

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 341

Elijah crossed his arms, giving Alexander and Elizabeth a once-over. He pouted, “You two are divorced, but anyone who didn’t know would think you’re still head over heels!”

“What love? Can’t you see how much I can’t stand him?” Elizabeth snapped back.

Elijah shook his head. “You don’t need him because you’re scared he’ll get caught up in this mess, right? You’re afraid he’ll get hurt because you care about him. You love him, don’t you?”

Elizabeth spat at Elijah, “Typical guy. So full of himself!”

Elijah was stunned for a second, then brushed off his clothes. “Did I get it wrong?” He couldn’t believe he was wrong. Elizabeth’s actions screamed she was worried about Alexander getting involved.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander, her eyes red, and shouted, “It was the Russell family! It was Esme. She tried to have me killed multiple times. And Alexander, you let it happen!”

If Alexander hadn’t let Esme get away with it, how could she have kept trying to hurt Elizabeth?

“Elizabeth, this has nothing to do with Esme,” Alexander said, his throat tight. Nolan had checked it out; it wasn’t Esme’s doing.

Elizabeth felt a sharp pain in her heart hearing that. She let out a cold laugh, her hair blowing in the wind. “You’re still backing Esme just because you love her? Even if she offed me one day, would that fly with you?”

Alexander choked up.

Elijah blinked and muttered, “This is getting juicy!”

“I’ll take her place. Let her go,” Alexander stepped forward.

“But Ms. Percy doesn’t seem to need that,” Elijah cut in. “She would rather die than call you,” Elijah smiled, waving the knife and sighing, “Alexander, you don’t love Ms. Percy anyway. Why not let her die right in front of you?”

Alexander’s eyes darkened, and he shouted, “What are you talking about!”

“Ms. Percy, if you die in front of him, maybe he’ll remember you forever and feel guilty forever too!” Elijah’s lips curled into a grin.

Elizabeth said nothing, just stared at the bricks below the tall building. Elijah’s knife cut the bell. The bell hit the ground with a crisp sound. At that moment, the cops showed up. The colorful scene below made Elizabeth’s head spin. Elizabeth had her back to Alexander; she couldn’t see his face but heard him shout, “No!”

Alexander’s voice was loud, almost tearing at his throat.

“No? You don’t love her, so why do you care so much? I think she needs to die!” Elijah’s voice grew more manic, each word like a knife stabbing into Elizabeth’s heart.

Alexander took a big step forward, and just as Elijah’s knife was about to cut the rope, he kicked Elijah’s arm. Elijah’s arm lifted, his hand loosened, and the knife fell to the ground. Elizabeth heard the sound and immediately looked over. She saw Elijah and Alexander wrestling. Isaac, seeing this, hurried over to help.

“Pick up the knife for me!” Elijah roared, “Stab him. If we get caught today, no one will have a good time and everyone must die! We’re here to do a job, and we have to do it right!”

Alexander fought against four people. Although they weren’t strong individually, they had numbers. As Alexander struggled with them, his white shirt gradually stained with blood. Sweat from his forehead soaked his hair, and he repeatedly glanced at Elizabeth, as if telling her not to be afraid.

Elizabeth watched Alexander, her heart pounding. It felt like she was back in high school. Alexander had been beaten bloody back then, protecting her and leading her out of danger. This was the kind of Alexander who would save her in times of danger and always had his eyes on her. Yet he had never loved her. How ironic.

Elijah picked up the knife again. Alexander took two steps back, ending up beside Elizabeth. Elijah approached, laughing maniacally. “Perfect, you two could die together!”

Footsteps were clearly coming up the stairs. They didn’t have much time left and didn’t plan to waste any more words with Alexander. Elijah raised the knife and cut the rope!

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Elizabeth’s body jerked unexpectedly, and she started to fall! “Elizabeth!” Alexander yelled, lunging to grab the rope. Elizabeth dangled in mid-air, while Alexander was yanked down, stopping right at the platform’s edge! Elizabeth looked up, gasping, her eyes wide with panic as she stared at Alexander.

“Don’t freak out,” Alexander tried to calm her. Elizabeth saw Alexander’s hand gripping tight, pulling her rope up. Her heart felt like it was in a vice; the pain was intense. She couldn’t understand why Alexander was still trying to save her.

Bit by bit, Elizabeth got pulled up until Elijah stepped on Alexander’s back. Alexander’s hand slipped, and Elizabeth fell again, dragging him forward. Sirens blared below, red and blue lights flashing wildly.

Alexander pulled harder, ignoring Elijah’s weight, hauling Elizabeth up. His hands were all marked up, and his shirt tore from the friction. His arms scraped against the platform edge and concrete. Blood dripped onto Elizabeth’s shoulder. Elizabeth bit her lip, thinking this was what Alexander owed her—a life; if he saved her today, they’d be even.

“Don’t move!” a cop’s voice shouted from behind. Elijah glanced back, squatted, and held a knife to Alexander’s neck. “Don’t come any closer!” “Mr. Tudor!” Nolan pushed through the crowd, his face a mix of emotions at seeing Alexander. “I told you, stay back!” As the crowd moved, Elijah’s knife slashed Alexander’s arm! Alexander gasped but gripped Elizabeth’s rope tighter. Blood flowed fast from his arm.

“Come on, come closer and give it a shot!” Elijah, almost losing it, raised the knife to strike again. “Won’t move. Just stay calm!” the captain shouted. “Get out, all of you. Or I’ll make sure they both die!” Elijah threatened.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander, his forehead veins bulging, showing he was giving it his all.

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For the first time, Elizabeth felt she mattered to Alexander. But it was too late. Her heart felt nothing. Elizabeth's nose tingled, and she softly said, "Alexander." Alexander looked at her, sweat dripping. "Yeah." Elizabeth had something to say, but then she heard a sound. A gunshot echoed in the empty building, and then it went silent. When Alexander looked back, he saw they had fired. Elijah's knife got shot out of his hand, and as he tried to grab it again, he got pinned down.

"Mr. Tudor!" Nolan rushed over. Nolan was shocked to see Elizabeth hanging, but he quickly helped Alexander pull her up. "Careful," Alexander rasped. Elizabeth got pulled up, but her whole body was numb from hanging so long. She hadn't even steadied herself before she collapsed to her knees. Alexander tried to help her up but pulled his wound by accident.

Elizabeth's hands were on the ground, her wrists purple and scraped, with traces of blood. Her hair was a mess, stuck to her face, her head hanging down, too weak to talk. Alexander covered his arm and slowly stood up. He went to Elizabeth, trying to help her up, but saw a guy behind her with a knife ready to stab. Alexander frowned, grabbed Elizabeth, and used all his strength to switch places with her. The knife grazed Alexander's shoulder, tearing his clothes.

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Elizabeth saw the blood dripping from Alexander's shoulder, clear as day. She looked at him and flashed a smile that was both gentle and stunning. She clung to him with both hands, not a hint of pity in her eyes. Her smile was so beautiful it was almost heartbreaking. The crowd was going wild, everyone pushing forward.

"You owe me a life," Elizabeth whispered, her voice so soft it could be carried away by the wind. "But now, we're even."

And with that, she fainted. Alexander only caught the last part and was left totally confused.

"The ambulance is here! Move it!"

At the hospital, Elizabeth woke up around eight in the evening. She heard someone sobbing by her bedside, which forced her to open her eyes. The sound was just too heart-wrenching.

“Elizabeth’s awake!” That voice—it was Rose.

Elizabeth felt bad for making Rose worry. She reached out and gently held Rose’s hand. Rose cried even harder, “Scared the hell out of me!”

Elizabeth looked at Rose, her throat dry and unable to speak. Thinking back on the past few hours, it all felt like a dream. She’d been kidnapped out of nowhere and felt ashamed of her identity as Glory M. If Felix found out, he’d never let her live it down!

Rose helped Elizabeth sit up and quickly handed her some water. After a bit, Elizabeth took a deep breath and softly said, “Mom.”

“I’m here!” Rose nodded emphatically. The ward was empty except for Rose.

“Send everyone else home. Your dad went out for a smoke,” Rose said.

“Dad doesn’t smoke,” Elizabeth said softly.

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Because she didn’t like it, Declan didn’t...

At this, Rose’s tears fell again. “You worried us to death. Your dad...”

Before she could finish, the door opened, and Declan walked in. Seeing Elizabeth awake, he was visibly relieved. Elizabeth smiled at him and said, “Dad.”

Declan had a million questions, but seeing Elizabeth safe, he swallowed them all. “It’s good that you’re okay. I’ll get the doctor.”

He left the room, his back hunched, letting out a sigh of relief.

“Alexander saved you,” Rose said softly, “He got hurt.”

Elizabeth responded calmly, “I know.”

Rose was surprised. “You’re not worried about him?”

“Mom, he owes me,” Elizabeth continued, drinking water, her tone even calmer.

Rose frowned and touched Elizabeth’s forehead, wondering if she had a fever and was talking nonsense.

“I know you want to distance yourself from Alexander, but you don’t have to act like this. If you’re worried, go see him. After all, he did save you,” Rose said.

But before Rose could finish, Elizabeth said, “Mom, you’re overthinking it.”

Rose was even more surprised. Elizabeth was too calm.

“He got stabbed twice for you,” Rose said.

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Elizabeth felt a bit bummed hearing Rose’s words. She hadn’t told her family that she was the one who risked her neck to save Alexander when he got snatched that year, because she was scared they’d freak out and call her dumb. Elizabeth hung her head, and the room went dead quiet.

The doctor came by to check on her and said she was good to go after a couple of days of chilling out. Rose saw the doctor out, and Elizabeth piped up, “Mom, I want some Ravioli Italiani.”

“Still thinking about food, huh?” Declan gave her a playful tap on the head.

Elizabeth giggled, “Dad, can you and Mom whip up some Ravioli Italiani for me? Extra meat, please.”

Declan ruffled her hair, feeling a twinge of sadness, but said, “It’s already eight at night, and you still want us to make Ravioli Italiani? You don’t care about us at all!” He snorted.

Elizabeth pouted, “So, are you making it or not?”

“How could we not?” Declan thought making Ravioli Italiani for Elizabeth was a joy, and being needed by her was even better!

Elizabeth shook her head, signaling him to drop it. “Whatever, let’s just call it a bad hand dealt by fate.”

“You take it too lightly.” Declan sighed deeply, then he and Rose headed home to make the Ravioli Italiani.

After they left, Elizabeth’s smile faded, and her eyes turned icy. She vowed to pay back the kidnappers tenfold!

“Ms. Percy!” Felix burst in from outside.

Elizabeth looked up and snapped, “Now you show up. I’ve been missing for hours, and didn’t even think to look for me.”

Felix felt wronged. “Ms. Percy, it was the middle of the night. How was I supposed to know you got kidnapped!”

“When my tracker suddenly went dark, didn’t you think to check?” Elizabeth glared at him. Her tracker was always on at Base M. If it went dark, something was up.

Felix awkwardly admitted, “Ms. Percy, I messed up.”

“If you wanna make it right, find out who was behind the kidnapping,” Elizabeth said coldly.

Felix snorted, “Do we even need to guess? It’s gotta be that witch, Esme!”

“It might not be Esme,” Elizabeth told him.

Felix paused and doubted in his heart, ‘Not Esme? Then who else in all of Lisbun would have beef with Elizabeth? Could it be Alexander?’

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“Hurry up and find out,” Elizabeth glared at Felix, clearly ticked off.

Felix nodded quickly. “Okay, I’m on it!”

Elizabeth grunted in acknowledgment. Felix dropped the fruit he was holding and left.

Elizabeth was alone in the hospital room. She picked up her phone to check Facebook but got sucked into the latest news. The latest buzz from Lisbon was that Ms. Percy got kidnapped and Mr. Tudor rescued her solo, putting himself in danger. He was now in emergency treatment.

Elizabeth frowned. But scrolling down, an hour later, the news said he was out of danger and had been moved to a regular room. Elizabeth clicked on the pic. When Alexander was being taken to the ambulance, he was covered in blood. His white shirt was almost soaked through. But Alexander didn't seem to care about his injuries at all. His gaze was fixed somewhere unknown.

Elizabeth zoomed in on the photo, not knowing where Alexander was looking until she swiped to the next one. Elizabeth fell silent.

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Alexander watched as the medics wheeled Elizabeth into the ambulance. He looked frail, his face heavy with worry. Elizabeth turned off the screen, and the netizens' comments started rolling in.

Netizen one: [This ain't about saving Ms. Percy; it's totally about saving his wife!]

Netizen two: [Nah, it's about saving his ex-wife! Mr. Tudor's got some guts, at least he rushed in.]

Netizen three: [Am I the only one who thinks he's got a thing for Ms. Percy?]

Netizen one replied to netizen three: [If he had feelings, he wouldn't have ditched Ms. Percy for Esme.]

Netizen three replied to netizen one: [Feelings are weird, man. Maybe he didn't like her at first, but after they split, he realized he loved her. People are like that; they take things for granted when someone's around. But once that person leaves, it all becomes clear.]

Elizabeth glanced at the comments for a moment, then put down her phone. She threw on a coat and headed to the nurse's station across from her ward. As soon as she walked over, the nurse said, "Dr. Percy, you're awake!"

Elizabeth nodded and smiled. "Which room is Alexander in?"

“Room 6023, just ahead!” the nurse said excitedly. “Dr. Percy, you’re so lucky. Mr. Tudor risked his life to save you!”

Elizabeth paused, a hint of bitterness in her eyes.

After she left, a few nurses behind her whispered, “Oh dear, what are you saying? Alexander just divorced Dr. Percy.”

“He loves Esme!”

The nurses exchanged glances and fell silent.

Elizabeth arrived at Alexander’s room. She heard someone inside say, “Alexander, don’t put yourself in danger again. I was really worried. Was it worth it to get hurt saving Elizabeth?”

Elizabeth stood at the door, hesitating whether to go in when a familiar voice suddenly came from behind, “Elizabeth?”

She turned around and saw Elara.

“Mom,” Elizabeth called softly.

Elara smiled and asked, “Are you alright?”

Elizabeth felt a bit guilty. “I’m sorry, because of me, Alexander got hurt.”

Elara snorted, “He’s lucky to save you. That’s his job, right? While you’re here, why not go in and peek?”

Elizabeth wanted to refuse. But then she heard Esme inside...

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Elara frowned upon hearing this. What was that bitch Esme doing here? Thinking of that, Elara barged in. Elizabeth tried to pull Elara back but failed, and instead, she was pulled in along with her.

Once inside, they saw Esme sitting by the bed, holding Alexander’s arm. Alexander looked very pale, lying in bed and seemingly busy with his phone. Seeing Elara and Elizabeth arrive, Esme immediately stood up. Alexander also put down his phone and looked at Elizabeth, his voice a bit hoarse, “Are you alright?”

Elizabeth nodded slightly and then looked at his arm. Alexander was still wrapped in bandages, yet he was asking if Elizabeth was okay. In comparison, it seemed Alexander was more seriously injured.

Elara suddenly looked at Esme, her tone cold, “Hey, Ms. Russell, it’s getting late. It’s not really cool for a young lady like yourself to hang around here, right?”

Esme said aggrievedly, “Elara, Alexander is hurt. Let me stay with him.”

“He has a mother and family. He doesn’t need an outsider like you to stay with him. Ms. Russell, please leave!” Elara pointed to the door, directly showing her out.

Chapter Comments

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Elizabeth watched Elara flex her power again. When Elara disliked someone, she was ruthless; no second chances. This made Elizabeth realize it was becoming harder for Esme to break into the Tudor family. Over the years, Esme hadn’t won anyone over; in fact, they liked her less and less.

Esme, head down, mumbled, “Aunt Elara, what did I do to tick you off? Why are you always on my case?”

Before Elara could answer, Esme added, “I just fancy Alexander. What’s the big deal? He’s single, I’m single. Can’t I pursue him? Besides,” she looked up, ready to say more, but clammed up when she saw Elizabeth.

“Besides what?” Elara asked, waiting.

But Esme stayed quiet.

“Mom, don’t make it hard for Esme. Let her go,” Alexander said, cool as ever.

Esme looked at Alexander, hurt. “You want me to leave too?”

“It’s just not a good time for you to be here. Go home,” Alexander’s voice was calm but firm.

Esme felt a pang of sadness. “Is it because Elizabeth’s here that it’s inconvenient?”

Elizabeth watched the scene unfold, not wanting to get involved. Alexander wouldn’t kick Esme out just because of her. He probably just didn’t want a showdown between Esme and Elara.

“Esme,” Alexander’s tone was sharp.

Esme knew Alexander was sick and didn’t want to push him. Finally, she nodded reluctantly. “Fine, I’ll go. But I’ll be back tomorrow, Alexander.” She shot a look at Elara.

Elara stared back but said nothing.

As Esme was about to leave, Elara said, “I’ll walk you out.”

Esme felt a chill.

Alexander was silent for a moment. “Mom, don’t overdo it.”

Elara gave him a look and left with Esme. The room fell silent.

Elizabeth turned to leave, but Alexander’s voice stopped her. “What did you mean by ‘we’re even’?” He’d only caught the tail end of what Elizabeth said before she passed out.

Elizabeth paused, turning back to him. Alexander still looked rough, his voice raspy. He stared at Elizabeth, his eyes burning with questions. Elizabeth stood at the foot of the bed, calm as ever.

“Nothing,” she said coolly.

Alexander saw how distant she was, like a stranger. He couldn’t help but ask, “In such a dangerous situation, you’d rather die than let me save you. Why?”

“I wasn’t in danger,” Elizabeth’s tone was steady.

Alexander laughed, a bitter sound. Her confidence was almost maddening. He swallowed hard, brows furrowed. “Elizabeth, you were kidnapped! That guy was a nutjob. How could you be so certain you were safe? Speaking like that, isn’t it risky? Ever thought, if you had really fallen today, you...” He cut himself off.

The room was dead quiet, Alexander's breathing heavy. Elizabeth looked at him, hearing the urgency in his voice. Their eyes locked, and it was clear Alexander had more to say but didn't. Elizabeth waited, but he didn't continue.

She smiled slightly and asked, "Alexander, are you worried about me?"

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Alexander hesitated. Dude probably didn't even catch how desperate he sounded just now. His face and voice screamed worry for Elizabeth.

"Quit dodging the question," Alexander snapped, not even bothering to answer.

Elizabeth grinned. "You're the one ducking the issue."

"Elizabeth, don't mess around with your life," he said, dead serious, eyes flashing a warning.

Her grin faded, replaced by a calm look.

"Whether I live or die ain't your business. If something happens to me, don't bother showing up," Elizabeth shot back, ice-cold.

Alexander's brow furrowed. 'What's she getting at? Is my effort to save her pointless?' he wondered.

Elizabeth gave him a quick glance, said nothing, and walked out. The second she stepped out, she bumped into Elara.

"Elizabeth," Elara called.

"Mom, I'm not feeling great. Heading to my room," Elizabeth said softly.

Elara wanted to say something, but Elizabeth brushed past her and left. Unable to stop her, Elara went back inside.

She looked at Alexander with a mix of emotions. "What were you two talking about? The vibe is so off."

Alexander stared at the door, his gaze growing colder and more distant. He didn't recognize Elizabeth anymore. Ever since she decided to divorce him,

she moved on. But he was stuck, not just standing still but maybe even going backward. Alexander hung his head and sighed deeply. He ran a hand through his hair, feeling all sorts of things. Elizabeth's words echoed in his mind: "Now, we're even. Next time, stay out of my business. Whether I live or die ain't your concern."

He had to admit, he couldn't handle this new Elizabeth. She was a stranger.

"What are you thinking about?" Elara came up to him and sighed. "Why are you staring at the door? Looking for Elizabeth or Esme?"

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Alexander snapped out of it and looked at Elara.

"Mom, you're too hard on Esme," he sighed.

"Mind your own business," Elara snapped.

She thought angrily, "Too harsh? If I were really harsh, I'd have gone to the Russell family ages ago! Will the Russell family discipline Esme? If they won't, I'll help them!"

"Esme's a Russell. If you treat her like this, the Russells..." Alexander trailed off.

Elara stood up. She bluntly asked, "Is the Tudor family scared of the Russells? Or are you, Alexander, scared of anyone in the Russell family?"

Alexander was powerful; if anything, the Russells should fear him. Elara was baffled why Alexander was always so careful with the Russells.

"Do they have something on you, or do you owe them?" Elara was utterly confused.

Alexander was taken aback. Of course, the Russells had nothing on him. But Esme had saved his life, so he owed her.

Elara continued, "I don't entirely blame Esme for what happened between you two. Alexander, it's mostly your fault! If you hadn't given in, would Esme have had a chance?"

Elara's nagging gave Alexander a headache. He leaned against the headboard, watching Elara sip water and keep talking about Esme.

Annoyed, Alexander said, "Mom, I'm done hiding it. I'll tell you why I have to marry Esme. Because that year, I was..."

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Alexander was about to reveal something, but he was interrupted. The hospital room door flew open, and Lily barged in, frantic. "What's the deal? Something happened, and you didn't tell me! I had to hear it from the news. Are you hurt?"

Lily was a hot mess, sweat glistening on her forehead. Elara shot a look at Alexander, her eyebrows furrowed. "What's he about to say?"

"Elara, Alexander's hurt, and you didn't even tell me!" Lily grabbed Elara's arm.

That snapped Elara out of it. She sighed, "Mom, I didn't want you to freak out."

"Is he okay?" Lily pointed at Alexander, sounding more panicked, as if she had a million other things on her mind.

Elara nodded. "He's good. Chill!"

"Then I'm gonna check on Elizabeth!" And with that, Lily spun around to leave.

Alexander frowned and blurted, "Grandma, whose grandma are you?"

Lily shot him a glare. "I'm Elizabeth's real grandma!"

Alexander was left speechless. Elara chuckled softly, shaking her head as she watched Lily storm out.

"So, what were you going to say?" Elara turned back to Alexander.

Alexander hesitated, thinking about how Esme had been treated by Elara, yet hadn't mentioned that she had saved him. He shook his head. "Nothing."

"So secretive!" Elara also walked out.

Alexander called after her, “Where are you going?”

“To see Elizabeth!” Elara replied.

Alexander gave a bitter smile and muttered, “Are you my mom or Elizabeth’s mom?”

Elara didn’t answer, just strutted out with a bit of sass. The room fell silent. Alexander leaned back against the headboard, thinking about Elizabeth’s bloodshot eyes and how she desperately said she didn’t need his help. His heart ached.

Elizabeth was so resistant to him. Alexander closed his eyes, his mind a whirlwind, feeling like he had butterflies in his stomach. What should I do about Elizabeth? Alexander wondered.

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Lily held Elizabeth’s hand, her face full of concern. “Don’t worry about a thing. Just concentrate on getting well. What’s your craving? I’ll fix it for you, alright?”

Elizabeth just smiled gently and nodded, keeping her distance. Lily could feel Elizabeth pulling away more and more. Lily stayed quiet, patted Elizabeth’s shoulder, and finally lowered her head. “Get some rest, sweetheart.”

With that, Lily got up and left. Elara and Elizabeth exchanged glances, and Elizabeth nodded, signaling Elara to check on Lily.

“Call me if you need anything,” Elara said softly.

Elizabeth responded with a hum, watching Lily and Elara leave.

Lily stood by the window in the hallway, looking at the brightly lit city outside, and sighed softly, “Elizabeth is such a good girl, but now we have truly lost her.”

Elara said nothing, just stood with Lily, looking out the window.

Lily said faintly, “I can’t keep her in the Tudor family with guilt trips anymore.”

“Mom, let Elizabeth go,” Elara said, holding Lily’s shoulder.

They had to face it. If they truly loved Elizabeth, they had to let her be free. Let her be happy.

“Even if Elizabeth isn’t part of the Tudor family, she’s still our daughter,” Elara comforted Lily.

Lily sighed deeply and nodded. She asked, “What about Esme? What do you think?”

Could it be that they would really let Alexander marry Esme and bring her into the family?

“She will never set foot in the Tudor family!” Elara said this with great confidence.

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After scarfing down the Ravioli Italiani, it was already pushing eleven. Elizabeth got a text from Felix.

Felix: [Guess what? It wasn’t Esme who nabbed you, take a wild guess who it was?]

Elizabeth: [Cut the BS.]

Felix: [Esme’s mom, Allen Russell.]

Elizabeth’s grip on her phone tightened instinctively. She thought, *Allen? Sure, she’s got a sharp tongue and a bit of an ego, but she’s not evil. Would she really go that far?*

Felix: [Elizabeth, Allen’s got a dinner party tonight at Whispering Pines Restaurant. It’s wrapping up soon.]

Elizabeth got the hint right away.

Elizabeth: [Wait for me.]

She thought, *Allen’s gonna pay for stringing me up like that. Time for her to get a taste of her own medicine.*

Whispering Pines Restaurant. Allen and her crew were trickling out, saying their goodbyes. Allen had a few too many, felt low, watched her friends leave,

and sighed. She waved for a car. As she opened the door, she froze. “Elizabeth, why are you here?”

She noticed the driver wasn’t her usual guy and didn’t recognize the young man behind the wheel. Sensing something was off, she tried to bail. Elizabeth grabbed her arm and yanked her into the car. Allen yelped as the door slammed shut and the car sped off.

Allen shouted, “Elizabeth, what’s your deal?”

“That’s my line, Mrs. Russell. What’s your game?” Elizabeth’s smile was sharp as a knife.

Allen gulped, staring at Elizabeth. She thought, *Does she know I’m behind her kidnapping? She was snatched last night and already figured it out?*

“It wasn’t me,” Allen blurted out.

Elizabeth’s smile said it all, ‘Yeah, right.’

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Seeing Elizabeth’s disbelief, Allen snapped, “Elizabeth, don’t mess with me. The Russell family isn’t to be messed with!”

“And did you consider that before messing with me? I’m not one to mess with either.” Elizabeth shot back, her eyes dangerous.

Allen stared at Elizabeth, realizing she wasn’t the same girl from high school. Back then, because of Esme, Allen often hung out with Elizabeth. She was sweet, innocent, and obedient. Since her divorce from Alexander, Elizabeth had grown a spine.

“Elizabeth, can we just call a truce?” Allen was getting desperate.

Kidnapping Elizabeth was supposed to be a scare tactic, but it spiraled out of control.

“Sure,” Elizabeth nodded, straight-faced.

Allen hesitated.

“So, you’re letting me go?” Allen’s eyes lit up, thinking maybe Elizabeth wasn’t so bad after all.

Elizabeth smiled, “Yeah, I don’t want to stress anyone out.”

Felix glanced back at the two of them.

In less than ten minutes, at the same building where Elizabeth was kidnapped, Allen found herself hanging at the edge. The wind howled past her ears as she screamed, “Elizabeth! You said you’d let me go!” Her voice shook with fear.

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“In the car! You said,” Allen freaked out, too scared to even peek. She took a quick look down, then shut her eyes tight, her mouth the only thing moving. “Didn’t you say you wouldn’t force anyone? How can you do this? Elizabeth! My heart can’t take it, don’t do this to me!”

Allen’s voice got softer, clearly trying to make peace. Elizabeth just stood there, watching Allen like she was seeing herself wake up.

Elizabeth thought, ‘Does Allen know what it’s like to wake up tied up, hanging in mid-air? Allen’s life is precious, but mine isn’t? When Allen’s scared, does she ever think that I’m scared too?’

Elizabeth didn’t feel bad for Allen at all, nor did she think she was wrong. She wanted to be a villain, just like Allen!

“Elizabeth, I’m really scared!” Allen begged, her voice cracking.

Elizabeth didn’t react, just slowly walked over. Seeing Elizabeth get closer, Allen’s vision blurred, and tears streamed down her face. “Elizabeth.” She thought Elizabeth had softened and was going to let her go. But Elizabeth just gave Felix a look. Felix walked over, and Elizabeth slapped tape over Allen’s mouth! Allen’s heart sank like a rock.

Elizabeth was dead set on giving back all the pain she had suffered! Elizabeth smiled, looking down at the terrified, red-faced Allen.

“Mrs. Russell, I won’t be as ruthless as you. You wanted me dead. But I’m just giving you a taste of your own medicine.” With that, Elizabeth checked her watch and said calmly, “Tomorrow morning at ten, I’ll have my people send you home.”

Hearing this, Allen's heart turned ice cold. Elizabeth was going to leave her hanging in this hellhole for ten hours. Allen kept shaking, trying to break free. The sound of bells came from the rope behind her, just like when Elizabeth was tied up! Nothing had changed. The bells made Allen's heart race, and she slowly stopped moving.

Elizabeth patted Allen's shoulder and smiled. "Enjoy yourself." With that, Elizabeth turned to leave. Suddenly, as if she remembered something, she said to Allen, "I hope after this, Mrs. Russell won't mess with me again. Otherwise, I'll repay in kind."

Elizabeth's face was stone cold, especially when she spoke; her tone was calm and steady. After that, Elizabeth pulled up a smile and walked away. Allen watched Elizabeth leave, feeling furious. Felix blocked Allen's view. Allen glared at Felix, tears streaming down her face.

"Of all people, why did you have to mess with her?" Felix sighed. "Be strong. Don't give up. It's just ten short hours. It'll fly by!" Felix almost gritted his teeth as he said this.

Felix thought, 'How cruel Allen must have been to hang Elizabeth here! She's truly despicable and insidious! Elizabeth is right to return the favor! She isn't someone to be messed with!'

Allen was now full of regret. But what she didn't get was how Elizabeth found out so fast! Elizabeth was tied up in the early morning, and now Allen was already getting payback. Allen only hoped her family would quickly realize she was missing! But Allen didn't know. Since Elizabeth could kidnap her, she could handle things very neatly. Felix had already used Allen's phone number and tone to text Leon, saying she had plans with friends tonight and wouldn't be coming home.