

# Unrepairable Love / I Married a Man

## Unrepairable Love Chapter 561

“When I got there, I heard Elizabeth was going to be at tonight’s banquet. Are you going, Mr. Tudor?” Nolan asked.

Alexander was only supposed to show up during the day, but now that Elizabeth was going to be there, he was willing to attend the evening event as well.

“Yeah, I’ll go,” Alexander said.

Nolan grinned, already guessing Alexander would change his mind.

“Alright, Mr. Tudor. I’ll push all your work to tomorrow,” he said.

As eight o’clock rolled around, the jewelry exhibition celebration was in full swing. Elizabeth had slipped into a black dress that hugged her waist, making her look even more stunning.

The lights dimmed suddenly. Everyone looked up. Ivan, in a tailcoat, slowly made his entrance.

Someone whispered, “Who’s Mr. Shawn gonna pick for the opening dance?”

Another person added, “Oh, there’s an opening dance? Bet he’s looking for the prettiest girl here. Who doesn’t love beauty, right?”

Ivan stood in the middle of the dance floor, scanning the room. Elizabeth took a sip of champagne, her eyes meeting Ivan’s. Ivan smiled.

Elizabeth felt a jolt of unease. ‘Why’s he smiling at me?’ she wondered. And then, Ivan started walking toward her. Elizabeth’s heart raced. Yep, Ivan was heading straight for her.

The crowd buzzed with whispers, “Is he going to Elizabeth?”

“Looks like it!”

Just as Elizabeth was thinking how crazy this was, Ivan stopped in front of her. He extended his hand and smiled. “Elizabeth, may I have the honor of this first dance?”

Dizabeth was stunned. “Mr. Shawn, isn’t this a bit...inappropriate?” Elizabeth felt awkward.

The venue was grand, with a beautiful blue dance floor, and a spotlight on them, making them the center of attention.

## Chapter 561

Ivan smiled. “There’s nothing inappropriate about it.” As long as he didn’t care what people thought, it was fine. Of course, it would be great if Elizabeth didn’t care either.

“My status makes it tricky; it wouldn’t be good for you, Elizabeth.” He stopped closer, intertwining his fingers with hers, gently placing a hand on her waist, and whispered in her ear, “Elizabeth, don’t make me a laughingstock.”

After all, this was Ivan’s event. Elizabeth felt cornered and said, “You should’ve given me a heads-up.”

“Besides you, I don’t know any other girls. Please,” he softened his tone, almost pleading.

Elizabeth’s ears burned from his words. Ivan was indeed very persuasive. Luckily, she was experienced.

“Please. Everyone’s watching,” Ivan continued, hoping Elizabeth would agree to the opening dance.

## C 562

Elizabeth hesitated, feeling her status made it awkward to dance with Ivan. But Ivan had already spoken up, and everyone was watching. Some folks were even egging them on. This was Ivan’s scene, and if Elizabeth wanted to be polite, she couldn’t let him get embarrassed.

In the corner, some people watched with a grimace, while others looked annoyed, gripping their wine glasses as if they might break.

“Come on, dance with Mr. Shawn!”

“Yeah, he’s so sincere! Who’d turn down a guy like that?”

Everyone chimed in.

Elizabeth looked at Ivan for a moment and finally gave in. She raised her hand, her fingertips landing in Ivan's palm. Ivan's eyes lit up, and he instantly smiled like he'd just won a battle. Elizabeth couldn't help but laugh at his childishness. *Is he really that easy to please?* she thought.

Ivan and Alexander were worlds apart. Alexander was the type who'd keep his feelings to himself.

Ivan led Elizabeth to the center of the dance floor. A spotlight hit them, and Elizabeth's makeup looked especially stunning today. Under the light, her eyelids and collarbones sparkled with fine glitter. She seemed even thinner than she had been just a few days ago.

When Ivan placed his hand on Elizabeth's waist, he said, "You need to eat more."

Elizabeth felt like she'd been worn down over the past six months. Her marriage with Alexander was a disaster. She was tormented and then divorced Alexander. She'd been hurt over and over.

The two months after her divorce were the worst; she was exhausted both physically and mentally. So it was easy to lose weight. Lately, Elizabeth had thrown herself into her work at the research institute, often skipping meals, and had gotten even thinner. Even when washing her hair, it fell out in clumps.

"I'll eat well. I just had a big meal at the restaurant." Elizabeth smiled at Ivan, interlocking her fingers with his.

Ivan nodded. "Good girl."

Elizabeth chuckled, feeling genuinely happy. *Are you trying to cheer me up?*

"Why not?" Ivan tilted his head.

The people around them watched and commented on how sweet they looked together. With such a handsome guy and a beautiful woman, who wouldn't want to take a few more glances?

The music in the hall was soothing, and Elizabeth and Ivan danced, others joining them on the dance floor. Elizabeth followed Ivan's steps, completely in sync with his rhythm. Ivan, having spent many years abroad, was definitely more adept at socializing than most.

The music's tempo picked up, and Elizabeth's rhythm instantly matched it. From the previous slow pace, it suddenly turned into a cha-cha. Elizabeth was caught off guard. Everyone was surprised for a moment but quickly got back into the dance. Luckily, Elizabeth had learned the cha-cha as a kid; otherwise, she would've been embarrassed today.

Elizabeth remembered her childhood being pretty tough. She had to learn everything, whether she liked it or not.

## Chapter 563

Ivan wasn't shocked that Elizabeth could bust out a cha-cha, but the sudden change in music threw him off. Somehow, Ivan and Elizabeth ended up on the edge of the dance floor. As they took a step back, Elizabeth's fingers brushed against Ivan's, then they drifted apart. Before Elizabeth could move forward, someone grabbed her from behind and wrapped an arm around her waist. She spun around; someone bumped past her, and she ended up in another person's arms.

Elizabeth was stunned. She quickly looked up and frowned when she saw who it was. "Alexander?" Elizabeth's voice wasn't loud, but it was full of surprise. Why is it Alexander?, she wondered. Alexander raised an eyebrow and smiled.

Elizabeth was surprised. She was Ivan's dance partner. Why was she suddenly dancing with Alexander? Elizabeth glanced at Ivan and saw that his dance partner had also changed; Evan looked back at her. Alexander stepped in, blocking her view. Elizabeth had no choice but to look at Alexander, her eyes showing a hint of anger. "Alexander!"

He tightened his grip on her hand, stepping closer, putting more distance between her and Ivan. Just as Elizabeth was about to call out to him, Alexander leaned down, his lips close to her ear, his voice low. "Elizabeth, from today on, I'm pursuing you again." Elizabeth turned her head. A beam of light occasionally swept across his face. His features were smooth, lean, and handsome. But without the light, his outline was somewhat blurred. They were so close that if Elizabeth moved just a little bit forward, she could kiss his lips. Her scent filled Alexander's nostrils. He looked at her face, his Adam's apple bobbing, his voice a bit hoarse. "I will make up for everything I owe you. Elizabeth, give me another chance."

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat. For just a moment, she turned her head away. "I don't need your compensation," she said. Alexander didn't respond,

his eyes full of sincerity. "I'll pursue you, but I won't force you. I'll keep pursuing you until you forgive me and fall in love with me again."

"Isn't that still forcing?" Elizabeth was annoyed. Alexander had directly separated her from Ivan. How was that not forcing? "I can't stand seeing you in another man's arms," Alexander said. He lowered his thick eyelashes, his voice carrying an indescribable...

Alexander thought he could let Ivan pursue Elizabeth without interfering. But when he saw Elizabeth laughing so happily with Ivan, he admitted he couldn't hold back. If Alexander didn't let go of that damn confidence, Elizabeth might really belong to someone else. Elizabeth found his words ironic. She looked up into Alexander's eyes, disdainful. "But we are nothing to each other now. No right to be jealous."

"True, but I can stop it." His voice was low, a hint of danger flashing across his face. Even if I sleep with another man, you have... For some reason, Elizabeth saw a hint of madness in him. It was as if she did anything inappropriate with Ivan, he would do something to her or Ivan. Alexander was truly unfathomably terrifying.

Elizabeth looked at his face and realized her heart could no longer beat for this man. She couldn't carefully observe his micro-expressions or care about what he thought of her. The years of her heart fluttering for Alexander had completely vanished. Elizabeth's lips curled into a sneer, and she unceremoniously cursed. "When I loved you, you made me feel unappreciated. Now that I don't love you, you're desperately trying to win me back. Alexander, you are such a jerk!"

## Chapter 564

Alexander looked down and said, "If cursing me makes you feel better, go for it." He figured Elizabeth wouldn't mind letting off some steam by cursing him. In fact, he thought about how much it must've hurt her when he used to treat her like that.

"Cursing you is too much work; hitting you would be more satisfying," Elizabeth sneered.

He then lifted his head and met her eyes, saying, "Go ahead."

Elizabeth paused. Alexander was a man of great pride. The Alexander she remembered would never have said something so straightforward.

“Go ahead with what? Letting me hit you?” Elizabeth stepped closer, looking into his eyes.

He nodded, still looking at her, not intending to look away. Did he really think she was so shallow that she could be easily appeased? But she wouldn't hit him. She wanted him to feel constant guilt. To make him endure all the suffering she had gone through over the years. If her days were tough, his days wouldn't be any better.

“I don't care,” Elizabeth sneered coldly, pushing Alexander away to leave the dance floor.

Alexander chuckled softly. Elizabeth's emotions were better than none. At least she was still vibrant, and she was still angry at Alexander. As long as she is angry, it is a good thing, Alexander thought.

Alexander immediately grabbed Elizabeth's waist and pulled her back. “The dance isn't over.” He was incredibly calm.

Elizabeth almost wanted to curse. “I don't want to dance with you?”

“Then who do you want to dance with, Ivan?” he asked.

Elizabeth was furious. “None of your business!” Her temper is getting worse, Alexander thought.

“What time do you usually get off work?” he asked.

Elizabeth was annoyed and said, “Let go, I'm not dancing anymore.”

“From now on, I'll wait for you at the lab entrance every evening at x-thirty,” he said to himself, ignoring what Elizabeth said. “Elizabeth, on weekends, we can have dinner and watch movies together. From now on, all my time is yours. Whatever you want me to do with you, I'll do. Okay?” He looked into Elizabeth's eyes, almost to the point of being immersed.

## Chapter 564

Elizabeth was frustrated. Couldn't he understand what she was saying?

“Alexander, I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore, do you understand?” Elizabeth was really annoyed! There were many people here, and she didn't want to make things too awkward with Alexander.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Ivan looking her way. But the light was on Ivan, so it was darker on her side. He probably couldn't see what was happening here.

Alexander noticed Elizabeth's resistance. His hand holding her wrist was constantly being pushed away. Alexander's mind calmed down a bit. He directly pulled Elizabeth out of the dance floor.

Elizabeth couldn't resist him and had to follow him. She didn't know where Alexander was taking her, but the corridor was very dim. When they reached the end, he pressed her against the wall, his body leaning in.

Elizabeth suddenly felt fear. Her back was against the wall, and she was anxious. It was too dark around; she couldn't even see his face. His hand gripped her wrist, and he lowered his voice, gritting his teeth. "Elizabeth, I'm serious. You better be serious too."

Elizabeth was terrified. "Is this how you pursue someone? Alexander, if you pursue me like this, I won't be with you in this lifetime!"

Alexander raised an eyebrow, his breath falling on her lace in the darkness. He just said, "Okay."

It made Elizabeth's heart tingle.

## Chapter 565

"What time do you get off work tomorrow?" Alexander asked again.

Elizabeth had had enough. She stomped on his foot. But he was ready for it and pulled his left foot back. Her foot hit nothing but air, and she sneered. "You say you want to pursue me, but you can't even take a stomp?"

Alexander lowered his eyes and spoke softly, "Elizabeth, don't talk that way. If you need to, just hit me."

"Let go of me. Stop bothering me; it's pointless." Elizabeth's voice shook. It was too dark here, and she felt too anxious.

Alexander noticed the tremor in her voice. His grip on her wrist loosened a bit. "Scared?" he asked.

Elizabeth looked down, saying nothing. “Elizabeth, you’re afraid even when I’m right here? You think I’ll hurt you?” he asked. She should know he wouldn’t hurt her, but her silence hurt him. What had he done in these three years to make the person who once trusted him the most now fear him? Alexander instinctively reached to hug her.

Suddenly, the corridor lights flicked on. They were dim, but enough to see their faces clearly.

“Elizabeth,” Ivan’s voice came from the end of the corridor. Both Elizabeth and Alexander turned to look. Ivan frowned, his lips moving slightly.

Elizabeth and Alexander were very close. Her breathing was a bit erratic, and Alexander had just been about to hug her. Their actions were ambiguous, making it hard not to overthink. Seeing Ivan, Elizabeth tried to push Alexander away and said lightly, “Ivan.” But she couldn’t push him away at all.

Instead, Alexander moved even closer to her. Ivan’s eyes darkened. Alexander was clearly marking his territory.

“It’s nothing. I just noticed you weren’t in the hall and was worried something might have happened to you, so I came to check. Elizabeth, are you okay?” Ivan asked politely.

Alexander chuckled, his eyes dark, “She’s with me. What could possibly happen?”

Ivan responded softly, “Alexander, it’s precisely because Elizabeth is with you that I’m worried.”

Alexander’s eyes darkened further. Ivan was clearly intent on opposing him.

“Ivan, you’d better stay out of this,” said Alexander.

“Alexander, we’re both pursuing Elizabeth. In the end, it’s her choice who she picks. Don’t you think?” Ivan said.

Their eyes locked. Though they stood apart, a spark ignited between them: the spark was so intense that it was about to burn Elizabeth.

Elizabeth really couldn’t stand it anymore. “Did either of you get my permission for this?” she demanded. Did they ever consider that I might not



choose either of them? Elizabeth thought. She wasn't so worthless that she had to choose her ex-husband or pick her next partner from his friends!

Elizabeth decisively pushed Alexander away, lifted her skirt, and walked out. "I'm leaving. You two can argue all you want," Elizabeth said. She was really angry. While they argued, she felt completely disrespected, especially by Alexander. She had made it clear to him numerous times that it was done, yet Alexander appeared to brush it off.

"Elizabeth, I'll take you home!" Ivan tried to catch up. But Alexander followed too.

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 566

Outside the venue, Elizabeth glanced back at Alexander and Ivan vying for her attention, feeling a wave of frustration. "Are these two ever going to give it a rest? Do I look like I have time to mess around with them?" she thought.

"Ivan," she said, clearly annoyed, "it's crazy busy inside. Why don't you head back in and keep everyone company? Are you following me?"

She understood Ivan's intentions. With so many guests and important people inside, she couldn't afford to be inconsiderate. That was simply how things worked.

"It's cool; they're all my friends," he said, giving Alexander a meaningful look.

Alexander sensed Ivan's subtle provocation and knew whatever he was about to say would anger him.

Ivan didn't hold back. "Everyone knows I'm planning to pursue you," he said bluntly.

Sure enough, Alexander's face went ice-cold. Elizabeth felt even more exasperated.

"Alright, both of you stay here," Elizabeth said, shaking her head. "I don't need an escort; I drove myself."

"It's late, let me drive you. You've been drinking, and you can't drive," Alexander said, stepping forward to take her keys.

Elizabeth dodged him. She shot Alexander an unfriendly look but remained somewhat gentler with Ivan.

“I’m saying this for the last time: I can get home by myself. Got it?” Elizabeth snapped.

Ivan, noticing her anger, said, a bit hurt, “Elizabeth, I just wanted to drive you home. If you don’t want that, fine. I don’t want to upset you. I just wanted to make you happy.” His tone was slightly aggrieved, like a little elf complaining about being wronged.

This made Alexander look particularly stiff and awkward. Alexander glared at Ivan. How had he never noticed before that Ivan was so good at playing the victim?

“Alright, go back to your business,” Elizabeth quickly instructed Ivan.

Ivan obediently replied, “Okay, I’ll listen to you. I definitely won’t bother you.”

Alexander raised an eyebrow. Ivan looked at him as if to say, *you should be sensible too*. Alexander was speechless. Ivan could act however he wanted, but he didn’t need to drag him into it.

Alexander looked at Elizabeth again. “Since he’s not driving you, I’ll do it,” he said, just as Nolan drove up.

The car door opened, and Alexander directly pushed Elizabeth into the car and followed her in.

Ivan was left standing there. “Alexander, you’re shameless!” he shouted angrily. Beth wanted to get out but couldn’t, and Ivan regretted being so considerate earlier. He forgot that Alexander was not the type to be obedient. Alexander had always been rebellious and bold; otherwise, he wouldn’t have gotten to where he was today!

He drove away. He sent a message to Alexander: (Alexander, can we compete fairly?)

In the group chat, swinging from what had happened, someone kept asking, “What did I miss? Quick, tell me!”

In Alexander's car, Elizabeth's eyes filled with displeasure. She really didn't like Alexander's domineering behavior, which showed no respect for her at all. The car was very silent, leaving Nolan at a loss for words.

## Chapter 567

Alexander still hadn't figured out what to say once they got in. Elizabeth checked the time, feeling super annoyed. She let out a long sigh. Alexander had to look at her. She looked really ticked off, causing his eyes to darken slightly.

"Is it really that bad for you? Are you really that against it?" His voice was rough, filled with a helpless vibe. "Should I be okay with this? Facing an ex-husband who hurt me so much, tell me, how should I feel?" Elizabeth turned to look at him. She often wished someone could tell her what to do, yet she knew she had to figure it out on her own.

"Elizabeth, I was with Esme because I thought she saved me. It was only after we split that I realized I didn't like her at all. The one I... I like is you?" he tried to explain.

But Elizabeth cut him off quickly. She didn't even want to hear him say he liked her. "Whether you have feelings for Esme or not, the damage you've done to me is already there." Those wounds were like scars, and she couldn't just forget them. Every time he yelled at her for Esme, she remembered it deeply. Even though she knew it was a misunderstanding that made Alexander like Esme, Elizabeth still couldn't forgive him. Because Alexander's feelings for her were never solid. To him, Elizabeth was a negligible presence.

He thought Esme saved him and felt he had to marry her. So Alexander divorced Elizabeth and married Esme. When Esme turned out not to be the one who saved him, he immediately wanted to go back to Elizabeth. Only Elizabeth truly loved Alexander. Even when lost, she foolishly persisted and stayed loyal. She really felt wronged for giving seven years of her life to such an irresponsible person.

Before, she could still tell herself that although Alexander supported the Tudor Group, he was also only around twenty years old, and immaturity was normal. But now, she really couldn't comfort herself. He wasn't the safe harbor she wanted; getting back together with him was impossible.

“Stop up ahead, I really don’t need a ride.” Elizabeth’s voice was cold, without any warmth. Alexander looked at Elizabeth’s face, which was so heartless. He had never seen her heartless.

“Nolan, stop up ahead.” His voice was muffled. Nolan was a bit surprised. He thought, *Alexander is really letting Elizabeth out of the car?* “We’re almost there,” he said. Alexander turned his gaze to the window, his voice heavy, “Stop up ahead.” Elizabeth gave him a meaningful look.

Nolan was silent for three seconds, then found a bus stop and pulled over. When Elizabeth was about to get out, Alexander called her, “Elizabeth.” Elizabeth didn’t stop. But as she closed the door, she heard him say, “I’m sorry.”

C 568

Without a second thought, the car door slammed shut. The car went quiet, and in the dim light, Alexander watched Elizabeth walk over to the bus stop. Soon enough, she was on the phone, laughing and chatting away. Alexander’s hand clenched at his side, feeling more and more helpless. He really had no way out. When someone was totally disappointed in you, it was tough to win them back.

“Mr. Tudor, you should’ve taken Elizabeth home. How could you leave her here?” Nolan’s voice was icy.

Alexander chuckled, “Take her home?” That would just make her hate him more, cursing him in her mind, he thought.

“Drive further,” Alexander said, feeling his strength fade. He leaned back in his seat.

Nolan’s car moved to the other side, just in time for him to see Elizabeth at the bus stop. Elizabeth waited for a while and ended up taking the bus. Alexander told Nolan to follow the bus.

When Elizabeth was waiting at a red light, she saw the black Maybach behind her. She just glanced at it, then kept chatting with Lila on the phone.

The bus stopped at the entrance of an alley; she still had a bit to go to get back to the villa. But it was a high-end area and pretty safe. After Elizabeth walked away, Alexander got out. He leaned against the car, watching Elizabeth’s figure fade away, his eyes full of mixed emotions.

The phone rang, and Alexander quickly grabbed it to see that it was a message from Rose.

Rose: I heard Ivan is after Elizabeth?

Alexander didn't reply, and Rose sent another message: [Alexander, you really need to step up. Winning back a wife isn't easy. Elizabeth must be pretty cold towards you, but whenever you feel like giving up, just think about the old Elizabeth! You'll see that what you're doing now is nothing.]

Alexander frowned, gripping the phone tightly. Put himself in her shoes? Compared to Elizabeth's seven years of dedication, what were these past two days? Elizabeth had been neglected over and over, treated coldly by him, yet she never complained.

Alexander sighed and put his phone away. Nolan also got out. It's November, and the nights are really chilly. Crisp yellow leaves rustled in the breeze, and Alexander suddenly reached out to Nolan. "Give me a cigarette."

Nolan laughed. "Mr. Tudor, you've quit smoking. Where would I get a cigarette?"

Alexander paused, forgetting about that.

"I wonder if Elizabeth knows you quit smoking because of her." Nolan was curious. From previous conversations, he felt Elizabeth thought Alexander had quit smoking for Esme.

"She knows," Alexander replied.

"Was Elizabeth's reaction? Was she surprised?" Nolan asked.

Alexander frowned. She didn't seem to have any reaction at all.

Chapter 569

Elizabeth couldn't quite believe it.

"Nolan, do you think I'm really that bad?" Alexander asked with a wry smile.

Nolan knew his place as an assistant, but he still asked, "Mr. Tudor, do you want the truth?"

Nolan said without hesitation, “Yes.”

The exchange was quick and to the point. Alexander and Nolan shared a look, and both cracked a smile.

“Mr. Tudor, you’re good to everyone at the company. You treat Ms. Russell well, too. But when it comes to Elizabeth, yeah, you’ve been pretty awful,” Nolan added.

It seemed like Alexander had given all his kindness to everyone else, leaving none for Elizabeth. Alexander furrowed his brows, deep in thought about his actions. He had really pushed Elizabeth away, not treating her like family at all. Even though Esme had saved him once, it didn’t give Alexander the right to hurt Elizabeth whenever he wanted. Alexander was truly messed up. It was no wonder Elizabeth couldn’t forgive him. He couldn’t even forgive himself.

“Mr. Tudor, if I were Elizabeth’s family, I’d be on my knees begging you to let her go,” Nolan joked.

Alexander had hurt Elizabeth so deeply. Who would still trust him with her? He was silent for a few seconds and then said, “Elizabeth’s family has already said that.”

“You can’t blame them. In the three years you were together, Elizabeth cut ties with her family for you. You never visited them either,” Nolan said, unsure if he should continue.

It was like a movie playing in Alexander’s mind.

In the first year of their marriage, Elizabeth asked if he’d go home with her to celebrate Declan’s birthday. She hadn’t been back in a while, and when she married him, she had a fight with Declan. Going back together would give her a reason to return and reassure Declan, letting her family know she was okay. But back then, Alexander was stuck on the fact that he had said he wouldn’t marry Elizabeth. He couldn’t hear a word of her request.

Later, on Declan’s birthday, Alexander went home to grab something and found Elizabeth there, not celebrating Declan’s birthday. In the following years, Elizabeth never mentioned her family again.

“Speaking of which, isn’t Mr. Percy’s birthday coming up?” Nolan suddenly added.

Alexander looked up, puzzled.

Nolan thought of something and said, “But Mr. Percy’s birthday is usually low-key, just a family dinner at home.”

Alexander frowned.

“Mr. Tudor, think of a way to make Mr. Percy happy,” Nolan teased.

Alexander wasn’t mad. Having someone still on his side, giving him advice, he was already very grateful. After all, even Alexander’s family had given up on him. Since he and Elizabeth divorced, they had become increasingly distant. Of course, they hadn’t contacted him much before either. Whenever they did, it was because they couldn’t find Elizabeth. But Alexander didn’t know where Elizabeth was either. Over time, they stopped looking for Alexander altogether.

Alexander patted Nolan on the shoulder. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome, Mr. Tudor.” Nolan smiled. “Shall we head back?”

There was no point in Alexander standing there any longer.

“Oh, the necklace,” Alexander said, looking at Nolan.

Nolan smiled. “I’ve already sent it to the villa. You’ll see it when you get back.”

C 570

Elizabeth got home, took a quick shower, and crashed into bed. She immediately started texting Lila, venting about her day.

Elizabeth: [This is insane. It felt like two guys fighting over a toy. I’m a person, not some object! And Alexander, with his sudden affection, it’s so cheap. Doesn’t he get it?]

Lila, taking off her makeup, replied with a mix of laughter and sympathy: [Your love life is a mess.]

Elizabeth: If this is love, I don’t want it!

Lila: [Elizabeth, all that stuff is behind you. What’s coming next, beautiful love?]

Elizabeth read Lila's message, her expression a bit complicated. Lila sent another text: [Now that you're at the research institute, you can't go abroad, right?]

Elizabeth sighed. Celine was still in the hospital; leaving now would be heartless. But if her research had a big impact and the institute no longer needed her, she'd still consider going abroad to grow her credentials.

Elizabeth: [We'll see.]

Lila: Alright. You're still unsure. But as your best friend, I gotta remind you: Make Alexander suffer!

Elizabeth smirked. That was so Lila. Lila and Alexander never got along. Elizabeth sent a goodnight message and turned off her phone. She lay in bed, thinking about what Alexander had said at the end of the corridor today. He said, "Elizabeth, are you afraid I'll hurt you?" Hadn't he hurt her enough already?

The Alexander she loved the most had hurt her the deepest. Did Alexander even realize that the hurt he caused her couldn't be easily fixed with a few words or actions? Elizabeth looked down. She thought again about Alexander saying he would give her all his time. But she didn't feel touched at all; she found it laughable.

All he did was remind her how low she felt. She had her dignity. But he stamped on her dignity, tossing it aside like trash, over and over. She wouldn't make the same mistake again. She wanted Alexander to go to hell!

Elizabeth couldn't remember what time she fell asleep last night. She just knew that when she woke up the next day, she felt a bit rough. She must have eaten and drunk too much yesterday.

She made herself a cup of black coffee, played some light music on her phone, and enjoyed the sunlight streaming through the window. The weather was amazing today. She wore a black cropped leather jacket and a short skirt. Then she pulled her hair back, put on a black leather beret, and wore combat boots. Elizabeth grabbed her bag and headed downstairs. It was already past nine in the morning, and Rose and Declan had gone to work. Elizabeth quickly went out. As she drove to the gate, she saw Alexander's car, but she ignored it and drove away. Alexander's car followed. Elizabeth tried to shake off Alexander,



but she couldn't. The two cars seemed to be racing on the road, catching the attention of many passersby.