

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man Novel Alternative

## Chapter 81 - 90

The car pulled up in front of the villa. Alexander stepped out, cradling Elizabeth in his arms. As the door opened, Elizabeth's eyes fluttered open; still groggy, she mumbled, "Am I home?"

Alexander glanced down at her. Her brows were knitted in pain, likely from her injuries. "Yeah," he replied, carrying her upstairs. Elizabeth felt dizzy and drifted back to sleep.

Watching her sleep so soundly, Alexander felt a pang of helplessness. This silly woman, falling asleep so easily. Good thing it was him taking her to the hospital today. What if it had been Joseph? he thought.

Just the thought of Joseph taking her home was unbearable for Alexander. Alexander pushed open the bedroom door, and as he flicked on the light, the emptiness of the room hit him hard. Since Elizabeth left, he hadn't set foot in this room. Now, everything felt foreign.

He gently laid her on the bed and pulled the quilt over her. Elizabeth turned over, clutching the quilt, murmuring, "It hurts."

Standing by the bed, Alexander looked down at her awkward sleeping posture, a hint of amused helplessness in his eyes. He bent down, adjusted her clothes, and brushed her hair back behind her ear. Her eyes were closed, her lashes long. She was truly beautiful, captivating, making him fall more in love each time he looked.

In high school, she got love letters every day. In college, she was confessed to daily. Everyone said Alexander was lucky to marry Elizabeth. But Elizabeth felt marrying Alexander was her blessing. So what about now? Would they still think marrying him was a blessing? Now, they probably only hated him, right?

Thinking of this, Alexander felt a pang in his chest. Just as he was lost in thought, Elizabeth's phone rang. He picked up her bag, seeing it was Joseph's call.

Alexander frowned. It was almost midnight; wasn't it too late for Joseph to call? He glanced at Elizabeth, then at the phone. After a moment, he answered it.

"Elizabeth, are you home? Is your wound deep?" Joseph's voice was gentle, full of concern. Alexander whispered, "She's asleep." There was silence on the other end.

Thinking Joseph had hung up, Alexander checked the screen. Seeing the call still connected, he felt a moment of satisfaction. "Alexander?" Joseph asked.

"Surprised?" Alexander sat on the bed's edge, his palm resting on Elizabeth's cheek, his thumb brushing her lips. Joseph chuckled. "Not really. Thanks for taking care of Elizabeth."

Alexander's eyes darkened as he said, "Mr. Stewart, Elizabeth is my wife. It's inappropriate for you to say that." Before Joseph could respond, Alexander added, "It's rather late for you to be concerned about her. Thanks, Mr. Stewart!"

Joseph caught the implication that Alexander was Elizabeth's husband, but he just chuckled, neither angry nor concerned. "Since you know Elizabeth is your wife, why are you involved with other women?" Joseph sighed. "How can you emphasize you're her husband now?"

Alexander's eyes narrowed, a chill rising around him as he shouted, "Joseph!" Unfazed, Joseph continued, "Your actions are disgraceful for a man."

Alexander gripped the phone tightly, almost through gritted teeth, "Mr. Stewart, mind your own business. Flirting with a married woman doesn't make you a gentleman either!" With that, Alexander hung up.

Who he was wasn't for Joseph to judge! He tossed the phone onto the bedside table and looked at Elizabeth again. Thinking of Joseph's words made Alexander increasingly irritable. He grabbed Elizabeth's face and said, "You are not to entangle yourself with other men!"

## Chapter 82

Alexander's phone rang. It was Esme's call. He was about to answer but instinctively hit the hang-up button instead. Annoyed, he didn't feel like dealing with Esme, so he put his phone on silent and tossed it aside.

That night, Elizabeth slept fitfully, waking up in a dimly lit room. When she finally opened her eyes, it was only six in the morning. The sky was cloudy, and the room was...

She rubbed her head, feeling sore all over. As she turned over to get out of bed, she suddenly noticed a man sleeping next to her.

Elizabeth was stunned when she saw Alexander. Startled, she moved back, hitting the edge of the bed and almost falling off. But Alexander grabbed her arm and pulled her back into his arms.

He didn't open his eyes; he was wearing black silk pajamas. His hold on her felt so natural, like it wasn't the first time.

Elizabeth felt like she was dreaming. This was too absurd. They had been married for three years, and he had never slept in this bed, never held her like this. Was she dreaming, or had Alexander lost his mind?

She pinched his waist hard, thinking this must be a dream. Alexander gasped and opened his eyes. Elizabeth's eyes widened in shock. "I'm not dreaming?"

His expression turned sour. He gritted his teeth, his voice hoarse from sleep. "If you want to know if you're dreaming, pinch yourself. Why pinch *me*!"

"I'm afraid of pain," she replied.

Alexander was silent. She knew pinching herself would hurt, but she wasn't afraid of hurting *him*? He looked at her, not knowing what to say. After a long while, he said, "Next time, be gentler."

The atmosphere grew tense, the air thick with unspoken words. Would there be a next time?

Elizabeth felt uneasy. She sat up, realizing Alexander had brought her back to his villa. She got out of bed and headed to the bathroom naturally. "I'll freshen up and leave soon," she said tightly.

This villa no longer belonged to her and Alexander but to Esme and Alexander. Running into Esme this early wouldn't be good.

Alexander leaned against the headboard, watching her. He lowered his head, feeling that Elizabeth no longer belonged to this home, nor to him.

When she came out of the bathroom, she had freshened up. Her hair was tied up, and she was still wearing yesterday's dress. She wasn't wearing makeup, yet she looked not dull but even more...pure.

Elizabeth grabbed her phone and put it in her bag. Alexander's eyes never left her. As she was about to leave, he grabbed her wrist. "Elizabeth."

"What's wrong?" she asked calmly.

Alexander didn't know what was wrong. He just didn't want her to leave, wanted to spend more time with her. Maybe it was because she had said that it was enough for her to feel like his wife before the divorce.

"Have breakfast before you go."

## Chapter 83

Elizabeth was taken aback when Alexander asked her to breakfast. She had no plans to stay. "No thanks, I've already been enough of a bother," Elizabeth said, shaking her head and pushing his hand away.

Alexander's hand fell to his side, and as Elizabeth walked away, he couldn't help but feel for her. "Elizabeth, I know the past three months have been tough. After the disaster, I hope we can both maintain dignity and not make our relationship about that," he said. Ten years, he had felt the enormity of her pain. Some would keep their dignity and pretend nothing happened, but she couldn't. She had been hurt, slandered, and wronged. How could she maintain her dignity towards him when he cheated on her during their marriage? She realized that he had been nice to her yesterday only to keep her quiet later.

Of course, he was the president of the Tudor Camp and cared about his image. "After the divorce, if you need help, I can assist. If we can't be husband and wife, we can still be friends," he said.

Elizabeth slipped on her high heels, glanced at him, and said, "I don't need friends, especially not an ex-husband. I'm sure you feel the same."

Alexander froze as Elizabeth reached for the door. Just then, Esme was outside, about to call for Alexander. She turned and saw them. They locked eyes, and the room fell silent. This was the last thing Elizabeth wanted, but here it was.

"Elizabeth!" Esme started, then looked at Alexander. "Alexander, you—"

Elizabeth looked up at Alexander, wondering how he would handle the situation with dignity.

Feeling the intense gazes of the two women on him, Alexander's heart pounded. He'd never been nervous in the business world, but with women, he always lost his composure.

Alexander pressed his lips together and explained to Esme, "Elizabeth got hurt last night, so I took her to the hospital. It was late, so I brought her home."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and nodded at Erie. Esme bit her lip, catching the phrase "brought her home." Alexander never said to Esme that he *bought* her home; she always left the villa as if it were a hotel.

Esme glared at Alexander. "Why didn't you answer my calls? I thought something happened, so I came over partly—"

"Last night? My phone died," Alexander said haltingly.

Esme inclined her head. "I thought you were mad at me!"

"Why would I be mad? I paid for Grandma's fake sapphire or sallow yesterday."

"Paid?" Alexander frowned, confused. He had no idea why she had hoped for that at the birthday banquet.

Esme glanced at Elizabeth, tears falling. She said, "Alexander, I was tricked. I know it was fake, and I spent a lot on it. I just wanted to make Grandma happy. Can you understand? I was really wronged last night. Elizabeth didn't give me any face at the banquet."

As she spoke, Esme threw herself into Alexander's arms, hugging his waist. "Alexander, do you believe me? I didn't mean to bring a fake sapphire."

The more Esme cried, the more upset she got, and her cries grew louder. Alexander's heart softened. He patted her head gently and comforted her, "Don't cry. It's not a big deal."

Chapter 84

Elizabeth glanced at Alexander, a bit surprised. At Lily's birthday party, Esme gave Lily fake rare saffron in front of all those infantry hip shots. Was that a huge deal?

Thabeth looked at me and realized that the more vulnerable one appears, the more sympathy they receive.

"I'm mutt here," Elizabeth said, not wanting to stick around.

"Elizabeth," Alexander called after her.

Wanting to follow, but Erme changed her mind. "Alexander, everyone at the party last night was questioning me. I was so..."

Ekzabeth didn't lock the door and left.

Alexander honked, stopped his Lome, and had to chase after Elizabeth.

"What happened at the party?" Mesander asked as he helped Esme into the villa.

Exme, holding back tears, suddenly asked, "Alexander, did you change the villa password?"

She had tried many times at the door, but the password was wrong. If she tried again, the system would issue a warning, so she didn't dare to try anymore.

"I changed it," Alexander said calmly.

Esmir emitted a single word, "Why?"

He replied indifferently, "I've used the old password for years. Sudden changes always cause me to make mistakes."

Esme bit her lip. She didn't know what the old password was. Without the password, she couldn't freely enter the villa, which meant she was still being kept out.

When would she finally become part of Alexander's family? The Perry family.

When Elizabeth got home, Grant and Celine were waiting for her on the couch.

Elizabeth, holding her high heels, tried to sneak upstairs but got caught.

“Grandpa, Grandma, nothing to do today?” Elizabeth called out softly.

“Virne waiting for you?” Celine’s tone was serious.

Elizabeth cleared her throat and stood obediently in front of them.

They asked, “Why didn’t you come home last night? Where did you go? Did you see Alexander? Are you rekindling your old flame?”

Elizabeth was helpless in the face of her grandparents’ barrage of questions.

Elizabeth pouted, dropped her high heels, and sat next to Grant, feeling wronged. “Grandpa, I got hurt last night and went to the hospital. Alexander doesn’t like me. We have no feelings for each other, so how could we rekindle anything?”

Grand immediately asked, “Where did you get hurt?”

“Elizabeth, the Perrys must have backbone! Don’t cry over spilled milk. If you dare to rekindle things with Alexander, I’ll be...”

Celine snorted, pretending to be the first to jump down on Elizabeth.

Elizabeth watched Celine finish. Alexander had indeed been courting her lately. She felt reluctant. But she understood that Alexander’s kindness was all an act.

## Chapter 24

She used to naively think Alexander was slowly accepting her, comforting and convincing herself, but not anymore.

Celine stood up, her expression serious. She glared at Elizabeth and said, “I’ve arranged everything with the hospital. You go report there immediately to study medicine!”

“Grandma, I...” Elizabeth wanted to play for a few more days.

Celine smiled, looking at Elizabeth with a meaningful expression. “Either show me the divorce certificate right now, or go report to the hospital. Your choice!”

## Chapter 85

Elizabeth and Lita walked into the restaurant. Lila asked, “So, how did you pick this place?”

Elizabeth sighed. “I had to go to the hospital. With Lily watching, Alexander and I won’t be getting a divorce anytime soon.”

Lita chuckled. “My poor girl, it got out of a rough marriage and now you’re diving into work!”

Elizabeth shut the door to their private room and, with a mischievous grin, lifted a small medical kit. “Alright, superstar! Time for some TLC!”

Lila gasped. “You’re sheer!”

Lila had just come back. Elizabeth, hearing this, decided to use her special massage skills to help Lila unwind.

“Take off your clothes?” Elizabeth winked.

Lila’s face showed mock horror, and she hugged herself. “Elizabeth, you’re scaring me...”

“Trust me. I’ve got plenty of cash to offer,” Elizabeth joked, pretending to be a flint.

They both burst out laughing.

“Girl, your acting’s better than the lead in my show!”

Lila lay down on the couch, and Elizabeth started applying essential oil and massaging her.

When Elizabeth pressed harder, Lila winced, “Go easy.”

Elizabeth looked at Lila, recalling Alexander’s words from that morning: *Be gentler next time*. She sighed, feeling a pang of sadness.

Lila noticed and glanced at her, knowing she was thinking about Alexander.

“Show me your tattoo,” Lila suddenly said.

Elizabeth turned, prepping her tools and revealing the tattoo.



Lila touched the scar, her eyes full of sympathy. Elizabeth had nearly died in that cold sea saving Alexander. Her burning love wasn't drowned by the icy water but was snuffed out by their three-year marriage.

"Does Alexander know you saved him?" Lila asked.

Elizabeth looked up. "He probably does."

"And he still treats you like this?"

Elizabeth smiled sadly. He never mentioned it. She didn't want to keep bringing up the past.

"Let it go," Elizabeth said. Those seven years of love were her youth, her past. Elizabeth warded it off, not wanting to reopen old wounds.

Lila frowned, feeling sad for her. Elizabeth focused on the massage, avoiding any more talk about Alexander.

## Chapter 86

Lila quickly dozed off under Elizabeth's expert massage. She hadn't slept well in ages, but the essential oils and Elizabeth's touch knocked her out. Elizabeth's purpose was clear; she was aware Lila needed good rest and wanted to help her recharge. To most people, Elizabeth seemed useless, but to Lila, she was a miracle worker.

Elizabeth lounged in a nearby rocking chair, scrolling through her phone. She found today's news surprisingly quiet. There wasn't a single negative story about Lily's birthday party. No one mentioned the Russell family's saffron-like piles, either. Elizabeth searched for "vare saffen," but found nothing. Someone had decisively covered it up. Maybe the Russell family didn't want the embarrassment, or the Tudor family wanted to maintain dignity, or Alexander didn't want Eime to get flak. Elizabeth sighed, not wanting to stress Lila out. She thought that Exne was lucky; no matter how big a mess he made, Alexander always cleaned it up.

Elizabeth put down her phone, not wanting to think about Alexander and Lame anymore. She fiddled with Lila's hat and said lazily, "This hat with the mask is pretty cool."

"Try it on. If you like it, I'll get you one," Lila mumbled with her eyes closed.

Elizabeth put on the hat. It was a protective hat with an attached mask, only her eyes showing. With sunglasses, she was fully covered.

“Can you recognize me?” Elizabeth asked.

“Go outside and see,” Lila laughed.

Elizabeth decided to try out the incognito life of a celebrity. “I’ll be back,” she said and actually went out.

Lila sighed, “Elizabeth really went out. Why is she still so playful?” She remembered when Elizabeth first married Alexander; she said, “Alexander likes obedient and gentle women, so don’t ask me out anymore. It needs to be...” Elizabeth indeed played the obedient wife for years.

Elizabeth left the room and found herself in a quiet corridor. A waiter passed by, glanced at her, and quickly moved on. Elizabeth squinted. Can people really not recognize me like this? Usually, waiters would greet her right away. With few people around, Elizabeth got bored and headed to the lobby. The lobby was bustling, and Elizabeth wandered around, but no one noticed her. After a while, she got bored. Just as she was about to take off her sunglasses, she heard someone shout, “Make way! Mr. York is having a cramp!”

Elizabeth saw a man in his fifties being carried to a soda fountain. His right leg was turning purple, and he looked in pain. Elizabeth frowned; it didn’t look like a regular cramp, more like a nerve spasm. She was about to head back to her room when she heard someone say, “Isn’t that the director of Evergreen Medical Center?”

## Chapter 87

“Mr. York, do you often get cramps? We’ve already called 911! Don’t worry...” The restaurant staff tried to calm him down. Elizabeth pushed through the crowd and walked in.

A group of people stared at her and scolded, “Why are you pushing in?” Voute dost here to watch, and you’re so... modern. “She’s covering herself,” they whispered, eyes full of sarcasm, openly questioning Elizabeth. Elizabeth glanced at them, feeling annoyed. People today were so hostile; they couldn’t go a few sentences without being sarcastic!

“I bet so much?” Nick York gritted his teeth. He had leg cramps before but was too busy to pay much attention! Most doctors diagnosed themselves and

thought they were fine! But today, Nick's condition worsened; this was the worst he'd ever experienced. The pain turned into numbness, like his entire leg was going to be crippled!

Elizabeth observed his twitching leg muscles and thought of acupuncture. She was confident that her acupuncture would give immediate relief. "Is there any way to stop the cramping?" How about a massage, suggested one of the staff. Everyone agreed, "Hurry up, call a masseuse!" Nick frowned deeply, knowing in this situation, a massage would only worsen the condition.

But as the waiter was about to call someone, and Nick was about to object, a firm female voice came from the crowd. "No massage! At this time, a massage would only worsen his condition!" Elizabeth shouted.

Everyone turned to look at Elizabeth, who was covered up tightly, looking quite strange! "Who are you? Why can't he have a massage?" the waiter questioned Elizabeth, scrutinizing her. She was wrapped up so tightly that if she hadn't spoken, it would be hard to even determine her gender.

Elizabeth stepped forward, took out acupuncture tools from her pocket, and squatted beside Nick. Lowering her voice and changing her tone, she asked, "Sir, I can help relieve your symptoms with acupuncture. Would you be willing?"

"You?" Nick questioned. Elizabeth nodded confidently. "Yes." The onlookers started to chatter, "Who is she?" "Can she do it? That's Nick, the top cardiac surgeon in Lisbon!" "If something happens to Nick, she'll be in big trouble!"

## Chapter 07

"Even though we can't see her face, she seems young. Young people these days are bold, even if their skills aren't great!" Elizabeth ignored their comments and only looked at Nick. Although Nick couldn't see Elizabeth's face, he felt a sense of familiarity from her. Elizabeth's way of speaking and confident demeanor were very reminiscent of Celine from the Percy family. Nick was a doctor and appreciated real medical skills. He thought, *I'm willing to give this stranger a chance!* After all, her daring to step up knowing his identity is already very bold!

"I am willing," Nick said, already sweating profusely from the pain. After he answered, the room fell silent.

## Chapter 88

Everyone marveled at Nick's audacity! The waiter looked worried. "Mr. York, we don't know this lady." Basically, Elizabeth wasn't from their restaurant; if something went wrong, they wouldn't be liable.

"If anything happens, I'll take the blame!" Nick said firmly.

Elizabeth chuckled. Since Nick trusted her, she wouldn't let him down. She got her needles ready. They looked pretty serious and intimidating. Nick watched closely. Why did they seem so familiar?

Elizabeth glanced at Nick, then placed her hand on his swollen, purple leg. "Sir, I'm starting now."

Nick nodded. Without another word, Elizabeth inserted the first needle. Surprisingly, the pain Nick anticipated never came. Moreover, Elizabeth administered over a dozen stitches, and none of them hurt! He felt it amazing!

"Does it still burn?" Elizabeth asked.

Nick nodded. "Not relieved at...L..."

People around started gossiping. "What? I thought she was good. Turns out she's useless." "She can't do it, let's wait for the ambulance!" "She's just pretending to know what she's doing!"

Ignoring them, Elizabeth inserted the last needle into a critical spot on Nick's leg. Less than ten seconds later, Nick's face lit up as he shouted, "It doesn't hurt anymore!"

Everyone stared at Nick in shock. Elizabeth smirked. She was always confident in her acupuncture skills; otherwise, she wouldn't have stepped forward.

"It's leg cramps from long-term standing and fatigue. Due to the lack of timely treatment and relief for the cramp, it developed into muscle and nerve twitching. If not treated promptly, your leg would be useless," Elizabeth explained.

Nick agreed. Swelling and purpling were warning signs; blocked blood flow would be a big problem. He asked, "Who are you? Where do you live? Have you studied medicine?"

“I just dabble in it,” Elizabeth said, checking the time. “In forty minutes, you can remove the needles yourself. I have to go.” With that, she was about to leave.

Nick called out, “Miss, please leave your name!”

Elizabeth didn’t respond, walking through the crowd and out of the restaurant. She didn’t want to expose herself, planning to find a car, drop off her equipment, and return as Elizabeth. Nick kept calling, but she walked too fast.

## Chapter 88

The crowd was puzzled. “Does it really not hurt anymore?” Not only did it not hurt, but Nick’s purple leg was regaining color. Nick stared at the needles, shock in his eyes. This acupuncture technique! Looking closely, he saw an “E” mark on the silver needles, and his eyes widened. Could that be the top doctor, Emily Boleyn, who disappeared three years ago?

## Chapter 89

Lila lay on the bed and called out, “Elizabeth, where have you been?” Best then, the door opened. Lib (Elizabeth) walked in, looking like her usual self.

“Labs, I’m here to remove your needles,” Thrabeth said, not mentioning anything about what happened outside.

“Where’s my hat?” Lila asked.

“I liked it, so I kept it. You shouldn’t wear it anymore. People might mistake me for you,” Elizabeth made up an excuse. Lila didn’t push further.

After Elizabeth finished the acupuncture, Lila felt completely relaxed.

As Elizabeth was leaning, she overheard the lobby manager saying, “It’s strange. Why is ME York asked in to find this guest, and it’s tricky!”

“Yeah, we don’t even know where this lady came from! So weird!”

“Surveillance missing?”

Elizabeth lowered her head and started scrolling through her phone, muttering, “What should we eat later?”

“Tizabeth!” Lila nudged her arm.

Elizabeth looked up, about to ask what was wrong, when she saw Alexander and Esme walk in. Alexander carried a gift, and Esme held a bouquet of roses, clinging to Alexander’s arm. They exchanged smiles, looking very close. The lake rare saffron incident hadn’t affected their relationship at all. Alexander doted on Esme unconditionally. If it were someone else, how could he tolerate someone bringing a fake rare saffron to deceive Lily?

“Elizabeth,” Alexander spoke first, his voice cold. Elizabeth didn’t respond. Lila saw their intimate behavior and muttered, “Two bastards!”

“Elizabeth,” Esme started, “Are your injuries okay?”

“Thanks to you at the birthday banquet; otherwise, I would have been hurt,” Esme handed the roses to Elizabeth. “These are from Alexander. Why don’t give them...”

Esme thought, Elizabeth probably never got flowers from Alexander. Giving her these would surely make her furious.

Alexander paused. It wasn't polite to regift flowers.

Elizabeth frowned. Alexander gave them to Eume, and Esme is giving them to me? Is she humiliating me? Does she think I can’t afford flowers or care?

“Dobeth, I just want to thank you. I hope you accept...”

Elizabeth refused with a mocking smile. “Ms. Russell, if you want to thank me, buy me a limited edition bag or treat me to a meal. Second-hand flowers don’t show...”

Alexander quickly explained, “Elizabeth, Esme rarely interacts with people. These flowers aren’t suitable. I’ll get her to send you a proper gift later.”

Lila couldn’t stand it. Esme rarely interacts with people, huh?

## Chapter 14

“The world is small,” Lila said mercilessly. “Even in Lisbon, I can encounter hypocrites like Esme.” She had long disliked Esme.

Elizabeth touched Lila’s arm, signaling her to stop.

“Lila, has Esme ever offended you, right?” Alexander glared at Lila, questioning.

Elizabeth felt helpless. She knew that with Alexander’s protectiveness towards Esme, if Lila said something about Esme, he would defend Esme immediately.

“It didn’t mean anything by it. Mr. Tador, don’t overthink it.” Elizabeth smiled. “Just think of it as her being too deep into her role from the last play.”

“I am not! They are the ones deeply involved, right?” Lila pointed at Alexander. “Alexander, you’re a married man keeping a mistress. Have you no shame!”

She didn’t want to scold Alexander initially because Elizabeth still loved him. If she scolded him, Elizabeth would be sad.

## Chapter 90

Alexander’s handsome face turned icy, and he lowered his voice, “Lila!”

Lila, a friend of Elizabeth’s who never tolerated Alexander’s behavior, glared at him and snapped, “Why are you barking like that?”

Alexander’s eyes turned cold. Everyone in the restaurant looked over. The manager, recognizing Alexander, quickly summoned someone to manage the crowd, preventing it from gathering.

Fume immediately stepped in front of Alexander and shouted, “Tills, if you have a problem, take it out on me! Why curse Alexander?”

Lila shot back at Esme. Did Esme really think she was someone important? “You, a mistress, showing off in front of Alexander’s wife?” Lila mocked.

Esme trembled slightly. Lila calling her a mistress stung. “Lila, isn’t that too harsh?”

Lila laughed. She could handle her. Elizabeth pressed her lips together, watching Alexander’s face grow colder, knowing he was restraining himself.

Elizabeth pulled Lila’s arm. She knew Lila was defending her, but she didn’t want Lila to get into trouble.

But Lila wouldn't stop. "You knew Alexander had a wife, yet you still got involved. You are all shameless!"

Alexander's grip tightened around the gift box. Lila was Elizabeth's best friend, so he wouldn't do anything to her.

"Alexander and I are truly in love. It's Elizabeth who won't let us be together," Esme said, feeling wronged. No one had ever called her a "mistress" before.

Elizabeth was stunned. She didn't want to let them be together? She had loved Alexander first. If they were truly in love, did they have to be together?

What did her true feelings get her?

Lila laughed sarcastically, "Right, you two are in love. And Elizabeth, is she sincere?" Lila turned to Alexander.

Alexander looked at Elizabeth, their eyes met, his gaze heavy. Elizabeth turned away, not wanting to look at him. Seeing Alexander made her heart ache.

Seeing Alexander remain silent for a long time, Lila finally cursed him, "Elizabeth has been with you for seven years. Even a dog would be loyal by now. But you, you're worse than a dog. Elizabeth, let's go!" Lila grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, and as they passed Esme, she bumped her shoulder.

Esme was truly ungrateful. Did she forget she got into medical school because of Elizabeth? Without Elizabeth, who did she think she was?

Back then, Elizabeth treated her so well that even Lila was envious! But Esme fell in love with Alexander!!

"Hurry up and dump him! He's a jerk!"

Elizabeth looked at Lila, finding it both funny and exasperating.

## Chapter 90

"Come on, you're a movie star! Cursing like this damages your image, doesn't it?"

"You're bullied like this, what image do I need!" Lila gritted her teeth. She had already been very tolerant. If this were one of her movie scripts, she would have slapped Esme by now!



Showing off in front of Elizabeth, the legal wife, who did Esme think she was?

“Come on, I’ll take you somewhere.” Lila opened the car door and called for Elizabeth to get in.

“Where to?”

“I’ll buy you countless flowers!” Lila determined to make Elizabeth outshine Esme.