

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love Chapter 211

Elizabeth couldn't stand the smell of smoke; it clung to her. She wasn't just talking about the smoke, though. It was her former life, too. Elizabeth smiled softly. "Alexander, I'm sorry." She felt a weight lift off her shoulders.

Alexander looked down, his throat tightening. He put out his cigarette. "What I said earlier, I'll say again." He furrowed his brows, his eyes showing a patience and seriousness he'd never had before. "Whatever you want to do, I'll go along with it."

Elizabeth nodded firmly. "Yes, let's get a divorce."

Alexander pressed the cigarette butt harder, then nodded. "Alright."

"When?" he asked.

"Today won't work. I have surgery with Ms. Carter this afternoon. How about tomorrow morning?" Elizabeth asked gently.

Alexander looked into her almond eyes, feeling a tug at his heart. "Okay."

"I have one more request," Elizabeth said.

He nodded, listening intently. "Go ahead."

"Can you pick me up tomorrow morning?" Elizabeth asked, hands behind her back, testing the waters.

He frowned, not quite getting it.

"I don't mean anything else. Don't worry about me clinging to you," Elizabeth explained. "When we got married, I asked you to pick me up, but you didn't. Now that we're getting divorced, you should be more proactive, right?"

Elizabeth raised her eyebrows, her tone light, like it was a little prank, a bit of revenge.

Alexander let out a cold laugh, thinking it was childish.

“Got it. Tomorrow morning at nine, I’ll pick you up,” he said.

“Earlier, at eight,” Elizabeth said.

“Don’t you like sleeping in?” Alexander asked.

“But tomorrow’s a workday.” They walked outside side-by-side, everything feeling natural.

“By the way, how do you know I like to sleep in?” Elizabeth squinted, pointing at him. “Mr. Tudor, have you been secretly paying attention to me?”

“Ms. Percy, you’re so dazzling. There’s no need to pay special attention,” he said lazily. “If you had a crush on me, just say it,” Elizabeth joked boldly.

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Alexander just smiled. They seemed like old friends, having a more relaxed conversation than they’d ever had before. At the café entrance, they went their separate ways.

Elizabeth headed to the hospital. Alexander stopped by his car but turned his head. Elizabeth’s departing figure was resolute.

On her way to the hospital, Elizabeth texted Lila: [This time I’m really going to divorce Alexander!]

Lila: [You’ve tried several times but never succeeded. Will it work tomorrow?]

Elizabeth: [Even if God himself comes, this divorce is happening.]

Lila: Ms. Percy, you really have let go.

Elizabeth: [I won’t spend my life unconditionally pleasing him.]

Lila: [Well done! I’ll treat you to a drink when I get back from shooting the commercial.]

Elizabeth turned off her phone and returned to the hospital. Alexander watched her go. He opened the car drawer and took out a driving license. He looked at Elizabeth’s departing figure, then at the license in his hand.

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Elizabeth came home with a bunch of snacks one night. Declan, sipping tea, watched her munching on chips in her pajamas. He was a bit surprised; it was rare to see her so relaxed.

“What’s up?” Declan squinted. “Got some good news?”

Elizabeth wanted to tell him she was divorcing Alexander tomorrow, but decided to wait until it was official. She didn’t want to get everyone’s hopes up again. She had never been this eager to get divorced. It felt almost crazy.

“Nothing much,” she said, sitting down and continuing to eat her chips. “Just learned some new surgery skills with Ms. Carter today. Feeling pretty good.”

Declan squinted, clicked his tongue, and ignored her. Elizabeth couldn’t hide her happiness and smiled.

After finishing her snacks, she went upstairs to shower. Before bed, she realized she hadn’t seen her driving license in a while. She last used it when she tried to file for divorce but hadn’t needed it since. She opened a drawer full of documents but couldn’t find it. Puzzled, she squatted down, thinking hard. Where did she put it? The more she thought about it, the more confused she got. She decided to sleep on it, hoping it might turn up if she stopped looking.

The next morning, her alarm woke her up. After getting ready, she resumed searching for her driving license. As eight o’clock approached, she started to panic. It seemed to be missing.

Rose came upstairs to call her for breakfast and was stunned by the mess in the room.

“Mom, help me,” Elizabeth pleaded. “Have you seen my driving license?”

Rose shook her head. “No, I haven’t!”

Elizabeth bit her lip, frustrated. “Where did it go?” Rose leaned on the sofa, watching her daughter search frantically.

“Mom, don’t just watch, help me look,” Elizabeth said, exasperated.

“Why do you need it? If it’s not urgent, just get a replacement. Stop stressing,” Rose replied, not moving.

“I need it to file for divorce,” Elizabeth said, sitting on the bed, looking vacant.

Rose’s eyes lit up. “I’ll help you look!”

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Elizabeth wondered if she should tell Declan and Grant. It might be faster if everyone helped. Her phone rang. It was Alexander.

Alexander: [I’m at the door.]

Elizabeth: [Hold on, I’m looking for my driving license.]

Alexander: [Did you lose it?]

Elizabeth: [Not sure yet.]

Alexander: [Okay, no rush.]

She sighed. If she didn’t file for divorce today, Lila would laugh at her.

After more than ten minutes, Elizabeth and Rose sat on the floor, defeated.

Rose suggested, “Maybe we really can’t find it. Why not just get a replacement? It’s only a day or two.”

Elizabeth noticed Alexander was unusually calm, not rushing her at all.

“I’m going to work first,” she said, grabbing her bag and leaving.

Rose continued searching for a while.

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Elizabeth stepped out and spotted Alexander’s Maybach. She hopped in. Alexander, in a suit and fancy watch, looked sharp and noble.

“Did you find it?” he asked.

Elizabeth turned to him. “Mr. Tudor, do you trust me?” she asked instead.

Alexander squinted, puzzled by the question.

“I didn’t mean to delay the divorce. I lost my driver’s license,” she said, raising her hand. “I swear, it’s really lost.”

Alexander looked at her apologetic face, feeling mixed emotions.

“Give me two days to get a new one. Then we can apply for the divorce,” she pleaded.

He paused, then said, “Alright.”

Elizabeth nodded, relieved. “OK.”

“Want me to drive you to work?” he offered.

She shook her head. “I drive myself.” She got out of the car.

Alexander watched her walk away and suddenly called out, “Elizabeth!”

“What is it?” she replied, her voice pleasant.

His heart tightened. She seemed more relaxed than yesterday. He gripped the steering wheel, his other hand in his pocket, clenching it.

“What is it, Mr. Tudor?” she asked again.

He shook his head. “Nothing, just let me know when you get your new license.”

“Alright,” she agreed.

After she left, Alexander pulled her lost license from his pocket, feeling something gnaw at him. Elizabeth drove off, and Alexander watched her car disappear. His throat tightened, and he whispered, “Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth got a new license.

On her way to the hospital, she wondered where she’d lost the old one but still had no idea. At the hospital, she saw the prison guard and police officer from before, escorting the man who had been foaming at the mouth into a car. He seemed resuscitated but was already being taken away after only two days.

Elizabeth shrugged and headed upstairs.

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“You guys know nothing, Ms. Russell is so delicate!”

“She’s really weak, just got out of the hospital and now she’s back in— ”

“Shut up! She’s not like what you’re saying!” Esme’s defender, Donna, spoke up.

Laura clicked her tongue. “Your master is back in the hospital, and you’d better go take care of her.”

Elizabeth entered her office, catching Laura arguing with Donna. Laura leaned over. “Dr. Percy, what did the Tudors want with you yesterday?”

“To discuss the divorce,” Elizabeth said bluntly.

Laura was shocked. “Are you really divorcing Alexander?”

“Yes,” Elizabeth nodded.

“Is it because of Joseph?” Laura asked quickly.

Amanda walked in, coughed, and signaled Laura to get back to work.

Elizabeth didn’t mind talking about it. “It’s not because of Joseph; my marriage with Alexander is just over.”

“That’s a shame,” Laura sighed.

Elizabeth smiled. “What’s there to be ashamed of? My next husband will be more obedient, more handsome, and richer—”

“Seriously, is there anyone more powerful than Alexander?” Laura asked.

Elizabeth picked up a medical record and nodded. “Yes, me.”

She was the Glory M.

Lila called. “So, did you apply for the divorce?”

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When Lila called, Elizabeth went quiet, and Lila instantly understood.

“Come on, admit it. You can’t let go, can you?” Lila pressed.

Elizabeth poured herself some water and sighed. “I can let go just fine. It’s my driver’s license that can’t.”

Lila was confused. “Your driver’s license?”

“Yeah, it went missing at the worst time. I need a new one before I can file for divorce,” Elizabeth said, taking a sip and staring out the window, looking worn out.

Lila sighed. “Your marriage was a mess from the start, and now even the divorce is a hassle.”

Elizabeth almost laughed. Why was getting a divorce so complicated? If it weren’t for today’s plans, she wouldn’t have even noticed her license was gone.

Lila switched topics. “Hey, I’m going to a party in a few days. Want to come?”

Elizabeth squinted. “What kind of party?”

“An entertainment industry bash. Big directors, stars, investors, and company owners. Even your uncle,” Lila said casually.

“We’ll see. I have surgery soon, so I’m not sure,” Elizabeth sighed.

“You’ll find time, I’ll fill you in on all the gossip! Anyway, I gotta get back to work.” Lila hung up.

Lila was always like that—quick to chat, quick to hang up. Elizabeth was used to it.

Suddenly, a man’s angry voice echoed near the nurse’s station: “Where’s Elizabeth? Get her out here! When did our family business become her concern? That bitch treated... consent... Did she get my permission? Get her out here!”

Elizabeth turned around, phone in hand, and saw Sunny rushing over. She grabbed Elizabeth and said, “Dr. Percy, Ms. Carter says you need to hide!”

“What’s going on?” Elizabeth asked as Sunny pushed her along.

“Linda’s husband is here, causing trouble!” Sunny said urgently.

Elizabeth stopped. “If I leave, what about you guys? That man was lunatic; no one could guarantee he wouldn’t hurt someone.”

“Don’t worry about us. Ms. Carter said to protect you first,” Sunny insisted.

Elizabeth frowned. “I don’t need protection. I’ll handle this.”

As they walked towards the nurse’s station, she called the police. “This is Evergreen Medical Center. There’s a disturbance in cardiology by a patient’s family member. I need to report it.” Her tone was sharp, her expression serious, and her presence commanding.

Sunny looked at Elizabeth, mouth slightly open, thinking Elizabeth’s presence was truly formidable.

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“Dr. Percy, be careful. He’s a madman,” Sunny warned.

Elizabeth nodded slightly. “Got it.”

The nurses’ station was crowded. Elizabeth hadn’t even squeezed in yet when she heard the man cursing. “I only want to see Elizabeth. Get her out here!”

“She treated your wife, and you should be thanking her! What’s wrong with you?” someone criticized.

He glared fiercely. “Did I ask her to treat my wife? Now that she’s treated her, what about the future? She still can’t have kids and will just be a vase at home, recovering! Who’s going to pay for decades of medical bills? If Linda dies, she dies. Who asked you to save her?” The man waved a knife around, pointing it everywhere. “Why don’t you save someone who needs saving?”

Elizabeth finally squeezed in after he finished speaking.

Amanda frowned when she saw Elizabeth. ‘Didn’t I tell her not to show up?’

The man's expression darkened as he scrutinized Elizabeth, as if judging her. He held a knife, wearing tattered clothes, and his shoes had holes in them. His beard was scruffy, and his skin was sunburned.

"This is a hospital. No disturbances allowed," Elizabeth said coldly.

"I don't care where this is. Discharge my wife right now!!" The man glared at Elizabeth, looking very fierce.

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"Drop the dagger," Elizabeth said, eyeing the weapon in his hand. The hospital was packed, and if anyone got hurt, it would be a mess.

"Discharge my wife!" the man yelled.

"Alright," Elizabeth agreed without a second thought.

Everyone was shocked. Did Elizabeth really just agree to discharge Linda?

"Sunny," Elizabeth called.

Sunny walked over. "Yes?"

"Handle Linda's discharge," Elizabeth instructed.

Sunny hesitated, unsure if she was serious.

"Do it," Elizabeth confirmed.

Sunny nodded. "Got it."

"Happy now? Can you drop the dagger?" Elizabeth asked.

The man squinted. "How do I know you're not bluffing?"

"Follow me," he demanded, pointing at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth smirked. This guy was paranoid. Poor Linda, stuck with him.

As Elizabeth moved to follow, Amanda called out, "Elizabeth."

“It’s fine,” Elizabeth reassured her. “Ms. Carter, get everyone to clear out. No need for anyone to get hurt.”

Elizabeth followed the man, who shoved her towards Linda’s room. Amanda quickly dispersed the crowd. Linda had her things packed. Seeing Elizabeth as a hostage, she teared up. “Terry Campbell, are you insane?”

“3, we’re leaving!” he barked.

“I’ll go with you, just let Dr. Percy go!” Linda pleaded.

Terry sneered. “She butted in and deserves it!”

“How is treating me butting in?” Linda shot back.

Terry was taken aback. “Linda, you dare talk back?”

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He raised the dagger, moving towards Linda. Elizabeth’s eyes narrowed. *Now!*

She grabbed Terry’s arm, smacked his wrist, and the dagger clattered to the floor. Terry bent to retrieve it, but Elizabeth kicked it out the door, grabbed his collar, and twisted his arm. Without hesitation, she flipped him over her shoulder, slamming him to the ground.

“I’ve seen jerks, but you’re something else,” Elizabeth spat. “You think your life matters more than Linda’s? She’s unlucky to be stuck with you!” She punched him forcefully in the face.

Terry’s eyes widened. “You dare to hit me!”

“I’d do worse,” Elizabeth said, punching him again. Terry’s head snapped to the side, a tooth loosened, and he cried out. Furious, he shoved Elizabeth away. She fell, and Terry scrambled for the dagger.

Linda screamed, “Dr. Percy!”

Elizabeth turned to see Terry, dagger in hand, ready to strike!

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Elizabeth dodged Terry’s knife with a quick roll.

“Stop dodging!” Terry yelled, veins popping on his forehead. Elizabeth wasn’t dumb; of course, she’d dodge.

Terry glared as Elizabeth stood up, a silver needle slipping into her fingers from her sleeve. Realizing he couldn’t get close, Terry turned to Linda. He grabbed her arm, pulling her in front of him, knife to her neck.

“Let us out, or I’ll kill her!” Terry shouted.

Elizabeth was shocked by Terry’s shamelessness. “Terry, she’s your wife. You’ve been together for years!” Elizabeth reminded him. But to Terry, Linda was just a tool for having kids. How sad.

“Stop talking and let us out,” Terry demanded. Elizabeth checked her watch. The police should be here by now.

“Dr. Percy, please let us go!” Linda cried. Elizabeth was a good person; Linda didn’t want her involved.

Elizabeth looked outside: Amanda and hospital security were there. The crowd had been evacuated. Sirens wailed faintly downstairs; the police had arrived.

Terry heard the noise and sensed trouble. “You called the cops?” he cursed. Did Terry expect Elizabeth to risk her life without calling the police?

“It wasn’t me,” Elizabeth said seriously. “You think I’ll believe you? You always meddle!” Terry pressed the knife closer to Linda’s neck.

“Let us go, or I’ll kill her!” Terry threatened. Elizabeth laughed. Did Terry think threatening her with Linda would work?

“Terry, Linda and I are just acquaintances. She’s your wife. Whether you kill her or not has nothing to do with me.” Elizabeth sighed, sitting casually on the bed. “This is a hospital. Go ahead and kill her; we’ll just resuscitate her.”

Terry was stunned; he didn’t expect that. Linda, crying, had blood seeping from her neck.

Frustrated, Terry cursed at Linda, “Diteli, sou? Even the doctor doesn’t care about you now!”

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Elizabeth squinted and shouted, "Terry, don't look down on women. Don't forget you were born from one."

"Nonsense!" Terry cursed. "Or were you born from a rock?" Elizabeth rolled her eyes.

The police arrived outside the door. Terry's face stiffened. Seeing the police, he finally felt scared.

Elizabeth noticed his panic and said softly, "If you let Linda go now, we can still talk this out."

The police moved closer, warning, "Drop the knife!" Terry glared at the police, then at Elizabeth. People closing in, Terry pushed Linda onto the bed and lunged at Elizabeth with the knife.

Linda, eyes wide, quickly got up and shielded Elizabeth. The knife plunged into Linda's stomach. Blood flowed, but Terry didn't hesitate as he pulled the knife out.

The police shouted, "Stop!" The next second, Terry was pinned to the ground.

"Let go of me!" Terry cursed. Elizabeth grabbed a bedsheet, pressing it against Linda's wound. "Linda, don't be afraid."

Linda clutched Elizabeth's sleeve, shaking her head. "Dr. Percy, with you here, I'm not afraid." All these years, she had been oppressed until she met Elizabeth at the hospital. Elizabeth was the only one who stood up for her.

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Elizabeth said Linda was independent. Even though she was Terry's wife, she was still her own person.

"Linda, I promise I'll cure you," Elizabeth said, looking at the doctor outside. "Ms. Carter, Linda's hurt."

"Dr. Percy, thank you. Even if I die, it's okay," Linda said softly.

Elizabeth's heart ached for her. Who wouldn't want to be elegant? Her life had made Linda a mess. Terry was taken away by the doctor; Elizabeth was still worried about Linda.

Elizabeth said Linda was usually cowardly, and she hated that. But when Terry charged at her, Linda, the so-called coward, stood in front of Elizabeth.

Watching Linda being taken away, Elizabeth's brow furrowed.

"Elizabeth, are you okay?" Amanda's voice broke through.

Elizabeth looked up, her eyes vacant. Amanda frowned and helped her up. "You must be scared. It's okay; the police took that lunatic away. Let me take you to..."

Elizabeth took a step, her legs giving way. She quickly steadied herself, took a deep breath, and composed herself. "I'm fine," she told Amanda.

Soon, the hospital incident spread through Lisbun. Declan heard Elizabeth had been stabbed and rushed to the hospital. "What happened? Who did it?" Declan cursed.

Celine was furious. "Get Nick over here!"

"Grandma," Elizabeth said helplessly, "It's just a small matter. It has nothing to do with Mr. York! I was helping a patient and got targeted by the family. Don't make a fuss." She made a quiet gesture.

"Elizabeth," Celine pointed at her, eyes full of reproach. "If something happened to you, I'd be a sinner!"

"Exactly, I said Elizabeth should inherit my company. You insisted on her becoming a doctor!" Declan added.

"I think she should just stay home with me!" Grant, massaging Elizabeth's palm, said.

Celine glared at Grant. "Stay home and be a bum with you? How old are you, and how old is Elizabeth?"

Amanda came in, and Elizabeth immediately asked, "How's Linda?"

"Unconscious, in critical condition," Amanda replied.

"Is she in danger?" Elizabeth frowned, worried.

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“It didn’t hit any vital parts, so she should be fine. You should rest,” Amanda reminded her.

Elizabeth nodded, feeling heavy-hearted. Her phone buzzed with news.

Netizen A: [The most beautiful doctor, Elizabeth! She’s amazing!] Netizen B: [That man is crazy. I saw him hit his wife at the clinic! He should be sentenced!] Netizen C: [I’m afraid it’s a family matter, and he’ll be released soon...] Netizen A: [Protect Dr. Percy!]

Elizabeth felt touched. People were still righteous. She felt what she did was right; otherwise, she’d doubt herself.

“I’m fine, don’t crowd around me,” Elizabeth said, pushing Declan. “Take Grandpa and Grandma home. Dad, you get busy too.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Declan asked, worried.

Elizabeth nodded. “Really, I’m fine. Besides, I’m in the hospital. What could happen?”

Declan thought for a moment, then took Celine and Grant away. The ward quieted down. Elizabeth rubbed her shoulder; it hurt. The wound on her shoulder and neck throbbed. She took a deep breath, remembering being thrown into the sea. She struggled but saw no light...

There was a knock on the ward door.

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Elizabeth looked up, one hand on her shoulder. Lily and Elara rushed in, worry etched on their faces.

“Elizabeth, what happened? We came as soon as we saw the news!” Lily said, scanning her up and down.

Elizabeth thought of her family arriving so quickly. Compared to Linda, she felt incredibly lucky.

“Grandma, I’m fine,” Elizabeth spread her arms, almost ready to jump out of bed.

“I saw the news saying you were held hostage, and it scared me to death!” Lily tapped her on the head.

Seeing Elizabeth was okay, Elara sighed in relief.

“Grandma, Mom, I’m sorry for making you worry,” Elizabeth said, looking pitiful.

Elara and Lily exchanged glances and burst into laughter. “At a time like this, and you’re still feeling sorry for yourself!”

“Isn’t it because you all spoil me so much?” Elizabeth hugged Lily, being as gentle as ever.

Lily stroked her hair, genuinely fond of her. But thinking about Elizabeth no longer being part of the Tudor family made her incredibly sad.

“Alexander said yesterday that you two went to file for divorce this morning,” Lily asked, quietly, not understanding why she hadn’t heard from the court.

Elizabeth paused and said awkwardly, “Grandma, I lost my driving license. It’ll take a few days.”

Hearing this, Lily’s eyes lit up.

“Great!” Lily couldn’t help but laugh.

Elizabeth squinted.

Lily cleared her throat and said seriously, “Elizabeth, you’re too careless!”

Elizabeth sighed. “Grandma, if you want to laugh, just laugh.” Didn’t she know what Lily was thinking? Lily didn’t want Elizabeth and Alexander to divorce; delaying it even a day was good.

Lily felt a bit embarrassed.

Elara pouted and said, “Elizabeth, you and Alexander have tried to file for divorce so many times without success. Don’t you think it’s a sign from God?”

“Is it because of you?” Elizabeth said bluntly, her gaze falling on...

The first time Elizabeth and Alexander tried to file for divorce, Lily suspected Nolan tattled. He went to the villa. Was that a coincidence? It must have been...

The second time they filed for divorce, although Grant was sick and hospitalized, the court was also delaying! Wasn't that Lily's doing too?

The third time, Elizabeth lost her driving license, and this was the only uncertain factor.

Lily touched her nose and cleared her throat to hide her embarrassment. She thought she had hidden these things well, but Elizabeth knew everything.

"Elizabeth," Elara suddenly sat down and smiled, "Do you want to eat ravioli? I'll make you some ravioli."

Elizabeth thought for a moment; it seemed it had been a long time since she had Elara's ravioli.

Elizabeth nodded.

"I'll bring it over tonight!" Elara said.

Elizabeth smiled. "Mom, thank you."

"You're welcome. We're family!" Elara pulled Lily. "Mom, let's go home and make ravioli for Elizabeth."

"Leaving already? I wanted to spend more time with Elizabeth!" Lily pouted like a child.

"We'll come back tonight!" Elara said.

Lily thought for a moment and had to nod. "Alright."

Elizabeth saw them off and breathed a sigh of relief. A text message came in on her phone.

Lila: [Elizabeth, are you okay?]

Felix: [Boss, I'll come by to see you later.]

Joseph: [In a meeting, I'll come by later.]

Elizabeth once again felt truly fortunate. She leaned against the headboard, her gaze drifting out the window.

Chapter 219

In the evening, Elizabeth planned to go home, but Nick showed up and insisted on a full-body checkup, making her stay in the hospital for two days. Luckily, Linda was out of danger. Elizabeth was bored out of her mind in the hospital. She felt fine but wasn't allowed to leave. She was under close watch.

A text from Elara popped up: [Elizabeth, the ravioli are on their way]. Thinking about Elara's ravioli, Elizabeth felt a bit better. She washed some fruit and poured two cups of coffee, waiting for Lily and Elara.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in!" Elizabeth called out. She turned around happily but froze when she saw Alexander. He walked in with a lunchbox, giving her a once-over with a complex expression. His intense gaze made Elizabeth a bit embarrassed.

"I thought it was Mom and Grandma," she said, biting her lip and fidgeting with her clothes.

"Mom had something to do, so she sent me," he replied, looking at her face again. Elara had called him home before he finished work, looking serious. "Alexander, Elizabeth is sick. This is your chance. Can you try to keep her here?" Elizabeth didn't seem to be in any trouble.

"Mom's not coming?" Elizabeth asked, disappointed.

"Are you very disappointed to see me?" Alexander asked, unable to help himself. Elizabeth fell silent, which said it all, making Alexander laugh. "You don't like me." Elizabeth stood there stiffly.

"Come over and sit down," Alexander instructed, pointing to the sofa. Elizabeth walked over. He sat across from her and opened the lunchbox, revealing steaming ravioli. He took out two sets of utensils. "I haven't you eaten?" Elizabeth asked.

"I was called home right after work," he said, scooping up a ravioli.

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Elizabeth nodded, holding a small bowl. The next second, a raviolo appeared in her bowl. She looked up to see Alexander scooping another one for himself.

“Mom said you should eat more; she thinks you’ve lost weight recently,” he said seriously. Elizabeth stared at the two ravioli in her bowl, feeling a mix of emotions.

“This is the first time you’ve ever shared food with me,” she said softly.

“Never shared before?” he asked, frowning.

“No,” she replied, even softer.

Alexander furrowed his brow, watching Elizabeth quietly eat with her head down, very composed. He suddenly remembered the last time Elizabeth had cooked for him, but he hadn’t had a chance to eat it before Esme called him away.

The atmosphere was quiet. He suddenly asked, “What’s in the ravioli?”

“Meat,” Elizabeth replied.

The room fell silent again. A few seconds later, Alexander’s pleasant voice reached her ears. “Next time you encounter an emotionally unstable patient, don’t...”

“I understand,” Elizabeth nodded.

Alexander furrowed his brow, looking at her intensely. He thought, *Does she know her responses always make it hard to continue the conversation?*

Elizabeth looked up. Why is Alexander staring at me?

Chapter 220

Alexander just stared at her without saying a word. Elizabeth felt uneasy under his gaze, so she looked down and ate her ravioli. After a bite, she glanced up and saw he was still staring.

“Can you get full just by looking at me? Eat your food and stop staring!” she said, quickly putting a raviolo in his bowl.

Alexander looked at the raviolo and frowned. Elizabeth suddenly remembered something and took it back out of his bowl. Alexander was puzzled. "What's she doing? Practicing with utensils?"

"Oh, forgot, you don't like it when others give you food," she mumbled, stuffing her mouth.

Alexander stayed silent, eventually sighing. "You never used to be so obedient," he said, sounding heavy-hearted.

"Because I used to be your wife, and a wife can do whatever she wants. I thought I was special to you," Elizabeth replied seriously.

Her words struck a chord with Alexander. "It's different now. After our divorce, we're strangers. Strangers should keep their distance," she said, propping her face on her hand and looking at him earnestly. Her almond-shaped eyes were bright and captivating.

Alexander made a sound but said nothing more. Elizabeth ate another raviolo and then put down her utensils. "I'm done."

"You only ate about six, and you're full?" he asked deeply.

"I can't eat anymore," she said.

Alexander raised an eyebrow. "You can't eat because I'm here?"

"What?" Elizabeth blinked, meeting his eyes. She laughed. "I was wondering why I had no appetite today, and now I know."

"Elizabeth!" Alexander shouted, gritting his teeth, his face dark with anger.

Elizabeth chuckled, got up to get a napkin, and playfully patted his arm. "Come on, it was just a joke. Don't be so petty."

Alexander froze, looking at her. Why did she pat me like a puppy?

"How's home?" Elizabeth suddenly asked. "Her health seems to be getting worse."

Mentioning Lane, Alexander's expression changed. "Star... he's fainted... boom... hypoglycemia..." she said.

Alexander glanced at her. “So what? Esme can’t have hypoglycemia.”

Seeing his look, Elizabeth lazily smiled. “I didn’t mean anything by it; no need to look at me like...”

Suddenly, thunder clapped outside. Elizabeth looked out the window and touched her shoulder. Alexander noticed and asked, “Does your wound hurt?”

Elizabeth turned her head. “No.”

“How did you get that wound, anyway?” he continued.

“I told you, I was a naughty kid and fell. Why do you keep asking? It’s annoying,” she said, losing patience and getting into bed.

Another clap of thunder, and Elizabeth burrowed into the blanket. “What are you doing?” Alexander asked.

Elizabeth looked up. “Are you full? If you are, you should leave. It’s going to rain.”

Alexander looked outside; raindrops were already falling on the window. He figured the rain would get heavier by the time he was halfway home. He suddenly took off his suit jacket and threw it on the sofa.

Elizabeth glanced at him, seeing his long fingers casually tugging at his tie before he sat down on the sofa. “I’m not leaving. I’m sleeping here tonight,” he said.

Elizabeth was stunned. Alexander crossed his arms and looked at her bewildered expression. “Is that not okay?”

“It doesn’t seem appropriate,” she said softly.