

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 5

Night had fallen on the 33rd floor of the Royal Orchid Resort, where a banquet was in full swing.

Elizabeth leaned against the bar, swirling her wine and scanning the room.

The men in the room eyed her greedily, wanting to approach but too scared to make a move.

Her phone buzzed. She glanced down.

Declan: [Did you go to the banquet?]

Elizabeth sighed and typed back, [Yeah, I'm here.]

Last night, Declan had driven her home. While she was tipsy, he convinced her to attend tonight's banquet and even set her up on a date with a stranger. The worst part? She had agreed.

"Elizabeth?"

She turned slightly and saw a handsome man. His eyes lit up with surprise and delight. "Is it really you?"

Elizabeth was just as shocked. "John Morris? What are you doing here?"

John's assistant chimed in, "Mr. Morris, do you know Ms. Percy?"

Elizabeth smiled. Five years ago, while traveling abroad, John had an accident, and she had saved him.

His assistant chimed in, "Mr. Morris is the VIP tonight. Ms. Percy, he's now a big-shot financial investor overseas."

Elizabeth was stunned, struggling to wrap her head around John's success.

"So, what brings you to the States?" she asked, trying to keep it casual.

John was about to answer when he grinned and pointed to a guy walking in, "I'm here to team up with Mr. Tudor."

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat at that name. She looked up and, sure enough, saw the last person she wanted to see—Alexander.

The moment he walked in, all eyes were on him. To Elizabeth, Alexander was perfect in every way, except he didn't love her.

Next to him was Esme in a white dress, the Russell Group heiress.

The Russell family was one of the big four in Lisbun, and Esme was their pampered princess. She had three older brothers who doted on her.

Elizabeth and Esme had been best friends for years, but they both fell for the same guy. Losing Alexander meant losing Esme too. Elizabeth felt like a total failure.

"Elizabeth, this is Mr. Tudor. He's pretty famous. Let me introduce you," John said, grabbing her hand and leading her toward Alexander.

Elizabeth couldn't help but laugh.

Did she really need an intro to Alexander? She'd loved him for seven years and knew him inside out.

"Hey, Alexander!" John shouted.

Alexander glanced at John, then locked eyes with Elizabeth.

Caught off guard, she turned to leave, but John grabbed her hand and pulled her forward.

Alexander's eyes stayed calm, watching John's grip on Elizabeth's wrist.

She'd just asked him for a divorce, and now she had a new guy every day. Elizabeth sure knew how to keep men around.

"Elizabeth's here too," Esme said, surprised.

"Who's this?" John asked, looking at Esme. "I heard Mr. Tudor's married. Is she your wife?"

Elizabeth's heart sank. Three years of marriage, and she was as invisible as a ghost. People like John didn't even know she was Alexander's wife.

Esme clung to Alexander's arm, looking nervous, like she was waiting for him to confirm her status.

Alexander glanced at Elizabeth and said coldly, "Yes."

"You two are a perfect match," John said, smiling at Elizabeth. "Right, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth gripped her wine glass tight. He'd never introduced her as his wife, but now Esme had everything she once wanted.

Esme blushed a bit when she got the nod.

First time Alexander called her his wife in public, and Elizabeth was right there.

Elizabeth smiled, "They do look good together."

Alexander's brow twitched, and his hand in his pocket balled into a fist.

He remembered Elizabeth's first confession, her eyes bright and sure, "No one else is good enough for you. Only me!"

Now, she was smiling and saying he and Esme were a perfect match. What was her game? Why was he playing along?

"Alexander, meet my friend, Elizabeth," John introduced.

Elizabeth hid her hurt, reached out her hand, and smiled at Alexander. "Hi, Mr. Tudor, heard a lot about you."

Alexander stared at her, no expression.

She smiled sweetly, but her eyes were sharp as knives.

He didn't shake her hand.

Elizabeth didn't care; it wasn't the first time he dissed her. She was never worth respecting to him.

John, clueless about the tension, kept praising Elizabeth, "Elizabeth is the kindest, most amazing woman I know. I admire her a lot."

When John looked at Elizabeth, the love in his eyes was crystal clear. Alexander caught this and glanced at Elizabeth, chuckling to himself.

"Elizabeth had set up Esme so many times. She knew Esme was terrified of water and still pushed her into the pool. And this woman is supposed to be kind?" Elizabeth thought.

Seeing the mockery in Alexander's eyes, Elizabeth's smile faded. "John, Mr. Tudor doesn't seem to like me. You two chat. I'll leave you to it."

With that, she turned to go.

John quipped, "Who in their right mind wouldn't like Elizabeth? They'd have to be blind."

Alexander stayed quiet.

Esme watched Alexander closely. She noticed that after Elizabeth asked for a divorce, he didn't seem all that thrilled. Was Alexander starting to have feelings for Elizabeth?

Suddenly, a shout rang out, "Something's wrong! Mr. Stewart's had a heart attack and collapsed!"