

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love

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Henry reached out to support Elizabeth. Elizabeth waved her hand, removing his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Russell," she said, and quickly left. She needed to go to the lounge to drink some water and eat something; otherwise, she might be the next one needing rescue.

As soon as Elizabeth entered the lounge, Isadora came in, holding some food. She handed it to Elizabeth. "Elizabeth, Mr. Russell asked me to buy this for you."

Elizabeth paused for a moment. Isadora smiled. "Mr. Russell is actually quite nice." Elizabeth didn't say anything. Yes, when Henry wasn't protecting Esme, he was indeed a good person. When Elizabeth thought about how Esme wasn't Henry's biological sister, but he still treated her so well, she admired him even more. He really had good emotions.

Elizabeth took a sip of water and bit into her bread. She couldn't help but ask Isadora, "You mentioned earlier that Ellen has a secret that everyone knows about. What is it?" Elizabeth was very curious. However, she guessed it had something to do with Ellen's child being switched at birth, but she wanted to know the whole story.

"I only know a little bit," Isadora replied. "I heard from two senior colleagues that when the youngest daughter of the Russell family was born, their family had offended someone. The daughter was taken away right after she was born. When Ellen found out, she was devastated and attempted suicide. That's why I was looking for Ellen's old records earlier; we wanted to see her previous medical history."

Isadora took a bite of her bread and continued, "Ellen's suicide attempt failed, and she fell into severe depression. She was depressed for three whole years, coming to the hospital every day asking for her daughter. Later, to comfort her, Leon adopted a daughter!" After saying this, Isadora immediately shut her mouth.

So, the secret Isadora mentioned was that Esme wasn't Ellen's biological daughter but an adopted replacement! Elizabeth gasped, "And then?"

“You probably don’t know why the Russell family treats Esme so well, do you?” Isadora smiled. Elizabeth shook her head; she really didn’t know.

“I heard that back then, Leon consulted a fortune teller,” Isadora explained. “The fortune teller told Ellen that as long as they treated Esme, the adopted child, well, their biological daughter who was taken away would receive the same treatment and wouldn’t suffer. Years later, she would definitely return to them! But if they treated Esme poorly, their biological daughter would also have a hard time.”

Elizabeth twitched her mouth. So superstitious?

“Very superstitious, right?” Isadora said. “But for Ellen in that state, it was a great thing. She devoted herself entirely to Esme, and since Esme was beautiful and charming, Ellen’s mood did stabilize a bit, and she stopped attempting suicide.”

So that was what happened. No wonder Henry was looking for his biological sister while treating Esme so well.

“That fortune teller wasn’t in cahoots with Esme, was he?” Elizabeth chuckled, finding it hard not to be suspicious.

Isadora shrugged. “We heard this from a senior colleague. The newer doctors at the hospital know less and less about these things. Back then, this incident was a big deal; you could find news about it easily.”

“Really,” Elizabeth said, and didn’t ask any more questions. Someone outside called for Isadora, and she sighed, “They’re killing me. I’m off!”

Elizabeth nodded, seeing Isadora off, and quickly finished the bread in her hand. Then she opened her phone and searched for the Russell family. She thought she might find something, but when she clicked in, there was nothing. The news about the Russell family was all recent: Esme’s arrest, the Russell Group’s termination of contracts with the Tudor Group—various news seemed to be trying to crush the Russell family.

Elizabeth thought for a moment, then logged into Base M and opened the information database. There might be no information about the Russell family online, but Base M’s database had records from a hundred years ago to the present! She entered the Russell family into Base M’s database, and countless posts popped up instantly. News records showed that in 1997, there was a fire at Lisbun Central Hospital, and Ellen’s biological daughter went missing.

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Elizabeth lay on the bed, scrolling through messages. She even saw news about the Four Great Families. It turned out that before the year 2000, the Four Great Families were causing quite a stir. The Russell Family was the last to join them.

Among these news articles, Elizabeth also found information about a corporation, the Brooks Group. The Brooks Group piqued Elizabeth's curiosity because she remembered Kyle, who seemed to have some connection with Alexander. Elizabeth clicked on a related link for the Brooks Group and immediately saw news that the Brooks Group couple had died in a car accident in 2009!

Elizabeth was shocked. She slowly sat up because the news indicated that the car accident was suspected to have been caused by Blake from the Tudor Group. After six months of investigation, Blake was released; the incident had nothing to do with him. Since then, the Brooks Group had perished. The only heir, Kyle, was sent abroad.

Clicking on Kyle's name, the reports were all about Kyle and Alexander. It turned out they were very good friends and neighbors. The more Elizabeth read, the more engrossed she became, not even feeling tired.

When Isadora returned, she was a bit surprised. "Elizabeth, you haven't left yet." It was only then that Elizabeth realized it was almost 8 AM, and the sky was already bright.

"I'll be off shift at 8 AM. How about we have breakfast together?" Isadora asked. Elizabeth yawned and only felt tired after putting down her phone.

"Sure," Elizabeth said. She also wanted to ask Isadora if there had been any news about Nancy, the biological daughter of the Russell Family, over the years.

At the breakfast shop, Isadora said, "It seems not. Because Nancy was a newborn at the time, and the medical equipment back then wasn't as good as it is now. So finding Nancy is very difficult."

"Isn't there anyone whose birthday, birth date, blood type, or fingerprints match?" Elizabeth wondered.

“Elizabeth, you’re a doctor too; you should know this,” Isadora said awkwardly. Elizabeth was stunned, then smiled helplessly.

The medical equipment back then was indeed very poor. “Maybe Nancy died in that big fire?” Elizabeth looked out the window, lost in thought, and couldn’t help but mutter.

Isadora quickly said, “Elizabeth, you shouldn’t say things like that! If the Russell Family hears it, you’ll get scolded!” Elizabeth smiled.

Indeed, just mentioning Nancy could bring Ellen back to life. Nancy must mean a lot to the Russell Family.

“You’re quite interested in the Russell Family’s affairs, aren’t you?” Isadora asked.

“Doesn’t everyone like to hear gossip? Have you told anyone else about this?” Elizabeth looked up.

Isadora quickly shook her head, “No.” Elizabeth smirked; she naturally didn’t believe it.

With such a big issue in the Russell Family, it seemed that the fact that Esme wasn’t Ellen’s biological daughter would soon explode.

Elizabeth took the last sip of her porridge, wiped the corner of her mouth, and said lightly, “You eat, I’m leaving.”

“You didn’t finish,” Isadora said.

“I’m full.” Henry had asked Isadora to buy bread for Elizabeth. Elizabeth had eaten two pieces of bread and drank a lot of water.

Elizabeth stood up, feeling a bit dizzy. To be honest, she was still very tired. Without a good sleep, it would be hard to recover her energy. But Elizabeth now had to go to the research institute again. She needed to replan the data for SerenityLeaf. If there were no issues, SerenityLeaf would be officially put into experimentation in the next few days. If the experiment was effective, SerenityLeaf would be tested nationwide to see where it was suitable for cultivation. SH2N depended on SerenityLeaf.

“Elizabeth, are you okay by yourself? How about I call a car for you?” Isadora stood up with her. Elizabeth waved her hand. She couldn’t drive now; driving

would be considered fatigued driving. She was just about to go out and call a car when she saw Henry's car parked by the roadside, with Henry lowering the window, sitting in the back seat, looking at her.

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He got out of the car and pointed inside. "Elizabeth, let me give you a ride home."

Elizabeth squinted. "How did you know I was here?"

As soon as she said that, Elizabeth looked towards the breakfast shop. Isadora was turning her head away, avoiding eye contact.

Elizabeth squinted. "Well, Isadora, you sneaky one."

Elizabeth yawned. She needed a ride anyway, and having Henry drive her was even better. She wouldn't have to spend money.

Elizabeth immediately got into the car.

"To the research institute," Elizabeth said, then pulled her coat tighter around her and crossed her arms, planning to take a nap.

But Henry didn't intend to let her sleep. "Will my mom have any lasting effects?"

"In what way?" Elizabeth answered with her eyes closed.

"Her stomach."

"Just take care of her stomach; it's not a big issue. Ellen's biggest problem is her mental state; she already has suicidal tendencies, which is very bad. Esme's suicidal tendencies are fake, but Ellen's are real," Elizabeth said bluntly.

Esme's depression was half real, half fake. Ellen's was real, as shown in her medical records from years ago. Ellen was very dangerous.

"Elizabeth, Esme is already in a bad state, and you're still putting her down," Henry said, half amused, half exasperated.

Elizabeth suddenly opened her eyes. She couldn't help but turn her head to look at Henry. Henry's face was truly exhausted. He stared out the window, saying nothing, but there was an inexplicable sense that he might collapse at any moment.

It was the first time Elizabeth had seen Henry like this. But this time, Elizabeth didn't argue with him, not because Henry looked so tired, but because she knew Esme wasn't his biological sister, yet he still protected her. She admired Henry for being a responsible man.

Elizabeth looked out the window, her tone calm. "You can ask Alexander for help."

"Did I hear that right? Didn't Esme cause you a lot of trouble?"

"Indeed. But even if Esme ends up in the police station, it won't be because of me, and that doesn't sit well with me," Elizabeth closed her eyes, a slight, dangerous smile on her lips. Elizabeth hoped she could personally send Esme to the police station; that would be satisfying.

"Elizabeth, you're really beautiful, but your heart is truly ruthless," he chuckled.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Don't compliment me and insult me in the same breath. Either compliment me or don't."

"Elizabeth, don't you think you and my mom are somewhat alike?" he suddenly asked.

Elizabeth paused slightly. She didn't know why she was so shocked, but her heart trembled. Probably because she knew the Russell family had lost their biological daughter.

"Mr. Russell, don't joke around. My parents are alive and well. If my dad heard this, he must kick your ass! My dad spoils me the most, ever since I was little," Elizabeth smiled. She was giving Henry a reminder not to say such nonsense; it was very unappealing.

"Sorry. I just really think so," he said no more.

Elizabeth's mind was a bit unsettled. And so was Henry's. He had really investigated Elizabeth but found nothing. All the results showed that she was the biological daughter of Declan and Rose.

Elizabeth was tired, and the traffic was heavy. She unconsciously fell asleep. Henry looked at Elizabeth, at a strand of hair that had fallen on her clothes. Henry's hand itched to move.

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The car came to a stop, and Elizabeth opened her eyes. After all, she was in Henry's car, so she remained very alert. As soon as she sensed it, she immediately opened her eyes. Henry immediately turned his head. Elizabeth caught his movement, looked down at herself, and patted away nonexistent dust.

"I'm here. Thank you, Mr. Russell," Elizabeth said, rubbing her temples and yawning.

Henry got out of the car and opened the door for her. Elizabeth nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Russell. Saving your mother is my duty, so you don't need to thank me too much. I believe any doctor wouldn't abandon their patient on the operating table, regardless of the doctor-patient relationship." She smiled and walked away.

Henry stood there, feeling as if a knife had been twisted in his heart, and smiled helplessly. Regardless of the doctor-patient relationship? Wasn't that just saying Henry was overthinking it? This matter was the fault of both Henry and his father. Later, Henry would apologize to Elizabeth.

As soon as Elizabeth entered the research institute, she received a call from Nick. He said he had just watched the emergency room video last night and had to praise her for having the courage that many doctors lacked. First, she didn't give up, and second, she constantly observed the patient's condition. When she realized the patient had no will to live, she focused her efforts elsewhere.

But Elizabeth wanted to say that she just happened to hear the name Nancy and happened to know about the Russell family's situation. If she hadn't known, she wouldn't have been able to do anything. It was all just a coincidence. Elizabeth preferred to hear people say she had perseverance and didn't give up, because what she didn't give up on was not just a single person, but a whole family. She was very aware that when she was on the operating table, it wasn't just the patient standing in front of her. There were many people: the hospital, the patient's family, and even the entire society. Because being a doctor was a profession watched by countless people.

“Elizabeth, have you really not considered returning to the hospital?” Nick extended the invitation once again. Elizabeth leaving Evergreen Medical Center was truly a great loss for the hospital. Nick felt it was a pity for the hospital, or rather for the medical field, to lose such a talent.

“Nick, when you need me, when the medical field needs me, I will come back. But for now, I have more important tasks to complete, you know that,” Elizabeth said, her voice softening a bit. When speaking to a senior, she always showed more courtesy, especially to someone like Nick who thought highly of her.

Nick sighed and said, “I know, you’re busy with the Eline matter, right?”

“Yes, Mr. York, after all, I’m still in the medical field. Who knows what I’ll do next, right?”

Nick didn’t say anything more. After hanging up the phone, Elizabeth went to work. But she was clearly struggling with her work today, feeling very tired. She seemed to have a bit of low blood sugar. During lunch, Elizabeth ate a lot, but felt very uncomfortable afterward, with a headache and stomachache. After leaving the cafeteria, she vomited everything up and felt a bit better afterward. She rested briefly, then hosted a meeting in the afternoon, summarizing the research institute’s progress for the year. The meeting ended at six in the evening, and it was already dark outside. Elizabeth looked out the window, her head heavy and aching, feeling like she could faint at any moment. She didn’t even know when her health had gotten so bad.

Lying in the research institute’s lounge, Elizabeth texted Felix to complain: [I might be done for.]

Felix: [What’s up?]

Elizabeth: [Bring me some energy-boosting medicine. I’m waiting for you at the institute.]

Felix: [Are you feeling unwell?]

Elizabeth: [Yes. Hurry up.]

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Felix didn't know Elizabeth's exact situation, so he brought the Base M medical kit. Elizabeth accidentally fell asleep, but after about twenty minutes,

she was awakened by her phone. Just as she was about to answer the call, the lights in the room suddenly went out. Then a message came through the group chat: "Forgot to tell everyone, the power will be out in the courtyard after 8 PM tonight for electrical maintenance."

Elizabeth immediately sent a message: "Is all the data saved?"

Finnley Chase: [Don't worry, it's all automatically saved. Haven't you left yet?]

The research institute was very dark without the lights. Elizabeth pulled her clothes tighter around her, didn't reply to the message, and felt very sleepy. Felix arrived quickly.

"Why is the power out?" Felix illuminated the room with a flashlight.

Elizabeth didn't speak and tried to find a candle. She thought, given Finnley Chase's personality, there must be spare candles in this office. Sure enough, she found candles in a drawer in the corner. As the candlelight flickered, Felix smiled, "I haven't seen a candle in years."

"You saw one last time we had dinner at the restaurant," Elizabeth glared at Felix.

Felix immediately said, "Boss, those were romantic candles. These blackout candles, I only saw them when I was a kid."

That was true. Elizabeth took out some medicine, and Felix immediately poured her some water. Elizabeth took the medicine, but her stomach still felt uncomfortable.

"Boss, you've been too tired these past few days. How about you take a good rest? We can handle things at the institute."

"You can't help me. The institute involves a lot of people; only I can handle it." At this point, Elizabeth sighed. Whenever she thought about Alexander also investing, the institute seemed even more chaotic. She hoped Alexander would just invest money and not say anything. If he were that kind of investor and partner, Elizabeth would definitely like him.

"You should go back later," Elizabeth said to Felix.

Felix clicked his tongue, "You're most afraid of the dark, aren't you?"

Elizabeth didn't feel like moving. She shook her head, "Forget it, I'll sleep here tonight."

"Then I have to stay here with you!" Felix still remembered that something had happened to her last time at the institute.

Elizabeth looked at Felix wistfully, "Will you be this patient with your girlfriend in the future?"

"Of course, I'll treat my girlfriend even better! Time will tell, I'm a great guy, just spend time with me? You'll definitely be full of praise!" He gave himself a thumbs-up.

Elizabeth laughed. "Alright, you can go now." Elizabeth finished her medicine and urged him to leave; Felix wouldn't rest well here.

"I'll stay with you."

As they spoke, footsteps suddenly echoed from the hallway outside. Elizabeth and Felix looked out together, and soon, a flashlight beam shone in. The flashlight illuminated Elizabeth's face. In the darkness, the light fell on Elizabeth, making her face look pale and weak.

"Mr. Tudor, she's here!"

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Soon, a familiar figure, Alexander, appeared outside the door. Elizabeth looked at him in surprise. She slowly stood up but accidentally fell due to her lack of strength. Fortunately, Felix was quick and rushed over to support her. Elizabeth tightly grabbed Felix's arm and instinctively leaned into his embrace. Her legs were weak, and she couldn't stand steadily. She had just taken her medication and should feel better in a while.

Alexander quietly watched the scene. He saw Felix gently holding Elizabeth's waist and saying, "You should sit down. Why are you getting up?"

Elizabeth glanced at Alexander and smiled, "Mr. Tudor is here. I should at least get up and be polite. After all, he has invested so much money."

Alexander remained silent.

"Mr. Tudor, why are you here?" Elizabeth asked.

Alexander pursed his lips, took the flashlight from the security guard, and signaled the guard to leave. He walked in, shining the flashlight around, his voice cold, "I happened to be passing by and heard there was a power outage. I came to check."

Elizabeth smiled, her gaze at Alexander gradually showing emotion. Was he just here to check? Or was he here to see her? The security guard had clearly said, "She's here!" Moreover, the guard's tone had been somewhat excited when he said it. It seemed they had been looking for her for a while. In other words, he was worried about her, right? But Alexander was too proud to admit it.

"You've checked, and I'm fine. Mr. Tudor, aren't you leaving?" Elizabeth continued to ask.

Alexander remained silent. The flashlight once again fell on Elizabeth. Elizabeth slightly turned her head. Felix immediately said, "What are you doing? It's hurting her eyes!" The strong light of the flashlight shifted to Felix, and Alexander's gaze darkened, "You look really young, like a college student."

"What do you mean?" Felix immediately asked.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander with a cold expression.

"You two are not suitable," Alexander suddenly said. He didn't believe in pure friendship between men and women. Moreover, Felix's earlier gesture of supporting Elizabeth clearly showed that this had been going on for a while.

Elizabeth laughed. Felix was quickly speechless, "Mr. Tudor, you can be jealous, but please be rational."

"Felix, aren't we quite suitable?" Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. In the dim light, her face looked particularly enchanting.

Felix was at a loss for words. Alexander quietly watched Elizabeth.

"Felix and I could date," Elizabeth smiled at Alexander, "What do you think, Mr. Tudor?"

Alexander's grip on the flashlight tightened. Felix sensed the tension between the two and said, "How about I step out? You two can talk? I'll take you home later?"

Before Elizabeth could speak, Alexander said, “If you have any sense, you won’t come back.”

Elizabeth snapped, “Felix is my subordinate. It’s not your place to order him around, Mr. Tudor.”

Alexander sneered and immediately asked, “I’m a shareholder of the institute now. I have something to discuss with you. It’s reasonable to ask Felix to step out, isn’t it?”

“Mr. Tudor, what can’t be discussed during the day? It’s nine o’clock at night. Do you think it’s appropriate for a man and a woman to talk alone?” Elizabeth questioned him.

“What, are you scared?” Alexander tilted his head, a smirk forming on his lips.

Elizabeth admitted that Alexander looked very handsome like this. But at this moment, Alexander’s smile also made him look like a madman. It seemed as if Alexander might do something crazy at any second.

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Elizabeth said, “Mr. Tudor, I’m not afraid. But I’m worried about your reputation.”

“You don’t care about your reputation, so why should I?” Alexander spread his hands, looking nonchalant and indifferent.

Elizabeth’s face turned completely cold. So, in the end, he just didn’t want to leave, huh?

“Felix, let’s go.” Elizabeth didn’t want to stay here with Alexander any longer. Every minute she stayed was a headache.

“You, get out,” Alexander pointed at Felix.

Felix was speechless. Although Alexander was intimidating, Felix was Elizabeth’s subordinate. Naturally, Felix wouldn’t take orders from Alexander.

Felix quickly helped Elizabeth up. Taking Elizabeth away was Felix’s duty. Elizabeth looked at Felix with satisfaction; she knew she hadn’t misjudged him. Felix would stand by her no matter what.

But just as they reached the door, Alexander grabbed Elizabeth's wrist and pulled her into his arms. Felix tried to pull Elizabeth back but couldn't overpower Alexander.

"Where are you going? If you're sick, you should go to the hospital." Alexander's tone was cold and stern as he picked Elizabeth up.

Elizabeth was stunned. Alexander carried Elizabeth out. Felix was dumbfounded.

"I'm not sick!" Elizabeth was frustrated. "Put me down!"

Alexander had an informant in the research institute, and he had heard about her condition today. But he was in Lisbon in the afternoon. As soon as he returned, he came to find Elizabeth. He called Elizabeth, but she had blocked him. Alexander asked the security guard, who said they couldn't reach her due to the power outage. He suddenly remembered that Elizabeth was afraid of the dark. He hurried in with the security guard to find her.

And then he saw Elizabeth and Felix interacting intimately! He was jealous!

"Alexander, put me down right now. Don't you think this is unnecessary?"

"You used to ignore me, and now that we're divorced, I don't love you anymore, I've given up on you, and now you pull this on me! Do you even realize that all this is too late?"

Elizabeth's words echoed in the hallway. In an instant, Alexander's steps halted. He lowered his head and, through the dim light, saw Elizabeth's face clearly. She was very displeased and very resistant. Her eyes were filled with disgust. He missed the countless times she used to look at him with eyes full of love. But now, he couldn't see that anymore.

"I can put you down, but you have to go to the hospital with me." His voice was soft.

"Don't I know my own body? Why should I listen to you and go to the hospital? Alexander, stop being redundant!"

Elizabeth patted Alexander's shoulder, forcibly pushed him away, and struggled to get down. She straightened her clothes, still feeling a bit dizzy. Elizabeth instinctively held onto Alexander's shoulder. Alexander immediately wrapped his arm around her waist.

“Stubborn.” He frowned. He could visibly see Elizabeth’s discomfort. Elizabeth kept her head down; she just hadn’t rested well! She didn’t need to go to the hospital.

Elizabeth raised her eyes, looking at him tiredly, and asked softly, “Alexander, you promised me, you said you’d let me go and not bother me anymore. We’re all adults here, can you keep your word, please?”

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“I regret it,” he said bluntly. He regretted it. He couldn’t treat Elizabeth like a stranger and ignore her. He couldn’t help but get closer to her.

Elizabeth bit her lip. She admitted that hearing Alexander say he regretted it made her feel both pleased and agitated. But at the same time, she felt endless heartache. She shook her head, her eyes reddening, and said softly, “But there’s no chance for regret in this world, just like when you chose Esme over me back then! Alexander, wake up. I will never love you again!”

“I will never love you again in this lifetime, nor will I marry you again. Alexander, I will only wear a wedding dress for you once and never...”

Before Elizabeth could finish her sentence, Alexander’s cold lips suddenly silenced her. Time seemed to stand still. Elizabeth was pushed backward. In the silent, dimly lit hallway, their two figures overlapped. One of his hands was propped against the wall, while the other wrapped around her waist, pulling her into his embrace. His kiss was aggressive, filled with possession and biting.

Elizabeth had no time to resist; she couldn’t even breathe. Her hands clutched tightly at Alexander’s clothes. She wanted to lift her leg to kick him, but he held her tightly. Elizabeth’s hands grabbed his back, continuously hitting him. Her eyes grew redder, and a sense of helplessness engulfed her. Memories played like a film, replaying wildly in her mind. She suddenly remembered the first time she kissed Alexander. She had initiated it. She had asked him cautiously, “Alexander, can I kiss you?” Without waiting for his response, she shamelessly kissed him. But she didn’t know how to kiss, so she just nibbled randomly on his lips. He couldn’t stand it anymore and took her hand, starting to teach her how to kiss. When their breaths intertwined, Elizabeth became even more certain that she would only love Alexander in this lifetime.

So many years had passed, his kissing skills were still so good, while hers were still terrible. Alexander always had an inexplicable allure. Back in college, when she heard others chatting idly, she always wanted to pounce on Alexander. But now, she no longer had that desire.

The corners of Alexander's mouth tasted slightly salty. Alexander opened his eyes to see Elizabeth crying. She wasn't crying because Alexander kissed her, but because from high school to college, they had once been so good together. He had once shown her eyes filled with love. Why had things turned out this way? He had really made her so sad, so heartbroken. If she could, she wished he would also go through a long seven years. She wanted him to love her unwaveringly, but also to experience all the ultimate betrayals, cold violence, indifference, and malice that love could bring!

Alexander let her go, and Elizabeth looked into his eyes. He owed her. He could never repay it in this lifetime, truly. His eyes were bloodshot, and he reached out to hold her, his voice hoarse and low, "Elizabeth, I'm sorry. I'm a bastard; it's my fault. I hurt you."

"But Elizabeth, I was deceived. It was Esme who ruined us all these years." His head lowered more and more, his voice growing deeper, filled with grievance and shame, "Elizabeth, please, can we stop fighting? Don't ignore me. Please?"

His repeated pleas tugged at the heart. Elizabeth's tears kept falling, crying silently. Alexander looked up at her, his fingertips brushing her cheeks, gently wiping away her tears. His throat moved, his lips still bearing the marks of her bite. He ignored the pain, only pleading bitterly, "Elizabeth, do you know how I've been these past few months? My life is a mess. My mind is filled with our past."

"But I know we can't go back to that. I also want to move forward. I hope you can come back to me, but you won't even give me a kind look. You know, I've never been wronged in my life. But for you... I'm willing to do anything."

Elizabeth lowered her head.

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Alexander cupped Elizabeth's face, continuously wiping away her tears. The urgency and helplessness in his eyes made the scene even more heartbreaking.

"Please," he pleaded. "Don't love anyone else, and don't look at other men." He would be jealous, insanely jealous! Especially Ivan. Every time he saw

Elizabeth laughing and chatting with Ivan, Alexander felt like he was going to grind his molars to dust. Because Alexander knew that between him and Ivan, Ivan had a much better chance. Ivan was too good at making her happy. But Alexander couldn't do that.

"Elizabeth, come back to me, please?"

No one else could make Alexander so humble. Elizabeth bit her lip, her eyelashes trembling. She admitted that Alexander's words were very moving. But could those seven years really be erased with a simple apology and a few sweet words? Elizabeth shook her head.

He cupped Elizabeth's face with both hands and gently kissed away the tears on her cheeks.

"Please love me. Love me as passionately and fervently as you used to. I won't let you down again."

His words, like his kisses, fell densely, stirring Elizabeth's heart. Elizabeth was completely swayed by him, as if she were blissfully ignorant. Darkness indeed could make one sink. Her body was already heavy, and hanging onto him felt like finding a support she was unwilling to let go of.

Until the hallway lights suddenly came on. Elizabeth's heart trembled. Only then did she realize how absurd her actions were. She almost succumbed to Alexander's sweet talk. She hurriedly pushed Alexander away.

Elizabeth wiped her tears, gave Alexander a meaningful look, and walked away. Alexander immediately chased after her, trying to hold her hand, but she shook him off.

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He was relentless, and she pushed him away again and again, not forgetting to warn him, "Don't come near me again!"

"Alexander, I'll pretend tonight never happened. If you follow me again, I'll call the police!" She was clearly sinking, yet she had to act strong. Alexander's steps obediently stopped. He could feel that Elizabeth's heart was also moving towards him. So he wasn't in a hurry. He would conquer Elizabeth step by step. Make her come back to him.

Elizabeth ran out of the research institute. The cold wind made her especially clear-headed. But Alexander's scent kept lingering at her nose. Elizabeth wrapped her coat tighter, her brows furrowed, feeling it was all too crazy. She was crazy. Really crazy! Elizabeth hailed a cab and went straight home. She didn't even dare to look back.

Little did she know, at the entrance of the research institute, Alexander and Felix stood side by side. Alexander's fingers brushed his lips, still savoring the kiss from earlier. But her tears were too bitter. Alexander would try not to make Elizabeth cry again.

"Scumbag," Felix cursed through gritted teeth.

"She can only belong to me," Alexander looked at Felix, as if declaring his sovereignty.

"Then why didn't you cherish her before?" Felix's eyes were full of hostility towards Alexander.

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Alexander's gaze fell on Felix, who stared straight at him, fiercely protective of Elizabeth. Seeing him protect Elizabeth so fervently, Alexander felt an indescribable emotion.

Elizabeth had repeatedly told him she didn't lack protectors. Without Alexander, countless other men were ready to love her. But she didn't want them; she only wanted Alexander. But Alexander was different. If he left Elizabeth, there would be no one else in the world who loved him as passionately and purely as she did. Those women who claimed to love him didn't truly love him.

"You're young, you don't understand," Alexander said, his voice heavy. "Life has many detours. It's not that I don't want to avoid them; sometimes I just can't."

"I don't want to hear your grand theories," Felix retorted. "All I know is that in many moments when Elizabeth needed you, you weren't there. Not even once." Felix was deeply disappointed in Alexander. Elizabeth was willing to give up everything for him, but Alexander couldn't save her even once. This was the difference in how Elizabeth and Alexander treated their loved ones. Alexander would never deserve Elizabeth's love in this lifetime.

“Felix,” Alexander said gravely, “that’s between Elizabeth and me. Things are different now; I won’t be like I was before!”

Felix sneered. “Men’s words are like the wind; they scatter easily. You’ll forget them yourself by the next day,” he said, disbelieving Alexander. Alexander could feel the thick disdain and sarcasm in Felix’s tone. Felix walked down the steps, leaving Alexander.

Before getting into his car, Felix reminded him, “Alexander, men who don’t keep their word are the most unstable.” He continued, “If you can’t treat Elizabeth wholeheartedly, then stay away from her. There’s only one Elizabeth in this world, and she has only one heart. How many more times do you want her to be hurt and sad because of you?”

Felix’s car drove away. Alexander’s heart trembled violently, as if stabbed, causing a wave of pain. Why did no one believe him? This time, he truly wanted to be good to Elizabeth. He looked like someone who would inevitably hurt Elizabeth.

He lowered his head and let out a bitter laugh. “Mr. Tudor,” Nolan drove up, signaling him to get in the car. After a day’s work, Alexander needed a good rest. Since his divorce from Elizabeth, his life hadn’t been easy. Everything, both his career and marriage, was chaotic and terrible.

While driving, Nolan suddenly asked, “Mr. Tudor, why are your lips so pale? Is something wrong?” Alexander looked up and glanced at Nolan. Nolan always noticed key details, which meant he genuinely cared about Alexander.

“Nothing,” Alexander said, turning to look out the window. Nolan blinked and paused. *Mr. Tudor went to see Elizabeth, could it be...* Nolan chuckled at Alexander. Alexander looked at him again, wondering what he was giggling about.

“Mr. Tudor, take it slow,” Nolan advised. “Believe that Elizabeth will eventually soften. True feelings would always be reciprocated.” But Alexander remained silent. Could true feelings really be reciprocated?