

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love Chapter 501

“Elizabeth’s here? I just saw her record. I’m gonna find her!” Margaret exclaimed, ready to dash off. Felix and Oliver grabbed her arms, pulling her back. Margaret looked confused.

Elizabeth was scrolling through car accident news on her phone. It seemed like only Celine was seriously hurt. Even Lloyd, who was in the same car, just had some cuts and a few pieces of glass stuck in his arm. People online were really worried about the whole thing. Someone even posted: [Celine can’t be in trouble. The project she’s working on is amazing. If it succeeds, she’ll be someone our country really needs!] Another comment read: [Even if it doesn’t succeed, Celine is incredible. If she can wake up people in vegetative states, think of how many families she’d save!]

Elizabeth kept scrolling, her heart breaking more with each comment. But despite Celine’s good intentions, fate wasn’t kind to her. Tears blurred Elizabeth’s screen, and she realized she was crying. Thinking about the bank card Celine gave her before leaving, Elizabeth’s tears flowed even more.

Celine never saw this coming. She was fine when Elizabeth left, but now she was like this. Elizabeth threw her phone onto the table, hugged herself, and tried not to sob out loud. But seeing Celine lying in that hospital bed, she couldn’t hold back. Whether it was because of Celine or the pent-up grievances of the past few years, Elizabeth’s tears fell uncontrollably, and she cried out loud.

She thought, ‘When does my life get so tough? Maybe it is the day I fall for Alexander.’ Elizabeth wiped her tears while searching for ways to save Celine’s arm. But all the information said it was impossible, making her cry and feel even more heartache.

In the end, Elizabeth picked up her phone and smashed it against the screen. The high-tech screen shattered instantly, colorful cracks spreading out. ‘I can save others, but I can’t save my grandma!’ Elizabeth thought, collapsing onto the table, losing control of her emotions again.

In the VIP hospital room, Rose poured a glass of water and turned to look at Grant sitting by the bed. Grant hadn't slept for a day and a night, not even drinking a sip of water. This incident was a huge blow to the Percy Family. The outside world still didn't know about it. Many people from the lab sent their regards, and Rose didn't know how to respond. Some friends even came to the hospital wanting to see Celine, but the Percy Family refused all visits.

Rose sighed, came to the bedside, and handed the glass of water over. "Dad, have a sip of water." Grant shook his head. Although he didn't say a word, he remained emotionally stable. He was waiting for Celine to wake up. To Grant, Celine losing her arm wasn't a big deal; Celine being alive was what mattered! They just wanted to grow old together. Grant wanted Celine to die slowly in his arms, not like this, falling into a coma from an accident. Thinking about these things, Grant couldn't control his tears. Seventy-year-old Grant secretly wiped his tears, and Rose felt heartbroken.

Declan pushed the door open and came in, his eyes red, holding dinner in his hand. "I saw the Tudor family," he said. "The Tudor family?" Rose asked. "Yeah," Declan replied, "Mrs. York asked me about Mom's condition. I didn't say anything. If you see them, don't say anything either." "Why are they at the hospital?" Rose asked softly. Declan replied in a light tone, "Seems like Alexander is hospitalized and has been in a coma."

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"He totally brought it on himself!" Rose snorted.

Declan agreed but still gave her a hard time. "It's enough to think it; why say it out loud?"

Grant coughed, and Rose rushed over, asking, "Dad, you feeling okay?" Grant had been sick for a few days. "This," Rose tried to comfort him, "we probably need to get him home. Keeping him here isn't the best idea."

"Dad, go home first." Declan

Grant shook his head but then coughed again. Rose felt really bad for him.

Grant and Celine had always been super close. Even though Celine was usually serious, Grant didn't mind being managed by her.

“Don’t rush me home. How can I relax if Celine doesn’t wake up?” Grant held Celine’s hand again.

Rose had no choice but to give up. Grant wouldn’t feel at ease staying home alone either. They were all here, so nothing major would happen.

“Where did Elizabeth go? She vanished right after Celine came out. This kid is getting more and more willful,” Declan complained.

“Maybe she can’t handle the bad news. Elizabeth’s under a lot of pressure; try to understand,” Rose said, giving Declan a look.

Just then, the door opened. It was Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had taken a nap at Base M and just woken up. She changed her clothes and washed her face before coming over. She had cried a lot in the morning, and her eyes were still swollen and red.

Declan wanted to scold her, but seeing her so sad, he held back.

Elizabeth walked over to Grant, patted him on the shoulder, and said, “Grandpa, go home and rest.”

“No,” Grant stubbornly refused.

Elizabeth ignored him and said to Declan and Rose, “Mom, Dad, you both have worked hard. Take Grandpa home, and you can come back to relieve me tomorrow.”

Celine might not wake up for a while. “Okay.” Declan was the first to nod in agreement.

Elizabeth pulled Grant up and said, “Grandpa, be good. I’ll stay with Grandma; nothing will happen. I’ll call someone to bring you over as soon as she wakes up.”

Declan sighed and also persuaded, “Yes, Dad, if something happens to your health, what will we do when Mom wakes up? Be good.”

Hearing this, Grant couldn’t hold back his tears again.

Elizabeth said with a heavy heart, “Grandpa, Grandma will be fine! It’s just an arm; it won’t affect her. Why are you crying?”

Grant turned around silently and left.

After saying that, Elizabeth felt a pang of pain. After sending them off, Elizabeth tidied up the messy things in the ward, making it look much cleaner.

She took out her own set of tools, wanting to try acupuncture on Celine again. It was already late at night. Her phone buzzed with the latest news from Lisbun.

Outside the ward, she heard the footsteps of a few nurses, accompanied by a few words. “Mr. Tudor hasn’t woken up yet?”

Someone replied, “Everyone thought Mr. Tudor just had a fever, but actually, he has an injury. It seems he got cut when boarding the ship, and the wound kept getting wet, causing repeated infections.”

Elizabeth glanced at the door and then continued to give her grandma acupuncture.

The voices of the two nurses gradually faded until they couldn’t be heard anymore. Elizabeth couldn’t help but recall what they had just said: “He has an injury.”

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No wonder Alexander’s hand felt like a furnace when he visited her, and no wonder he was out cold. His wound kept getting infected. His health was far worse than Ivan’s; Ivan was in much better shape.

Thinking of Ivan, Elizabeth grabbed her phone. Just as she was about to check if Ivan had arrived, a message popped up from him. He sent a photo with a message: [Made it safe; see you in a few days.]

Elizabeth replied: [Sorry, I couldn’t keep our promise.]

Ivan: [Family comes first. Hope Celine’s okay.]

Elizabeth: [Thanks.]

Ivan: [No problem.]

Elizabeth opened the photo; it was a stunning night view from abroad. It had a different vibe compared to home. She wondered if she'd ever get to visit there—at least, not anytime soon.

In the morning, a nurse woke Elizabeth up. “Ms. Percy, we’re drawing blood from your grandma.”

“Okay.” Elizabeth, still half-asleep, had spent the night by the bedside and felt stiff all over. She stretched and walked to the window to look outside. The hospital floor was high, and everything outside was a white blur. It was foggy, and nothing was visible.

Elizabeth decided to stretch her legs in the corridor. As soon as she stepped out, she saw some of Celine’s old friends. They rushed over and asked, “Elizabeth, how’s Celine?”

“She’s fine,” Elizabeth had to say.

They wanted to go into the ward to see her, but Elizabeth stopped them. “I’m really sorry, the doctor said my grandma needs peace and quiet, and she’s still unconscious. You can’t see her now, but I’ll let you know when you can, okay?” Elizabeth was very polite.

Hearing this, they couldn’t push their way in and just nodded. Elizabeth knew that among these people, some genuinely cared about Celine, while others might not. So she decided not to let them in and not to share any details about Celine’s condition for now.

After sending off one group, another group showed up. Elizabeth immediately called the nurse’s station. “Don’t give out my grandma’s room number to anyone!” she ordered.

The reason these people could find their way here was partly due to the media and partly due to someone inside the hospital. Elizabeth stressed, “My grandma’s condition must be kept confidential. Anyone who leaks it will be kicked out of the hospital.” Everyone exchanged glances and got the message.

Elizabeth went back to the ward, and the nurse had already finished drawing Celine’s blood. Elizabeth looked at Celine on the bed, her brow furrowed. Before she could sit down, the door to the ward opened again.

Elizabeth was about to tell them to be quiet and leave when she heard Grant asking, “Is she awake?”

Elizabeth turned around and saw Grant walking in, looking exhausted. Grant had been up all night and came over early with some soup. He couldn't wait to see Celine.

"She's not awake yet, but her condition is stable. Grandpa, don't worry; she should wake up today," Elizabeth said.

Grant nodded. "Go home and rest, you've worked hard," he said to Elizabeth.

"Okay, I'll come back tonight to relieve you, Grandpa, okay?" Elizabeth hadn't had a good rest for two nights either. She was indeed tired.

"Okay." Grant nodded.

Elizabeth quickly left. At the hospital entrance, she ran into Esme.

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Esme spotted Elizabeth and immediately tried to run. But Elizabeth was quick. She grabbed Esme's arm and yanked her toward the parking lot.

"Elizabeth! Let go of me!" Esme yelled.

Elizabeth didn't say a word, her face a stone mask as she dragged Esme along. Her grip was so tight, her nails dug into Esme's skin.

"Elizabeth! If you don't let go, I'm calling the cops," Esme threatened.

Elizabeth slapped her hard across the face. Esme stumbled and hit a car. She looked up at Elizabeth, stunned.

"Go ahead, call the cops," Elizabeth said, rolling up her sleeves. "Today, I'm gonna beat you like I'm facing a life sentence. Esme, look at what you've done. Are you even human?"

Esme realized Elizabeth knew everything. She lowered her head, too scared to speak. Esme bit her lip, holding her face with one hand. Elizabeth looked at her with pure disdain.

"Esme, let's not even talk about the past few years. Back in college, weren't we close?" Elizabeth couldn't wrap her head around it.

“I even helped you get into college! I treated you like my own sister, and this is how you repay me?” Elizabeth’s voice cracked. “I trusted you, considered you my best friend, and told you how I saved Alexander and almost died. And what did you do? You impersonated me?”

Elizabeth was in disbelief. She knew Esme was arrogant and malicious, but this was a new level of heartless.

“Esme, what did I ever do to you that you’d stab me in the back like this?” Elizabeth’s anger boiled over.

She wanted to end Esme’s life right then and there. ‘Why should someone like Esme get to live a healthy life?’ she thought.

“I just envy you; I just look down on you; so what? Elizabeth, why are you being so unreasonable with me?” Esme pushed Elizabeth away and started to fight back.

Elizabeth was shocked. “You did something wrong and you’re still so arrogant? Today, I’m gonna teach you a lesson!”

In the past, it was elegance that held her back. Now, Elizabeth was going to show Esme what madness looked like.

Elizabeth grabbed Esme’s hair and slammed her head against the car. With a dull thud, Esme was instantly dizzy.

Esme was helpless; she didn’t know how to fight. Back in college, whenever she got into trouble, it was Elizabeth who fought for her. She never imagined that one day Elizabeth’s fists and slaps would be aimed at her.

Elizabeth slapped Esme hard across the face. As blood trickled from Esme’s mouth, Elizabeth slapped her again. Esme’s face turned red from the beating. She tried to raise her hand to hit back, but Elizabeth pinned her wrists, rendering her immobile.

Esme was furious and could only curse at her, “Bitch! Elizabeth, I want you dead! So what?”

“We both like Alexander, so why do you get to marry him? What’s wrong with the Russell Family? The Russell Family is one of the top four families, what is the Percy Family compared to that?” At this point, Esme became even more

hysterical. "Elizabeth, I'm Esme Russell! How dare you hit me? Are you crazy?"

Elizabeth sneered. She was crazy!

With that, Elizabeth pushed Esme against the car and then grabbed her by the neck, lifting her up.

Esme's eyes widened in shock as she felt her feet leave the ground. Elizabeth has really gone mad; is she planning to kill me? Esme thought.

"Elizabeth, murder is illegal!" she shouted.

Elizabeth squinted and said, "Illegal? Think about what you've done to me over the years. How long do you think you'd last in prison?"

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Esme didn't dare to speak, just took deep breaths. "Elizabeth," she began, "When you shoved me into the water, trashed my name, and came after me, you didn't show any mercy!" Elizabeth said, tightening her grip.

Esme grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, trying to pry her hand off. "Elizabeth," she called out, feeling powerless.

Elizabeth looked at her with a smile. "Too bad, you'll die first."

"Elizabeth, if my parents and brother find out, they won't let you get away with this!" Esme's tears started to fall in panic.

People walked by, watching the scene, but no one dared to intervene. They just glanced and hurried away.

Elizabeth wasn't fazed by Esme's threats at all.

Desperate, Esme had to beg for mercy. "Elizabeth, I was wrong; I know I was wrong. Please let me go. I'm begging you."

Elizabeth felt unsatisfied. She looked at Esme's face and couldn't help but click her tongue. Esme didn't understand what Elizabeth meant.

Suddenly, Elizabeth let go of Esme. Esme gasped for air, breathing heavily. She squatted down, her back against a car. When she looked up again, she saw Elizabeth standing right in front of her.

Esme didn't understand what Elizabeth was up to, but in the next second, Elizabeth tore off Esme's jacket.

Esme screamed, "Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth didn't care and pulled open Esme's shoulder, revealing the scar on her back. It was exactly the same as the one Elizabeth had. Even Elizabeth was shocked. No wonder Alexander believed Esme.

Esme touched her shoulder, as if she had thought of something. She gradually stopped struggling and lowered her head.

"You were so cruel to yourself, and I still expected you to show me mercy back then," Elizabeth said, caressing the scar on Esme's back.

Esme, who was so afraid of pain, was actually willing to create a scar on herself. Elizabeth gave a bitter smile and asked, "What are you after? It's just a man."

Esme lowered her head and said nothing. She thought, 'Yeah, just a man. If I didn't do this, I wouldn't get the man's heart. Even after doing this, I still can't get the man's heart! Why is it so easy for Elizabeth to talk about the man I try so hard to get? That is Alexander, the man every girl dreams of marrying.'

"Esme, you ruined the three of us," Elizabeth's voice was soft. The next second, her nails dug into Esme's scar.

Esme immediately cried out in pain, tears streaming down her face.

"This scar—no matter how hard I try, I can't scrape it off," Elizabeth sighed, patting Esme's scar in a somewhat perverse manner.

Esme felt that Elizabeth was too oppressive, and she didn't even dare to look at her.

"Esme, I really misjudged you," Elizabeth grabbed Esme's hair, forcing her to lift her head.

Esme's tears fell, her face evoking pity. Elizabeth just found it amusing. Playing the victim, Esme was very good at that.

Chapter 506

“Elizabeth! What the hell are you doing?” A furious shout echoed from nearby.

Elizabeth turned her head, but before she could see who it was, she was shoved aside. She stumbled back a few steps and saw Henry helping Esme up. Henry shot Elizabeth a glare and pulled Esme to her feet. Esme clung to Henry, crying her eyes out, repeatedly calling his name, “Henry.” Henry nodded and gently comforted her.

Elizabeth stayed quiet, brushed off some imaginary dust from her clothes, and put on her usual indifferent look.

“What I did, Esme knows very well,” Elizabeth said, wiping her fingertips. Even touching Esme made her feel dirty now.

Henry laughed. “Elizabeth, don’t throw a tantrum at me. I’m not your family; I won’t indulge you.”

“Mr. Russell, isn’t that something *I* should be saying to you?” Elizabeth shot back.

Henry paused, feeling a headache coming on from the anger.

“You’d better ask Esme what she did!” Elizabeth added.

Esme dared to impersonate Elizabeth; surely, Esme’s family didn’t know. Although Henry’s character seemed pretty poor when it came to protecting Esme, he was generally a decent guy otherwise. The Russell family members were generally decent people. But when it came to Esme, the whole family had this obsessive pampering thing going on. It was like they had lost and regained her, so they felt they had to give her the best of everything in the world. This ultimately led Esme to even dare to commit murder!

Henry didn’t get what Elizabeth meant. But he looked at Esme, then at Elizabeth, whose features bore some resemblance to his, and stayed silent.

Seeing Henry’s silence, Esme got scared. “Henry, no matter what happens, you’ll always love me, right?” Esme asked in a small voice.

Henry gently responded, feeling a pang of heartache seeing Esme's tears. Esme had truly been pampered since childhood. But in recent years, because of Alexander, she had become increasingly fragile.

"Henry, take me home," Esme said softly.

Henry nodded, picked Esme up, and left with her. As they walked away, he didn't ask Elizabeth a single question. He knew very well that for Elizabeth to be driven to such lengths, even risking her reputation to fight at the hospital entrance, Esme must have provoked her. Henry didn't want to question Esme further. No matter what Esme did, the Russell family would take responsibility for her.

Elizabeth watched Henry's back, feeling a mix of helplessness and anger because Esme had such unconditionally indulgent family members.

Chapter 506

Elizabeth shook her wrist, looked at the bloodstains on the ground, and let out a cold laugh. She turned to leave, just as Felix's car pulled up beside her.

Felix said, "I'll take you home."

Elizabeth looked at Felix and couldn't help but sigh. "Felix, after all these years, you're always the first to show up when I need someone the most." Actually, she did have reliable friends.

Felix chuckled. "I'm happy to be at your..."

Elizabeth playfully smacked Felix on the arm.

On the way home, Felix's phone buzzed with: Alexander Kneels at the Airport! #AlexanderKneelsToElizabeth; Mr. Tudor Also... that had been suppressed for two days finally breaking out. #TudorGroupCEODayTroubledHyLove! #Everyone knows Mr. Tudor and Elizabeth just recently divorced. Why is Mr. Tudor suddenly kneeling? Could it be that Mr. Tudor regrets it?

Elizabeth casually scrolled through the news, all posted by unscrupulous media, as if it were a premeditated smear campaign. Of course, for Alexander, this kind of thing was indeed a negative impact, not exactly a deliberate smear.

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“Honestly, I never thought I’d see Alexander on his knees,” Felix said, glancing at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and flipped through some photos, most showing Alexander kneeling at the airport. In one, she saw herself. Even now, looking back at her expression, she seemed so cold; as if she were staring at a stranger. She didn’t even want to give Alexander a look of hatred. It was like he was completely erased from her world.

Elizabeth stayed quiet, turned off her phone, and stared out the window.

“I got my car fixed yesterday and saw Mr. Tudor’s car,” Felix said.

Elizabeth didn’t respond, so Felix continued, “The whole windshield was shattered. The guys at the shop said it happened when Mr. Tudor went to the airport that day.”

Elizabeth sighed, feeling annoyed. She didn’t want to hear about Alexander. Felix noticed her displeasure and immediately fell silent.

Elizabeth put her phone in her pocket, crossed her arms, and closed her eyes to rest. Felix drove quietly, saying nothing more.

When Elizabeth got home, she showered and quickly got into bed. Just as she was about to sleep, an anonymous call came in.

“Hello, I’m a reporter from the Lisbun Daily...”

Before the person could finish, Elizabeth hung up. Soon, the phone rang again. She decisively blocked the number.

Alexander was under a lot of attention, and as the woman who made him kneel, Elizabeth wouldn’t be spared by the reporters. Messages flooded her phone—all probably seeking interviews.

Elizabeth was puzzled, thinking, “This is a new number; how did these people find it?” So annoying.

Elizabeth took out the SIM card, broke it, and tossed it away. She decided to ditch this number. As long as the buzz about Alexander’s kneeling didn’t die down, people would keep calling. Those media folks were relentless.

Elizabeth rubbed her temples, covered her face with the blanket, and went to sleep. She had a dream where Alexander died saving her.

When she woke up, she stared at the ceiling for a long time. 'Alexander is dead.' The thought lingered in her mind. 'Alexander is dead?' she questioned herself. 'Alexander being dead is good,' she thought and yawned. It was two in the morning.

Elizabeth went downstairs and made herself a bowl of spaghetti. She didn't know why, but she felt exhausted and couldn't muster the energy to do anything. She twirled the spaghetti with her fork, her eyes staring blankly into the distance. When she finally wanted to eat, only the fork remained near her mouth.

Elizabeth sighed, realizing she had been lost in thought. She rubbed her temples, quickly finished the spaghetti, poured herself a glass of wine, and walked to the window to look at the night view.

The wind was quite cold, making her mind very clear. She thought of Esme's unrepentant face and found it amusing. Today, she had enjoyed slapping Esme a few times. Next time she saw Esme, she would slap her again. From now on, she and Esme were complete enemies. As long as Elizabeth was alive, Esme wouldn't have a good day.

Elizabeth downed the wine in one gulp. Her slender fingers gradually tightened around the glass until her veins popped. Only then did she let go.

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Chapter 508

"How could Elizabeth be so heartless? How could she beat up Esme like that?" Allen's voice trembled as she looked at Esme, who was nursing her wounds. The sight of her daughter in pain tore at her heart. The blows might have landed on Esme, but Allen felt every bit of the pain.

Henry's face was a mask of seriousness, showing no emotion. Esme glanced at Henry, too scared to say a word. He'd been silent since they got home, barely paying attention while treating her injuries. Did he find out I was pretending to be Elizabeth? Esme wondered, anxiety gnawing at her.

"I can't believe the Percy Family raises their daughter like this," Allen fumed, her anger simmering.

Henry calmly put away the first-aid kit. "Let's hear Esme's side of the story first." He had defended Esme in front of Elizabeth to save her dignity. Discipline was a family matter.

Esme's heart raced at Henry's words. "What exactly did you do?" Henry asked, clearly puzzled. Elizabeth's attack had been brutal. Esme's once flawless face now bore several scratch marks, and even the corner of her mouth was injured.

Esme lowered her head and mumbled, "Nothing." Then she bolted upstairs. Henry noticed something off about Esme's behavior. She didn't seem like someone who had done nothing wrong.

Allen's face was a mix of emotions as she turned to Henry. "Should I go confront the Percy Family?"

"Mom, you can't lose it every time something happens to Esme," Henry sighed, looking worn out. Allen opened her mouth to argue but then felt a pang of sadness. "Henry, any news about Nancy?"

"We're still looking into it," Henry replied. Allen's heart sank. Henry always said they were investigating, but they found nothing. 'It's been so many years. Is Nancy even still alive?' Allen wondered, feeling a pang of envy seeing other families so happy together.

"I'll go check on Esme," Henry said. Allen waved him off, signaling him to go. Henry went upstairs and was about to knock when he heard Esme's panicked voice from inside. "Henry, don't come in." He pulled his hand back from the doorknob.

After a moment, Esme opened the door. She looked like she'd been changing clothes, her collar still a bit messy. Henry glanced into the room and saw something on the coffee table, but before he could get a good look, Esme blocked his view and called out, "Henry."

Henry frowned. "I want to know what happened with Elizabeth."

"Henry, don't you trust me? Shouldn't you believe me no matter what? I didn't do anything!" Her voice was urgent, almost desperate to shift the blame.

Henry was left speechless. The door slammed shut. Henry spread his hands, feeling helpless. Do I not trust her enough? he thought. 'We've spoiled Esme too much; we can't keep letting her get away with this!'

Henry sighed, and just then his phone buzzed. It was a news article forwarded by his assistant about Alexander publicly kneeling before Elizabeth. Henry was stunned, especially seeing Alexander's disheveled appearance. He could hardly believe it. But when he zoomed in on the photo, it was clear Alexander was kneeling to Elizabeth.

'Elizabeth? Weren't they divorced? Why would Alexander kneel to her?' Henry wondered.

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"Man, their relationships are a mess," Henry thought. His assistant pinged him again: [Boss, did you see this? The Tudor Group is about to go through some major changes. j] Henry just replied to him and didn't bother looking at it again.

Henry thought, 'Yeah, the Tudor Group is definitely in for some big changes. No wonder Alexander woke up the other day, only to get a high fever and pass out again. Turns out he got soaked in the rain while looking for Elizabeth.'

Henry glanced at Esme's room and sighed. "Esme," he knocked on the door, his voice heavy. "I know you like Alexander, but if someone doesn't belong to you, keeping him around won't make you happy."

There was no answer. Henry's face was a mix of emotions. "What I'm trying to say is, maybe..."

Just stop liking Alexander, 'Henry thought. "There are so many guys out there, and she's the beloved one of the Russell Family. Why does it have to be Alexander?"

"I just want Alexander, no one else!" Esme's voice was hoarse.

Henry sighed. "But I don't think Alexander likes you at all; it's always been in your head. Just look at the news!"

With that, Henry left. Esme lay on her bed, tears streaming down her face. She picked up her phone. When she saw the news of Alexander kneeling to Elizabeth, she was speechless.

'Why did Alexander kneel to Elizabeth? Is this even Alexander?' Esme thought. The comments were all mocking Alexander.

‘Who would let this news spread online? Wasn’t this from a few days ago? Why is it blowing up now?’ Esme bit her lip. ‘He actually knelt to Elizabeth,’ she thought.

Over the years, he seemed gentle to her, but he never did anything that would hurt his pride. Esme felt crushed. As her brother said, she couldn’t keep Alexander. He never belonged to her. But she just liked Alexander—an obsessive kind of liking.

Esme felt she couldn’t live without Alexander. She was too hooked on the special treatment and gentleness Alexander gave her. And it had been three years. Now, suddenly asking her not to love Alexander, she really couldn’t do it. Thinking of this, Esme felt heartbroken. She had no choice.

At the hospital, Elara stood by the window, arms crossed, staring outside, deep in thought. Blake draped a coat over her shoulders. Elara turned and smiled gently, then went back to looking out the window. She had seen the news of her son kneeling and realized it was Elizabeth who saved Alexander during the kidnapping three years ago.

‘How much has Elizabeth sacrificed for the Tudor Family?’ Elara wondered.

“Alexander really messed up,” Elara said with a bitter smile. “Who can make up for the three years Elizabeth was impersonated? I really don’t know what to say about Esme,” said Elara. “But in the end, we’re also to blame. We totally missed the truth about our son’s rescue three years ago. It’s so shameful!”

Blake patted Elara’s shoulder, trying to comfort her. “When Alexander gets better, our family will personally go to visit the Percy Family and apologize,” Blake said.

“An apology isn’t enough for Elizabeth.” Elara shook her head, feeling too ashamed to even face Elizabeth.

Just then, a soft voice came from the hospital bed. “Mom.”

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Chapter 510

Elara and Blake spun around to see Alexander looking pretty rough. Elara had never seen him this beat up before. Honestly, ever since Alexander took over the Tudor Group, he couldn’t afford to look like this. The Tudor Group needed

a strong leader every single day, and he couldn't show any weakness in front of others. Alexander had it easy for the last twenty years. Now was the true beginning of his life. He needed to go through some tough times. And Elara couldn't bail him out. Just like when he wanted to divorce Elizabeth, she was helpless.

"You're awake? Feeling okay?" Elara handed him a glass of water.

Alexander shook his head slightly. Even though Elara felt bad for him, she still snapped, "You did this to yourself!" This was all on Alexander.

"You had Elizabeth, but you went after Esme. We've all been through marriages. Do you think we can't judge people? If you had trusted us a bit, you wouldn't be in this mess!" Elara kept going, not holding back.

Alexander knew he messed up. He regretted it big time now. Blake sighed, not stopping Elara or comforting Alexander. Seeing Blake stay quiet, Alexander knew he had really screwed up. He had let down his family and everyone who believed in him, especially the Percy family.

"The doctor's here," Elara said, looking at the door.

The doctor walked in, nodded, and said, "I'm here to check on Mr. Tudor's condition and his wound."

Chapter 511

Alexander had a nasty cut on his waist. When he saved Esme, he didn't even realize he was hurt. It wasn't until Nolan drove him to the hospital, hands covered in blood, that he knew. The blood had soaked through his shirt and suit jacket, hidden by the black fabric.

The doctor checked and said, "The wound's still inflamed. He's badly injured and needs to rest and watch his diet."

Elara and Blake both nodded.

"Don't let this wound get wet again," the doctor warned Alexander. "It was torn open a few days ago and got infected by rain. If it gets wet and infected again, it might take forever to heal."

Alexander nodded slightly, not saying much. He still looked really weak and out of it. His gaze at the doctor was kind of unfocused. He suddenly thought of

Elizabeth from three years ago. ‘How did Elizabeth handle her injury back then?’ Thinking of this, Alexander felt even more ashamed. He didn’t even know how to make it up to Elizabeth; nothing seemed enough. Even if he gave his life to Elizabeth, it wouldn’t be enough.

Blake walked the doctor out. Elara looked at Alexander, who seemed lost in thought, and asked, “Thinking about Elizabeth again?”

Alexander glanced at Elara, who seemed to have aged a lot recently. “Mom, I should’ve listened to you,” he said.

Elara sneered, “If you kids listened, you wouldn’t be yourselves!” She shook her head and said, “Alexander, make it up to those who deserve it. And don’t let those who don’t deserve it off easy!”