

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 531

Alexander spun around to see the guy in charge, decked out in a security uniform and looking pretty intense. When the guy spotted Alexander, he frowned, gave him a once-over, and asked, "Alexander?"

Nolan, with a frosty look, snapped, "Is Mr. Tudor's name something you can just throw around?" The guy chuckled.

"Cancel this cargo ship," Alexander said, pointing at Kyle's vessel.

The guy in charge looked stunned for a second. "Mr. Tudor, this ship belongs to Mr. Brooks."

"I know. Cancel it," Alexander replied, stone-faced and firm.

Alexander had made it clear: no goods from Louis were getting into the country, no exceptions! Since Kyle was defying Alexander, Alexander had the power to shut him down. This place was under Alexander's control.

The guy in charge was quiet for a few seconds, like he had something to say. Alexander asked, "What, do my orders need Mr. Brooks' approval? Do you need to run it by him first?"

The guy hesitated but kept his mouth shut. He chuckled, quickly turned around, and went to find someone to deal with the cargo.

Alexander frowned, getting more annoyed as he looked at the shipment. "Nolan, keep an eye on Kyle's stuff for me," Alexander said, turning around just as a black Mercedes came speeding toward him. The car was flying so fast that the ones behind it couldn't keep up. Alexander watched as it got closer, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"Mr. Tudor, watch out!" Nolan stepped forward.

The guy in charge also yelled, "Mr. Tudor! Be careful, these street racers are nuts. The more you stand still, the more they get a kick out of it!"

Finally, someone who wasn't afraid of death—how could they not be thrilled? Alexander pursed his lips and didn't budge. The car honked a few times. It got closer and closer.

Alexander raised an eyebrow as the roaring engine finally stopped near him. The car was just a few feet away. If he moved even a bit, it would hit his knees.

Alexander looked up at the driver, raised his hand, and gave a little wave. "Come on. Hit me," he seemed to say.

The driver was silent for a moment, and the engine rumbled. A few people exchanged glances. Alexander was watching to see if they had the guts. Would they really dare to hit him? No way! Soon, Kyle got out of the car from the back.

Alexander saw Kyle, and Kyle looked back at him coldly.

"Do we really have to make this so ugly? Can't we find a way out?" Kyle said, his face icy. Even though he was in the car, he didn't have the guts to order the driver to drive straight at Alexander.

That was Alexander. He could kneel before Elizabeth, but don't expect him to kneel before anyone else again.

"Send your goods back, and I'll give you a way out," Alexander said calmly, his handsome face stern and cold. This was his biggest concession. But for Kyle, it was hard to agree to this.

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"Alexander, you're always like this. It's exactly why you and Elizabeth are in this mess," Kyle stepped up, frustration clear in his voice. He knew Alexander too well. Only Elizabeth could make him show mercy right now.

"Do you know what I've always wanted to tell you?" Kyle moved closer, a smirk playing on his lips.

Alexander just frowned, giving Kyle a blank stare. He wasn't biting. But Kyle pushed on, "I saw it with my own eyes—the kidnappers tossing Elizabeth into the sea to save your sorry ass."

Alexander's head snapped up. Wait, Kyle knew about this? he thought, stunned.

Kyle caught the shock in Alexander's eyes and chuckled coldly. "Surprised I was there when you got nabbed?" Kyle's voice was calm, almost mocking.

Alexander was at a loss for words. Why was Kyle there? he wondered.

Kyle saw the tension in Alexander's eyes and laughed. "Don't worry, I wasn't there to save you," he said, dripping with sarcasm. Kyle had no love for Alexander's family. He was there to watch the drama unfold, not to play hero. He hadn't expected to see Elizabeth fighting off the kidnappers, though. From his boat, he watched through a magnifying glass as she was shoved into the water. The sight of her blood spreading across the sea was hauntingly beautiful. The next day, Kyle left the country.

"Alexander, how can someone as smart as you be so dumb?" Kyle's eyes were full of sarcasm.

'Love should be about following your heart, right? But Alexander kept hurting the one who truly loved him just because Esme saved him. Does he even deserve to be called a man?' Kyle thought.

Alexander looked at Kyle, feeling a mix of emotions—frustration and helplessness. He gave a bitter smile, his voice low. "You call me cold. Mr. Brooks, you're just as cold."

"You're my enemy. Even if I told you these things, you wouldn't believe me. So why bother?" Kyle didn't want to stir up more trouble. Seeing Alexander's chaotic life brought him satisfaction. This was exactly what he wanted.

"So, I have no reason to back down, do I?" Alexander's tone turned icy. Kyle's hand clenched at his side.

Alexander gave him a cold look, then walked away with Nolan. Before leaving, he told the person in charge, "By five tomorrow morning, get rid of all the trash that doesn't belong here. Or replace the whole department."

The person in charge didn't dare slack off, even with Kyle standing there. He quickly got people to start clearing out Kyle's goods.

Kyle was livid. He'd only managed to get less than a third of his shipments. It was tough for him to make progress. He knew Alexander had power in Lisbun, but he hadn't realized just how much.

Kyle watched Alexander's car drive away, then looked at his goods being taken away, grinding his teeth in anger.

Chapter 533

On the way back, Alexander kept his eyes shut, trying to catch some rest. Nolan glanced back and asked softly, "Mr. Tudor, should I take you home to rest?"

Alexander opened his eyes, looking at the bustling city, feeling a mix of emotions. Elizabeth closed the file in her hand and picked up her phone. It was already 2 AM. Rose had sent her a message around nine, which she hadn't seen.

Rose: [There's a jewelry exhibition coming up. I left the invitation on your bed. Remember to check it out and relax a bit.]

Elizabeth put away her phone, took off her work clothes, and walked out. The research institute was still buzzing with people, all busy with their work. After gaining public attention, everyone seemed more motivated and hopeful for the success of their research.

Elizabeth pushed open the door of the institute, and a cold wind blew in, making her shiver. It was freezing. Elizabeth put her hands in her pockets and was about to leave when a black sports car suddenly stopped beside her. The car door opened automatically. Elizabeth bent down slightly to look inside, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes.

"Get in, Elizabeth." The person's voice was lazy, with an indescribable allure.

Elizabeth looked at the person and raised an eyebrow, asking, "Just because you tell me to get in, I should get in?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Elizabeth suddenly sneezed.

"Come on, get in!" The person got out of the car, walked around the front, and pushed Elizabeth into the car.

"Ivan, did you resolve your issues abroad?" Elizabeth asked.

"Yeah, I did. I booked a restaurant. Let's have dinner together."

"It's so late."

“I came to find you as soon as I landed.” Ivan’s tone carried a hint of grievance.

“Alright. Since you just landed, let’s have dinner together.” Elizabeth smiled.

The car quickly drove away. Not far away, a black Maybach with its hazard lights on had a person inside with a grim expression. At 2 AM, Ivan returned from abroad. The first thing he did wasn’t to find Alexander but to find Elizabeth.

“Mr. Tudor, you should have gone over directly!” Nolan was really anxious. They had been waiting for three hours. Alexander had finally waited for Elizabeth to get off work, but he didn’t go over. Now, Elizabeth had left with Ivan. Those three hours were wasted.

Alexander felt frustrated. He wondered, ‘What exactly is the relationship between Elizabeth and Ivan? Why has their relationship suddenly become so good?’

It had been so long since Elizabeth smiled at him, yet she smiled so happily at Ivan. Alexander opened his phone, wanting to question Elizabeth, but realizing that he had been blocked, he remained silent.

“Take me home.” Alexander’s tone was calm, but it carried an indescribable anger.

Alexander thought, A day has passed. Hasn’t Elizabeth seen what I said to the reporters? Why hasn’t she reacted at all?

“Mr. Tudor,” Nolan called out.

Alexander looked up and said, “Speak!” His tone was heavier, and Nolan paused, knowing he was angry because of Ivan.

“Winning back Elizabeth isn’t something that can be done in a day or two. Don’t rush,” Nolan comforted.

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Alexander rubbed his temples, feeling like he had it all but still had this nagging feeling inside. He didn’t even notice the car tailing the black sports car ahead.

It was early morning, so the roads were pretty empty. Two fancy cars like theirs naturally caught his eye. Elizabeth had planned to catch some Z's, but she spotted the car behind them in the rearview mirror.

At first, she thought it was just heading the same way. It was dark, and she couldn't make out the license plate. After a few turns, she realized the car was still on their tail.

Elizabeth squinted, and at a red light, the taillights of Ivan's car lit up the other car's license plate. She looked back and realized it was Alexander's car.

"Why is Alexander following us?" she wondered.

By now, Ivan had noticed too. "I saw Alexander's interview with the media today," he said.

Elizabeth immediately looked away and turned to Ivan, saying calmly, "Yeah, I saw it."

Ivan smiled and asked casually, "What did you think?"

Elizabeth pursed her lips, looked down, and fiddled with her phone, her expression indifferent. "What else is there to think? He just gave some half-hearted answers to the reporters, and I just listened casually. We're all adults; we can't take everything people say seriously, right?" She wasn't going to be that naive anymore.

Ivan looked at Elizabeth. He suddenly sensed a strange resilience in her. He used to think Elizabeth was a peculiar presence, always hovering around Alexander, doing annoying things. Now he realized that Elizabeth was truly clear-headed.

Unfortunately, the price of her clarity was losing a marriage and the person who loved her the most. Elizabeth had endured too much for loving Alexander.

"So, is there really no chance for you and Alexander to get back together?" Ivan asked again.

Elizabeth smiled at him. "You seem very interested in me and Alexander."

Ivan was silent for three seconds, then nodded. "Yeah, very interested."

Elizabeth told him, “Ivan, I’m not sure from what angle you’re asking this question. But no matter how you put it, there’s no chance of Alexander and me getting back together.”

“No matter what Alexander does, you won’t get back together with him?” Ivan asked.

Elizabeth nodded. Absolutely not, she thought.

Ivan frowned and said, “But Elizabeth, when it comes to matters of the heart, it’s easy to say pretty words. When the day actually came, people often lost their composure. They were all just ordinary people. Especially in matters of love, nobody could stay clear-headed for long.”

“I will be resolute,” Elizabeth said, gazing out the window. The night was no longer as dark. She thought she would be resolute, just like Alexander had resolutely said he wouldn’t love her and wanted a divorce.

Thinking about the past, Elizabeth’s heart no longer ached but felt calm. Since the day she decided to divorce Alexander, happiness and love no longer belonged to her. Whether her future life would be good or bad, she would bear it herself.

Indeed, seeing a resolute look in Elizabeth’s eyes and realizing she wasn’t joking, Ivan frowned, his tone heavy. “Elizabeth, I hope you’re well.”

Elizabeth looked at Ivan in surprise, then smiled. “I hope you’re well too.”

“I will be, because I have a new goal,” he said.

Elizabeth was puzzled. “A new goal?”

Ivan looked at Elizabeth’s profile, a slight smile on his lips. “Yeah, a new goal.”

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Ivan wasn’t interested in Elizabeth merely because she saved his life. He was genuinely curious about her as a person. Elizabeth was young and fiery, whether in love or hate. How could that not catch Ivan’s eye? She possessed top-notch medical skills but abandoned them to take over Celine’s research project. Pretty impressive. She looked delicate, but inside, she was like a whole universe, totally mysterious. Ivan was definitely interested in Elizabeth.

The car pulled up in front of a private kitchen. Elizabeth and Ivan walked in, one after the other. Elizabeth turned to him, “So, Ivan, you’ve been back for a few days now. What’s your next move?”

“I’ve got stuff to handle,” Ivan said lazily.

As they stepped into the restaurant, he glanced back. The black Maybach had followed them. Ivan shut the door.

“In a few days, you’ll see what I’m up to,” Ivan told Elizabeth.

Outside, the Maybach’s window rolled down. Alexander looked at the private kitchen in the distance, a helpless smile playing on his lips. Ivan knew his spots—a private kitchen. Finding a good restaurant at this hour was tough.

Alexander pulled out his phone; he knew Ivan had spotted him. He texted Ivan: [Interesting?]

Ivan shot back: [Not bad.]

Alexander: [Ivan, you better know your limits.]

Ivan: [I’ve asked Elizabeth many times; Alexander, you have no chance.]

Alexander: [Ivan, Elizabeth is my ex-wife!]

Ivan: [You didn’t appreciate her, and now you won’t let me try?]

Alexander: [Don’t push it.]

Ivan: [I’m not pushing it; I’m helping you both move on.]

Alexander: [Get lost.]

Alexander put down his phone, clearly pissed. Ivan looked at his phone and chuckled. Elizabeth glanced up.

Ivan cleared his throat, set the phone aside, and said, “The food here is pretty good.”

Elizabeth nodded, ordered her favorites, and let Ivan pick the rest. Ivan quickly ordered a few dishes and started chatting with Elizabeth. The phone stayed silent.

Alexander headed straight back. The villa felt cold and empty. Alexander sat on the sofa, staring at everything around him, feeling particularly annoyed. In less than six months, everything had changed so much it left him feeling helpless. It felt like his life had been sucked dry.

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Alexander didn't even dare to lose his eyes and think about Elizabeth too much. Otherwise, his mind would be flooded with thoughts of her—Elizabeth's figure at home, Elizabeth proudly saying they were the perfect match. But then, it was Elizabeth's determined back; Elizabeth's repeated words, "Let's get a divorce." Now they were really divorced, but the one who lost out was him.

Alexander stared at the empty wall and thought of that painting again. She left without a second thought, not even leaving a single painting behind.

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Chapter 536

Alexander trudged upstairs, pushed open the bedroom door, and took in the lonely room with a mix of emotions. Honestly, ever since Elizabeth moved out, he barely set foot in here; he'd been crashing in the room across the hall. Seeing this room again, it felt so cold and empty. It wasn't like this when Elizabeth was around. The place always felt cozy; even a simple bouquet on the coffee table made it feel like home. But now, everything seemed dull and lifeless.

He remembered the first day Elizabeth showed up at the villa, how she was so cautious, her cheeks all flushed. Back then, Elizabeth never imagined her marriage would turn into something she couldn't even talk about.

Alexander's fingers lightly brushed the pillow on the bed. They had shared this bed much; now it was mostly Elizabeth alone. She'd be so happy to see him, but every time he came, it was just to criticize her for hurting Esme. Thinking about all the times he got mad and all the times she tried to explain, he felt like such an idiot.

Everyone said Alexander was smart and sharp, a real boss at work. But when it came to marriage and feelings, he was a total mess.

Alexander flopped onto the sofa. Watching the clock on the wall tick away, time just seemed to slip through his fingers. If he could, he'd go back to high school in a heartbeat. He'd still go to Elizabeth after a fight, let her patch him up, and listen to her lecture him over and over. But he still wouldn't listen; he'd keep fighting, just to get closer to her a few more times.

After getting into college, he'd wait patiently for Elizabeth to get in too. He'd be good only to her. But those were all "what ifs." Time didn't turn back.

Alexander let out a bitter laugh. Ivan sent a message: [I got Elizabeth home safe.] Alexander looked at the message, fuming. He didn't reply, just lay on the bed staring at the ceiling.

The phone buzzed again.

Ivan: [Alexander, you really have no chance.]

Alexander squinted, still not replying.

Ivan: [You're really pathetic. Elizabeth used to be all about you, but now when she talks about you, it's only with hate. What did you do?]

Ivan: [Alexander, you really don't know how to cherish her.]

Losing someone like Elizabeth, Alexander knew he messed up big time. He finally sent one sentence back.

Alexander: [Anything is possible.]

Ivan: [Don't get your hopes up.]

Alexander: [What happens between Elizabeth and me is none of your business.]

Ivan: [I'm just telling you, you really have no chance.]

Alexander was already on edge. Ivan's constant reminders that he had no chance were driving him nuts.

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Elizabeth hadn't forgiven him yet, but he was determined to make it up to her and apologize. As long as she accepted his apology, he could try to win her back. If he kept at it, he believed they'd reconcile one day.

Hate comes from love, right? Alexander thought. But then again, what is love?

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Rase grabbed Elizabeth just as she was about to head out to the research institute. Elizabeth, munching on her breakfast, looked puzzled. "What's up?"

"Let's chat," Rose said, pulling her over to the couch. Declan walked in from the backyard, wiped his hands, and sat down across from Elizabeth. "Celine used to lock herself in that lab all the time. You can't do that," Declan said.

"We're just saying, work can't be done in a day. You need to balance work and rest. Set some working hours," Rose suggested. They heard Elizabeth come back around four in the morning last night. And now, just after nine, she was about to head out again. How could her body handle that?

Elizabeth realized they were worried about her health. She nodded and said, "Thanks, Mom and Dad. From now on, I'll work from nine to nine, twelve hours a day. Is that okay?"

Rose and Declan exchanged a glance and shook their heads. "No way!"

Elizabeth asked, "Then, nine to six?" Hearing this, Rose and Declan exchanged another glance, ready to refuse again. Elizabeth quickly added, "It can't be any shorter." The pressure in the lab was immense; with just a few hours there, she wouldn't get anything done.

Rose and Declan thought for a moment and finally agreed, "Be very careful on your way to and from work." If anything else happened, they really couldn't take it.

"Got it, Mom. I'm fine. You both take care! It's getting colder, and if it snows this winter, make sure you don't catch a cold. You know how it is with getting older," Elizabeth chuckled. Rose and Declan's faces immediately turned serious. They were as fit as ever!

Elizabeth waved and went out. She planned to take the bus to the research institute to get a sense of everyone's current economic conditions.

Elizabeth had just stepped out of the house when she saw a black Maybach parked outside. The car window rolled down, and Elizabeth saw Alexander's face. He seemed to have not rested well; his face was pale, and his eyes looked tired.

Elizabeth ignored him and headed straight for the bus stop. Alexander honked the horn, unbuckled his seatbelt, and got out of the car. He blocked Elizabeth's path.

Elizabeth looked at him, her eyes devoid of emotion. Alexander was dressed in a black suit, looking very formal. He also sized up Elizabeth. She was wearing a dress and a trench coat, looking very casual.

Alexander lowered his head, as if wanting to say something but not knowing how to start. With Elizabeth, he might really have no way to hold his head up. But to seek Elizabeth's forgiveness, he had to be a bit shameless. "I'll take you to work," he said.

Elizabeth could hear a lack of confidence in his voice. This was not something Xander would usually say. "How could I trouble you, Mr. Tudor? I don't need a ride; the bus will be here soon." Elizabeth pointed to the bus stop ahead, effectively rejecting Alexander.

Alexander was silent for two seconds and said, "Come on, I'm already here." Elizabeth shook her head. Alexander stared at her and directly grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, pulling her toward the car.

"I said I don't need it!" Elizabeth said, annoyed. Alexander opened the car door and gestured for Elizabeth to get in.

If it were the old Alexander, he would have let Elizabeth do as she pleased. But for the current Alexander, if she didn't get in the car, he would still force her in.

"What's the point?" Elizabeth couldn't understand him.

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The vibe in the car was kind of weird. Elizabeth stared out the window, saying nothing, while Alexander drove at a snail's pace. She shot him a look and sighed. "At this rate, I'm going to be late."

Alexander glanced over, nodded, and barely pressed the gas a bit more. Elizabeth folded her arms, glaring at him. "Do you have something to say?"

He nodded. "Yeah." She frowned, waiting for him to speak.

"I..." He hesitated, words stuck in his throat.

Elizabeth had never seen him like this before. It was a feeling she couldn't quite put her finger on. She'd always respected him, even after the divorce, even when they became strangers. She wanted Alexander to always be true to himself.

"There's nothing left to say between us," Elizabeth broke the silence. "Over the past three years, we've seen each other for who we really are. You're not the right person for me, and I made a mistake."

Alexander looked at her. She was staring right back. He let out a helpless laugh, while she kept her gaze steady, her voice calm. "And I'm not the right person for you either."

She didn't know who would be right for Alexander. But she knew for sure, it wasn't her.

"Alexander," she said, "we're both adults. Stop being selfish and stubborn." There was no anger in her voice, just seriousness. "Don't contact me anymore. I'm serious."

Alexander's car came to a stop. They locked eyes. His gaze was intense, like he was trying to see if she really meant it. Elizabeth didn't flinch; she was calm.

Alexander couldn't believe how little he meant to her now, for her to say something like that. She used to love him so much. And now, she could calmly tell him not to contact her anymore.

He shook his head slightly. He had to be honest; he couldn't do it.

"Elizabeth, there are too many misunderstandings between us," he said, his voice heavy. "The reason we ended up like this is all because of misunderstandings. I can't let you go. I hope you can give me a chance, whether to make it up to you or to make myself feel a bit better. Don't push me away." He looked into her eyes, his gaze serious. "Okay?"

Elizabeth lowered her head. His words left her unmoved.

Alexander was at a loss for words. He was always strong-willed, just didn't know how to express his thoughts.

"Are you done?" Elizabeth checked the time. She needed to get to work. Alexander felt a deep pain in his heart.

Elizabeth was right there in the passenger seat, close enough to smell her perfume. They were so close, yet it felt like a vast chasm separated them.

'Is this really the end?' Alexander wondered.

Elizabeth's phone suddenly rang. She picked it up—it was Rose.

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Elizabeth spotted the research institute just up ahead. She answered the call while unbuckling her seatbelt. "Yeah, I saw the invite last night. I'll be there," she said. "Okay," Elizabeth hung up. It was Rose, checking if she'd seen the invite to the jewelry exhibition that morning.

Turning to Alexander, Elizabeth said, "The research institute is right here. No need to drop me off. I'll walk from here." She pushed open the car door, ready to get out, but Alexander grabbed her wrist.

Elizabeth turned back. His hand was warm, warmer than she'd ever felt from him before. She looked up at him. Too bad this warmth came too late.

Elizabeth pulled her hand away. "Mr. Tudor, don't cross the line." With that, she got out of the car.

Alexander quickly followed. "Elizabeth, I might have to be selfish one more time," he said, guilt heavy in his voice.

Elizabeth didn't stop. Her steps toward the research institute grew more determined, her back resolute.

Alexander watched her for a long time. Only when she was completely out of sight did he lean against the car. He grabbed a cigarette, took a couple of puffs, then choked and tossed it into the trash. Annoyance gnawed at him, like ants crawling inside, making him restless.

Inside the research institute, without Alexander's burning gaze on her, Elizabeth finally slowed down a bit. She even glanced back. Confirming he wasn't there, she barely had time to catch her breath when a man's voice beside her said, "Did Alexander drop you off?"

She turned. It was Joe Caleb, a thirty-five-year-old with a great personality and a good sense of humor. Elizabeth had heard Celine mention him a few times and had interacted with him recently. He seemed nice. Plus, Joe had a connection with Sheldon.

Elizabeth shrugged. "Yeah."

"So, are you getting back together with him?" Joe asked, half-joking.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow, scanned her fingerprint to clock in, and said, "I would never get back together with him."

"If it's someone as impressive as Alexander, it's not like you can't," Joe said seriously.

Elizabeth just found it amusing. "What he can give me, I can give myself. So, to me, he's not that special," she said with a calm smile.

Joe laughed. "True, you lack nothing." He shook his head, muttering, "Girls these days are too clear-headed about relationships."

Elizabeth just smiled and said nothing. Joe nodded and went off to work.

Elizabeth watched him go, thinking about what he said. She had only become clear-headed after being wronged. Shaking her head, she quickly went to change into her work clothes.

At the hospital, Esme was hospitalized again due to emotional instability. Henry looked at the haggard Esme on the hospital bed, his expression complex, wanting to speak but stopping several times.

Esme stared blankly at the ceiling and asked softly, "Henry, isn't he coming to see me?"

Henry frowned. "Who?"

Esme's eyes remained vacant. Who else could it be? she thought.

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“Esme, we’re not kids anymore. You and him? It’s over. He’s not going to come running just ‘cause you’re sick, got it?” Henry tried to snap Esme out of it.

Esme’s eyes welled up instantly. She couldn’t believe a cruise party ad had undone all her hard work. Alexander was divorced and already with her. It all seemed so perfect. But now it was like this.

Esme shut her eyes, tears streaming down her face. She was truly heartbroken. And she had no idea how to fix it.

“Henry, please help me,” Esme’s voice was soft, barely holding it together.

Henry stayed silent. He only found out after meeting Alexander that Esme had pretended to be Elizabeth to take credit for saving him. Esme had lied, and of all people, she lied to Alexander.

“Tell him I’m really sick,” Esme sobbed.

Henry replied, annoyed, “Esme, Alexander doesn’t care about you anymore. Even if you’re seriously ill, he won’t care.”

‘When will Esme finally get clear-minded?’ Henry thought. “This is Alexander, who hates lies the most. The day she decided to deceive him, she should’ve known the truth would come out. And when it did, she’d be doomed.”

Esme’s tears kept falling. But there was nothing she could do.

“Esme, the Russell Family has spoiled you enough. We can’t risk our reputation for your nonsense,” Henry’s words were blunt.

The Russell Family treated her like gold. Even when she messed up Alexander and Elizabeth’s family, they still indulged her. But this time, she’d gone too far.

Henry persuaded, “Let Alexander go, and let yourself go too. He really has no feelings for you.”

Esme shook her head, refusing to believe it. She and Alexander had been tangled up for almost four years. She believed he once had a feeling for her.

Esme felt crushed. She could barely breathe, like the air was being sucked out of her. It was so suffocating.

“Henry,” Esme called out. She was really sick and felt awful.

Henry thought she was faking it, so he ignored her. It wasn’t until a few minutes later that Henry noticed Esme had gone quiet. He looked up.

Esme’s face was pale, her hand gripping the bedsheet, her fingertips white. Henry was stunned. He quickly stood up, rushed to her side, and called out, “Esme?”

“Esme?” he called again, but no matter how much he shook her, she didn’t respond.

Esme looked like she couldn’t speak. Henry quickly went to get a doctor.

At eight in the evening, Elizabeth left the research institute after work. Joe hurriedly ran out from behind and accidentally bumped into her shoulder.

Elizabeth glanced at Joe, who was about to apologize, but she cut him off, “It’s okay.” Joe quickly said sorry and ran off.

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