

# Unrepairable Love

## Chapter 4

Elizabeth stumbled into the bathroom, feeling the booze hit her hard.

Alexander, looking like a storm cloud, pinned her against the sink.

"Elizabeth, we're not divorced yet!" he growled through clenched teeth.

Her back pressed against the sink, the mirror showing off the butterfly tattoo on her back, beautiful and defiant.

She looked up, hiding the hurt, and said calmly, "Mr. Tudor, I've signed the papers. We're as good as divorced."

His grip on her wrist tightened.

"Mr. Tudor?" he repeated, each word dripping with menace.

Elizabeth had never talked to him like this before. She used to have a sparkle in her eyes, always bright and cheerful.

This was the first time Elizabeth called him 'Mr. Tudor,' and it felt weird, like a wall went up between them.

"Is it wrong for me to call you Mr. Tudor?" Elizabeth squinted, leaning in a bit closer to Alexander.

In three years of marriage, she'd never been this close to him.

She saw surprise in his as their eyes locked.

Was he shocked she called him 'Mr. Tudor'?

Elizabeth studied the face she'd loved for years, her voice dropping, "Yeah, it is wrong. I should call you 'ex-husband' instead."

Alexander's heart clenched, and he gripped her wrist tighter, pushing her back, "Elizabeth, are you trying to provoke me?"

"Why would I dare provoke you?" Elizabeth chuckled, dripping with sarcasm.

Her attitude only riled him up more.

"Ms. Percy, are you alright?" someone called from outside the door.

Alexander knew that voice. It was Colin.

Had they hooked up already?

Elizabeth looked into Alexander's eyes, speaking ambiguously, "I'm fine, Mr. York. Just give me a moment."

She stressed 'Mr. York' on purpose, making sure Alexander heard.

It was like she was telling him he was just a stranger now.

Alexander frowned, anger flaring in his eyes.

Elizabeth dared to meet another man right in front of him?

"Elizabeth, you got the guts to go to his room?" Alexander snarled, gripping her chin tight.

Elizabeth shoved him away, a smile plastered on her face. "Ex-husband, you're crossing a line," she said, her voice sweet but her words cold.

Alexander yanked her back, his hand gripping her waist, pinning her to the wall. Then, out of nowhere, he kissed her hard.

He'd show her what crossing a line really meant!

They'd only signed the divorce papers, not finalized it. Technically, she was still his wife!

Meeting another guy in front of him? That was a slap in his face.

Elizabeth's eyes went wide, disbelief written all over her face.

What the hell had gotten into Alexander?

He'd never been this close in three years. Now, suddenly, he was kissing her?

His kiss was rough, and she felt the sting of his bite. Whether it was the kiss or the booze, she felt herself getting weak.

She braced against the sink, stomping hard on his foot.

He didn't let go, just tightened his grip and deepened the kiss.

Elizabeth struggled, freeing an arm, and slapped him across the face.

Alexander's head snapped to the side. He licked his lips, now smeared with her lipstick and a hint of whiskey.

Elizabeth was panting, her lipstick smeared, eyes a bit red.

Alexander wiped the corner of his mouth with his fingers, his deep eyes scanning her, and he let out a low chuckle.

Did she really just hit him?

"Isn't this what you wanted?" He stepped closer, anger flaring in his eyes.

"Dressed like that to seduce men, huh? The guy outside is fine, but I'm not?"

"Elizabeth, who are you trying to fool with this act?"

"Alexander, you jerk!" Elizabeth shot back, eyes full of disappointment.

What did she want? Did Alexander really not know?

All she wanted was a bit of love from him, but he never gave it.

He made her feel worthless.

Alexander glared at her, seething.

"Jerk? Have you forgotten how you begged me to marry you?"

His cruel words sent a chill through her heart.

Her love was just a weapon he used to hurt her.

She had lowered herself for him, cut ties with her family, traded herself to kidnappers, and hid her true self. Everything was for him.

But her silent sacrifices over the past seven years meant nothing to Alexander.

She wiped her tears, smiling bitterly. "Alexander, loving you was my biggest mistake."

Hearing her words, Alexander's face went blank, slumping against the wall.

He let out a few hollow laughs, unaware that he had just lost the woman who loved him for seven years.

Elizabeth, eyes red, grabbed Lila and stormed out.

"Are you okay?" Lila asked, worried.

Elizabeth, tears streaming, snapped, "What could be wrong? I'm just peachy."

Barefoot, heels in hand, Elizabeth walked down the street, ignoring the stares. She shouted, like she finally made up her mind, "I'll never love Alexander again. I swear!"

She didn't remember how she got home.

When she woke up, it was already the next afternoon.

Elizabeth sat on the bed, dazed, rubbing her aching head.

Just then, a news alert popped up on her phone.

[Today, Alexander, President of Tudor Group, attended the launch of Tudor Group's new makeup line with the heiress of Russell Group.]

She clicked on the video, seeing Esme smiling, holding Alexander's arm, waving to the media. They looked perfect together.

Elizabeth gripped her phone tight, eyes burning.

In three years of marriage, Alexander never took her to any events. Now, just divorced, he couldn't wait to show off his new prize.

When Elizabeth thought about Alexander's forceful kiss by the sink last night, all she felt was irony.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Elizabeth pushed down her sadness and said, "Come in."

The door opened, and there stood Declan in a dark blue suit, grinning. "Elizabeth, don't forget our deal from last night!"

Elizabeth was taken aback.

‘What deal?’ she wondered.