

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

C 291-300

Chapter 291

Everyone agreed Elizabeth got a raw deal. Elizabeth was better than Esme in every way, but she lost because of Alexander. Elizabeth bit her lip, hesitated, then stood up. "I'll go check on her."

"Better not. If Esme wakes up, who knows what she'll say. A nurse said she was shouting..." Sunny trailed off.

Elizabeth was puzzled. 'Shouting what?'

Sunny looked embarrassed, tugging at her hair. Elizabeth smiled. "Go ahead, it's fine." Whatever Esme said about Elizabeth couldn't be good.

"Esme said she wants to kill you," Sunny continued.

Elizabeth pursed her lips, not surprised. "So, Dr. Percy, be careful at the hospital. Everyone thinks you wrote the complaint letter," Sunny warned.

Elizabeth nodded, ruffled Sunny's hair. "Got it. Just do your thing!"

"Alright!" Sunny, task complete, went off to work. Sunny wasn't malicious, just worried about Elizabeth.

Elizabeth twirled the medical case in her hand, feeling the situation was tricky. 'When will this mess with Esme end?' Elizabeth took a deep breath, adjusted her mood, and headed to the inpatient department.

When she arrived, Alexander was on a bench, busy on the phone, talking about work. Two security guards in black suits stood at the ward door, looking serious. A nurse came out of the ward and saw Elizabeth.

"Dr. Percy," the nurse called.

Alexander looked up. This time, his gaze wasn't friendly.

"How is she?" Elizabeth asked the nurse.

The nurse shook her head. “Not good. She just woke up in a fright.”

Elizabeth frowned. “Who ordered the sedative?”

“Her emotions were too agitated, we had no choice.” But before the nurse could finish, Alexander cut in, “What are you doing here?”

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Elizabeth signaled the nurse to go ahead and get busy. Alexander stood up, looking at Elizabeth with a blank expression.

“It wasn’t me,” Elizabeth instinctively said.

“Does anyone else know you gave Esme the ‘spot’?” Alexander asked calmly.

Elizabeth was stunned. She looked at Alexander, unable to answer. She thought, ‘Only a few people know. The Russell family won’t expose themselves. Alexander won’t say anything either. So, does that mean it’s just me?’

Alexander frowned, looking at Elizabeth with disappointment. They stared at each other in silence for a long time, then he asked, “Just because Esme targeted you at the banquet last night, you retaliated?”

Elizabeth opened her mouth to defend herself, but then Alexander said, “Elizabeth, haven’t I told you not to target Esme?”

Alexander thought, ‘I’ve said this many times, but why does she keep embarrassing me?’ Deep down, he truly didn’t want to target Elizabeth.

“Can you trust me just once?” Elizabeth was very frustrated.

“How can I trust you? Are you saying it was me, or the Russell family?” Alexander’s eyes were deep, and he felt powerless. All the accusations pointed to Elizabeth. What should he do?

Chapter 292

Elizabeth was stunned when she heard a vase shatter in the hospital room. A woman’s angry scream filled the air. Alexander rushed in and saw fruit rolling to his feet. Inside, Esme sat on the bed, her hair a mess, her eyes red and teary. Seeing Alexander, Esme cried harder, unable to speak.

Esme thought, 'I'm done for. Alexander won't acknowledge me, and now my career's gone too! What do I do?' Alexander frowned; Esme looked worse every day. This couldn't go on. He picked up the scattered items, but Esme threw them down again. He silently kept picking them up until she got tired. Esme stopped throwing things and just cried.

Alexander felt something indescribable. He gently ruffled her hair to comfort her. Esme cried even harder, reaching out to hug him for security. Then, Esme saw Elizabeth at the door. Esme freaked out, shouting, "Get out! Alexander, she's trying to harm me!" She clung to him fearfully.

Alexander saw Elizabeth and said, "Elizabeth, please leave." Elizabeth felt distant. Esme clutched Alexander's clothes, saying, "She's trying to ruin me. She pretended to be a ghost, exposed my fake saffron incident, and told everyone my degree was fake. She lost you and wants to destroy me." Esme's voice was firm.

Elizabeth didn't think Esme was crazy. "Elizabeth!" Alexander called again. Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and said, "Esme, get some rest. The Tudor family never wanted you to marry in. If you go crazy..." Elizabeth smiled meaningfully. "Elizabeth!" Alexander shouted angrily. Even now, Elizabeth was provoking Esme. Esme cried harder. Elizabeth grinned. Esme was pretending to be crazy? Elizabeth would too.

Elizabeth waved and walked out without looking back. Outside, she rolled her eyes but knew she needed to investigate. Elizabeth went to find Nick to discuss the next steps. Nick suggested starting with the surveillance footage since the anonymous letter had appeared in his office that morning. Nick's office was hidden, so it had to be someone from the hospital. "Who usually has the most conflicts with Esme?" Nick asked, sipping his tea. Elizabeth was speechless. Nick glanced at her and cleared his throat, "Let's try another angle. Who was Esme's classmate in medical school?" It was still Elizabeth. "Who has a conflicting position with Esme?" Nick continued. Elizabeth was speechless again.

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Elizabeth cut in, "Mr. York, you should stop guessing. If you keep going, you might end up blaming me." Everything seemed to point to her, which was a real hassle. Elizabeth sighed, "Can't even sleep well on weekends."

"How about taking a few days off?" Nick suggested cautiously.

Elizabeth was taken aback. Why? That'll just make me look guilty. No way, I'll show up every day with confidence.

"You really didn't write this anonymous letter?" Nick was starting to doubt. Elizabeth had a headache.

"I'll check the surveillance," she said with a smile.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. It was the person in charge.

"Is the surveillance footage here?" Nick asked, hopeful.

He sat down at the computer, but the person in charge said, "Mr. York, the surveillance didn't catch anyone entering your office."

"What are you saying? Did it grow legs and walk in?" Nick snapped.

Elizabeth sat back, sipping tea and watching Nick. For the first time, she found Nick a bit naive and approachable. She used to think hospital directors were all aloof, like Celine. Celine was notoriously fierce; everyone was scared of her.

"Who has been to my office in the past two days?" Nick asked.

"Don't you know?" the person in charge replied. Nick's office only had one or two visitors a day.

Nick widened his eyes, "Are you the director or am I?"

Elizabeth didn't want to waste time, so she left. She stood in the corridor, thinking. The surveillance faced the door, so if someone sneaked in, it would be seen. But no one did, meaning the letter might have been brought in by someone else.

Elizabeth went to the surveillance room. She watched the footage from the past two days. Nick's office had very few visitors. It was pretty quiet. Those who came were usually shareholders or department heads.

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Suddenly, Elizabeth spotted Amanda. She zoomed in on the footage. At five o'clock yesterday, Amanda did go to Nick's office!

Elizabeth quickly messaged Amanda, [Ms. Carter, where are you?]

Amanda: [Operating room, just came out.]

Elizabeth: [Let's talk in person.]

Elizabeth recorded the video and went to find Amanda at the operating room entrance.

"What's the rush?" Amanda asked, just out of surgery and unaware of the situation.

Elizabeth explained everything. Amanda was shocked. "Fake degree?"

"So, Ms. Carter, you went into Mr. York's office?" Elizabeth showed her the video.

Amanda nodded. "Yes, I went to report on the lecture."

"Then you..."

"You think I sent the anonymous letter? I didn't even know Esme had a fake degree!" Amanda said with a smirk.

Elizabeth quickly shook her head. It wasn't Amanda; the handwriting didn't match.

"Did you see anyone strange before or after entering the office, or did anyone..."

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Amanda thought for a moment, then shook her head. "I don't think so. I just came to see Mr. York after work."

Elizabeth stared at her phone, feeling lost. "Alright then."

If Amanda didn't bring it, did this anonymous report letter just appear out of nowhere?

Mark walked over, holding two medical records. "Ms. Carter, I'm taking a day off tomorrow."

Amanda glanced at him. He handed her a leave request. "Got it," she said.

Mark looked at Elizabeth, raised an eyebrow, and left.

Elizabeth noticed the leave request. It was definitely Mark's handwriting.

"Dr. Fisher's handwriting is nice," Elizabeth commented.

"Yeah, it's very recognizable," Amanda agreed, putting it away.

Elizabeth took a few more glances, then went back to work.

In the emergency department, Elizabeth was delivering something. Just as she was about to leave, someone shouted, "Dr. Percy, are you here to pick up the patient?"

Elizabeth was puzzled.

"There's a patient from your department here," the nurse reminded her.

Elizabeth blinked. No one told her she needed to pick up a patient.

"Are you sure it's from our cardiothoracic department?" she asked.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, from your department."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Alright, I'll take him up."

She went to sign the paperwork and was stunned by the name. 'Gabriel? Why does this name look so familiar?'

After signing, the nurse reminded her, "Dr. Percy, this patient is quite special."

"Why?" Elizabeth asked.

Meanwhile, a prison guard pushed Gabriel out. He's really special. But why does this seem so familiar? she thought.

"Weren't they here a few days ago?" Elizabeth asked.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, for food poisoning. Last night, they found heart failure."

Elizabeth was speechless.

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Just as she was about to push the bed, someone stopped her.

“That’s my patient. Don’t touch!” Mark shouted.

Elizabeth turned and saw Mark putting a pen into his coat pocket, hurrying over. Like protecting something precious, he walked past her and said, “Don’t touch my patient.” He didn’t trust Elizabeth, not even to transport a patient.

Elizabeth raised her hands and stepped back. She wasn’t really interested in Mark’s patient anyway. She was just trying to help, but if he didn’t need it, she wouldn’t insist.

Her phone suddenly rang. It was another anonymous text: [Have you thought about it? Do you want to race me?]

Elizabeth found this person strange. ‘Why does he insist on racing me? Does he want to beat me?’

She replied: [I’m not the Steve you’re talking about, and I don’t race. You’ve got the wrong person.]

But the other side quickly replied.

Mystery Person: [Elizabeth, you’re Steve. I won’t mistake you.]

The message was followed by a photo of Elizabeth racing at Eaglecrest Mountain.

Elizabeth frowned.

Mystery Person: [Accelerating during a drift is Steve’s specialty. Your drift acceleration is exactly the same as Steve’s. Do you dare to say you’re not Steve?]

Elizabeth hated it when people talked to her in this tone.

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It was aggressive, even questioning. Elizabeth blocked the number and ignored it. She had just left the emergency room when she saw Henry outside.

She thought he was there for business, but then he opened the car door and said, “Ms. Percy, let’s talk.”

“I didn’t report Esme. We have nothing to discuss,” Elizabeth said, not wanting to deal with the Russell family.

“Ms. Percy, I mean no harm,” Henry replied. After a brief pause, Elizabeth walked to the car. “Let’s talk here.” Henry agreed after a moment.

“Elizabeth, I know you don’t need money. But here’s two million dollars; please accept it,” Henry said, handing her a bank card.

Elizabeth was shocked. ‘What’s Henry up to?’

“Please be more polite to Esme,” he said, implying she should take the money and let it go.

Elizabeth laughed. ‘Is he serious?’

“Two million to buy my attitude towards Esme?” she said, holding up the card. “I’ll give *you* two million to stay away from me. How would you feel?”

“Elizabeth, why are you being unreasonable? If you did it, admit it!” Henry frowned.

“Isn’t it your family being unreasonable?” Elizabeth threw the card at him. ‘Offering me money is an insult. And why should I admit to something I didn’t do?’ she thought.

Henry still didn’t get why she was so mad.

“I don’t need your two million. If you give me the entire Russell fortune, I might consider it. And,” she added, “Mr. Russell, watch your behavior. Next time, I won’t be so polite.”

Henry was speechless. As she turned to leave, she pointed at him, her face full of threats. “Be careful. I might really expose Esme’s fake degree!”

Elizabeth thought, ‘If I want to expose something, I’ll be thorough and detailed, not vague like that anonymous letter. Why does everyone suspect me? Am I really that despicable?’

Henry didn't understand her, but what really hurt was Alexander's misunderstanding. Henry stepped forward, looking stiff. "Elizabeth, you..." He seemed to want to ask if she had the guts.

"I'm very crazy, so don't mess with me," she smiled. At worst, they'd go down together.

Elizabeth wasn't afraid of death or hell. If she hadn't married Alexander, she'd have gone wild by now. She waved at Henry, smiling dangerously. Henry picked up the bank card and sighed.

The backseat window rolled down. Allen was in the car, watching Elizabeth's back, her hand clenched into a fist. "She's really stubborn and difficult!"

"Mom," Henry frowned, "Maybe it really wasn't Elizabeth."

"If not her, then who? Who else knows Esme's degree was fake?" Allen got angrier. She slapped her thigh, eyes fixed on Elizabeth's back. She thought Elizabeth needed a lesson.

"Mom, don't provoke her anymore. It's not good for us," Henry said meaningfully. For some reason, he felt they shouldn't push Elizabeth too far. It might not end well.

Chapter 296

Elizabeth headed straight to Base M, determined to find out who leaked information about Esme ASAP. She couldn't stand any injustice, even a tiny bit.

Felix was deep into the hospital's surveillance footage, checking every corner but finding no one entering Nick's office.

"Check the window surveillance," Elizabeth said coldly.

Felix turned and saw her standing behind him. "Mr. Percy, when did you get here?"

"Just now," she replied, clearly angry.

Felix was so focused he hadn't noticed her arrival. He quickly switched the footage, glancing cautiously at Elizabeth.

“The hospital windows?” Felix said, incredulous. “Mr. Percy, that’s over thirty floors up. Entering through the window just to report Esme? That’s nuts!”

“There’s a balcony outside Nick’s office window. It’s possible,” Elizabeth clarified.

Felix pulled up the footage from Nick’s office. One angle faced the balcony directly.

Elizabeth’s phone rang; it was Alexander.

Alexander: [No matter what, I hope you find a chance to apologize to Esme and calm her down.]

Elizabeth rolled her eyes.

Elizabeth: [Apologize? No way.]

She sent the message and blocked Alexander again. She’d unblocked him for divorce updates, but he was better off blocked. He was messing with her mood.

Last time, she couldn’t find out who leaked the divorce news. This time, if she found out who wrote the anonymous letter, she’d make Alexander apologize to her!

“Look, there’s a shadow,” Felix pointed at the window.

Elizabeth noted the time: 1 AM. The timing matched; Nick had seen the report letter early that morning.

The shadow was cautious, sticking to the wall, never showing a full face, then entering a blind spot.

“Can’t see anymore,” Felix said.

Elizabeth bit her lip, stroking her chin. This figure looked familiar.

“To be so familiar with Mr. York’s office, it must be someone from the hospital, right?” Felix asked.

Elizabeth looked up.

Felix zoomed in and adjusted the brightness.

“Can you check the surveillance outside the balcony?” Elizabeth asked.

“No problem,” Felix said, snapping his fingers. Base M could do anything.

“Mr. Percy, has Alexander pissed you off again? Oliver’s working on a new computer virus; we can keep infecting his systems with it!” Felix joked while checking the footage.

Elizabeth got angrier. She smacked Felix on the head. “I haven’t even settled the score with you for selling me out last time. Do you know how much money I lost?”

“No way. He actually asked you for money?” Felix looked surprised.

Elizabeth pouted. “Yes, he did. I really transferred money to Alexander the next day. He accepted it right away.”

Elizabeth crossed her arms, convinced she’d fallen for a jerk. Alexander had no character, no responsibility, no intelligence—just a good-looking face!

“Found it,” Felix said, pulling up the outside footage.

Elizabeth immediately saw the person’s face clearly.

“Zoom in!” she said, her voice trembling.

Next to Nick’s office was a break room. The break room window opened directly to Nick’s office balcony. This person was bold enough to actually jump over!

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It was him! “Save the video for me and print high-resolution photos of his face. Make several copies,” Elizabeth said through gritted teeth. Felix glanced at her, sensing she felt wronged and was out for revenge. And it seemed like she had more than one target. Elizabeth grabbed the things and rushed to the hospital, while Felix kept texting her.

Felix: [Elizabeth, don’t get too worked up.] Felix: [Remember to leave yourself a way out.] Felix: [No, I mean take it easy and leave others a way out. Don’t be too harsh.] Felix: [Maybe I should come over too.]

Felix was really worried. When Elizabeth got mad, she could be pretty reckless.

As soon as Elizabeth entered the inpatient department, she saw Alexander coming out. Alexander was on the phone. When he saw Elizabeth, he looked her up and down.

“Here to apologize?” Alexander’s tone was cold.

Elizabeth smiled, “Yeah, here to apologize.”

Alexander squinted. ‘So obedient? Didn’t she say she wouldn’t apologize?’

“Is it a real apology or a fake one? Esme can’t handle more stress right now.”

“A real apology,” Elizabeth nodded.

Alexander was silent for a few seconds, then said, “Follow me.” Elizabeth followed him.

In the elevator, Alexander glanced at her several times. Elizabeth’s expression was indifferent, like this had nothing to do with her. Alexander frowned. He had Nolan investigate, and only Elizabeth knew the truth about Esme getting into medical school back then. The Russell family wouldn’t expose themselves. So who else could it be besides Elizabeth?

The elevator doors opened. Elizabeth stepped out first. She noticed Alexander was still in the elevator, lost in thought.

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Mr. Tudor? Alexander looked up and noticed Elizabeth.

Who knew what was inside that thick envelope? ‘Esme’s emotions are still unstable; if she says anything unpleasant...’

Elizabeth responded with a hum, not even glancing at him. Alexander’s tone and attitude, like a family member giving a reminder, were...disgusting.

Alexander pushed open Esme’s ward door. When Esme saw him, she immediately sat up. Esme’s face was pale, looking like a fragile crystal.

“Alexander, why are you back? Are you worried about me? It’s okay, I can handle it...”

Elizabeth followed in, thinking Esme was really fragile. Esme thought it was just Alexander and was about to get out of bed to greet him. But then...

“What are you doing here?” Esme got agitated.

“I have something to say about your academic credentials being exposed,” Elizabeth said calmly.

“I don’t want to hear it!” Esme shouted. “Did you give me the chance to get into medical school just to ruin me now? Elizabeth, I hate you! You ruined me and my whole life!”

“Esme, Elizabeth is here to apologize,” Alexander reminded her, signaling her to calm down.

Elizabeth nodded, saying yes while taking out the photos from the manila envelope. Elizabeth walked step by step towards them. Esme and Alexander both looked at her.

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Elizabeth looked up at Alexander and suddenly smiled. Alexander got a bad feeling and instinctively shielded Esme. Elizabeth threw all the photos from the brown paper bag at Alexander. The photos scattered everywhere, and one even grazed Alexander’s cheek, leaving a shallow cut that bled. Elizabeth saw Alexander shielding Esme. She still wanted to say that Alexander loved Esme so much. Alexander frowned and clenched his fists, about to question Elizabeth, but she spoke first.

“I came here to say three things!” Elizabeth raised her hand, looking cold and stern. “First, I didn’t expose the saffron incident. The media did it for attention. Second, I didn’t leak our divorce; Ms. Russell told the media to force us to divorce so she could marry you quickly. Third, and this was the big one...”

Elizabeth’s expression turned cold. Alexander had no idea Elizabeth’s “apology” was to bring up old grievances!

“The issue of Ms. Russell’s fake degree wasn’t exposed by me; she offended someone herself.” Elizabeth glanced at Esme, who was peeking out from behind Alexander. Esme was terrified, especially when those photos were thrown out. Elizabeth picked up a photo and showed it to Alexander. When Alexander saw the person in the photo, he was shocked.

“The person who exposed Esme’s fake degree was Mark!” Elizabeth’s voice was low, and her gaze fierce. It was Mark, which Elizabeth never expected.

Elizabeth thought, ‘Mark is jealous of our wealth to this extent? If he can destroy Esme now, would he plan to destroy me next? Mark is really a despicable scoundrel, using underhanded tactics. He isn’t even a real man! Disgusting!’

“Who?” Esme’s heart skipped a beat. Alexander held the photo, which showed Mark dressed in black, sneaking around Nick’s office balcony.

Elizabeth spread her hands, and the photos scattered on the ground were all evidence of her innocence. Elizabeth looked at Alexander’s shocked face and said sarcastically, “Weren’t you expecting an apology? This is my apology!” Alexander clenched the photo and looked at Elizabeth. “Elizabeth.”

No wonder Elizabeth had come to the hospital to apologize. She wasn’t apologizing but proving her innocence.

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Elizabeth gestured for Alexander to stop talking. She wasn’t finished yet.

“Since everyone is here today, I’ll make everything clear.” Elizabeth pushed Alexander aside, especially wanting to say these words to Esme. “Ms. Russell, from the day I decided to divorce Alexander, I never intended to entangle with him again. You don’t need to see me as a threat, targeting and threatening me.” Elizabeth said this, and Esme shook her head.

Esme looked at Alexander and said, “Alexander, I never targeted Elizabeth, not even once.”

“Esme, whether you did or not, I’ll remind you, just once: don’t mess with me again.” Elizabeth pointed at Esme, her beautiful face showing undeniable arrogance. Esme looked at Elizabeth, her heart trembling. Elizabeth was no longer the gentle and obedient person she used to be. She resembled the Elizabeth from high school. Back then, Elizabeth was capable of anything

crazy. Esme's face turned red from being scolded. Esme really didn't expect that this incident wasn't caused by Elizabeth. She had even considered the worst-case scenario that if she was ruined, she would make sure Elizabeth was ruined too. But it turned out that Mark was behind it.

"How did Mark find out?" Esme asked Elizabeth.

"How would I know? You're always flaunting yourself outside. Do you expect me to follow you around?" Elizabeth shouted back.

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Esme's shoulder shook, and she jumped. "Alexander, don't accuse me without proof. I'm not a bad person." Elizabeth shoved the manila envelope into Alexander's hands. She waved at the now-angry Esme and Alexander. "Hope you two have a long, happy life together." Then, Elizabeth walked out without looking back.

Outside the hospital, Elizabeth felt great. But this was just the start. She didn't go straight to Nick because she knew Alexander would defend Esme and go to Nick to handle Mark. Elizabeth had never contacted Henry before, but this time, she called him.

Henry was surprised and answered right away when he saw her number. Elizabeth got straight to the point: "Is the two-million-dollar deal still on? Meet me at Riverside Cafe." She hung up.

At Riverside Cafe, Elizabeth wore a white dress, looking calm and graceful. She sipped her coffee and watched a familiar face step out of a luxury car. Henry walked up, frowning. "Are you ready to let the anonymous letter thing go?"

If Elizabeth admitted to writing the letter, she could later tell Nick she made it up, and it would be over. It would save Esme's academic record and... Elizabeth placed a manila envelope on the table. Henry looked confused but sat down and opened it.

"Who's this?" he asked, staring at the dark face in the photo. Elizabeth gestured for him to keep looking. Henry knew Mark since Esme had been in the hospital for a while. When he reached the last photo, he recognized Mark.

“This is Mr. York’s office. He’s holding an anonymous report letter,” Elizabeth said with a gentle smile, different from her earlier attitude with Alexander. She wanted to make Alexander and the Russell family eat their words. “They all said I did it? I’ll show them the evidence! I don’t stoop to such low acts! The worst thing I’ve done is taking care of the Tudor family and insisting on marrying into it.’

“Is this Mark?” Henry finally recognized him. Elizabeth smiled.

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“Are you saying Mark sent the anonymous letter?” Henry asked.

“Yep,” Elizabeth shrugged and took another sip of coffee. Henry looked shocked. “Is it credible?” he asked. Elizabeth thought it was a good thing Henry wasn’t her brother, or she would have hit him. The evidence was right there, and he still asked if it was credible.

“It’s way higher than your IQ,” she snapped. Henry was speechless. Elizabeth pulled out a card from her pocket, annoyed just looking at Henry. She placed a bank card on the table. “Here’s two million dollars. Apologize to me.”

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You... Henry was about to speak but held back. Elizabeth smiled sweetly. “Sorry, Mr. Russell. Your turn.” She thought, *Henry tried to humiliate me with two million dollars? I’ll humiliate him right back.*

“Typical Ms. Percy,” Henry scoffed.

Elizabeth shot back, “Take it, Mr. Russell. Consider it a gift.”

Henry eyed the bank card on the table, feeling uneasy. ‘So this is what it feels like to be hit with money.’ He realized he and Allen had rushed things.

“Elizabeth, I apologize,” Henry stood up.

“No need,” Elizabeth stood up too. She placed two hundred dollars under her coffee cup and looked at Henry. “The coffee’s on me. Esme’s issue isn’t my problem, so leave me out of it.” She walked away without looking back.

Who needed Henry's apology? Elizabeth sure didn't. Apologies were fake; she wanted Henry to feel guilty forever. Henry was stunned. Watching Elizabeth leave, he couldn't believe it. In just a few hours, Elizabeth seemed even more defiant. Looking at the bank card, Henry laughed. Elizabeth really gave him two million dollars. No woman had ever done that.

Thinking about her attitude and eyes, Henry chased after her. He stopped by her car and knocked on the window. Elizabeth looked up.

Henry waved the bank card and handed it back. "Sorry about the money. Ms. Percy, how about a meal to make up for it?"

"I mind," Elizabeth smiled sweetly, rejecting him.

Henry smirked, leaned on the car window. "Ms. Percy, give me a chance?"

Elizabeth rolled her eyes and raised the window. Henry stepped back. Elizabeth ignored him and drove off.

Chapter 300

Henry watched her car disappear, his eyes deepening. No one in the Percy family had a temper like Elizabeth's. Elizabeth didn't go home but headed to the hospital. The cardiology department was in chaos. Alexander, Nick, Amanda, and others were in the office. Mark stood before them, head down, being questioned.

"Why did you write the report? Is it true? Who told you?"

Elizabeth looked at Mark. He raised his head and said, "I heard it from Elizabeth."

Elizabeth was taken aback. Alexander immediately looked at her, a band-aid on his face, dressed in a neat black suit.

"When did you hear it from me?" Elizabeth asked Mark.

Mark pressed his lips together. "Last time, you and Esme came out of the locker room. I overheard."

Elizabeth paused. She remembered. That day Amanda took her to the clinic, and after leaving the locker room, she argued with Esme. Mark had been passing by.

