

# Unrepairable Love /

I married a man novel

## Chapter 71

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and sidled over to Elara, her voice dripping with sweetness. “Man, come on, we were just joking! Meyler, Ms. Rosselli...”

“No way! A bet’s a bet!” Elara snapped, clearly annoyed. At the Tador family dinner, could they really let Elizabeth get pushed around? Besides, that awful woman was always trying to seduce Alexander, tearing his family apart. Elara had to put Esme in her place.

Elara was firm. Elizabeth shot Esme a helpless look, as if to say, *For the first time, Elizabeth found playing innocent so satisfying!*

Esme swallowed hard, clutching her dress tightly. Kneeling here to polish Elizabeth’s shoes felt like being stripped naked. This was pure humiliation! Thrabeth, that witch! If given the chance, she would make Elizabeth pay for today’s actions.

Esme glanced towards the hall entrance. Where was Alexander? Was she really going to have to kneel to Elizabeth today?

“What are you looking at? Waiting for Alexander to save you? I’m telling you, Alexander isn’t coming today!” Elara said sharply.

Esme looked up, her eyelashes trembling. What? Alexander wasn’t coming? He said he was busy tonight and would be late! But he didn’t say he wouldn’t come!

Eume was frantic, tears streaming down her face. Everyone in the room was staring at her, their gazes growing more intense. Esme had never felt so humiliated.

It was all William’s fault! His terrible idea of bringing inferior saffron to the birthday banquet! Esme regretted it deeply now. But when she looked at Elizabeth, she felt more jealous than anything else. Why did Elizabeth get the saffron? Why!

“Are you going to kneel or not? Stop wasting everyone’s...” Elara glared at Esme, clearly disliking her.

Esme choked back her sobs, her eyes filled with tears. No one around would help her, and Alexander wasn’t coming to leave tonight! If she didn’t kneel, she wouldn’t be able to...

Esme closed her eyes, approached Elizabeth, and immediately knelt down. At that moment, a furious shout came from outside the door. “Elizabeth! What are you doing!?”

Everyone in the room turned to look at the door and saw Alexander striding in, dressed in a black suit. He took off his jacket and quickly came to Esme’s side. He knelt on one knee, covering Esme with his jacket.

Then he looked at Elizabeth with anger and shouted, “Elizabeth, this is Grandma’s birthday banquet, and you made Esme kneel to you?”

## Chapter It

Luw immediately burst into tears, mimicking Alexander’s crying, “Alexander!” Alexander gently stood Esme back up and glared angrily at Elizabeth. He reproached her in an icy tone. Alexander’s voice grew colder with each word.

Elizabeth opened her mouth, wanting to retort, but in the end, she remained silent. His explanations were always...

## Chapter 72

Was it her who didn’t get it, or was it Alexander who was clueless? He had a knack for his career, sharp as a tack, but when it came to relationships, he was totally blind. Was it just because he didn’t love her? So he treated her like dirt?

He stopped, shielding Elizabeth, and snapped, “Alexander, what the hell are you doing? Did you get your facts straight before yelling at Elizabeth?”

“No matter what, making Isme kneel in front of everyone was wrong!” Alexander’s face was tight, seething with anger. Elizabeth glared at Alexander, seeing a new level of hatred in his eyes. He hated her more than ever!

Elizabeth lowered her head, feeling a mix of bitterness and pain. He had never believed in or stood by Elizabeth. But to protect Esme, he humiliated and scolded her without a second thought!

“Alexander!” Esme’s eyes welled up with tears, and with Alexander backing her up, tears streamed down her face, full of grievance! She had been fighting against so many people alone, and now, finally, Alexander was there to stand up for her!

“It’s okay, Esme.” Alexander lowered his eyes, gently comforting her. He hadn’t wanted me to come to the birthday party, but she insisted on pleasing Lily. He had warned her that his family might not treat her kindly! But Esme didn’t care, saying she’d do anything to change the Tudor family’s opinion of her. Esme was the cherished daughter of the Russell family, one of the four prominent families in Lisbun, marrying Alexander. Esme had endured so much!

Seeing Esme about to kneel to Elizabeth, how could Alexander stand it?

“Alexander, you’re really blind!” Elara pointed at him, furious. “Let her go right now! You may not feel ashamed, but I do!”

With so many people watching, Alexander held Esme and insulted his wife. What was that about? Wouldn’t this become the talk of the town? How could she have given birth to such a disgrace?

Almander looked around, and indeed, everyone was watching, whispering. Thinking about Fly’s poor health, Alexander let go of Esme. He adjusted his demeanor, regaining some composure. “Elizabeth, come with me.” Saying this, he walked towards a secluded area.

Elizabeth didn’t want to talk to him, lowered her eyes, and responded coldly, “We have nothing to talk about, Mr. Tudor. You go ahead. I’ll leave first.” She had given her gift, seen Lily, and it was time for her to go.

Seeing that Elizabeth had no intention of following, Alexander walked over, grabbed her hand, and took her away. Elizabeth was displeased, her previously calm heart now slightly disturbed. “Alexander, let go of me!” Alexander ignored her struggle and took her to the restroom.

The hallway outside the restroom was quiet and empty. Elizabeth shook off Alexander’s hand and turned to leave, but he blocked her way! He stood in front of Elizabeth. At over six feet tall, he was imposing.

She was wearing a gown and couldn’t make large movements. The hallway was dimly lit. He irritably tugged at his suit collar, then took a step forward, pinning Elizabeth against the wall. Elizabeth looked up, meeting his deep eyes.

He still carried a hint of Esme's perfume from earlier, which wasn't pleasant. His eyelashes lowered slightly, then he looked at Elizabeth. It was clear he had regained his composure. He asked, "Elizabeth, do you have to make such a scene to be satisfied?"

Elizabeth looked at him, not understanding. "You've turned Grandma's birthday party into this and made Esme kneel in public. What are you up to?" Alexander gritted his teeth, visibly angry!

Elizabeth chuckled, not to explain. "I want Esme dead." Is this answer satisfactory to him?

## Chapter 73

Alexander's eyes widened in shock. He knew Elizabeth had been acting strangely lately, but he never thought she'd say something like this!

"Elizabeth, do you even hear yourself?" Alexander stepped forward, gripping her wrist tightly.

Elizabeth bit her lip, feeling the pain from his grip. She could feel his fingers tightening, a reaction to her words that had clearly angered him. If Esme died, she wouldn't get away with it.

Elizabeth tilted her head up, looking at the man she had loved for years. There was no warmth in her eyes anymore, just a deep sense of unfamiliarity. She used to think that if she ever stopped loving Alexander, her life would be hopeless. Now she realized that without loving him, her life could be even more vibrant.

Elizabeth smirked, her eyes slowly lifting. Her fingertips hooked onto Alexander's collar, pulling him closer. In the dimly lit hallway, her face was shrouded in shadow, her cheekbones blurred, giving off an indescribable sense of mystery.

Alexander frowned, leaning towards her, one hand bracing against the wall. Elizabeth leaned close to his ear, let out a soft laugh, and then arrogantly declared, "I said, I want Esme dead!"

A tingling sensation spread through Alexander's ear! He raised his hand and pushed Elizabeth away, his face dark with visible anger. Elizabeth stepped back, her back against the cold wall, then she laughed, looking like a beautiful madwoman.

“Elizabeth, you lunatic!” Alexander pointed at her, gritting his teeth. But for a moment, he had to admit, he had no way to deal with Elizabeth!

“I think being a lunatic isn’t so bad,” Elizabeth sighed. Seeing that Alexander no longer blocked her, she walked away on her own. Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and turned back to him. The warm yellow light fell on her, and a faint, bitter smile appeared at the corner of her mouth. She calmly said, “Do you think a madman can understand love?”

Alexander’s eyes grew dark, staring intently at Elizabeth, his right hand slowly clenching. The air around them grew cold.

Did lunatics know about love? Elizabeth was truly mad, spouting nonsense! Their eyes met, and everything around them fell silent. Elizabeth dropped all pretense of a smile, her eyes darkening, whispering softly to herself, “Alexander, only a lunatic would love you unconditionally for seven years.”

Alexander couldn’t hear what she was saying, but he could see her lips moving and her dejected expression. Elizabeth turned and walked away quickly. Alexander stood there, not knowing why, but his heart felt empty, causing a dull pain. Elizabeth had hurt Esme, and he was supposed to seek justice for Esme. Seeing Elizabeth leave like that, his heart felt like it was crawling with ants, making him extremely uneasy.

Suddenly, Kieran’s voice came from behind Alexander. He turned around to see Kieran in a white shirt, a suit jacket draped over his arm, repeating Elizabeth’s words with interest, “Do lunatics understand love?”

Alexander’s brow immediately furrowed, and he questioned, “Kieran, were you eavesdropping?”

“How could you think I was eavesdropping? It was an accident; I just happened to be going to the bathroom.” Kieran pouted, looking very aggrieved.

“Alexander, what are you busy with? Why did you just get here? You missed quite a show!” Kieran walked over, placing a hand on Alexander’s shoulder. But Alexander was feeling troubled and had no interest in listening to him.

Elizabeth came out of the bathroom, intending to tell Lily that she was going home. But as she approached the wine tower, she ran into Esme. Esme was talking to a male waiter, nodding slightly. When Esme looked up, she saw

Elizabeth. Esme was wearing Alexander's black suit jacket, holding a glass of wine. Her eyes were filled with hostility as she looked at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth glanced at the waiter, then at Esme. She ignored Esme and tried to walk past her. Esme reached out and grabbed Elizabeth's arm, saying, "Are you satisfied?"

Elizabeth looked at Esme and thought that no wonder Esme was the woman...

## Chapter 74

Fame, karpar, inner lip, and gland at her. A fake rare saffron. That if you did want to be... plausible... ff floors had set worthing with how brought the fake one? They didn't ask, did you?" Elsabeth smoked, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Every time they met, they had never actually asked Elizabeth for art. "Link that's beating me, Kander, will you?" she lied, her chin stable. "Dunching..." Emplaced by one? R to raise her hand to ship her, ners face flashed quickly in her mind. Never love you. He only loves me. Lapse towards her and Esmet. I slour Dülesander from behind, confirming her... Kly pushed Eume away!

The outside, the pair of glasses, while Elizabeth lay on the ground, by dressed in red wine, surrounded by Garda, and her feet felt cold. She was in a miserable state. Almander and Kieran exchanged a glance and rushed into the... crmed:

Esme approached Alexander, whispering, "Alexander."

Alexander checked Esme over. She was completely fine! Looking towards the champagne tower, he saw Elizabeth calmly staring at him. Alexander's heart skipped a beat, and he realized Elizabeth was the one who was hurt! Elizabeth saw the concern for Esme in his eyes—he really was deeply in love with Esme—and couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Elizabeth, are you okay?" A gentle yet anxious male voice came from beside her. Elizabeth turned her head, enduring the pain, and found it was Joseph. "I'm not okay." She was in a lot of pain. Elizabeth wanted to move but didn't dare. There were broken glass shards all around her, and any movement would drive them deeper into her flesh!

Joseph noticed Elizabeth's discomfort and said, "I'll carry you to the hospital." As he was about to reach out, someone bumped his shoulder. Alexander's

voice was cold and filled with anger. “She’s my wife. It’s not your place to carry her!”

## Chapter 75

Elizabeth was in the middle of a dare when she was suddenly lifted off her feet. She glanced up, her lips brushing against Alexander’s cheek. For a moment, Elizabeth swallowed hard, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck and lowering her head.

“Almänder, get Elizabeth to the hospital, now!” Elara urged.

Alexander’s Adam’s apple bobbed. He nodded and held Elizabeth tighter. As Joseph frowned and was about to follow, Alexander shot him a cold glance and said, “Don’t you trust me to take care of her?”

Joseph stopped in his tracks and forced a smile. “Mr. Tudor, don’t misunderstand.”

Blood from Elizabeth’s wrist dripped onto Alexander’s neck; the warm, sticky sensation made him panic. He glanced at Elizabeth, his eyes filled with complex emotions, and quickened his pace. Elizabeth looked up at his profile, unsure if she saw a hint of worry in his eyes.

Esme was about to follow, but Kieran stopped her. “Ms. Russell, they’re married. You shouldn’t interfere,” Kieran said with a friendly smile.

Esme’s expression was anything but friendly. “Kieran, they’re getting a divorce!”

“You said it yourself—they’re getting a divorce, but they haven’t actually divorced yet,” Kieran replied, still grinning.

Esme was speechless. She tried to bypass Kieran, but he blocked her again, arms crossed, looking nonchalant yet determined. “Kieran—” Esme was furious but had no choice but to stay put, watching Alexander carry Elizabeth away. She bit her lower lip, seething with anger. She had arranged for the waiter to knock over the wine tower, get injured, and then blame Elizabeth! But why hadn’t things gone as planned?

Outside the hotel, the breeze brushed against Elizabeth’s wound, causing a stinging pain. Nolan drove up, and Alexander carefully placed Elizabeth in the car. Nolan sped off. Alexander held Elizabeth’s shoulder while calling the

hospital. "Prepare the emergency room immediately!" His tone was urgent, filled with panic.

For a moment, Elizabeth thought she had become Esme, because every time Esme got hurt, he treated her the same way. Elizabeth said hoarsely, "Alexander, I'm not Esme."

"I know!" he responded coldly, his eyes filled with unreadable emotions as he looked at her. He wasn't foolish enough to confuse Elizabeth with Esme. Elizabeth swallowed, her eyelashes trembling slightly, wishing she could dig her nails into her flesh. He knew! Then why was he doing this? Didn't he hate her, despise her?

Sensing Elizabeth's confusion, Alexander moved his lips and explained irritably, "Don't overthink it. This is Grandma's birthday party. I couldn't let Lily see Joseph." Hearing Elizabeth's laughter, Alexander felt even more still. Nolan glanced back and sped up again. Soon, they arrived at the hospital. Alexander carefully placed Elizabeth on a bed. The emergency door had been waiting, along with a dermatologist specializing in...

The doctor quickly removed several pieces of glass from Elizabeth's wrist. Elizabeth frowned and turned her head away. Alexander watched her, seeing her tightly closed eyes but hearing no complaints. Feeling the doctor's touch was a bit heery; Elizabeth whispered, "It hurts," her voice hoarse, yet carrying a hint of softness. Alexander admonished. He stepped forward, pushing the doctors aside, his voice cold. "I'll do it." Elizabeth immediately looked up. Alexander looked down at her, his tone harsh, "What are you doing?" If the doctors couldn't control their strength while treating her...

## Chapter 76

"Sa," Elizabeth took a step back. A voice, harsh and cutting, echoed around Alexander. It hacked until she hit the railing, causing her to gasp in pain. He'd made it in her tractor. He said, the one and beaten this velveeter. "Where does it hurt?"

Elizabeth's eyes were red, filled with helplessness instead of defiance. Alexander felt a pang in his chest, growing impatient and oddly irritated. "Tell me, where does it hurt?"



Ever since Elizabeth got hurt, I've been on edge, he thought. I can't calm down! Seeing her like this makes me feel guilty. It's not my fault she's in this state! Bothered? Alexander wondered.

Elizabeth lowered her eyes and pointed to her back. Under her butterfly tattoo, two small fragments were embedded. Her fair skin was red around the fragments.

Alexander raised his hand to touch her back, causing her to tremble. He looked at her with a complicated expression. He carefully removed the fragments, cleaned the wound with iodine, and applied... He asked for more fragments; his eyes fell on her butterfly tattoo. Alexander frowned, his fingertip tracing the tattoo. The skin under the tattoo was smooth.

"Do you have a scar here?" he asked suddenly, quickly removing his hand. "No?" he squinted. He pressed her shoulder and touched the tattoo again. Definitely a sort of... The starting point and angle matched Exes' exactly.

Elizabeth tried to push his hand away but heard him ask, "How did you get this scar?"

Elizabeth's heart trembled. She didn't want to admit it was from running into Alexander four years ago. It would only reopen old wounds, reminding her of how she'd risked her life for someone who didn't love her, yet she couldn't earn even a bit of his...

Bralech—had she dreamed it as a child?—landed on a vase, and it cut... Or Alexander wanted to see the scraping... A smile touched her lips, her eyes welling up with tears. "When we got married, you ignored me. Now that we're getting divorced, why are you so..."

Alexander tried to speak but didn't know what to say. "Mr. Tudor," she began, "could it be that you are starting to take an interest in me?"

The doctors in the emergency room exchanged glances and quietly left. Alexander's face darkened, and he scolded, "Elizabeth, you're delusional."

"Is that so? Then don't be so curious about me." With that, Elizabeth got off the bed. "Thank you, Mr. Tudor, for bringing me to the hospital. I..." She was about to leave when she twisted her ankle.

Just as she was about to fall, a warm sensation came from her waist, and she was pulled into an embrace. Elizabeth's face buried into Alexander's chest, and

the pain from her wound made her wince. She instinctively tightened her grip on his arm.

Alexander squinted, feeling the strength in her hands, and smiled. "Could it be that you did it on purpose?" he whispered ambiguously.

## Chapter 77

Elizabeth frowned, and Alexander, teasing, was about to push him away. Alexander pulled her into his embrace, resting his chin on her shoulder. "To satisfy you," he said, his voice dripping with intensity.

Elizabeth was speechless. Alexander is so shameless. *How did I not see this side of him before?* she thought. She stepped on his foot. He didn't back off but let her go.

Elizabeth glared at him, ready to leave, when Alexander frowned and asked, "Can you...?"

Forcing a fake smile, she replied, "No need to worry, Mr. Tudor!" However, as soon as she took a step, she almost fell again! Alexander strode over to support her, but she managed to grab the edge of the bed herself. Looking down, Elizabeth saw her dress was caught on the bed.

Alexander chuckled, his voice deep and smooth like a cello. He walked over and freed her dress. Elizabeth met his gaze, feeling utterly embarrassed. She quickly walked out, wanting to get as far away from him as possible. Alexander quietly followed, a mysterious smile on his lips.

A few doctors were hurrying outside. When they saw the two, they immediately stepped forward respectfully. "Mr. Tudor, Mrs. Tudor!"

Alexander responded indifferently and then looked at Elizabeth. She lowered her eyes, her heart skipping a beat. The title "Mrs. Tudor" would soon no longer belong to her.

"Mrs. Tudor, this is the ointment you need to apply," the doctor said, handing it over. "Your wounds aren't deep, but there are many. To prevent infection, come back for a follow-up in three days."

Elizabeth nodded. "Okay."

“Ms. Tudor, you’re also a medical professional, so I don’t need to remind you much more!” The doctor smiled, then looked at Alexander and teased, “Mr. Tudor, you’ll need to take extra care of your wife these days.”

Alexander paused, and he and Elizabeth locked eyes, both feeling awkward. Even though they were still married, being called his wife felt strange.

Elizabeth thought, *Alexander won’t respond. In his world, he only has one wife—Exme.* Just as she was about to speak to ease the tension, she heard Alexander say, “Okay.” She looked at him in shock. Alexander glanced at her, his eyes deep and unreadable.

Elizabeth bit her lower lip. *What is this? Is he giving me some dignity? Should I thank him?* she wondered.

“It’s really late, and I’m sorry to trouble everyone. I’ll treat you all to dinner another day,” Alexander said politely. Everyone waved their hands.

Alexander then took hold of Elizabeth’s wrist and looked at the others, his demeanor noble and steady. “Then my wife and I will leave first.”

## Chapter 77

Elizabeth’s eyes widened in surprise. She almost couldn’t believe it as she looked at...

“You don’t need to see us off.” With that, Alexander led Elizabeth out. His steps were quick. Elizabeth struggled to keep up, her eyes fixed on his face—at her wrist held by him, then at his face.

Alexander was truly handsome, standing at least six feet tall, with a lean waist and a tall, upright posture. His face was so perfect it was beyond criticism, with a high nose bridge, thin double eyelids, thick and long eyelashes, and an exceptionally superior profile.

Elizabeth thought, *Even if I have to do it all over again, I might still fall in love with Alexander uncontrollably. Tonight, he is acting so strangely. Why is he being so nice to me? Does he need something from me?*

## Chapter 78

Elizabeth was so deep in thought she didn't see the steps ahead. Suddenly, she missed one and tumbled right into Alexander. Her face pressed against his back, and her breath came in short, intense gasps.

Alexander spun around, grabbed her waist, and lifted her up. "What's wrong with you now?"

"I didn't see the steps," she muttered, furrowing her brows.

"Elizabeth, you're always so careless," he said, sounding a bit annoyed.

She glared at him. She had just bumped into him, and he was already impatient. If it were Erme, he'd probably be holding her tenderly by now.

Out of nowhere, Alexander scooped her up. "I'll take you home," he said in a deep voice.

Elizabeth clung to his shoulders and neck, her eyes wide and confused like a startled fawn. Noticing her gaze, Alexander looked straight ahead, expressionless. "Don't look at me like that."

"Alexander," she suddenly called his name.

"What's wening?" he asked casually.

Elizabeth knew it might be rude, but she had to ask, "Are you out of your..."

Was this still Alexander? What was wrong with him tonight? Did he realize how unusual he was being?

Alexander's steps halted. His deep eyes seemed to hide a knife as he looked at her, like he wanted to kill her.

"Don't you think you're being too nice to me? Do you need something from me?" Elizabeth felt a bit scared but asked directly. "Do you want me to go with you to the divorce? We can do it tomorrow morning, but don't be so nice to me; it's really scaring me."

Alexander had never felt so speechless. He scrutinized her delicate face for a long time before asking, "Have I been nice to you?"

He had only done what even a stranger would do. As her husband, how could this be considered nice?

“In the... nice?” Elizabeth’s eyelashes fluttered, her voice tinged with hesitation.

Alexander licked his lips, momentarily at a loss for words. How badly had he treated her before? If it were Erme, she might have said he was being harsh. But Elizabeth felt his kindness was too strange.

Alexander frowned, a strange sense of guilt rising in his heart. It seemed he had indeed treated her too poorly over the years, so much so that he had forgotten the...

He lowered his eyes, held her tighter, and walked towards the car, muttering, “Not good.”

Elizabeth let out a light laugh, her voice soft. “It’s enough for me to feel like your wife before the... Alexander... fure the divorce.” She gently pinched his earlobe with her fingertips. His ears were very attractive, very soft, and they were her favorite part of his body to pinch back in high school. But now, she had been hurt by him, covered...

He looked down at her. The warmth of her fingertips touching his ear sent his heart racing, and his whole body felt electrified.

Elizabeth gazed at his brows and wryly. Though she said nothing, her face was full of regret. She regretted that his face, his person, his heart, had never belonged to...

“Alexander, can I ask you a question?” Elizabeth, feeling a bit weary, snuggled into his arms, trying to find some warmth.

Unreparable Love

Chapter 79

Alexander opened the car door, bent down, and gently placed Elizabeth inside. His voice softened, “Alright, you get in first.” Elizabeth wrapped her arms around his neck, making it impossible for him to pull away. He knew if he didn’t let her ask, she wouldn’t let go. Elizabeth was stubborn like that.

With no other choice, he bent down, maintaining the awkward posture, and said helplessly, “Fine.” Elizabeth lifted her face, staring straight at him, her eyes blinking gently. In a soft, tender voice, she asked, “If there was no Esme,

would you love me?" This was the question she'd been holding onto for the past three years.

Alexander gazed into her eyes, a complex emotion flashing in his gaze. Her warm gaze made it impossible for him to give a casual, perfunctory answer. He should have firmly said "No," but looking at Elizabeth, he couldn't bring himself to say it.

Elizabeth pressed her lips together, looking into Alexander's eyes, seeing his conflicted expression, and understood his answer. Even without Esme, he wouldn't love her. The reason he didn't answer wasn't hesitation. It was because he wanted to maintain her dignity and not embarrass her too much.

Elizabeth withdrew her arms, unable to hide the sadness in her eyes, and said, "I understand." Alexander swallowed hard, catching the sadness in her eyes, and asked in a hoarse voice, "What do you understand?"

Elizabeth replied, "Your answer." "I haven't answered yet." Elizabeth let out a lazy laugh, then leaned back in her seat. She turned her head, closed her eyes, and said calmly, "Alexander, we've known each other for seven years now. I know you very well. Sometimes, you don't need to answer verbally. Your expressions, actions, and eyes give me the answer."

Alexander got into the car, looked out the window, and said, "Really?" "Sure." Her voice gradually softened. Alexander looked at Elizabeth. She seemed very tired, or maybe she just didn't want to look at him, so she closed her eyes as soon as she got in the car.

Nolan glanced back at them and asked, "Mr. Tudor, where to?" "Take Elizabeth back to the Percy family." Alexander instructed, feeling inexplicably imitable and downcast. Nolan nodded and added, "Mr. Tudor, the birthday banquet is over. I've already sent Ms. Russell home; Ms. Russell wasn't in a good state."

"Correct it. Buy her an agi tomorrow, and send her a bouquet of roses." Alexander rubbed his temples. Elizabeth, with her eyes closed, listened to their conversation, her heart sinking gradually. She had never received flowers from Alexander.

The journey home was long, and Elizabeth was too tired. Coupled with the numbing effect of the medication on her wound, she accidentally fell asleep halfway. Suddenly, there was a weight on Alexander's shoulder. When he

turned his head, Elizabeth was sleeping on his shoulder. Her dress was too revealing, exposing a lot of her chest. She was so fair-skinned that even in the dim car, it was hard to look away.

Alexander gazed at her delicate features, thinking about their kiss, his throat inexplicably dry, and his heart racing. Alexander raised his hand, resting his palm on her cheek. His fingertips gently caressed her face before moving to her lips. Alexander's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, his fingertips lingering on Elizabeth's lips, then gently stroking them. He thought of Elizabeth saying she no longer loved him and her attitude towards Joseph, feeling a maddening urge to possess her immediately.

## Chapter 80

Alexander's fingers pressed harder, smudging Elizabeth's lipstick. He let out a soft sigh. The faint light fell upon her beautiful face. Elizabeth frowned slightly and let out a soft moan. That gentle sound completely shattered Alexander's self-control. He lowered his head and kissed her greedily. He had been disciplined, except when it came to Elizabeth. Ever since that night at the bar, his defenses had crumbled.

Alexander grasped her chin, wishing he could kiss her to his heart's content. But he was afraid of waking her up; that would be hard to explain. Reluctantly, he let go, then touched her lips and gave her a light, fleeting kiss. She leaned on his shoulder, and his breathing became heavy.

Suppressing his desire, he looked up at Nolan. "Nolan, take us back to my villa!"

Nolan hesitated. "Aren't you taking Mrs. Tudor back to the Percy family?"

Alexander remained silent, and Nolan understood. Was Alexander finally taking an interest in Elizabeth? Holding her, Alexander couldn't help but look at the scar on her back. He stroked it with his fingertip; the uneven skin made him think deeply. Could it really be a coincidence that two women had the same scar? When did Elizabeth get that tattoo?

He looked up, his voice lowered. "Nolan, I need to ask you something."

Okay, Nolan nodded.

Alexander wanted to ask if Nolan had ever noticed the tattoo on Elizabeth's back. However, as Elizabeth's husband, it seemed very strange for him to ask another man if his wife had any tattoos.

After a moment of silence, he asked, "When I was kidnapped, did Elizabeth come to rescue me?"

Nolan frowned, thought carefully, and answered, "Mr. Tudor, I can't remember clearly. But that day, Ms. Percy was hardly around. Many people said she usually follows you everywhere, but as soon as something happened to you, she hid away."

The scene was too chaotic; he was busy running around and didn't notice Elizabeth. Not just the Tudor family, the entire Lisbon was in chaos. Lily had declared that if anything happened to Alexander, no one in Lisbon would have a good time!

"What about Lane?" Alexander asked.

"My...Russell? I remember she just came to the Tudor Mansion, then went..."

Alexander frowned. Time had followed them to many places. "...to the police station. She followed us to many places."

"If that's the case, how did she find me, finally negotiate with the kidnapper, and save me?" he quickly asked.

"Later, M. Russell acted on...how Nolan... handled it. Elizabeth was nowhere to be found, but had been with Nolan and the others the whole time and eventually saved him."

Everything sounded reasonable, yet strange.

"Tudor, is something wrong?" Nolan sensed something was off.

Alexander's face turned cold as a terrifying thought crossed his mind. Scattered streetlights illuminated the inside of the car, lighting up his face. His expression was serious, his voice even colder. "Nolan, investigate who really saved me when I was kidnapped four..."

Nolan was taken aback. What did Alexander mean by that? Could it be that Esme wasn't the one who saved him?



“Remember, keep this matter confidential.”