

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love Chapter 631

Elizabeth had given everything to Alexander, so why did he make her lose so badly? If it was because she didn't save him back then, she couldn't understand it even more.

Declan, drunk on the sofa, heard Elizabeth's crying and staggered over. Rose was holding Elizabeth. Declan didn't know what had happened, but he knelt down with them, holding them together. His breathing was heavy, and he reeked of alcohol. "As long as I'm here, everything will be okay," Declan mumbled with his eyes closed.

Elizabeth hugged Declan and Rose back. After this cry, she would never cry again. "It's all over," Rose sniffled, rubbing Elizabeth's hair. Nothing is happier than having the family together. Rose didn't wish for Elizabeth to become rich and powerful, but she must be safe and healthy.

The next day, on the large bed, the sunlight warmed the blanket. Elizabeth pinched her brow and held her head. It hurt so much. She sat up in bed, leaned against the headboard, and looked outside. The sunlight outside was strong. When she checked the time, it was already noon!

Elizabeth was shocked. Ignoring her headache, she tried to get out of bed, but she felt dizzy. She pinched her temples but still couldn't get up. She then lay back down and grabbed her phone, intending to call in sick. But she saw Rose's Facebook message from the morning: [I called in sick for you. Rest for a day, I love you.]

Elizabeth paused, then smiled. Rose was always so thoughtful. Elizabeth noticed she had many messages on Instagram. When she checked, she found out that her post from yesterday had made it to the trending list. Everyone was guessing who had set off the fireworks. Elizabeth scrolled through the comments. Many local friends said they had seen it.

One comment from a new profile caught her eye. The account's IP was also in Lisbun. [Did you like it?]

Elizabeth squinted at such a simple question. It seemed like this person had set them off. Elizabeth was intrigued by the comment. And she replied: [Yes, I liked it.]

After sending the reply, Elizabeth was about to close Instagram when she saw Lila's name on the trending list. She clicked on it. It was the scene of Elliot bringing Lila here for her birthday last night. [Famous actor Elliot brings Lila home at night, suspected romance.]

Elizabeth was annoyed. These media outlets really talk nonsense. Netizens commented: [Elliot is really busy. The day before yesterday, his romance with Natalia was exposed, and today with Lila. Should I tell you guys to calm down or should Elliot calm down?]

Elizabeth laughed and closed Instagram and was about to find Lila to chat. She saw her reflection in the phone screen and was stunned by her own eyes.

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Elizabeth quickly sat up. She ran to the bathroom and was stunned when she saw herself in the mirror. Why were her eyes so red, and her eyelids swollen? It looked like she had been beaten up! She quickly swallowed and realized her throat was a bit hoarse. She coughed, and upon hearing it, noticed her voice was also affected. Elizabeth was puzzled.

Rose answered quickly, asking, "Awake?" Elizabeth asked softly, "Mom, was I okay last night? My throat..." She frowned, but before she could finish, Rose interrupted. "Last night was fine. You were just really upset, telling us how you've been wronged these past few years. You drank too much, just a bit melancholic. It's okay, just rest at home today!"

Elizabeth was speechless. So, did she pour her heart out to Declan and Rose last night? She hadn't dared to complain to them over the years because this path was her own choice. They had tried to stop her back then, but she didn't listen and even wanted to cut ties with them. Elizabeth said it was nothing and hung up. She then climbed back into bed, staring at the ceiling, feeling embarrassed.

Meanwhile, her phone rang. Elizabeth picked up her phone; it was a message from an unknown person: [I want to see you.] Elizabeth frowned. Where did all these people come from, wanting to see her? Besides, in her current state, she couldn't meet anyone. She assumed it was a wrong number and ignored it.

Soon, another message came: [Elizabeth, I want to see you.] Seeing her name, Elizabeth knew this person was looking for her. She decisively copied the

number and sent it to Oliver: [Help me check the location and registered owner of this number.] Oliver replied: [Got it.]

Elizabeth felt a bit more awake and went downstairs to pour a glass of water. The villa was quiet; the liveliness of last night was gone.

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Elizabeth leaned on the table, staring out the window in a daze. She thought of what Alexander said last night, and her heart trembled. Whether it was a misunderstanding or not, they could only say they missed their chance.

Oliver sent a message: [Lisbum, the Russell Family.] Elizabeth was silent. The only person who would want to see her at this time could only be Esme. Esme had attempted suicide a few days ago, and now she wanted to see Elizabeth again. What if she was driven to suicide again? But Elizabeth did want to see her. To talk about how Esme had taken Elizabeth's identity all these years, and whether Esme felt any guilt.

A dangerous glint flashed in Elizabeth's eyes as she replied to the message: [I'll be waiting for you at the KK Road Café.] She took two ice packs and applied them to her eyes for a while. She then put on light makeup, changed her clothes, wore sunglasses, and went out.

At the KK Café, Elizabeth sat by the window, drinking coffee and looking out. She looked very cool, exuding an extraordinary aura.

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Soon, a familiar figure appeared at the top of the stairs. Elizabeth looked up and saw it was Esme. Esme was wearing a white dress with a thick coat over it and a pair of leather boots. She looked to be in good spirits. She slowly walked towards Elizabeth and sat down across from her. A waiter brought over a latte, and Elizabeth asked Esme, "The usual, latte?" Back in college, she always ordered a latte for Esme because it was Esme's favorite.

"You actually agreed to see me," Esme said, a bit surprised. Her tone was very calm, and there was no expression on her face. Ever since that incident, it seemed like she had lost her soul. Elizabeth took a sip of her coffee, looked up at her, and smiled. "You know you're not very likable, right?"

Esme remained silent, staring intently at Elizabeth, as if trying to see through her. Esme even thought, if she had a knife in her hand, where would be the best place to start with Elizabeth?

“Stop staring,” Elizabeth said, putting down her coffee. “We’ve been looking at each other for years.”

Esme stopped looking. “Why did you want to see me? What do you want to say?” Elizabeth asked.

She thought to herself, ‘If it was an apology, she wouldn’t forgive her. Of course, someone like Esme wouldn’t apologize.’

Esme gripped her cup tightly, looking out the window, and said, “I’m jealous of you.”

“Esme, you just don’t know how to be content,” Elizabeth said, smiling bitterly. “You have such a good family and looks, what is there to be jealous of me for?”

Esme’s life could have been brilliant, but it wasn’t. She had made a mess of it.

“Content? People naturally have great ambitions,” Esme retorted. “If you become content too early, how can you live your life? Besides,” she looked at Elizabeth, her voice cold, “you weren’t willing to give up Alexander, were you? You also have a good family and looks; why do you insist on holding onto Alexander?” She clenched her fists, her words filled with doubt and emotion.

Elizabeth felt helpless that the conversation was still about Alexander. “I’ve already divorced him and let you be with him,” she said. “But it was you who didn’t handle it well; what does that have to do with me?”

“Elizabeth! It’s all your fault!” Esme slammed the table, clearly losing control of her emotions. She thought Elizabeth should just die. If Elizabeth died, no one would be there to prove anything to Alexander!

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Then, Esme could say whatever she wanted. But what made her even angrier was that she was so close to succeeding. Alexander and Elizabeth had been entangled for so long, and they even got divorced. But Esme was exposed. That was the closest Esme had ever been to becoming Alexander’s wife. She bit her lip, feeling heartbroken.

“Esme,” Elizabeth called her name. Esme didn’t want to hear Elizabeth’s voice at all. She cursed, “Elizabeth, it’s all your fault!” She was losing control, and Elizabeth could see it.

“Do you feel wronged?” Elizabeth asked, her eyes questioning. “I’ve been impersonated by you for so many years, had so many things that should have been mine taken away by you—shouldn’t I be the one feeling wronged? If it weren’t for you pretending to save Alexander, he would have fallen in love with me.”

Esme shouted, “He never would have!”

She even thought that the only reason Alexander didn’t like her now was because she had deceived him. She didn’t believe that after three years of entanglement, Alexander didn’t like her at all. Hadn’t she made Alexander like her even a little bit? This was something Esme couldn’t understand no matter what!

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“Esme, what gives you the right to yell at me repeatedly?” Elizabeth questioned, her dissatisfaction evident. “What exactly are you yelling about?”

Who has been more wronged all these years? Isn’t it herself? “You stole my life, and you still yell at me?” Elizabeth slammed the table. And now, Esme still uses that tone with her. Elizabeth has always been lenient; that’s already her mercy! Does Esme really think Elizabeth will let her go? Alexander deserves to be scolded, and so does Esme. Elizabeth won’t let either of them off the hook!

Esme didn’t expect Elizabeth to slam the table. Her chest heaved, breathing heavily, her face flushed red.

Seeing Esme had calmed down somewhat, Elizabeth continued, “I haven’t even sought revenge on you, and yet you keep coming to threaten me? In the past three years, how many things have you slandered me for? Have you forgotten? Before we turned against each other over Alexander, we were best friends!” Her hand slammed the table again, her face turning red.

When Elizabeth mentioned their former friendship, she found it ironic. Is this what friends are? To reach this point, what kind of friends are they?

Listening to Elizabeth's words, Esme felt no emotional response. The more Elizabeth talked about the past, the more upset she became. Back in college, Esme was also a striking figure, so why wouldn't Alexander even glance at her? If she hadn't taken Elizabeth's place, Alexander probably wouldn't have looked at her in this lifetime! In the three years Esme and Alexander were together, he hadn't even kissed her once! The most intimate gesture between them was her holding his arm, or, when Esme was injured, he would carry her.

Isn't it laughable? Wouldn't it be ridiculed if told? Esme was foolish too; she should have realized long ago that if a man can go three years without making love with her, he simply doesn't love her!

"Don't bring up the past. Do you think I want to hear it? I never considered you a friend; only you thought we were friends," Esme said.

Elizabeth gave a bitter smile. "Right, I was the only one who considered you a friend. Otherwise, how could I have been deceived by you like this?"

Esme clenched her fists. She hated Elizabeth intensely. "Elizabeth, I truly wish you dead," she said.

Elizabeth's face turned cold. She saw the seriousness in Esme's eyes. "Esme, I advise you to be polite to me. I'm not the same Elizabeth as before," she warned in a low voice. "You no longer have Alexander to protect you. You better understand your current situation," she reminded her.

Esme clenched her fists. It was because she no longer had Alexander's protection that she didn't dare act arrogantly towards Elizabeth anymore!

"Elizabeth, I came to you today for a reason," she said. "If you agree, guarantee your family will be reunited."

Elizabeth frowned. "Esme, do you want to harm my family?" She squinted her eyes.

Esme's face was cold. And she indeed wanted to harm her family. She also wanted her to understand that she had the capability to do so.

"Esme, are you crazy?" Elizabeth looked at her in confusion. "I have nothing to do with Alexander now. We don't interfere with each other. Why are you still clinging to me?"

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“Because I know you’re not a simple person either. If I don’t cause you trouble, you’ll always come looking for me,” Esme lowered her head, fiddling with her fingers, her tone laced with sarcasm.

Elizabeth clenched her fist. “Shouldn’t I seek revenge on you? When did I do anything to you? Didn’t you always cause me trouble?” she questioned. During the three years she was married to Alexander, wasn’t she hurt enough by Esme?

“Elizabeth, I want you to cut off all contact with Alexander,” Esme said coldly.

Elizabeth didn’t understand. “You should be saying this to Alexander, not me.” Right now, it’s Alexander who keeps looking for Elizabeth.

“You think I haven’t tried? He won’t even acknowledge me now! Elizabeth, when have I ever been treated like this?” Esme’s emotions flared up again as she spoke.

Elizabeth’s face remained expressionless, but under her sunglasses, a hint of malice flashed in her eyes.

Esme can’t be wronged, but Elizabeth can? Someone as selfish as Esme deserves to be wronged. She would lose the one who loved her most, Henry, and her parents no longer cared for her! Elizabeth was sure that if such an accident ever happened, Esme wouldn’t survive it, and she would be more likely to commit suicide.

“Esme, I don’t have time to listen to your nonsense,” Elizabeth said, “I came to see you today just to tell you that you’d better be polite to me. Otherwise, my next target will be you.”

Esme gritted her teeth, guessing that Elizabeth wouldn’t dare do anything.

“I could easily go to the Russell family and demand compensation for my emotional distress over the years,” Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and continued, “And I could easily post about you impersonating me online again to draw public attention. Ms. Russell, you should know that online harassment can be very scary.”

Esme was now a bit nervous. She feared nothing more than people talking about her.

Elizabeth smirked, deliberately scaring Esme, “I could easily start dating Alexander again, making you completely despair.”

Esme’s eyes widened. “Elizabeth, you wouldn’t dare!”

Elizabeth stood up, looking down at Esme. Under her sunglasses, her eyes were dangerous. She threatened, “What wouldn’t I dare? Now, the lives of the three of us are under my control.”

In the past, her life followed their lead. Now it’s different, and Elizabeth is the one in control!

Esme clenched her fists tightly. Elizabeth glanced at her and said calmly, “Remember to pay. This coffee is on you. And one more thing,” she said, looking at Esme before leaving, “I know a great place for bungee jumping. Let’s try it together sometime?”

Esme stood up. “What do you mean!”

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Elizabeth’s smile disappeared. She looked at Esme, her expression cold and serious. “If you dare to harm my family, everything I said today will come true. It’s up to you.”

Esme took a step forward. She watched Elizabeth’s departing figure, her eyes gradually filling with malice. She then took out her phone and sent a message.

Elizabeth walked down the stairs and glanced up. She thought Esme had something important to discuss today, but it was just useless talk. She opened the door and then walked out. She got in the car. As the car drove a short distance, Felix called. Elizabeth answered the call, but before she could speak, she saw a large truck approaching from the side.

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The cay seemed to have lost its brakes and surged toward Elizabeth. Elizabeth frowned, slammed the gas pedal to the floor, and the car shot forward. The truck seemed to sense her acceleration and sped up as well. The engine roared, and Felix’s voice came through the phone. “Boss, what’s up? Why are you driving so fast?”

Elizabeth glanced in the rearview mirror; the car was still chasing her. She didn't dare stop at the red light ahead. She quickly switched to the right lane, drifted, and made a sharp turn.

Felix's voice came through the phone again. "Boss, I've located you. Why are you driving so fast? Talk to me!"

Elizabeth quickly picked up the phone and glanced back; the truck was right behind her. "Felix, I'm being followed. He's chasing my car. Get our people to come and pick me up," Elizabeth said calmly.

Felix frowned. "Boss, turn right onto the overpass ahead. We'll meet you there."

"Got it," Elizabeth responded, not hanging up in case of any sudden events. Her speed wasn't too fast, considering she was in the city. But the truck behind her was going crazy, accelerating as if it was going to crash into her. And she didn't want her car to get hit, for it was already battered. So she had to speed up. Just as she was about to turn right at the intersection, a black SUV appeared. The SUV's target wasn't clear, and Elizabeth didn't know if it was coming for her. But in the next second, as she turned right, the SUV's target suddenly became clear. Yes, it was coming for her!

Elizabeth quickly shifted into reverse, and the car moved back swiftly, causing the SUV to miss. She then quickly accelerated again, made a sharp turn, and hurried to the outer ring to meet Felix. She couldn't hold out much longer on her own.

The two cars behind her were closing in, about to surround her. Elizabeth saw a small road on the right and asked Felix, "If I turn right into the small road, can I get to the overpass?"

"Yes, go ahead. I'll pull up the navigation for you," Felix said.

Elizabeth nodded. Soon, the navigation popped up on her car's screen. And her car was connected to the Base M system. After all, as the Boss of Base M, unexpected events could happen when she traveled alone. The reason Felix was able to find Elizabeth in time during Alexander's kidnapping was because her car had navigation, and he was always tracking her.

Elizabeth followed the navigation and smoothly got onto the overpass. “Did you shake off the followers?” Felix asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth replied, “No.”

“Boss, who did you go to see?” Felix asked Elizabeth.

“Esme,” Elizabeth replied.

Felix was silent for three seconds. “It must be Esme who sent them.”

“Probably,” Elizabeth glanced back, her expression complicated. She should have guessed that Esme didn’t just want to chat and threaten her a bit, and Esme would definitely take action, which was so childish—to send someone to crash into Elizabeth.

Next to the black SUV, there was a sports car, which was faster than the SUV. Elizabeth’s eyes darkened. She suddenly thought of something and asked Felix, “Are you sure you can pick me up?”

“Yes, we’re almost there. It’s the only way you can go. As long as you bring them over, we’ll block them immediately,” Felix responded.

Elizabeth said, “I’m hanging up now.”

“Don’t!” Felix’s voice was urgent.

“I’ll call you back in a bit,” Elizabeth said.

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As she spoke, Elizabeth accelerated and pulled up the familiar number from her blacklist. She quickly pressed the call button. Alexander answered almost instantly. Both of them were a bit surprised.

“Elizabeth, I’m at the mall,” Alexander said.

Elizabeth didn’t care where he was and asked, “Are you busy? Can you come somewhere?”

“Where to?” Alexander’s voice had a hint of excitement. Elizabeth inviting him was something he couldn’t wait for.

“I’ll send you the location. Come right away,” Elizabeth said.

“Got it,” Alexander replied.

After hanging up, Elizabeth sent Alexander the location where Felix was. The sports car was about to catch up with Elizabeth. Elizabeth used the red light ahead to shake them off.

In the black sports car behind, Esme slammed the window hard and cursed, “Useless! Vincent, you’re getting more and more useless!” Her angry voice made people shiver.

Vincent didn’t argue with Esme, knowing she was emotionally unstable.

“Esme, chasing Elizabeth like this is useless,” he said.

“Then tell me, what is useful? I told you to kill Elizabeth, and you still haven’t completed the task. Vincent, what do I keep you around for?” Esme glared at him.

Vincent remained silent, but his hands slowly tightened on the steering wheel.

“Such a useless person!” Esme cursed repeatedly in anger. She didn’t notice Vincent’s face growing colder and continued, “I really can’t understand why Elizabeth is so hard to kill. Today, I must kill her!”

Vincent raised his face and said, “I’ll handle it.”

“Rely on you to kill Elizabeth? When will you finally get it done?” Esme cursed.

Vincent looked seriously at Esme. “This is the one thing I can do for you, and I will definitely complete it!”

“Vincent, this is a crime, you know,” Esme sneered, not taking his seriousness to heart.

“I’ve been by your side since I was a child. My life is yours, so what if it’s a crime?” Vincent smiled slightly, a ruthless glint in his eyes that Esme had never seen before. He seemed truly capable of killing Elizabeth for her.

Esme swallowed and looked directly at Vincent, speaking gently. “If you can kill her, even if you get caught, I’ll get you out of prison.”

Vincent understood that this was just one of Esme's lies. He pondered, As long as Elizabeth was dead, Esme would only care about her own happiness. How could she possibly spend any effort on him? But Vincent was willing to sacrifice for Esme. Because he wanted her to be happy. The Russell Family could give Esme everything she wanted. But for the things the Russell Family couldn't give, Vincent hoped he could provide them.

"We're about to get off the overpass ahead. There are fewer cars there. As long as we surround her, Elizabeth's fate will be sealed today," Vincent analyzed calmly.

Esme finally saw a glimmer of hope in killing Elizabeth, but she didn't know that Elizabeth was also setting a trap for them. Elizabeth gripped the steering wheel with one hand, looking at Alexander's number, her eyes growing colder. Esme wanted Elizabeth dead. But Elizabeth was determined to live resiliently. Esme tried so hard to impress Alexander, but today, Elizabeth would make all of Esme's gentle traps collapse one by one.

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On the outer ring road, Elizabeth finally saw Felix's car, hazard lights flashing, blocking the road in the middle. On both sides of the road, nearly ten luxury cars were parked, blocking the way. Elizabeth's car drove past Felix's car, and the cars that followed were immediately surrounded by vehicles from both sides. She then slammed on the brakes and stopped.

The car door opened, and Felix got out. He was wearing a black leather jacket and black pants. He bit down on the candy in his mouth and locked eyes with Elizabeth. Elizabeth sat in the car, looking at Felix, and smiled. After all these years, Felix still made her feel safest.

Felix raised an eyebrow, trying to look cool. He turned and looked at the cars that had been blocked. Three cars were neatly stopped. In the black sports car, Vincent and Esme exchanged a glance and decided to get out.

Vincent got out and shouted at Felix, "What's the meaning of this?" Esme frowned. The young man in front of her seemed somewhat familiar, but she couldn't remember who he was.

"That tone is really annoying," Felix said coldly, crossing his arms and leaning against the car. "Why are you following my boss?"

“Who’s your boss?” Vincent shouted.

“It’s Elizabeth, the most beautiful woman in the world, worthy of any man!” Felix spread his hands, deliberately provoking Esme. After saying this, he felt it wasn’t enough and added, “You don’t even know who my boss is? You deserve a beating.”

Esme’s face immediately showed displeasure. She had seen Felix a few times before, but she hadn’t seen him much in recent years; no wonder he seemed so familiar.

“Felix, tell Elizabeth to come out,” she said bluntly.

“Then you have to tell me what you want with Elizabeth,” Felix said, sitting on the car hood.

“I’m just catching up with Elizabeth,” Esme lied without changing her expression.

Felix laughed. Then he pointed to Esme’s three cars—an SUV, a truck, and a sports car. Three cars chasing Elizabeth, and she called it catching up?

“Didn’t you already catch up at the café? Now you’re chasing Elizabeth in cars to catch up? Ms. Russell, that’s a bit rude, isn’t it?” Felix let the candy melt in his mouth.

The candy was getting sweeter and sweeter, but Esme in front of him was getting more and more annoying. Felix, what business is it of yours to keep barking like a dog in my matters with Elizabeth? Esme was really fed up with people like him not knowing their place. And she was looking for Elizabeth. What was Felix? Did he even deserve to talk to her?

Felix wasn’t angry at Esme’s words. There were plenty of rude people in the world; not everyone could get along with them as well as Elizabeth, who genuinely treated them well.

Felix was about to retort when he saw Elizabeth get out and walk over, coldly reprimanding, “I think the real rude person here is you. Calling Felix a dog right off the bat, you really have no manners.”

Felix looked at Elizabeth, feeling warm inside. He always said Elizabeth was the best person in the world. And he didn’t even need to retort; Elizabeth would stand up for him.

“Elizabeth, you finally came out? You’re so weak,” Esme said arrogantly, crossing her arms and glaring at Elizabeth.

“You try to kill me, so I had to run. In this situation, anyone would be weak, right?” Elizabeth looked at Esme. “If I were hunting you down right now, wouldn’t you be weak, Ms. Russell?”

Esme didn’t know how to respond. “Vincent, what do we do? Today might not be a good time,” she said irritably.

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Esme never expected Elizabeth to set a trap for her. Elizabeth actually had so many supporters. Even though only she and Felix got out of the car, all those cars were full of people.

“Let’s retreat for now. We have plenty of time; we’ll take it slow,” Vincent looked at Esme seriously. “I promise I’ll do what I said, don’t worry.”

Esme thought for a moment and nodded. “Elizabeth, I’ll let you go today. But remember, I won’t let you go a second time.” She looked at Elizabeth with cold eyes.

“Esme, do you really want to kill me that badly?” Elizabeth asked.

“I’ve wanted to kill you for a long time,” Esme gritted her teeth. “If you die, who would know that I impersonated you? It’s because you’re alive that things are so troublesome! If you die, Alexander will marry me!” Her emotions got out of control.

“Esme.” Vincent grabbed Esme’s arm, signaling her to stop talking.

Esme choked up, her emotions becoming more volatile. “Elizabeth, I hate you so much! You took Alexander away from me, and you deserve to die!”

Elizabeth looked at Esme calmly, her eyes showing no emotion. “Esme, turn around.”

“Why should I turn around? Do you still want to tame me? Elizabeth, one day I will kill you with my own hands, make you kneel before me, and tell me with your own mouth that you deserve to die!” Esme pointed at Elizabeth, cursing until tears fell.

Elizabeth's face remained indifferent. Vincent glanced back unintentionally, and he was stunned for a moment. Esme was about to curse again when Vincent quickly grabbed her arm. "Stop cursing."

"What's wrong? Can't I even curse a few times?" Esme grumbled, turning around, only to see Alexander. She then staggered back a step, looking at Alexander in disbelief. "Alexander." She took a step forward, tears immediately falling.

She hadn't seen him for many days. A few days ago, she missed him so much that she wanted to commit suicide. She called him, but he didn't answer any of her calls and eventually blocked her number. She finally realized how heartless Alexander could be. But she loved him, and she couldn't control herself. If she couldn't have him in this life, she would feel that life had no meaning.

"Alexander, you finally agreed to see me." Esme stepped forward, walking towards Alexander.

But Alexander's gaze passed over Esme and looked at Elizabeth in the distance.

He thought it was strange that Elizabeth would suddenly call him. You helping her see me? Alexander looked at Elizabeth, feeling a pang of pain. Lowliest hated him, but there was no need for her to call him over just for Esme.

"I'm just achieving someone's dream," Elizabeth smiled gently. "Mr. Todor, tell Fame that there's nothing between us anymore. Don't bother me again, or I won't be polite."

Alexander felt even more pained. He just looked at Elizabeth, feeling indescribable emotions. Elizabeth wanted to push him away so much, even pushing him towards Esme. Wasn't she just trying to disgust him?

Esme listened to their conversation and asked Alexander, "Alexander, is there really nothing between you two anymore?"

Alexander withdrew his gaze. "Did I not make myself clear? I, even if I can never be with Elizabeth again in this life," he looked at Elizabeth and said, "I will never like you, Esme."

Everyone in the room turned to look at Alexander. Especially Felix, who had seen Alexander in various states. But he had never seen Alexander so resolutely declare that he would not marry Esme.

Esme felt a wave of despair wash over her upon hearing those words. She thought to herself, *Alexander had rejected her so directly. Was he angry about what she had just said to Elizabeth? Elizabeth was so despicable, setting a trap for her, which had let Alexander see her in such a state!*

Esme felt wronged. “We’ve been together for three years. Did you not like me at all?”

Hearing Esme’s words, Elizabeth found it laughable. She pondered, ‘What were three years? When she and Alexander divorced, she had asked the same question. And his answer was no, and it was resolute.’

“All the kindness I showed you was because you deceived me. Do you think feelings born from deceit can be sincere?” Alexander’s gaze fell lightly on Esme.

Esme didn’t know how to respond. She still didn’t want to believe it. She cried, “But those were three years we spent together.”

“Don’t bring it up again. When I think about being deceived for three years, I feel like a fool played by you!” Alexander’s emotions suddenly flared up. His voice carried pressure, and a strong sense of oppression suddenly enveloped him.

Esme’s shoulders trembled from his shout. She was left with nothing but tears, unable to speak. She truly felt sorry for him. And she did all of this because she loved him. Her love for him was beyond doubt.

“Esme, get lost immediately.” Alexander pointed to the side with a cold expression, because he didn’t want to see her anymore. If it weren’t for Elizabeth calling him here, he still wouldn’t have seen her!

“Alexander, you’re so heartless!” Esme shouted.

Since Esme called him heartless, Alexander decided to be heartless to the end. He said coldly, “Esme, you brought this on yourself.”

“What do my three years mean to you!” Esme screamed in agony.

Elizabeth watched quietly, as if seeing herself in Esme. She had once been just as ugly and crazy, and heartbroken in the end.

“Esme,” Vincent called out to Esme, signaling her to calm down. “Mr. Tudor, Esme’s health hasn’t fully recovered. Do you really have to provoke her like this right now?” He looked at Alexander, his voice heavy.

Alexander looked at Vincent coldly. Using Esme’s words, “Does a dog have the right to teach me what to do?”

Vincent’s face turned ugly.

“Get lost.” Alexander looked at them, his disgust for them reaching its peak.

Esme felt a mix of heartache and a tinge of anger. She had loved him for three years, yet he was treating her like this now.

“Alexander. You will regret this.” Her tears fell, her lips trembling.

Alexander didn’t want to say another word to Esme.

“Leaving just like that? Not going to finish off Elizabeth?” The man on the truck cursed, his voice reaching Alexander’s ears.

Alexander’s gaze swept over to a chubby man in his thirties. His eyes fell on the license plate of the truck, then finally on Esme. If Esme dared to harm Elizabeth, he would make the Russell Family wish they were dead.

“Truly spectacular,” Felix remarked. Usually, it was Alexander and Esme hurting Elizabeth. Now it had turned into Alexander and Esme turning against each other, which was interesting.

“Is it interesting?” Elizabeth’s voice was faint.