

# Unrepairable, Love / I married a man

## Chapter 491

Ivan had some overseas business and suggested they fly together. Elizabeth took a sip of her hot coffee, feeling a warm comfort spread through her. Ivan sat next to her, looking sharp in his black suit and trench coat. Elizabeth couldn't help but think of Alexander. Every fall and winter he dressed just like Ivan. Back in college, that look really turned heads. Even though Alexander rarely came back to the villa, his closet was full of outfits like that. Alexander was incredibly handsome and exceptional. But Ivan wasn't bad either. Sometimes Elizabeth felt it was unfair how these guys were both good-looking and rich.

"Elizabeth, are you mesmerized by my good looks?" Ivan asked with a grin.

Elizabeth snapped out of her daze, realizing she had been staring. She turned away, a bit embarrassed, and said, "No way, I've seen plenty of handsome guys."

"Not many as handsome as me. You must be thinking of..." Ivan started, but Elizabeth cut him off, "Kieran is also very handsome."

Ivan noticed the panic in her eyes. He smiled and glanced at the announcement board nearby. "Are you really going abroad to study?" he asked.

Elizabeth nodded firmly. "You're not just trying to avoid Alexander?" he pressed.

"No," she replied, her answer quick and firm.

Ivan didn't buy it but decided not to push further. Just then, the boarding sign lit up, showing their flight was ready.

"We can go now," Ivan said calmly.

Elizabeth looked out the window; the rain had eased up. She stood up and said, "Let's go."

The flight was pretty empty because of the earlier heavy rain and the late hour. Many people had canceled their tickets, worried about delays.

“Felix, let’s go!” Elizabeth called to the person on the phone in the café.

Felix turned and nodded. He was explaining things about Base M to Oliver and the others. With Elizabeth leaving, she wouldn’t be around to manage Base M’s affairs. They could make decisions on their own, and if unsure, they could call Felix. On the phone, people kept asking, “When will you be back?”

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Felix didn’t know, as he wasn’t sure if Elizabeth was really going to study or just avoiding Alexander.

“Elizabeth, before we leave, there’s something I need to tell you.” Ivan suddenly grabbed her bag strap.

Elizabeth looked up at him. “What is it?”

He looked serious, and bringing this up before boarding, it had to be about Alexander. “I haven’t told you why Alexander dotes on Esme,” he said.

Elizabeth smiled and said, “Did Esme pretend to save him, so...” She trailed off as Ivan frowned. Her smile faded.

Ivan pursed his lips, gave a bitter smile, and nodded. She stared at him. “Is it true?”

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“So, I gotta say, Elizabeth, I really admire you. You saved Alexander, but you never once brought it up all these years,” Ivan spread his hands, his eyes full of questions. Even when Alexander and Elizabeth tied the knot, she never told him she was the one who saved him. In Ivan’s mind, Esme not only claimed she saved Alexander, but she wouldn’t shut up about it.

Ivan still remembered that one year when he came back to handle some paperwork. Kieran set up a get-together, and the three of them had dinner, but Alexander brought Esme along. When Alexander stepped out to take a call, Ivan chatted with Esme. She kept going on and on about how she almost died saving Alexander. By the end of it, Ivan was numb.

At first, Ivan was shocked and admired Esme for being willing to risk her life for Alexander. But now, thinking back, the more someone didn’t actually do something, the more they talked about it.

“Esme pretended to be me?” Elizabeth was floored. All these years, even though things had gone south between Elizabeth and Esme, Elizabeth never suspected Esme would impersonate her. When Elizabeth woke up in the hospital, the first person she told about saving Alexander was Esme. At that time, Esme kept praising her after hearing it. Elizabeth shook her head; she couldn’t even wrap her mind around it. Back then, Elizabeth and Esme were so tight that Elizabeth would share everything with her. Esme had everything Elizabeth had, even the same guy.

Elizabeth took a couple of steps back, trying to process the shock. “Elizabeth, I’m telling you this so you know. The reason Alexander has been doting on Esme all these years and wants to divorce you to marry her is because he thinks Esme is his savior,” Ivan said. Elizabeth looked up at Ivan, who nodded gently. Elizabeth found it even more unbelievable. Just because Esme saved Alexander, he could drop Elizabeth like that. No wonder they were talking about marriage, and suddenly Alexander didn’t want to marry Elizabeth anymore. No wonder after the kidnapping incident, Alexander did a complete 180. It turned out that the root of all this was Esme pretending to be Elizabeth.

“Why are you telling Elizabeth all this?” Felix suddenly pushed Ivan aside, looking pretty hostile. “Elizabeth is leaving; there’s no need to say this! Even if Esme saved him, Alexander can’t be so cruel to Elizabeth, right?” Over the past three years, Elizabeth was the one who got hurt the most. Alexander betrayed Elizabeth; no matter the reason, it was unforgivable.

“Elizabeth, we’re boarding.” Felix took the bag from Elizabeth’s hand.

Ivan frowned. “She has the right to know everything.” Elizabeth stared at the ground, her mind a mess. It was all about Esme pretending to be her. Elizabeth had truly thought of Esme as a good friend back then. But Esme treated her like this.

“Elizabeth,” Felix called out to Elizabeth because he saw her body trembling.

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In the past few days, Elizabeth had been hit with far too much news to handle. She always knew her life was rough, but now she realized it was even worse than she thought. It felt like she couldn’t breathe, like she was falling into a bottomless pit. Elizabeth shut her eyes and took deep breaths. The feeling of

being overwhelmed was unbearable. Felix gripped her wrist tightly, trying to calm her down.

She looked up at Ivan and said, “Thanks, Ivan.” Finally, she knew the whole truth. Ivan frowned. “So, have you decided? Are you still leaving?”

Should she stay and fight with Esme, or head abroad for further studies? That was a tough one! Esme had kept this from her for three whole years. Thinking about all the crap she had put up with because of Esme, Elizabeth got so mad she wanted to beat Esme up. She rarely cursed, but this time, she really wanted to call Esme a bitch. It was partly Elizabeth’s own fault, too. She always said she didn’t want to use this to win Alexander’s love, but she forgot that this was the very thing that sparked his feelings for her. How ironic.

The airport broadcast announced that passengers who hadn’t boarded should do so now. Elizabeth looked at the distant signs and the scenery outside the window, feeling totally lost. In the silence, Elizabeth asked Ivan, “Does Alexander know?”

Ivan was about to answer when a hoarse, trembling voice came from behind. “He didn’t know before, but now he does.”

Elizabeth froze. She turned around and saw Alexander standing not far away. Alexander was wearing a coat over hospital clothes, looking really thin and soaked to the bone, with water even dripping from his sleeves. His face was pale, and his usually attractive features had lost their charm. Elizabeth looked at him, her brows tightly furrowed. He looked really unwell.

“Alexander,” Ivan called out to him first. Alexander felt a pang of nerves when he saw Ivan. ‘So, is Elizabeth planning to go abroad with Ivan?’ he thought. Finally, amidst the silence, a few surprised voices chimed in. “What’s going on today? First Elizabeth, then Mr. Shawn, and now Mr. Tudor.”

Mr. Tudor looks so disheveled. Didn’t he and Elizabeth get divorced a few days ago? Could he be here to win her back?” Everyone laughed, but their gazes on Alexander and Elizabeth grew even more intense. Alexander looked into Elizabeth’s eyes, feeling deeply hurt. She looked at him like he was just some random guy.

Even three years ago, Elizabeth would still get excited when she saw Alexander. Not to mention four years ago, or five years ago, when Elizabeth

loved Alexander the most. Felix looked at Alexander, demanding angrily, "Why are you even here?" Alexander lowered his head and looked away.

"Alexander, if I were you, I'd find a place to die right now!" Felix shouted. "You don't even know who saved you, you idiot!"

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Alexander took the hit from Felix without a word. Elizabeth turned away, unsure how to face him. Ivan watched them both and let out a heavy sigh. Even though Ivan secretly wished for Alexander and Elizabeth to split up, and for Elizabeth to move on, Alexander was still his best buddy. And all their drama started because of Esme. He still hoped Alexander would man up, apologize, and make things right with Elizabeth.

After what felt like forever, Alexander finally spoke, his voice rough: "Elizabeth, we need to talk." Felix looked ready to blow up again, but Ivan grabbed him and said, "Let's go." 'Let them hash it out alone,' Ivan thought. In the past three years, they probably never had a real conversation.

Felix grumbled, "How can I leave Elizabeth alone with him? She's never safe around him!" Every time Elizabeth was with Alexander, trouble followed. Alexander felt a pang of guilt. Nolan rushed over, relieved to see Elizabeth still there, and gave her a quick nod. Elizabeth didn't say anything, just nodded back and checked the time. The person in charge reminded her it was time to board the plane. Elizabeth nodded again.

Alexander frowned and grabbed her wrist. "Elizabeth, I'm sorry!" Elizabeth looked at him, her eyes calm and distant. His voice was desperate. She'd never seen him this panicked before. His hand was burning hot, gripping her tightly, making her frown. "Elizabeth," He called her name over and over, not knowing what to say.

Elizabeth pursed her lips, gently pulled his hand away, and said softly, "You don't need to say anything. Take care of yourself." Alexander was sick. His fever hadn't gone down. Elizabeth wasn't being soft; she just didn't need to hear his apology. The damage he'd done couldn't be fixed with a simple "sorry."

If they missed their chance in this life, so be it. She used to feel regret because she loved him for so many years and got nothing in return, which made her

very bitter. But now, she didn't feel that way anymore. Gaining or losing, it was all fate. She was destined not to be with Alexander.

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Alexander listened to her words, feeling a deep unease. When someone didn't even need an apology, it meant they were truly done, and it also meant Alexander had completely lost Elizabeth. "Elizabeth, I didn't know." He looked at her, his eyelashes trembling. His voice cracked, "I didn't know it was you who saved me back then!" He was unconscious at the time. The first person he saw when he woke up was Esme.

Esme claimed she saved him and had scars to prove it. Nolan had checked, and it seemed true, but Alexander forgot why Elizabeth, who loved him so much, suddenly vanished after he was rescued. "If you knew, would you love me because of it?" Elizabeth asked with a sad smile. He didn't know how to answer. "Back then, your love for me would be just like your love for Esme. It would be because I saved you, and you'd feel obligated." Her smile was so faint.

Alexander shook his head. His usually confident stance was gone. His always spirited look was completely shattered today. His defeated appearance made people wonder if this was really Alexander. "Elizabeth, I'm sorry. I hurt you. I know a simple 'sorry' can't fix anything." He stepped forward, his steps feeling unsteady. He gently placed his hands on her shoulders, his eyes full of regret and helplessness. "Elizabeth, it was only after we separated that I realized..."

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"You wouldn't be saying that after we broke up, you realized you love me, would you?" Elizabeth sneered, shoving Alexander's hand away. Alexander's hand dropped to his side. He saw the sneer on Elizabeth's face and felt heartache. The expressions that used to be on his face were now all on hers. And all of her sorrow had transferred to him. This was called karma.

Elizabeth brushed off the spots he had touched. She shot Alexander a cold, disdainful, and sarcastic look. "Ever heard the saying, 'Love that arrives too late isn't worth a thing'?" Elizabeth added, "Yeah, that's about you."

Alexander's throat tightened, unsure of what to say. Seeing him at a loss for words made Elizabeth feel satisfied. Even if it was true that Esme saved Alexander back then, he could have talked it over with her. In the end,

Elizabeth believed it was because Alexander didn't love her. He thought marriage was trivial and it didn't matter who he was with. Elizabeth didn't care for Alexander's love anymore.

"Felix, let's go." Elizabeth glanced at Felix. First, she'd go abroad to study and deal with Esme when she got back.

"Okay!" Felix immediately followed.

Seeing this, Nolan hurriedly spoke up, "Elizabeth, do you really have to leave?"

"What else?" Elizabeth shot back at Nolan. "Should I stay here to be doubted, insulted, and abandoned by Alexander?"

Elizabeth spoke forcefully. She used to be polite because she was well-mannered. But now, knowing about Alexander and Esme, she believed that manners were useless and only made her feel wronged.

"Mr. Tudor had no choice at the time," Nolan said helplessly.

"But his lack of choice was based on hurting me." Elizabeth's gaze fell on Alexander. She had never seen Alexander so miserable—the more miserable he looked, the more uncomfortable Elizabeth felt. Clearly, she was the one who had been wronged, having no idea why he was putting on this act.

"Elizabeth, stay." Alexander decided to fight for himself. "Let me make it up to you, okay? Maybe it's not too late."

"What are you thinking?" Elizabeth sneered coldly, not wanting to say another word to him.

Yvan frowned and sighed slowly. Elizabeth took the bag from Felix, pulled out her ticket, and handed it directly to the ticket inspector. Alexander was not enough to make Elizabeth stay.

"As long as you stay, I'll give you whatever you want." Alexander's voice was very low.

Elizabeth did not respond. The ticket inspector handed the ticket back to her. Elizabeth looked at the boarding pass in her hand and heard Alexander behind her say, "Elizabeth, I'm begging you, don't hold a grudge against the old me."

Elizabeth bit her lip and thought, “Then what about me?” When she had begged Alexander to look at her, foolishly believing that he would fall in love with her, he had never thought that she was also pitiful and that he shouldn’t have been so cruel to her. She wouldn’t forgive what Alexander had done to her.

Elizabeth turned to look at Alexander. His eyes were bloodshot, and his shoulders were trembling. Seeing her turn around, Alexander thought there was hope. He took a step forward and suddenly heard Elizabeth say, “Slap yourself.”

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With a casual tone and a look that said she couldn’t care less, Elizabeth said, “Kneel.” Everyone was floored. Elizabeth asked Alexander to kneel? In an airport, of all places?

Ivan stepped up, and Nolan sighed. “Elizabeth.”

“What, you feel bad for Mr. Tudor?” Elizabeth shot a glance at Nolan.

Nolan wasn’t feeling bad for Alexander; it was just that there were too many people around. If they were somewhere private, sure, Alexander should kneel if he had to. But if someone snapped a picture, it would be a PR nightmare for Alexander and the Tudor Group’s stock.

Just as Nolan was about to say something, Alexander raised his hand, cutting him off. “I’ll kneel, and you stay.” He moved closer to Elizabeth, his eyes dead serious.

Elizabeth squinted, thinking, ‘Would Alexander really kneel?’

“Say something.” Alexander’s tone got more intense.

Elizabeth smirked. “Kneel.”

Same word, same indifference. Alexander nodded. Fine, he’d kneel!

Just when everyone thought he wouldn’t, Alexander surprised them all by kneeling in front of Elizabeth. Compared to the pain he’d caused her over the years and Elizabeth being willing to die for him, what did his kneeling matter?



Elizabeth frowned, looking at Alexander, but felt nothing. If it were before, she might have softened, but not now. She was so calm, it didn't even seem like her.

"Not enough, huh?" Alexander looked up at her. "Want me to give you back that scar too?"

Elizabeth frowned, not knowing what he was getting at.

Alexander smiled, pointing to his back. "I'll give you back this scar, okay, Elizabeth?"

He suddenly pulled out his car keys, looked at Elizabeth, and took off his coat. With a quick tug on his hospital gown, his shoulder was exposed. He looked at Elizabeth, his eyes surprisingly firm.

Elizabeth started to realize what Alexander was about to do.

"This won't prove anything, it won't make my scars disappear. Alexander, don't use my sense of morality to trap me here." Elizabeth's tone was icy. His actions would only make her seem more heartless and wouldn't make her feel any better.

"I saved you once because I foolishly loved you. I don't need you to have the same scar as me," Elizabeth said, her tone finally softening a bit. "Alexander, I hate you, and I will hate you forever. No matter how much you beg, I won't forgive you."

"Never showing up in front of me again is the best apology you can give." With that, Elizabeth turned and walked away without looking back.

She had nothing left to stay for. Now that all the truths were out, Elizabeth just had to ask Esme why she was so cruel when she came back.

Felix gave Alexander a long look. He admitted, he was shocked when Alexander knelt. But compared to what Elizabeth had gone through, kneeling was nothing.

No one knew that three years ago, when Elizabeth was thrown into the sea, it was Felix who saved her. When Felix found Elizabeth in the water, she was almost dead. But she still clutched a necklace Alexander had given her. She loved Alexander deeply; no one loved him more than Elizabeth. But the truth was, not all sacrifices were rewarded.

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### Chapter 497

Ivan walked up to Alexander, gripping his shoulder tightly. No one really understood how significant it was for Alexander to slap himself. He was always so proud and aloof. Being a public figure, his image was everything. Over the years, he couldn't afford to slip up. Even a tiny mistake could wreck his reputation and authority. Alexander knew he messed up and was ready to risk it all to keep Elizabeth.

“Even if she stays, what can you do?” Ivan asked, genuinely curious.

Alexander was lost in thought. It had only been two hours since he found out.

“Alexander,” Ivan said heavily, “maybe forgetting each other is the best thing.”

Alexander shook his head slightly. He just couldn't forget Elizabeth. Ivan didn't say anything else and walked away. The three figures slowly disappeared down the corridor.

At the busy boarding gate, people looked excited, expectant, or just plain tired. But there was Alexander, standing alone. He didn't get Elizabeth's forgiveness and had no clue what was next. A man so decisive in business was now completely lost. Alexander let out a bitter laugh, but tears kept falling. If only he had talked to Elizabeth sooner. If only he hadn't tried to thank Esme by marrying her. But with Esme seriously ill, suffering because of him, and relying on him every day, he couldn't tell her he couldn't marry her.

He was good to Esme and hurt Elizabeth repeatedly for her because Esme saved him. But all of this was because Esme pretended to be Elizabeth! In this mess, he was a victim too.

At the end of the corridor, Elizabeth looked at the small figure in the distance, feeling conflicted.

“If you don't want to leave, then stay,” Ivan said.

Elizabeth smiled. “Ivan, I'm not that foolish.”

“He won't give up easily, and you'll have to face it sooner or later,” Ivan said calmly.

“Ivan, everyone has to pay for their choices. I’ve already paid, almost with my life. They have to pay too, don’t they?” Elizabeth looked seriously into Ivan’s eyes.

Alexander had to pay for his choices. Elizabeth boarded the plane. Ivan’s expression was complicated, but he followed her in. Elizabeth is right. Everyone has to pay for their choices, he thought.

After Elizabeth disappeared down the corridor, Alexander finally couldn’t hold on and passed out.

Elizabeth looked at the scenery outside the airport, feeling a sense of relief. Her face reflected in the window, and she gently raised her hand, her slender fingers touching her reflection. Elizabeth smiled and told herself, ‘Nothing is more important than your own happiness. Elizabeth, you have to be happy.’ These seven years had been painful enough for Elizabeth. For the rest of her life, she couldn’t be in pain anymore.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

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Felix glanced at Elizabeth, worried something might prevent her departure. Elizabeth pulled out her phone; it was Rose calling. Rose was probably checking if Elizabeth’s flight was on time and if she was still at the airport. Elizabeth took a deep breath, steadied herself, and answered. With a smile, she said, “Mom, the plane’s about to take off. I’ll call you when I land.”

Rose, who had called out Elizabeth’s name, went silent after hearing her. “Mom?” Elizabeth asked. Rose replied softly, “Okay, just wanted to make sure you’re alright.” Her voice was shaky. Elizabeth frowned, sensing something was amiss. “Mom, is everything okay?” she asked immediately.

Rose insisted it was nothing. “Just call me when you get there. Alright, I’m hanging up now.” And with that, the call ended abruptly. Elizabeth felt a bit helpless. She was about to turn off her phone when a news alert popped up: [Heavy rain in Lisbon: A multi-car pileup in the city center involving six vehicles. The cars in the middle are the most damaged. Police and rescue teams are on the scene. More updates to follow.]

Elizabeth quickly checked the news. The city center was where Celine passed by to the research institute. She looked up, remembering her conversation with Rose and the strange call. Elizabeth kept reading the news. In one of the photos, she saw the car Celine drove. Celine was in a car accident, and her car was one of the worst hit.

Just then, another alert came in: [Celine Percy was seriously injured in a car accident, unconscious when rescued, and has been taken to the hospital.] Elizabeth's heart sank. "Felix," she instinctively grabbed his wrist. Felix looked over and saw the news too. Almost everyone on the plane was looking at the same news. Elizabeth and Felix exchanged looks. Felix knew Elizabeth couldn't leave now.

Elizabeth stood up immediately. Ivan, who was about to rest, saw her and looked puzzled. "What's she doing?" he thought. Felix told Ivan, "Mr. Shawn, we're not leaving. Safe travels." Then he quickly followed Elizabeth out.

Ivan was confused until he checked his phone again. When Elizabeth reached the emergency room entrance, she saw a lot of patients covered in blood. Her steps slowed as she looked around at the injured people. She scanned the room until she spotted Celine's driver, Lloyd Perry. "Lloyd!" Elizabeth grabbed his arm immediately.

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Lloyd still had bits of glass from the car window stuck in his arm, and he hadn't had a chance to deal with it yet. Seeing this, Elizabeth quickly pulled her hand back. She stared at Lloyd in disbelief.

"Elizabeth, weren't you abroad?" Lloyd was even more shocked.

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. "My grandma had an accident. Why would I stay abroad? Where is my grandma? Where are my parents?" Her voice trembled and grew louder. Just as Lloyd was about to answer, Elizabeth felt a tap on her shoulder.

"Elizabeth, come with me," Charles's voice came from behind.

Elizabeth turned, surprised. "Charles."

"Yeah," Charles looked at her a few more times and smiled. "I thought you were really leaving."

“Grandma had an accident,” Elizabeth said, feeling upset.

Charles frowned and led her down a private emergency room corridor. Walking through the long hallway, Elizabeth saw her family. Grant sat silently on the sofa, and Declan stood at the door holding Rose.

When Elizabeth and Charles arrived, they all looked up. Seeing Elizabeth, they seemed both surprised and unsurprised at the same time.

“Mom, why didn’t you tell me!” Elizabeth was annoyed.

If Elizabeth had turned off her phone, she wouldn’t have seen the news. By the time she flew abroad and saw the news, she would have had to come back anyway.

“I thought it wasn’t serious,” Rose said.

Elizabeth immediately looked toward the emergency room and thought, ‘What does that mean? Is Grandma’s condition very serious?’

Rose explained, “When your grandma was brought to the hospital, her arm was injured just like Lloyd’s. The doctor just came out and said that her hand injury is very serious.”

Elizabeth was stunned. Celine was a doctor, and her hands were quite important.

“Let’s wait and see,” Declan sighed. As long as the final verdict wasn’t out, there was still hope.

Elizabeth was stunned. She quickly turned to leave.

“Elizabeth, where are you going?” Rose shouted, “Can’t you wait for your grandma to come out?”

“Mom, I’m going to find a way. Grandma’s hand can’t be lost!” Elizabeth’s expression was serious, but her voice still carried a hint of choking.

Rose didn’t stop her, knowing that Elizabeth couldn’t accept this fact. Elizabeth needed to enter the emergency room under another identity. She couldn’t just stand by.

In the emergency room, Nick was working on saving Celine. Orthopedics was his specialty, but even he was having a hard time in the operating room. Celine was already in her seventies, and her bones weren't as strong as those of younger people. The car accident had caused fractures, bone fragments, and nerve damage, compounded by years of accumulated ailments, making Celine's right arm unable to bear the burden.

The moment Nick saw Elizabeth appear, he felt like he had found a savior. He was about to call Elizabeth's name.

Elizabeth shook her head. "Mr. York, I'm here to assist you."

Nick frowned but still told Elizabeth the worst possible outcome. "Your grandma might lose this arm."

Elizabeth shook her head. "Mr. York, that would be a devastating blow to her."

Nick could only say, "I'll do my best."

Elizabeth thought for a moment and decided to give it a try. "Mr. York, let's try combining it with acupuncture. After you handle the initial treatment, I'll do the acupuncture. What do you think?"

"Alright. Come, stop the bleeding." Continuous arterial bleeding was not a good sign.

On the operating table, Celine wore an oxygen mask. The once elegant Celine was now covered in blood.

Elizabeth bit her lower lip lightly. She couldn't imagine what Celine was thinking at this moment. Celine was a doctor; she should be very aware of the extent of her injuries.

## Chapter 500

The rain started up again that night. By 8:30 in the morning, Elizabeth finally stepped out of the operating room. Instead of heading to the emergency room entrance, she avoided it. She couldn't bear to see the disappointment on her family's faces. With nowhere else to go, she hid out at Base M.

When Felix saw her return, he rushed over. "Elizabeth, how's your grandma?"

Elizabeth glanced around. She looked at all the electronic gear in Base M, thought about Celine, and couldn't help but laugh. These gadgets were the result of these researchers' lifelong efforts.

"Elizabeth," Félix said, panicking. Her laughter freaked him out. Oliver walked over and handed her a cup of water. Elizabeth looked at the two young men in front of her and finally spoke, her voice hoarse and barely audible, "I did my best."

She really did. Nick and she had tried everything. But Celine was just too old and too hurt; they could only save her arm. At the hospital's emergency room entrance, when Grant heard the news, he collapsed onto a bench. "Dad," Rose and Declan shouted. Chaos erupted at the emergency room entrance. Celine's right hand was paralyzed. From the initial coldness to the final purple hue, Elizabeth watched Celine's arm become untreatable.

Elizabeth always thought she was invincible, always believed medicine was advanced enough. It wasn't until she truly said, "I did my best," that she realized how powerless they were.

Felix couldn't believe it. "Even you can't do it?"

"Felix, Elizabeth is human, not God," Oliver gently reminded him.

Felix didn't know what to say. But in their hearts, Elizabeth was like a god who would sacrifice herself for others. "So you ran here, what about over there?" Felix asked her.

Elizabeth sighed. "My family's all there; they can handle it." What she was really worried about now was what to do when Celine woke up. Celine was so old, and even though she'd always been in good shape, this illness was too much for her.

"Maybe this is to keep you from leaving. It's just that the price is too high," Oliver said to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked at him. "Oliver, you're young, but you have a lot of wisdom." She forced a smile. Seeing her sadness, Felix patted her shoulder and then left with Oliver.

Elizabeth needed some rest. She needed some peace and quiet. She'd been through so much lately. After all, she was only twenty-four. Felix closed the

door, not daring to sigh in front of her. It wasn't until he was outside that he took a deep breath. It was too much.

"I really don't know what I'd do if it were me," Felix shook his head and sighed again. Oliver sighed too, and the two young men walked away, sighing. This puzzled Margaret, who had just come back. "What's up with you two?" They sighed again.