

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 441

“I only let you off the hook because of our old times, man. You really think I can’t handle you?” Alexander stepped up, his perfect face cold and sarcastic. He’d cut Kyle slack over and over. But if Kyle kept pushing his buttons, he wasn’t going to hold back anymore.

“Alexander, don’t come at me with that attitude,” Kyle’s voice turned icy.

Alexander swallowed hard, hearing Kyle say, “That tone only works on Elizabeth. Only an idiot like Elizabeth wouldn’t stand up to you.” Alexander’s frown deepened at Kyle’s mention of Elizabeth.

Alexander thought, ‘Kyle’s way too into Elizabeth. It’s like he knows her better than I do. And he even talks about her like they’re close.’

“Kyle, if you’re thinking about Elizabeth, you better drop it,” Alexander’s eyes grew even colder. If looks could kill, Kyle would’ve been dead a million times by now.

But Kyle stayed defiant. “Oh, really?”

Alexander was super pissed at Kyle’s attitude. The recent stress and the divorce were already weighing him down. And now, look at this annoying Kyle in front of him. Without thinking, Alexander threw a punch. His fist landed hard on Kyle’s face, with so much force it knocked Kyle off balance, sending him sprawling onto the bench.

Kyle had expected Alexander to get physical, given his history of fighting in school. But he hadn’t seen such a brutal punch. Kyle got up, ready to fight back. Alexander immediately pinned his arm, pressing him down onto the bench.

“You’ve never beaten me since we were kids, and you think you can win now?” Alexander sneered at Kyle, his eyes full of mockery. Kyle was furious. In Alexander’s eyes, he seemed insignificant.

Alexander's expression stayed indifferent. He pointed a finger at Kyle's face, lowered his voice, and warned, "Don't mess with Elizabeth—I only say this once."

Kyle gritted his teeth in anger. "You're protecting Elizabeth so much... Could it be that you like her?"

"That's none of your business, and I don't owe you an explanation," Alexander's tone grew harsher.

Kyle laughed. "You do like Elizabeth, but you don't even realize it yourself. Alexander, do you really love Esme? All these years, you've been talking about divorce, but now that you're actually divorced from Elizabeth... Are you really happy?"

Kyle's questions hit Alexander right in the heart, one after another. Did Alexander really love Esme? Was he truly happy about divorcing Elizabeth? But Alexander didn't want to admit that Kyle had guessed his true feelings.

"Shut up," Alexander said.

"Why should I shut up? If you don't want me to hurt Elizabeth, then I'll go after Esme," Kyle taunted.

Alexander's expression tightened as he heard Kyle ask, "If I kidnapped both Elizabeth and Esme at the same time, who would you save?" This question reminded Alexander of the time when both Elizabeth and Esme fell down the stairs. Was the person he grabbed the one he wanted to save? Alexander's expression grew serious. Kyle knew that Alexander cared about Elizabeth.

'So if I ever want to bring Alexander down, maybe Elizabeth will be a valuable bargaining chip!' Kyle thought.

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 442

Alexander was feeling utterly distraught and shoved Kyle away before storming off. Kyle just watched him go and chuckled. "Did I hit a nerve? Feeling guilty, huh?" Alexander didn't even glance back. He jumped into his car and sped off. Kyle flopped onto a bench, laughing to himself, and looked up at the sky as if he didn't have a care in the world.

Alexander floored it. His mind was a chaotic mess, and he couldn't shake the gnawing frustration. After what felt like forever, he pulled over to the side of the road. He swung the car door open and got out. Leaning against the car, Kyle's words kept bouncing around in his head: "Did I hit a nerve? Feeling guilty?" "You like Elizabeth, but you don't even realize it." "Alexander, do you really like Esme?"

Those words were driving him crazy, making it impossible to relax. He used to be the king of self-control, but lately, even the tiniest things were setting him off. Alexander pulled out a cigarette, tilted his head, and was about to light it. Out of nowhere, Elizabeth's face popped into his mind. She was just staring at him, not saying a word, but her frown and those eyes seemed to scream, "Don't smoke." He took a deep breath and lit the cigarette anyway.

With smoke swirling around him, Alexander stared off into the distance, letting the chilly wind cut through him. He needed to clear his head, figure out his feelings for Elizabeth, or convince himself he shouldn't have any. He was supposed to marry Esme. Alexander's lashes lowered. Everything was going according to plan, but for some reason, he felt zero relief or joy. Suddenly, his phone buzzed.

It was Esme.

Esme: (Not back yet? Get some rest. We have a cruise party tonight.)

Alexander frowned, and Elizabeth's face flashed in his mind again.

## Chapter 442

"Do you know, that night, I had no thoughts in my mind?" He thought, "When Elizabeth was sitting next to me earlier, she had something to say, right?" With that in mind, Alexander dialed Elizabeth's number. She'd already taken him off the blacklist, and she picked up quickly. She was still driving, and her tone was icy. "What do you want?"

Elizabeth's voice was cold as ice, like she was talking to a stranger. Alexander looked up and said, "Come to the villa tomorrow at noon." "For what?" Elizabeth snapped. "Tell me what you didn't finish saying." His tone was steady. Elizabeth was quiet for a few seconds. *What I didn't finish saying? Yeah. I haven't finished what I want to say*, she thought.

Elizabeth replied, "I can tell you over the phone." His voice deepened. "Face to face. I have something to give you." Elizabeth laughed. "Are you ordering me?"

“I wouldn’t dare.” Alexander pressed his lips together, his tone calm.  
“Tomorrow at eleven, I’ll be waiting for you.”

Elizabeth looked at the hung-up phone and squinted. What made him so sure she would go? She was about to toss her phone when Alexander sent a text.

Alexander: [I have something you really want.]

Elizabeth: [What?]

He didn’t reply. But now her curiosity was piqued. Elizabeth put down her phone and was about to keep driving when suddenly someone darted out from an alley, heading straight for her car.

## Chapter 443

Elizabeth's eyes widened as she slammed on the brakes, her whole body jerking forward. She quickly unbuckled her seatbelt and jumped out, spotting a man sprawled on the ground, covered in blood. Elizabeth frowned and walked over. The guy reached out and grabbed her leg. “Help me!”

At the HK Hotel.

Elizabeth stood there, arms crossed, staring at the man on the bed with a mix of emotions. The dude was ripped. And, oh boy, he was a looker. High nose bridge, thin lips, long lashes. Even with his eyes closed, you could tell he was a hottie. He was hurt bad, stabbed in the stomach, and had lost a ton of blood by the time Elizabeth found him.

Felix stood next to her and whispered, “Who’s this guy?”

Elizabeth shrugged, “Picked him up off the road.”

Felix raised an eyebrow, “You really picked him up? What if he’s trouble?”

Elizabeth smirked, “Trouble? I eat trouble for breakfast.”

“Yeah, nothing scares you, except...” Felix trailed off.

Elizabeth was fearless, except when it came to Alexander. She shot Felix a cold glare. One more word and she’d cut his tongue out!

“Check him out,” she told Felix, looking down.

Felix nodded and started rummaging through the guy's pockets, looking for ID. Elizabeth stood by the bed. Just as Felix found the driver's license and was about to pull it out, the guy's hand grabbed his arm.

Elizabeth and Felix both looked up to see the guy opening his eyes. He pressed his lips together, frowned, and stared at Felix, all suspicious-like.

"Hey there," Elizabeth tilted her head and greeted him.

The guy looked around the room, then back at Elizabeth and Felix. Where am I? Who are these people? he wondered.

"You passed out in front of my car, so I brought you to the HK Hotel. It's five in the morning, and the sun's coming up," Elizabeth said, glancing outside.

The guy moved his lips, and Elizabeth poured him a glass of water.

## Chapter 443

This guy was seriously handsome. His eyes were a bit red, but it didn't mess with his looks. Felix helped him sit up, and the guy touched his stomach.

"You've got a wound on your stomach. I stitched it up. If all goes well, you can get the stitches out in a week," Elizabeth explained.

"Who are you?" the guy asked, still wary.

Elizabeth yawned, leaning casually against the window, arms crossed. "Elizabeth Percy. This is my assistant, Felix." She introduced herself openly, just being a good Samaritan. She saved him. No need to hide who she was.

The guy pressed his lips together, thinking, 'Elizabeth Percy? Is Rose her mom? It's her.'

"Introduce yourself," Felix nudged him.

Elizabeth tugged at her ear, ready to listen.

"Ivan Shawn," he said softly, his voice smooth.

Elizabeth frowned. "That name rings a bell."

Ivan glanced at her, his face still pale, but a faint smile playing on his lips.  
“Familiar?”

Elizabeth scratched her chin and then kicked Felix. “Brady Shawn, from one of the big four families in Lisbun, has a son. What’s his name?”

Ivan smiled at her and finished her sentence, “Ivan.”

#### Unrepairable Love Chapter 444

Elizabeth and Felix stared at the dude on the bed. So, this guy was Brady’s son, Ivan, the heir to the Shawn family, one of the big four in Lisbun! Ivan got shipped off abroad super early, so Elizabeth didn’t really know him. Meeting like this for the first time? Yeah, Elizabeth was pretty shocked.

“So, we’re all buddies then,” Ivan said, sounding weak. Elizabeth rolled her eyes. Who said they were friends?

“Because Alexander and I are tight,” he said, copying Elizabeth’s head tilt and grinning. “If I remember right, you’re Alexander’s wife.”

“Looks like you’ve been away too long and missed all the latest back home,” Elizabeth sighed.

Ivan looked confused. “What do you mean?”

“Check Instagram. Alexander and I might still be trending,” Elizabeth pointed at his phone.

Ivan grabbed his phone right away. He thought, ‘Elizabeth called him Alexander, not darling? If I remember right, she was all about him and always called him darling.’ When Ivan searched for Alexander’s name, news of their divorce popped up instantly.

Ivan was surprised, but not really. Surprised because he thought Elizabeth might actually win Alexander over. Not surprised because Alexander never really liked Elizabeth. The guy’s stubborn; if he doesn’t love, he doesn’t love, and they were bound to split.

“So, you two split,” Ivan looked up at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth just nodded, “Yep.” Ivan sighed, feeling a bit bummed.

But soon, the regret on his face vanished. “Thanks for saving me,” he said.

“No biggie,” Elizabeth shrugged. Ivan checked out Elizabeth. She was stunning. Even without makeup, she had this fierce beauty that was hard to forget. He’d seen Elizabeth a few times ages ago, but over time, he kinda forgot.

## Chapter 444

Seeing her again, he was pretty surprised. Because he had some ties with Rose and was going to work with the Percy Group. But more importantly, Elizabeth had just saved his life. He really thought he was a goner tonight.

“Did you piss someone off?” Elizabeth asked Ivan. ‘Isn’t he always abroad? How could he be chased as soon as he got back?’ she thought.

“Just family drama. Lots of folks want me dead,” he said with a lazy smile, not caring much. Elizabeth didn’t push it.

“Elizabeth, give me your number,” Ivan handed his phone to her.

Elizabeth shook her head. “No need. We won’t be in touch much.”

“Why?” Ivan was confused.

“No need to know everything,” Elizabeth smiled. Ivan was back to settle down, while Elizabeth was planning to head abroad. They wouldn’t be in touch much. Honestly, Elizabeth didn’t want new friends. She just wanted to live in her own world.

“This hotel’s booked till 3 PM tomorrow, so you’re good for the night I’m out. Later, totally chill.” She waved and left without looking back.

## Chapter 445

Ivan tried to get up to see her off, but his wound was killing him. He had to plop back down on the bed, watching Elizabeth’s back with a grin sneaking onto his face. Elizabeth was still her fiery self. Ivan glanced at his stomach. He wondered how good Elizabeth was at stitching. Hopefully, it wouldn’t look too gnarly, or he’d be pissed.

His phone buzzed. A group message popped up on Facebook from a group called “Just One Word: Handsome.”

Kieran: [Ivan, where the hell are you? I've been waiting at the airport for an hour!]

Ivan: [Ran into some trouble. I'm already back. Don't wait up.]

Kieran: [Damn it!]

Ivan: [My bad. I'll make it up to you.]

Kieran: [Good thing Alexander didn't come, or you'd be in deep shit.]

Soon, another avatar popped up in the group.

Alexander: [Almost did.]

Alexander had planned to pick up Ivan after handling some cargo at the harbor but bumped into Elizabeth on the way.

Kieran: [You promised to come. Where'd you go?]

Both of them went silent, leaving Kieran to rant alone in the group.

Elizabeth was yanked out of bed by Rose. Rose said, "Get up! Where were you last night? I saw you come home at six in the morning!" Elizabeth, still half-asleep, was being held up by Rose; otherwise, she would've face-planted. She squinted at Rose and asked, "What time is it now?"

"Noon!" Rose snapped. "The cruise party is at 7:30 PM, and we need to be there by 6 PM! And you're still snoozing?"

Elizabeth pouted and yawned, "Got it, Mom." She dragged herself up and started getting ready for the cruise party. "After the cruise party, I'll take you to a jewelry exhibition!" Rose said while helping Elizabeth with her clothes.

Elizabeth looked at Rose with a hint of gloom. "When?"

"The date's not set yet. It could be soon or take a while. The organizer just got back to handle it."

"Oh," Elizabeth pouted, "We'll see. I'm not really into it."

"No, you have to go!" Rose glared at her and said sternly, which was rare for her, "You quit your job at the hospital, don't care about the company, and you



don't study design? And another thing, your dad and I discussed it. The whole family is against you going abroad!"

Rose usually wasn't like this with Elizabeth. Elizabeth sat on the edge of the bed, silently watching the busy Rose. "Oh." Rose sneaked a glance at her. So, Elizabeth wasn't planning to leave?

"If I really wanted to go abroad, could you stop me?" Elizabeth added.

Rose was exasperated. "So, just listen to me for once. Have fun tonight, and if you meet a guy you like, be brave and start a new relationship! Rose patted Elizabeth's shoulder and said worriedly, "Our Elizabeth is so amazing, so what kind of man can't you get? The past is the past. Don't let yourself be stuck in it. Understand?"

## Chapter 446

Elizabeth was brushing her teeth and mumbled, "Got it." Rose pointed at Elizabeth's head, looking both helpless and affectionate. Elizabeth pouted. She took a shower and then put on some makeup. By the time she was almost ready, it was already past two. Elizabeth always felt like she had something unfinished. She looked up at the sky, trying to remember what it was. "Oh right, my phone," she thought.

Elizabeth went to the bedside to get her phone and found it was off. She was so tired when she got home last night that she went straight to sleep. Elizabeth charged her phone and turned it on, remembering what she had left undone.

Alexander: [Phone off?] Alexander: [Elizabeth, I'll wait for you until two!]  
Alexander: [Great.]

Could she make an excuse? Elizabeth was late getting home last night because she had saved Ivan, and then she slept until now. Just as she was about to put down her phone, she saw Alexander calling. Elizabeth took a deep breath, hesitated for a moment, and then answered.

There was silence on the other end, and Elizabeth didn't speak either. Of course, she didn't say anything; Alexander was definitely angry. After a minute of stalemate, he said, "You win, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth pouted, "I told you I wasn't coming."

Alexander asked, "Elizabeth, what are you afraid of?"

“Who said I’m afraid? I just don’t want to see you,” Elizabeth said angrily.

“You are afraid,” he said with a hint of mockery in his voice.

Elizabeth gritted her teeth and heard him say, “You’re scared to come back here, scared of the memories, scared you can’t let go of me.”

Chapter 446

Elizabeth was furious. “You’re shameless.”

Alexander said, “Then come over.”

“I’m not going!”

“That still proves you’re afraid to come back here. Psychologically speaking, if you’re afraid of this place, it means you still have feelings for it. So, Elizabeth, you’re not as carefree as you seem.” Alexander had never said so much before.

This time he said a lot, but in the end, Elizabeth interrupted him, “I’ll go.”

“Isn’t it just to give me something? Or is it that he mainly wants to ask what I wanted to tell him last night?” she thought.

But Elizabeth had to admit, his method worked on her. Elizabeth sighed, changed her clothes, tied her hair up, and went downstairs. Rose saw her going out and asked, “Where are you going?”

Elizabeth replied, “I’m going out to get something, and I’ll be back soon. I’ll be at tonight’s cruise party.”

After all, Elizabeth had been waiting for a month and wanted to see just how luxurious this party would be! Elizabeth quickly drove off. Rose stood at the door, shaking her head helplessly.

Elizabeth soon arrived at Alexander’s villa. She looked around and couldn’t help but smile. The place she used to be able to walk to with her eyes closed was now someone else’s home. Elizabeth came to the door and was about to knock when the door opened. She looked at the person at the door and was stunned.

“Elizabeth?” Esme immediately frowned, clearly displeased with Elizabeth’s arrival. Elizabeth was also somewhat surprised to see Esme.

“What’s Alexander thinking? He asked me to come to talk, but also called Esme over?” she thought.

Elizabeth’s expression darkened a bit, and she said, “I’m here to see Mr. Tudor.”

Chapter Comments ☆1

Chapter 447

“Alexander’s got a last-minute meeting upstairs. Come on in,” Esme said with a smile, leading Elizabeth inside as if she owned the place. Elizabeth watched Esme; she seemed quite at home here. Esme poured some water for Elizabeth and invited her to sit down. These were all things Elizabeth used to do in this house, but now Esme was doing them. Esme handed Elizabeth the glass of water. Elizabeth just watched quietly as Esme waited for her to take it. As soon as Elizabeth took it, it would mean she acknowledged Esme as the lady of the house.

Others might not care, but for Esme, it was a big deal. Elizabeth looked at the offered glass, feeling a pang of sadness. She forced a smile and took it. “Thanks.” Esme’s eyes lit up instantly. She’d never been so happy when someone took water from her, but if it was Elizabeth, it was a whole different story. Elizabeth took a sip and put the glass down.

Esme was about to leave to grab something, but seeing Elizabeth, she decided to stay. She took off her light jacket and sat across from Elizabeth, starting a conversation. “You going to the party tonight too?”

“Yeah,” Elizabeth glanced upstairs. She wondered how long Alexander’s meeting would last. If it took too long, she’d leave first. She didn’t want to chat with Alexander’s current girlfriend in what used to be her home.

“Ms. Percy, make yourself at home. Help yourself to anything you want,” Esme said, playing the gracious hostess. Elizabeth looked at the fruit platter on the coffee table and smiled slightly. She picked up an orange and was about to peel it when she heard Esme speak. She slowly looked up and noticed Esme wearing a particularly beautiful butterfly necklace.

Elizabeth paused. She looked at the necklace and frowned. It looked like the one Alexander had bought at an auction abroad.

Esme lowered her head, touched the necklace, and a happy smile spread across her face. She looked up at Elizabeth, her eyes full of warmth. "This necklace was a gift from Alexander. He was so shy about it that he left it on the coffee table instead of giving it to me directly. It's a pity I don't like butterflies. If it were a moon or star pattern, I would have loved it."

Elizabeth listened, her eyes gradually dimming. Butterflies were wonderful; they emerged anew after breaking out of their cocoons. Elizabeth liked butterflies because they symbolized rebirth after breaking out of a cocoon. They were beautiful, strong, and free. Elizabeth lowered her eyes and smiled lightly. She thought, 'Wasn't this necklace promised to be sold to me? But now it's with Esme. Alexander has no boundaries when it comes to her and is willing to break all his promises.'

"Elizabeth," Esme suddenly called gently. Elizabeth moved her lips but didn't respond. Esme asked, "Do you know why Alexander likes me?" Elizabeth didn't understand. Esme asked again, "For the past three years, can you guess why Alexander has been spoiling me without any limits?"

"Love you," Elizabeth could only answer with these two words. Love conquered all. If it wasn't love, who would spoil her all the time?

"Actually, he doesn't love me," Esme's eyes stared straight at Elizabeth. Esme had known for a long time that Alexander didn't love her. His love for Esme was all based on the lie that she had saved him. The person Alexander truly loved was Elizabeth. It was Esme who forcibly took Elizabeth away from Alexander. But even though she had taken Alexander, she couldn't get his heart. This made her extremely dissatisfied.

"Elizabeth," Esme suddenly grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, a hint of malice flashing in her eyes. "Tonight, I won't let Elizabeth leave alive," Esme thought.

## Chapter 448

Elizabeth stared at Esme, feeling her grip tighten on her wrist. It was pretty clear Esme hated her.

"Everything that was yours is still yours. What else is there to hate?" Elizabeth said, her voice a mix of tears and laughter.

Esme bit her lip. "But you had Alexander all to yourself for three years. I can't just forget that."

Elizabeth chuckled. “Esme, back in high school, I was the one who made the first move on Alexander. When I was a freshman in college, he was always hanging out with me. I was engaged to him first.”

Elizabeth couldn’t wrap her head around it. Why did Alexander never show any dislike towards her before? But when it came to marriage, he started to resist. How did he suddenly fall in love with Esme? I gave my life for him, so how does it end up being Esme’s turn?

“It’s all in the past. Let’s not bring it up again. Esme, I wish you both the best.” Elizabeth glanced at the butterfly necklace Esme was wearing, her eyes filled with bitterness.

Elizabeth thought, *The butterfly necklace I like was given to Esme by Alexander. What else can Esme be dissatisfied with? Soon, Alexander will marry Esme, won’t he? I’m nothing, just a footnote in their marriage, a mistake in Alexander’s life.*

Suddenly, Alexander’s voice came from the staircase. “What are you talking about?”

Elizabeth and Esme both looked up. Alexander looked down and saw them sitting on the sofa. They both looked at him; one with a calm and indifferent gaze, the other with a face full of gentle flattery. Alexander’s eyes unconsciously fell on Elizabeth. Since leaving him, Elizabeth had become increasingly cold, almost inhuman.

Alexander walked downstairs. Esme’s eyes lit up. She quickly stood up and walked towards Alexander, then hugged his arm. “Alexander, are you done with your meeting?”

“You’re still here?” Alexander looked at Esme in surprise. Esme had come to pick up a dress and said she would leave right after. He had gone upstairs for a meeting, thinking Esme had already left.

Esme smiled. “I was waiting for you.”

Elizabeth stood up. Watching the intimate couple, she couldn’t help but feel a bit uncomfortable. But Elizabeth didn’t show it.

“By the way, Alexander, thank you for the necklace. I really like it.” Une suddenly mentioned the butterfly necklace around her neck, her smile growing.

Alexander paused. The necklace he gave to Esme? He paused again when he saw the necklace. How did Esme end up wearing that necklace? He had left it on the coffee table intending to give it to Elizabeth.

“Ms. Percy, isn’t it beautiful?” Esme smiled at Elizabeth, asking the question.

Elizabeth remained silent. She glanced at Alexander, and their eyes met. Alexander frowned, getting a bit anxious. He was about to explain.

But Elizabeth looked into his eyes and nodded. “Yes, it’s beautiful. M. Tudor has always had good taste.”

Alexander instantly understood that Elizabeth and Esme had both misunderstood. “Esme, this necklace...” Alexander was about to tell Esme.

Esme hooked her finger around Alexander’s and said to Elizabeth with a bright smile, “Of course, it’s from my Alexander.”

Elizabeth forced a smile and thought, *So why did he call her here? Just to watch them flaunt their love? I have already seen plenty of that online. Is this really necessary?*

## C 449

“What’s up?” Elizabeth asked Alexander.

Alexander wanted to chat with Elizabeth about what she was going to say last night, but with Esme around, it wasn’t the best time. He had planned to give Elizabeth that necklace, but now it was hanging around Esme’s neck. A flicker of annoyance crossed Alexander’s face. He was really frustrated. He could handle work like a pro, but when it came to feelings and marriage, it was a total mess.

Elizabeth’s phone suddenly rang. She glanced at the screen; it was an unknown number. Elizabeth turned away to take the call. As she listened, she said, “Yeah, it’s me.”

“I told you, no need to be so formal.”

“Seriously, it’s fine. I have plans tonight; there’s a party I need to go to. We’ll catch up another time.”

“Okay, talk later.” Elizabeth hung up. She checked the time; it was almost 4 PM. Elizabeth looked at Alexander and Esme, realizing there was no way they could talk today. It was her fault. They had agreed to meet at eleven, but she was late.

“See you.” With that, Elizabeth left without looking back. Alexander took a step forward, wanting to see her off. Esme suddenly pretended to twist her ankle and fell into Alexander’s arms. “Oh, Alexander.” She just wanted to keep him there, and it worked.

Elizabeth glanced back and saw Alexander helping Esme to the sofa. She couldn’t quite describe what she felt. But it wasn’t the same heartache as before. In the past, seeing them act all cozy would hurt her, but now it was just a pang of bitterness, and then nothing. Elizabeth walked out of the villa. She took a long look at it and let out a bitter laugh. She probably wouldn’t be coming back again. Elizabeth quickly got into her car. She needed to change into her dress and get ready for the party.

## Chapter 449

Alexander watched the car disappear, his expression growing more complicated. “Why are you wearing that necklace? I never said I was giving it to you.” Alexander’s tone had a hint of reproach. He had left it on the coffee table because he knew Elizabeth was coming over, but he had an urgent meeting. He thought Elizabeth would understand. But he didn’t expect Esme to put it on herself.

“Then who were you planning to give it to? Elizabeth?” Esme looked up at Alexander. She had guessed the necklace was meant for Elizabeth. Because Elizabeth liked butterflies, and this was a butterfly necklace, she decided to use it to deliberately annoy her. Look, the butterfly necklace Elizabeth loved the most ended up being hers. She wanted Elizabeth to know that she was the one who lost.

“Esme, I don’t like you touching my things without asking.” Alexander’s voice was cold as he stood up. Esme watched his back, her eyes dark. “Alexander, you are my fiancé now.”

“Being your fiancé doesn’t mean you can touch my stuff whenever you want!” His tone was harsh, carrying an indescribable sense of authority that left Esme momentarily stunned.

Esme glared at Alexander, not speaking, just biting her lip. Meanwhile, her resolve that Elizabeth couldn't stay alive grew stronger. Esme thought, 'Elizabeth must die! If I let her live, not only will my impersonation be exposed, but Alexander will eventually go to her willingly!'

"Alexander, are you really ready to be with me?" Esme asked, her voice tinged with tears.

## Chapter 450

Alexander locked eyes with Esme. For the first time, he didn't want to give her a straight answer. Esme bit her lip, sensing Alexander's hesitation. In a burst of anger, Esme stripped off her clothes and turned her back to him. A shocking scar marred her back. Alexander's eyes darkened immediately.

"What are you doing?" He quickly grabbed a coat to cover her. Esme pushed the coat away, refusing his help.

"Look at this scar. See everything I've sacrificed for you!" Her voice trembled, tears streaming down her face. "Alexander, I'd do anything for you. But your constant hesitation is killing me! It makes my sacrifices feel meaningless."

Alexander draped the coat over her shoulders, feeling her tremble. He opened his mouth to speak, but words felt useless, leaving only a heavy silence. Esme shoved the coat away again. The scar was right there, in front of him. He raised his hand, gently touching it.

"I'm scared of the dark, of water, even of being depressed. But I'm not scared of dying. Alexander," she lowered her eyes, her voice soft, "What I fear most is that you don't love me, that everything I've sacrificed is just a joke. If you really love Elizabeth, I'll step aside." Esme closed her eyes.

Alexander lowered his head, stroking her scar. He listened as she continued, "Don't say you want to marry me if you don't love me. When you hurt me, you're really hurting yourself too." His fingers stopped, cold against her skin. Esme had always thought his touch was as cold and indifferent as he was.

After a moment, he hugged her from behind and said, "Thank you for everything. I won't let you down." Esme lowered her eyes. Even though Alexander tried to comfort her, as long as he didn't marry her, she couldn't find peace.

"Will you marry me?" Esme asked, looking down.



“I will marry you,” he replied.

“I want you to marry me because you love me. Do you understand?” she asked again.

Alexander chuckled softly, “Of course, I’m marrying you because I love you. Esme, don’t overthink it. I won’t marry you just because you saved me.”

Esme looked up, a hint of a smile forming in her heart. But they were both smart. Alexander couldn’t fool her, and she couldn’t fool him.

“I’ve already divorced Elizabeth. Soon, we can get married. So, Esme, don’t doubt me, okay?” Alexander turned her around, not wanting to see the scar anymore. Esme gazed at him, and slowly, her heart leaned towards him again. Alexander was truly exceptional. Whether it was his looks or his character, he had qualities that made him irresistible. Esme loved him deeply. Maybe her love was a bit obsessive, but as long as she could have Alexander, she was willing to do anything.

Esme went home first to prepare her dress. Alexander looked at the empty villa and slowly sat on the sofa, pressing his temple with one hand, feeling exhausted. Images of Elizabeth still in the house flashed through his mind. Elizabeth would run to the door with a smile, asking, “Are you tired today?” She would stand at the kitchen door, wearing an apron, and gently ask, “Alexander, do you want something sweet or savory?”