

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love

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In the end, it was Alexander who chuckled the racket and coolly said, “I lost.”

“Mr. Tudor, throwing in the towel already? I haven’t even broken a sweat,” Kyle leaned against the net, smirking.

Alexander didn’t bite, just took a swig of water and shot a look at Elizabeth. Elizabeth was drenched, her face all red. She always felt there was something fishy between Kyle and Alexander.

“That’s it. I’m out too,” Elizabeth told Kyle. “I’m going to hit the showers and head home. Mr. Brooks, you can chat work stuff with my dad.”

“Need a lift home?” Kyle suddenly offered.

Elizabeth was caught off guard but quickly said, “Nah, I’m good. Thanks, Mr. Brooks.”

Elizabeth headed to the women’s locker room and took a quick shower. She changed into a fresh outfit. The top had a clever design with zippers both up and down. She habitually pulled the lower zipper down, showing off a little design.

Just as she was about to leave, she spotted Alexander at the door. He stood there, hands in his pockets, leaning against the wall, looking like a school kid. When he saw Elizabeth coming out, he lifted his head. Their eyes met, and Elizabeth popped a piece of candy in her mouth.

“Waiting for me?”

“Yeah, waiting for you,” he said straight up, not forgetting to check out her outfit.

Elizabeth cut to the chase, “What’s up?”

Alexander glanced towards the court for a second, then back at Elizabeth. “Stay away from Kyle.”

Elizabeth squinted. “In what way?”

“In every way.” Whether it was work stuff or personal, she should steer clear of Kyle.

“You know him well?” Elizabeth didn’t remember Alexander ever mentioning Kyle before. Elizabeth, just drop it. Trust me, stay away from him. It’s for your own good,” Alexander said seriously.

Elizabeth didn’t get it, but since Alexander made a point of saying it, she’d be more careful. “Got it.”

She was about to leave when Alexander suddenly called her back. Elizabeth looked puzzled.

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Alexander pursed his lips and pointed at her outfit. “The zipper.”

Elizabeth looked down and asked, “What about it?”

Alexander frowned, thinking, *Doesn’t she think it’s too revealing?* “Can’t you zip it up properly?” His tone was a bit grumpy.

Elizabeth ignored him and walked away without looking back.

Alexander watched her go, feeling all sorts of things. In his mind, Elizabeth had always been so rebellious. The obedience she showed during their marriage was all a front. No wonder the current Elizabeth was so determined; loving him had made her lose herself.

Nolan sent a text: [Mr. Tudor, Kyle is back.]

Pursing his lips, Alexander realized Nolan’s information had come too late; he had already seen Kyle. Kyle still looked the same as when they were younger, quiet and reserved, but his eyes were full of hostility when he looked at Alexander. It was like the whole world owed Kyle something.

Nolan: [Do u need someone 2 keep an eye on him?]

Alexander: [Yeah.]

Nolan: [Mr. Tudor, thr's 1 more thng. Gabriel is on his last legs. Do u want 2 see him 1 last time?]

Alexander held his phone. He thought of what Esme had said to him, "Alexander, let's put everything behind us. I don't blame Gabriel anymore. Every time I see him, I remember that day and it scares me. Let's not see him again, okay?"

Alexander glanced at Nolan's text and put his phone away.

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Alexander still went to the hospital. Amanda said Gabriel might have been roughed up in prison, and he was in bad shape. Alexander barged into the ward, and all the machines hooked up to Gabriel were gone. Gabriel's hand dangled off the bed, his eyes practically begging Alexander for help. Gabriel wanted to say something, but he couldn't get a word out.

Alexander knew Gabriel was done for; keeping him alive this long was already a favor! Alexander leaned in, his eyes dark and intense. "Gabriel, one last time. Was it Esme who saved me back then?" Gabriel's eyes started to glaze over. His lips moved, but Alexander couldn't catch it; Gabriel's voice was too weak.

Out of nowhere, Gabriel grabbed Alexander's arm and traced a letter on his palm. Alexander frowned. "E? E for Esme?" he pressed. Gabriel kept drawing. Just as Alexander was about to ask more, Gabriel's eyes darted to the door. Following his gaze, Alexander saw Elizabeth. Gabriel clung to Alexander's sleeve. Alexander looked back at Gabriel, and the next second, Gabriel's eyes shut, and he let go.

Seeing Alexander, Elizabeth was more convinced that Gabriel had kidnapped him and orchestrated her stabbing. "What's Alexander doing here, saying goodbye to Gabriel?" Elizabeth wondered. Doctors and nurses came in to deal with Gabriel's body. Alexander stepped back, grabbed Elizabeth, and had something to say.

Suddenly, Nolan burst in, "Mr. Tudor, there's an emergency meeting—"

"Delay it." Alexander walked out with Elizabeth. "Tut, an option." Nolan handed his phone to Alexander, showing a call from a shareholder. Nolan

glanced at the bed; Gabriel was already covered with a white sheet. Elizabeth pushed Alexander away, feeling uneasy.

“Elizabeth, I’ll find you after this,” Alexander said to her. Then he looked at Nolan, his voice low, “Back to the company.”

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Nolan nodded. On the way, Alexander kept tracing the letter Gabriel had written on his palm. At a red light, Alexander said to Nolan, “Give me your hand. I’ll write the letter, you guess.” Nolan, confused, still extended his hand. Alexander mimicked Gabriel’s writing.

Nolan looked up, “E? Mr. Tudor, you asked who saved you, and he gave you an answer?” Alexander grunted. Clearly, he wasn’t happy with it. “After all this time, it’s always Ms. Russell; maybe it really is her.” Nolan stared into the distance.

Alexander rubbed his brow, looking worn out. “Mr. Tudor, if this meeting doesn’t solve it, you might have to go in person,” Nolan said. Alexander stayed silent. Nolan reminded him, “Mr. Tudor, can you handle it? You need to take care of your wound.”

“Yeah.” Alexander closed his eyes.

Why E? For a moment, Alexander wished Gabriel hadn’t written E.

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c“Yo, Mr. Tudor, that big cruise shindig in Lisbon’s just around the corner. I’ll get your suit ready,” Nolan said, glancing back. “You taking Ms. Russell with you?”

Alexander gave a nod.

“Nolan,” Alexander sighed, looking up. “Check out the medical records from the night I got snatched.”

Nolan hesitated, but then quickly replied, “On it!”

“Ms. Russell, Gabriel’s toast.”

In a café, Esme, rocking some shades, took a sip of her coffee. Hearing the news, she felt a wave of relief. But she wasn't thrilled. "I told you to off him, but you dragged your feet!"

William looked exasperated. "Ms. Russell, the guy was a big deal. I did what I could. At least he's dead now. As long as Elizabeth keeps her mouth shut, Alexander will never figure out you were pretending to be her to save him!"

Esme narrowed her eyes. "Elizabeth can't be left alive."

William asked, "Ms. Russell, you planning to take care of her?"

"William, tell me, who keeps secrets best?" Esme grinned at William, a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"Easy, a dead person hanging on the wall!" William smirked.

Esme snorted, "Well, let's get rid of it then."

She'd been plotting against Elizabeth for ages.

"Got it!" William was pumped.

"But don't rush," Esme stopped him. "The cruise party's coming up. I found out the Percy Family got an invite, and Elizabeth's going. William, this is our shot!" Esme's eyes gleamed with menace.

The thought of Elizabeth disappearing soon made her wish the day would come faster.

"Ms. Russell, leave it to me. Just watch," William grinned, looking like a total suck-up.

Later that night. At Tudor Group.

"Mr. Newman was a top-notch partner, and you still blew it. What else can you mess up? Alexander, we're seriously doubting your skills!"

In the video call, a bunch of stern shareholders were grilling Alexander.

Alexander furrowed his brow, leaning back in his chair. His gaze was icy as he stared at the screen.

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Alexander said firmly, “Tudor Group ain’t ever working with Louis. No one in Lisbon will.” He didn’t think anyone would dare cross the Tudor Family and team up with someone they blacklisted!

“Alexander, let me be clear, Louis is already making moves. He’s got shipments heading into Coral Bay!”

Alexander’s expression stayed cool. “So what?”

“So, someone in Lisbon is secretly working with Louis behind your back!”

Alexander looked at Nolan. Nolan nodded, confirming it.

“Why didn’t you say something earlier?” Alexander snapped at Nolan, his emotions flaring. “Who is it?” He’d made it clear no one in Lisbon was to work with Louis! Why would someone take that risk?

Before Nolan could answer, someone in the video shouted, “It’s Kyle!” Another voice chimed in, “Alexander, don’t tell me you didn’t know Kyle’s back in town.”

Alexander’s face turned cold. Kyle just got back, and he’s already teaming up with Louis and shipping goods to Coral Bay? Alexander clenched his right fist and slammed it on the table, thinking, ‘Is Kyle trying to mess with me?’

Alexander ended the video call. Nolan waited quietly for orders. Daring to challenge Alexander’s authority, Kyle was seriously overestimating himself.

Alexander turned to Nolan, angrily pointing, “Seize his goods at Coral Bay. I wanna see who dares to release them without my say-so!”

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Elizabeth was relaxing at home, doing her skincare routine, when she heard Declan downstairs losing it. “This Alexander dude is too much! He held up Kyle’s stuff in the middle of the night!”

She opened her door and leaned over the railing, watching Declan go off. “What’s Kyle’s stuff got to do with you?” she asked.

Declan looked up, fuming. “No big deal, but we’re teaming up with Kyle soon. If the Brooks Group has problems, the Percy Group will be affected too! What’s up with Alexander? He usually stays away from customs stuff.”

Elizabeth bit her lip, leaning on the railing, deep in thought.

“And here’s the kicker,” Declan glanced up at her. “He managed to anger Louis. Now Louis won’t collaborate with us and even warned us to steer clear.”

Elizabeth’s eyes narrowed. “Dad, Louis isn’t a good guy.”

“Who’s good in business? You haven’t even met Louis, so how do you know?” Declan snorted, his anger starting to fade. He sighed, plopped onto the couch, and took a sip of tea.

*Maybe Alexander’s got his reasons,* Declan thought.

“When Kyle showed up, he immediately clashed with Alexander. Is this guy really someone we wanna work with?” Elizabeth asked.

Declan frowned at her.

Elizabeth stayed calm. “Dad, I saw Alexander while playing tennis. He said we should steer clear of Kyle.”

Declan looked confused. “Are they tight?”

“Not sure,” Elizabeth shrugged. “But Alexander seemed dead serious.”

“Kyle’s intentions are sketchy. I haven’t heard much about him before,” Declan frowned, looking more serious. He figured he should be careful about this Kyle guy.

“Okay, got it. Thanks,” Declan waved her off, signaling her to go chill.

Elizabeth smiled and reminded him, “Dad, if there’s anything that might stress Mom out, just tell me. I’ll help you out.”

“You!” He was just glad she wasn’t adding to his worries.

Elizabeth chuckled and headed back to her room.

The next day at work, there was a huge bouquet of roses in the office. Elizabeth tucked her pen in her chest pocket and looked around. "Who's the lucky one?" she asked Sunny, sniffing the flowers.

Sunny popped out from the nurse's station, "They're for Dr. Dixon!"

"Is Dr. Dixon seeing someone?" Elizabeth joked, just as Laura walked over.

"Stop it. It's not a romance. It's from a classmate!" Laura said, then turned to Elizabeth. "Hey, I've got dinner plans tonight. Can we switch night shifts?"

Elizabeth squinted, thinking, *Dinner plans? Must be with a classmate!* "No problem!" she gave an OK sign.

Laura laughed. "Thanks."

As Elizabeth turned around, she spotted Nolan. *What's he doing here again?* she thought.

"Ms. Percy," Nolan nodded.

Elizabeth nodded back, thinking, *Is he here to see a patient? Gabriel's already dead.*

"Ms. Percy, can you take me to Gabriel's room?" Nolan asked.

Elizabeth was puzzled but nodded. She looked at Nolan and asked, "Gabriel was the mastermind behind Alexander's kidnapping, right?"

"Ms. Percy knows?" Nolan smiled.

"Of course I know," Elizabeth laughed awkwardly. *How could I not know who stabbed me? I just didn't see the face clearly,* she thought.

After a pause, she added, "Everyone in Lisbun knows Alexander was kidnapped."

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Nolan's initial shock wore off quickly when he heard that.

"Ms. Percy, that butterfly tat on your back is pretty sweet," Nolan said. "How come I never noticed it before?"



Elizabeth instinctively touched her back and casually replied as she pushed open the hospital room door, “Didn’t have it before.”

“This is Gabriel’s room,” Elizabeth pointed inside. The nurse had already cleaned up, and it was now an empty room.

Nolan looked around cautiously, touching every corner, but found nothing.

“Looking for something?” Elizabeth asked Nolan.

Nolan nodded and asked, “Did you come across anything Gabriel might have left in the bathroom while cleaning?”

“No,” Elizabeth shook her head.

Nolan was silent for a few seconds before finally nodding.

“What are you looking for?” Elizabeth asked him. “Can I help you?”

Nolan sighed inwardly, his gaze complicated. He looked at Elizabeth and straightforwardly said, “Ms. Percy, there’s something I don’t know if I should ask.”

“Go ahead,” Elizabeth replied bluntly.

“Do you know that you have...” Nolan’s words were interrupted by his ringing phone.

Nolan took out his phone and said to Elizabeth, “Sorry, I need to take this call.”

Elizabeth nodded and leaned quietly against the headboard.

What’s Nolan going to ask? About the scar on my back? Why’s Nolan so obsessed with how I got that scar, like Alexander? At that thought, Elizabeth’s heart suddenly trembled. Does that mean they might not know that I saved Alexander back then?

Nolan hung up and softly said to Elizabeth, “Ms. Percy, I have something to attend to. We’ll talk later.”

“Okay,” Elizabeth nodded, not saying much more.

Nolan glanced at Elizabeth one more time before sighing and leaving in large strides.

### In the Emergency Room

A male doctor in a white coat was waiting for Nolan. Nolan walked over, and the doctor handed him a file. "This is Ms. Russell's medical record. It states that Ms. Russell was injured in the back that night and was brought to the hospital due to excessive blood loss. Anton was on duty that night, and he saved Ms. Russell." At this point, he suddenly pointed to a male doctor nearby and called out, "Anton, come over."

Anton Nichols, in his forties, looked quite unassuming.

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"Anton, this is Nolan, from Mr. Tudor's team," the doctor introduced and then asked him, "When Mr. Tudor was kidnapped and Ms. Russell was injured, you were the one who saved her, right?"

Anton scrutinized Nolan. His eyes darkened slightly, and he nodded cautiously, saying, "Yes. The scar is on the right side." Anton pointed to his own shoulder and neck area. "She has a scar there. She still comes in occasionally for check-ups, saying the wound always hurts."

Nolan stared at Anton, his eyes intense. Nolan lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure?"

"What's there to be unsure about? Ms. Russell saved Mr. Tudor. Everyone at the hospital knew about it back then," Anton said with a hearty laugh.

Anton's laugh was at odds with his unassuming appearance.

"And what about Ms. Percy?" Nolan asked the doctor.

The doctor shook his head and replied, "I searched a lot but couldn't find any medical records for Ms. Percy. There are no records for Ms. Percy in the month before or after Mr. Tudor's incident, not even in the two months around that time."

Nolan sighed and thought, 'Gabriel's note with the letter E, and Esme's medical records are clear. It seems there's no need to waste any more time on this matter.'

Esme was chilling at home when her phone buzzed.

William: [Ms. Russell, Mr. Tudor's still snooping about u.]

Esme gripped her phone, feeling super annoyed. Alexander still didn't trust her! She jumped up, fuming, and stared out the villa window with a scowl. Then, out of nowhere, she spotted the fruit knife on the coffee table. She balled her right hand into a fist and dashed over.

Soon enough, someone in the Russell Family villa screamed, "Oh no, Ms. Russell slit her wrists! She tried to off herself!!"

"Ms. Russell tried to kill herself!"

The news of Esme's suicide attempt spread like wildfire in Lisbon. Alexander, who was in the middle of a meeting at work, got the call and felt his heart drop. Nolan barged in and said, "Mr. Tudor, something's up with Ms. Russell."

Alexander glanced around the conference room, his eyes heavy with exhaustion. He ordered, "This plan's a bust. Scrap it and start over. Keep holding the goods from Coral Bay. No one releases them! Nolan, there's an international meeting later. You handle it. I'm heading to the hospital." Alexander grabbed his suit jacket from the chair.

Nolan followed him to the door. Nolan looked him in the eye and said seriously, "Mr. Tudor, it's confirmed. Ms. Russell has a medical record, but Ms. Percy doesn't."

Alexander's face was a mix of emotions. He patted Nolan on the shoulder and rushed to the hospital.

By the time he got there, Esme was gone. The nurses and doctors were freaking out. "Where did Ms. Russell go?"

"Did you check the rooftop?!"

"Yeah, but she's not there!"

Alexander grabbed a nurse and demanded, "Where's Esme?"

"Mr. Tudor, we don't know! She vanished in a blink!"

Henry stormed over, grabbed Alexander by the collar, and cursed, “Alexander, if anything happens to Esme, I won’t forgive you!”

Alexander shoved Henry away and immediately called Esme. He shot Henry a cold, fierce look. Even now, Henry was still threatening him.

Allen and Leon came back from searching, and Allen was already in tears. “Esme’s lost it! First, she hurts herself, now she disappears. How could this happen?”

One daughter missing, the other a mess! Just as everyone was losing it, Elizabeth suddenly appeared from the hallway and said, “She’s on the rooftop.”

Everyone stared at Elizabeth, shocked. A group of them rushed to the rooftop, with Elizabeth leading at first, but Alexander soon overtook her.

Elizabeth glanced at Alexander’s back, feeling a pang of helplessness. The rooftop door flew open.

Sure enough, Esme was standing right at the edge, looking so fragile. Elizabeth looked at Esme and thought of Linda, who had been abused and once stood up there. Elizabeth didn’t move forward but stayed back.

She watched as Alexander and the Russells slowly approached Esme, who then told them to stop. Everyone froze, faces full of worry. “We won’t come closer.”

Alexander looked at Esme, his eyes full of mixed emotions. He pressed his lips together and said softly, “Esme, don’t move. It’s dangerous.”

Esme stood at the edge, looking at Alexander, tears streaming down her face.

“Do you even care about me?” Esme’s eyes were red, and the wind made her body sway.

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Elizabeth stood there, just watching as Alexander muttered, “Yeah.” It was so soft, a breeze could have carried it away.

“Esme, let’s talk downstairs. You’re killing me here!” Allen shouted, his body shaking. Allen thought, *Nancy’s gone. Can’t lose Esme searching for her. How would I cope? Is this my fate, a life of sorrow?*

“Mom, I’m sorry, I don’t want this either, but I’m really sad,” Esme shook her head, tears streaming down. “I’ve been sleepless for days. When I shut my eyes, it’s all negative thoughts. I sense everyone’s against me, aiming to hurt and oust me. Since my academic background was revealed, I feel useless.”

Esme’s tears softened everyone’s hearts. No one could stand to see a beautiful girl cry. But Elizabeth listened without a flicker of emotion and thought, *Am I too heartless?*

Allen started crying too. Leon held him up and stepped forward, gently coaxing, “Esme, come on down. We’ll do whatever you want, okay?”

“Esme, come down,” Henry said, opening his arms to her, trying to calm her. Esme ignored them and looked at Alexander. Esme thought, *Everyone’s saying their piece, but what about Alexander? He’s the most important to me. Is he just going to stand there and watch? I’m here because of him. Why does he keep digging into my life?*

“Life sucks,” Esme took a step back. Everyone was instantly shocked. Alexander stepped forward, his eyes intense, his heart in chaos. Esme had saved his life. If he couldn’t save her, he’d never forgive himself.

“Esme, listen to me,” Alexander said, trying to steady her. “You’re not worthless, you’re amazing. No one’s targeting you. Don’t overthink it. From now on, just do what you want, okay?”

Alexander was being super patient. Elizabeth had never seen him like this.

“Alexander, I love you so much,” Esme’s tears streamed down, her voice rough. “I want to marry you, but I can’t wait for you to propose.”

Alexander got flustered hearing this. Henry quickly said, “Lame, don’t do anything stupid. Alexander will marry you! You’ll get what you want, right, Alexander?” Henry signaled Alexander to reassure her. Alexander had to admit, he was at a loss for words.

Seeing his silence, Esme turned around.

Alexander closed his eyes, knowing he had no choice. He shouted, “Marry you ASAP. We’ll get married.” Esme immediately looked at him.

Everyone exchanged confused glances, thinking, *Are the Russells playing along? Is this a forced marriage or a suicide attempt?*

“Come down,” Alexander stepped forward, reaching out to catch her. Esme looked at him in disbelief and asked, “Are you serious?”

“Yes,” Alexander answered patiently. Esme collapsed into his arms, crying uncontrollably, her whole body shaking. She had been scared to death, afraid Alexander would turn and leave. But he didn’t, proving he still loved her.

Alexander lowered his head, his eyes darkening, becoming unreadable. When he looked around again, Elizabeth was gone.

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The next day, word got out everywhere that Alexander and Esme were tying the knot. Declan saw the news and felt his blood pressure spike. “That jerk!”

“Why are you so worked up? I’m not even mad,” Elizabeth said, munching on some chips from the couch.

“Get a grip!” Declan gave Elizabeth a light tap on the head.

“How many days until your divorce is final?” Declan asked.

Elizabeth checked her phone. “The day before the cruise party.”

“Perfect timing! You can let loose at the cruise party!” Declan slapped his thigh, grinning.

Elizabeth just smiled, still checking her messages from Felix. She thought, *It’s been ages since we started looking for Serenity Leaf for Grant, and still nothing. Maybe it’s not even in Nyxonia anymore.*

Out of the blue, Elizabeth asked, “Hey, how’s Grandma’s research on \$H2N going?”

\$H2N was a special drug for brain-dead and vegetative patients. Ten years ago, Celine put together a team and threw everything into this research. Sadly, not much progress had been made.

“How much cash has been sunk into it?” Elizabeth looked at Declan.

“When your Grandpa was in charge, he threw a billion dollars at it for Grandma,” Declan said with a wry smile. “After I took over, I added another two hundred million.”

“A billion bucks? Grandpa really spoiled Grandma!” Elizabeth propped her face up, feeling a bit jealous.

“A billion is spoiling? Your grandma cost your grandpa a fortune back in the day! Let’s just say research is pricey!” Declan shook his head, sighing.

Elizabeth looked down, feeling a bit envious but was quiet. Finding a loving and stable partner in this life is no easy feat.

Elizabeth scrolled through her phone and saw messages from her hospital colleagues.

Colleague one: [Last night Mr. Tudor agreed to marry Esme, & today the Tudor family came to the hospital to see Esme. Do you think these two are gonna make it?]

Colleague two: [Is Mr. Tudor’s divorce finalized?]

Colleague three: [Can’t you see? Last night Esme was clearly forcing marriage!]

Colleague one: Forcing a marriage needs mutual feelings. If Alexander doesn’t like Esme, why would he care if she lives or dies?

Colleague three: [With so many people from the Russell family there, what else could Mr. Tudor do?]

Soon, a colleague with a new avatar jumped in.

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Colleague four: [Mr. Tudor accompanied Ms. Russell for a check-up today, and Ms. Russell has depression.]

Colleague one: [Ms. Russell is so rich but still depressed? If I were Esme, I’d go nuts. Depression is impossible! What problem can’t money solve?]

After a bit, the director chimed in.

Nick: [Doesn't anyone have work to do? This is the official group, no gossiping.]

At the hospital, Nick put down his phone and looked at Alexander, who was sitting across from him. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and sighed. "Mr. Tudor, I'll find the best psychologist to consult with Ms. Russell. But she has to cooperate. If she has no will to live, even the best experts can't help, right?"

Alexander nodded. "You're right, Director. What do I need to do?"

Nick replied, "Mr. Tudor, just keep Ms. Russell happy."

Suddenly, the office door swung open, and Nolan stood outside, calling, "Mr. Tudor, Mrs. Tudor is here to see Ms. Russell."

Alexander frowned, thinking, *Esme can't handle any more stress right now. Why is Elara here?* He quickly headed downstairs. He expected Elara and Esme to argue, but the ward was surprisingly calm, no sign of conflict.

Elara looked at Alexander and said calmly, "You agreed to marry her."

"Yeah," Alexander replied.

Elara raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms as she sat on the couch, exuding a strong presence.

"Fine, I'll stay out of it. If you both want to get married, then go for it." Elara seemed indifferent, like she couldn't care less.

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This was the first time Elara had caved, catching both Esme and Alexander off guard. Elara shot a look at Esme and sighed, "She's ready to die just to marry you, so you gotta marry her." Marry her, and every other day she'd be jumping good Elizabeth but insists on getting tangled up in buildings, causing all sorts of drama for Alexander! Alexander has a perfectly good Esme.



Elara glared at Alexander, getting more ticked off the more she thought about it! “This son of mine is a total lost cause!”

“Elara, do you really agree to me marrying Alexander?” Esme asked, tears of joy streaming down her face.

Elara nodded. “Yeah, I agree.” Esme immediately sat up. Elara quickly waved her hand. “Don’t move.” Esme was as fragile as glass, collapsing and ending up in the hospital at the slightest provocation. Just looking at Esme, Elara feared she might become a suspect.

Elara approached Alexander, her expression heavy as she looked at him, lowering her voice to remind him, “Alexander, I can’t stop you forever, but I hope you’ve really thought this through.” Marrying Esme was a well-considered decision.

Alexander lowered his eyes, recalling what the doctor had told him that morning. The doctor said, “Ms. Russell’s condition is very bad right now, and she could self-harm at any moment. Depression can come with nightmares; she says she often dreams of falling into the sea, and when she finally falls asleep, she wakes up in terror. I suspect Ms. Russell also has thalassophobia. This might be related to her being thrown into the sea three years ago.”

Alexander asked him, “Can it be cured?” The doctor nodded, but then shook his head. “It still depends on the patient’s own mind.”

Alexander pulled himself back from his thoughts and looked at Elara, his eyes wavering. Alexander thought, ‘Because she saved me, Esme has ruined her own life. Can I really act as if nothing has happened? I can’t.’

Alexander replied, “Yeah.”

Elara confirmed again, “No regrets?”

“Yeah.” He had no choice.

Elara had to admit, many times, Alexander was so unfamiliar that even she, as his mother, didn’t recognize him. She couldn’t understand why Alexander insisted on going his own way when everyone told him he couldn’t do something. Elara also didn’t have the energy to fight with Alexander; he was an adult and he would be responsible for everything. No matter what the future held, even if one day Alexander regretted it, kneeling and begging for forgiveness, she wouldn’t feel a bit of pity for him.

Elara left without looking back.

For the first time, Esme felt favored by Alexander. Alexander had rarely protected her like this in front of the Tudor family. But this time, he had firmly chosen her.

“Alexander, thank you,” Esme called softly, her eyes red. Alexander just looked at her, his face emotionless. He suddenly leaned in slowly towards Esme. Esme looked pitifully into Alexander’s eyes.

The next second, he pinched Esme’s chin with his fingers, his voice low and inexplicably oppressive, “You saved me, so you should know I won’t watch you die. Esme, don’t be foolish or try to manipulate me. It’ll only push me away, got it?”

Esme knew that Alexander could always see through her little schemes. Alexander was too clear-headed! She also saw more clearly that Alexander was willing to marry her just because she said she saved him. This love that didn’t belong to her was something she had forcibly taken!

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In the next few days, Esme chilled out and stopped causing drama. She played nice with the hospital staff, and Alexander showed up every day to spend time with her. Elizabeth stuck to her usual routine. Every day, she went home and listened to Declan gripe about Kyle’s latest batch of goods.

Word on the street was that Alexander had it out for Kyle. Kyle was pretty much helpless against Alexander and had no choice but to stand his ground.

At some fancy dinner party, Elizabeth showed up to pick up a wasted Declan. As soon as she walked into the private room, she spotted a bunch of familiar faces.

“Elizabeth, you’re here,” one of the older guys waved her over.

Elizabeth nodded and checked out the crowd. There was Alexander, Kieran, and the newly popular Kyle. Seeing them all at the same table was a bit of a shock for Elizabeth.

“I’m here to take my dad home; he’s had too much to drink,” Elizabeth said with a graceful smile.

Early October in Lisbon was pretty chilly in the mornings and evenings. Elizabeth wore a white dress with a long cardigan. Her hair was casually tied up, and she wore a pair of white flats. Her outfit was understated, giving her an indescribable beauty. Her arrival also lightened the tense vibe in the room a bit.

“Elizabeth, I’m not drunk,” Declan, his face already red from drinking, clung to Elizabeth’s arm and said, “Let me chat a bit more, and then we’ll leave.”

Elizabeth pursed her lips and awkwardly looked at the older guys. “I’ll take my dad home first; you guys carry on,” she said, trying to pull Declan up.

When Declan’s full weight pressed down, Elizabeth’s body visibly shook. Alexander frowned, his hand twitching as if he wanted to step forward to help.

“Sorry,” Elizabeth nodded to everyone, struggling to support Declan. Alexander nudged Kieran, giving him a look.

Just as Kieran was about to get up, Kyle stood up first. Kyle walked over and said calmly, “Ms. Percy, let me help you take Mr. Percy home.”

Elizabeth looked up and met Kyle’s eyes. Kyle lifted Declan’s arm and helped him out.

Elizabeth pursed her lips, turned her head, nodded to everyone, and quickly followed them out. Alexander watched them leave, his brow furrowing slightly, then he shot a dark look at Kieran.

“Always a step too slow,” Alexander thought.

“Why is Kyle so eager to please the Percy family?” Kieran had noticed it at the dinner table.

“Who knows,” Alexander said quietly. He got up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window to look outside. Soon, he saw Kyle helping Declan to Elizabeth’s car.

Elizabeth always drove that purple Pagani, eye-catching and flashy, just like her! Alexander frowned with his hands in his pockets, watching as Kyle helped Declan into the car, then Elizabeth and Kyle talked. Elizabeth’s lips curved

into a gentle smile, saying something unknown. Kyle took two steps back, and Elizabeth quickly got into the car and drove off with Declan.

Kyle watched Elizabeth's car for a long time, then turned his head and looked up, seeing Alexander standing by the window. Their eyes met, filled with unspoken danger. Alexander's throat moved, and his hand in his pocket gradually clenched.

'What's Kyle's real intention in getting close to the Percy family?' Alexander thought.

After a while, Alexander left the private room. Kyle had just come upstairs, and Alexander reached the elevator door. Kyle smiled and said, "I was gonna take your ex, Elizabeth, and Declan home, but she said no."

Alexander squinted and thought, 'He knew Elizabeth is my ex-wife? So why is Kyle so diligently getting close to Elizabeth?'