

Unrepairable, Love / I married a man

Chapter 481

These four people were the ones who loved Elizabeth most in the world. Grant, who had been quiet, finally sighed and said, "Go ahead."

Celine snorted, "You're paying for studying abroad? That costs a ton!"

"I pay! It's not like I don't have money for Elizabeth!" Grant slammed the table. Elizabeth just smiled.

Grant and Celine were still the same, always bickering over the smallest things. But their ultimate goal was always her well-being.

"I'll transfer it to you right now," Grant said, pulling out his phone.

Elizabeth stopped him. "Grandpa, I have money. If I run out, I'll ask you for more, okay? But remember, don't get scammed again!"

Grant's face immediately stiffened. Elizabeth smiled slightly, and the dining table fell silent.

After finishing her meal, Elizabeth busied herself in the kitchen. Rose followed her in, quietly watching Elizabeth without saying a word. Every time Elizabeth looked at Rose, she could feel Rose's reluctance. Rose was willing to let Elizabeth go because Elizabeth was doing something important. Girls should improve themselves and broaden their horizons. That way, they wouldn't suffer at the hands of a bad man.

Suddenly, Celine's phone rang. There was something at the lab that needed her attention. Elizabeth said goodbye to Celine, who was reluctant to leave and didn't say a word. Celine was still the same, stubborn as ever.

At five in the afternoon, Felix came to pick up Elizabeth. Elizabeth said her final goodbyes to her family and left quickly without hesitation. She didn't dare to let her family see her off, afraid she would be reluctant to leave.

On the way, when Elizabeth reached into her coat pocket, she suddenly felt a bank card. Elizabeth gripped the card tightly, and tears immediately started to fall. It was a supplementary card from Grant and Celine's bank account.

Elizabeth lowered her head, tears falling onto the card. Looking at the scenery outside the window, Elizabeth's heart ached.

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She gripped the card even tighter, and scenes from the past few years replayed in her mind like a movie.

"Alexander, are you awake?" Esme said. In the hospital room, Esme bent over the bedside, holding Alexander's arm with one hand. Alexander slowly opened his eyes and then closed them again. It had turned dark, and a nurse was checking on him. She said to someone outside, "Call Mr. York. Mr. Tudor is awake."

Alexander saw Esme and frowned. His head hurt a lot, as if he were on the sea, his body swaying. Nick hadn't come in when Nolan arrived.

"Nolan." Esme immediately stood up, looking at Nolan and biting her lip.

Nolan smiled, thinking, 'How can she still have the nerve to show up here?' Nolan directly closed the door to the hospital room and locked it. Esme's heart suddenly tightened.

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"Nolan," Erme said, clasping her hands behind her back. Nolan didn't even look at her. He walked straight to the hospital beds. Alexander responded with a simple hum. Esme frowned, clearly nervous. Why was he here now? And why had he locked the door? Was he going to spill everything? What if he told Alexander? Erme thought, biting her lip.

Alexander noticed Esme acting weird and tense since Nolan showed up. Esme bit her lip, thinking. Should I just come clean to Alexander? Maybe he'll forgive me because of our history. She felt super uneasy.

"Mr. Tudor, I need to report something," Nolan said seriously.

Alexander took a sip of water, signaling Nolan to continue. He was grateful to have someone as capable as Nolan backing him up.

"Alexander," Esme interrupted, trying to cut Nolan off. Nolan glanced at her, and she forced a smile. "Nolan, Alexander just woke up."

“It’s not work; it’s personal,” Nolan said, cutting her off with a smile. Esme clenched her hands, her eyelashes trembling.

“If it’s personal, then...” Esme tried to speak again.

Alexander asked, “Esme, are you feeling unwell? If you are, go rest. Nolan and I need to talk.”

Esme’s face stiffened. She couldn’t leave now. She looked at Alexander, her lips moving slightly, but she didn’t know what to say. Alexander just waited patiently.

Nolan said slowly, “Let me say it.”

“No! Nolan, you can’t!” Esme suddenly lost control, her voice sharp.

Alexander frowned, sensing something was off. “What’s going on?” Alexander asked, worried about Esme. She was his savior, after all. Even though they weren’t married, he still cared about her.

Nolan raised an eyebrow. “Esme, do you want to say it yourself?”

“...” Esme’s breathing quickened, her heart racing. This is too sudden. I haven’t even thought about how to tell Alexander I’m not the one who saved him! None of this was part of my plan. What if he finds out I impersonated Elizabeth? He’ll hate me! Messed up his life?

Esme was anxious, her thoughts racing. Nolan looked at her coldly. He was facing Alexander, who had been deceived for years. Alexander, irritated, put down what he was holding and looked at Nolan coldly. “Speak!”

The more straightforward he was, the more anxious Esme became. Is Nolan really not giving me any chance? What I can offer him is something he can never earn in his lifetime! Esme thought.

“Nolan, think it through! I can fulfill any of your requests,” Esme said, stepping in front of Nolan to block him.

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Nolan knew Esme had totally lost it. The attorney had the nerve to film the scene right in front of Alexander. Nolan shoved Esme away, a bit rougher than he intended. Alexander looked exasperated.

“An?” He sounded like Vinda scolding him. Nolan had gone too far. Fame immediately started wailing, crying out, “Alexander!” Before she could say anything else, Nolan cut her off, crying firmly, “Mr. Tudor, Esme’s been lying to you all along!”

“Haven’t I?” Esme shot back quickly.

Alexander stared at Esme, feeling super tense inside. He wondered what she had lied about.

“Alexander, I really haven’t! I love you. Everything I do is because I love you!” Eene grabbed Alexander’s arm. “Please believe me, okay?”

Alexander was confused, thinking, *What the heck are they talking about? Why is Esme so emotional?* He even held Esme’s hand back, then looked at Nolan.

Esme felt Alexander’s hand holding hers, feeling both sad and scared. She cherished Alexander’s kindness but was terrified he’d stop loving her! She’d been orbiting around Alexander for years; she didn’t know what she’d do if she lost him.

Esme’s tears fell onto the back of Alexander’s hand. That cold sensation made Alexander’s heart feel a chill. His gaze shifted to Nolan, his heart trembling as if something had tugged at it. It seemed he knew what Nolan was about to say.

Alexander instinctively loosened his grip, but Esme held on tight. Esme kept saying, “I was wrong. I really know I was wrong!!” Besides admitting her mistake, she didn’t know what else to do or say.

Alexander’s brow furrowed and then relaxed. His hand was tightly held by Esme. He looked at Esme in disbelief, his eyes particularly cold and grim.

Esme shook her head. As he tried to pull his hand back, Esme only gripped tighter, holding on so hard that his hand turned red. His hand was red, and Esme seemed to have all her strength drained from her. When he finally pulled his hand back, he stumbled, collapsing by the bedside.

In the silence, amidst all the unease and incredulous gazes, Nolan's voice rang out at just the right moment, "Back then, when you were kidnapped, it wasn't Esme who saved you."

Although Alexander had already guessed this from Esme's repeated confessions, he was still incredibly shocked when Nolan actually said it. Alexander wondered, 'Is this real? Is this serious? The person who saved me isn't Esme! I have suspected countless times, investigated countless times, but she has always hidden it! Esme has lied to me for three years!'

Esme shook her head, looking at Alexander. Her voice trembled, and tears kept falling. For the past three years, Esme had only thought that no one would ever know the truth and that she wanted to get rid of Elizabeth. Esme had never thought about what she would do when the truth revealed itself.

"Esme is a fraud!" Nolan almost gritted his teeth as he said this. Esme reached out to grab Alexander's arm again, but Alexander flung her away.

"Esme, how dare you!" Alexander roared. There was oppression, threat, and dissatisfaction in his voice.

Crying even louder, "Alexander, I just love you too much! My love for you is real!" Esme trembled all over from his roar, crying. Alexander's arm slammed against the bedside table, knocking everything off and onto Esme. "Love me? This is how you love me!"

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"I really love you. If I didn't, I wouldn't be doing all this," she said, going to the edge of the bed. Her arm was cut by broken glass, and blood was soaking through her sleeve. Unable to grab Alexander's arm, she clutched the bedsheet. Her fingertips turned purple, and her voice was full of hurt. "If I didn't love you, why would I put up with all this?!"

"Put up with it? You mean you feel wronged?" Alexander looked at her, his eyes full of doubt.

Esme bit her lower lip and started to sob. Nolan heard this and let out a cold laugh. "Esme, are you going to tell Mr. Tudor who really saved him, or should I?"

Esme trembled and looked at Nolan. Alexander's chest heaved, and his hands clenched into fists. The oppressive aura he emitted made Esme too scared to

speak. Esme's nails turned even more purple. She didn't dare to look at Nolan, much less at Alexander.

She slowly lowered her head and heard Nolan ask softly, "Esme, the person who really saved Mr. Tudor was Elizabeth, wasn't it?"

Alexander immediately looked at Nolan. Alexander's hand gripped the bedsheet tightly. He both hoped it was Elizabeth and feared it was Elizabeth. His eyes were ice-cold, and he held his breath for a moment.

Nolan frowned. Although he knew that it would be cruel for Alexander if he knew Elizabeth had saved him, it was the truth.

"Elizabeth?" Alexander tentatively said the name.

Nolan nodded subtly. Alexander's body swayed, and he collapsed against the headboard.

Alexander thought, *It really is Elizabeth, the one I hurt for so many years, the one who loves me with all her youth! Elizabeth endured all my abuse and was humiliated by me countless times! But she's the one who truly saved me, who was willing to sacrifice her life for me!*

She covers the scars she got from saving me with a butterfly tattoo. Yet in these three years, she never once mentioned that she's the one who saved me. I asked her countless times, but she never told me that she's my savior.

Seeing the growing hatred in Alexander's eyes as he looked at her, Esme's heart clenched.

"Alexander," she softly murmured his name, crying. "For the past three years, I've been sincere with you. Except for this one lie, I haven't deceived you about anything else, I swear that I really haven't lied to you about anything else!"

Alexander's eyelashes trembled. He looked at Esme and shook his head slightly.

Alexander thought, *I'm such a fool. Esme is an impostor and a liar! But I have believed her. The Elizabeth who had been by my side for seven years, only to be hurt by me so deeply!*

The one who truly saved me is...

Alexander's throat moved up and down. He lowered his head, feeling a burning sensation in his chest. His mind was filled with hatred and confusion.

It felt like a giant hand gripping his neck, making it hard to breathe. Esme's crying was so loud that it made his blood boil. Alexander clutched the fabric over his heart, closed his eyes, and his voice was so hoarse it made people ache. "The one who is truly wronged is Elizabeth."

Elizabeth was the one who had always loved him. Alexander suddenly couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh.

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Alexander had a habit of calling everyone stupid, even Elizabeth. But in the end, he was the biggest fool of all. Esme's so-called love almost ruined him.

Thinking about it, Alexander started to laugh. When he looked at Esme again, his eyes were filled with rage. "Esme!"

Esme shook her head, but before she could react, Alexander grabbed her by the neck. "If you die, it won't be enough," he growled, sounding like a demon from hell. Then, he threw her away.

"No matter how many times you..."

Esme crashed onto the shards of glass on the floor. But this time, no one felt sorry for her. Not even Alexander's fake concern was there anymore.

Alexander stared at Esme's back and suddenly remembered that shocking scar. He had asked Elizabeth countless times how she got that scar. She always brushed it off, saying it was an accident. Elizabeth would rather endure all the pain herself than admit the scar was from saving him.

Alexander lowered his head and gave a bitter smile. Tears streamed down his face. He thought, *I was so wrong. I can't even imagine how heartbroken Elizabeth must have been every time I held Esme and hurt her. Elizabeth was willing to give her life for me. But what about me? I kept hurting her!*

Elizabeth said she's afraid of water, not to deceive him. It's true. Elizabeth can't swim anymore, all because of him! She dedicated seven years of her life to him, while he spent three years causing her nothing but pain.

"Alexander, I am sincere with you," Esme cried bitterly.

Alexander coldly replied, "You are sincere? Isn't Elizabeth sincere? Esme, you are like a thief stealing everything from others! How despicable and shameless you are! Do the people of the Russell Family know about this?"

Alexander shouted, trying to vent everything. But he realized it wasn't enough; it couldn't vent his emotions at all. He had pampered Esme like a treasure because he thought she was his savior. He even kept hurting Elizabeth for her. But in the end, it turned out that Elizabeth was his true savior. This was too absurd!

Alexander got out of bed. His legs were weak. Nolan hurriedly stopped him. "Mr. Tudor!"

"Take me to see Elizabeth immediately!" Alexander's hand gripped Nolan's arm tightly. Nolan could feel that all of Alexander's weight was on him.

"What about me?" Esme's crying voice came from behind. Alexander turned his head to look at her, smiling helplessly and sarcastically. He stopped in his tracks, staring...

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Esme couldn't accept it. She stormed over to Alexander and slammed the door shut just as he was about to open it. Tears streamed down her face as she shook her head, crying her heart out.

"But don't you feel any pity for me, Alexander? How many years have I been by your side? If I didn't do this, when would you ever notice me?" Her sobs were gut-wrenching.

Alexander stayed unmoved. He thought, *I can't feel for Esme, even though she's loved me for years! She's the one who messed up my life! Her love is selfish and unreasonable. I don't need that kind of love. She's just moved by her own actions!*

"I did try to save you. But I was just a step too late." Esme looked down, tears falling.

She always wanted to surpass Elizabeth. But when it came to Alexander, she was always a step behind. There was this rumor back in med school that Alexander and Elizabeth were meant to be together.

Esme didn't buy it at first. But as she kept finding herself one step behind Elizabeth, she started to believe it. Even though Alexander knew Esme was the one who saved him, he still married Elizabeth as promised.

"Esme, let go of me." Alexander's voice was ice-cold. "If you know what's good for you, get out of here right now!"

Esme's heart shattered. She had spent so much time on him. In the end, all she got was Alexander telling her to get out.

Esme lifted her tear-streaked face, but it didn't stir any sympathy in Alexander. She clung to his sleeve, shaking her head, refusing to let go. Because she knew that if she let go of Alexander today, there would be no more chances for them.

This was a love she had stolen. Alexander was supposed to be with Elizabeth. She was the one who broke up their marriage.

"Alexander." Esme's fingers turned white, but finally, Alexander shook her off. She stumbled back, losing her balance and hitting her head against the wall.

"Don't call me. You just make me sick!" Alexander's glare was ice-cold, and his words cut deep. Esme looked up, only to see him walk away without a backward glance. The room fell silent, and Esme's sobs echoed louder. A few patients and doctors passing by glanced in, seeing her tear-streaked face. Her tears kept falling, nails digging into her palms, almost tearing her own flesh.

Esme thought, *I hate Nolan! Why couldn't he keep it a secret? I also hate Elizabeth. Why couldn't I get rid of her no matter what?* She hated everyone, except herself. She believed she deserved praise for fighting for the love she wanted.

Esme couldn't help but laugh out loud. When Henry arrived, she looked at him and finally broke down, crying out, "Henry!"

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At the hospital entrance, Alexander felt a surge of anxiety tighten in his chest. Les opened up, pouring rain as if there was no tomorrow. He glanced outside, and a flash of lightning illuminated the sky, looking as if it were about to tear the world apart. Raindrops hammered against the car window, creating an annoying racket.

“Where’s Elizabeth? Get us there now,” Alexander’s voice came out muffled and rough.

Nolan looked back, frowning. “She’s at the airport right now.”

“The airport?” Alexander’s eyes widened in surprise.

Nolan checked his watch. The plane was taking off in an hour; they might not make it. “Mr. Tudor, Elizabeth’s really upset. She’s heading abroad for further studies.”

Nolan had planned to take Alexander straight to Elizabeth, but Esme was in the hospital room, and he ended up revealing everything, causing a delay. Hearing this, Alexander’s panic spiked. Realizing the urgency, he jumped out of the car.

Nolan frowned. “Mr. Tudor?” He had no choice but to follow him into the rain. The downpour drenched them instantly. Alexander circled the car and shoved Nolan aside to get into the driver’s seat.

Nolan was taken aback. “Mr. Tudor?”

Alexander buckled up, rolled down the window, and said, “Send me the flight info.” Then he floored it. The car splashed through puddles, rain pouring from the sky and soaking the ground. And Alexander’s heart felt just as turbulent.

The car zoomed through the rain. Lights flickered, and the downpour intensified. Passing cars honked, annoyed at his reckless speed. Inside, Alexander steered with one hand and fumbled for his phone with the other, dialing Elizabeth’s number, the one he’d called a million times before. But she had blocked him long ago. No matter how many times he called, it went straight to voicemail. With each unanswered call, his frustration grew.

He tried a different number, clinging to a sliver of hope. But after a few rings, still nothing. Desperate, he started texting her.

Alexander: [Elizabeth, I’m on my way to the airport. I need to talk to you.]
Alexander: [Elizabeth, wait for me.] Alexander: [I know everything! Don’t leave. You know I can find you anywhere!]

He kept sending messages.

Chapter 487 (continued)

A car horn blared ahead, and blinding headlights appeared. Alexander swerved just in time to avoid a truck, his heart pounding. He tossed his phone aside and hit the gas. Gripping the steering wheel tightly, memories of Elizabeth flooded his mind, each one a pain.

Back in high school, Alexander was always getting into fights. When he got hurt, he'd go to Elizabeth, whose family were doctors, to patch him up. She was quick and efficient, always making sure his wounds healed perfectly. No scars, no lingering pain. He knew Elizabeth was a natural at medicine. But later, he believed the tumors—that Elizabeth was a medical failure.

Elizabeth was innocent and cheerful. She'd never frame Esme. She was the Percy Family's treasure, pampered since birth. She wasn't petty or malicious. It was Alexander who was the fool, the biggest loser of all.

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Alexander laughed. Really?

Elizabeth nodded. "Yeah!"

On their wedding day, Elizabeth was so happy, but Alexander had then the divorce papers at bay, shattering all that. Alexander still remembered her expression, from shy and happy to confused and hands trembling as she held the divorce papers. Elizabeth had said countless times she would make Alexander fall in love with her. And he had answered...

Alexander felt a deep pain in his heart. The car sped up again, rain pounding on the windows. Alexander didn't even notice a tear falling from his eye. And it was... In this lifetime, Alexander would never shed a tear for anyone else.

At that moment, Alexander finally understood his own heart. He had unknowingly grown used to Elizabeth. From the moment she agreed to the divorce, the moment he kissed her, he had left his heart with Elizabeth, leaving it in that villa, now empty without her.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang on the windshield. As Alexander looked up, the windshield shattered. The car came to an abrupt stop. Alexander was thrown forward, his forehead hitting the steering wheel. Soon, the car's hazard lights were flashing, with only the windshield wipers moving back and forth in the...

Standing in front of the car, Alexander called Nolan, but Nolan didn't...

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The airport wasn't that far, but Alexander just couldn't seem to get there. It felt like it was slipping further and further away. Elizabeth's flight time was creeping up, and Alexander still couldn't even see the airport.

Holding back tears, Alexander grabbed his phone again. The rain outside was coming down hard, like it was punishing someone with a guilty conscience. No replies to his texts, no returned calls. When Alexander dialed again, all he got was, "This number is no longer in service."

'She's really leaving; she even canceled her number,' Alexander thought, barely able to believe it. Elizabeth had that number since middle school. The first number she saved was Alexander's.

Back then, Elizabeth was so innocent. She sat in front of him, smiling. "Alexander, this is my phone number. Memorize it."

"Phone numbers change all the time. I'm not memorizing it," he said.

Elizabeth frowned and said seriously, "If you memorize it, I won't change it!"

Alexander laughed. "Really?"

Elizabeth nodded. "Yeah!"

On their wedding day, Elizabeth was so happy. But Alexander had thrown the divorce papers at her, shattering all her happiness. Alexander still remembered her expression, from shy and happy to confused and then disbelief. Finally, she lowered her head, her hands trembling as she held the divorce papers.

Elizabeth had said countless times she would make Alexander fall in love with her. And he had answered countless times that she wasn't worthy. Alexander felt a deep pain in his heart.

The car sped up again, rain pounding on the windows. Alexander didn't even notice a tear falling from his eye. And it was only for Elizabeth. In this lifetime, Alexander would never shed a tear for anyone else.

At that moment, Alexander finally understood his own heart. He had unknowingly grown used to Elizabeth. From the moment she agreed to the divorce, from the moment he lost control and kissed her, he had left his heart with Elizabeth, leaving it in that villa, now empty without her.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang on the windshield. As Alexander looked up, the windshield shattered. The next second, the car came to an abrupt stop. Alexander was thrown forward, his forehead hitting the steering wheel. Soon, the car's hazard lights were flashing, with only the windshield wipers moving back and forth in the pouring rain.

Standing in front of the car, Alexander called Nolan, but Nolan didn't answer. Alexander let out a bitter laugh and slammed his palm on the hood. All those times he had hurt Elizabeth while doting on Esme now felt like karma, coming back to him bit by bit. He picked up a stone lodged in the glass and got back into the car.

Looking at the time, Alexander shook his head helplessly. Elizabeth's flight was taking off in half an hour. She was probably going through security and getting ready to board now. Even if Alexander rushed over in half an hour, it would be too late. Besides, he couldn't get there now. The car was broken.

For the first time, Alexander felt this was karma. He had never believed in such things before. But now, he had to believe. Alexander was frustrated. He reached for a cigarette, but when he opened the drawer, Elizabeth's driver's license fell out.

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Alexander was totally caught off guard. He picked up Elizabeth's driver's license with shaky hands. Just seeing her photo made his heart ache even more.

He thought, "Why am I hiding her driver's license? Doesn't my refusal to divorce show I still care about her? But if I care, why do I keep hurting her?"

Alexander shook his head, unable to forgive himself. Even if I saw Elizabeth, what can I say? Beg for forgiveness? Just say sorry? Could a simple "sorry" really fix all the pain I caused her? She used to be so amazing.

Alexander suddenly felt helpless. He leaned back in his seat, letting the rain drench him. Holding her driver's license, he felt like he was sinking into a pit of despair, struggling to breathe.

His phone rang suddenly. He picked it up, hoping it was Elizabeth. But when he saw Nolan's name, he felt a wave of irritation.

He answered, and Nolan said, "Mr. Tudor, Elizabeth's flight got delayed because of the rain. It's now leaving in an hour. We still have time."

Alexander looked up. "We?" he muttered.

"Mr. Tudor, why did your car stop?" Nolan asked, confused.

Alexander saw a black business car in his rearview mirror. He immediately got out of the car, drenched in rain. Nolan got out too, looking surprised. "Mr. Tudor?"

"Don't ask, let's get to the airport," Alexander said, pulling Nolan into the car.

He had made up his mind. Even if she didn't forgive him, it was better than doing nothing. Elizabeth didn't tell him she saved him. So he would go and tell her he knew everything.

The driver quickly started the car. Nolan noticed the shattered windshield of Alexander's car. "Mr. Tudor, are you okay?" Nolan asked, worried.

Alexander shook his head. He was fine. Nolan grabbed two blankets and covered Alexander, watching him constantly check his phone. Nolan's heart ached too. He had never seen Alexander like this before. Alexander was always so confident, so unique. Nolan felt a pang of sorrow.

'Will Elizabeth leave? Will I see her?' he wondered. He suddenly rolled down the car window. Raindrops splashed in, and Nolan frowned. "Mr. Tudor!"

Alexander reached out his hand, the wind cutting like a knife. He looked at the water pooling in his palm and whispered so softly the wind almost carried it away, "Elizabeth hates rainy days the most."

Nolan was taken aback. A flash of lightning lit up the sky, and Alexander murmured again, "He's most afraid of thunder." He always thought she was pretending, but she was really scared. It was a post-traumatic stress reaction, all because of him.

Thinking of this, Alexander's eyes welled up, and he lowered his head, his shoulders trembling slightly.

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Nolan let out a deep sigh and told the driver to step on it, faster and faster. Only after Alexander pulled his hand back did the car window finally close. The car warmed up a bit, but Alexander's heart was still ice-cold, spreading through him like a chill he couldn't shake. From dodging the truth to now drowning in regret, Alexander realized he'd messed up big time with Elizabeth over the past three years. Staring out the window, his bloodshot eyes and silence screamed his guilt. He couldn't even picture what life would've been like if he'd actually married Esme, the woman who'd played him for three years! Elizabeth was the one who saved him; she deserved all his thanks. Thinking about it, Alexander's fists clenched tight.

After what felt like forever, they finally pulled up at the airport. The taxis outside were hard to miss. People were rushing around with their luggage and umbrellas, some hopping into cars in the rain, some hugging, and some quietly wiping away tears. Alexander jumped out of the car, not even giving Nolan a chance to hold an umbrella for him. He was already soaked and didn't care about looking even more bedraggled. Nolan trailed right behind him. The airport in Lisbon was huge, and after security, it was a long trek to the gate. Nolan had everything set up and went through security with Alexander.

People in the airport slowed down, and no one was in as much of a hurry as Alexander. A few folks gave him curious looks. "Is that Alexander?" someone finally asked. "Looks like him, but Alexander wouldn't look this rough, right? His clothes are drenched," another person said. "Yeah, Alexander usually looks so put-together," someone else chimed in. They shared a few smiles and quickly moved past Alexander, going on their way. After security, standing in the vast airport, Alexander felt lost for the first time.

"I'll be fine, you worry too much," Elizabeth said, looking at Rose in the video, feeling a bit emotional. Elizabeth had left home again. But this time was different; she was leaving to become a better version of herself. She wore a white sweater with a gray trench coat, looking elegant and capable. In the video, Rose was quiet for a long time before finally letting out a "hmph." Elizabeth smiled. "Mom, I'll keep in touch. I'll fly back to see you as soon as I get a break, okay?" "Okay," Rose finally responded. Elizabeth chuckled. "Has Grandma come home yet? It's pouring today."

"Your grandma's at the research institute but called to say she's on her way. She caught a bit of a cold from the rain and asked your grandpa to make her some soup," Rose replied. Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Did Grandpa fall

asleep again, and Grandma couldn't reach him, so she called you?" "Yep!" Rose nodded. "When's your flight? If it's delayed, maybe you should come back and reschedule?" "No need. I checked the weather; the rain should stop soon. Once it does, the flight can take off as planned." Elizabeth glanced at the time. There were still thirty minutes left, and there should be an update soon. But there was no sign of boarding yet, so it might be delayed. "Let's leave it at that for now," Rose said, sounding a bit tired. Elizabeth nodded. "Okay." The video call ended.

Elizabeth lowered her head, about to feel sad, when a cup of hot coffee was suddenly handed to her. She looked up and raised an eyebrow at Ivan. "Where's Felix?" "He saw a pretty girl and went to chat her up," he said. Elizabeth let out a cold laugh. Felix wasn't that kind of guy; he was definitely chased away by Ivan.