

Unrepairable, Love / I married a man

Chapter 461

Blowing a few million bucks in one night? No biggie. These girls knew what they were getting into when they showed up; they knew the kind of weirdos they'd run into. Their choice, their problem.

Elizabeth was about to leave the wild sixth floor when she overheard someone whisper, "Is Mr. Tudor really here?" What kind of woman does Mr. Tudor like? If I don't hook up with him tonight, my mom's going to kill me. I can't mess this up.

Not far off, near the emergency exit, a girl in skimpy clothes was on the phone. Elizabeth bit her lip, hiding in the shadows. The girl kept talking, "Mr. Tudor's ex and current girl are both on the ship. This is a nightmare. Can you help me out?" The call ended, and the girl sounded like she was about to cry.

Elizabeth squinted, picking up on the key details. She cleared her throat, and the girl whipped her head around. The girl couldn't see Elizabeth, but Elizabeth had a clear view of her. She looked really young.

"Looking for Alexander?" Elizabeth asked.

The girl freaked out. "Were you eavesdropping?"

"Do you like Alexander?" Elizabeth ignored her and pressed on.

The girl clammed up and tried to walk past Elizabeth. Elizabeth grabbed her arm. The girl, taking advantage of Elizabeth's distraction, stomped on her foot and bolted. Elizabeth winced and stepped back. The girl was gone. Elizabeth muttered a curse under her breath. She just wanted to warn the girl that Alexander was bad news, especially with Esme on the ship tonight. Trying to get with Alexander in front of Esme? She might end up overboard.

Elizabeth headed to the lounge area. She sighed, looking at the black mark on her foot, feeling a bit helpless. She sat down and reached for a tissue to clean her shoe. Suddenly, someone plopped down next to her and said lazily, "Let me do it."

Elizabeth turned. It was Ivan. He draped his suit jacket over his legs and lifted her ankle. Using a wet tissue, he cleaned her shoe. Elizabeth stared at him, shocked. Where did he come from? Ivan's fingers gently held her ankle, his touch warm. Elizabeth couldn't help but look at him again.

Just as Ivan looked up, their eyes met, and he smiled warmly. "Getting stepped on by a little girl, huh? That's pretty embarrassing."

Elizabeth turned her head. "Mind your own business."

"You're too old to be acting so bratty."

"Ivan, I'm not that old," Elizabeth shot back. She was only twenty-four!

"You're exactly four months older than me. So, yeah, you're older," Ivan said, his eyes twinkling.

Elizabeth noticed he had cleaned her shoe but was still holding her ankle, so she quickly pulled her leg back. She straightened his suit jacket and asked, "Do you still want this?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I?" He grabbed it and draped it over his arm. Elizabeth was surprised. Weren't they both germaphobes? If it were Alexander, he definitely wouldn't want it back.

"Elizabeth," Ivan suddenly said.

"Ivan, don't tempt me," Elizabeth warned him seriously. She wasn't someone he could mess with, and there was no way they...

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"Why are you so against me? Is it because I'm friends with Alexander?" Ivan blocked Elizabeth's way.

Elizabeth nodded. "You know why. Plus, I'm not into younger guys. Someone as mature as Alexander was already draining, let alone someone younger and less mature."

"Is it my fault I'm younger? I was just born a few months after you," Ivan spread his hands, still blocking her path and walking...

Elizabeth sighed. "Ivan, watch out. There's someone behind you." This place was packed, and walking like this wasn't safe.

"Ouch," Ivan groaned, holding his stomach. The spot where Ivan got hurt stung, but his heart hurt even more!

Elizabeth looked at him with disdain. Ivan watched her walk away. Just as he was about to follow, someone blocked his path.

Ivan frowned, annoyed, then turned and plopped down on the sofa. "What do you want?"

Alexander stood in front of him, looking down. "What are you trying to do?"

Ivan spread his hands. "Nothing, just having some fun."

"Having fun with Elizabeth?" Alexander leaned in, placing his hands on either side of Ivan, his eyes blazing with anger.

Ivan's eyes reflected Alexander's figure. Ivan lowered his lashes slightly, looking even more composed.

Ivan thought, *I'm not playing with Elizabeth; I'm genuinely interested in her. Besides, she saved me. Isn't it normal to be good to her?!*

Ivan smiled and asked, "Alexander, why are you so against me getting close to Elizabeth?"

Alexander frowned, his tone harsh. "It's not about resistance; you two just aren't a good match. Leave her alone."

"We're not a good match? And you are?" Ivan stared directly into his eyes. Their eyes locked, and Alexander's gaze was ice cold. Ivan was the first to look away.

In their group, everyone had a certain level of respect for Alexander because, despite his young age, he was the most accomplished among them.

"So, you really want to go after Elizabeth?" Alexander squinted, his tone dangerous and questioning.

Ivan said nothing. Alexander straightened up, his eyes cold. "You'd better think it through."

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After all, Elizabeth was his ex-wife. He would never allow his ex-wife to end up with one of his friends.

Alexander gave Ivan a long look, then left in frustration. Alexander tugged at his suit collar and bumped into a young girl as she entered the elevator.

The girl looked delicate, like a gust of wind could blow her over. She seemed about to fall, and Alexander grabbed her arm, giving her a cold look.

The girl met Alexander's eyes and shivered. She opened her mouth, hurriedly trying to apologize. But Alexander had already entered the elevator and quickly pressed the button. The elevator doors closed.

She watched as the elevator stopped on the third floor. The third floor was for VIP luxury rooms. The rooms on this cruise ship were ranked by level. She lived on the first floor, the worst... There were many others like her living in the worst rooms. She had given everything to get on this cruise ship.

"Angela Holland, what are you doing?" Suddenly, someone called her from behind. She turned around to see another young and pretty girl.

"Nothing." Angela smiled slightly, unconsciously touching her arm. The place where Alexander had grabbed her still felt warm. She raised her arm and gently sniffed it. Unfortunately, there was no scent left.

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When Angela first met Alexander, it was at Lisbon University where he was giving a lecture. She was lost and ran into him; she was on the phone outside. He ended up giving her directions. After class, it started pouring, and she didn't have an umbrella. Alexander's assistant handed her one.

"Angela, did I just see you bump into Mr. Tudor? Is he your target, right?" her friend teased, poking her arm.

Angela's face turned bright red. "Oh, stop it! There's no way someone like me could be with Mr. Tudor."

Her friend just smiled and stayed quiet. Angela glanced at the elevator entrance, her heart racing as she thought about Alexander's touch.

Elizabeth went back to her room. She flopped onto the bed, staring at the moving sea outside the window, feeling drained. Kicking off her shoes, she was ready to hide under the covers and call it a night.

But then she got a text from Alexander:

Alexander: [Come out. Let's talk.]

Elizabeth was annoyed. She didn't have much to say to him.

Alexander: [I know you saw my message. Elizabeth, I'm on the third door. Come see me.]

She wasn't about to knock on a man's door in the middle of the night, especially since they were divorced and practically strangers, even if they were at the same event.

Her phone buzzed again.

Alexander: [Elizabeth.]

She stared at the message, just her name. He didn't say anything else. Her heart felt a gentle tug.

Over the years, the hardest thing was when Alexander called her. It always seemed like he had something important to say, but it was usually just silence, criticism, or complaints.

She turned over.

Alexander: [You and Ivan aren't right for each other.]

Elizabeth: [That's between me and Ivan,]

Alexander: [I'm saying this for your own good. He's still young and lives on his family's money!]

Elizabeth: [Don't act like this is for me. If you cared, why didn't you treat me well these past three years?]

Her question left him speechless. For a moment, he didn't know what to say.

Elizabeth pressed on: [Alexander, Do you know how hard these three years hurt? You dismissed my feelings!]

She gripped her phone tightly, feeling a flood of emotions. But after a while, she swallowed them all. No need, no point.

Elizabeth: [The best thing for us is to stay out of each other's lives.]

She sent the message. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. She looked outside. Who is it? Alexander? Ivan? she wondered. She went to the door, about to look through the peephole. Then she heard a man's voice, "Elizabeth, open the door. I know you're in there."

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Elizabeth shoved the door open. There stood Alexander. He had on a white shirt, his tie a bit crooked. The second he saw her, his brows knitted together like he had a ton on his mind. Elizabeth dropped her gaze, then stepped aside, giving him the go-ahead to come in. Too many people around; they couldn't chat at the door. But Alexander didn't budge.

"Elizabeth. How much more are you going to hold in? I'm here now, it's all out." He looked at her, eyes showing a hint of weariness.

Elizabeth glanced at him and gave a bitter smile. "What's the point now? I don't feel like talking."

"I'm right here, and you still don't wanna talk?" Alexander stepped closer, his Adam's apple bobbing. There was a hint of doubt in his voice.

Elizabeth laughed. "I'm the one who's hurt, and you've always been above it all. We're divorced now, and you act like you're ready to listen to my feelings. Isn't that a bit hypocritical?"

Every word she said was like an invisible knife, stabbing straight into Alexander's heart. He pressed his lips together, feeling a tug at his heart. In front of Elizabeth, he had always been the one above it all. He was the one who had failed this marriage and Elizabeth. His expression grew more complex, then he lowered his eyes and softened his stance. "I'm just trying to remind you that you and Ivan aren't a good match."

"This is my personal matter, and you don't need to interfere," Elizabeth shot back coldly.

“Elizabeth, I mean no harm.”

“You like meddling in my life so much? Then can I also say, Alexander, I mean no harm, but you and Esme aren’t a good match?” Elizabeth spread her hands, looking at him with intense emotion.

She didn’t want any entanglement with Alexander. Yet he always seemed to pop up in front of her. Elizabeth always said she didn’t love Alexander anymore. But after all, it was seven years of feelings, and she admitted she couldn’t face him without any emotional turmoil. That was her entire youth. That was the man she had loved with all her might. Her youth was gone, and her true love was gone. Her life was about to become worthless.

Alexander listened to her words, and his heart sank deeply. He indeed wasn’t suitable for Esme. Esme was full of schemes, spoiled, unable to manage a household, and had no personal ambitions. She was just someone spoiled by the Russell family. Honestly, she was not his ideal type at all. But he had no choice.

Alexander tugged at his tie, lowering his voice, “Elizabeth, do you want to know why I have to marry Esme?”

“I’m really not interested. And you shouldn’t care about me and Ivan either.” Elizabeth smiled at him.

Elizabeth always told Alexander to mind his own business. This was nothing but a knife to Alexander’s heart. He stepped forward, placing one hand on the wall beside her ear, seriously reminding her, “Ivan is my friend! Do you want me to watch my ex-wife and my friend get together?”

“You don’t love me, so why do you care?” Elizabeth squinted, her eyes threatening.

Alexander’s heart skipped a beat. The hand he had on the wall gradually clenched into a fist, his gaze fixed on her beautiful face. In high school, Elizabeth was resilient, sunny, and cheerful. But now, she was helpless and unyielding. She had indeed become more beautiful, but she had lost her happiness and bright cheerfulness. All of this was because of Alexander.

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Alexander was the one who sucked the joy out of Elizabeth's life and burned it upside down. Did Elizabeth know that back in high school, he actually had? In college, he fell in love with her. He quit smoking for her, picked a university close to the med school for her, and even made the Tudor Group a first venture into the medical field, all for her.

Elizabeth always said he didn't care about all the things she did for the Tudor family and that their marriage was something she begged for. But that wasn't true. Alexander remembered every kind thing she did for his family. He knew she massaged his mom and made his grandma happy.

At first, Alexander did want to marry Elizabeth. He was ready to spend his life with her and was convinced he loved her. But when did it all change? It was when Alexander got kidnapped. Elizabeth vanished, and Esme showed up, taking care of him. In the end, he found out Esme had saved him.

Did he love Esme? No, he didn't. But out of a sense of duty, Alexander felt he had no choice. Why did he start to dislike Elizabeth more and more? Because, over the years, Elizabeth and Esme were always at each other's throats, and he was exhausted. As the head of the Tudor Group, Alexander had a lot of people watching him, and he had to manage the whole company. He couldn't afford to focus on love and relationships. After all, life wasn't just about spending it with one woman. He tried to love Esme, but he couldn't. He only felt grateful to her for saving him.

He kept saying he wanted to divorce Elizabeth, but when she finally agreed and the divorce was finalized, Alexander had to admit he freaked out.

Alexander looked into Elizabeth's eyes. Could she see the whirlwind of emotions in his eyes, his inner turmoil, and his odd behavior?

"Alexander, let's just let each other go," Elizabeth finally said, no longer as defensive as before. Alexander had big dreams and shouldn't be held back by love. Likewise, after divorcing Alexander, Elizabeth deserved a better future.

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Elizabeth looked up and helped Alexander adjust his suit and tie. "You don't love me. You're just not used to suddenly missing someone who always depended on you," the old...

Alexander looked at her, his heart racing. It felt like the first day of their marriage. Elizabeth had tied his tie for him just like this. The only thing that

had changed was her eyes. Back then, her eyes were full of tenderness, and her every move showed her admiration for him. But now, her eyes were distant, indifferent, and cold. Alexander had completely lost Elizabeth; this gesture and her eyes made it painfully clear.

He parted his lips and said in a deep voice, “Elizabeth, I have to marry Esme because she...”

His phone suddenly rang. He turned it off, but as he was about to speak again, it rang once more. At that moment, someone outside shouted, “There’s a fight on the deck; it looks like Esme got hit.”

Alexander paused. Elizabeth saw him immediately walk out and chuckled. Alexander turned to look at her. Elizabeth spread her hands, as if to say, “See, no matter how big the issue, Esme is always more important, isn’t she?”

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Chapter 466: On the Deck

Esme was in a heated argument with another girl. She was shoved against the railing, staring down into the seemingly endless sea below. Esme clung to the girl’s arms, her eyes wide with fear. She was panting, desperately scanning the crowd. “Alexander, help me!”

The girl in front of her sneered, tightening her grip on Esme’s neck. “You homewrecker!”

There was a stir in the crowd, and someone whispered, “Mr. Tudor’s here.”

The girl heard. Alexander had arrived, stepped forward, and glared at Esme. “Do you know who sent me? It was Elizabeth!”

Alexander’s footsteps stopped. Esme’s eyes widened in disbelief. “What?”

The girl gritted her teeth. “Mr. Tudor and Elizabeth were fine until you showed up. Don’t you deserve this?”

Ivan rushed over, trying to push through the crowd, and saw Elizabeth standing off to the side. Elizabeth listened to the girl’s accusations, her eyes cold and detached.

“Ivan,” he called out as he approached Elizabeth.

Elizabeth glanced at him, then noticed Alexander entering the crowd. Alexander's gaze was intense. He kept a few feet away and demanded, "What did you say? Say it again."

The girl saw Alexander and hesitated, but quickly raised her chin. "Tudor, what do you want to hear?"

"Who sent you?" Alexander asked, his face expressionless.

The girl smirked. "Mr. Tudor, don't you know what kind of person Elizabeth is?"

Alexander's eyes shifted to Esme. Esme was still pressed against the railing, tears streaming down her face. "Alexander, help me. I'm scared."

She glanced at the sea again, thinking, *What if Elizabeth falls in?* Even if I'm not really afraid of the water, falling in this cold weather would be terrifying. The thought excited her. *Soon, I'll get rid of Elizabeth. Once she's gone, nothing will stand between me and Alexander! No one will know I impersonated Elizabeth to save him.*

Of Esme first, Alexander's voice was cold but steady.

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"Mr. Tudor, I was paid 11 lei to... I can't explain," the girl stammered.

Alexander narrowed his eyes. "What did she want you to do to..."

"Mainly," she said, "Esme is terrified of water, to let her die in the sea. With that," she shrieked, "Fame hard..."

Fame screamed, and the crowd gasped. Alexander frowned and stepped forward again. After so many of Fame's staged dramas, Alexander readily believed this was real. Elizabeth had been so indifferent, avoiding any entanglement with him. How could she really hire someone to kill Esme? And Elizabeth wouldn't be so stupid as to do it in such a crowded place and hire someone to loudly announce it.

"Go ahead and push," Alexander suddenly said with a smile.

Both Esme and the girl looked confused. *What? Alexander actually told her to push?* Elizabeth was also surprised. Didn't he care about his Esme the most anymore?

Esme cried out even more, "Alexander, what do you mean? I'm so scared. Save me!"

The more Esme cried, the more annoyed Alexander felt. The person who had stayed so calm while rescuing him during his kidnapping couldn't possibly be a woman like Esme, who cried and screamed.

"O, and I'll be your hostage."

Alexander's eyes darkened, and he said lightly, "Let her go, at..."

Everyone around was stunned.

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"Wow. Mr. Tudor's actually willing to be a hostage. He must really be Esme."

"Esme can make Mr. Tudor willingly be a hostage for her!"

Everyone was buzzing about how great this love was. But only Alexander knew what was really going on in his head.

"Alexander," Esme said, her voice trembling. "No. If one of us has to die, I'd rather it be me than you."

Elizabeth gave a bitter smile. What a romantic couple.

Elizabeth pushed through the crowd and walked in. Seeing Elizabeth enter, a flash of malice crossed Esme's eyes.

"Are you someone I sent? Why don't I recognize you?" Elizabeth asked, stepping closer.

The girl glared at Elizabeth and warned, "Elizabeth, don't come any closer! If you do, I'll push her down!"

"Go ahead. What does it matter to me?" Elizabeth crossed her arms.

Ivan was about to follow when his phone suddenly rang, and he turned to answer it.

“You two planned this together!” Esme looked like she had figured it all out.

Elizabeth nodded. “Yep. Go ahead and push.” She moved closer again.

The girl was pushing Esme. Esme’s waist bent backward. The wind blew her long hair, and her dress showed off her perfect figure.

As night fell, with Elizabeth’s approach, the tension rose. Everyone was on edge, sensing something was off. Could it be that Elizabeth really wanted to kill Esme? This scene really did look like the two were in cahoots.

“Don’t come any closer,” the girl pointed at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth smiled, “Didn’t you say I sent you to kill her? Go ahead. Why are you hesitating? I even showed up to help you. If you really push her down, it won’t be you who gets caught, but me. What are you afraid of?”

Elizabeth’s voice was cold, and combined with her indifferent demeanor, it created a unique scene on the deck.

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Elizabeth glanced at the... Her heart was racing, but she stayed calm.

“Fine, you want me to push...” The girl’s voice trembled, and she even looked at Esme’s face. She wasn’t sent by Elizabeth but was hired by Esme to... Esme didn’t tell her to push. Could she really push? Esme became even more anxious. Her plan was for Alexander to save her, and then the girl would turn around and tie up Elizabeth, pushing Elizabeth down. But Alexander didn’t save her! This made her plan completely fall apart.

“Alexander, save me!” Esme pleaded again.

Alexander was betting that this was all fake and that Esme had deliberately set up Elizabeth and wouldn’t be pushed. Esme sensed the doubt in Alexander’s eyes. To win over Alexander, it might all come down to this chance.

Thinking of this, Esme looked back. The waves were like giant sharks, and if a person fell in, they would be as small as a needle. What should she do? To gain

Alexander and only a one percent chance of survival, what should Esme choose?

“It’s all fake,” Alexander said, looking at Esme.

Esme knew that Alexander might have figured something out. She had no choice. In just a second, Esme let out a scream and flipped over the railing.

“Oh my God!” The whole crowd erupted.

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Elizabeth took a couple of steps forward and peered down. She quickly spotted Esme fainting in the sea. Esme raised her hand, looking towards the cruise ship, struggling relentlessly. Elizabeth widened in shock.

Alexander rushed to the railing. Esme had actually been pushed overboard. The girl next to her grinned brightly, her goal achieved.

Alexander frowned, quickly shrugged off his suit jacket, and dove into the water. Elizabeth watched as Alexander jumped in without a second thought, gripping the railing tightly with both hands. She had once risked her life to save Alexander, too. Alexander was swimming towards Esme. Elizabeth was so focused that she didn’t notice the danger creeping up on her.

The girl standing beside her slowly approached. As Alexander got closer to Esme, a cold voice came from beside Elizabeth: “Elizabeth, this is all fake. The one who truly deserves to die is you.”

Elizabeth turned her head, but before she could react, the girl shoved her hard on the shoulder. The railing was low, not even waist-high, so a gentle push was enough to make her fall. Elizabeth reached out to grab something, but she was already in mid-air. Another scream echoed from the deck. “Hurry! Get the rescue team!” Everyone shouted anxiously.

Alexander was about to reach Esme when he saw a familiar figure plunge into the sea. He looked back at the cruise ship but didn’t see Elizabeth at the railing. A group of people leaned over the railing, shouting, “Ms. Percy!”

Ms. Percy? Elizabeth? Alexander immediately looked in the opposite direction. Elizabeth took a deep breath, feeling herself being swallowed by the seawater.

She couldn't breathe. Images of sinking to the bottom of the sea flashed wildly in her mind.

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Elizabeth felt herself sinking. Waves slapped her face, making her body sway. Alexander frowned and quickly swam towards Elizabeth. Esme's voice came from behind, "Alexander!"

Elizabeth raised one hand, pinched her nose with the other, and breathed through her nostrils. She tried to stay calm. But she was drifting further away from the ship. "Help!" Elizabeth kept calling for help. Esme's voice also echoed in Alexander's ears. "Alexander, save..."

Alexander looked at the two people on either side of him, once again torn. Esme was very close to him, and he could definitely save her. But what about Elizabeth?

Elizabeth caught a glimpse of Alexander. Alexander's body gradually tilted towards Esme. Elizabeth knew she shouldn't pin her hopes on Alexander, but she seemed to have no choice. She wanted to live. If she died, how heartbroken her family would be. Jin had repeatedly told her to be careful, and Felix was following in a small boat, but she still had an accident. Her body was visibly sinking.

Alexander couldn't think too much; he quickly swam towards Esme and pulled her up. Esme took a deep breath, hugged Alexander tightly, and cried uncontrollably, "Alexander. I was so scared."

In her struggles, Elizabeth saw Alexander holding Esme. She was too far from Alexander. Even if he came over, he would be exhausted in the deep sea. "Alexander," Elizabeth called his name softly. In the vast waves, Alexander clearly heard Elizabeth calling him.

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Elizabeth's eyes were getting roilier; he wasn't ready to give up the fight. "I saved you. No regrets," she whispered, "but I can't just hand myself over to you." Three years ago, she survived. Was she really going to die here?

Alexander seemed to catch what Elizabeth was saying, but it was like he couldn't hear her clearly. The waves were crashing so loudly. The sea was calm when they set off, but now it was... nothing.

"Alexander. My leg's cramping. It hurts so bad," Esme suddenly cried out. Alexander didn't have the strength to swim to Elizabeth anymore.

"Save them!" "Barry!" "Where's the rescue team?"

On the deck, everyone was freaking out. In the safety cabin, the rescue team was tied up tight. Outside the door, Vincent West was playing with a dagger, head down. Elizabeth had to die tonight!

Ivan came up from the fourth floor and saw everyone shouting, "Hurry. Elizabeth's not gonna make it!" 'Elizabeth? Isn't she on the deck?' Ivan thought and rushed over. He got to the railing and saw Elizabeth struggling alone in the water. "Elizabeth!" Ivan shouted, then dropped his phone and jumped into the sea.

The salty water choked Elizabeth, making it impossible to speak. She started sinking. Her mind was a mess, and the past few years' grudges played like a movie. "Elizabeth!" Someone was calling her. But she couldn't open her eyes.

Her chest felt tight and heavy. Elizabeth couldn't breathe or open her eyes; she was sinking like a stone.

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Just then, a boat got closer. Someone grabbed her waist, and the next second, she was lifted up. The fresh air hit her, filling her lungs. Elizabeth slowly opened her eyes and saw Ivart's face. "Get on the boat! Hurry!" Felix's voice came. Elizabeth frowned, then blacked out.

"Everyone, move aside!!" On the deck, people quickly made room. Ivan patted Elizabeth's face, shouting, "Elizabeth, wake up!" Felix loosened his collar and rushed over to do CPR. Elizabeth had swallowed a ton of water. Next to her, two other people were lying down.

Alexander's eyes were on Elizabeth, and it felt like his heart was being ripped apart. Elizabeth had asked him for help. But he couldn't do anything, not a single thing. He could only watch her sink. If he saved Esme, he couldn't save Elizabeth. But if he saved Elizabeth, Esme would die!

Alexander's eyes turned red, and a tear fell. He finally knew what real heartache felt like. It hurt more than all his career failures combined. "Elizabeth. I'm sorry," Alexander thought.

Just as he was about to pass out, Nolan showed up. "Mr. Tudor!" Nolan shook Alexander's shoulder. Nolan looked at Elizabeth, then back at Alexander. "Mr. Tudor." Nolan had found out that the person who saved Alexander back then wasn't Esme, but Elizabeth!

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Elizabeth coughed up a few mouthfuls of seawater. When she finally opened her eyes, she saw a group of unfamiliar faces staring at her; some looked worried, others plainly mocking. She turned her head and saw Ivan kneeling beside her, his clothes half-dripping wet. Then she looked up and saw Felix.

Felix, looking both nervous and excited, blurted out, "Elizabeth, are you okay?"

Ivan glanced up at that. Elizabeth coughed again and instinctively grabbed onto Felix's clothes. Felix's eyes were red, and he snapped, "You said you didn't need me to follow you!"

Felix thought, *If I hadn't insisted on following her, would I have never seen her again? She's such a good boss, and Base M relies on her. What would we do without her?* "Now look what happened!" Felix kept scolding her. Ivan just stood there, stunned. What was the deal between this guy and Elizabeth?

Elizabeth clung to Felix's sleeve as he helped her up. She was weak, her face pale as a ghost. The water was freezing. But what hurt more was seeing Alexander save Esme and leave her behind again. Felix hugged her, his heart breaking.

"For Alexander, look at what you've done to yourself!" Felix's voice boomed. Elizabeth slowly closed her eyes, her heart aching. She felt terrible for those who truly cared about her. She had let them down. Elizabeth buried her face in Felix's arm, crying silently. The people on the cruise ship exchanged worried glances. Felix quickly took her away.

Nolan's boat arrived, and he took Alexander away. On the deck, Esme coughed and spat out water. When William showed up, everyone was pointing at Esme.

Isn't it because she instilled the idea of being Alexander's lover? It's inhonorable.

"And Alexander's no better! Just now, in the... incident between Elizabeth and Esme, didn't he choose Esme? So, the betrayal is on both of them."

Esme clutched the deck, her shoulders trembling, her lips moving. Through her blurred vision, she saw William approaching but couldn't say a word. She had messed up. She wanted to kill Elizabeth, but it seemed she had failed. Esme closed her eyes, the voices of people criticizing her ringing in her ears: "She could have been a proper lady of the Russell Family, but she insisted on being someone's lover!" Soon, Esme fainted again.

In the hospital room, the smell of disinfectant filled the air. Elizabeth lay quietly on the bed, while the TV on the wall broadcast the news: "Yesterday, at the Lisbun cruise party, Esme and Elizabeth fell into the sea together! Alexander faced a difficult choice." A video of Alexander jumping into the sea appeared on the screen, with people on the cruise shouting, "Elizabeth is in trouble. Save her!" But after hesitating for a long time, he swam towards Esme. Elizabeth remained silent, and the TV was suddenly turned off.

Looking up again, she saw Rose standing by the bed, her face cold and particularly grim. Elizabeth pursed her lips and smiled at Rose. "Mom." Rose scolded, "I sent you to the party to make some new friends, but look at you. You ended up like this!" Elizabeth turned her head in shame, unable to look at Rose. Rose scolded her but still hugged Elizabeth with concern. The two of them were silent for a while. After a moment, Rose gently asked, "Elizabeth, were you very scared at that time?"