

Unrepairable Love /

I married a man novel

Chapter 51

Elisabeth stepped out of the car. The sky was heavy. It lit up by flashes of lightning, and thunder rumbled in the distance. At home, she planned to binge-watch shows and snack. It made her feel cozy and calm. But, the sound of thunder drowned out everything else, freaking her out; it felt like it was exploding right next to her.

She hopped into her car, a sleek Mark Maybach rolled up nearby. The door swung open, and Almander stepped out in a sharp suit, holding an umbrella. The area was darkened. Almander's eyes locked with Elisabeth's. Then, amidst the storm in the dead of night, he came to pick up Esme. He must really be into her.

Pitch black, and the rain suddenly hammered down, drumming on the car roof. A deafening crash of thunder followed. Elisabeth's body shook, her heart racing, her eyes wide with panic. She fled into Alexander's arms, pretending to be scared. "Alexander," she whispered.

Elisabeth was already in her car. Esme followed his gaze and saw Elisabeth's car. He held the door open for Esme. As he got in, he glanced once more at Elisabeth's car. Her headlights were on, but she wasn't leaving. He muffled the storm's noise at the door. He was about to drive Esme home when he suddenly remembered a phone call.

Luan asked, "Did you pour tonight? Your routine?" He had plans that night and didn't come back. And, yeah, it rained hard, like it hadn't in years. Trees got uprooted everywhere. Around midnight, during the blackout, she called him, her voice trembling. "It's on deck. I'm worried." He thought of Elisabeth, faking it to get him home.

Hearing her shaky voice, Alexander's heart clenched. So, she really was scared of thunder. Meringar's eyes met his. Did Lizabeth really have that much of a hold on him? Every time he saw her, he couldn't look away. He never thought much about Elisabeth! The thought made Euse hate Elisabeth even more. Once she got the ginseng, they'd make sure Elisabeth was humiliated. He was asked, sounding bored.

He waited for the storm to pass for hours, and Alexander finally landed. Casey—he forever protected her greed. "A Tudor-style house got a perpetual leak. There's a pouring out there," Expe posted again, making excuses for him. She glanced out the window; another loud crash of thunder split the sky. She gasped. "Kat in the end at... and his carpeted by Bizlatki..."

Chapter 52

The rain was lashing down hard. He could barely make out Elizabeth slumped over her steering wheel. Her car hadn't moved for a while. Elizabeth lay there, hands over her ears, trying to block out the thunder. It was as if the thunder knew she was scared, roaring even louder to torment her.

When she finally lifted her head, her face was ghostly pale. She grabbed a blanket from the back seat and wrapped herself up. The windshield wipers kept going, and Elizabeth curled up, trying to feel safe. It was early morning, and the streets were empty because of the rain. The bar's lights dimmed, and Elizabeth huddled in her car, waiting for the storm to pass.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed. It was a message from Joseph: [I think I see your car]. Elizabeth glanced at her phone lighting up on the passenger seat. Just as she reached for it, a clap of thunder startled her, and she pulled her hand back. She closed her eyes and pinched her thigh. Anxiety made her whole body tremble, and sweat beaded on her forehead as her heart raced.

It was just thunder; what was there to be afraid of? It was just a psychological shadow; she could overcome it! Elizabeth bit her lower lip and focused intently as she reached for the phone again. Suddenly, there was a knock on her car window. A dark figure outside made Elizabeth nearly jump out of her skin, and she screamed, "Ah-!" Elizabeth covered her face with the blanket, trying to protect herself with it.

"Elizabeth?" The driver's side window was knocked on again, this time by a man's voice. The rain was loud, and the voice sounded urgent in the rainy night. Elizabeth pulled down the blanket and saw the face of the person outside through the rain-streaked window.

Elizabeth, as if abandoning her last hope, ignored the pouring rain and opened the car door to get out. She looked at Joseph, somewhat at a loss, and grabbed the corner of his coat. Joseph was stunned, and the umbrella he was holding slowly tilted toward Elizabeth. Elizabeth's lips moved, heart racing. She forced herself to stay calm, voice shaky, "I don't feel well. Can you take me home?"

Joseph was a bit surprised by her request. “Sure,” he said, motioning for her to get in. “Thanks!” The car pulled away. Not far off, a black car's headlights flicked on, illuminating the bar's entrance. Alexander watched Elizabeth's car drive off, his face cold. His grip on the wheel tightened, his eyes darkening. He couldn't shake the image of Elizabeth clinging to...

He'd rushed over after dropping Eame off, thinking of Elizabeth's fear of thunder, only to see this. He'd forgotten she was never short of admirers. It was past one in the morning, and she just hopped into some guy's car. Did she even know Joseph well? A thirty-year-old bachelor... Elizabeth, with her love-struck mind, might actually be falling for him!

The thought made Alexander even more irritated. He floored the gas and followed the purple Pagani. Elizabeth leaned back in the passenger seat. Joseph's sudden appearance had calmed her down a lot; she wasn't as scared anymore.

Chapter 52

“Why are you out so late?” Joseph broke the silence.

Elizabeth glanced up, cool as ever. “Meeting a friend. You?”

Joseph pressed his lips together. “Working. Just wrapped up.”

Elizabeth just hummed, not saying more. Thunder boomed outside, making Elizabeth flinch. Joseph noticed and was about to ask if she was scared when a car behind them caught his eye. Wait, was that Alexander's car?

Chapter 53

Elizabeth's mind was a mess; she didn't even notice Alexander tailing them. Joseph boored it, trying to shake Alexander. But Alexander kept up. They sped up the overpass, rain hammering the windshield. Elizabeth caught a glimpse of Alexander's car in the rearview mirror. She turned to look.

“Alexander's following us,” Joseph said.

“What's he doing here? Didn't he take Esme home?” Elizabeth wondered.
“Maybe he's just on the way.”

Joseph wasn't buying it. The way Alexander was pushing it, he was definitely not just passing by. The two cars raced on the overpass, Alexander's skills keeping him neck and neck with Joseph.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander and felt a flicker of warmth. If he was really following them, did that mean he still cared, even a little? Elizabeth tried not to get her hopes up. People get let down when they expect too much! She dropped her gaze and stopped staring at Alexander's...

Once they got off the overpass, his car stopped following. Elizabeth glanced at the rearview mirror, feeling a pang of disappointment. Yep, he wasn't following them, just happened to be on the same road for a bit.

She couldn't help but think about her and Alexander. He never loved her; their marriage was just a three-year deal. She leaned against the window, staring outside, lost in thought. Joseph was also puzzled that Alexander hadn't followed. Was he really not following? What was Alexander up to?

Raindrops hammered the glass, making a sharp sound. Alexander rolled down his window, letting the rain and breeze clear his head. He was losing it. Chasing Elizabeth's car in the middle of the night? He'd always been cold to her. Now that they were divorcing, why did it matter who she was with?

Alexander took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. The dim car light cast shadows, and he frowned, knowing tonight's actions were out of character, leaving him with a strange feeling he couldn't shake. He leaned back, arm on the window. The cigarette's glow faded, snuffed out by the rain.

Alexander's phone buzzed. A text from Esme: Did you get home?

He replied: [Yeah]

Esme: [Thanks for taking me home in the rain. I'm really touched. I love you.]

Alexander read it, but felt nothing. Every time Esme said "I love you," it left him cold. But when Elizabeth mentioned she loved Joseph, it hit him hard. He swallowed and ignored Esme's text.

The rain poured all night. When Elizabeth got home, the living room lights were still on. She was sneaking upstairs when Declan's voice came from the kitchen. "Elizabeth?"

She peeked in. Declan was cooking. Declan came out with a plate of roast chicken. “Where were you? The...

Chapter 54

“Your my daughter, what can you hide from me?” Declan asked, pulling her to the table.

Elizabeth started from him, the smell of roast chicken strong in the air, but she felt a pang of something else. That year, a massive rainstorm hit Lishun, knocking out power everywhere. She tried calling Alexander, but he was with Esme. Desperate, she reached out to Declan. Despite his threats to her, Declan braved the storm, dodging falling branches, to get to the villa and be with her.

The next morning, Declan made her roast chicken. But they had a huge fight over some nasty comments she made about Alexander, and the chicken ended up uneaten.

Thinking about it, Elizabeth teared up. She’d been fair to Alexander, to everyone, except her family, who loved her.

“Why are you crying? Is it that good?” Declan asked, confused, taking a bite of the roast chicken. “My cooking hasn’t changed, has it? It can’t be that...”

Elizabeth didn’t answer, keeping her head down. Sensing something was off, Declan quickly moved to her side. “What’s wrong?”

Elizabeth looked up, eyes full of tears, a sight that would break anyone’s heart. Only with her family could she be this vulnerable. She hugged Declan tightly and...

Declan paused, then smiled with relief, though he felt sorry for her. The cost of Elizabeth’s growth had been too high.

“Everything will be alright,” he comforted her. Elizabeth wiped her tears and nodded.

“Lily’s birthday’s coming up. Got a gift yet?” Declan asked.

Elizabeth nodded.

“Since Alexander’s been a jerk, we’re cutting ties with the Tudors. We’re skipping Lily’s party. You can go solo,” Declan said.

Lily was the queen bee of Lishun. With the Tudors bailing on her party and rumors about Alexander circulating, she'd be the talk of the town.

And that's just what Declan wanted! He needed the Tudors to know Elizabeth had backup and wasn't to be messed with.

Elizabeth knew Declan had her back. Before, she would have been mad, thinking Declan was embarrassing the Tudors. Now, she didn't care.

"Winight," she said easily.

"Think you can handle it?" Declan asked.

Elizabeth grinned. "Totally. Dad, I'm grown up now. I can handle this! I'll make sure to put on a good show at Lily's party!"

She wouldn't let the Percy family lose face, and she wouldn't let herself get humiliated.

"Finish your meal and get some rest. If you don't have plans, just stay home and chill. Don't wander around," Declan said.

"I've got plans." Elizabeth smiled.

Declan eyed her, thinking he knew her too well. That smile meant she was up to something.

The next day, at the bar, she left her booth, pretending to... Esme had learned her lesson and didn't show up early. She walked in right at noon. When Elizabeth spotted her, she bumped into her by accident. Their shoulders brushed, and Esme turned to see Elizabeth.

Esme was speechless. Why was Elizabeth here again? She felt like she had the worst luck running into her.

"Ms. Kussell, here again? Looking for Glory?" Elizabeth butted in.

Esme's face tightened. She checked the time, thinking Glory should be arriving soon. He had already stood her up yesterday; he wouldn't do it again today.

With that thought, Esme replied coolly, "Yes, our chat yesterday wasn't satisfying, so we set up another meeting today."

“Can I meet him too?” Elizabeth squinted, looking both angry and a bit too friendly.

Chapter 55

Time smarted; the arm, the abhorrent daughter of the Forli family, despised what the mentor—from the Tears family—deemed weak, but things still revolved around the hip, four-time arm hosts who surrounded, my fortune, a beer. Misstanti desperately needed the... the bowl being werehippered, especially by Thin...

The question being... Today, the show promised to... hong th... taerginoeng today. She'd use it to warn Elizabeth that with this... praeng, she'd definitely marry Alexander.

She widened her eyes, pretending to be surprised. “Really?”

Maret Glory M. “Keep your mouth shut!” Fame warned. And proud.

Elizabeth, on the sole, looking all prim and proper, waited for Glory to show up.

Elaine and Abat, a text to Falary Bath, “Glory M, you bail on me today, you’re toast!”

Boer pran Ma kasit, the bright... wwwcent gul bron vollege amptiste... now she was all... die man super palous of Lizabeth (beautiful die al mur when Esma soveted. “Don’t touch these sines; you can’t afford them.”

“Hundreds grand. They’re insanely expensive,” Lizabeth smirked, picking up a nudler bottle.

Chapter 55

Esme rushed over and snatched the bottles from her hands, clearly worried Elizabeth might open one. Elizabeth glanced at Esme, not mad, and thinking about what was coming, her smile grew wider.

“When’s Glory M getting here?” Elizabeth asked Esme.

Esme checked the time; it was 12:20 PM.

“Any minute now!” Esme plopped down, looking ticked off.

Chapter 56

“Of course!” Esme said.

Elizabeth nodded, cool as a cucumber. ‘Awesome! Lily’s gonna flip when she gets it!’

Fome chuckled, “Elizabeth, you’re a trip! I’m Alexander’s next wife, and here you are, all chill.”

She couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

Elizabeth shrugged her nose. She was here to watch Esme make a fool of herself, this idiot!

Thrabeth put on a mock pout. “What else can I do? Ms. Russell, you’re in a powerful position. I can’t compete.”

“It’s not that you can’t compete; it’s that you don’t have Alexander hacking you up!” Esme gloated. She’d been reckless all these years because Alexander always...

Elizabeth never liked Esme’s tone, but today, she silently agreed.

Elizabeth lowered her head.

Esme smirked, feeling smug. Had she hit a nerve? “Elizabeth, I’m curious. Since Alexander doesn’t love you, how’d you keep the marriage going for three years?”

Elizabeth met Esme’s gaze.

Esme leaned over the table, staring straight at Elizabeth. “Did Alexander ever sleep with you?”

Elizabeth’s breath hitched. “Did *he* sleep with *you*?” she snapped.

A flicker of anger flashed in Esme’s eyes. Three years in love, and the Tudor family still didn’t acknowledge her. Alexander hadn’t even touched her. She remembered that night by the sea when she tried to kiss him, and he dodged. Total humiliation.

Esme swallowed, then locked eyes with Elizabeth. “He loves me so much; what do you think?”

“No way!” Esme was telling Elizabeth about Alexander’s refusal. She had to make it seem like they were intimate.

Esme blinked, feigning shyness. “That morning you came to the villa, I was wearing his clothes. Is that obvious enough?”

Elizabeth recalled that morning. Esme in Alexander’s white shirt, Alexander fresh out of the shower. Three years of intimacy, no wonder he ignored her.

“Elizabeth, you’re really pitiful,” Esme’s voice cut like a knife.

Elizabeth lowered her eyes, a faint smile playing on her lips. Not sleeping with him wasn’t the sad part. Clinging to this sham of a marriage and lover, now...

Esme glanced at her phone and muttered, “It’s one in the afternoon. Where the heck is Glory M?” In this jerk standing her up again?

Seeing Esme’s anxiety, Elizabeth chimed in, “Esme, even if you don’t know Glory M, I wouldn’t laugh at you.”

Esme frowned, ready to...

Elizabeth continued, “Look, it’s way past the time you agreed on. He clearly doesn’t care.”

“Fine, I’m done waiting. You can wait by yourself.” Elizabeth stood up, doubting Esme knew Glory M at all.

Esme panicked. “Glory M will definitely show up today! If he does, you can laugh at me all you want!”

“But it’s been so long already,” Elizabeth said softly.

Esme pulled out her phone. “I have Glory M’s contact! I’ll message him right now...”

She shoved her phone in Elizabeth’s face, ready to prove it.

Esme opened the chat, about to send a message, when a prompt popped up.

[Glory M has refused to receive your message. To send a message, please add Glory M as a friend.]

Elizabeth looked at her, surprised.

Chapter 57

Esme's face went pale. Glory M had blocked her? She was the eldest daughter of the Russell family. How dare he treat her like this?!

Esme tried adding him as a friend again, but no luck. Every time she tried, her phone would freeze. What the heck was going on? Elizabeth was still sneaking peeks at Esme's phone, so Esme quickly hid the screen. She called her assistant right away. "Why can't I reach Glory M?"

"Mell, did you offend Glory M!"

"What do you mean?" Esme bit her lip.

"Ms. Russell, you've been blacklisted! Glory M said no one can take your orders anymore. If they do, they're provoking him!"

Esme's face twisted in anger. What did this even mean? The assistant added, "Ms. Russell, it's over. We probably won't get the ginseng..."

Esme collapsed onto the sofa, stunned. She hadn't offended Glory M. Wasn't he the one standing her up? The room was so quiet, Elizabeth could hear everything. Elizabeth sat next to Esme, touched her nose, and muttered, "Esme, did Glory M stand you up again? I think he's doing it on purpose."

Esme had spent two days only to get blocked by Glory M! She was already furious, and Elizabeth was still poking at her. She glared at Elizabeth, nearly breaking down, and shouted, "Get out!"

Elizabeth could barely hold back her laughter. What an idiot! Glory M totally ghosted her last night. Who in their right mind would show up again today?

"Tame, chill! It's Glory M we're talking about, not someone we can just call up. Don't sweat it, okay?" Elizabeth tried to soothe her.

I got even more pissed. She started crying and snapped, "I'm not like you. I'm the Russell family's eldest daughter. Of course, I deserve to meet him!"

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right,” Elizabeth said with a helpless smile, grabbing her bag. “Who cares if Glory M stood you up? You still got the ginseng!”

The more Elizabeth tried to comfort her, the more anxious Esme got. She even thought Elizabeth was doing it on purpose! She hadn’t met Glory M, and she didn’t get the ginseng! Now she was blacklisted on the black market! Was that blacklist for real?

“Ms. Russell, see you at Lily’s birthday party!” Elizabeth said, making a quick exit.

Esme stood there, mouth open, staring at the closed door, fuming! Meanwhile, the internet blew up with news about the Russell family and that rare ginseng.

Ginseng Stashed by the Russell Family! Ms. Russell to Present the World’s Only Ginseng at Lily’s Party!

[Breaking News! The Russell Family Acquires the World’s Only Rare Ginseng!]

[The Russell Family’s Gift to Lily Unveiled! It’s the Legendary Rare Ginseng!]

The Russell family is loaded! They’re giving Lily a billion-dollar ginseng! Can’t wait for Lily’s birthday!

Esme saw the messages and felt a chill run down her spine. Who spilled the beans?!

Just then, her phone buzzed. It was Henry Russell, her older brother. She picked up quickly. Henry’s voice was calm. “Esme, did you get the ginseng?”

Esme bit her lip, hesitating...

Chapter 57

“Awesome, looks like you’re definitely marrying Alexander now.”

“I gotta go. We’ll talk later.” Henry hung up before she could say a word.

Still in shock, Esme’s phone rang again. It was her dad, Stephen Russell.

“Esme, how’d you get that ginseng?!”

CV58

Het mom, Allen Russell, chimed in. “Txme, what’s that rare ginseng look like? Bring it home so we can see it! Everyone’s calling me, wanting to see it!”

Esme rubbed her forehead, feeling overwhelmed. This was spiraling out of control. What now?! She muted her phone and tossed it aside. Looking around the empty private room, she remembered being stood up here twice. Anger bubbled up inside her. She better not find out who this person was, or she’d make him regret it big time.

Esme stood up, grabbed her phone, and stormed out. The bodyguard saw her fuming and kept his mouth shut.

When she got to the car, someone stopped her. “Ms. Russell,”

“What now?” Esme snapped.

The waiter hesitated, then pointed to a private room. “The wine you opened in 1 finished. Want to store it?”

“What?” Esme looked the waiter up and down. When did she open any wine?

Just then, another waiter rolled out a cart loaded with opened luxury wines. Esme was floored. Were these the bottles Elizabeth had taken earlier?

The waiter smiled and handed her a list. “Ms. Russell, these wines are opened. Please settle the bill.”

Esme snatched the list, her eyes going wide at the price. Elizabeth had opened seven bottles, each over \$100,000, totaling a million bucks!

“Ms. Russell, card or...” The waiter kept smiling.

Esme’s face twisted with anger. She clenched her fists, crumpling the list, her chest heaving with rage: Elizabeth had secretly opened all those bottles!

Eime was already angry, but now she was ready to explode. She wanted to tear Elizabeth apart! She had met Glory M, didn’t get the ginseng, got dissed by Elizabeth, and now she was out a cool million! And to top it off, the news was buzzing that the Russell family was giving Lily the ginseng.

Elizabeth was driving, thinking about how Esme must be losing her mind right now. That thought made her grin. She smirked, rocking her black sunglasses,

one hand casually draped out the window. Her purple car was a total head-turner on the road.

At a red light, she stopped and grabbed her phone to check the latest news. Everyone was hyped, waiting for Esme to hand over the ginseng to Lilly. Lily's birthday was coming up, and Elizabeth couldn't wait to see how Esme would squirm!

The days later, at Lily's birthday bash. Major news outlets were all over it, hyping up Lily's big day. Tonight, multiple platforms were live-streaming the party, giving everyone a peek into the high life!

Chapter 58

Lily was rocking an emerald green evening gown. With her white hair, she looked super classy!

"Mrs. Tudor! I'm Max Baker, the eldest son of the Baker family. My dad, Richard Baker, isn't feeling well, so he sent me to your birthday bash!" The middle-aged guy in a black suit pointed to the gift behind him, radiating confidence. "This is the Baker family's gift for your birthday. Hope you like it!"

Lily glanced back and heard someone announce, "The Baker family presents a medieval painting!"

Chapter 59

"Mrs. Tudor, I heard you love jewelry! The Lopez family presents a set of top-tier ruby jewelry! Please accept it!"

"Mrs. Tudor, the Thompson family has brought the finest green onyx for you!"

Lily smiled at the middle-aged men before her, and the whole room buzzed with excitement. The Tudor family's butler carefully collected each gift, jotting down the names. Everyone not only brought gifts but also showered Lily with blessings, each trying to make a lasting impression. Many had gone to great lengths to find treasures for Lily's birthday bash. If they weren't remembered by her, it would be a huge loss!

Just then, someone asked, "I heard the Russell family is giving Lily the world's rarest ginseng. Is that true?" Everyone turned to look at a man in his thirties. He looked rather simple and honest. When everyone stared at him, he scratched his head, looking a bit embarrassed.

“Yeah, it’s true. The ginseng is with the Russell family! Looks like we’re in luck today!” a woman said seriously.

Lily squinted at the man and tightened her grip on her cane. Could the Russell family really have that legendary, one-of-a-kind ginseng? They must be pulling out all the stops to impress the Tudor family for Esme!

Lily snorted, lost in thought, when she heard someone outside say, “The Russell family is here!”

“Did they bring the rare ginseng? Did Esme bring it?” Everyone craned their necks to look outside. Lily couldn’t help but glance at the door, curious about this rare ginseng everyone in Lisbon had been buzzing about.

As everyone chatted, Esme showed up at the entrance. Tonight, Esme wore a golden strapless gown, her hair flowing down her back, and her face done up with perfect makeup. She was determined to be the star of the night. But inside, she was super nervous. Her assistant held a red velvet box containing the legendary, one-of-a-kind ginseng!

Seeing this, everyone stood up, and those with wine glasses put them down and straightened up. Esme pressed her lips together. All the live broadcast cameras in the banquet hall zoomed in on her. Major media outlets were streaming live, and the viewership had already hit five hundred million!

“The Russell family actually got that rare ginseng!”

“I thought it was a joke, but it’s real. We’re lucky to see it!”

“Is that rare ginseng in the velvet box?! The Russell family is amazing. No wonder they’re one of the top four families!”

The media snapped photos like crazy, all eyes on Esme, waiting for the big reveal. Everyone in the room buzzed with excitement, making Esme feel a bit jittery. She took a deep breath, glanced at her assistant, William, and whispered, “William, will this work?”

“Ms. Russell, relax. No one’s ever seen the ginseng; who would know ours is fake?” William replied calmly with a slight smile.

Esme bit her lip, feeling a wave of anxiety. The black market...

“Whatever happens, Ms. Russell, just insist the ginseng is real. Don’t be scared!” William pointed ahead, urging Esme to step forward. Everyone was waiting for her!

When Esme looked back into the hall, even Lily, who had been seated, was now standing. But Esme knew Lily wasn’t standing for her, but for the ginseng!

Chapter 60

Esme bit her lip, realizing Lily was eyeing that rare ginseng too. Showing off this ginseng today, she was sure Lily would finally see her differently! But if Lily found out it was fake... No way, she wouldn’t let that happen! With that thought, Esme lifted her chin, her eyes brimming with confidence.

“Mrs. Tudor!” Esme beamed and walked over to Lily.

Lily glanced at her but stayed silent.

Esme didn’t let it bother her. She approached, still smiling, and curtsied slightly. “Mrs. Tudor, happy birthday! Wishing you health and happiness!” Her voice was sweet and respectful, playing the part perfectly.

Lily gave a slight nod. “Thank you, Ms. Russell.”

“Mrs. Tudor, this is for you!” Esme shot William a look, then turned back to Lily, saying earnestly, “The ginseng!”

Everyone gasped. The Russell family had really brought the world’s rarest ginseng.

Lily eyed the red velvet box being handed to her, frowning. This was rare. How did they get...

“Mrs. Tudor, it was tough to find. The whole Russell family searched for almost a month before we finally got it!” Esme said softly. “There were times I wanted to give up, but knowing it was for you kept me going! Your birthday is so grand, only such a rare ginseng is worthy of you!”

Every word Esme said oozed strength and confidence.

Lily eyed Esme. She didn’t like her, but from her tone and look, it seemed the Russell family really went all out this time.

“Then open it and show us!” Lily demanded.

Esme hesitated. Open the box in front of everyone?

“Mrs. Tudor, this ginseng is precious. Maybe later—” Esme trailed off.

Lily’s gaze was so intense it could cut steel. She didn’t need to speak; her eyes said it all: *Why can’t it be opened?*

Esme bit her lip, lost for words.

Lily stayed calm. “Everyone here is my friend. If this ginseng is so rare, why not let them see it?”

Esme forced a smile and nodded. “Alright, as you wish, Mrs. Tudor!” As long as Lily was happy, anything goes!

Lily snorted; at least Esme knew how to play along.

“Open it!” Lily ordered.

The butler stepped up, took the gift, and moved to a nearby table. The crowd gathered around. He opened the velvet box, revealing the fancy packaging. Everyone was eager to see the ginseng.

Just then, someone shouted, “The Tudor family’s young mistress is here!”

All eyes turned; it could only be Elizabeth!

When Lily heard Elizabeth was here, her eyes lit up. She ditched...