

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 7

It was Elizabeth!

Esme hit the ground, and Alexander rushed to help her up. Elizabeth dropped to her knees, yanked off Landon's tie, and tossed it away.

Esme shook her head at Alexander, then glared at Elizabeth, "Elizabeth, the Percy family might spoil you, but now's not the time for your drama. If someone dies..."

Elizabeth's eyes were ice-cold, "Shut up."

Esme was stunned. Elizabeth's stare was so fierce, it sent chills down her spine.

Elizabeth turned to Alexander, who was still holding Esme, "Mr. Tudor, control your fiancée."

Alexander's face hardened. This side of Elizabeth was new to him. "Elizabeth, Esme's just worried about you. Don't be so ungrateful!"

Elizabeth smirked.

Worried about her? Or worried she'd save Landon and steal the spotlight?

"Elizabeth, seriously, don't get involved," Alexander warned, his brows knitting together.

Elizabeth shot him a bitter smile. "You think I'm useless too, huh?"

His silence said it all.

She sighed, "After all these years, you still don't get me."

Alexander's face twisted with frustration.

Elizabeth pulled out a pen. Everyone froze.

"What's she doing?"

"The Percy family's screw-up better not make things worse..."

As the murmurs grew, Elizabeth did something wild.

She unscrewed the pen and jammed it into Mr. Stewart's neck. Quick and clean.

Esme clutched Alexander's arm, eyes wide.

Was she making an emergency airway?

Elizabeth was fearless!

Time seemed to stand still until Landon's fingers twitched.

Just then, someone shouted from outside, "The ambulance is here!"

Medics rushed in.

Elizabeth finally exhaled, helping lift Landon onto the stretcher, briefing the doctors as they went.

"The guy's got congenital heart disease. When he first blacked out, we gave him some fast-acting heart meds. He woke up for a bit but then slipped into another coma."

"I think he's got severe asthma, maybe even a blocked airway. In a pinch, I set up an emergency airway."

The crowd shot back, "Mr. Stewart doesn't have asthma! You sound all fancy, but are you even a real doctor?"

"If she's legit, I'll get on my knees and apologize!"

All eyes were on Elizabeth, burning with curiosity.

Elizabeth smirked, a spark of excitement in her eyes.

This bet sounded like fun.

Just then, a frantic voice cut through, "My dad does have severe asthma!"

Everyone turned to see Joseph Stewart, Landon's son, rushing in.

Elizabeth felt a sharp pain in her palm and looked down. She'd cut herself with her pen in the rush.

"My dad does have asthma. We just never told anyone 'cause it's not exactly something to advertise," Joseph said.

The doctor, after a quick check, hushed the crowd, "You nailed it. Your quick thinking and action were spot on! Thanks for buying us time. Without you, he might've..."

The hall went dead silent in a heartbeat.

Wait, could this so-called "useless" Elizabeth actually have some real skills?

Alexander wasn't all that shocked.

Elizabeth had always been into medicine. She'd devoured tons of medical books and even published a few SCI papers.

Her medical chops were legit.

But somehow, as her husband, he'd started seeing her as a nobody, just like everyone else.

Thinking back to what Elizabeth said earlier, Alexander felt a weird pang of shame.

Elizabeth turned around, swaying a bit, and took a shaky step back.

She had low blood sugar and hadn't slept well the past couple of days.

Alexander frowned, sensing she was about to faint, and instinctively moved forward.

Suddenly, someone supported her waist.

Elizabeth looked up to see Joseph holding her, his voice soft, "Ms. Percy, you okay?"

Elizabeth glanced at Alexander from the corner of her eye. Whatever Esme had said, it made him scoop her up and walk out immediately.

Elizabeth looked away, disappointment washing over her, her heart aching like it was stabbed with a needle.

"I'm fine," Elizabeth muttered.

Joseph pulled a business card from his pocket and handed it to Elizabeth. "Thanks for saving my dad. Here's my card. The Stewart family will make sure to thank you properly!"

"Mr. Stewart, Mr. Stewart, there's no need for such formality. Get to the hospital first," Elizabeth replied calmly.

Joseph nodded and left.

Elizabeth glanced around at the crowd.

Everyone looked a bit uneasy.

She casually grabbed a disinfectant wipe to clean her wound. "So, who said they'd kneel and apologize to me?"

The people who were about to leave suddenly froze.

The room went dead silent, and a man in his thirties got pushed forward.

Elizabeth eyed him and said one word, "Kneel!"