

Unrepairable Love - Chapter 3 Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Alexander couldn't believe it. He searched everywhere Elizabeth might be.

No sign of her. Even her stuff was gone.

He trudged downstairs and noticed the empty space behind the sofa.

Then he saw the damaged painting in the trash. His breath caught.

It was Elizabeth's birthday that day. She had come to his office and asked, "Alexander, can you spend my birthday with me? Even half an hour would do."

He had felt sorry for her, so he agreed.

He thought she'd want fancy gifts or perfect dinner. But she just wanted him to accompany her while shopping and asked, "Alexander, can I hold your hand?"

She found a craft store and picked out a painting to do together.

He thought it was childish and just watched, taking a few calls from Esme.

Elizabeth said nothing. When they got home, she was thrilled and hung the painting in the living room.

But since then, she never bugged him to go shopping again or celebrated her birthday.

Just as Alexander was about to grab it, he noticed the divorce papers on the table.

On the signature page, he saw both their names.

Alexander's throat tightened, eyes wide with shock.

Elizabeth had actually agreed to the divorce!?

Right then, Alexander got a message from his family: [Alexander, Grandma says you and Elizabeth must be at her seventieth birthday banquet on time!].

Alexander felt a wave of frustration. This birthday party couldn't have come at a worse time.

At the Percy family villa, which was in the heart of Lisbon, Grant raised his glass at the dining table and grinned, "Congrats to Elizabeth for escaping her misery!"

"Elizabeth, now that you're back, you should take over my company! I want to retire!" Declan Percy pleaded, asking her to inherit the billion-dollar estate.

"No way, Elizabeth has to keep going to the hospital with me. Your amazing medical skills shouldn't go to waste!" Celine Percy said firmly.

"Or Elizabeth could come with me to learn jewelry design!" Rose said, her face lighting up with a smile.

Elizabeth looked around the table, feeling a pang of bitterness.

She had hurt them deeply, yet they never mentioned it.

Surrounded by their love, Elizabeth almost shed tears.

Suddenly, the roar of a motorcycle echoed outside the villa. Elizabeth knew her best friend, Lila Parker, had arrived to pick her up. "Hey fam, I'm off to have some fun. When I'm done, I'll take over everything, one step at a time!"

With that, Elizabeth dashed out.

Sure, the billion-dollar estate and saving lives were tempting, but right now, happiness was her top priority.

She had to make up for those three wasted years!

At Sk nightclub, Elizabeth rocked a tight red dress, the lights highlighting the beautiful butterfly tattoo on her back.

Countless guys couldn't take their eyes off her, swallowing hard and whispering, "Ms. Percy is a total knockout!"

"Alexander's one lucky guy to have such a gorgeous wife!"

Her gaze swept over the crowd below the stage, her voice low, "On a night like this, isn't it gross to bring up Alexander?"

"I've booked the place tonight! Anyone who mentions Alexander can get out!" The crowd erupted in cheers.

No one noticed Alexander in a dark corner, nearly crushing the glass in his hand.

"Hahaha, Alexander, looks like your wife's really cut loose after filing for divorce, huh?"

"How did I miss that tattoo before? It's something else!" Alexander stayed silent, feeling a mix of irritation and disbelief.

This was just one of Elizabeth's stunts. In less than three days, she'd be back.

Alexander's eyes locked on Elizabeth, and in a flash, they turned icy.

Elizabeth was all cozy with some guy, whispering in his ear.

She was taking drinks from everyone like it was no big deal.

Out of nowhere, someone in the crowd shouted, "Ms. Percy and Mr. York look perfect together!"

"Mr. York, they say we look good together. Are you married?" Elizabeth swirled her wine, teasing.

Colin York, caught off guard, shot back, "I'm single. You got the guts to marry me?"

"Why not? I'm single too," Elizabeth grinned, laughing.

Alexander tried to play it cool, but he couldn't stop glancing at Elizabeth. For some reason, he felt off today.

"You and..." the guy started, but Elizabeth cut him off, pressing a finger to Colin's lips, "Don't mention that person. Total buzzkill."

Alexander's grip tightened on his glass, anger bubbling up. 'A buzzkill? Elizabeth, who always said she loved me, is now flirting with others. Wasn't she the one who wanted to marry me?'

Elizabeth unbuttoned Colin's shirt, her voice dripping with mischief, "You up for a big game?"

"What's the game?" Colin asked eagerly.

"Get a room," Elizabeth said, straight to the point.

The vibe in the club got wild, everyone was shouting and having a blast. But Alexander? His face turned dark real quick.

Colin chuckled, "Ms. Percy, I'm dead serious."

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Elizabeth shot back, cool as ice.

Colin jumped up from the sofa, hand outstretched, "Shall we?"

Suddenly, a girl's scream cut through the noise, "Alexander?!"

Alexander had Elizabeth's wrist in a death grip, yanking her up. He shot a deadly glare at Colin before dragging Elizabeth towards the restroom.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)