

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 801

Alexander didn't know. He only knew that if he never found out Elizabeth had saved him, he would never be able to reciprocate her true feelings. Alexander closed his eyes, his mind in turmoil.

"Nolan, how about you take over the company for a few days?" Alexander suddenly said.

Nolan's hand trembled on the steering wheel. He looked at Alexander with a puzzled expression.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Tudor?" Nolan asked.

"I want to spend some time with my grandmother. She's very lonely in the private hospital," Alexander said, his voice growing softer. If he hadn't divorced Elizabeth, she would be with Lily right now. But now that they were divorced, it wasn't convenient for Elizabeth to visit Lily often. Alexander's parents had their own lives. Lily must be very bored alone.

"Mr. Tudor, I know you're concerned about your grandmother. But leaving such a big company to me, you..." Nolan didn't know how to put it. On one hand, there was filial duty, and on the other, such a large company.

"Anyway, it's the end of the year, and there's only the summary left. I've done most of the work. It's just some signing that needs to be done. You can organize it and send it to the hospital for me to sign," Alexander said.

"Mr. Tudor, you really trust me, huh!" Nolan said, feeling a mix of emotions. Managing a company was exhausting. Let alone managing the Tudor Group.

"You've worked with me for so many years. I know your character and that you're reliable. It's the right decision to leave it to you," Alexander said with a faint smile.

Nolan asked, "What about the annual meeting?"

“It’s only the end of December. There’s still a month to prepare. I’ll attend the annual meeting,” Alexander replied.

Nolan remained silent.

Alexander said, “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Nolan responded, “How could I dare to disagree with your orders?”

“But tell me the truth, do you really just want to spend time with Lily?” Nolan didn’t want to expose Alexander; he hoped Alexander would say it himself.

Chapter 801

Alexander glanced at Nolan and then smiled.

“Nolan, I can’t hide anything from you.”

“Christmas is coming, and Elizabeth loves Christmas. I want to spend the holiday with her,” he paused and then added, “Pursuing someone takes a lot of effort and time. I’ll consider it a break for myself and spend more time with Elizabeth.” Additionally, there were matters concerning Esme and the Russell Family that he needed to handle.

Nolan was worried, “But does Elizabeth need it? What if you keep falling?”

Alexander replied, “I still have to pursue her.” If you were afraid of failure, you’d never start. Alexander needed to let go of his status. From today, Alexander was just an ordinary person. An ordinary man with the same desire for love as any other.

“Alright, Mr. Tudor, I support you. You will succeed!” Nolan said with a slight smile.

Alexander said, “Take good care of my company.”

Nolan replied, “I will.”

The car stopped in front of the villa. Alexander scanned his fingerprint and entered the house. The house was empty and quiet, extremely cold. Every time he came home, he thought of when Elizabeth was still there. Having a woman in the house made it such a warm place. Alexander went to the bar, poured

himself a drink, and his gaze fell on the painting on the wall. One day, he would hang Elizabeth's painting back up.

Chapter 802

The next morning, Alexander personally came to inquire about the progress of Esme's case, lest these people not take him seriously and brush him off over the phone. Officer Cooper Hart was very attentive, immediately asking someone to pour coffee and politely saying, "Mr. Tudor, what an honor to have you here. Why didn't you call ahead?"

Alexander, dressed in a black suit, exuded a cold aura. He casually sat on a single sofa, arms crossed, and cast a chilling glance at Cooper. Cooper immediately fell silent and began to tremble. This was Alexander; no one dared to neglect him. Everyone in the police station knew why Alexander was here today.

People in the station were talking about how ruthless Alexander was. He had sent his ex-girlfriend to the police station without a second thought. He didn't care about past relationships at all!

"Esme is currently out on bail. She can't escape the charge of inciting others to commit murder. However, her case is quite complicated and will be transferred to another department soon, so it won't be under my jurisdiction anymore."

Alexander looked at Cooper and said coldly, "My grandmother is still lying in the hospital. She was resuscitated just last night. I want to hear about Esme's sentencing as soon as possible."

Cooper immediately nodded, "We'll expedite the process, but..."

"But what? Do I need to visit every day?" Alexander's eyes narrowed, his tone dripping with sarcasm. Alexander had the time to visit, but did Cooper have the opportunity to be visited by him every day?

"No, no!" Just as Cooper finished speaking, there was a knock on the office door. Both Alexander and Cooper looked towards the door, where Cooper's subordinate and Henry stood. Alexander squinted his eyes. Cooper immediately became nervous. This was what he wanted to say.

Recently, Henry had been coming over to plead for Esme. Although Alexander overshadowed Henry, the Russell Family was still one of the four major families, and Cooper couldn't afford to offend either of them.

"So you haven't been submitting the case because Mr. Russell has also been visiting." Alexander pursed his lips, picked up the cup on the table, and took a sip of coffee. Henry frowned at Alexander. As their eyes met, the atmosphere in the office changed instantly.

Cooper said, "Mr. Tudor, you and Mr. Russell are old friends. Let's talk things out." Then he smiled at Henry and said, "Mr. Russell, please have a seat." If the two could resolve this matter privately, that would be ideal. However, Henry stood at the door, and Alexander had no intention of letting him sit. This made Cooper feel awkward again.

"Mr. Tudor, it seems everyone knows we used to be friends. But I don't understand why our families' relationship has come to this." Henry took a step forward.

"Mr. Russell, are you joking? Do I need to recount everything Esme has done?" Henry claimed not to understand why. Esme was the so-called "why"! Because of Esme, the two families had reached this point. Without Esme, perhaps he and Henry could indeed be considered respectable friends. But now, how could Alexander give them any respect? The Russell Family had not given Alexander any respect in the first place! Esme had played Alexander, so why should Alexander give the Russell Family any respect?

"Alexander, Esme is still young. She made some mistakes, but it's not enough to condemn her to death!"

"From the day Esme hurt Lily, you lost the right to negotiate. Mr. Russell, if you want to have coffee, you're welcome to sit. If you want to argue about how I'm handling Esme, I suggest you turn around and leave." Alexander pointed directly at the door.

Alexander's face was exceptionally cold, his eyes filled with hatred. Henry didn't know how to respond. Cooper really couldn't help Henry this time. Alexander's intentions were too clear; he wanted to send Esme straight to hell! Esme was truly foolish. She had such a good life but chose to send herself to the police station.

Esme's situation was such that even if she were convicted and sent away, her days wouldn't be easy. Henry laughed in exasperation. Alexander's expression was particularly cold and stern.

"Cooper, do I need to come back tomorrow?" Alexander's cold eyes swept Cooper. Cooper shook his head, understanding Alexander's meaning. Alexander responded indifferently, then stood up. He brushed past Henry at the door.

Henry turned and followed him, "Alexander!" Alexander didn't speak, just kept walking out. He had come alone today; Henry hadn't; he brought a driver, and the car was waiting outside. When the driver saw Henry coming out, he immediately got out of the car.

Alexander was heading to his own car, but Henry stopped him. "Alexander, tell me, what will it take for you to let Esme go?" Alexander looked at Henry. Henry was truly out of options. Ellen was in the hospital, and the doctor said she would probably wake up today. If he couldn't find Nancy to see Ellen, he would have to take Esme to see Ellen. But now he couldn't even see Esme.

The atmosphere was heavy. The two of them standing in the police station courtyard was quite a striking scene. Many people were secretly peeking out the windows. This love-hate entanglement was truly fascinating! But it was clear the Russell Family hadn't gained any advantage. Henry tightly gripped Alexander's arm, his fingertips turning white.

"Alexander. I'm begging you, give Esme, give our Russell Family a way out, okay?" Alexander's indifferent gaze fell on him. "I can even kneel for you!" Henry gritted his teeth and said.

"What good would kneeling do?" Alexander questioned him. Alexander had knelt for Elizabeth. What good had it done?

"Then tell me, what would work?" Henry's eyes were bloodshot; he couldn't drag this out any longer! Alexander gritted his teeth, "Esme must die." Henry's hand suddenly loosened, and he took two steps back, his eyes filled with disbelief. Alexander was so cruel!

Henry said, "Alexander, you two were in love once!" Alexander sneered, stepping forward slowly, pointing seriously at Henry, and reminded him, "Henry, I need to remind you. I never loved Esme." Alexander quickly retorted, "The only person I've ever loved is Elizabeth! If it weren't for Esme,

Elizabeth and I wouldn't have separated! Letting Esme die is already the simplest solution."

Henry kept retreating. Alexander kept advancing. Until neither of them spoke anymore, and Alexander's steps stopped, his breathing heavy. Henry's tears fell. Men didn't cry easily, but his sense of helplessness was something no one could understand.

Just when the two were awkwardly at a standstill, a voice suddenly came from inside, "Mr. Russell, something's wrong!"

Chapter 804

Alexander turned his head with Henry and saw Cooper running out of the police station. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Cooper said, "Ms. Russell fainted." Henry's face immediately stiffened, and soon they saw someone bringing Esme out of the police station. Esme's face was pale, with a noticeable scratch on her right wrist. Blood was flowing down her arm, leaving spots on the ground.

Alexander shifted slightly, looking at Esme indifferently. "Hurry, take her to the hospital," Henry reacted, reminding them, "Esme has depression; she might have attempted suicide." Alexander's expression remained calm. Esme attempting suicide was nothing new. He had known Esme for so many years and had lost count of how many times she had tried to kill herself.

Before getting into the car, Henry gave Alexander a deep look. "Alexander, Esme is like this, and you still won't let her go?" "She almost killed my grandmother; I have to do it," Alexander replied calmly. Henry laughed. "Everyone knows you call the shots here. Whether you let her go or not is just a matter of your word. What are you talking about killing? Don't you know if Esme killed her or not?"

That was something Vincent wanted to do on his own; what did it have to do with Esme? Alexander just shook his wrist, watching Henry and the convoy leave. Cooper stood to the side, listening quietly, not daring to speak. Alexander glanced at him. It seemed like Cooper was waiting for Alexander's instructions. In Cooper's eyes, it seemed that after hearing Henry's words and seeing Esme's suicide attempt, Alexander would soften. Unfortunately, Alexander was never one to soften.

“Once Esme’s health recovers, push forward with the process,” Alexander said calmly. “Mr. Tudor, Esme’s mental state might not be good,” Cooper reminded Alexander. Alexander looked up. “Then send Esme to a mental hospital. Do I need to remind you of that?” Alexander’s cold eyes swept over Cooper. Cooper nodded, immediately understanding.

In any case, Esme had to face judgment.

Chapter 804

If Esme wasn’t sick, let her die. If Esme was insane and protected by the law, let her suffer in a mental hospital. In any case, she wouldn’t have a good day! Alexander quickly left the police station. Cooper couldn’t help but sigh, “Alexander is really ruthless.” Even with Henry pleading, Alexander wouldn’t relent. For Esme, if she really ended up in a mental hospital, she might as well be dead. In a place like a mental hospital, even a healthy person would be tortured into illness. The most likely outcome was still death! She might as well die directly!

Alexander drove, with no company work to manage, and went to Kieran’s company out of boredom. Kieran was in a meeting, but when he saw Alexander, his attention immediately shifted. Kieran hurriedly ended the meeting and rushed to his office. Alexander was sitting in his chair, playing games on his computer. Kieran was puzzled, “Alexander, how do you have time to come here?” “I quit my job,” Alexander joked. Kieran pouted, “I don’t believe you.”

“I’m not in a good state, taking a break. Nolan is managing the company for me,” Alexander continued playing the game on the computer, very focused. “It’s almost the end of the year, and I’m so busy I can barely sleep a few hours a day. Seeing you so carefree is worse than killing me!” Kieran poured a cup of coffee for Alexander. Alexander took a sip, his posture lazy and noble, “Really?” Kieran snorted. Alexander smiled and took a photograph out of his pocket.

Unrepairable Love Chapter 805

“Like, busy with this?”

Kieran glanced casually at the photo, but quickly picked it up to take a closer look. Fuck.

In the photo, he was attending an event with Lila, helping her with her dress.

“Mr. Getty, how gentle of you to help Lila with her dress.”

“No, Mr. Getty, you’re such a considerate boss.” Alexander clasped his hands together, looking relaxed.

Kieran pursed his lips. “We were attending an event under the Getty Group together, what’s wrong with that? Lila’s dress was so long, there’s nothing wrong with me helping out, right? I’m a gentleman after all!”

Alexander chuckled. A gentleman? Kieran?

“Alexander, why do I feel like you’re in a really good mood today?” Kieran was genuinely puzzled. Something was off with Alexander, but Kieran couldn’t pinpoint exactly what.

Alexander smiled, “Am I?”

Kieran smiled, “What, did you make progress with Elizabeth?” Kieran thought that besides Elizabeth, nothing else could make Alexander this happy.

“Sort of.” Alexander nodded.

Kieran was shocked, “Really? You made progress?”

“Come on, spill the details.” Kieran suddenly got interested. Kieran had been exhausted after the meeting, but now he didn’t feel tired at all.

“Our business is none of your concern.” Alexander refused to elaborate. Kieran instantly shut his mouth. Alexander wouldn’t even tell Kieran!

“Anyway, making progress is good. Now that you’ve won Elizabeth over, you better treat her well!” Kieran clinked his glass with Alexander’s.

Alexander nodded. However, winning Elizabeth over was still a long road ahead.

Chapter 805 (Continued)

In the silence, both of their phones rang simultaneously. Similarly, a news alert popped up on their computers. Just now, Kennedy’s official blog released a real image of the Snow Tear. Kennedy announced that the Snow Tear will be officially showcased at the Lisbon Jewelry Exhibition on January 1st.

Kennedy's Snow Tear had its real image released. And after New Year's Day, it would appear in major Lisbon jewelry exhibitions.

"Whoever signs her will make a fortune." Kieran took a sip of water and put down his glass.

Alexander's eyes deepened.

"Mr. Tudor, interested?" Kieran asked him.

Alexander smiled, "Aren't you, Mr. Getty?"

"Of course I'm interested, but I don't have the channels. Mr. Tudor, if you sign Kennedy, I'll be cheering for you."

Alexander clicked his tongue. "I don't have time before the end of the year, let's talk after the holidays." He finished his last sip of coffee and stood up, "If there's nothing else, I'll get going."

"What, you're leaving already?" Kieran asked him.

"Christmas is coming. I'm seeing if I can find any treasures." Alexander said.

"Treasures? I know a place. It hasn't been open for years. But tonight at midnight, it's reopening! There are tons of unknown and rare treasures! If you want to get something for Elizabeth, I think you should check it out." Kieran raised an eyebrow. Elizabeth would probably like the things there. After all, she was a very unique person.

Alexander looked at Kieran, who continued, "Future Trade Hub. In the abandoned underground area. Be careful, the people there only care about money and not their lives, so don't get caught."

Unrepairable Love Chapter 806

December in Lisbon was very cold, and the night breeze made it even more bone-chilling. The abandoned small town had a dilapidated entrance. Driving 1600 feet in, there was no sign of life. It wasn't until Alexander drove into the parking lot, handed over his car keys, and was led down a small path by a man in black.

Alexander felt like he had entered a second city; it was brightly lit, and the noise of vendors was deafening. There were many people. Alexander squinted

his eyes and couldn't help but glance outside. The darkness and desolation outside formed a stark contrast with the bustling scene inside. Alexander pulled his black overcoat tighter and wore a mask. But he didn't know that even if he covered half of his face, his unique aura and presence were still unmistakable.

On the surface, it looked like a small market, but in reality, everything was for sale inside, including some illegal items that couldn't be sold outside.

"How much can you sell it for? Give me a firm number!"

"Three million dollars, fixed price! If you're interested, buy it. If not, make way for the next customer!"

The commotion caught Alexander's attention. Alexander saw a vendor holding a smart device. The device was small, but with a light scan, it could project a starry sky and aurora in the air. Even in the brightly lit market, the aurora was clearly visible and very realistic, not fake at all.

"Three million dollars is too expensive. Isn't it just an aurora projector?"

"Who said it's just an aurora projector? It can be any projector you want."

Alexander looked over and said calmly, "Kennedy?"

"Kennedy? Sir, you want to see Kennedy?" The vendor laughed heartily. "What a coincidence, my smart device just happens to have Kennedy!"

As he spoke, he switched the program, and soon, a bunch of 3D Kennedys floated in the air.

"Sir, interested?" The vendor saw that Alexander had an extraordinary demeanor and looked like someone who could afford the price.

"This thing, three million dollars?" Alexander glanced at him.

It was indeed impressive, but three million dollars was overpriced. Anyone from Alexander's company's tech team could develop something like this. Alexander thought this place would be impressive, but it turned out to be just... so-so.

The vendor's face turned cold instantly. "If you don't know the value then get lost." Probably feeling his dignity was hurt, the vendor gave Alexander a

displeased look. Alexander just glanced at him briefly and continued to look around. Alexander didn't know what to buy, just browsing to see if there was a suitable Christmas gift for Elizabeth.

Maybe he had too high expectations for this shabby market; after a round, he didn't find anything he wanted. There were many people, but the items were miscellaneous and worthless. To give as a gift, they were not presentable. For personal play, they were just about right.

Just as Alexander was about to leave, he caught a glimpse of an inconspicuous small stall in the corner. The stall owner was warming himself by the fire. In the cold weather everyone was shivering, but he sat there silently, not feeling cold at all.

Alexander stopped. The man glanced at Alexander.

"What do you need?" The stall owner spoke formally.

Alexander looked at his empty stall. "You have nothing here, how do you sell goods?" Alexander asked.

The man sneered, "You tell me what you want."

Alexander looked at him and was silent for a while. "I want a gift that can win a woman's heart."

The stall owner clicked his tongue, "Again, for a woman."

"I really don't understand why some people can't win over a woman. Women are the easiest creatures to please in the world. Give them a little sweetness, and they'll be devoted to you."

"But some men..." The stall owner waved his hand and laughed, his eyes full of disdain.

Alexander seemed to feel that he wasn't talking about how women were, but speaking on behalf of women. The stall owner seemed to be saying that men who couldn't even prepare a gift for a woman were truly incompetent.

Chapter 807

"You should take her out for dinner, give her a bouquet of flowers. Take her to a movie, or a concert. Trust me, it's better than any high-tech gift," the stall

owner said, pointing to a nearby vendor selling something for three million dollars, and smiling.

Alexander looked over. Three million dollars for a projector; quite amusing.

“What if I made a mistake?” Alexander asked.

The stall owner replied, “Then time will tell. If you’re not even willing to give your true heart, why should she keep loving you?”

He continued, “At any time, don’t blame her for not giving you a chance. Ask yourself, have you done enough?”

Alexander indeed needed to ask himself. Had he done enough for Elizabeth to forgive him? Was he a joke?

“Thank you,” Alexander nodded.

“Do you know what I’m selling?” The stall owner laughed.

Alexander smirked.

The stall owner joked, “Words of spiritual comfort.”

“As long as it works, it’s good,” Alexander smiled.

The stall owner glanced over again and said, “What I offer is much better than that thing.”

Alexander looked over again. The other vendor’s stall was empty, and he was cursing under his breath.

“When you leave, take another street. He didn’t make any sales tonight and will say you brought him bad luck,” the stall owner reminded Alexander.

Although FutureTradeHub had just reopened today, the stall owner and the other vendor had been neighbors for years. He knew his temper well.

“Thank you,” Alexander was not one to avoid trouble. But what Alexander didn’t know was that, before even leaving FutureTradeHub, he felt someone watching him from behind.

Alexander smiled wryly. Sure enough, it was best not to speak up when watching a show.

However, that projector was indeed not good. Even if it had impressed Alexander a little more, he would have been willing to buy it. Watching the aurora at home would have been nice. But it wasn't worth it.

As soon as Alexander left FutureTradeHub, he was surrounded. The alley was small, and four people were enough to corner him. Soon, a six-foot-tall man with a scruffy beard and a fierce look walked over.

"Watching a show without making a fuss, that's the rule."

Alexander smiled, "If a customer makes a comment and you get angry, it means you also think that thing isn't worth it. Right?"

The alley was dark, and they couldn't see each other's faces clearly. But in terms of height and presence, Alexander was enough to suppress the other man; he wasn't losing to these people.

"I'm giving you a chance. Admit your mistake, and this will be over," the man's voice was deep.

Alexander sneered, "What if I don't?"

"Then you'll get a beating," the man said, attacking Alexander.

Alexander's face turned cold, and he swiftly dodged the man's attack. The others rushed in as well. The scene quickly turned chaotic, becoming a one-on-five fight.

Alexander grabbed one man's arm, pulling him in front of himself, and retreated quickly, his voice cold, "Aren't you afraid I'll turn this place upside down? The so-called FutureTradeHub is no different from a gang."

Just for saying a word, they wanted to silence him. What was this?

"Get him!" someone ordered.

The others charged like madmen. Alexander's expression changed drastically. In the darkness, just as he was about to counterattack, he heard a dull thud. Something sprayed onto Alexander's face.

Chapter 808

Soon, a light shone over. Several people shielded their faces and looked in that direction. “My Boss said, get lost quickly. And tell that vendor to take his trash and get out of FutureTradeHub,” the man’s voice was clear. Everyone looked at each other, recalling this voice. “Do I need to tell you who I am?” he asked. A few people took two steps back and then left. They retreated quickly.

Only Alexander was left. He shook his arm, and the light shone on him. The man from earlier was dragged away, and his blood splattered onto Alexander. Alexander followed the light, “Who is it?” The flashlight turned off, and someone walked towards him. The next second, the path lights came on.

Standing in front of Alexander was a young man, not yet twenty. Handsome and rugged, but slightly immature. “Our Boss sent me to save you. No need to thank me,” he smiled slightly, his voice pleasant. “Who is your Boss?” Alexander squinted. “One of your old friends,” he simply said. Alexander didn’t speak but scrutinized the person in front of him. Alexander thought about everyone he knew; powerful, gang-related, quite a few. Alexander didn’t know who it was.

The young man was about to leave but seemed to remember something. He smiled and said, “Oh right. The Boss said this place is chaotic and doesn’t have what you’re looking for, so don’t come back!” “How does your boss know what I’m looking for?” Alexander squinted. “My boss just knows,” the young man shrugged and walked into FutureTradeHub without looking back.

Chapter 808

Soon, a scream was heard from inside FutureTradeHub. Alexander squinted. Inside FutureTradeHub, a man’s arm was chopped off. “Using dirty tricks, huh? I’ll chop off your arm so you can feel how serious the Boss is about this reform!” The young man held up the arm and said to everyone, “Take a good look. If anyone dares to surround our esteemed guests again, this will be your fate!”

“This time it’s an arm, next time, it’ll be your head!” the young man said fiercely. No one dared to speak. The passing guests were even more frightened. But since they could come to such a place, it meant they were not ordinary people; they had seen the world. So soon, everyone adjusted their mindset and continued to browse FutureTradeHub.

The young man carried the arm and turned into a wooden cabin. Inside the cabin, he stuffed the arm into a furnace. “Did you meet Mr. Tudor?” Felix was resting in the corner. The young man’s eyes sparkled, “So that was the famous Mr. Tudor that our Boss has liked for so many years.” Felix pouted, “If she hears that, she’ll hit you!” As he spoke, the cabin door was pushed open, and Elizabeth walked in.

She raised her hand and patted the young man’s head, “Atticus Percy. I’m criticizing you. This FutureTradeHub is a mess! Acting like a bunch of thugs. A guest says one thing is unworthy, and they get beaten? What era is this!” Atticus pouted, looking aggrieved, “Boss, I didn’t know either.” “Whining?” Elizabeth patted Atticus’s head again.

Atticus chuckled and poured Elizabeth a glass of water, “Boss, I will definitely manage FutureTradeHub well, leave it to me.” “Leave it to you, and I... no, Felix will have to follow you every day to clean up your mess!” Elizabeth didn’t trust Atticus. “Luckily, today is just a trial run, we still have a chance to change. Boss, just tell us, how should we change?”

“The stuff in FutureTradeHub isn’t good enough. If we’re going to do this, we need to do it big and strong. We’ll sell what others don’t dare to sell. Especially,” Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. Everyone looked at Elizabeth, especially... Imported special medicines.” Elizabeth smirked. “The special medicines that are overpriced outside, we’ll sell at a lower price!”

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 809

Felix had to get serious. He looked at Elizabeth, his expression complex. “Wouldn’t that mean directly competing with doctors and brokers?”

“Are you scared?” Elizabeth looked at Felix.

Felix pressed his lips together. He wasn’t scared. He just thought it wasn’t necessary to provoke public outrage.

“Do you want to see those people give up on life because they can’t get the medicine?” Elizabeth asked bluntly.

Felix was silent. He didn’t want that, for sure.

“Do as I say, and I’ll take responsibility for any consequences.” Elizabeth snapped her fingers and looked back at the monitor. Alexander had already left. Elizabeth sighed. Alexander was really reckless. He didn’t even understand what kind of market this was and dared to say that others’ goods weren’t worth the price. No wonder Alexander got beaten up!

“What did he buy?” Elizabeth asked Felix.

“He didn’t buy anything, just chatted with the vendor and left,” Felix replied.

Elizabeth smiled. It seemed there was nothing Alexander fancied. This market indeed needed improvement.

“I’m leaving,” Elizabeth said, standing up and putting on her mask and hat.

“Boss, I’ll see you off,” Felix stood up as well.

Elizabeth shook her head; she had driven here. She pushed open the wooden door, and a wave of bloodiness hit her. Elizabeth frowned; the environment was terrible.

“Atticus, clean up your mess! If you can’t, this market stays closed!” Elizabeth’s voice was clear and cold.

Atticus’s shoulders trembled, and he immediately responded, “Okay, I got it, Boss.”

Chapter 809

They were still afraid of Elizabeth. Elizabeth walked out through a private passage. As soon as she stepped out, she saw Alexander’s black Ferrari not far away. Elizabeth squinted, drove her car over, and slowed down. The window rolled down, and Alexander was smoking. Elizabeth frowned. He had recently picked up a smoking habit and was always smoking.

Alexander took a drag and saw the purple Pagani driving past his car. Elizabeth? What was she doing here? This town was very remote, and it took forty minutes to drive here. Alexander’s car immediately followed.

Elizabeth noticed Alexander’s car following her. She got interested. There weren’t many cars on this road anyway, and it sparked her desire to race. Alexander saw her intention. The moment Elizabeth accelerated, Alexander did too. Alexander squinted, watching Elizabeth’s car take a turn, with a car

coming from the opposite direction. She honked a few times as a warning. Alexander got her signal and avoided the car.

Soon, Alexander caught up with Elizabeth's car. The cars were side by side, and Elizabeth rolled down her window. She looked at Alexander, a smile on her lips, as if asking, "Mr. Tudor, want to race?"

Alexander, with a cigarette in his mouth, had an indescribable roguishness in the night. He raised an eyebrow and pointed forward, signaling her. "Let's start."

Elizabeth smiled, closed her window, and floored the gas pedal. Alexander stubbed out his cigarette, his expression turning serious.

Chapter 810

There were few cars on the road, and Elizabeth and Alexander's speed skyrocketed. The two cars raced wildly, neither willing to yield to the other. At the turn, tires screeched against the pavement, the braking sound extremely harsh. After the turn, Elizabeth and Alexander floored the gas pedal again.

Elizabeth glanced at Alexander's car and smirked. Not bad; Alexander was keeping up with her. She had thought Alexander's driving skills weren't that great. Alexander's car was glued to Elizabeth's, not overtaking but not falling behind either.

The green light ahead counted down from three seconds. Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and accelerated again, using the red light to block Alexander's car behind her. Alexander slammed on the brakes. He looked at the dark purple Pagani in front of him. Elizabeth stuck her hand out of the window, first giving a thumbs-up, then slowly turning it downwards. She was taunting Alexander. Alexander gritted his teeth and slapped the steering wheel. So arrogant? Fine. Sixty seconds, enough to block Alexander directly.

Elizabeth turned on the car music and cranked up the volume. She enjoyed the lonely night of racing and music by herself. But a few seconds later, a car honked and overtook her. Elizabeth paused; it was Alexander's car! Alexander glanced back, mimicking Elizabeth's earlier gesture, giving a thumbs-up but not turning it down. Did she really think he would wait for the sixty-second red light?

Elizabeth drove up. The two cars were side by side, and both rolled down their windows.

“You ran a red light?” Elizabeth mocked. “You want to win that badly?”

“Weaklings run red lights.”

Elizabeth squinted. Really?

Alexander explained, “I just made a right turn, Elizabeth. You still have a lot to learn.”

Elizabeth’s face darkened. How did she forget about the convenient right turn? Alexander really showed off.

“You lost. No more racing,” Elizabeth shouted at him.

“Elizabeth. You’re good at racing,” Alexander asked her.

“What?” Elizabeth didn’t want to answer, pretending not to hear.

Alexander knew her little trick, sneered, and said nothing. Elizabeth knew he got the hint and drove away satisfied. All the way to the center of Lisbun.

In front of a bar, Elizabeth leaned against her car, eating candy and waiting for Alexander. He would definitely come. He wouldn’t miss the chance to talk to her. Sure enough, within three minutes, Alexander’s car pulled up.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander in the car, smirking with a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. Alexander was silent; he had lost, completely. Elizabeth had him pegged; he would definitely follow. Alexander’s car stopped next to Elizabeth’s, and he got out. He mimicked Elizabeth, leaning against the front of his car.

“What are you doing at FutureTradeHub?” Elizabeth asked knowingly.

Alexander, hands in his pockets, lazily looked at Elizabeth. “Curious about my whereabouts?”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Elizabeth sneered. “I have no interest in your crap. Just reminding you, it’s not a good place.”

“I’m not a good person either,” he replied.

Elizabeth sneered, indeed. She didn’t argue. Alexander looked at the bar. Inside, the lights were dazzling.

Alexander asked, “Want a drink?”

Elizabeth glanced inside and said flatly, “With you? I can’t stomach...”

Alexander clicked his tongue, “Elizabeth. We did sha...”