

Unrepairable Love / I Married a Man

Chapter 551

Ivan strolled up from the side and called out, “Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth turned her head, her eyes sparkling. “Ivan,” she exclaimed, beaming. She walked over and handed him a bouquet. “These are for you. Hope your exhibition goes great.”

Ivan was touched. Tons of people showed up, but Elizabeth was the first to bring him flowers! Girls really did have the sweetest hearts.

“Why are you just getting here?” Ivan asked.

“Not my fault! Traffic was a nightmare,” Elizabeth said, trying to sound serious. No way she’d admit she left late and dawdled.

Ivan chuckled. Elizabeth joined in, laughing too.

Not far off, Alexander watched them, his heart burning with jealousy. He couldn’t just stand there. He stepped forward and called out, “Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth turned, her face calm, like she was looking at a stranger. Ivan glanced over too.

Just as Alexander was about to approach, someone hugged him from behind.

Elizabeth’s expression flickered for a moment. Alexander froze awkwardly and looked at her.

“Alexander,” came Esme’s voice from behind. Alexander was fuming.

Elizabeth felt exasperated. She thought, ‘Does Alexander call me over just to see this?’

Alexander shoved Esme away, and she stumbled to the ground. She looked up, tears welling up, and called out again, “Alexander.”

“Esme, haven’t you had enough?” Alexander’s voice was icy, his eyes even colder. He’d never yelled at Esme like this before, and she was stunned. A second later, her tears flowed even harder.

“Ivan, let’s head inside,” Elizabeth said calmly. Ivan nodded.

Alexander quickly called out, “Elizabeth, it’s not what you think!”

Elizabeth gave him a polite smile—she didn’t care at all. Besides, she had seen Esme clinging to Alexander like this countless times before. Elizabeth had long stopped caring about Esme and Alexander’s closeness. Just then, Henry rushed out from inside. He saw Esme crying on the ground and the media nearby. Feeling helpless, he scolded Alexander, “Alexander, I know Esme messed up, but you didn’t have to treat her like that.”

“Henry, control Esme. Keep her away from me!” Alexander snapped.

Henry was furious. “Alexander, don’t be so rude.”

“I can be even ruder if you want,” Alexander shot back, his eyes fierce, his whole demeanor intimidating.

The tension was thick, making everyone, even Henry, hesitant to get closer.

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Alexander breezed past Esme and Henry, heading straight into the venue. Seeing this, Esme jumped up in a hurry. Henry sighed, stepped forward to help her up, and when he saw she was about to chase after Alexander, he quickly grabbed her arm and snapped, “Esme, you might not care about your reputation, but the Russell Family does!”

“Henry, I’d give up everything for Alexander. If you think I’m embarrassing you, then I’ll leave the Russell Family!” Esme shot back.

No sooner had she finished speaking than a loud slap echoed through the room. Everything went dead silent. Esme turned her head slightly, shock flashing across her face, her eyes wide. She covered her cheek with one hand, staring at Henry in disbelief.

Esme couldn’t wrap her head around it. Henry had always spoiled her since she was a kid, but now he had hit her. Tears welled up in Esme’s eyes. Henry’s expression turned icy, and he scolded, “Esme, you’re losing it over a guy!”

Leave the Russell Family? How could she even say that? Does she have any idea how much the Russell Family has invested in her? Henry thought. Esme was important, sure, but once Nancy came back, she wouldn't be. Her reckless words really disappointed and angered Henry. Esme was acting so immature!

"Henry, you actually hit me?" Esme's voice trembled, full of hurt.

Henry sneered, "Yeah, I hit you. Was it too light?"

"Henry, you've always loved me the most since I was a kid. You never had the heart to hit me. You even said that no matter what happened between Alexander and me, you'd always support me. And now you hit me? Why?" Esme cried.

She couldn't understand why people changed so fast. Just because she didn't save Alexander, he didn't want her anymore. Just because she kept clinging to Alexander, Henry hit her. 'What else is real? What else?' Esme wondered.

"Esme, everything has a limit. You've clearly gone too far! If you keep this up, I'll have to take you to see a psychologist," Henry scolded.

Esme kept crying, and Henry just looked at her silently. Esme lowered her head, tears streaming down. "Henry, I thought you understood me, but it turns out you don't. Am I just like Alexander; I just want to be with him, am I really wrong?"

She had invested so many years of feelings, too. She was so close to success, but then an accident happened. "Henry, I lied to him, I was wrong. But my feelings for him all these years were real." Esme cried.

People around them were all staring, and it was obvious why Esme was like this. Henry felt a pang in his heart. Although Esme wasn't his biological sister, in the Russell Family, she was already like one. Henry closed his eyes, eventually softening.

Esme looked at Henry again, her eyes red as she called out, "Henry."

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Henry stepped up, cradling Esme gently. "Esme, I'm doing this for you. Please, no more mistakes, okay?"

Esme could have any guy she wanted, except Alexander. Alexander was never going to be hers.

“Esme, let’s get you out of here for a bit,” Henry said, running his fingers through her hair.

Esme looked really out of it. Her eyes were blank, and she seemed totally lost. Henry’s heart ached for her.

“Henry, I don’t want to go anywhere. I just want to be more composed,” Esme said softly, looking a bit distant.

Henry didn’t want to push her, so he kept quiet. But inside, he was already planning to get her more medical help. She really needed it.

“Come on, let’s go check out the jewelry. Pick anything you like, it’s on me,” Henry said, holding her hand as they walked into the venue.

Just like when they were kids, Henry always held Esme’s hand. Esme glanced at Henry and felt a sense of safety. She whispered, “Thanks, Henry.”

Henry looked at her, feeling a mix of emotions. He held her hand tightly, walking beside her.

Inside, Ivan was showing off the jewelry to Elizabeth, with two other young women tagging along.

Ivan crossed his arms, looking at the big screen with the jewelry descriptions. “These are all from our exclusive designers. What do you think?”

“Not bad, but nothing really pops,” Elizabeth said bluntly.

One of the girls next to Elizabeth shot her a look, and Elizabeth continued, “Each piece is nice, but nothing screams ‘buy me.’”

“Take this one,” Elizabeth pointed to a necklace. “The diamonds are pretty, but the design is outdated. The price is tempting, but it doesn’t feel worth it, so people pass.”

Ivan was taken aback by how much Elizabeth had to say. “Are you into design?” Ivan asked.

Elizabeth blinked. “Not really.”

“But you sound like a pro,” Ivan said.

Elizabeth smiled. “Remember what my mom does? She’s a clothing designer.”

Ivan nodded, realizing why Elizabeth seemed so knowledgeable.

“This piece is really ‘meh.’ If it were me, I wouldn’t even show it off. It’s embarrassing,” Elizabeth pointed to another necklace, critiquing it sharply.

One of the girls next to her looked annoyed. “I think this necklace is well-designed.” “The designer has made some best-sellers,” she added.

Elizabeth noticed the girl’s name tag: “Sarah Barnes.” She also saw Sarah’s name on the necklace’s info card. Now she understood why the girl was defensive.

“Not bad,” Elizabeth said, trying to avoid drama. But Sarah felt Elizabeth was being dismissive. She turned away, saying nothing.

“Sarah, you can’t talk to Elizabeth like that,” Ivan said, annoyed.

“Boss, our design is fine,” Sarah shot back.

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Elizabeth glanced at Sarah and said, “Isn’t this supposed to catch the customer’s eye? From a customer’s point of view, your design is just too plain.” She shrugged.

Sarah was fuming inside. So, Elizabeth thinks my design is *that* bad? Like, it’s not even worth showing? she thought. But that wasn’t what Elizabeth meant. She added, “But the details are well done. The diamond choice is really classy.”

Elizabeth smiled. The selection was classy, and the details were on point, but the overall design? Not so much!

Sarah was at a loss for words. Ivan shot Sarah a look, as if telling her not to argue back. Sarah bit her tongue. Elizabeth had a point; even if she wasn’t a designer, she was still a customer. Sarah gave up and turned to leave.

Another person saw Sarah leaving and quickly followed, saying, “Sarah, don’t be upset! What does she know? Your necklace is gorgeous; I love it. If it wasn’t so pricey, I’d buy one myself.”

The young girl tried to comfort Sarah, adding, “Elizabeth doesn’t seem like a nice person; she’s probably just jealous of your talent.”

Though Sarah was angry, she knew her own skills. The girl was clearly trying to stir the pot. Sarah stayed silent and was about to check out other designs when she heard someone call out, “Excuse me.” She looked up to see Henry and Esme.

Henry asked, “Is there a standout piece in this exhibition? I want to get something for my sister.”

Sarah looked at Esme. “The standout piece this time is a butterfly necklace, number 0822,” Sarah said, pointing to a nearby display.

Esme’s eyes lit up. A butterfly necklace—she had to see it! Seeing Esme’s excitement, Henry led her over.

On the 0822 display stand, there was indeed a stunning butterfly necklace. The butterfly pendant looked almost lifelike. Esme was smitten at first sight. “Henry, I love it,” Esme said, batting her eyelashes at him.

Henry wanted to make her happy, especially after feeling guilty for slapping her earlier. “Alright,” Henry said, patting her head. He called over the person in charge and was about to ask about the 0822 necklace when the person in charge said, “Sorry, this necklace is already reserved.”

Henry frowned, and Esme looked up, clearly upset. “Who bought it?”

“Sorry, we can’t disclose the buyer’s information.” The person in charge shook his head, not willing to spill.

Esme was really annoyed; it was rare for her to like a necklace this much. “Esme really loves this necklace. Could you please tell me who the buyer is so I can contact them myself? Please?” Henry asked.

The person in charge hesitated for a moment and glanced at Alexander; Henry and Esme followed his gaze, just as Alexander was walking toward them.

“Is it Mr. Tudor?” Henry asked the person in charge. The person in charge gave a slight nod, pretending he hadn’t said anything, and quickly walked away.

Esme looked at Alexander, feeling a bit down.

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Alexander bought a butterfly necklace, and it was clearly meant for Elizabeth. So, the butterfly necklace Alexander got from abroad was for Elizabeth, huh? Esme thought, letting out a helpless sigh. Henry hesitated. Seeing how much Esme liked it, he decided to go over and talk to Alexander. Maybe Alexander would be willing to part with the necklace? If it could make Esme happy, it was worth a shot.

Henry made up his mind to go over. Esme grabbed his arm and shook her head slightly. “Forget it, Henry,” she said. Since it was for Elizabeth, Alexander wouldn’t give it up. “Let me try,” Henry said, patting Esme’s head. He genuinely wanted to make Esme happy.

Henry approached Alexander, but Nolan spoke first, “Mr. Russell, do you need something?” “I just want to say hi to Mr. Tudor. Nolan, you can go ahead and get busy,” Henry smiled. Even though Nolan was just an assistant, he often spoke for Alexander. So, even if Nolan was a bit rude, Henry couldn’t say much. Despite being part of the four major families, there were still hierarchies. The Russell family was always cautious, except for Esme, who wasn’t a blood relative of the Russells.

Alexander looked at Henry, not wanting to deal with the Russell family any more than necessary. “Just say it,” he said. Nolan didn’t need to leave. Henry realized he had no standing in front of Alexander. Even Nolan didn’t need to leave.

As the president of the Russell Group, it was almost laughable. “Mr. Tudor, I saw you bought necklace 0822?” Henry asked. Alexander squinted and looked at Esme behind him. He immediately guessed why Henry was there. “Henry, the necklace is not for sale,” he said seriously. “I’ll only say this once.” Alexander didn’t want to answer such questions anymore.

Henry suddenly didn’t know what to say. Alexander really didn’t show him any respect. “Mr. Tudor, I really mean it. If you sell me the necklace and make Esme happy, I’ll give you anything you want, as long as it’s within my power,”

Henry said, almost pleading. Alexander spread his hands and said, “I already have everything you can give me. And what you can’t give, I also have. What do I need from you?”

“Mr. Russell, step aside.” With that, Alexander pushed Henry’s shoulder with one hand and walked straight out of the exhibition hall. Alexander had an impromptu meeting and needed to get back to the company. Henry was pushed aside, his face turning serious. People passing by didn’t dare to look, only eavesdropping. Henry sighed.

Esme walked over and whispered, “Henry, I’m sorry for putting you through this.” Henry shook his head, looking at Alexander’s back, his eyes filled with complexity. Elizabeth also noticed Alexander’s departure. She looked at the dazzling array of jewelry in the cabinet, but none of it interested her anymore.

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“Hey, how about joining the celebration dinner tonight?” Ivan’s voice came from beside her.

Elizabeth turned to see Ivan grinning at her, his eyes twinkling. For a moment, Elizabeth was lost in thought as she looked at him. The guys she’d been dealing with lately all left different impressions; each one had his own quirks. But Ivan always had this genuine vibe about him. He seemed like a college kid, untouched by the business world’s grime. If Ivan said he was into her, Elizabeth would totally buy it.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” Ivan took a couple of steps forward, bent down a bit, and looked closely at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth turned her head slightly, dodging his gaze. Ivan’s eyes were beautiful and clear. But looking at him, she couldn’t help but think of Alexander from her college days. Back then, Alexander was like a golden boy, always looking at Elizabeth with that same gaze. And Elizabeth really thought Alexander’s eyes were filled with love when he looked at her a few times. But she was overthinking it. Those gazes were just accidental eye contact, with no hint of affection.

“Elizabeth, would you like me if I pursued you?” Ivan’s voice rang out again.

Elizabeth looked up and finally met his gaze. Their eyes met, and Ivan’s eyes were full of anticipation. ‘Would she?’ Ivan wondered.

Elizabeth smiled and unintentionally changed the subject. "Ivan, you're too young."

"I'm only a few months younger than you," Ivan spread his hands, clearly annoyed.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and said, "I have a thing for men who are older than me."

Ivan fell silent. Elizabeth just smiled and stopped teasing him. She looked into the distance, her body lightly leaning on the high stool. Ivan looked at Elizabeth's profile, his gaze deepening. Her avoidance was also an answer to his question. She wouldn't like him. Nor would she agree to let him pursue her. But Ivan would try hard. He hoped Elizabeth would come to like him.

"Elizabeth, I'm really going to pursue you," Ivan whispered in her ear.

Elizabeth's grip on her glass tightened.

"I'm serious," Ivan said.

Elizabeth looked at him. They were very close, and Ivan's eyes were full of seriousness, not joking at all. In fact, ever since Ivan met Elizabeth, every word he said was serious. Elizabeth pursed her lips, then took a sip of water, saying nothing.

"Are you coming to the celebration dinner tonight?" he asked again.

Elizabeth thought for a moment. Ivan said, "I'll be waiting for you." There was an opening dance tonight, and Ivan hoped Elizabeth would be his dance partner. After saying this, he went off to attend to his duties. He was the protagonist of today's exhibition, and he had already given a lot of time to Elizabeth. Now, he had to socialize. Many specially invited guests were already quite displeased with him. Yet, when Ivan joined them, a single sentence from him turned the mood around and made everyone happy.

He said, "Sorry, I've been neglecting everyone because I'm pursuing a girl. My apologies. I'll drink three glasses as a penalty at the celebration dinner tonight!"

Several old men were astonished. "What? You're pursuing a girl? Who is she?" they asked incredulously.

“Haha, it’s Elizabeth from the Percy Family,” Ivan replied.

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A few seconds later, someone grabbed Ives, peered over at Elizabeth, and said, “Tran, you can’t just say stuff like that.” Alexander’s wife.

Seriously, you’re going to marry a woman who’s been married before? Your dad finds out, bell boat, you’re voted off.

“Get real, man! She’s Alexander’s ex-...” someone else chimed in.

They mentioned that Elizabeth was Alexander’s ex-wife, which really got on Tas’s nerves.

“Guys, her name is Elizabeth,” Ivan had to spell it out for them. “The old men exchanged books, and—as I’ve been saying—Elizabeth is amazing. She’s got top-notch medical skills, she’s cultured and well-bred, and she’s the head of the research institute. I don’t see anything about Elizabeth that you should look down on.”

Ivan added, “Before you judge Elizabeth, maybe take a look at your kids. Their wild nights are what you should be ashamed of.”

After Ivan said this, the old men’s faces got even more sour. “We’re doing this for your own good.”

“If your idea of ‘for my own good’ is to trash Elizabeth, then I don’t need it,” Han said with a slight smile.

Were they really doing this for his own good by hurting Elizabeth?

The old men, fuming, turned and stormed off.

When Elizabeth looked up again, she saw a few people muttering under their breath, saying, “Ivan really doesn’t know what’s good for him!”

“Yeah, Ivan’s being totally unreasonable!”

“Wait till his dad finds out—he’s gonna give Ivan a real beating!”

Elizabeth was puzzled by what she heard. Who were they mad at? Ivan? What did Ivan do to tick them off? she wondered.

Ivan turned to look at Elizabeth, their eyes met, and Ivan smiled gently. Whether he could be with Elizabeth in the future or not, he promised to protect her and never let her be subjected to others' verbal attacks again. Even if it wasn't because of love, just because Elizabeth had saved his life, he should do this.

Elizabeth blinked, feeling that Ivan's affection was growing stronger. Elizabeth turned her head a bit shyly, feeling a strange sensation in her heart.

Not far away, Sarah saw all of this and couldn't help but smile. No wonder Ivan was so protective of Elizabeth earlier; he liked her and wanted to pursue her. Luckily, Sarah had been sensible and held back her temper earlier. Otherwise, would she still be standing here now?

Sarah shook her head and went back to her work.

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Elizabeth glanced around casually, not forgetting to note down some design issues she saw and sent them to Ivan, hoping he would pay attention to the problems. Then Elizabeth went to the lounge to rest. She thought she would still attend the celebration banquet in the evening. Ivan had invited her so earnestly that it would be hard to refuse. Besides, she had nothing else to do tonight, and it would be a shame not to show off her exquisite makeup.

Elizabeth took out her phone, opened the camera, and took a couple of selfies. She opened Instagram and posted an update:

[@Elizabeth: Watching the jewelry exhibition, I suddenly feel like I've gotten a lot younger recently!]

Elizabeth zoomed in on her photo and pouted, thinking, 'What a beautiful face. Why hadn't I noticed how good-looking I was before?' Elizabeth thought, feeling a bit embarrassed. She didn't know when she had started to become so narcissistic.

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"Elizabeth," a supervisor suddenly popped up beside her.

Elizabeth looked up. "What's up?"

“Mr. Shawn asked me to look after you,” the girl said with a warm, friendly smile.

Elizabeth glanced over at Ivan, who was busy with some elderly folks. He was working hard but still thinking about her.

“Don’t worry about it. If I get tired, I’ll just head back and rest. Let Mr. Shawn know I’ll be at the celebration dinner,” Elizabeth replied honestly.

She didn’t want to bother Ivan. So, after saying that, she decided to leave. She thought it might be nice to find a café to chill in, anything to avoid staying here. She didn’t want Ivan to get distracted from socializing and focus all his attention on her.

Ivan saw Elizabeth leave. Hearing the girl’s message, he felt a bit down. Ivan wanted Elizabeth to accept him, but it seemed like a tough task. But it didn’t matter; he would keep trying.

Elizabeth spotted a nearby restaurant with new decor, and the signature dishes on the sign caught her eye. She decided to go in, planning to have a big meal. There would definitely be drinking at the celebration dinner tonight, and filling her stomach would help her avoid getting drunk.

“Hello, do you have a reservation?” the waitress asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth shook her head.

“I’m sorry, but without a reservation, we can’t seat you. We’re probably fully booked,” the waitress apologized.

Elizabeth frowned. Was business that good? No reservation, no meal?

“How long would it take if I made a reservation now?” Elizabeth asked directly.

The waitress checked the list and said, “Sorry, miss, we can’t fit you in today. You can book for tomorrow.”

Elizabeth felt disappointed hearing this. The food she wanted today wouldn’t be as appealing tomorrow. She was really craving the foie gras advertised outside.

“Is there no way to make an exception?” Elizabeth asked again.

The waitress looked at Elizabeth and shook her head. “We really can’t make an exception. Our restaurant serves one set menu per table, and if the guests don’t show up, the food goes to waste. We focus on a private kitchen style.”

Elizabeth had no choice but to smile. The restaurant had its rules, and she couldn’t break them.

Elizabeth turned to leave, not forgetting to open Facebook and vent to Lila: [These places are getting more and more exclusive, you can’t even get in without a reservation! So annoying. I really want foie gras. Lila, can you understand the feeling of craving something and not being able to eat it?]

Lila: [I’ll give you three options: one, find another place that doesn’t require a reservation for foie gras; two, book for tomorrow.

Elizabeth squinted, waiting for Lila to send the third option. She had a feeling it might be something ridiculous.

When Lila sent it, Elizabeth sighed. Lila was truly her best friend.

Lila: [Three, tell them you’re the famous Lila’s best friend! You’re from the Percy Family! You’re the mysterious big shot M from Base M! Eating at their place is their honor! I suggest they consider the consequences!]

Elizabeth replied with a bomb emoji and then: [I don’t want to choose any!]

Lila: [I guess you don’t really want to eat.]

Elizabeth: [I do want to eat!]

Lila: [But you can’t, so what now?]

Elizabeth huffed, feeling that Lila was deliberately teasing her.

Elizabeth reached her car and was about to open the door when someone suddenly called out, “Ms. Percy!”

Elizabeth turned around; it was the waitress from earlier. “Hello,” said Elizabeth.

“Hello, Ms. Percy, we suddenly have a table available. Would you still like to try our food?” the waitress asked.

Elizabeth was a bit surprised and thought, ‘The waitress actually came out to ask if she still wanted to eat.’

“Ms. Percy?” Seeing that Elizabeth hadn’t responded, the waitress called out again.

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Elizabeth let out a sigh and asked, “How do you know me?”

The waitress hesitated, then gave an awkward smile. “Ms. Percy, we’d love for you to try our restaurant. If you sing... appreciate it, if you could spread the word.” She added, “Oh, and today’s special is foie gras. It’s amazing—fresh ingredients, made to order.”

At the mention of foie gras, Elizabeth’s stomach growled loudly. Elizabeth had seen a lot in her life, but this foie gras was calling her name!

“Sure!” she said with a slight smile. She couldn’t resist foie gras!

“Right this way!” The waitress led her to a table.

Elizabeth asked, “Did someone give up their seat for me?” For some reason, she had a hunch that was the case. Otherwise, why would the waitress chase after her?

“Kind of,” the waitress replied, not hiding anything.

Elizabeth frowned, starting to wonder, ‘Who would give up their seat for me?’ As they headed upstairs, they passed someone coming out of the elevator. Elizabeth glanced at the person’s back and paused. She thought she recognized an old friend.

“Kyle?” she said, surprised.

The waitress immediately asked, “Ms. Percy, you know Mr. Brooks?”

Elizabeth was taken aback. ‘So it really is Kyle?’ She went upstairs as he left. Did Kyle give up his seat for her? She didn’t think Kyle was that generous.

The elevator stopped on the third floor, and Elizabeth was led to a room separated by a screen. “Please, take a look at the menu,” the waitress said, handing it over.

“Did Kyle give up his seat for me?” Elizabeth asked while flipping through the menu. The waitress was busy with a walkie-talkie and didn’t hear her. “Sorry, could you repeat that?”

Elizabeth thought for a moment, then shook her head and let it go. “This foie gras is limited to one serving per person. Each serving has two small pieces,” the waitress explained.

Elizabeth ordered one serving and a few other interesting dishes. Soon, the waitress left.

Elizabeth’s phone buzzed with a message.

Kyle: [Enjoy your meal.]

Elizabeth gripped her phone, realizing Kyle had given up his seat for her.

Elizabeth: [Did you see me?]

Kyle: [Ms. Percy looks so beautiful today; it’s hard not to notice.]

Elizabeth: [You can join me.]

After all, he gave up his seat for her. She’d feel bad if he didn’t eat.

Kyle: [No, thanks.]

Alright, if he said no, she wouldn’t push it. She’d just enjoy his share too!

Kyle saw the message and sighed. Alexander was still around. If he joined Elizabeth, it would only make Alexander angrier. And that would leave him with nowhere to go in this city!

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In the lounge next door, the waitress gently reminded, “Mr. Tudor, Elizabeth is seated as you requested.”

By the big window, Alexander was buttoning up his suit sleeves. He turned to the waitress and said, “If she comes again, just seat her right away.” The waitress nodded quickly. “Yes, Mr. Tudor.”

“Anything else?” she asked softly. That was originally Alexander’s seat, but he gave it to Elizabeth.

“I’ve got a reservation at another place. No need to tell Elizabeth. Just make sure she’s taken care of,” Alexander said before heading out.

As he passed by Elizabeth’s private room, he peeked through the screen. Elizabeth was excitedly telling her friend, “Lila, you won’t believe it! I was about to leave, but someone gave me their seat! Guess who it was? You’ll never guess!”

Alexander smirked and shook his head. Elizabeth was still like a kid, getting thrilled over the smallest things. Giving her the seat was definitely the right call, he thought.

“It was Kyle!” Elizabeth continued. But as soon as she said that, Alexander’s smile vanished. ‘So it was Kyle. Did she bump into him when she got here?’ he wondered.

Alexander wanted to step in, but then he thought, If Elizabeth knew I gave up the seat, she might not eat. So he held back. ‘It doesn’t matter who gave up the seat. What matters is she’s happy and enjoying her meal,’ Alexander thought.

He took another look at Elizabeth. With Lila, she was still like a little girl. Only with him, she was strong, fearless, and increasingly cold and distant. He knew he had brought this on himself. If Alexander wanted Elizabeth to stop treating him this way, he had to earn her forgiveness slowly.

“Mr. Tudor, why aren’t you eating?” Nolan came in from outside and added, “I think I saw Elizabeth’s car.”

‘Let’s go somewhere else.’ Alexander, not wanting to disturb Elizabeth, pulled Nolan along.

Nolan was a bit surprised, thinking, This is the restaurant the other party specifically chose for the meeting, and we’re changing it?

Elizabeth was sending a voice message to Lila and thought she heard a familiar voice outside. She looked out; the corridor was quiet, and no one was talking. Did I hear Nolan’s voice? Am I imagining things? she thought.

Lila: [You're so lucky! Enjoy your meal!] Elizabeth: (I will!) Lila: [Alright, have fun. I'm signing off!]

Elizabeth chuckled and turned off her phone. Alexander left the restaurant but glanced up at the third floor.

"Mr. Tudor, did you give your seat to Elizabeth?" Nolan asked as he opened the car door. Alexander gave Nolan a long look.

Nolan was a bit surprised by Alexander's look, thinking, 'So I was right? Did Alexander really give the seat to Elizabeth?'

"Boss, aren't you working? The other party is tough to deal with!" he said, sighing. Nolan felt that Alexander was gradually shifting to a mindset of only wanting to pursue love.

"As long as Elizabeth is happy. If we lose one partner, there will always be another." With the strength of the Tudor Group, Alexander never worried about not having partners. Besides, his projects were always profitable. Why worry about not having partners?

"Then, Mr. Tudor, you still have to work hard for Elizabeth. A meal won't make her forgive you," Nolan said. Alexander knew this all too well.