

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 521

Alexander snapped, "Get out!"

Kieran said, "Even if you want me gone, I gotta say it, Alexander. You should go after Elizabeth now. Wait too long, and you'll lose her."

Alexander's frown deepened. "Get out!" he shouted again. The hospital room door slammed shut, leaving an eerie silence.

'Elizabeth and Sheldon are teaming up,' Alexander mused. Ever since the divorce, Elizabeth always had some new guy around. Alexander couldn't shake the unease. After mulling it over, he called Nolan. "Get me out of here tomorrow morning."

Nolan protested, "That's not possible, Mr. Tudor. The doctor said you need more observation!"

"I'm fine," Alexander insisted. "I'm not that fragile."

Nolan's silence spoke volumes.

"If you're too busy, I'll handle it myself," Alexander added.

Nolan sighed. "Alright, Mr. Tudor."

Alexander tossed his phone aside. Staying here any longer was a bad idea. Too much to do once he got out.

As he pondered, a knock on the door interrupted his thoughts. 'Who could it be this late?' he wondered.

"Come in," he called out, his voice muffled.

The door creaked open, but no one appeared. He couldn't see the doorway, so he asked, "Who's there?"

The sound of high heels clicked closer. Alexander's face darkened. He knew who it was.

Esme walked in slowly, wearing a white dress with a coat draped over her shoulders, her curly hair cascading down, eyes red. She held flowers in one hand and a bag of fruit in the other, approaching cautiously.

“Alexander,” she said softly.

“You’re not welcome here,” he replied coldly.

“Please, Alexander, don’t be mad. I didn’t mean to,” Esme pleaded, tears streaming down her face.

“Right, you didn’t mean to. You planned it all along! You deceived me for three years, pretending to be Elizabeth. That’s a crime!” His expression was icy.

Esme’s heart ached, her lip trembling. “Alexander, my love for you was just too intense. Blame me for pretending to be Elizabeth, but my love for you is real.” She stepped closer, tears falling, her voice choked with emotion.

Alexander sneered, sarcasm in his eyes. “Ms. Russell, love requires honesty.”

Esme was at a loss for words.

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Esme couldn’t quite place what she loved about Alexander. When she first met him, she couldn’t understand his coldness. She assumed it was simply his personality. But one day, she saw him smile at Elizabeth. While everyone else laughed at Elizabeth, he was the only one frowning and telling them to stop. That’s when Esme realized Alexander wasn’t actually cold.

In college, Alexander and Elizabeth were practically inseparable. Since Esme was good friends with Elizabeth, she naturally spent time with them. She observed Alexander daily and noticed he only acted differently around Elizabeth. Because she was Elizabeth’s friend, Alexander would sometimes look out for her, too. Once, Esme was delivering something to Alexander for Elizabeth and got hit by a basketball. Alexander helped her.

From that moment on, whenever Alexander was kind to Elizabeth, Esme felt a pang of jealousy. She wanted Alexander to be kind to her as well. She couldn’t understand why only Elizabeth received that special treatment. Whatever Elizabeth had, Esme wanted too. Slowly, because she couldn’t win Alexander

over, Esme became desperate and eventually started impersonating Elizabeth. Was Esme's love real? It was. Just not pure.

"Esme, I will hold you accountable for deceiving me," Alexander said, his voice muffled but firm.

"Do you really have to do this? Do our three years mean nothing?" Esme asked, feeling disappointed.

Alexander looked into her eyes, his gaze darkening as he realized even her disappointment wasn't genuine. Her sadness paled in comparison to when Elizabeth asked for a divorce.

"What do you want it to mean? Every second I think about it, I feel disgusted," Alexander said, using the calmest tone to deliver the harshest words.

Esme cried. "All the love you professed to me over the years, the sea you took me to see, the gifts you gave me—was it all just because I saved you?"

"Too bad, even your saving me was a lie. Do you think I wouldn't feel disgusted?" Alexander let out a self-mocking laugh. He hated Esme, but he hated himself more. He had been too foolish.

"Alexander, after three years, and you still couldn't fall for me?" Esme asked. She truly couldn't understand. 'What am I lacking? In looks, in family, I am no worse than Elizabeth! Why? Why exactly?'

Alexander was annoyed by her questioning, losing his patience and saying, "Get out of my hospital room." If she had any sense of shame, she wouldn't come to see him again.

"Alexander," Esme called his name, the sense of helplessness palpable. She just wanted to try to fight for herself one more time. Even if Alexander said he loved her for just a moment, she would be satisfied.

"Did you not love me at all?" Esme was truly heartbroken.

Footsteps were heard outside the door, accompanied by Elara's complaining voice. "Why is the hospital room door still open so late?" As soon as Elara came in, she saw Esme standing by the bed. The two looked at each other, both stunned for a moment.

Elara was only stunned for a moment before her face turned cold, and she questioned, “Esme, how dare you come to see Alexander?”

Esme lowered her head and said, “There are just some things I don’t understand!”

“There are many things you don’t understand; get out of this room! Seeing you is really unfortunate!” Elara angrily pushed Esme. Esme knew that with Elara here, she couldn’t talk to Alexander anymore.

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Esme had no choice but to set the flowers and fruit she brought on the bedside table. “Sorry to bother you!”

“Wait,” Elara called out. Esme turned around.

Elara walked over, eyed the bouquet and fruit, then glanced at Esme. After a moment, she grabbed them and threw them at Esme. “Take your stuff and get out! What do you think this is, a trash can?” Elara’s tone dripped with sarcasm.

Alexander just pursed his lips, found a comfy spot to lie down, and picked up his phone to read the news.

Esme started crying. “Elara, you don’t have to be like this, do you? I came to see Alexander with good intentions.”

Elara snapped, “Don’t you know what you’ve done? I can’t believe how despicable and shameless you are!”

Elara’s cursing grew even nastier. Esme’s face froze. She had just come to see Alexander. She knew she had messed up, so she came to apologize.

“Elara, you should speak politely! Honestly, in my entire life, you’re the only elder I’ve ever seen with such poor manners!” Esme shot back indignantly.

Over the years, Esme had put up with a lot from the Tudor family to marry Alexander. Now Elara still wanted to bully her.

“I suggest you broaden your horizons!” Elara laughed and kicked the flowers on the ground again. “Hurry up and get out! Just looking at you annoys me. How can you be so despicable and shameless? If I were the Russell Family, I’d

keep you tied up at home so you wouldn't go anywhere and bring shame to your family!"

After hearing this, Esme couldn't hold back anymore. "I'm not a dog!"

"How are you any better than a dog? Get out, get out!" Elara kicked the flowers and shoved Esme, pushing them both out.

Esme stumbled a few steps, almost falling to the ground. She thought it was over, but then she saw Elara go back to pick up the fruit and throw it at her.

The apples hitting Esme hurt a lot. Esme's tears fell suddenly, feeling extremely wronged. "I don't deserve this!"

Hearing this, Elara opened the door and said, "Be glad it's the 21st century. If it were any older times, you'd be dead by now!" After saying this, she shut the hospital room door.

Esme was left trembling from the fall. When she looked up again, all she saw was the door to the hospital room.

Elara's cursing voice came from inside the room. "Truly shameless! I've seen shameless people, but never someone like her! Thank goodness I don't have a daughter like that!"

Esme clenched her fists, letting her nails dig into her flesh.

Passing patients' family members and nurses glanced at her, quickened their pace after a look, and whispered among themselves.

Esme stomped her foot, covered her face, and ran away.

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"Just kicked her out like that? Aren't you worried she'll come back with her family?" Alexander asked Elara, barely paying attention as he watched the news.

Elara snorted. "You think it's funny, don't you? If I hadn't shown up, what would you have done?"

“I’d have done the same—thrown her and her stuff out, maybe even less politely,” Alexander replied, still scrolling through his phone for info on Sheldon and the research institute where Elizabeth worked.

Elara shot him a glare. “If you were that kind of person, I wouldn’t have found her in this room.”

“She was only here for a few minutes,” Alexander said, finally looking at Elara. “Weren’t you not coming?”

“I just finished a dinner meeting and was passing by. I have something to tell you about Elizabeth,” Elara said, pouring herself a glass of water.

“Jadeite Tower?” Alexander interrupted.

Elara was stunned. “How did you know?”

“Kieran came by,” Alexander said matter-of-factly.

Elara laughed. “Kieran’s always got the latest scoop.”

“So, what’s your plan?” she asked.

“Her inauguration ceremony needs to be grand,” Elara reminded him.

“I know,” Alexander replied.

“But it can’t be too over the top. Elizabeth’s still pretty resistant to you,” Elara said.

Is there still a future for Elizabeth and Alexander? Even if they don’t end up together, could they at least be friends? They shouldn’t be at odds like before! Elara thought hopefully.

“I know, thanks, Mom,” Alexander said politely. He didn’t mention his plans to leave the hospital. If she knew, she’d definitely be upset.

“Alright, since you know, I’ll head back,” Elara said, looking busy. But Alexander had no idea what she was busy with.

The room finally quieted down. Alexander asked Nolan to find out who’d be at the inauguration ceremony tomorrow. There’d be several big names from the

research institute, some of Sheldon's friends, and a bunch of reporters. Alexander started to form a plan.

The next day, Elizabeth woke up to encouraging messages in the family group chat.

Celine: [I can't be there, but I wish you the best.] Grant: [If Celine isn't going, I won't either! But I sincerely wish you well!] Rose: [There's a major jewelry exhibition in Lisbon, so I'm super busy. Sorry! I wish you all the best in your new role.] David: [I've been running between the office and the hospital, but I'll come if I can. This is your first big role, and I wish you all the best and hope you meet people who will help you!]

Elizabeth smiled at their messages. It was good that everyone was busy; if they were all free, it would mean something was wrong at home.

Elizabeth: [Got all your blessings, thank you everyone! I'll be back soon!]

After sending the message, Elizabeth quickly got ready.

At Jadeite Tower, Sheldon had arranged a grand setup for Elizabeth, with the entire reception hall filled with news about her and the research institute. Elizabeth's personal photo matched the institute's theme, and just looking at her picture made people feel good. The photo was taken when she joined the institute. She was wearing a lab coat and smiling slightly at the camera, a very standard ID photo, but still beautiful.

Elizabeth was backstage doing her makeup, and Sheldon had ordered coffee for her, taking good care of her. Elizabeth looked at the questions the reporters were going to ask and already had answers in mind. Seemingly ordinary questions, but each one was actually quite tricky!

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These were probably the same questions Sheldon had on his mind. Elizabeth figured Sheldon was more eager than anyone to know when this special drug would be ready.

"Ms. Percy, there are so many flowers being delivered to you outside! You really have a lot of charm!" the person in charge joked.

Elizabeth chuckled and asked, "Who are they from? I haven't had a chance to check them out."

“Well, there’s a bunch from the big star Lila, Kieran, Mr. Shawn, and your family. The big surprise is...,” the person said, eyes gleaming with envy, “even Base M sent you flowers?”

Elizabeth was a bit taken aback and thought Felix must’ve used Base M’s name to back her up again.

“Really? Base M?” Elizabeth tried to keep her cool.

The person nodded eagerly. “Yes, Ms. Percy. Do you know Base M? Have you met M? This person is so mysterious, never showing up all these years. Sometimes I even wonder if this is a real person or a fictional one,” the person in charge said.

Elizabeth didn’t respond. ‘Of course, it’s a real person. It’s just that over the years, she was blinded by love and got involved in a relationship,’ Elizabeth thought. She realized that women should focus on their careers! Love would only lead to their downfall!

“However, there are a few very expensive bouquets without any signatures. We don’t know who they are for or who sent them,” the person in charge added.

Elizabeth just listened. She got a message from Lila on her phone.

Lila: [Almost there; see you soon.]

Elizabeth, surprised: [You’re done filming?]

Lila: [I took a day off to support you.] Her friend was doing something big; she would definitely come to show support.

Soon, the host began to warm up the crowd. “Welcome everyone, please take your seats. Our ceremony will start in five minutes!”

The room quieted down a bit as everyone began to take their seats. The screen on the stage started showing images of the research. Then, Sheldon went on stage to speak.

Sheldon on stage was very official, different from the Sheldon off stage. Everyone listened intently.

“Alright, next let’s welcome Elizabeth!” The host gestured to one side. All eyes turned to the stage where Elizabeth slowly walked up.

Today, Elizabeth was wearing a white blazer and black pants, a look that was casual yet a bit cool. She bowed to the audience and greeted, “Hello everyone, I’m Elizabeth. It’s an honor to see you all.”

The reporters below immediately became restless, wanting to ask about Celine first. The Percy Family had protected Celine very well. Since Celine’s accident, no one had been able to see her or interview her.

“Ms. Percy, could you now introduce the drug the research institute is developing?” The host began to follow the event’s agenda.

Elizabeth nodded and quickly got into her professional mode. She opened her file and introduced, “Next, I will introduce our research project and current progress. The drug currently being researched by the institute is SH2N.”

Elizabeth looked at the audience. Everyone focused intently on her, suddenly noticing a different aura about her.

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She spoke up. “SH2N is a special drug targeting brain death and vegetative states. Ten years ago, my grandma organized this team to develop this drug. She spent every day in the lab, dedicating everything to this cause. Unfortunately, there was little progress.”

‘Regrettably, she suffered a minor injury in a chain car accident. Due to her physical condition, our family suggested she withdraw from this research. But my grandma, having worked so hard for so many years, couldn’t let go. So, I decided to take over her responsibilities.’

Elizabeth looked at the many reporters below and said seriously, “I believe that one day, SH2N will save those families who are currently in darkness, despair, or brokenness. Please give us time, and please believe in us.”

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As soon as Elizabeth wrapped up her speech, the crowd erupted in applause. She continued, “But science takes time; we need to keep validating our findings, so things might move a bit slowly. I just hope you all can be patient and keep an eye on our progress.”

Sheldon glanced at Elizabeth, relief washing over him. With her on board, he was sure SH2N would hit new milestones soon.

“Alright, big thanks to Elizabeth for sharing, and a shout-out to the Parcy Family for their unwavering support. Now, let’s open the floor for questions,” the host said with a smile.

A reporter jumped in, “Hi, Elizabeth. I’m from Lisbun Media. Can you update us on SH2N’s progress?”

Elizabeth smiled. “Thanks to Serenity Leaf, we’ve made huge strides and are now two-thirds of the way there.”

The reporter pressed on, “Serenity Leaf is super rare, right? If we need a lot of it for mass production and can’t get it, what’s the plan?”

Elizabeth nodded. “That’s a big challenge for us. We’re confident we’ll figure it out and keep everyone posted.”

Meanwhile, millions were tuning in on the livestream, and the comments were pouring in.

User A: [My dad’s been bedridden for a decade. I hope he can hang on until this is ready.]

User B: [Serenity Leaf is so rare. If the research works, won’t it be crazy expensive? Can regular folks afford it?]

User C: [I’m really hopeful this can help a lot of families.]

But not everyone was optimistic.

User D: [Years of research and nothing to show. Now with new people, it’s even worse.]

User E: [So much money wasted. Just give it to families in need instead!]

“Any more questions from the reporters?” the host asked.

The reporters exchanged glances. Just when it seemed like the event was wrapping up, someone grabbed the microphone. “Elizabeth, how’s Prof. Percy doing? There are rumors she might be facing a disability.”

Elizabeth’s face turned cold. She cut in, “My grandmother’s condition is stable. We’ll update everyone if there’s news. Please don’t spread or believe false rumors.”

“Thanks. Can you comment on Alexander, the president of Tudor Group, kneeling at the airport a few days ago?”

Elizabeth frowned. The host glanced at his cards, clearly caught off guard by the off-script questions. The room buzzed with interest in Elizabeth’s personal life over SH2N’s work. The host was about to step in, but Elizabeth beat him to it.

“Mr. Tudor’s actions are his own. Why ask me?” she shot back, leaving the reporter stunned. “This is SH2N’s event. Stick to relevant questions,” she added, shutting down the chatter.

“Any more questions about SH2N?” she asked.

Everyone shook their heads. Elizabeth thanked the crowd and stepped off the stage.

Sheldon followed. “You and Mr. Tudor...”

“Not close,” Elizabeth cut him off, her tone icy.

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Sheldon let out a helpless chuckle. He knew they’d been married for years.

“Sheldon, from now on, I just want to focus on researching SH2N. I hope we can avoid any more unnecessary drama like this,” Elizabeth said.

Sheldon nodded, respecting her wishes. He might’ve been a bit thoughtless this time.

Elizabeth didn’t notice someone on the second floor had been quietly watching her during the interview. And that “not close” line? It didn’t go unheard.

As she walked past the bouquets at the door, she noticed some flowers had signatures, but many didn’t. She gave them a quick glance and stopped in front of one particular bouquet. She smiled a little, snapped a photo, and sent it to Lila. Then she left.

“Mr. Tudor, Elizabeth’s gone,” Nolan said to Alexander, sounding a bit helpless.

Alexander had come to congratulate Elizabeth. All those unsigned flowers were from him. But he didn't dare show his face.

Alexander's eyes darkened as he watched her leave, his gaze complicated. It wasn't that he couldn't face her; he knew Elizabeth didn't want to see him. She seemed to be in a good mood, and he didn't want to ruin it.

"Mr. Tudor, if you keep hiding like this, how will you ever get Elizabeth to forgive you?" Nolan asked, clearly worried.

Alexander shook his head, checked the time, and said calmly, "Let's go back."

They'd only taken a few steps when someone behind them shouted, "Isn't that Mr. Tudor?"

Another voice chimed in, "It really is Alexander! Hurry!"

Nolan glanced back and saw a swarm of reporters heading their way. It was too late to get Alexander out of there. The reporters had already surrounded them.

Alexander frowned. He was dressed in a low-key black casual outfit. Seeing the reporters, he put on a mask, clearly not wanting to be recognized.

"Mr. Tudor! Are you here to see Elizabeth?"

"Mr. Tudor, did you hear the questions we asked Elizabeth during the interview? Why did you kneel at the airport for her?"

"Mr. Tudor, people are saying you regret the divorce. Is that true? Do you really regret it?"

The barrage of questions made Alexander's head spin. He looked at the crowd, and all he could hear was that one phrase— "Mr. Tudor, people are saying you regret the divorce."

His eyelashes drooped slightly. Nolan was trying to shield him from the reporters, signaling him to move back.

Microphones and cameras kept pushing toward him. Amidst the chaos, a low, hoarse voice slowly emerged, "Yeah, I regret it."

Nolan glanced at Alexander. Nolan always thought he knew Alexander better than anyone, but he never saw it coming when Alexander told all those reporters he truly regretted it.

Just a moment ago, Elizabeth had dodged the reporters' questions on stage. It seemed like Alexander was trying to win Elizabeth over. The reporters were quiet for a beat, then one of them jumped in, "What do you regret? If we remember right, there hasn't been much love in your marriage with Elizabeth these past few years. A lot of folks didn't even know she was your wife! Is it a case of wanting what you can't have?"

The question was sharp. Alexander stared at them for a while, then finally frowned and said, "There was a bit of a misunderstanding between Elizabeth and me."

Everyone exchanged glances but stayed silent. In the quiet, Alexander went on, "Now that the misunderstanding is cleared up, I plan to talk things out with her. If I can, I'll try to win her back."

The room buzzed with excitement. 'Did Mr. Tudor just say he wants to win Elizabeth back?' everyone thought.

Meanwhile, on her way back to the research institute, Elizabeth got a message from Lila.

Lila: [Check out the news!]

Elizabeth wasn't in the mood for news; she had a mountain of reports to get through. Joining the research project late meant she had to work even harder.

When Elizabeth didn't reply for a while, Lila figured she was busy and sent her the news video of Alexander's interview. Elizabeth clicked on it casually, and the phone's volume was a bit loud. The first thing she heard was, "Yeah, I regret it."

Elizabeth frowned as the video zoomed in on Alexander's face, and the words came straight from his mouth. Sheldon was also taken aback when he heard it. Elizabeth was quiet for a few seconds, then quickly turned down the volume. She listened to the reporters' questions and Alexander's answers.

Elizabeth's grip on her phone tightened, and her expression grew more complicated as she watched. Sheldon suddenly laughed beside her. "Mr. Tudor actually admitted his regret in front of the reporters."

Elizabeth quickly put her phone away, awkwardly glanced at Sheldon, and shoved the phone in her pocket, not looking at it again. She said, "He's just trying to avoid embarrassment for all of us, so he brushed off the reporters. You know Mr. Tudor, he's all about fame and fortune."

As she spoke, Elizabeth wasn't even sure what she was saying anymore. Sheldon looked at her with interest, waiting for her to continue. "What else is she going to say?" Sheldon wondered.

Elizabeth froze. Then she turned her head and said, "Sheldon, you didn't even tell me to stop talking."

Sheldon chuckled. "In relationships, it's all about the push and pull."

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Elizabeth asked him, "What about you? Are you single or do you have a family?"

"Me? I've got a happy family. My wife and I grew up together, and we went through a lot before we finally got together. You and Mr. Tudor have known each other for years?" he asked.

Elizabeth nodded. "We hung out since high school. Then we went to college together and...grafted together?"

Sheldon squinted. "Oh?"

"I liked him first," Elizabeth smiled. Now she could talk about her and Alexander's story calmly. Elizabeth sighed and looked out the window. "Sheldon, but I lost the bet."

"Maybe you did lose back then. But now, your good life is just starting. When a man starts to regret, that's when you're won," Sheldon raised an eyebrow, looking serious.

Elizabeth turned to look at Sheldon as if to ask, "Is that so?"

Sheldon nodded. "He admitted his regret in front of the reporters. You've won, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth smiled. But in a relationship, did winning or losing really matter?

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“Love kinda feels like owing someone, right? If it’s all about winning or losing, what’s the point?” Elizabeth thought, staying quiet as the car pulled up in front of the research institute.

Sheldon turned to her and said, “Hey, if you ever need anything, just hit me up. If you’re feeling down, we can grab a few drinks and I’ll cheer you up.”

Elizabeth gave a small smile and nodded, watching as Sheldon’s car drove off. Standing at the entrance of the research institute, Elizabeth didn’t go in right away. She pulled out her phone and replayed the video Lila had sent her.

Alexander said he regretted it. Elizabeth let out a cold laugh. She regretted it too. She regretted wasting so many years of her youth on Alexander.

Lila had sent a bunch of messages, each one angrier than the last:

Lila: [I hate people like that!] Lila: [He’ll never have you in this lifetime!] Lila: [Just focus on your career and ignore him!]

Elizabeth chuckled, then put her phone away and headed to work.

Over at the Tudor Group, Alexander was leaning on his hand, staring at the video on his phone. Nolan walked in to drop off some documents. Alexander looked up and called him, “Nolan.”

“Mr. Tudor.” Nolan nodded.

Alexander frowned and asked, “Do you think Elizabeth will see it?”

“Huh?” Nolan was confused. Alexander looked at him, stayed silent for a couple of seconds, then waved him off.

Nolan paused, suddenly getting an idea. He smiled and said, “Mr. Tudor, she’ll see it.”

‘Good, now Mr. Tudor was finally paying attention to Elizabeth,’ Nolan thought.

After Nolan left, he quietly forwarded the news to Elizabeth. If she couldn't see it, he'd make sure she did.

Alexander sighed, pulled out his phone, and opened Elizabeth's Facebook. Staring at the blank page, he typed a few words, thought for a moment, then deleted them.

Thinking about the past few years with Elizabeth, Alexander really regretted it. He regretted never fully believing in her, being fooled by Esme, and not treating Elizabeth right.

When Elizabeth first liked him, she was just a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl. She wasn't much older now, but she had grown up a lot.

Alexander knew that from now on, he'd have to shamelessly beg for her forgiveness. He hesitated for a long time but finally decided to send a message. He thought it over again and again, and finally sent one sentence:

Alexander: [It's true.] He really regretted it.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the message was sent, he found he had been blocked!

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Alexander was with a mix of emotions he couldn't quite pin down. Elizabeth only unblocked him when she needed something. The moment she didn't, bam, blocked again. Classic Elizabeth.

He tossed his phone aside and rubbed the bridge of his nose, feeling a wave of irritation. He jumped up, grabbed his coat, and headed out. "Nolan, to the dock." When one was bored and restless, it was better to stay busy.

Alexander leaned back in his seat, scrolling through the news on his phone. Just as he was about to dive into the comments, Nolan slammed on the brakes.

"Mr. Tudor!" Nolan shouted.

Alexander leaned forward, gripping the armrest, and frowned. "What's up?"

“It’s Esme,” Nolan said, sounding exasperated. Right in front of the company building, Esme was blocking their car.

Alexander glared at her and said coldly, “Drive away.” He had nothing left to say to Esme. Just thinking about her made his skin crawl.

Esme saw the car starting to back up and rushed to the window. She couldn’t see the disgust in Alexander’s eyes through the glass. She knocked on the window, pleading, “Alexander, give me another chance! I know I messed up. I won’t lie to you again, please.”

Alexander ignored her and called Henry. Henry picked up quickly, and Alexander said, “Esme’s causing a scene at the company entrance. Handle it.”

“Alexander, come down and see me. I miss you. I can’t get through a single moment without you.” Esme’s voice was desperate.

Alexander felt nothing, just a deep calm. If this were before, he would’ve dropped everything to run to her. But those days were over. Just like with Elizabeth.

Seeing the commotion, two security guards ran over and pulled Esme away. “Ms. Russell, this is Mr. Tudor’s car!” one of the guards reminded her.

Of course, Esme knew it was Alexander’s car. If it were anyone else’s, she wouldn’t have bothered. She’d never been this desperate before. It was almost funny how low she’d sunk.

Alexander glanced outside, watching Esme struggle. Nolan didn’t hesitate and drove off. As they turned the corner, Alexander saw Esme collapse to the ground and had no sympathy at all.

Alexander closed his eyes, thinking, ‘Who is to blame for the chaos in my life?’ His phone buzzed. It was a message from Henry: [Alexander, let’s talk. 8 PM.]

Alexander didn’t reply. Henry sent another message: [I’ll wait for you.]

Alexander finally replied: [Okay.] He needed to meet Henry. If Esme could block his car today, she could show up at the villa tomorrow.

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There was no future for him and Esme. Her family, the Russells, needed to get her under control.

At the dock, Alexander and Nolan arrived to see a cargo ship unloading. Alexander walked up and saw it was Kyle's ship. Kyle hadn't returned the foreign goods; he kept them.

"Who are you looking for?" someone suddenly shouted from behind.