joseph.”

Her mouth could lie, but her eyes couldn’t. Lily didn’t believe Elizabeth didn’t love Alexander anymore.

Elizabeth raised her eyes, meeting the intense gaze of Elara. “Grandma, I really don’t love Alexander anymore,” she said sincerely, looking into Lily’s eyes.

The office door handle moved, and the door opened. Alexander stood there, looking at Elizabeth calmly. He had heard her say, “I really don’t love Alexander anymore.”

## Chapter 208

“Alexander, what are you doing here?” Lily was shocked to see him. She’d been scheming with Elara, so who tipped him off?

“Grandma, I called him,” Elizabeth said.

Outside, a crowd was peeking in, curious about what was happening—that even Alexander had to show up? When Alexander shut the door, the onlookers sighed. What was so important?

“Grandma, Mom, I’ll take you home,” Alexander said, trying to help Lily up.

Lily pushed him away, crossed her arms, and huffed, “I’m not going back!”

“This is a hospital, and Elizabeth is working. Grandma, please,” Alexander said quietly.

Lily gave him a pitiful look. “If you could handle your own issues, would I need to be here?”

“Exactly,” Elara agreed, sounding annoyed.

Alexander sighed. “Mom, Grandma’s being unreasonable, and you’re joining in?”

“We’re handling serious matters!” Elara shot back. Elizabeth looked at them, feeling a headache coming on.

Alexander turned to her. “Since they’re both here, let’s just lay it all out,” Elizabeth suggested.

Alexander frowned. He really needed to talk to his family.

“How about the café across the street?” Elizabeth proposed. This was a hospital, full of people and gossip. Rumors wouldn’t help.

“Okay,” Lily agreed right away, always siding with Elizabeth.

Alexander glanced at Lily, feeling helpless. He offered to take them home, but Lily refused. Elizabeth suggested the café, and Lily agreed instantly. He couldn’t tell if Lily was his grandmother or Elizabeth’s.

Alexander opened the door, startling the eavesdroppers. They quickly backed off and pretended to work. People in the hallway stared, their curiosity obvious.

The four of them headed to the café, but rumors spread in the hospital:

“Did Elizabeth get caught cheating by the Tudor family? Alexander’s mom and grandma came to the hospital today!”

“I saw them. They cornered Elizabeth in her office! Then Alexander showed up.”

“Looks like Elizabeth and Alexander’s marriage is over!”

“I heard they went to the cafe to talk. I wonder what they’re discussing. I’m dying to know!”

“Better not be too curious.”

In the ward, Esme frowned as she overheard nurses gossiping. Lily and Elara came to find Elizabeth?

In the café’s private room, Elizabeth pulled out a chair for Lily, and they all sat down. Alexander sat across from Elizabeth, leaning back, legs crossed, arms folded, looking tense.

Lily held Elizabeth’s hand. “Elizabeth, I don’t want you and Alexander to divorce!”

Elizabeth and Alexander exchanged a look. She turned to Lily and said, “Grandma, my marriage with Alexander is over.”

“You still love him!” Lily insisted.

## Chapter 209

Elizabeth laughed. Lately, she’d heard a lot of people say she still loved Alexander. She looked at him and wondered if she really did. Maybe there was a bit of love left, but it was more out of stubbornness. She gazed at his handsome face, remembering when they first got married.

Lila had asked her, “Elizabeth, do you love him that much? Even if he treats you coldly after marriage, you still want to marry him?” Back then, she had answered confidently, “I love him. I’ll only love him in this lifetime.” But now, she couldn’t say it with the same conviction.

Elizabeth smiled. This time, she wanted to keep her dignity around Alexander. Alexander felt a pang of irritation as she looked at him. Her smile felt like a knife, cutting into his heart.

Elizabeth softly said, “Grandma, I really don’t love him anymore.” Hearing this, Alexander’s heart clenched. Even though she’d said it many times, seeing her smile while saying it still hurt. He thought back to their college days when she had smiled the same way and said, “Alexander, I have a secret to tell you.” A secret everyone knew. For the first time, she had leaned close and whispered, ‘Alexander, I love you.’

Alexander's hand clenched into a fist. He couldn't bear to reminisce and lowered his head. Seeing him lower his head, Elizabeth's smile grew gentler. She said, "I've kept Alexander by my side for so many years. It's been hard on him. Let's set him free." Setting him free also meant setting herself free.

Elizabeth took a sip of coffee. She thought, Perhaps it was because today's coffee is so bitter and cold that my heart ached. Must be the staff's bad mood, adding too much coffee powder and ice.

Elara looked at Elizabeth, her eyes reddening. "Elizabeth." Elizabeth had suffered so much after marrying into the Tudor family. Alexander slowly raised his head and looked at her. His lips moved as if to say something, but then he heard her say, "Mr. Tudor, I agree to the divorce." It was something Alexander had decided on the day he married her three years ago. Elizabeth had agreed too late. Alexander's brow twitched, and his breathing became heavy.

## Chapter 209

Lily held Elizabeth's hand. "Elizabeth, I don't agree!" Elizabeth shook her head. She didn't want to continue anymore. She frowned and pleaded, "Grandma, please." Alexander's gaze was fixed on Elizabeth. She was even begging Lily to divorce him.

"I'm used to having you around. Now you want to divorce Alexander, what am I supposed to do?" Lily turned her head and wiped her tears. "Grandma, we can still get along! Besides, after I leave, there will be others." Elizabeth smiled at Alexander, "Mr. Tudor, I sincerely wish you and Ms. Russell an early marriage."

Alexander's hand, holding the coffee, paused. His eyelashes lifted slightly, and the next second, the coffee cup was on the table. His movements were abrupt, causing the coffee to spill. He picked up his suit jacket and strode out. "Alexander!" Lily called after him.

"I'm going out to take a call. You all talk. Whatever she wants to do, let her." His voice was muffled. Lily immediately asked, "What if Elizabeth doesn't want a divorce?" Alexander's footsteps halted.

## Unrepairable Love Chapter 210



Alexander frowned, his look at Elizabeth growing more complicated. Elizabeth knew Lily's words had put him in a tough spot. She worried Alexander might think she was trying to manipulate him.

"I won't ask for that, don't worry," Elizabeth said with a gentle smile. But her straightforwardness only annoyed Alexander more. He slammed the door shut. Elizabeth's smile faded as she looked down.

Lily sighed. "Elizabeth, can't you see he hesitated? That means he doesn't really..."

"Grandma, do you have anything else to say?" Elizabeth cut her off. She didn't want to hear Lily say Alexander didn't want a divorce. Since marrying Alexander, Lily had always said, "He'll fall in love with you, just give it time!" Elizabeth believed it for a long time and put in a lot of effort, but she wasn't willing to believe it anymore.

Lily looked helplessly at Elara, hoping she'd say something. Elara knew if Lily's words didn't work, hers wouldn't either.

After a long silence, the room was so quiet they could hear their breathing. Someone sighed, someone breathed lightly, and someone finally spoke, "Get a divorce."

Elizabeth and Lily looked at Elara.

"You say you've kept Alexander tied down for years, but really, we've kept *you* tied down," Elara said. When Alexander didn't want to marry Elizabeth, she and Lily had forced him. Elizabeth's situation was their fault. Elizabeth was wonderful, and losing her was the Tudor family's loss.

"Get a divorce," Elara repeated, shaking her head. Only Lily was still reluctant.

Elizabeth nodded. "Mom, thank you and Grandma for understanding. I'll head back to work now."

Elara didn't stop her. Elizabeth glanced at Lily one more time before leaving. Closing the door, Elizabeth took a deep breath, feeling lighter as if shedding years of burdens.

Chapter 210

At the end of the corridor, Alexander stood smoking. Occasionally, a ray of light would shine in. Elizabeth squinted at him from a distance, trying to reach out and grab. However, the light disappeared, his silhouette became lonely and dark, and Elizabeth's palm couldn't hold onto his figure. She had never been able to hold onto Alexander, not now, and not in the future.

Perhaps because Elizabeth's gaze was too intense, Alexander suddenly turned around. He met Elizabeth's beautiful almond eyes and frowned. Elizabeth walked towards him. He was surrounded by smoke, with half a cigarette left in his hand. There were two cigarette butts in the ashtray beside him. He instinctively moved to put out the cigarette in the ashtray.

"No need to rush to put it out," Elizabeth said.

Alexander paused.

"I know you've never loved me. You were nice to me in high school because I was too arrogant and you didn't want trouble. You were nice to me in college because I was Esme's good friend. You married me because your grandma and mom used Esme to threaten you." Elizabeth looked into his eyes, her voice soft and light, as if reminiscing about the past years. "I actually knew everything, but I was selfish. I just wanted to try to make you fall in love with me, so I stubbornly married you."

Elizabeth smiled bitterly and looked up at Alexander again. His expression was heavy, and the hand holding the cigarette tightened.