

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love Chapter 541

When Elizabeth turned to head to the bus stop, she noticed a car parked by the roadside. Alexander was leaning against it, smoking a cigarette, and just happened to look up. He blew out a smoke ring, straightened up, and stubbed out the cigarette, tossing it into the trash can.

Elizabeth frowned and pulled her coat tighter around her, clearly not wanting to deal with him. Alexander walked toward her, carrying a faint scent of tobacco. Since he didn't smoke often, the smell wasn't strong. But Elizabeth still didn't like it.

"Off work?" he asked, trying to be patient.

Elizabeth nodded, looking at him. "What a coincidence, Mr. Tudor. I'm heading home." She knew he was waiting for her, but she didn't want anything to do with him.

"I was waiting for you. Get in the car; I'll take you home," Alexander said, gesturing to the car.

Elizabeth was even more puzzled by him. 'What does he want?' she wondered.

"If you're here to apologize, I accept it. Don't waste your time. Everyone's busy," she said dismissively. Compared to Alexander's patience, Elizabeth was more curt.

"Get in the car," Alexander repeated. He didn't respond directly but pulled her toward the car.

Elizabeth yanked her arm away, angry. "Alexander, don't you get what I'm saying?"

"I'm really sorry, and I want to make it up to you," he said sincerely.

Elizabeth laughed. "You say you want to make it up to me, but you need to give me a chance to let you, right?"

"That's why I'm trying now," Alexander said calmly.

Elizabeth was at a loss for words. Indeed, he was trying to get a chance to make it up to her.

“I forgive you, but I don’t need you to make it up to me. Just don’t show up in front of me again,” she said, her whole demeanor screaming rejection. She was very disdainful. Her life was fulfilling now, and she didn’t want Alexander to disturb her.

“Just this once, I’ll take you home, and I won’t come again,” he said.

Elizabeth smiled slightly. “Sorry, but not even this last time.” With that, she started to walk away.

At that moment, a car pulled up beside them. Elizabeth saw someone she knew get out of the sports car. This was bad.

“Alexander, you’re here,” Ivan said, somewhat surprised.

Elizabeth glared at Alexander and tried to pull her hand away, but Alexander only held on tighter.

“What are you two doing?” Ivan looked at their hands, puzzled.

“Elizabeth, off work? Let me take you to dinner. I know a great restaurant!” Ivan said, coming to her side and deliberately trying to remove Alexander’s hand.

Alexander tightened his grip on Elizabeth’s hand and pulled her to his side. “Ivan, I was here first,” he reminded him.

Ivan gave a lazy smile. When it comes to pursuing love, who cares who shows up first? If the first one takes her away, then the one who comes later won’t even have a chance to try? The best thing is to let Elizabeth choose for herself, Ivan thought.

He turned to Elizabeth and asked directly, “Are you going with me or with him?”

Elizabeth was really angry. “I want to go home!” She thought, *I am an independent person, not their toy. What are they thinking?*

However, Ivan insisted, “No, you have to choose one of us!”

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Elizabeth shot a look of pure disdain at the two guys, sidestepped them, and headed straight for the bus stop. Back in the day, she would've jumped at the chance to go with Alexander. Or maybe, just to mess with him, she'd have gone with Ivan. But now, Elizabeth had grown up.

"Elizabeth, are you dodging this?" Ivan suddenly blurted out. "Remember what you said in the car?" She had told him there was no chance with Alexander. So why was she ducking out now when Ivan asked her to choose?

"I'm not dodging anything; I just don't want to deal with either of you," Elizabeth snapped at Ivan. 'Seriously, Ivan, quit being a pain,' she thought.

Just then, the bus pulled up, and Elizabeth hopped on without a second thought. She glanced out the window. Alexander was just standing there, staring at her, saying nothing. And Ivan? His smug face screamed mockery.

Elizabeth could tell Ivan was testing the waters, trying to see if there was still a spark between her and Alexander. She didn't want to be anyone's spectacle.

The bus rolled away. Ivan let out a sigh. Alexander turned to get in his car, but Ivan called out, "Alexander."

Alexander shot him a cold look, clearly annoyed.

"I was testing for you. Elizabeth really doesn't have feelings for you anymore," Ivan said, acting like he was doing Alexander a favor.

Alexander couldn't care less. "Mind your own business," he snapped.

Ivan pressed on, "Can't you see I'm trying to help?"

"You?" Alexander gave him a once-over and smirked. Ivan's intentions were anything but good.

As Alexander's car passed Ivan, he honked the horn, making Ivan's ears ring. Ivan cursed, "You just don't get it!"

Alexander glanced in the rearview mirror and smirked. He knew exactly what was up. Ivan wanted Elizabeth for himself but didn't want to mess up their friendship, so he kept testing the waters—seeing if Elizabeth still had feelings

for Alexander, and vice versa. At least Ivan had some decency and wasn't making a direct move.

Suddenly, Alexander's phone rang. It was Nolan.

"Mr. Tudor, where are you?" Nolan asked. 'Why have you been disappearing without a word lately, coming to work late and leaving early?' Nolan wondered. This wasn't like Alexander.

Alexander frowned and replied calmly, "The research institute."

Nolan got the hint and said, "Alright. Mr. Tudor, we got an invite to a jewelry exhibition. It's hosted by the Shawn Group, probably Ivan, so you need to go."

Alexander responded coolly and hung up. Ivan had always been into jewelry, but he couldn't design, so he just admired it. He had a jewelry brand under his name with some top designers. It had been quiet for years, just waiting for the right moment. Looked like Ivan was finally launching his brand.

Since it was Ivan's event, Alexander had to show up. Even though Ivan had been chasing Elizabeth, they weren't enemies, and their friendship was still intact. But for some reason, Alexander found himself driving to the gate of Percy Villa.

Elizabeth's room light was on. He rolled down the car window and stared at her window, feeling a pang of sadness. A chilly breeze blew in, making him shiver. Alexander leaned back in his seat, instinctively pulling out his phone to text Elizabeth.

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Somehow, Alexander had ended up leaning on Elizabeth more than he ever thought he would. He was always itching to text her, and even at work, he couldn't shake the urge to go see her. He kinda got why Elizabeth did what she did back then. It wasn't shocking; it was just what happened when one cared too much about someone. People in this world weren't that hard to handle; it was one's own heart that was the real challenge.

Alexander just watched, feeling a heavy weight in his chest. He knew he had lost Elizabeth and needed to make things right, but with her cold stares and indifference, he was at a loss. They seemed stuck. No, maybe it was just Alexander who was stuck. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was moving on. Back then, he was the one moving forward, and Elizabeth was right behind him.

Now, Elizabeth was the one moving forward, and he couldn't keep up, no matter what.

Alexander lowered his head; the tension in the car was suffocating. He closed his eyes, replaying the past few years in his mind until a knock on the car window snapped him out of it. Alexander looked up to see Declan standing outside. They ended up sitting on a bench.

Alexander fiddled with his phone, sneaking glances at Declan beside him. Declan looked back, and when their eyes met, Alexander quickly looked away.

Declan laughed. "I used to think you were so high and mighty; even after you married Elizabeth, you still had that air about you." It was the first time Declan had seen Alexander so unsure, and it made him a bit uneasy. Alexander clearly didn't know how to respond. Declan broke the silence. "You're here looking for Elizabeth?"

Before Alexander could answer, Declan went on, "You two are divorced; why are you still chasing after her? Elizabeth's got a bad temper."

"She's actually pretty great," Alexander said.

Declan chuckled. "Great? She was spoiled from day one. Later, she liked you and clung to you every day. Don't tell me you didn't find her annoying; even I did!"

Alexander quickly shook his head. "I feel about Elizabeth..." He wanted to say he didn't dislike her. But then Declan cut in, "I'm telling you this because you two just don't fit."

Alexander didn't know what to say. He looked at Declan, frowning.

Declan continued, "You two aren't a match, and Elizabeth isn't anything special. So, since you're already divorced, just let it go."

Declan blamed it all on Elizabeth. But he didn't realize the one who wasn't special was Alexander. Alexander's face showed rare panic. He looked off into the distance, thought for a moment, and said, "Declan, give me one more chance."

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Declan looked like he'd just heard the funniest joke ever. He turned to Alexander, eyes wide with disbelief. "Give him another chance?" Declan thought to himself. He chuckled and looked away.

Alexander, on the other hand, felt uneasy about Declan's laugh. Declan sighed and asked, "Mr. Tudor, imagine you had a daughter. You loved her, spoiled her, and kept her safe from everything. But then one day..."

Declan had to look at Alexander again, continuing slowly, "One day, she falls for someone and gives him her whole heart. Your precious daughter, who couldn't stand any hurt, ends up broken and scarred. Would you really give the guy who did that to her another shot?"

Alexander frowned. "I won't hurt her again. I'll protect her."

"Words are easy, but is it really that simple? Can you actually do it?" Declan looked at Alexander, a helpless smile on his face. Declan was calm and not hostile. He was trying to talk to Alexander, asking him not to hurt Elizabeth again. Neither Elizabeth nor the Percy family would give him that chance.

"I messed up before, but I won't again. I know Elizabeth has given up a lot for me," Alexander said heavily.

Declan just smiled lightly and said, "Mr. Tudor."

"You're too polite." Alexander frowned. Declan's constant "Mr. Tudor" was pushing Alexander further away. Elizabeth had pushed him away, and now the Percy family was doing the same. Alexander had to admit, he felt completely lost, like he was being swallowed by darkness. The darkness wrapped around him, leaving no way out.

"No matter what, you two were married once. I just think it's better not to make things too awkward," Declan sighed and slowly stood up. He brushed off his clothes, adjusted his buttons, and said, "You're good, and Elizabeth is good too. I really hope you both find someone right for you in the future."

Alexander shook his head. He knew deep down that besides Elizabeth, he couldn't be with anyone else.

"Alright, it's getting late. You should head back," Declan said, glancing at his house. Elizabeth's room lights had just turned off. Declan added, "She's got her own life now; she's doing well. Don't bother her anymore."

With that, Declan went home. Alexander just stared at the dark window and Declan's retreating figure, feeling all sorts of emotions.

When Declan got home, Rose was watching a movie in the living room. "Why are you back so late?" Rose looked up, calm as ever.

"I saw Alexander outside and had a chat," he said.

Rose frowned, her whole body tensing at the mention of Alexander. "He was outside our house? Looking for Elizabeth? Just tell him she's not home and won't see him! No way!" Rose was really upset.

Declan laughed, thinking, *Alexander should be glad it was me who saw him. If it had been Rose, she would've torn him apart.* Declan sighed, walked over to Rose, poured a glass of water, and said lightly, "Calm down."

"How can I not be angry? He hurt Elizabeth so much! Just thinking of him makes me mad!" She was so angry she didn't even want to watch TV anymore.

Declan, feeling helpless, patted Rose's shoulder, trying to calm her down. "How was Elizabeth today?" Declan asked. Actually, Elizabeth was in a pretty good mood.

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Rose chimed in, "Ever since Elizabeth split from Alexander, she's been in such a better mood." At least she wasn't moping around every day like before.

"That's awesome! By the way, is she going to that jewelry exhibition?" Declan asked.

"Yep, she's definitely going." Rose nodded with enthusiasm.

Declan felt a wave of relief wash over him. As a dad, all he wanted was for Elizabeth to be happy. Other people's happiness or problems? Not his concern. When Alexander hurt Elizabeth, he didn't care about her feelings. So why should Declan care about him?

"The first Shawn-X Jewelry Exhibition is about to kick off in Lisbun. We hope everyone will support it," the TV blared the next morning.

Elizabeth, munching on her toast, raised an eyebrow at the sight of the van on the screen. She couldn't help but pull out the invitation. She looked closely and

saw two big sponsors listed in the bottom right corner. One was Ivan's dad; the other was Ivan himself, who was also the organizer.

Elizabeth, rarely interested, opened the exhibition brochure. There were all sorts of quirky jewelry pieces, with designs that looked super old and unique. But they had their charm. For most people, it was good enough.

Elizabeth finished her last bite of toast and closed the invitation. The exhibition was this afternoon. She decided to take the day off.

Elizabeth did a quick grooming session and headed to the hospital to see Celine. Even though Celine's hand was still out of commission, Elizabeth had taken over her work, so things weren't too bad.

Elizabeth peeled an orange for Celine, and they gossiped about the young nurses at the hospital. They were having a blast.

"The research institute must be exhausting, right?" Celine suddenly asked.

Elizabeth looked up, her eyes twinkling. "Not at all."

If Celine could handle the work, Elizabeth could too. Celine thought about it and nodded.

Elizabeth added, "Don't worry. I'll make sure to nail this project for you." She wouldn't mess it up for Celine; she'd do even better.

"Elizabeth," Celine called out.

Elizabeth nodded. "What's up?"

"The family just wants you to be happy," Celine said out of the blue.

Elizabeth paused with the orange segment in her hand, then smiled and said, "I know, I will be happy."

"Don't let one person ruin your life," Celine said, holding Elizabeth's hand.

Elizabeth sighed. "Come on, Grandma, are you trying to push me into getting married?"

"No," Celine quickly replied.

Elizabeth just smiled and said, “Got it.”

“Grandma, let’s drop it. I need to head out to the jewelry exhibition,” Elizabeth added.

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The introduction to the Shawn Group’s first jewelry exhibition was plastered all over the first-floor lobby. The high-tech screen was super bright and fancy. Outside, the red carpet stretched out long, with staff ready to welcome VIPs like Elizabeth at any moment. They had a special one-on-one tour lined up just for her.

A sleek black Pagani rolled up, grabbing everyone’s attention. Even the reporters inside turned to look.

“That’s Mr. Tudor’s ride!” someone shouted.

“No way, Mr. Tudor’s here?” another person asked.

“Why’s that a shock? Mr. Tudor and Mr. Shawn are tight. It’d be weirder if he didn’t show,” someone else chimed in.

Everyone nodded, agreeing it made sense.

Alexander stepped out of the car, rocking a black turtleneck under a black suit, looking both chill and composed. Nolan was right behind him.

The reporters went nuts, snapping a ton of pictures of Alexander. He looked pretty indifferent, with just a hint of tiredness on his handsome face.

Everyone watched as Alexander walked straight into the exhibition, not talking to anyone. He glanced at his phone a couple of times, and no one bothered him after that.

As soon as he got inside, he saw Ivan coming out. Ivan greeted him with a big smile. “Alexander! I knew you’d show up.”

Even though Ivan was chasing after Elizabeth, both he and Alexander were smart enough not to let it mess with their friendship—at least, not yet.

Alexander nodded. “Everything going okay?”

“Not bad. I gotta go meet a friend now,” Ivan said, dialing a number on his phone.

Alexander caught a glimpse of a familiar name on Ivan’s phone but didn’t look too closely.

Just then, there was a commotion outside. “They’re here,” Ivan said.

Seeing Ivan’s happy face, Alexander thought for a second it might be Elizabeth. But when he turned, it was Kieran.

“He needs you to meet him?” Alexander asked, tugging at his suit collar.

“Nah, my friend’s not here yet!” Ivan laughed, waving at Kieran.

Kieran was busy with the reporters, posing confidently for photos. He was the total opposite of Alexander, who had just walked in. One was here to party, the other for business.

Kieran asked Alexander, “So, what do you think of Ivan’s taste?”

“Haven’t checked it out yet,” Alexander replied honestly.

Kieran laughed. “Come on, let’s go see!”

Alexander nodded, still glancing outside. *Is the friend Ivan’s so eager to meet Elizabeth? But if it was her, would he just say “meet a friend?”* Alexander wondered.

“Hey, what are you daydreaming about?” Kieran nudged Alexander’s shoulder. Alexander followed him in.

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“How’s it going with Elizabeth?” Kieran asked Alexander, hands shoved in his pockets.

Alexander showed his invitation and walked into the exhibition with Kieran. The moment they stepped in, they were hit by the serene and bright vibe. The place was super fancy, with jewelry sparkling everywhere.

“Same old, same old,” Alexander said, strolling further inside.

Kieran smirked. “You even knelt down for Elizabeth.”

“Oh, you heard about that too.” Alexander kept walking, his tone cool and indifferent.

“Yeah, man. When Elizabeth was into you, you were all cold and wanted a divorce. Now that she’s divorced you and is moving on, you chased her to the airport and begged on your knees.”

Alexander shot him a look. ‘Kieran’s as chatty as ever. So damn chatty,’ he thought.

“You’re really annoying,” Alexander grumbled, frowning deeply. Kieran just laughed, shrugged, and kept following him.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you. Elizabeth’s killing it in her career now. In the workplace, she’s a total boss!” Kieran said, one hand still in his pocket.

Alexander glanced at him, eyebrows raised. “Really?”

Kieran nodded seriously. “Yeah, haven’t you seen the news about her new position?”

Alexander pretended not to care, but after checking out a couple of jewelry pieces, he couldn’t focus. He quietly pulled out his phone and searched for yesterday’s news about Elizabeth’s new job. The comments and likes were through the roof, over two hundred thousand. He clicked on one of the top comments.

User A: [Wow, Elizabeth is stunning. Please wear more work clothes, Elizabeth. You look amazing. I love it!]

Alexander felt a twinge of annoyance.

User B: [I want to date Elizabeth. How much money do I need to win her over? Would half of my family’s assets be enough?]

User A replied to User B: [Dream on.]

User B then posted a screenshot, and the comments blew up with praise and flattery. The screenshot showed User B's bank account balance and proof of identity.

Alexander skimmed through it; everyone was praising Elizabeth, with many saying they wanted to pursue her. He checked Elizabeth's Instagram. She hadn't posted anything new, but her followers had skyrocketed.

Compared to the SH2N research results, people seemed way more interested in Elizabeth.

For a moment, Alexander didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He put away his phone, not wanting to admit he was jealous, but still muttered, "Damn, these people are nuts!"

Alexander took a few steps forward, and Kieran called out, "Alexander, look who's here?"

Alexander wasn't in the mood to turn around; it wasn't Elizabeth anyway. If it were her, Kieran would've said so directly. Since he said it like that, it could only be some business partners, or...

Alexander suddenly had a bad feeling. He turned his head and saw two people walking toward them: Henry Russell and the ever-annoying Esme.

Esme's eyes were glued to Alexander. Once she saw him, she couldn't look away.

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"The Russell family showed up too, huh? It's one thing for them to come, but they even brought Esme?" Kieran took a sip of water, eyeing Esme from a distance. She was staring at Alexander but didn't dare approach him.

Back in the day, Esme would have run over, grabbed Alexander's arm, and said, "Alexander, did you miss me?" But now, she wouldn't even get close.

Kieran raised an eyebrow and said, "If I remember right, she's been sick. The doctor said it's pretty bad depression."

Alexander only listened up to this point before turning his attention back to the exhibition.

“Alexander, are you really that heartless? Do you have no feelings for Esme at all now?” Kieran couldn’t resist gossiping.

Alexander, clearly annoyed, said, “Stop bugging me and just enjoy the exhibition.”

“What’s there to enjoy? There’s not a single stunning piece,” Kieran replied.

Alexander had to agree with him on that. Not just this jewelry exhibition hosted by Ivan, but most exhibitions these days, no matter the industry, lacked anything truly impressive. People had seen too much, so the old classic styles just didn’t wow anyone anymore.

“I’m gonna go say hi to Henry,” Kieran said. Alexander glanced at him and muttered as he walked away, “Boring.”

Henry didn’t expect Kieran to greet him. After all, Kieran and Alexander were tight, and things between the Tudor family and the Getty family were still pretty tense. But Alexander was a big guy. Despite the awkwardness with Esme, he kept pushing forward with the projects with the Getty family.

“Esme, I heard you haven’t been well lately?” Kieran asked, clearly stirring the pot.

Esme shot him a cold glare, as if to say, “Aren’t you asking this on purpose?”

“I also heard you lied to Alexander?” Kieran added.

Esme’s face turned awkward immediately. Henry was also a bit taken aback.

‘He’s probably not here to greet us but to stir up trouble, right? What exactly is he trying to do?’ Henry thought.

“Alexander hates deception the most. You’re done for,” Kieran said before heading back to find Alexander.

Henry and Esme were left standing there, not knowing what to say. After a while, Henry muttered, “Don’t listen to him.”

Esme couldn’t speak, just silently shedding tears.

“Henry, have I lost all my dignity with Alexander for the rest of my life? Will Alexander never speak to me again?” Esme said, tears streaming down her face.

Henry just felt exhausted. His original plan was to take Esme out to relax. There was a jewelry exhibition, and if she liked any pieces, he could buy them for her to cheer her up.

“Let’s take you somewhere else,” Henry said, hooking Esme’s hand to leave.

But Esme shook her head, her beautiful eyes filled with tears as she looked at Henry. “I don’t want to go. Just let me stay here and watch Alexander from a distance!”

Henry never thought Esme could like Alexander this much. Esme might not even have such deep feelings for her own family.

Thinking of this, Henry couldn’t help but sigh. He wondered how his own sister was doing out there. He thought, ‘Is someone protecting her? Is there someone to buy her the food she wants or the jewelry she likes? When she meets a boy she likes, will she be pursued, or will she, like Esme, give up all her dignity and her life only to end up with nothing?’

“Henry? Henry.” Esme tugged at Henry’s sleeve.

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Henry finally snapped out of his thoughts. In a daze, he thought he saw Elizabeth’s face, oddly familiar. He hung his head and let out a deep sigh. He hoped Nancy would meet good people, stay safe, and have an amazing life.

“Alright, I’ll show you around.” Thinking of Nancy, Henry felt the urge to shower all the kindness meant for her onto Esme.

The exhibition was huge, with another section after one finished a round. There weren’t many standout jewels, but a few were worth buying.

Esme tried hard not to look at Alexander. Likewise, Alexander tried to keep his distance from Esme. But they ended up bumping into each other. Esme wanted to say something, but Alexander got pulled away by Ivan. In the end, Esme could only watch Alexander walk away, feeling a pang of bitterness.

Ivan suddenly pointed to a necklace and asked Alexander, “What do you think of this one?”

Alexander frowned; inside the display case was a simple, plain circle necklace. “Whose is it for?” Alexander asked.

“Elizabeth, obviously,” Ivan blurted out. “If I give this to Elizabeth, do you think she’ll like it?” Ivan asked, arms crossed.

Alexander had to admit, he felt like punching someone. “No,” he answered flatly.

“I think she will. Her job doesn’t let her wear anything too flashy, so this plain circle is perfect,” Ivan said.

Alexander stayed silent, letting Ivan ramble on. After a few steps, Alexander noticed a butterfly necklace. It was kind of like the plain one but not quite. The butterfly was a small, delicate pendant.

While Ivan was still debating over the plain circle necklace, Alexander had already called Nolan to buy the butterfly necklace.

Just then, a mechanical voice announced, “The necklace named ‘Butterfly Like Me’ with number 0822 has been sold.”

Everyone looked around in surprise. It had just started, and the necklace was already sold. While everyone was curious about the price, the voice announced again, “The purchase price of 0822 is six million dollars.”

“Only six million? That’s not too bad,” Ivan said.

Alexander shot him a glare. His gift was pricey, but he knew Elizabeth wouldn’t like that plain necklace. Ivan bought it anyway.

If both Alexander and Ivan gave necklaces to Elizabeth, whose would she pick? Alexander was used to being the one making choices, but if Elizabeth had to choose, he wasn’t sure if she would pick him.

Alexander was getting more and more frustrated. He stepped outside to get some fresh air. His mind was a mess, like he’d been dreaming these past few days—too surreal!

Alexander showed up at the hall's entrance, where a group of reporters were still hanging around, waiting for Elizabeth. She'd been all over the news lately, especially since she took over Celine's position. Everyone was eager to get the gossip on Alexander and Elizabeth.

Alexander stood back, watching quietly, just like the reporters, waiting for Elizabeth to appear. He checked his phone a few times; it was still early. The exhibition didn't have a set arrival time. But the celebration dinner later? That had a strict schedule.

As he watched, he heard a cautious voice behind him. "Alexander." He turned and saw Esme. She looked stunning, but her face was worn, not her usual self.

Alexander didn't say a word and kept looking outside. Esme's heart sank at his coldness. She started speaking, her voice full of regret. "I know I messed up by lying to you. Please forgive me, Alexander. I promise I won't lie again. You're not a petty person; you'll be generous, right?" She was trying to appeal to his better nature. All she got was a cold laugh from Alexander.

"Generous? I'm actually pretty petty; that's why I hate being lied to. How could you not know that? Didn't you always say you knew me well?" His eyes were full of disdain and sarcasm.

Esme was at a loss for words. Alexander sneered again, "Seems like you don't know me at all, huh?" Esme bit her lip, realizing he was mocking her, but she still tried to make peace. "Alexander, you've always kept your guard up. How could I get to know the real you?"

Alexander let out another cold laugh. Esme lowered her head. "Alexander, forgive me. If you don't like me, I can just be your friend. Just don't ignore me, okay?" Her voice was pitiful.

But Esme wasn't the same girl who had once saved Alexander. She was too ordinary now, so ordinary that if she hadn't been Elizabeth's friend back then, Alexander wouldn't have even noticed her.

"Esme, before I lose my temper, you'd better stay away from me," Alexander said calmly, looking at her. Esme opened her mouth to say something but then closed it again. Finally, tears started to fall.

Alexander frowned and sighed. He hated it when women cried. Especially women he didn't care about; they were just annoying. He had no choice but to text Henry: [Come and take Esme away.]

Henry sighed when he saw the message. Esme had gone to bother Alexander again. He had just told Esme to stop bothering Alexander and not to make things worse for herself. Alexander was already being pretty generous by not causing trouble for the Russell Family. If they really angered him, it would be a disaster.

Just then, there was a commotion outside. Everyone looked out, and someone said, "Look, Elizabeth is here." Another person commented, "Elizabeth's been looking better and better since her divorce." Someone else joked, "Divorce really does make people more beautiful, huh?"

Alexander squinted and looked up to see Elizabeth. She was wearing a white dress with a black wool coat over it, holding a beautiful bouquet of blue flowers in her right hand. Her makeup was on point today, making her look gentle and elegant. When a reporter called her, she looked up and nodded, looking very approachable, and kept a smile on her face the entire time.