

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 221

“What’s inappropriate?” Alexander smirked.

“We’re getting a divorce. This is inappropriate,” Elizabeth said seriously.

“Inappropriate?” He squinted and walked over to her bed. Elizabeth felt uneasy. She shrank back as Alexander leaned in, hands on either side of her head. “You didn’t say that in the car.”

Elizabeth was confused. “Which day in the car? Did I forget something?”

“You were drunk at the bar, and on the way back, you were all over me. Ms. Percy, did you forget?” Alexander’s eyes narrowed seductively.

Elizabeth choked. “That night at the bar? Let me think! I was with Lil, met Kieran, then saw Alexander. And then?”

Alexander reminded her, “Ms. Percy, you were touching and kissing me. Seems you really forgot. But he couldn’t forget. Elizabeth had treated him like a gigolo!”

When had Alexander ever been treated like that by a woman? Wasn’t it an insult?

“Mr. Tudor, can we just forget about me being drunk? If I offended you, I really...” Elizabeth’s words were cut off.

A loud noise outside the window; lightning split the sky, lighting up everything for a moment. Elizabeth was startled, eyes tightly shut. Alexander saw her scared expression and frowned.

“The rain’s getting heavier,” Elizabeth said, trembling. “If you don’t leave now, you won’t be able to.”

Alexander looked at her, voice low, “I’m not leaving.”

Elizabeth slowly opened her eyes.

“Idiot,” Alexander muttered softly. Elizabeth was so stubborn. Even though she was scared, she still told him to leave. Alexander stood up, then went back to the sofa. Elizabeth watched him clean up the dishes. He lay down on the sofa, legs over the armrest.

“Won’t Esme look for you?” Elizabeth asked softly.

He checked his phone and said coldly, “Mind your own business.”

Elizabeth stayed quiet. Having someone here was kind of nice.

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Elizabeth wrapped herself in the blanket, her wounds stinging. She looked at the bright sky outside, then closed her eyes.

After the thunder passed, Elizabeth opened her eyes and sighed.

“Ms. Percy, aren’t you afraid of anything?” Alexander’s voice came from the other side.

Elizabeth retorted, “What do you think I am, a rock?”

Alexander chuckled, and the sound of typing on his phone followed. Elizabeth thought, Alexander must be messaging Esme. Would Esme tell him she’s scared too? If he asks him to stay, he’d leave me... Thinking this, Elizabeth felt a slight pain in her heart.

Even during the thunder, he coughed a few times. Elizabeth inexplicably felt at ease. The heavy rain lasted half the night, and Elizabeth slept restlessly. Late into the night, Alexander had just fallen asleep when he felt someone touching him.

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Alexander turned on his phone to light up the room and saw Elizabeth snuggled into his arms. “Elizabeth?” he called, but she didn’t respond. The sofa was tiny, and Alexander was already pressed against the backrest. When Elizabeth turned over, he instinctively pulled her closer to keep her from falling off.

Morning came. The rain had stopped, and the air in Lisbon was fresh. A nurse came in to draw blood, and I saw them cuddled on the sofa. Not wanting to disturb them, she quietly left the room. The door closed.

Elizabeth's eyebrows twitched as she slowly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was Alexander's face, startling her. She almost rolled off the sofa until she felt his arm tighten around her waist, pulling her back. Alexander opened his eyes, his voice husky. "What time is it?"

Elizabeth was confused. How did she end up here? Alexander looked at her and asked, "Elizabeth, do you sleepwalk?" Elizabeth was taken aback. "What? No, I don't sleepwalk."

"You crawled into my arms last night. If it wasn't sleepwalking, was it on purpose?" he asked, squinting. Elizabeth didn't know what to say. "I... I'm afraid of thunder; I usually run to my mom's room when it storms."

Alexander nodded. "So you admit you're afraid of thunder?" "Everyone has flaws; it's nothing to be ashamed of," she said, trying to get up. She realized Alexander's hand was still on her waist. "Let go," she said.

Alexander frowned. He wanted to let go, but his hand was numb from holding her all night. Elizabeth noticed and quietly removed his hand, sitting up. Seeing his stiff hand, she cleared her throat. "Wait a moment." She took out an acupuncture needle and inserted it into his finger. "Just a minute."

Alexander watched her, impressed. "You know medicine?" Elizabeth shrugged. "A little." "I always thought you..." he trailed off. Elizabeth smiled. "You thought I was useless, like the rumors?"

Alexander didn't deny it. Everyone said the Percy family were medical experts, except for Elizabeth. But after she saved Bryan at the banquet, his opinion had changed. Now, even more so. His hand was no longer stiff or numb. Elizabeth even knew acupuncture.

She came out after washing up, looking even more pure without makeup. "I learned it from my grandmother when I was little," she said with a slight smile. She opened the window, letting the fresh scent fill the room.

Chapter 223

Elizabeth closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I went to get my driving license yesterday. The staff said the expedited process takes three days.

Yesterday was day one, today is day two. If all goes well, I should have it by tomorrow,” she said, crossing her arms and leaning against the wall, watching Alexander tie his tie.

He glanced at her, then continued with his tie, seemingly indifferent. No denying it, Alexander was incredibly handsome, even groggy from just waking up. He pursed his lips and picked up his suit jacket. Elizabeth watched as his slender fingers slowly buttoned it up.

“Heading out,” he said.

Elizabeth watched his back as he left and sighed inwardly. *Esme is really lucky.*

At the door, he suddenly stopped and turned to her. Elizabeth looked back. Alexander smirked, raised an eyebrow, and casually said, “Ms. Percy, your waist is really flexible.”

Elizabeth was silent. She thought about how she had crawled into his arms in her sleep last night and felt ashamed. *I’m so spineless. It’s just a thunderstorm, what am I so afraid of? How embarrassing!* And then, last night he mentioned that I had gotten drunk before. What had happened after I got drunk? What have I forgotten? Why did Alexander seem so angry when he talked about that night?

Thinking about it made Elizabeth inexplicably annoyed.

Alexander went home to freshen up, but before he could head to the office, Elara blocked him at the door. “You didn’t come home last night?” Elara looked surprised. “Did you two sleep together?”

Alexander looked a bit helpless. “Mom, if you’re so free, how about I find you a job?” he asked.

Elara pouted, “I’m busy! I can’t figure out what’s going on between you and Elizabeth, so I’m always busy!” She pulled out an invitation and placed it on the coffee table. “I found this in the mailbox outside, so I brought it in for you.”

Alexander picked it up casually; it was an invitation to an entertainment industry gala three days later.

Elara sighed and nagged, “Alexander, you’re a grown man, and you still make me worry!”

Alexander put down the invitation and sat on the sofa. Wearing a luxury watch, he said calmly, “You do it because you want to.”

“If you could sort out your marriage, I wouldn’t have to...” Elara was exasperated, but Alexander interrupted her, “I know what I’m doing with my marriage. You don’t need to worry about it.”

Clara angrily said, “I can’t even figure it out when I try. If I don’t, who knows what mess you’ll make!”

Chapter 223

Alexander was silent. A few seconds later, he looked up at Elara. “I have to marry Esme. I owe her my life.”

“What life?” Elara asked, utterly confused.

Alexander’s phone rang. Nolan was calling. “Boss, come and take a look at the land near the airport.”

“Got it.” Alexander hung up and said to Elara, “I have to get to work.”

“Alexander,” Elara suddenly grabbed his arm, frowning. “You’re competing with the Stewart Group for that land near the airport. There’s a lot of talk...”

“False,” Alexander said sternly, cutting her off before she could finish.

Elara was a bit surprised. Did he know what she was going to ask? Seeing Elara’s hesitation, Alexander added, “It’s not to build a manor for Esme.”

Elara was even more puzzled. “Then what is it for?”

Alexander had to look at Elara. He suddenly smiled and leaned in slightly. “Mom, I’m a businessman. That land has great commercial value. Of course, making money. What’s wrong with you? Getting confused?”

Elara was stunned. “It’s for...m...off. Close the door for me!” Alexander walked out.

Elara suddenly seemed to have an epiphany and said, "I need to make soup for Elizabeth tonight. Make sure you take it to her later!"

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Chapter 224

"Ms. Carter, please let me go home. I'm really fine now!" Elizabeth begged Amanda, clutching her arm.

Amanda glanced at Elizabeth's medical report and sighed. "It's not up to me. Mr. York won't allow it. My hands are tied!"

Elizabeth slumped onto the bed, pouting. "I want to get back to work. I love my job, Ms. Carter. Can't you understand?"

Amanda chuckled. Elizabeth followed Amanda into the operating room every day, working tirelessly, yet still got criticized. Did she really love her job?

"Alright, I'll talk to Mr. York," Amanda said, patting Elizabeth's head.

Elizabeth instantly perked up. "Can I see Linda?" she asked.

Amanda nodded. "Sure."

Elizabeth quickly changed her shoes and followed Amanda to see Linda. Linda was still in critical condition in the ICU. Terry's stab wound was deep, and he had pulled the knife out after stabbing her. Elizabeth looked at the frail Linda and remembered how she shielded her from the knife. Despite being so thin and scared of Terry, Linda was brave when it mattered.

Elizabeth thought about how she had followed the kidnapper for Alexander. Actually, she was terrified of pain. She had been pampered by her parents and never faced hardship. But when she was stabbed and thrown into the sea, she didn't make a sound. All she could think about was Alexander being alive.

In Linda, Elizabeth saw herself. She had already lost, so she couldn't let Linda lose too. Elizabeth was determined to help Linda recover.

Chapter 224 (continued)

"Ms. Carter, I'll cover all of Linda's expenses," Elizabeth said.

Amanda nodded. "I know. We'll perform heart surgery once her condition stabilizes."

Just then, Elizabeth's phone rang. It was an unfamiliar number. Elizabeth answered, "Hello?"

"Ms. Percy, we're from the Lisbon Police Department," the voice said.

Elizabeth's expression changed.

Amanda was curious. "What happened?"

"The police said Terry is charged with intentional injury and might be sentenced," Elizabeth said, looking at Amanda.

"That's great. He deserves it. If Terry goes to prison, we can focus on treating Linda," Amanda said, smiling. "It's all fate's arrangement!"

Elizabeth and Amanda looked at Linda on the hospital bed. Amanda's words echoed in Elizabeth's mind. It was all fate's arrangement. Elizabeth thought about her attempts to divorce Alexander. Each time was harder than the last. Was their inability to divorce also fate's arrangement?

At that moment, Linda, who had been in a coma, moved her fingers. Amanda was surprised. "She's awake!"

Elizabeth stepped forward as Amanda went to call the doctor. Linda slowly opened her eyes. Her fingers moved again, and she smiled weakly at Elizabeth. Elizabeth smiled back. They had been through life and death together.

"Linda, rest well," Elizabeth said.

Linda nodded weakly, her eyes fixed on Elizabeth. To Linda, Elizabeth was her savior, the light in Linda's dark life, telling her to live strong.

Chapter 225

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Chapter 225

In the evening, Elizabeth was lying in bed playing a game when someone knocked on her hospital room door. She turned her head to see and froze for a moment before standing. “Joseph.”

Joseph was dressed in a black suit and gold-rimmed glasses, giving off a refined and scholarly vibe. He walked in with a bouquet of lilies and some food, joking, “Came to see the heroine.”

Elizabeth pouted. “What heroine? Someone else took the knife for me.”

“Disappointed you didn’t get stabbed?” He put down the food and handed her the flowers. “Lilies, very fresh.”

Elizabeth looked at the bouquet and felt emotional. She had never received flowers from Alexander. “Thanks,” she smiled. “I really like them.”

“I brought you some food. Hope you like it,” he said, pointing to the bedside table and sitting down.

“Mr. Stewart, anything you buy will suit my taste,” Elizabeth said, raising an eyebrow.

“Ms. Percy, your words are delightful,” he laughed, his eyes filled with... Elizabeth watched Joseph carefully; if she had to choose a future partner, maybe Joseph wouldn’t be a bad choice.

“Joseph,” she suddenly called out. He was opening the food and looked up. “What is it?”

Elizabeth hesitated. Joseph smiled. “Just say it. No need to beat around the bush.”

She nodded. “Would you mind that I’m divorced?”

Joseph didn’t expect that. He was about to answer when the door opened.

Alexander stood there, looking displeased as if he had heard something he didn’t want to. He walked in, bringing an inexplicable chill. Dressed in a black and gray casual outfit, he seemed more approachable without his suit. He was about to place a lunchbox on the bedside table when he saw Joseph’s flowers and stopped. He frowned.

Joseph stood up, locking eyes with Alexander. They stared at each other, neither backing down. After a moment, Alexander looked away and glanced at Elizabeth. “Ms. Percy, seems you already have company. The food my mom prepared is unnecessary.”

Elizabeth frowned, sensing sarcasm in his words. Alexander then looked at Joseph, sizing him up. “Mr. Stewart, do you really like my wife?”

Joseph laughed. “Mr. Tudur, who is your wife?”

“Are you playing dumb?” Alexander squinted, questioning.

“Didn’t you sign the divorce papers?” Joseph raised an eyebrow.

Chapter 225

Alexander sneered. “It’s just a piece of paper.”

Elizabeth looked at him. To Alexander, the divorce papers were just...

Joseph gave a cold smile, not responding to Alexander, and then... Joseph shook his head. “You’re being discharged tomorrow, right? I...”

Elizabeth wanted to say it wasn’t necessary, but before she could speak... as long as it’s you.”

Elizabeth froze.

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Joseph finished talking and shot a look at Alexander, who stared back expressionlessly. If looks could kill, Joseph thought he’d be a goner. Joseph smirked and left, feeling satisfied. As the door closed, Alexander’s fist clenched.

“Not leaving?” Elizabeth asked from beside him.

Alexander glanced at her and laughed. “Elizabeth, I brought you dinner. Haven’t even sat for five minutes, and you’re kicking me—” But she didn’t seem to mind Joseph leaving! Elizabeth’s mood swings were too quick!

Elizabeth checked her phone and mumbled, “It’s been more than five minutes.” Alexander went silent. He glared at her fiercely.

Elizabeth pouted. “Alright.” She pointed to the chair, softening her tone, “Mr. Tudor, please sit.” Alexander was fuming.

“Mom said I should watch you eat before I leave!” He opened the lunchbox on the bedside table. He eyed what Joseph had brought and said, “You’re in the hospital; you can’t eat this junk.”

“That’s not junk!” Elizabeth shot back. Alexander’s eyes narrowed at her, as if threatening her to dare defend Joseph again.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and gave a sheepish smile. “It’s Mr. Stewart’s kind gesture.”

“Kind gesture? More like ulterior motives!” Alexander said through gritted teeth.

“Is that normal? I’m about to get divorced, and I’m not allowed to have someone else interested in me?” Elizabeth reached for the utensils, but Alexander slapped her hand away. Elizabeth pulled back, confused. Alexander’s eyes were filled with unspoken resentment.

Elizabeth sighed and leaned back, not moving. “Elizabeth,” he warned, “until our divorce is official, keep your distance from Joseph.”

Elizabeth’s eyes widened. “Why?”

“It makes me feel awkward,” he said coldly.

Elizabeth frowned. “And you and Esme alone... I make *you* feel awkward?”

“When have you ever seen me act like that with Esme?” he shouted.

Elizabeth was taken aback. Act like what? He put down the utensils and leaned closer, his palm on the headboard, eyes full of sarcasm. “A man and a woman chasing each other around a fountain—you two were really sweet!”

Elizabeth fell silent. She explained, “That was just normal social interaction between friends. The atmosphere was right, so we...”

Alexander leaned in again, cutting her off. “You’re still making excuses?”

Elizabeth looked at his handsome face, then his eyes. “I’m not making excuses,” she answered seriously.

“Elizabeth,” he called her name, voice low and hoarse, filled with unspoken emotions. She looked into his eyes and calmly asked, “Do you care?”

Alexander paused. Elizabeth pursed her lips and asked again, “Do you care that I’m with Joseph?” His eyelashes visibly trembled. Elizabeth noticed.

She smiled and asked, “You’ve been acting very strange lately, do you know that?” Alexander seemed caught off guard, suddenly flustered, his gaze evasive.

Elizabeth grabbed his collar, making him look at her. When he looked up again, his eyes were deep, hard to read.

“Alexander,” she called his name seriously, her eyes hinting at sarcasm. She joked, “Have you fallen in love with me?”

Alexander was completely taken aback. He removed her hand, but she grabbed him again, insisting he look at her. “Answer my question!” Elizabeth demanded.

A complex expression grew on Alexander’s face. He looked at her, feeling as if part of his heart had been punched. Had he fallen in love with Elizabeth? He couldn’t even answer that himself.

Chapter 227

Alexander went quiet a few times. Elizabeth’s eyelashes fluttered. What started as a joke turned serious. The room was dead silent, their breaths loud. Elizabeth noticed Alexander’s breathing quicken before he pushed her away, panicked.

“Don’t get your hopes up,” he said. He’d never love Elizabeth. His cold response left her stunned. “Don’t get your hopes up,” she echoed. He’d told her that countless times.

Alexander straightened, adjusted his collar, and avoided her gaze, staring out the window instead. Elizabeth watched him for a bit, then smiled. “I was joking, but you seem mad.”

“Don’t make weird jokes. They’re not funny,” he said, frowning, sounding urgent.

Elizabeth pouted and sighed, “So harsh, Mr. Tudor.” Her tone had a hint of playfulness. Alexander glanced at her; it was rare to see her so relaxed. Their eyes met. Elizabeth’s eyelashes fluttered again.

Alexander pressed his lips together, speaking lightly. “If you don’t want me to be harsh, behave.”

Elizabeth propped her face with her hands, smiling. “Do you like obedient ones?”

“Definitely not someone like you,” he said through gritted teeth.

Elizabeth pouted, “Yeah, you like someone like Esme!” He looked at her, about to refute, but stayed silent, tacitly agreeing. Elizabeth chuckled and took a bite of her food. He had made beef, which tasted good, but Elizabeth found it tasteless.

In the quiet, he suddenly said, “It’ll rain tonight.” Elizabeth didn’t respond. He looked at her and asked, “Are you scared?”

“No,” she replied stubbornly.

Chapter 227

Alexander was about to say something when his phone rang. It was Esme. He frowned and looked at Elizabeth. He had to go. She glanced at his phone and nodded. “Okay.” Only Esme’s calls made him leave immediately.

After he left, Elizabeth lost her appetite. She checked her phone; the forecast showed thunderstorms tonight. Elizabeth cleaned up, changed clothes, and went to the cardiology department. Sunny had the night shift, and Elizabeth was happy to see her.

“Sunny, I’ll keep you company tonight!” she said playfully. Sunny was flattered. “Why aren’t you resting?”

“I slept too much during the day!” Elizabeth said, sitting down. Sunny chuckled and let her be.

At night, it started storming. Sunny was dozing at the nurses’ station when a loud noise woke her. She felt a weight beside her and found Elizabeth clinging to her, crying. Sunny put a blanket over her.

Elizabeth woke up, startled, and grabbed Sunny's arm. "Dr. Percy, are you okay? Nightmare?" Sunny asked, worried.

Elizabeth, slightly sweaty, shook her head and glanced at the time. "Why don't you sleep inside?" Sunny suggested.

Elizabeth shook her head. "No, I'll stay here with you." Sunny smiled and asked, "Dr. Percy, are you hungry?"

Elizabeth blinked, and Sunny brought out snacks. Sunny played a variety show on her phone. "Relax." Elizabeth rubbed Sunny's head. "Sunny, you're so nice!"

Sunny replied, "Of course..." They watched the show, not noticing the elevator and hurried footsteps.

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Chapter 228

Elizabeth looked up and saw Alexander just as the footsteps stopped. She put down what she was holding, stood up, and gave him a look. "Alexander, what's up?" she asked, a bit dazed.

Sunny glanced over. Alexander's hair was wet from the rain, and he looked flustered and anxious. Behind him were Nolan and two hospital security guards.

"Why didn't you answer the phone?" he asked, clearly upset.

Elizabeth patted her pocket. She had left her phone in the hospital room. "It's in the hospital room," she said, pointing downstairs.

Alexander stepped forward, looking like he had a lot to say, but he held back. *In the hospital room? Does she know not answering the phone almost drove me crazy with worry?* Forget it, she's okay, he thought, sighing in relief.

"Go back to the hospital room and rest," he said.

"No," Elizabeth refused. She felt safe with Sunny.

Alexander frowned, losing patience. "What are you afraid of?"

“I’m not afraid. Sunny is scared, I’m keeping her company,” Elizabeth said, grabbing Sunny’s arm.

Sunny looked confused. Alexander raised an eyebrow. “Sunny’s scared?”

Sunny was stunned, unsure what to say. Alexander let out a cold laugh, stepped forward, and grabbed Elizabeth’s hand. Elizabeth struggled. “I’m not going back. If I go back, I’ll be alone.” Before she could finish, Alexander picked her up.

His embrace was still a bit wet. Elizabeth looked into his eyes and felt herself calm down.

“I’m not a person?” he asked.

“Weren’t you...?” she asked.

“Who said I was with Esme?” he replied, carrying her out.

Elizabeth’s heart raced as she looked at him. Nervously, she asked, “Then why are you...?”

Chapter 228

Their eyes met, and she quickly looked away, too scared to ask if he came to the hospital just for her. In the dim elevator light, she finally spoke, “Are you being nice to...?”

Alexander looked down at her. “Alexander, are you pitying me?” she asked.

Her words cut deep. He was just doing what any friend would do, but she thought it was pity. How bad must he have been for her to have felt this way?

“No,” he said coldly.

“Then you’re pitying me,” she said softly.

Alexander frowned, wondering if there was a difference between pity and charity.

The elevator doors opened, and he carried her out. Elizabeth clutched his clothes, and a clap of thunder made her lean into him. He held her tighter and took her back to the hospital room. He placed her on the bed and drew the

curtains. With the outside world blocked out, Elizabeth felt calmer. Alexander poured her a glass of water, his hair still wet. Elizabeth drank the water and picked up her phone. She saw that Alexander had called her more than twenty times.

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Chapter 229

Elizabeth clutched her phone, deep in thought. Alexander couldn't find her at night and freaked out. Was he starting to have feelings for her?

"Are you getting discharged tomorrow?" Alexander asked out of the blue.

Elizabeth turned off her phone and saw Alexander with a hairdryer, ready to dry his hair. She nodded. "Yeah."

"No need for Tosen Joseph to pick you up; I'll take you home," he said, drying his hair.

Elizabeth wrapped herself in the blanket and mumbled, "Mr. Tudor, you don't need to bother."

Alexander laughed coldly, ran his fingers through his hair, and unplugged the hairdryer. He tossed it into the cabinet and glanced at her. "If you don't want to trouble me, then listen to me."

Elizabeth went quiet. Alexander was so bossy. "My driving license will be ready the day after tomorrow," she told him.

"Got it," he replied in a low voice, lying down on the sofa.

Elizabeth looked at him, feeling a surge of emotion. They'd been married for three years, but she'd never seen him treat her this well. Now that they were about to divorce, why was Alexander acting like a good husband?

Elizabeth lay down on the bed. It was two in the morning. Surprisingly, she didn't feel scared tonight. Their breathing was steady, and neither felt sleepy. Elizabeth turned on her side, the bedside lamp barely illuminating Alexander's profile.

"Alexander," she called softly.

He opened his eyes to look at her without saying anything. “Aren’t you afraid I might cling to you and refuse to divorce?” Her voice was soft, with a hint of coolness in the quiet night.

Silent for a moment. Then he said faintly, “Elizabeth, I have to marry Esme.”

Elizabeth gripped the blanket tightly, hearing him say, "Tame has led too much for me."

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Chapter 230

“Don’t call me, you creep!” Elizabeth snapped. One moment was tender, the next pure rage.

Alexander clutched his shirt and sneered. “Creep?” Such harsh words fit Elizabeth’s arrogant personality perfectly! He wished— "Get out now!"

"I wish you both the best!" Elizabeth grabbed an apple from the bedside table and hurled it at him. The longer he stayed, the more disgusted she felt! Sure, Esme’s life mattered, but didn’t hers? Alexander even said she and Esme were different. Well, they were; her life was way more valuable than Esme’s!

Alexander was left speechless. He glared at Elizabeth and muttered, “Unreasonable!” Then he stormed out without looking back.

Elizabeth gripped the blanket tightly as the door slammed shut. The room fell silent. Elizabeth couldn’t hold back any longer, and tears fell onto her hand.

Morning came. Elizabeth, sleepless all night, went for a run at six. When she got back, everyone was glued to the news.

“Who dug up the saffron incident from so long ago?”

“Look at these headlines, all slamming Esme. Must be her rival. Who do you think it is?”

“Everyone knows Esme likes Alexander. But Alexander is Elizabeth’s husband. Think Elizabeth leaked it?”

Elizabeth walked by and, hearing her name, coldly said, “It wasn’t.” She quickly went to her room.

On her phone, she saw the Russell family giving fake saffron at Lily's birthday party had gone viral, as if it were planned. Major media outlets posted Esme's photos, condemning her for the transgression. Netizens were buzzing:

- At Mrs. Tudor's birthday party, the Russell Group gave fake saffron. Are they insulting Mrs. Tudor?
- At Lily's birthday, Esme gave fake saffron, and Lily was furious.
- **Esme's saffron was fake! What's the Russell family's intention?**

Esme and the Russell family were instantly under fire from netizens.

Netizen A: [This finally blew up? The Russell family really tried to bury it!]

Netizen B: Esme gave fake saffron claiming it was real. What a joke!

Netizen C: Elizabeth gave the real saffron. She's from the Percy family! Here's what real saffron looks like, with pics!]

Netizen D: The Russell family is so powerful, and Esme is close with Alexander, yet they gave fake saffron. Disrespectful to the Tudor family! They deserve the backlash!

Elizabeth frowned at the news. How did this blow up after so many days? While she was still puzzled, her door burst open.

Esme stormed in, coat hanging off one shoulder. She shoved Elizabeth onto the bed.

"Elizabeth, do you want to die?" she growled, grabbing Elizabeth's collar, eyes blazing.

Elizabeth frowned, confused. "What are you talking about?"

"You don't know?" Esme's voice was sharp.