

Unrepairable Love - Chapter 8 Chapter 8 Chapter 8

The man, terrified, stammered, "I was just joking. Did you take it seriously?"

"Why wouldn't I? I always take things seriously," Elizabeth said, sipping a glass of wine.

Thinking about how Alexander had protected Esme, held her, and shown her such tenderness, Elizabeth felt a surge of anger.

Was she really worse than Esme?

Why did Alexander always see her as a problem?

"Elizabeth, why are you so narrow-minded? No wonder Alexander doesn't like you!" the man shouted.

Elizabeth looked up, her eyes narrowing at the mention of Alexander. It hit a nerve.

She hurled the glass at his feet, her gaze icy. "Don't want to kneel? I'll make you."

She pulled out a pen.

The crowd gasped. What was she up to?

The guy felt a chill run down his spine.

He remembered Elizabeth stabbing Landon in the neck with a pen earlier. Quick, ruthless, and bloodless. Just thinking about it made him shiver.

He swallowed hard and stepped back.

Elizabeth twirled the pen between her fingers, eyeing him.

"I can save lives with this, or end them."

His spine turned to ice.

"You've got three seconds. Kneel, or..."

Before she finished, he dropped to his knees.

"I was wrong!" he cried, kowtowing. "Please, spare me!"

He kept bowing, legs shaking.

Elizabeth tilted her head, her gaze sweeping the room. 'Who else wants to defy me?' her eyes seemed to ask.

The room was dead silent. Everyone watched, too scared to move.

Since marrying Alexander, Elizabeth had stayed out of the spotlight.

People thought she was just a spoiled Percy family princess.

But now, seeing her command the room like a queen, "useless" didn't fit at all.

Seeing no one else speak, Elizabeth slowly stood up. The crowd, seeing this, took a step back. Elizabeth laughed. Were they really that afraid of her? Indeed, one should never be too weak.

Elizabeth approached the man, who looked up at her. She stepped on his head, pressing it to the ground. Elizabeth looked down, her expression wild, "Now this is how you kowtow sincerely." With that, she left without looking back.

John watched Elizabeth's retreating figure and couldn't help but shake his head and smile. Elizabeth had once again surprised him!

Elizabeth left the banquet, exhausted, and arrived at the hotel entrance. Her feet ached terribly. Annoyed, she took off her high heels and walked barefoot, ignoring the stares of those around her.

Outside the building, it had started to drizzle. Elizabeth tilted her face up, letting the raindrops fall on her cheeks. She shed her mask of dominance and Elizabeth now carried an indescribable sense of fragility.

Out of the corner of her eye, she paused. Looking ahead, she saw Alexander leaning against a car in a black shirt. He turned slightly to light a cigarette, the flame illuminating his face. Raindrops fell on his shoulders, but he didn't use an umbrella. Alexander had his suit jacket draped over his arm, a cigarette between his fingers. A heavy chill emanated from him. His distant, indifferent gaze fell upon her.

"Elizabeth, we need to talk," he said, slow and deliberate, like he'd been waiting forever.

Elizabeth gripped her shoes tighter.

Why here? Why now? Was this about the divorce?

Was he that eager to ditch her for his new love?

The thought stung.

She swallowed the pain, manage a smile to keep her cool. "I know you're busy. We don't need to talk."

"I don't want anything. I'll go with whatever you decide."

Alexander frowned.

She was always like this.

When they had family dinners, she'd say, "I know you're busy. I'll handle things at home."

On her birthday, she'd say, "I know you're busy. Just half an hour with me is enough."

Even when she was sick in the hospital, she'd tell him, "Go ahead and work. I'm fine. You don't need to stay."

And now, even with divorce looming, she was still the same.

Whoever said Elizabeth was inconsiderate?

"I'm not busy," Alexander said suddenly, locking eyes with her.

Elizabeth's heart skipped a beat, eyes wide with surprise.

In three years of marriage, this was the first time she'd heard Alexander respond like this. It felt unreal.

But when Elizabeth thought about how eager Alexander was to talk divorce, she found it pretty ironic.

"Elizabeth," came John's voice from behind.

She turned around.

John held a black umbrella over her head and smiled, "Why are you standing in the rain?"

"I didn't know it was raining," Elizabeth replied, looking into his eyes.

John raised his hand and gently wiped the raindrops from her hair, "Elizabeth, want me to take you home?"

The sudden closeness caught her off guard. She almost stepped back instinctively and then glanced at Alexander.

But she quickly looked away.

She'd always cared about how Alexander saw her, never daring to get too close to other men, afraid he'd think she was unfaithful.

She'd been so cautious for years, but she forgot Alexander didn't care about her at all.

"You take me home? Seems more reliable if I take you home," Elizabeth said to John with a gentle smile.

"You taking me home works too," John nodded immediately.

Alexander watched quietly, emotions swirling in his eyes.

Ever since Elizabeth had proposed the divorce, he felt more and more insignificant in front of her.

He reached into the car and calmly pressed the horn.

The loud noise caught everyone's attention.

John glanced up and saw Alexander, clearly surprised. "Mr. Tudor, waiting for someone?"

Alexander took a drag from his cigarette, flicked the ash, and pointed at Elizabeth. "I'm waiting for her," he said, cool and firm.

Elizabeth stared at Alexander.

John was confused. "Mr. Tudor, you know Elizabeth well?"

Alexander's eyes burned with a quiet anger. "I'm her husband!"

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