

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love Chapter 321

Alexander was totally speechless. He figured Elizabeth must think he's a total jerk now.

"I didn't agree to Esme," Alexander blurted out. He glanced up at him. Alexander had no clue why he felt the need to spill that to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was taken aback. "Why are you telling me this?"

She thought, *Does Alexander think I still give a damn? Or is he hoping I'll be thrilled because he didn't agree to Esme?*

"Got nothing to say?" Alexander was surprised, feeling a bit ticked off.

"What do you want me to say?" Elizabeth smirked. "Great?"

Alexander's stare intensified. He just kept looking at Elizabeth, feeling like he didn't know her anymore. Elizabeth felt like a complete stranger to him! Alexander even wondered if she was still the same Elizabeth who used to be by his side. Why was Elizabeth so cold and distant now?

"Elizabeth, are you still mad at me for misunderstanding you?" Alexander asked.

When Elizabeth threw the evidence at him in the hospital, it was clear she'd been holding a grudge all this time.

"Are you overthinking?" Elizabeth shot him a glance and walked out. Alexander turned around, watching her frail-looking back. Seeing Elizabeth like that, Alexander felt a burning sensation inside him.

He thought, *Elizabeth really doesn't care about me anymore. Even Esme proposed to me, and Elizabeth saw it last night; she just watched like a bystander. In the past, Elizabeth would've stormed in, ruined the scene, called Esme shameless, and slapped her. Then she'd turn to me and beg me not to like Esme and give her some love. But now, look at Elizabeth.*

She was heading to the soda to give Lily a massage. She had a smile on her face, but there was this unapproachable vibe about her. Alexander was super frustrated; he grabbed his suit jacket and was about to leave.

“Where are you going?” Lily suddenly called out.

Alexander turned his head, his gaze landing on Elizabeth. Elizabeth was turned sideways, still massaging Lily. She didn’t care where he was going.

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“To find Esme.” Alexander said calmly, like he was saying it just for Elizabeth to hear. Elizabeth still didn’t react, not even lifting her head.

Just as Lily was about to scold him, Elizabeth softly said, “Granny, don’t be mad. If he wants to go, let him go. It’s not worth getting upset over.”

“Elizabeth,” Lily’s face turned red with anger.

Elizabeth squatted down and gently said, “Granny, you adore him, don’t you? If he can marry his sweetheart, he’ll be happy. If you truly care for his well-being, just set him free.”

Elizabeth’s voice was light, like a breeze. It was this casual tone and attitude that made Alexander’s heart ache. He clenched his suit jacket, feeling like he could crush his teeth.

He thought, *Not only does Elizabeth not care if I go to find Esme, but when Lily tries to stop me, Elizabeth even persuades Lily to let me go.*

When Elizabeth finally looked up at Alexander, she said, “Granny’s not holding you back. Why not go?”

Alexander’s heart was pounding faster and faster, like something was about to burst out. Alexander’s throat tightened, determined to break through Elizabeth’s stubborn facade. He strode towards Elizabeth, grabbed her arm, and started dragging her outside.

“What are you doing?” Elizabeth struggled, but she wasn’t as strong as him. She called out to Lily, “Grandma!”

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"Ya, don't follow me," Alexander shot back at Lily. Then, he dragged Elizabeth outside.

Lily froze, totally confused. She figured Alexander wouldn't hurt Elizabeth; they probably had some things to hash out. Lily snuck over to the window, peeking out to see Alexander pinning Elizabeth against the door pillar. Her eyes sparkled, and she couldn't help but chuckle. She plopped back on the sofa, waiting for the juicy details.

Elizabeth frowned, eyeing Alexander warily, her gaze full of suspicion. Alexander hung his head, one hand on the pillar, struggling to find the right words. But standing there, face-to-face with Elizabeth, he felt his throat tighten, unsure how to begin.

"Elizabeth, lemme say it again," Alexander muttered, locking eyes with her. "I didn't accept Esme's proposal last night."

Elizabeth's face was ice-cold. "Yeah, I know. What's he trying to prove by repeating it a million times?" she mused.

"I'm heading to find Esme now. Got that?" Alexander pressed.

"Yes, got it," Elizabeth replied, her tone flat and calm.

"That's it?" Alexander pushed.

Elizabeth shrugged. "What else do you want me to say?"

"What's up with Alexander today?" she wondered.

"You could..." Alexander started, but Elizabeth suddenly straightened up and leaned in a bit. Her perfume hit him, and he swallowed hard, looking up.

"Beg you to stay?" Elizabeth's eyes twinkled mischievously. "Like before, begging you without any pride?"

Alexander choked, a flicker of helplessness in his eyes.

"Alexander, I'm human. My heart's not made of stone," Elizabeth said earnestly.

"What makes him think I'll always beg to stay by his side or love him forever?" she thought.

“It’s over between us,” Elizabeth reminded him. “So stop acting all high and mighty. When I stop loving you, that attitude just makes me despise you more,” she thought.

Alexander clenched his fist. Her words clearly pissed him off.

“You don’t care at all?” he asked, his voice low, trying to keep his emotions in check.

Elizabeth just smiled, her answer to his question. She didn’t care at all and found his question ridiculous.

“Even if it’s Esme now, you don’t care?” he asked, his voice tinged with anger.

Elizabeth looked up, their eyes locking, his expression intense. Alexander couldn’t believe she didn’t care. But her calmness made his face burn with embarrassment.

“Mr. Tudor, I don’t care,” she replied coolly. “I’m that doormat?” she thought. “Alexander can marry whoever he wants. What does it have to do with me? Does he still...”

Alexander fell silent.

Elizabeth brushed his hand away. “I’m not going in. Tell Grandma to help her check the results.”

With that, she turned to leave.

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Alexander scrunched up his face, feeling super pissed. He grabbed Elizabeth’s arm, his emotions all over the place, and he was dying to kiss her. Elizabeth seemed to catch on to what he was thinking. Before Alexander could get any closer, Elizabeth slapped him right across the face. The sound was sharp and loud; Alexander’s head snapped to the side, and he could taste blood in his mouth. He slowly turned back, his eyes flashing red for a moment. That slap from Elizabeth was brutal. Elizabeth locked eyes with him, her gaze icy and fierce.

Alexander moved his lips, and the cheek that had just been scratched by a photo got scratched again by her nails.

“Alexander, have you no shame? You’re about to be Esme’s fiancé, and you still want to mess with me?” Elizabeth was totally horrified. She fumed inside. Alexander playing them like this—wasn’t it just stomping on their dignity? Had he ever respected them?

“Elizabeth, our marriage still stands,” Alexander grinned dangerously. Elizabeth felt a chill run through her.

“If you love me, stay away from Esme. If you love her, don’t come back to me later!” Elizabeth said, then laughed. “Of course, you don’t love me. So, for Esme’s sake, be a real man and stay loyal! Otherwise, guys like you are doomed!” Elizabeth quipped.

The more Elizabeth talked, the angrier she got. In her rant, she was also letting out all the crap she’d put up with over the years. Alexander was fuming from her words. He touched the corner of his mouth with his fingertip and took a deep breath.

“Elizabeth, you’ve got some nerve,” Alexander sneered.

“Mr. Tudor, from the moment I decided to divorce you, we became enemies. So deal with my attitude,” Elizabeth shoved Alexander away and walked down the steps without looking back.

Elizabeth walked to her car, stopped, and looked back at Alexander, muttering, “Alexander, scumbags like you are definitely going to...”

Alexander sneered. He crossed his arms, looking totally unfazed, and asked, “So what if I’m a scumbag? Didn’t you love me intensely?”

“You make me sick,” Elizabeth spat harshly. “The fact that I once loved you makes me sick too!”

Alexander looked even more indifferent and said, “Ms. Percy, the fact that you loved me is something you can never erase...”

“Feel free to be disgusted by me,” Elizabeth snapped as she got into the car.

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She thought, My love for Alexander is something I can never erase from my heart. The scar on my back constantly reminds me that I loved Alexander so deeply I was willing to die for him! But my love is always used by him to hurt

me. Isn't my love ridiculous? I hope Alexander never finds love in this lifetime and never gets the person he likes! How could a jerk like Alexander deserve anyone's love?

Elizabeth floored the gas, and the car sped away.

After Elizabeth's car disappeared, Alexander's expression slowly turned cold again, and then he clenched his fists. Thinking of Elizabeth's words, Alexander felt awful. "Elizabeth dares to hit me, calls me disgusting, and says I'm going to hell? No one has ever dared to talk to me like that," he wondered. Alexander's right hand clenched into a fist, and he suddenly lost it and punched the pillar hard. Soon, blood started to drip down the pillar from his hand. Alexander's eyes grew even redder, filled with resentment towards Elizabeth. Elizabeth used to follow him everywhere, but now she treated Alexander like trash. How could he stand that?

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It was nighttime. Elizabeth hit up a restaurant solo. The place was dead quiet, and from the twentieth floor, Lisbon's night scene was vibrant. She sliced a bit of steak, popped it in her mouth, and thought about her day with Alexander. It made her feel oddly chill.

"Oh honey, Mr. Gotty, don't you know me by now? I'm the most loyal al around. If Mr. Getty's into me, then I..." A sugary voice drifted over to Elizabeth.

She glanced up and saw Kieran with some chick, all cozy and about to sit down. Kieran, you dirtbag. You still claim Alexander's sleaziness ain't your fault. Birds of a feather, man, Elizabeth thought.

"Mr. Getty, what's she got that I don't? Aren't I a better fit to be the face of Getty Group?"

Elizabeth zoned out, resting her chin on her hand, half-listening to the girl's whining. Looks like she's gunning for the spokesperson gig. She must be talking about Lila, right? Lila's the top dog; no one...

"Get lost." Kieran's grumpy voice cut through.

Elizabeth's eyes lit up a bit.

The girl was stunned. "You... think you are? Get lost." Kieran snapped.

The girl was baffled and whined, “Why are you flipping out?”

“You’re not even close to Lila. You think you can compete with her? Kieran gave her a once-over and sneered, “Just cause we’re having a meal, you think you’re special? Get lost.”

After that, the girl finally got it. ‘It’s ‘cause I dissed Lila. But I didn’t say much! Just asked what makes Lila better. Does Kieran really need to blow up like this? He just tells me to scram! Too much! Does having cash mean he can do whatever he wants?’ she pondered.

She bit her lip, glared at Kieran, and started to cry, “Fine, I’m ou...”

Kieran sighed, looking annoyed, and scratched his head. He grabbed a cup, about to drink, when he heard Elizabeth laughing.

Kieran froze. “Elizabeth?”

He quickly walked over to her.

Elizabeth was munching on her steak. “What?”

“What are you doing here?” Kieran looked at her, surprised.

Elizabeth glanced up at him, noticing his flashy suit jacket in an elusive color. The collar of his white shirt was smeared with lipstick.

“Eating,” Elizabeth said flatly.

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Kieran grinned. “Elizabeth, can you do me a solid?”

“I’m useless, can’t help,” Elizabeth shot back immediately.

Kieran groaned. “I haven’t even told you what I need, and you’re already saying no?”

“Yep, I’m useless,” Elizabeth kept at it.

Kieran sighed. “I’ll buy you dinner and a bag!”

Elizabeth perked up, interested.

Kieran clasped his hands together. "Please, Elizabeth. Is Joseph planning to work with Lila?"

"Joseph's thinking about it, but I don't know if it'll happen," Elizabeth answered honestly.

"Did you set it up?" Kieran asked.

Elizabeth just made a sound in response.

Kieran was speechless.

"We're tight. Why won't you help me?" Kieran whined.

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"Were close? Nah, not really," Elizabeth kept munching, clearly not in the mood for chit-chat.

Alexander can be a jerk, but we go way back, Kieran said, his voice low. Elizabeth glanced up and gave Kieran a small smile.

Kieran grinned back and asked, "So, can you help me out?"

Elizabeth shot him down, "Get lost."

"Don't be so cold-hearted," Kieran pleaded.

Elizabeth finished her last bite, then tossed her knife and fork aside. She grabbed her bag and headed out, with Kieran trailing behind. Just as Elizabeth was about to pay, Kieran quickly said, "Put it on my tab."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and then turned away, ignoring him. She went downstairs, and Kieran followed. "Can you help me get in touch with Lila? I feel like she's got something against me. I haven't really talked to her much, so I don't even know what I did wrong." In the elevator, Kieran crossed his arms and muttered.

Elizabeth felt too awkward to explain that it was because he and Alexander were buddies.

“Mr. Getty, with all your charm, you can’t win over Lila? Come on, you got this.” Elizabeth patted Kieran on the shoulder and then left him in the elevator as she walked out.

Kieran caught up, but Elizabeth was already in her car. She smiled at Kieran and said, “Kieran, I’m not gonna help you with this. Just give it up.”

Kieran said angrily, “Elizabeth, how can you be like this!”

Elizabeth didn’t respond, knowing Kieran’s outburst was just frustration. On the way home, Elizabeth told Lila about it, and Lila couldn’t stop laughing.

“Why would Kieran suddenly want to work with me?” Lila was puzzled.

“You’re gorgeous and talented. Who wouldn’t want to work with you? Anyone who says otherwise is just lying,” Elizabeth snorted.

Lila pouted, “True.”

Elizabeth laughed and said, “Lila, keep it low-key!”

Lila brushed her hair. “I’m meeting Joseph with my agent tomorrow. Elizabeth, I’m doing this for you.”

“Thanks a bunch,” Elizabeth clasped her hands together.

Lila said, “Just focus on driving. I have a night shoot to get to!”

“Take care.” After the pleasantries, Elizabeth hung up.

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Elizabeth thought of Kieran’s frustrated look and couldn’t help but laugh. She thought, To Kieran, aren’t women just objects? Turns out even the mighty Kieran has something he can’t handle.

Her phone suddenly rang. Elizabeth was about to head home, but after seeing the text, she drove straight to Base M. Elizabeth scanned her face and fingerprint to enter Base M.

Felix waved at Elizabeth from the lobby and said, “Ms. Percy, three years ago, the Serenity Leaf entered the Lishun market. Later, it was bought by an

anonymous merchant. I found the contact info for this merchant and reached out to him.”

Elizabeth gazed at the beautiful Serenity Leaf photo, finding it hard to believe it was a medicinal herb.

“What did he say?” Elizabeth asked Felix.

Felix scratched his head and replied, “He’s not willing to sell the Serenity Leaf.”

Elizabeth asked, “Why? Is the price not right, or does the Serenity Leaf have special meaning to him?”

“He just said it’s not for sale, no matter the price,” Felix repeated the man’s response.

Elizabeth frowned.

Felix asked, “Ms. Percy, do you really need this Serenity Leaf? Can we use a substitute?”

Elizabeth crossed her arms and stared at the large screen showing Serenity Leaf, deep in thought. “No. It has to be this Serenity Leaf. This is what Grant wants to give to Celine, and I promised Grant.”

Set up a meeting with him. No matter what, I need to get this Serenity Leaf. Elizabeth said firmly.

Chapter 326: At the Hospital

Elizabeth arrived at the clinic and heard Sunny exclaiming, “Has Ms. Carter shown up? Dr. Percy, have you seen her?” Sunny was frantic, and Elizabeth asked, “What’s the deal?”

“A patient just started showing symptoms out of nowhere, and Dr. Dixon is stumped,” Sunny said, looking stressed.

Elizabeth furrowed her brow, put on her white coat, and said, “Alright, take me there.” Sunny looked puzzled. “Come on, let’s go.” Elizabeth grabbed Sunny’s arm and they went to check on the patient. Sunny couldn’t find Nick, so she had no choice but to bring Elizabeth along.

When they reached the ward, a crowd of patients' family members blocked the door. Elizabeth glanced at them and said, "Get them outta here. Why are they clogging up the hallway?"

Laura saw Elizabeth and said, "The patient just had surgery, and everything was fine yesterday. But now, the patient's heart just stopped." Elizabeth nodded and began checking the patient's symptoms.

Laura stepped back, looking between Elizabeth and Sunny. "Where's Ms. Carter?"

"No clue," Sunny whispered, shaking her head. "Let Dr. Percy take a look first." Laura wanted to question Elizabeth's abilities but hesitated.

Soon, the patient's family member returned. Seeing Elizabeth examining the patient, he immediately demanded, "Who is this? Where's Ms. Carter? My wife was fine yesterday; what happened today? If something goes wrong, you're all responsible! Got it?" He even shoved Elizabeth.

Elizabeth remained calm and said, "Sunny, get him out."

The family member was shocked. "Get *me* out? Who do you think you are? What kind of doctor are you? With all the fake degree scandals here, how can I trust you? Keep your hands off my wife. I only want Ms. Carter!" He pushed Elizabeth away, blocking her.

Elizabeth looked at the man, clearly annoyed. She didn't say anything but glanced at Sunny. Sunny understood and quickly intervened, calming the man and leading him away. As they left, the man continued yelling, "You're all useless. If something happens to my wife, I'll hold you quacks accountable!"

Elizabeth was speechless. Laura also felt offended. After all those years of medical school and saving lives, they were still called quacks.

"Dr. Percy," Laura called out cautiously.

Elizabeth looked up. "You," Laura bit her lip. She wasn't doubting Elizabeth, just worried if she could handle the situation. This was Amanda's patient. If something went wrong, Amanda wouldn't let Elizabeth off the hook. Elizabeth was stepping into a mess!

"Dr. Dixon, you should leave too," Elizabeth said calmly.

Laura was stunned. “No, Dr. Percy, this isn’t a joke!” Laura said to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth replied, “I know, chill. She’s gonna be fine.”

Elizabeth’s calm demeanor baffled Laura. Laura had been checking for ages and couldn't find the problem. Elizabeth just arrived and says it's nothing? How can she be so sure?

“Dr. Dixon, I’m not useless. I know a few things. I might not be as good as you and Ms. Carter, but I won’t kill anyone. Trust me!” Elizabeth patted Laura’s shoulder, signaling her to leave. Elizabeth didn’t want Laura to know her true skills.

Laura frowned, feeling uneasy. But Elizabeth urged her to leave, so she gave her some space.

When the patient’s family saw Laura also leave, he immediately erupted. “Why are you coming out too? When did that doctor inside start working here? Can she handle it?”

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“I’m tellin’ ya, if anything happens to my wife, you’re gonna regret it!” The guy’s voice grew louder, and Elizabeth could hear it clearly.

Amanda rushed over, hearing the commotion, and asked, “What’s the—?”

“Ms. Carter, thank God you’re here!” The patient’s family member grabbed Amanda’s arm. “My wife’s in bad shape!”

“Why’s everyone out here? Who’s inside?” Amanda saw someone inside and glanced at Laura and Sunny.

“Dr. Percy,” Sunny whispered.

Amanda frowned. “This is nuts; how could they leave Elizabeth alone in there?”

“What are the symptoms?” Amanda slapped on a mask and was about to push the door open.

Just then, the ward door swung open. Elizabeth strolled out.

“All good,” Elizabeth said to Amanda.

Amanda was floored.

Laura didn't buy it. She rushed in and saw all the monitors showing normal readings. The person who was knocking on death's door just moments ago now had all their vitals back to normal. How did Elizabeth pull that off?

Laura turned to look at Elizabeth, who had her hands in her pockets, looking as chill as ever. In a cardiac arrest, you gotta hit 'em with epinephrine fast. After the resuscitation, Elizabeth threw in a bit of her own magic, and the patient bounced back quickly.

Laura froze. Amanda double-checked. Yep, no issues.

“You,” the patient's family member pointed at Elizabeth and then looked inside. His wife was fine, and she even looked better.

Amanda raised an eyebrow and smirked inwardly.

“As long as everything's cool...” With that, Amanda left the ward and shot a glance at Elizabeth. “Don't let this happen again.”

This was her patient; Elizabeth couldn't just barge in like that. If something went south, who'd take the fall?

Elizabeth nodded like a good kid and then smiled apologetically. “Sorry, Ms. Carter. I was just too worked up.”

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“But you nailed it,” Amanda said to Elizabeth, her face showing a...

Looked like Elizabeth was just as awesome as Mark had said.

Amanda and Elizabeth walked off side by side. Laura stood at the door, frowning as she watched Amanda and Eliza...

“Dr. Percy is really something else,” Sunny said, looking shocked. “Did stuff you couldn't...” Sunny shook her head.

Laura's face darkened.

Sunny pouted and muttered, "Guess it's still up in the air who's gon..."

Hearing this, Laura got even more ticked off. But she didn't say a w...

Seeing Laura leave, Sunny called out, "Dr. Dixon..."

Laura quickly headed back to the office. As soon as she walked in, a few people joked, "The deputy director..."

"Cut it out," Laura said as she plopped down in her seat.

Everyone chuckled. "What's there to joke about? With Mark gone, t..."

Laura flipped through some papers. Hearing their words, she thought...

She clenched the papers tightly and then slammed them shut. She thought anxiously, I've waited years for this shot; is it really st...

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"Hey, Dr. Percy!" Elizabeth was munching on her lunch when Laura suddenly called out and plopped down across from her.

Elizabeth flashed a smile. "Dr. Dixon, what's the deal?"

"Got any plans after work? If not, how about I treat you to dinner?" Laura asked, her smile friendly.

Elizabeth's radar went off. Laura was always nice, but today she was laying it on thick.

"Dr. Dixon, you need something?" Elizabeth figured Laura had an agenda; otherwise, why the sudden dinner invite?

Laura looked a bit awkward. She hesitated. "It's kinda hard to say."

Elizabeth waved it off. “No worries. Just spit it out.”

“I’d rather talk over dinner!” Laura said, trying to dodge the question.

Elizabeth sighed but agreed. “Alright, let’s hit up that restaurant across the street tonight.”

Laura beamed, then took off. Elizabeth watched her go, feeling a bit puzzled but didn’t press it.

After work, Elizabeth headed to the restaurant. Laura had left work early and already snagged a table and ordered food. Laura waved her over. She was rocking a black dress, a far cry from her usual white coat. But what really caught Elizabeth’s eye was the little boy with her, about six years old.

Elizabeth sat down, feeling a bit uneasy.

“Dr. Percy, meet my son, Howard Hughes,” Laura introduced with a smile. “Sorry, I had to pick him up from school.”

Elizabeth nodded. The kid was cute but super shy.

The table was loaded with the priciest dishes on the menu. Elizabeth knew Laura’s salary and figured this meal was a big splurge.

“Dr. Dixon, just spill it,” Elizabeth said, sipping her juice. She hated beating around the bush.

Laura looked at her, clearly embarrassed. After a long pause, Laura finally spoke. “Elizabeth, you know the department’s picking a new deputy director, right?”

Elizabeth nodded; everyone knew.

“Everyone says you’re a shoo-in for the job,” Elizabeth said.

Laura shook her head. “They’re just talking.”

“People seem serious. You and Mark started together, and now that he’s gone, it’s natural for you to step up,” Elizabeth said.

Laura blinked. “You really think so?”

“Totally,” Elizabeth laughed.

Elizabeth was cutting into her steak when she paused. “Dr. Dixon, worried I’ll snatch the deputy director role from you? Is that why...you asked me here?”

Laura looked down, clearly busted.

Yeah, that was it. She wanted to talk to Elizabeth. If she could, Laura hoped Elizabeth wouldn’t go for the position. Elizabeth had money and connections, rendering this job unnecessary. But Laura was different. She was divorced, raising a kid, and her family relied on her. She needed this job for a shot at promotion. Even though people said it was all about skill and experience, Laura knew power played a big role. Especially after Elizabeth’s stellar performance today, Laura was feeling the heat.

Elizabeth got it. She laughed. “Dr. Dixon, all this fuss over a job. This world is really...”

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Elizabeth suddenly realized how harsh life was for those at the bottom.

“I ain’t gunning for the deputy director spot. Plus, I ain’t got the chops for it,” Elizabeth told Laura, stating it plainly.

Laura looked a bit jittery. “You really don’t wanna go for it?”

“Yeah, really,” Elizabeth replied.

Laura’s face lit up with a curious grin. “But Dr. Percy, isn’t it all about climbing the ladder at the hospital?”

“I’ve got plenty of roads ahead of me, but you, you only got this one,” Elizabeth said, cool as a cucumber.

Laura went quiet for a few seconds, then hummed in agreement. It was true.

“Dr. Dixon, you gotta hustle. Give it your all,” Elizabeth said with a gentle smile.

Laura was over the moon. She quickly grabbed Howard and said, “Howard, we’re set now. Quick, we gotta thank Elizabeth!”

Elizabeth didn’t expect her decision to back out would make Laura so stoked.

“But Dr. Dixon, what about the others?” Elizabeth asked, a bit wary.

“Others? They ain’t got what I got,” Laura said, brimming with confidence.

Elizabeth just nodded, then glanced at Howard. She thought Howard was adorable.

Elizabeth remembered when she first married Alexander; she really wanted a child with him. She always dreamed their child would be beautiful and smart! But Alexander hadn’t touched her all these years. Now, Elizabeth was kinda grateful for that.

Elizabeth used the excuse of hitting the restroom to pay the bill. It was over a grand; Laura had ordered steak for Elizabeth and Howard but didn’t get one for herself.

Elizabeth sighed. After chatting with Laura a bit more, Elizabeth drove Laura and Howard home.

In the car, the usually quiet Howard finally spoke up, “Wow, what a cool car. It’s purple. Can it be a convertible? Wow, you’re so…”

Elizabeth saw the envy in Howard’s eyes. She said, “When you grow up, you’ll have all this too.”

Laura and Howard lived close to the hospital in a rented place, but the area wasn’t great. Still, seeing Laura holding Howard’s hand happily, Elizabeth felt a sense of peace.

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Everyone had their own life. Laura was pretty content with hers.

As Elizabeth drove out of the small, rundown neighborhood, a black car suddenly rammed into her. Elizabeth slammed on the brakes, and the car got pushed back. The airbags deployed, and Elizabeth’s body jerked backward. She gripped the steering wheel tight and couldn’t help but wince. Her neck hurt.

Elizabeth frowned, looking down when the car door suddenly got yanked open. She looked up and saw a burly dude staring at her. The next second, he knocked her out cold.

Laura was heading into the building; she glanced back and was puzzled that Elizabeth's car was still there. Soon, a crowd started gathering.

"Looks like the driver got kidnapped!"

"Kidnapping someone in broad daylight? That's nuts!"

Laura got a bad feeling. She told Howard to go home and quickly ran over. Sure enough, Elizabeth was gone. But her phone had fallen to the floor. Laura quickly grabbed it.

"Anyone called the cops?" Laura asked the crowd.

Everyone nodded.

Laura scrolled through Elizabeth's phone and found Alexander's number in the call log. She tried to dial it, but it showed the number was blocked. Laura had no choice but to pull out her own phone and quickly dial Alexander's number!

Chapter Comments

Beck Carlyle: Your characters' language skills suck now!

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The night rolled in like a bad hangover. In some sketchy, half-finished building, Elizabeth found herself tied to a chair. She blinked her eyes open, her chair hanging halfway off the edge. She tried to scream, but her mouth was gagged tight.

Elizabeth glanced around; the place was just a skeleton of a building—nothing but beams and dust. The wind whipped past her ears, making her heart race. "Boss, she's awake," someone said.

Then, a thud like something heavy hitting the ground, followed by footsteps approaching from behind. Elizabeth craned her neck and saw a plain-looking middle-aged man standing next to her.

“Well, well, well, she’s awake,” Elijah Nichols grinned, tapping her chin. “What a looker! Rich folks really are different!”

Isaac Hill, Elijah’s sidekick, nodded like a bobblehead. “No kidding, her skin’s so smooth! Just looking at her perks me up.”

Elizabeth scowled at Elijah, her mind racing. Who the hell are these guys? Why’d they tie me up? Who did I piss off?

“Oh, don’t give me that look with those pretty eyes,” Elijah said, pretending to be hurt.

Elizabeth fumed inside. Shouldn’t *I* be the one feeling hurt? I’m the one tied up here, can’t talk, and dangling over a freaking abyss! My legs are hanging in mid-air; I’m scared out of my mind! Is there even a rope holding me?

Elijah pressed down on her head and ripped the tape off her mouth. Elizabeth yelped in pain! She glared at Elijah and yelled, “Who are you? You dare kidnap me? Do you even know who I am?”

“Look at you, all feisty!” Elijah pouted.

Elizabeth was momentarily speechless. She took a deep breath and asked, “Who sent you?”

Elijah crossed his arms. “Take a wild guess.”

Elizabeth wanted to kick him, thinking, *Why is he so damn annoying? Making me guess.*

“Ms. Percy, you’ve pissed someone off,” Elijah sighed. He picked up his phone and said, “By ten tomorrow, let’s see if anyone shows up for you. If not...” He smiled and pushed the chair a bit. Elizabeth freaked out and screamed. Elijah said, “That’s the deal.”

Elizabeth dangled there, staring at the rubble below, her heart sinking. So, if no one shows up by ten tomorrow, Elijah’s gonna push me off, huh? “Are you playing some kind of game with me?” she asked.

Elijah grinned. “You’re sharp!”

“Then let me guess, your boss just wants to scare me, right?” Elizabeth glared at him.

Elijah blinked. “You’re really sharp!” Elizabeth smirked. Elijah turned away without another word.

Elizabeth cursed. “You better pull me back up!”

“You just hang tight.” Elijah clapped his hands, looking bored.

This kidnapper was seriously unpredictable. “You should at least call my friends and tell them I’ve been kidnapped!” she shouted.

“What’s the fun in that?” Elijah sat down. The thrill was in the sudden disappearance, to see if anyone noticed.

Elizabeth was speechless. That was over. She only contacted Felix, Lila, and the others when something big was going down. If she vanished for a night, no one would even notice. As for Declan and Rose, if she didn’t show up for a night, they wouldn’t think she got kidnapped either.