

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 651

“Another drink, please.” Elizabeth had already had three drinks. Lila suddenly regretted encouraging her to drink. If she had known, she would have let her drink juice. Alexander had just returned from a phone call and saw Elizabeth asking the bartender for another drink. The assistant suddenly called Lila, and Lila told the waiter not to give Elizabeth any more drinks before heading to the back. Elizabeth wasn’t drunk; she just wanted a couple more drinks. If Lila didn’t let her drink, then she wouldn’t drink. She tilted her head back, sitting idly in her chair, spinning around. If life was just about eating and drinking every day, it would indeed be boring.

“Elizabeth, your water.” The bartender had just pushed the glass over when someone sat down next to her. Elizabeth glanced to the side and, seeing it was Alexander, whom she didn’t want to see, immediately closed her eyes.

“How many drinks have you had?” Alexander asked.

Elizabeth opened her eyes. Alexander’s voice was very pleasant, slightly hoarse from the alcohol. She looked at him, who was wearing a black suit, a white shirt underneath, and a black tie. Seeing her staring at him without saying anything, Alexander felt uncomfortable. He was silent for a few seconds before expressing his dissatisfaction: “Elizabeth, do you really not want to talk to me? Even if we’re just friends sitting down for a chat, you should at least respond.”

“I’m not much of a talker,” Elizabeth said, then turned her head away.

Alexander chuckled. “Who was it in high school that kept nagging me not to fight? And in college, who sent me countless messages every day?” He thought of those times, a smile inevitably appearing on his face. Thinking back to those days with Elizabeth, it was quite interesting for him. Elizabeth really could nag. He still remembered that winter in L—she barely said a word the whole time. In their freshman year, when she came to his school to find him, but... He thought Elizabeth was upset. After she went back, Elizabeth sent him a message: “I caught a cold, my throat hurts, I can’t say a word.” Elizabeth was adorably clumsy back then.

As Alexander was reminiscing, Elizabeth's cold voice brought him back to reality. "You said it yourself, that was me in high school and college."

## Chapter 651

Alexander's thoughts were abruptly pulled back to the present. He then looked at her, only able to see her profile. Her nose was beautiful. Her eyelashes were long, and the curve of her lips was lovely. Her beauty was never in doubt, and she was as beautiful as anyone, including Lila. In fact, Elizabeth was even more beautiful than Lila. In high school, she was the most beautiful. In the past few years, Elizabeth had really been worn down. And it... If he could, he truly wished she could go back to being her old self.

"Elizabeth, give me another chance," he looked at Elizabeth and said. It was all because of Alexander. This time, it was from the heart that he would cherish her and love her. Whatever Elizabeth wanted to do, he would go along with it. Elizabeth lowered her eyelashes, drinking her water and gripping the glass tightly.

## Chapter 652

"We're still like we were in high school; every time I got hurt, you were always there behind me." Alexander knew Elizabeth didn't want to hear it. But he really wanted to say these words. Elizabeth had told him what was in her heart, but he had never been honest with her. Just like he had never told her that he loved her.

"Elizabeth, can you continue to be romantic and bright, and come quickly to me, please?" He wanted to reach out and touch her. But the moment Elizabeth turned to look at him, his hand froze in mid-air. The emotion in her eyes was so unfamiliar that it made him feel uneasy and helpless. What is love? Love is a hand reaching out but not daring to touch. Alexander began to care about Elizabeth's emotions. And he was powerless.

"Come back to you?" She repeated his words, her voice very soft. "Do you really think a patched-up heart can be mended with just a few words?" Elizabeth looked into his eyes. She saw love in Alexander's eyes, but there was no love in hers anymore.

"Coming back to you, I would only want to take revenge for the years of hurt you've caused me. I wish I could crush your company, take everything from

you, and leave you with nothing.” She truly hated Alexander. How could she possibly forgive him? Even if he knelt a hundred times, it wouldn’t be enough!

“I can give you everything I have, as long as you want it.” Alexander’s expression became serious. Elizabeth laughed. “Alright, then transfer 15% of the Tudor Group’s shares to me first, let me see your sincerity.”

Alexander looked at her eyebrows and eyes. He wished she would ask for something. “You know me well, I’m serious about it. Elizabeth, if I give you 15% of the shares, would you really dare to take them?” Elizabeth looked at him. Alexander’s face was full of “take it all,” which made her fall silent. To Alexander, what did money matter? He had lost his beloved Elizabeth and a warm family that should have been his. He drank until he ended up in the hospital, and the only one by his side was his assistant. He missed the days when Elizabeth was by his side and missed waking up every day with her sleeping next to him. He missed the loving look in her eyes whenever she looked at him. He missed the warm scenes of her cooking for him and waiting for him at home. He missed everything from the past. He begged God to give Elizabeth back to him and begged Elizabeth to look at him again.

“I dare to take it,” Elizabeth answered him. Alexander nodded. He then called Nolan, “Nolan, I want to transfer...”. There was no expression on Elizabeth’s face when she heard him say he would transfer 15% of his shares to her.

The banquet was noisy, but Alexander’s voice was so clear. He didn’t care about the money! All he wanted now was Elizabeth. Before he finished the call, Elizabeth stood up to leave. “Elizabeth, what else do you want?” he asked. Elizabeth’s steps halted; she looked into the distance, listening to his words, only feeling irony. “I want everything, as long as it’s from you,” she said and then left.

## Chapter 653

When Lila returned, Elizabeth had already left. Kieran overheard the conversation between Elizabeth and Alexander. He approached Alexander, his gaze somewhat complicated. He had seen him in countless forms, but never had he seen him trying so hard to please someone. Alexander was even willing to give Elizabeth fifteen percent of his shares and even asked her what else she wanted. This made Kieran see Alexander in a new light—that he was really serious this time.

Meanwhile, Alexander told Kieran that what you can't have is always the best. "Alexander, go home and rest early," Kieran said, unsure how to comfort him. The relationship between Alexander and Elizabeth was too complicated. Alexander felt that they would be entangled for a while. "I think you've been too tired lately," Kieran added.

Alexander sat on a high chair; his eyes were indeed very red. He was clearly not as carefree and dashing as before. Back then, he had a commanding presence wherever he went, an oppressive aura that kept people at a distance. Now, he seemed completely defeated.

"To be honest, this situation that I can't control really exhausts me," Alexander said sincerely to Kieran. He was used to having everything under his control. But now, he was nothing. "Alexander, let it go if you can't get Elizabeth. Life always has some regrets," Kieran comforted him. Alexander shook his head; he wanted Elizabeth to come back.

"I heard everything you said. Alexander, Elizabeth really doesn't love you anymore," Kieran said. When a woman starts looking at you coldly and only asks for money, it means she's completely given up.

Elizabeth asked for fifteen percent of the shares, not for Alexander's love or to marry him! In the past, whenever Elizabeth looked at Alexander, her eyes were always full of admiration and tender love.

"Wake up. The end of the year is coming, and there's a lot to do at the company. Don't ruin your health." If Kieran hadn't seen Elizabeth's attitude before, he might have encouraged Alexander to persist. But now that he had seen her attitude, he could only advise Alexander to give up. Elizabeth only had indifference left for Alexander.

## Chapter 653

From Kieran's perspective, Alexander had no chance at all. "Is the company important?" A cold smile appeared on Alexander's face. "Isn't the company important? Be careful; if you don't win her back, your hard-earned business empire might be destroyed!" Kieran's voice grew louder, his tone particularly serious. "Because you are Alexander, you can still pursue Elizabeth. If one day you become an ordinary person, what capital will you have to pursue Elizabeth then? If you don't even have a company, and Elizabeth asks for money, what will you do then?"

Alexander could now give Elizabeth fifteen percent of the shares just by saying so, but what if there were no company shares? Alexander laughed. Kieran indeed woke him up with his scolding. “Then I could only turn to you,” Alexander said to Kieran. Kieran was speechless. “Among all of us, you are the most capable. Don’t degrade yourself; I look down on you!” He snorted coldly and went to find someone else.

## Chapter 654

Alexander stood still, swirling the wine in his hand before downing it in one gulp. He picked up his coat and said to Kieran, “I wish you and Lila a pleasant collaboration. I’m leaving now.”

Kieran turned around, only to see Alexander’s back. Alexander seemed to have lost weight recently, and his figure didn’t appear as robust as before. As he stepped out of the hotel, he noticed it was snowing in Lisbon. Somewhat surprised, he raised his hand, and snowflakes fell densely on his black coat; they were pure and beautiful.

As he descended the steps, Nolan approached from a distance, standing by the car, waiting for him to get in. Just as Alexander was about to leave, he caught a glimpse of a slender figure not far away. Nolan followed his gaze and saw that it was Elizabeth. Elizabeth was squatting down, holding snow in her hands. Her coat was thrown on the ground, and she was only wearing a dress. Her hair was casually tied up, and her ears were red from the cold.

Alexander furrowed his brows. Elizabeth was always like this—playing in the snow in thin clothes during winter and walking barefoot in the rain during summer. There was a child living in Elizabeth’s heart. Alexander’s steps involuntarily moved towards her. The snow was falling heavily, forming a thin layer on her head, melting and falling on the tips of her hair.

Elizabeth was about to stand up with a handful of snow when she saw Alexander bending down to pick up her coat. Alexander looked up at her, his voice deep and magnetic. “Aren’t you cold?”

Elizabeth looked at him. She thought of what he had said to her inside, asking her to come back to him. She lowered her eyes and reached out her hand for the coat.

Alexander didn’t speak, nor did he hand over the coat. He was waiting for her to speak. He wanted to hear her voice, even if it was just a word, or if she

questioned him. Elizabeth furrowed her brows, expressing her dissatisfaction with her eyes. Her outstretched hand was red from playing in the snow earlier. Since he didn't give it to her, she didn't withdraw her hand, and the two of them remained in a stalemate. Alexander noticed her shoulders tremble slightly. He sighed lightly, unfolded the coat, and moved to drape it over her shoulders.

Elizabeth immediately took the coat, stepped back, and put it on.

"You don't have to avoid me like this," Alexander said, his tone hurt.

"And you don't have to get so close to me," Elizabeth finally spoke. Although her words pushed him away, the fact that she spoke made Alexander happy. It was better than Elizabeth ignoring him. A couple passed by, the girl holding a coffee, and they looked very sweet and happy. The atmosphere between them formed a stark contrast to them.

"I'll take you back." Alexander stepped forward.

Elizabeth stepped back. "No need, my car is behind."

Alexander took note of her retreating steps. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "You've been drinking; you can't drive."

"Felix is coming to pick me up." Elizabeth smiled slightly.

Hearing Felix's name, Alexander thought of the incident on the yacht that day. It seemed that Felix was the one who saved Elizabeth then, and every time she had an accident, Felix was the one by her side.

"What is your relationship with Felix?" he asked.

"Mr. Tudor, you're overstepping," she said. It was a personal question, and she had the right not to answer him.

Alexander then fell silent.

## Chapter 655

The sound of a car bomb came from Belini. Elizabeth turned around; it was Felix, coming to pick her up. Without even glancing at Alexander, she quickly got into the car. The car's headlights illuminated Alexander. He was tall and well-built. The light cast a faint halo around him. She couldn't see his face

clearly, but he seemed like an angel descending in the winter. And she couldn't grasp or hold onto him.

"Boss, has Mr. Tudor lost weight?" Felix joked as he reversed the car. Elizabeth propped her face on her hand, looking at the gradually blurring figure, her voice heavy. "Do you think I've lost weight recently?"

Felix glanced at her and nodded. "You've lost weight too. It seems the research institute is too exhausting."

"If it's so exhausting, why don't you come be my assistant and suffer together?" Elizabeth glared at Felix. Felix had time to notice if Alexander had lost weight. Why didn't he notice if *Elizabeth* had lost weight?

"Boss, I have something to tell you," Felix smiled at Elizabeth. Elizabeth didn't speak; her silence meant he could continue. She closed her eyes, rubbing her temples with one hand, which felt a bit hot from playing in the snow.

"I found out who set off the fireworks on Declan's birthday," Felix said. Elizabeth was silent. Who had so much money to set off fireworks for so long? She was a bit interested, but not much. Felix looked at Elizabeth, who still appeared very calm. He was sure that once he said the name, she would open her eyes.

"Alexander," As soon as Felix uttered the name, Elizabeth indeed opened her eyes. She was stunned, looking at Felix with a hint of doubt. "Really?"

Felix nodded. "Yes. The fireworks were set off not far from the Percy Family's place, which was the best viewing spot." He shrugged. "Who told you that?" Elizabeth asked him.

Felix responded, "I went to the police station today. I was chatting with a friend there, and he said Mr. Tudor came to file a report, spending a lot of money on fireworks just to make you smile."

Elizabeth had wondered why no one had set off fireworks for years, except for large events. Why would someone suddenly set off fireworks, and so conveniently near her home? The fireworks were indeed beautiful, but they were only brilliant for that moment. Once they flashed by, no one remembered them. Unless they could go on forever.

"Those fireworks were set off by Mr. Tudor for you," Felix said lazily. Elizabeth didn't take it to heart and continued looking out the window. She propped her face on her hand, her thoughts gradually drifting.

"Do you think if Mr. Tudor had treated you this well in marriage, your kids would be several years old by now?" Felix fantasized. Elizabeth responded with a sound. She really wanted to have a child with Alexander. Someone as excellent and good-looking as him. If it were a boy, then they both could protect her. If it were a girl, Alexander would protect both of them. She had countless times envisioned a life for the three of them. Thinking about it now, it still seemed wonderful. But unfortunately, reality was right in front of her, and all of this could only be imagined.

## Chapter 656

Elizabeth rushed home and quickly climbed into bed, tossing her bag and slippers aside. She took a deep breath and then turned, staring at the ceiling, rubbing her cheeks. Winter had arrived, and it was getting colder and colder, and the snow outside continued to fall. Elizabeth took a hot shower, but even after her skincare routine, she couldn't fall asleep. It was past ten at night.

Suddenly, she thought of something. She went to her study and turned on her long-unused computer. Elizabeth logged into the Base M system; her inbox was overflowing with emails. Many people had emailed her, hoping she would return and participate in more activities. But she hated showing her face most of all.

Reality was reality, and Base M was like a virtual world. You paid me; I did the job. But asking her to show her face? It was impossible. Because Elizabeth never showed her face, there were all sorts of rumors about her. Some said she was too shy to face the world; others said she was divorced with kids; and some even claimed she was a bald, overweight, middle-aged man. In short, there was a lot of talk.

On the forum, many people were discussing Ivan's recent jewelry exhibition. Elizabeth was surprised by it. When she clicked in, she found that most of the comments were complaints. Those who praised it—did they even know Kennedy Hope? Kennedy was born for jewelry! Kennedy is the best!

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. As she scrolled down, the discussion was all about Kennedy. She chuckled. She looked at her long list of professions and



casually clicked on the “Jewelry Design” category. In the jewelry design section, there was a newly sent invitation:

[Hello, I am Magnolia, the founder of Opulent Crest Jewelry, which will be holding a jewelry exhibition this Saturday. We hope you can honor us with your presence and guidance.]

Magnolia was inviting the famous jewelry designer, Kennedy. Elizabeth was the long-hidden Kennedy. In the top right corner, the name Kennedy gleamed in gold—a golden tag that belonged only to Kennedy.

At fifteen or sixteen, Elizabeth, in her naivety, designed some pieces she thought were beautiful and posted them online immediately. Many people criticized her designs, but she didn’t care. After all, she was young. Later, a set of her jewelry designs became a sensation online. Elizabeth signed with a company and became the renowned Kennedy. The company packaged and promoted Elizabeth, and she worked hard. Once Kennedy’s name was out, she instantly became a representative of blockbuster jewelry. In just half a year, she solidified her title as a genius designer, becoming a hot and mysterious designer.

At twenty, when Elizabeth was at the peak of her popularity, she left the design world to be with Alexander. But no one ever forgot Kennedy. Whenever a new set of jewelry emerged, people would bring up her old designs to criticize them. Elizabeth’s later jewelry designs were even more impressive, each set more popular than the last. So much so that after she went into hiding, everyone went crazy, sending her private messages, begging her to reconsider.

Elizabeth hadn’t logged into this account for three years, and logging into the account would trigger a notification. A golden banner gradually appeared at the top of the forum: [Jewelry Designer Kennedy is online.] In an instant, countless people flooded into the jewelry section, and everyone started posting. Elizabeth didn’t refresh for just ten seconds, and there were already countless new posts. She hadn’t expected that after three years, she would still have such influence.

Felix quickly sent a message: [Boss, how could you log into the base forum without giving me a heads-up? I need to get Oliver to reinforce the server! Damn it, the design team’s server is about to crash!]

Elizabeth was speechless. She just wanted to take a quick look inside, but she forgot about the login notification.

Elizabeth: [Felix, can you ask Oliver to turn off that login notification for me?]

The Base M. forum is very mysterious; you can't talk about anything here without being monitored. The forum's peak online user count reached over 300 million.

Felix: No way, this is the highest honor for you.

Elizabeth: [You only know how to do these superficial things|]

Felix: [Why did you log in? Look at this circle now, which was very chaotic.]

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow.

Felix continued: [I suggest you teach them a lesson, make them settle down.]

Elizabeth: (Magnolia, the president of Opulent Crest Jewelry, invited me to attend this Saturday's jewelry exhibition.)

Felix: [Another jewelry exhibition? Why are there so many jewelry exhibitions lately? Do you want to host one too?]

Elizabeth: It's the end of the year; it's normal that everyone is doing summaries.

Felix: [Are you going?]

Elizabeth: I don't have anything going on Saturday; I'll go take a look. But I won't go as Kennedy, you know it.

Felix: [Got it. Be careful; one day your identity might get exposed.]

Elizabeth smiled; she would be careful. She browsed the forum; now it was filled with posts welcoming her back, nothing of substance. Meanwhile, Magnolia sent her another message. It was several exhibition pieces sent by Magnolia.

Elizabeth clicked in, and a set of green onyx jewelry caught her attention. It was a very classic design, but with a clever little twist. It looked special without

breaking the norm, highlighting the charm of the onyx. Elizabeth thought it was pretty good.

Magnolia: [Waiting for you.]

Elizabeth didn't reply and then closed the private message. She would go. Because she found her own green onyx design from back then... It was known as a classic among classics.

## Chapter 657

Elizabeth suddenly had an idea. It was snowing outside today; how about using snow as a theme to design a unique set of jewelry with diamonds? Elizabeth got excited and sketched a necklace, ring, and earrings on the spot. The three-piece set was themed around snowflakes, not too eye-catching, but not too dull either. Elizabeth looked at the bracelet and felt that just snowflakes alone seemed a bit thin. She then looked out the window, twirling the pen in her right hand. Involuntarily, she drew a teardrop on the pendant. The fusion of a teardrop and snow was perfect. Elizabeth took a photo, and when she looked up again, she realized the process of creation makes you forget yourself. It was almost dawn and already past six in the morning. Elizabeth added a mosaic and her watermark to the photo, opened the forum, and posted it.

[How about using this as the opening piece for Kennedy's return?]

## Chapter 658

Elizabeth didn't arrive at the research institute until after ten in the morning. A sudden, heavy snowfall had caused the city's temperature to plummet. She hugged herself tightly, looking somewhat fatigued.

Blair came in to deliver some documents and clicked her tongue when she saw Elizabeth's haggard face. "You're only in your twenties, but you look like you're in your thirties. I can't imagine what you'll look like when you're actually in your thirties," she said mockingly as she put down the documents.

Elizabeth really didn't like Blair, whose chatter was too annoying. "Thirty has its own way of living, but no matter how old I am, I'm no worse off than you," Elizabeth said with a cold smile as she opened the documents. "Blair, you should mind your own business and stop worrying about things that don't concern you."

Blair snorted and had nothing more to say.

“Is this the latest research data?” Elizabeth asked Blair.

Blair nodded.

Elizabeth frowned and took out yesterday’s data. She hadn’t come to work yesterday, but the data had already been delivered. But the data reports for the two days were exactly the same. Elizabeth spread out the two reports for Blair to see and asked, “Was there no progress at all yesterday?”

Blair shrugged; she didn’t know. She was just an assistant, doing whatever she was told.

Elizabeth remained silent. She stood up and took the two reports to the research lab. Blair had a feeling that something big was about to go wrong. When Elizabeth got serious, she could be quite intimidating. Even though she was wearing flat shoes, she carried herself with the presence of someone in high heels. Her hair was tied up, making her look efficient and straightforward. She was about to lose her temper.

Elizabeth opened the door to the research lab and heard a group of people chatting inside.

“Kennedy showed up yesterday. Did you see her latest design drafts? I’m so excited.”

“Me too. I can’t wait for the final product. I’ll buy it no matter the cost!”

“Kennedy’s products are always expensive. Her comeback work will definitely be high-end. You’ll probably have to fight for it. Don’t get your hopes up.”

It wasn’t until Elizabeth walked over that the group noticed her, still chatting about Kennedy’s new work. Blair cleared her throat. Everyone looked up to see Elizabeth standing behind them with her arms crossed and a stern expression on her face. And their expressions were quite varied.

Some were shocked, some were embarrassed, and some were completely unfazed. Addressing the unfazed one, Elizabeth asked, “Why is yesterday’s data the same as today’s?”

“There’s been no progress recently,” she replied.

Elizabeth asked her, “Have the valuable parts of Serenity Leaf been extracted? Has the integration research begun?”

The woman opened her mouth, then looked at a man beside her. “Jacob Clarke, this is your responsibility. Have the valuable parts of Serenity Leaf been extracted?”

Elizabeth squinted, thinking they were starting to shift the blame.

Jonah said, “Not yet.”

Elizabeth looked at them coldly, growing increasingly angry at their nonsense. “SIZN is being watched by many people. Countless families are hoping we can produce good results soon, to give them a bit of hope. Look at what you’re doing.” She opened the document in her hand and flipped to the beginning of the month. “Look, what’s the difference between the data from the beginning of the month and the end of the month?”

Everyone looked helpless. Elizabeth laughed at their helplessness. She slammed the notebook onto the table and yelled, “If you don’t start doing proper research, I’ll replace every single one of you!”

Then Jonah was displeased. “Elizabeth, we were selected by Celine.”

## Chapter 659

“Since we’ve changed the commander, isn’t it normal to replace disloyal workers? What does it matter if Celine chose them?” Elizabeth questioned him. “If Coline were here right now, would you dare be so negligent? Who do you think you’re hurting?” Elizabeth’s face was cold as she questioned them. Her strong presence made some even hurriedly put on their clothes and get back to work.

“Who are you trying to scare? I’ve been at this institute longer than Celine!” Jonah retorted, dissatisfied. He was an important figure here. Did Elizabeth dare to fire him?

“If I want to fire you, it’s just a matter of saying the word. You don’t need to threaten me,” Elizabeth said.

Jonah laughed. “Who could replace me if I left this position?”

Elizabeth almost immediately pointed to Blair. “A postdoc who studied abroad. Can she replace you?”

Blair didn’t expect Elizabeth to mention her at this moment.

But Elizabeth was right; Blair had specialized in this field abroad. She could actually...

With Blair around, Jonah was indeed in danger.

“How old is she? How old am I? Does she have my experience?” Jonah protested.

“Isn’t experience accumulated bit by bit? Let her work for two years, and see if she has experience. See if she’s better than you!” Elizabeth snapped.

Jonah fell silent. Someone beside him tugged at his sleeve, signaling him to stop talking. Everyone had indeed been slacking off a bit since Celine wasn’t at the institute. This project was a key one, and everyone needed to put in the effort.

“The valuable part of Serenity Leaf extraction will now be handled by me. You go help someone else,” Ella said, glancing away before walking off. She was going to do it herself.

Elizabeth shook her head. When would these people give hope to the families needing SH2N7?

“Elizabeth, I want to help you,” Blair said, catching up to Elizabeth.

Without turning around, Elizabeth replied, “Blair, I can’t let you start working immediately. You’ll have to start as an assistant.”

“Why? I can do it, you know my capabilities! Isn’t my resume enough?” Blair answered.

Since Elizabeth had said Blair was no worse than Jonah, it meant she had reviewed Blair’s resume!

“Blair, get more familiar with the institute. I will make you an important member of the institute,” Elizabeth said, in the kindest tone she had ever used with her. She wanted Blair to get to know the people and things here better. More importantly, she wanted to temper her impatient nature. If Blair entered

a project that might take ten or twenty years to research, she might give up halfway.

Unfortunately, Blair didn't understand Elizabeth's intentions and felt she was targeting her. "Are you brushing me off?" She followed closely behind Elizabeth.

Elizabeth smiled faintly. "I'm very busy; I don't have time to brush you off."

Blair was about to say something, but Elizabeth cut her off. "That's enough, go get busy. Stop following me."

"I don't want to follow you anyway. I'm going to check out Kennedy's new work!" Blair said, running off.

Elizabeth frowned and looked back, thinking Blair was still just a kid. But it seemed someone at the institute was also interested in Kennedy. Elizabeth realized she needed to be more cautious to prevent her identity from being exposed.

Then, her phone rang.

Natalia: [I'm going to the hospital to see Grandma later. Do you want to come with me? I'll pick you up.]

## Chapter 660

At the hospital, Natalia wore a mask and hat. She and Elizabeth didn't speak much in the elevator. Elizabeth was quite surprised that Natalia had asked her to come along to see Celine. Coincidentally, she also wanted to ask Celine about her plans after refining Serenity Leaf. As they exited the elevator, Elizabeth spoke first.

"Are you going to stay in Lisbon for a while?"

"I'm taking a break. I'm very tired, and I don't want to act anymore," Natalia yawned, looking very lazy. People passing by glanced at her; after all, her attire looked a bit strange.

Her phone rang, and she sighed. "I'll take this call; you go in first."

"Got it." Elizabeth took the things Natalia had bought for Celine. She walked to the ward door and, upon opening it, heard faint crying. The sound was so

soft that it was easily missed unless one listened carefully. Elizabeth frowned slightly and, with a sigh, confirmed it was Celine's voice. She lowered her head.

She thought, *So, losing sensation in her arm must be very hard for Celine*. Celine had always been strong; how could she tolerate this? Elizabeth also blamed herself for not noticing Celine's emotions earlier. When someone faces setbacks and acts like they don't care, it's a dangerous warning sign.

The sobbing subsided, and Celine seemed to sense the door opening. She tentatively asked, "Who's there?"

Elizabeth looked up, wiped away tears, and smiled. "Grandma, I'm here to see you." As she approached, Celine was hurriedly wiping her tears. Elizabeth knew Celine didn't want her to see her crying, so she turned her back, pretending she hadn't heard anything. "I came with Natalia. She went out to take a call. These are some things we bought for you."

"You two kids, spending money just to see me," Celine said.

"We're missing you; don't refuse." Elizabeth produced some fruit, deliberately stalling.

"Come sit down." It wasn't until Celine said this that Elizabeth turned around. Celine's eyes were red, and she forced a smile. But she was good at pretending, and soon acted like nothing had happened.

"Where's Grandpa?" Elizabeth asked.

"He went home to get some things. He'll be back soon," Celine said with a smile.

"Grandma, can you be discharged soon?" Elizabeth picked up a fruit knife to peel an apple.

"Yes, once the final test results are out, I can be discharged," Celine answered.

Elizabeth looked at her and said, "Then I'll come over every day to give you acupuncture, okay?" She didn't know if it would be effective, but at least it would prevent Celine's muscles from completely atrophying.



“Forget it, I’m already so old.” Celine looked at her numb arm, her expression calm. Elizabeth finally understood how many tears were hidden behind Celine’s words.

“No, Grandma is still young. We should treat it if we can. You have to believe in me.” Elizabeth held her hand, offering hope. “Just like you give hope to those families with vegetative patients, I also want to give you hope.”

If SH2N could be successfully developed, why couldn’t Celine’s numb arm be cured? There are no miracles in the world, but Elizabeth was determined to create one. Her eyes were bright and full of conviction. This made Celine look forward to it, just like those people looked forward to SHZN. As long as people have hope, they will want to keep living.

“Grandma, during this time I might disappoint you. But please believe in me, I’m working hard with you, okay?” Elizabeth squeezed Celine’s arm, her eyes sincere.

Celine raised her left hand and rubbed Elizabeth’s head. “Elizabeth, you really are my treasure.”