

# Unreparable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 671

Nolan was also a bit surprised, his hand still on the door. He froze for a second, then nodded. He then hurried upstairs, holding a gift box.

Elizabeth quickly looked away. Would Nolan tell Alexander she was here when he delivered the gift? She felt a bit uneasy, worried that Alexander might come down to greet her. But then she thought about him being with Magnolia. How could he leave her alone? So she felt much more at ease.

“Do you have plans this weekend? There’s a ski resort nearby. Want to go together?” Ivan suddenly asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked up. “Sure.” She loved it, but Lila was usually too busy, and Felix didn’t know how to ski, so she was too lazy to go alone. If someone went with her, she would be thrilled.

“Then, shall we go on Saturday?” Ivan inquired.

Elizabeth shook her head. “I have plans on Saturday. How about Sunday?” She had to attend an event for Opulent Crest jewelry on Saturday because she wanted to see that set of jade jewelry.

“Alright, whatever you say.” Ivan was quite accommodating.

Elizabeth just smiled at him and said, “Ivan, you’re too accommodating.”

“A guy trying to pursue a girl has to be a bit accommodating. If he isn’t, there must be something wrong with him.”

Ivan’s words did make some sense.

Elizabeth smiled. “Got it.”

Seeing her smile, Ivan seemed to understand what kind of man Elizabeth liked.

“Hello,” a waiter suddenly came over to greet them.

Elizabeth looked up, puzzled.

“This is a dessert from a gentleman for you.” The waiter placed a dessert down.

Elizabeth stared at it for a while and thanked the waiter.

Ivan wanted to ask who it was from, but seeing Elizabeth’s silence, knew it. Although Alexander couldn’t come down to greet her, he still wanted to show he was there.

Elizabeth pushed the dessert aside, not intending to eat it. Alexander’s gesture was meaningless.

Soon, the waiter came again. “Ma’am, that gentleman has sent you another dessert.” She placed another one down.

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Elizabeth frowned. She didn’t eat it because she just didn’t want to eat something Alexander ordered. Didn’t he understand?

“Excuse me, I don’t like it. If he orders again, don’t bring it to me.” Then Elizabeth pushed the dessert away again.

The waiter smiled and left without saying anything.

Elizabeth’s face turned cold, and she lost her appetite.

“Let me take you home.” Ivan offered.

Elizabeth nodded, but before she could stand up, she saw the waiter coming over with another dessert. The waiter blocked her way. This time it was a male waiter.

He said, “Elizabeth, would you like to try it? Our desserts are actually quite good.”

Elizabeth’s face turned completely cold. “If I don’t eat it, will you not let me leave?”

“Elizabeth, we don’t have that right. But...” The waiter hinted.

Elizabeth smiled. "Alexander won't let me leave?"

The waiter looked at her silently, which answered her question.

Elizabeth nodded. "Tell him to come down."

"Elizabeth, if you take a bite, you can leave," the waiter said.

Elizabeth smiled. "Just tell him to come down and watch me eat."

"We're just doing our job." The waiter answered.

Elizabeth looked upstairs. She seemed ready to rush up, but Ivan held her back.

## Chapter 672

"Forget it," Ivan gestured to Elizabeth not to rush forward.

"Why does Alexander get to do this?" Elizabeth questioned.

Ivan frowned. "He's doing it on purpose, you know it well. Rushing up there now would just play into his hands."

But Elizabeth couldn't swallow this grievance. She thought, *Why should I eat the dessert Alexander sent? If I don't eat it, then he won't let me leave? What kind of domineering behavior is this?*

"Take all these desserts away," Elizabeth ordered coldly.

The waitstaff remained unmoved. Then Elizabeth was really annoyed, her hand, pointing at the desserts, slowly clenching into a fist.

Ivan seemed to want to take them away, but Elizabeth stopped him. Elizabeth was defiant. They only listened to Alexander, didn't they?

"Give it to me." Elizabeth took the dessert from Ivan's hand.

Ivan wanted to step forward again, but Elizabeth was already heading upstairs with the dessert. Ivan wanted to follow, but Elizabeth turned and said, "Ivan, if you're going to me, then don't follow me."

Ivan immediately stopped in his tracks. Because he did indeed want to stop her.

Elizabeth went straight upstairs, and despite the waitstaff's attempts to dissuade her, she pushed open Alexander's private room door.

Inside the room, Magnolia was sitting in front of him. They seemed to be discussing something serious, and the atmosphere was heavy. Elizabeth's arrival made the atmosphere even more tense.

Elizabeth stood at the door, holding the dessert, her gaze sweeping over Magnolia and landing on Alexander. Alexander had anticipated she would rush up. But he was surprised that she brought the dessert.

He pondered, 'So, does she want to eat it in front of me?'

Alexander raised an eyebrow, looking at Elizabeth indifferently. Elizabeth walked towards him step by step, standing in front of him. Alexander met her eyes. Her gaze was so calm that it was impossible to tell what she was thinking.

Magnolia felt something was off, but didn't know how to make an...

"Did you send this?" Elizabeth spoke, her voice low, making the atmosphere even heavier.

Hearing her words, Alexander squinted. "You don't like it?" he asked.

Elizabeth smiled. "Why should I like something sent by a stranger?"

"So?" Alexander placed one hand on the back of the chair, looking at her arrogantly.

Elizabeth smiled. "Keep your trash," she said, and then directly smashed the dessert into his face.

At that moment, the room fell silent. Only the sound of the plate hitting the floor and shattering could be heard.

Magnolia stood up in shock, staring at Elizabeth, full of astonishment. She thought, *Is she crazy? She actually humiliated Alexander in front of everyone.*

The waitstaff exchanged glances and quickly turned to leave. Alexander's hand on the back of the chair slowly clenched into a fist, his eyes covered in cream, unable to open. His mouth twitched, and then he let out a muffled laugh. He seemed to be stunned for a few seconds, then raised his hand, slowly wiping the cream from his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, his thick eyelashes were covered in cream, trembling slightly.

## Chapter 673

Alexander looked at Elizabeth coldly, clearly angry. "You gave it to me; I'm giving it back. If you like it, eat more of it," Elizabeth said, wiping her fingers.

Alexander didn't expect her to be so extreme. He pondered, "Is it really that hard for her to take a bite of the dessert I gave her?"

"Mr. Tudor, if you see me in the restaurant next time, I hope you'll be polite and not disturb me. Otherwise—" Elizabeth said, taking a step back and looking at the mess on the floor. She felt sorry, but it was Alexander's duty to help clean up.

Then Elizabeth turned to leave. Alexander stood up, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her back. His grip was so strong that Elizabeth gasped in pain.

Alexander turned to Magnolia, his tone irritated. "You go ahead; we talk about the contract later." Magnolia knew she shouldn't stay any longer, nodded quickly, and left without saying a word. The door to the private room closed.

"It won't be so nice," Elizabeth tried to struggle. She knew that Alexander had finally lost his temper after holding it in for so many days. She had completely angered him. But she wasn't afraid of him. She wanted him to know that he had crossed way over the line! And it made her extremely unhappy.

"Elizabeth, you really have some nerve," he said, pulling her close to him, his palm gripping her waist tightly. Elizabeth could only press against him. They were so close that Elizabeth's toes inexplicably lifted. He was so tall that she had to lean into him. When he stepped back, Elizabeth had to step back too.

Alexander's gaze was fierce, like an enraged lone wolf. Elizabeth's back pressed against the wall, her whole body chilled. "You can give, but I can refuse?"

"You were so happy eating with Ivan, but taking a bite of the dessert I gave you is too much?" Alexander questioned. He wasn't usually so persistent about anything, but this really got to him!

"Ivan and I are friends. What's wrong with having a meal with a friend? But what's wrong with you?" Elizabeth questioned furiously. She knew exactly what he didn't like to hear, yet she kept repeating it.

### Chapter 673

Alexander let out a cold laugh, his face still smeared with cream, looking a bit disheveled but still imposing. He grabbed her neck with one hand, his gaze falling on her red lips. His fingers touched the corner of her mouth and then rubbed hard.

Elizabeth frowned and cursed, "Let go of me!" Alexander raised an eyebrow. Then he pinned her arms with one hand and rubbed her lips again with the other. His eyes, fixed on her red lips, were burning with a wild intensity. "You have to—rat—"

Before Elizabeth could retort, he leaned in to kiss her. But Elizabeth turned her head, and his kiss missed. Alexander's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, his last bit of patience completely worn out. She laughed and joked with Ivan, but with him, she was cold and wouldn't even take a bite of dessert.

Alexander didn't want to treat her this way. But she forced him to do so. He pinned her against the wall, grabbed her neck, and decisively kissed her enticing red lips. Cream smeared everywhere, and Elizabeth felt a wave of discomfort. She used all her strength to push him away and slapped him hard, shouting, "Alexander, you lunatic!"

Alexander looked up, his gaze fierce, almost heart-wrenching. "I am crazy because of you! Why can't I forget this? Elizabeth, tell me why!" His right hand clenched into a fist and pounded the wall, his roar piercing—

### Chapter 674

You think this is something small and forgettable because you're not the one who's red with anger. "As wronged!" Elizabeth shouted back, her eyes blazing.

Alexander gave a bitter smile. He took a step forward, his gaze towards her almost crazed. "How could I not feel wronged? Elizabeth, do you think you're

the only one who feels wronged? I was played like a fool. How could I not feel wronged?" He lowered his voice, his tone full of questioning.

His life was supposed to be peaceful. He had a successful career and a happy family. But all of that was disrupted!

The atmosphere was somber. Elizabeth looked at Alexander, unable to speak. Was he wronged? But she felt even more wronged.

Alexander's eyes darkened, as if he realized his actions were too harsh. So he had to avoid her gaze. He lowered his head, while Elizabeth looked at his downcast eyes. Both of their breaths were heavy.

The room was so quiet that they could hear each other's intense heartbeats. The snowflakes falling outside seemed particularly desolate. Alexander had never imagined... they were supposed to keep each other warm, ended up divorced after three years of marriage, becoming enemies who would soon be strangers!

Elizabeth kept looking at him, and he could feel it. She bit her lower lip, saying nothing. Alexander slowly let go of his hand, pressing his palm against the wall, breathing heavily. He asked, "Elizabeth, do we really have to be so confrontational?"

Elizabeth's face was cold, her eyes devoid of any emotion. "Thanks to you."

Alexander shook his head, looking utterly helpless. "Elizabeth, what will it take for you to forgive me? Tell me, what do I need to do? Even if it's just like how you treat Ivan."

To have dinner with him, to accept his kindness, to look at him directly... But Elizabeth didn't. She just treated him like a stranger. She resisted him fiercely, pushing him far away.

Did Elizabeth see his nagging, his entanglement, his attempts to make amends? Elizabeth stared at his eyes, her voice cold. "Alexander. There's really no chance for us."

"No." Alexander shook his head. He didn't want to hear that, and he didn't want things to end with them either. "We can start over. You can watch how I do." He was desperate.

But all of his desperation was in vain. “I don’t have any love left for you. So I can’t start over with you. Alexander, you can find someone better, and so can I. Let’s not entangle ourselves anymore.” Elizabeth raised her hand to push him away.

But Alexander grabbed her wrist, questioning, “Who is the better person for you? Ivan?”

Elizabeth glared at him. “Don’t bring up Ivan.”

“What’s the matter? Are you anxious because I mentioned him?” Alexander immediately became angry.

“Alexander, stop being unreasonable here!” Elizabeth was annoyed. “You get so anxious. Elizabeth, don’t tell me you’ve really fallen for him.” There was an indescribable sadness in Alexander’s eyes.

Elizabeth glared at him. She really wanted to tell him that she had fallen for Ivan, if that would make him give up! “I thought you knew he and I are friends?” he asked.

Elizabeth smiled. “Can’t I date your friend?”

“Elizabeth. Is this your way of getting back at me?” He couldn’t understand. Elizabeth wasn’t such an irrational person. If she was with Ivan, it could only be for revenge!

“You’re not worth using my feelings for revenge. Let go of me.” Elizabeth pushed him away, for she was ready to leave.

Alexander lowered his head, no longer having the courage to continue pestering her. “Elizabeth, I won’t give up.” He looked up at her retreating figure.

## Chapter 675

Elizabeth paused for a moment, then spoke lightly, “Don’t persist in meaningless things.”

Alexander frowned and said, “Elizabeth, I will do the same things as you did during the time you pursued me. If Elizabeth could persist in loving him, what couldn’t he persist in?”



“You will never make it,” Elizabeth turned her head and glanced at him. No one could do that like her. Her love, and the little things she did for Alexander, which no one could replicate. Not even Alexander.

The door of the private room was slammed shut. Elizabeth stood outside the door, not even realizing her hands were tightly clenched. She lowered her head; her throat felt dry, and she was very upset.

Before she could raise her head, a woman’s voice came to her ears. “Your change is quite impressive.” Elizabeth turned her head and saw Magnolia.

Magnolia smiled gently. “You’re really different from when you were in college.” In college, Elizabeth always revolved around Alexander. If Alexander said a few more words to her, she would be very happy. But now, she was the one rejecting Alexander. What happened between them? Wasn’t Alexander always fond of Esme? Why was he now pursuing Elizabeth instead of being in touch with Esme?

“People change over time,” Elizabeth said with a smile.

Magnolia shook her head. “But I haven’t changed.”

“In what way?” Elizabeth asked her.

Magnolia raised an eyebrow. “Don’t you know?”

Elizabeth squinted her eyes. Maybe she knew, but she still wanted to hear Magnolia say it herself. Like Alexander, and I have never changed, Magnolia said directly. Elizabeth raised an eyebrow; the answer was as expected. Magnolia had indeed liked Alexander for many years; she was a very noble person. When there was someone Alexander liked around him, she would hide herself. Once Alexander was alone, she would immediately jump out, just like now.

Chapter 675

“Hope you get what you wish for,” Elizabeth smiled slightly at her and then walked away.

Magnolia asked, “Elizabeth, have you really given up?”

“Yes. Whoever likes that jerk Alexander can have him,” Elizabeth laughed and said no more. Magnolia fell silent. The door of the private room behind her was opened.

Alexander quietly watched Elizabeth's back, who was so carefree, while he felt like a clown. All of this was because of Esme. Alexander's eyes darkened.

Magnolia looked at him. "Mr. Tudor."

"You're still here?" Alexander looked at her.

She nodded. "I'm worried about you."

Alexander sneered, "What is there to worry about?"

After saying that, he also walked out. Magnolia wanted to say something, but Alexander stopped her, saying, "You don't need to follow me." So Magnolia indeed did not follow.

When Alexander came out of the restaurant, he saw Elizabeth getting into Ivan's car. As the car gradually drove away, he lowered his head and dialed Esme's number.

## Chapter 676

At night, from the sixtieth floor of the building, the vehicles below looked as small as ants. Alexander stood in front of the window, swirling the wine in his glass. As the door opened, he downed the red wine in one gulp. He turned around when Nolan walked in with Esme.

Esme was very surprised that she had received a call from Alexander, saying he wanted to see her. Her heart tightened immediately. Seeing Alexander was something she had been longing to do recently. She missed him so much and wanted to see him.

"Alexander," Esme said. She didn't have time to dress up, so she just put on some lipstick and came out. Alexander silently watched her. He could feel the urgency in her eyes, as if she couldn't wait to rush over and hug him.

"Sit," Alexander said, pointing to the sofa. Esme couldn't sit still; instead, she walked toward Alexander with difficulty, because she couldn't believe it was him standing in front of her. "Esme, I'll say it again, sit," Alexander interrupted her approach. Esme fell silent, not daring to go any further, so she had to turn around and sit on the sofa. Nolan handed her a glass of water, and Esme took it. She carefully watched Alexander, observing his every move. She really liked him, even if his gaze was filled with disdain; it was enough to make her unable to extricate herself. From childhood to adulthood, she had seen

many men, excellent ones and terrible ones, but only Alexander captured her heart.

Alexander was highly capable, so she could just follow him without doing anything else. His strength made her feel dignified when she was with him. Besides, he had a uniquely handsome face that made her heart flutter. But such a person, someone Esme liked in every way, had one flaw: he didn't like her.

"Alexander," Esme called his name cautiously. Had he changed his mind? Had he realized, after hitting walls with Elizabeth, that Esme was better? After Alexander sat down, Esme moved closer. "Sit properly," Alexander immediately reminded her coldly. So Esme didn't dare to move, afraid that he would dislike her, which she really didn't want.

## Chapter 676

"Alexander, I haven't seen you for a long time. I miss you so much," she said directly. Alexander frowned, looking at her innocent expression, feeling indescribable; she really played the innocent card to the fullest. "So what?" Alexander asked her. Esme smiled gently and asked softly, "Don't you miss me too?" "Don't be so shameless," he interrupted her directly. Esme's face turned ugly, and she fell silent.

"What have you done in the past three years? Do I need to help you review it bit by bit? You ruined me, ruined Elizabeth, and now you're still here fantasizing?" Alexander's palm slammed onto the coffee table, his eyes glaring at her fiercely. Esme's body trembled violently, her mind filled with his words. Then her eyes instantly turned red, and tears started to flow. She cried, "Alexander, I did all this for you. How could you say that to me?"

## Chapter 677

"Shouldn't I talk to you like this? Or am I wronging you by saying this?" Alexander gritted his teeth, glaring at her. "Stop saying you did all this for me. You did it for your own selfish desires! Esme, did I ask you to impersonate Elizabeth? Did I ask you to repeatedly hurt her over these three years? Did I ask you to act in front of me!" His palm slammed on the table again. He was truly too fierce, and those sinister eyes were a look Esme rarely saw. She had angered him.

“Alexander, I know I was wrong in this matter, but I had no choice.” Esme stood up, about to sit next to him. Alexander immediately got up, distancing himself from her. Esme watched his retreating actions, feeling deeply hurt. She felt like disgusting trash. The Alexander who had loved her for three years had never truly loved her. All of his tenderness and affection were just an act.

Esme felt ridiculous. She had indeed deceived him, impersonating Elizabeth to save him. But could her genuine feelings over these three years not make up for it at all? “Is it only if someone saves you that they deserve to be liked by you?” Esme looked up at him, her eyes filled with pity.

Alexander glanced at her coldly. Her question was so tricky that it made him feel hateful. “Now you like Elizabeth. Is it also because she saved you? If one day you find out that someone else saved you, will you like someone else then?” Esme’s tears rolled down her cheeks.

Alexander’s face gradually turned displeased. Because her words had truly crossed his line. He looked down at Esme. And his face spoke fiercely. “Esme, I can send you to prison.”

Esme was shocked. “On what grounds?” Esme slammed the table and stood up. “Just because I love you, you think you can do whatever you want? What did I do wrong that you want to send me to prison?”

“You’ve done too many wrong things. You deserve to go to prison,” Alexander said coldly. Esme’s face clearly showed panic. Because Alexander really would do such a thing, and she believed he had the power to do it!

She pondered. Sending someone to prison, isn’t that just a matter of saying the word for him? To win back Elizabeth, what won’t he do? She had thought he could be heartless, but she didn’t expect him to be at this point, actually going to send her to prison. She laughed wildly. She then stood up, facing Alexander, her face dark. “Alexander, if you dare send me to prison, I’ll make sure Elizabeth dies.”

Alexander’s eyebrows immediately furrowed. Esme smirked, “I’m already a madwoman. I don’t care about anything anymore, but you’re different from my situation. If something happens to Elizabeth, wouldn’t that drive you crazier than if something happened to you?”

Alexander clenched his fist, squinting. “Are you threatening me?”

Esme sneered, "You better think carefully about whether you want to make a move against me."

## Chapter 678

Alexander never expected Esme to confront him so directly. He slowly approached her, his eyes filled with scrutiny. "Esme, have you lost your mind coming at me like this?" He grabbed her by the neck and pinned her to the couch, the ferocity in his eyes making it hard for her to breathe.

Esme stared at him. "You forced me into this."

"I could kill you right now, believe it or not," Alexander squinted, tightening his grip. Esme suddenly felt like she couldn't breathe. Alexander's eyes were full of doubt. How dare she challenge him?

"Alexander, even though I like you, I'm still a socialite from the Russell Family. Do you dare treat me like this?" Esme could only invoke her status.

Alexander looked her up and down and laughed. "So what if you're from the Russell Family? If I want to destroy you, it's just a matter of saying the word."

Esme was silent for a few seconds. She looked into his eyes, full of questioning. "Do you dare disrupt the balance of the Four Great Families?"

"As long as the Tudor family stands, they stand. If the Tudor family falls, let's see who in Lisbon dares to call themselves the leader of the Four Great Families!" Alexander lowered his voice, his eyes filled with menace. In the entire Lisbon, who would dare make a decision without his consent?

"Aren't you afraid of backlash from monopolizing your power like this?" Esme asked him, her eyes red.

Alexander smirked, his eyes full of disdain. "You've done so many evil things without fearing backlash, why should I be afraid?"

Esme was instantly rendered speechless by him. She then looked at him with fear. Had she really done such terrible things? But there were still many crazy things she hadn't done yet. She had already smoothed out her rough edges and become obedient because she loved him. Now it seemed there was no need to keep pretending to be good.

If I'm willing to give her another chance, her life with Alexander would only be like this. But Esme was unwilling to accept this. Looking at Alexander, a plan began to form in her mind.

Alexander noticed the hatred in her eyes and gritted his teeth, warning, "Esme, put away all your malicious thoughts! If you dare touch anyone around me, I'll send you to prison. Otherwise, let's see what happens!" He grabbed her by the collar.

Esme looked particularly small in front of him. She lowered her head and gave a bitter smile, then removed his hand.

"Got it," she responded softly.

As she turned to leave, Alexander felt a sense of unease. Esme's light-hearted response seemed to hide an even bigger conspiracy waiting for him. Alexander clenched his right fist, his eyes growing darker. "Nolan, have someone keep an eye on her." If she dared to do anything out of line, he would send her to prison! And he meant it!

Nolan didn't say much, just nodded. "Yes." The office door closed.

Alexander threw himself onto the couch, pinching the bridge of his nose, feeling extremely frustrated. The whole city seemed to quiet down, except for his heart, which kept pounding faster. He then took out his phone, thinking about the scenes with Elizabeth tonight, feeling heartbroken. He looked at the chat with her, staring at the red exclamation marks, finding it all amusing. He kept asking himself, 'When had I ever been so wronged?'

He looked out the window, Elizabeth's words echoing in his ears. "You think this is something that can be forgotten and is trivial because you're not the one who was wronged!" He wasn't the one wronged, but how was his current life any different from being wronged? All of this, wasn't it all caused by misunderstandings? If it weren't for Esme, none of this would have happened.

## Chapter 679

Yes, it's all Esme's fault that this happened. But even if Alexander dealt with her now, what good would it do? Would it bring Elizabeth back to marry him again? He leaned back on the sofa, closed his eyes, and let his emotions be swallowed by the night. He had no solution when facing the loss of Elizabeth and all these years.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Alexander picked up the phone; it was Magnolia.

Magnolia: Alexander, are you home? How are you feeling?

Alexander frowned. He didn't feel any warmth from her concern; instead, he felt annoyed. Just like those years when he didn't come home, Elizabeth always texted him, and he didn't feel it was care but rather a nuisance. And now, it was impossible for him to hear her concern again.

Magnolia: Alexander, I'm home now. If you have something on your mind, I'm willing to be your listener. Of course, if you need it.

Alexander quietly looked at the message and replied: No need. Because he didn't need a listener.

Magnolia: Then Alexander, there's an Opulent Crest Jewelry exhibition this weekend. Are you coming?

Alexander frowned and hadn't replied yet. Magnolia sent another message: I invited the famous designer Kennedy. I don't know if Kennedy will come.

Alexander softly murmured the name, and he remembered something. It was that very popular jewelry designer, Kennedy. Had Kennedy really returned?

Alexander replied to Magnolia: Magnolia, I'm very busy this weekend.

By saying this, Magnolia understood that he was refusing. She was never the type to pester, so she didn't say anything more and didn't reply again. Alexander then put down his phone.

When Esme returned home in a rage, the family was watching TV and chatting. Esme sat down angrily, and the family was puzzled. Henry spoke first, "You went out happily; what's wrong now?"

Esme glared at him. "You ask me? Don't you know exactly what's wrong?"

Henry laughed. It was nothing more than because of Alexander. What else could Alexander want when he called her out? It must have been to warn her not to pester him anymore.

"You brought this on yourself," Henry said.

Hearing this, Esme got angry. “I’m already very upset, and you still want to laugh at me?” She used to be so proud, but in front of Alexander, she was as humble as an ant. Didn’t Henry feel sorry for her anymore?

“Did Henry say anything wrong? Esme, do you really have to like Alexander?” Leon was very annoyed. He was always a man of few words and didn’t want to get involved in Esme’s affairs. But seeing she suffered so much along the way, was she really right?

Esme lowered her head. After the confrontation with Alexander just now, she could feel that they were completely over. But she was unwilling to accept it.

## Chapter 680

“I’m going upstairs to rest,” Esme said, unwilling to listen to Henry and Leon criticize her any longer. Then she got up and went upstairs. Henry and Leon watched her back and sighed. Esme was spoiled by her family, so she couldn’t stand to hear a single bad word. She lay down on her bed when she got to her room, unwilling to speak anymore.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She picked up the phone, and it was Vincent.

Vincent: Lily is in the hospital.

Esme was puzzled.

Vincent: It just happened. I heard it’s a severe stroke. Alexander is on his way there.

Esme’s face grew more serious. She gripped her phone tightly, looking at the message Vincent sent. And she thought of Alexander’s anger towards her earlier.

Vincent: Did Alexander hurt you?

Esme lowered her eyes.

Vincent: I can teach him a lesson.

Esme: Don’t hurt him.

Vincent: At a time like this, you’re still defending him? Don’t be foolish. He won’t appreciate your kindness!



Of course, Esme knew he wouldn't appreciate her kindness, but what could she do at this moment?

Vincent: I can kill Lily.

Seeing this message, Esme's heart trembled violently. She then quickly called Vincent. "Vincent, without my permission, you are not allowed to do this!" she warned.

Vincent laughed. "Alexander treated you like that, and you still can't let go of him?"

"Lily is innocent!" Esme said, trying to stay rational.

"Lily just had a stroke, so it's the perfect time to kill her," Vincent said, far from rational.

Esme felt a pang of fear. "Don't do anything bad in my name!"

What if I do it in my own name? Vincent asked her.

Esme gripped her phone tightly, looking out the window, feeling particularly uneasy about Lily's situation.

She had come to the Tudor family many times, only to be turned away by Lily. And she had attended her birthday party, only to be publicly complained about by her. Besides, she had tried to secretly please her, but when Lily found out the gift was from her, she threw it far away. In Lily's eyes, there was only Elizabeth. Even if Elizabeth did nothing just standing there, she had already won.

But she was different. Not only did she fail to gain Lily's approval, but she was also pushed away and insulted by Lily.

Esme bit her lip tightly, recalling the words Lily had said most often, "You want to enter the Tudor family's door? You can do it over my dead body!"

Thinking of this, Esme's heart grew cold.

"Esme, leave it to me. I won't implicate you," Vincent said, and before Esme could respond, the call was already disconnected.

Esme slowly lifted her eyelashes, her throat moved, and then she hung up. She then looked out the window, her eyes filled with coldness. She thought to herself, Lily asks for it!