

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 811

“Did we ever share a bed?” Elizabeth looked at Alexander, her expression indifferent. If she remembered correctly, Alexander had never slept with her, right?

“Mr. Tudor. I’ve been curious about something for years. I don’t know if I should ask, or if it would offend you.” Elizabeth raised an eyebrow, suddenly interested.

Alexander frowned, a vague sense of unease creeping in. It was as if he knew what she was about to say.

“Elizabeth, I’m really good in bed,” he said first.

Elizabeth looked at him and burst into laughter. Alexander’s face stiffened. What was she laughing at?

Elizabeth pursed her lips. “Did I say I was going to ask *that*?”

“You?” Alexander scoffed coldly. How could he not know what Elizabeth was going to ask? She was the kind of person who couldn’t hide her thoughts; everything was written in her eyes.

“Alexander, I really don’t like that disdainful look of yours,” Elizabeth pointed at him.

“I also don’t like people pointing at me,” Alexander said flatly.

Elizabeth smiled and continued pointing at him. “What can you do about it?”

Alexander remained silent. He just looked at Elizabeth, his gaze growing deeper. Elizabeth raised an eyebrow, clearly provoking him.

After a while, he laughed. “If you like it, go ahead. What can I do to you? If I really said I’d kiss you or hug you, wouldn’t you call the police?” he scoffed.

Elizabeth smiled faintly. “Good that you know. So, Mr. Tudor, be mindful of your behavior towards me in the future. Otherwise,” Elizabeth curled her lips, her fingertip landing on her neck, making a throat-slitting gesture.

Alexander nodded. Alright, alright. She was quite fierce.

“You want to take me out?” Alexander stepped closer to Elizabeth. He advanced step by step.

Elizabeth’s expression remained calm and serene. So what?

Alexander laughed and said directly, “You can try.”

“See if I’m willing to give my life to you.” His gaze grew more serious, and he didn’t forget to grab Elizabeth’s hand, placing it directly on his neck.

Elizabeth remained silent, just looking at his eyes without speaking. Although Alexander didn’t continue speaking, his gaze and actions told Elizabeth that he was willing. His life should belong to Elizabeth; it was a debt he owed her. If he couldn’t be with Elizabeth in this lifetime, then whenever she wanted his life, he would give it without hesitation.

Elizabeth removed Alexander’s hand and turned to walk into the bar. At the door, she turned back to look at Alexander. “Your life was saved by me with great difficulty. Killing you would be pointless. It would betray my determination to save you back then.”

“So, Alexander, live well, because your life was almost exchanged for mine.”

After saying this, Elizabeth entered the bar. Alexander stood there, feeling as if his heart had been shot. Alexander’s heart tingled with a faint pain. He couldn’t explain this feeling. He couldn’t help but follow her inside.

Elizabeth found a booth and sat down. Soon, a man approached her to chat. Elizabeth never lacked male admirers. Even in college, when she told everyone she would marry no one but Alexander, men still approached her.

Thinking of these memories, Alexander felt a thorn in his heart. He walked towards Elizabeth. Before he could sit down, Elizabeth spoke, “Mr. Tudor, if you sit down, this booth is on you.”

Alexander sat down directly. He would pay. She could drink as much as she wanted, and he would accompany her. Elizabeth looked at Alexander, her expression growing more complex. She didn’t want to drink with him.

Unrepairable Love

## Chapter 812

“Elizabeth, we really need to talk. Maybe this is a good opportunity, don’t you think?” He pushed the wine glass toward Elizabeth, his eyes serious.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and couldn’t help but smile. What was he trying to do, get her drunk?

“Mr. Tudor, I don’t drink with sick people. If you drink yourself to death here today, I can’t explain it,” Elizabeth smiled.

Alexander could tell she was reminding him of his stomach problem; her words were a bit harsh, though.

“Don’t worry. If I die, it’s not your responsibility.” Alexander picked up the glass and drank it all in one go.

Elizabeth was silent, looking to the side. Alexander filled the glass with wine again, asking the waiter for more. Elizabeth watched him drink alone; in the end, she couldn’t resist and had a glass herself.

She looked at the vibrant dance floor. The music in the bar wasn’t loud, just enough for people to hear each other, but everyone was having a great time. Men and women were close together, the atmosphere full of flirtation.

Just as Elizabeth was watching the fun, Alexander’s voice suddenly entered her ears, clear and delicate: “Elizabeth, I’m laying it all out. I liked you a lot in high school. Do you believe me?”

Elizabeth’s hand tightened inexplicably around the glass. She looked back at Alexander, a bit surprised.

“But Elizabeth, you’re younger than me. When I was a senior in high school, you were just a freshman. Besides teasing you, I couldn’t do anything else.”

“What are you doing? Are you trying to create a persona of a deeply affectionate man?” Elizabeth couldn’t help but ask.

Why was he suddenly saying this? Didn’t he know that the more he talked about the past, the more ridiculous she felt? He said he liked her in high school, but in the end, he gave her up for Esme. Wasn’t that ironic?

## Chapter 812

Alexander didn't expect Elizabeth to be so resistant to this topic. He immediately explained, "Elizabeth, I just want to talk about these years. So you don't feel like you've been the only one giving for the past seven years."

Elizabeth retorted, "But from what you've shown me, it really has been just me giving for the past seven years!"

Alexander was silent.

Elizabeth then questioned, "You said I was too young in high school. How do you explain college?"

"When I was a freshman in college, I clung to you; you didn't reject me, but you never responded to me either."

"When I declared in front of the whole school that I liked you and would marry no one but you, what did you do!" Elizabeth questioned him repeatedly. She didn't want to talk about the past with Alexander because it only made her sad.

"Do you know what my classmates said about me back then? They said I was like your pet. You could call me whenever you wanted and dismiss me just as easily!" Elizabeth was even a bit choked up.

She picked up the glass and drank it all in one go. As she put the glass down, she continued to express her grievances, "Now that I think about it, I really was like your pet! How could I have been so smug back then, feeling satisfied when people talked about us together?"

She looked at him and asked, "Alexander, you say you liked me in high school, but you never protected me once. Is that how you like me? Or are you just trying to trick me with sweet words?"

Alexander immediately shook his head. "Elizabeth, I swear to you, I'm not trying to deceive you." He swallowed hard, visibly nervous. "Every word I said is true. If I'm lying, may I be hit by a car when I step outside!"

Elizabeth turned her head to the side, playing with the glass in her hands. She wouldn't believe anything Alexander said anymore.

Elizabeth had outgrown the age where a few casual words from Alexander would make her determined to marry him.

“I did respond to you; you just didn’t realize it,” Alexander’s affection wasn’t as overt as Elizabeth’s, so his responses often went unnoticed.

“Stop making excuses. When you agreed to marry me, wasn’t it because you thought you had to marry someone anyway, and it didn’t matter who it was? Alexander, look at where we are now. Even you can’t keep up with the lies you’ve told.”

Elizabeth picked up another glass of wine. The drinks here were all very strong. After six or seven glasses, her throat started to burn. But Elizabeth liked this feeling. It was rare to get drunk in life. When you were drunk, there were no worries.

“I was just slow to realize,” Alexander lowered his head. People said that boys understood their feelings later than girls. It was true. Even though Alexander was two years older than Elizabeth, he was slow to realize that he had liked Elizabeth for a long time.

The booth was quiet. The DJ changed the song, and the chatter around them became clearer. Alexander looked at Elizabeth’s profile; his eyes no longer held the sharpness and coldness they did at work. Now, they were filled with helplessness and guilt. He had adjusted his identity; in front of Elizabeth, he was just an ordinary person. He only wanted to be the Alexander that Elizabeth liked. Not the CEO of the Tudor Group, or even the tycoon of Lisbun.

Alexander’s eyelashes lowered slightly, and he slowly spoke, “Elizabeth, I almost went abroad back then.” The Tudor Group was eventually going to be his to take over, and at the time, Blake wanted him to go abroad to gain more experience before returning to take over the group.

Alexander had refused without hesitation. At the moment he refused, he was thinking of Elizabeth. He knew that if he went abroad, Elizabeth would definitely go with him. He didn’t want her to suffer with him. Because Lisbun was her comfort zone.

Elizabeth was slightly stunned. “Did you also think that I didn’t go abroad because of Esme?” Alexander suddenly smiled, a smile tinged with helplessness. It was a misunderstanding that was only cleared up today, but

too late. Elizabeth had indeed heard the news that Alexander was going abroad. But the news only circulated for a day before it ended. When she went to ask Alexander what was going on, he only said, "It's fake news."

Alexander continued, "Elizabeth, it wasn't because of Esme. When my dad wanted me to go abroad, I wasn't even close to Esme." Elizabeth's heart was shocked; she was even somewhat unwilling to believe this was true. The reason he knew Esme was only because Esme was her friend. He gave Esme some respect just to avoid the saying that men should never offend their girlfriend's best friend; otherwise, every time they argued, the best friend would always advise breaking up rather than making up.

"You did it for me?" Elizabeth said in disbelief.

"Yes, I did it for you," he told her directly. He didn't go abroad back then because of Elizabeth. He wasn't saying this to make her feel moved, but to prove himself. He had genuinely been moved by her and had considered her. He couldn't speak for how their marriage had been these three years, but he could say that during those four years of Elizabeth's youth, she wasn't the only one giving. He had responded to her. It was just that his responses weren't that obvious.

## Chapter 814

"Elizabeth. We just missed each other," Alexander's voice was a bit hoarse, the liquor burning his throat. "Because of my mistakes, we've missed so many years. Let's not miss out anymore."

Life had too many crossroads. Fortunately, they were still on the same path now. At the next intersection, he might still be standing there, but he knew Elizabeth wouldn't be waiting for him anymore. From then on, he and Elizabeth would drift further and further apart, never to meet again.

Elizabeth shook her head. Her face showed little emotion, and it was unclear what she was thinking. Alexander sat down in front of Elizabeth. He reached out and grabbed Elizabeth's wrist, pulling her back as she was about to leave.

"Let's not miss out anymore. Forgive me, and let's live a good life together. Elizabeth, I will make you happy," Alexander's every word was sincere. But Elizabeth couldn't accept his sincerity. If he had spoken to her like this even once during their three years of marriage, she might have been happy for days

and nights. But not now. Her heart was already shattered, unable to bear his sincerity.

“Then drink, and show me your sincerity,” Elizabeth smiled faintly. She was being perfunctory. Alexander knew she was being perfunctory, but he was still willing to do what she wanted him to do. He drank with her. As long as Elizabeth was still willing to talk to him, still willing to sit with him, he was already very satisfied. He picked up one glass after another, downing them in front of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth couldn't say a word, watching the once high-and-mighty Alexander humble himself before her. She kept asking herself, is this the result she wanted? Her heart ached for the man, damn it. But she had once loved Alexander so much. She was even willing to risk her own life to save him. What would it take for her to completely harden her heart and cut off contact with him?

Lisbun wasn't too big, but it wasn't too small either. If Alexander wanted to find her, she knew she couldn't escape.

## Chapter 814

Elizabeth drank two more glasses, but she couldn't drink anymore. Alexander was just drinking, not speaking. He just found it laughable. Elizabeth was sitting right next to him, so close. But her heart was far away.

“God, Elizabeth! Elizabeth!” Suddenly, someone walked up to Elizabeth with a look of shock. They were two young men in their twenties, tall and thin.

Elizabeth was also a bit shocked when she saw their faces. She quickly stood up and greeted them, “Hey, Grayson Bishop, Cole Perry! What a coincidence to run into you here. Long time no see.”

Grayson said, “Elizabeth, you haven't changed a bit!” Elizabeth replied, “No way, I feel like I've gotten uglier.”

“Not at all, you've always been beautiful. You were the recognized beauty of our medical school.”

Elizabeth chuckled. ‘Recognized beauty? I was more like a recognized joke.’ Loving Alexander had made her a joke. So she didn't care about anything Alexander said. Believing a man's words was the start of suffering. Elizabeth

chatted and drank with them. One of them looked at Alexander. In the dim light, and with Alexander not looking up, he asked, "Who's this?"

"Don't know," Elizabeth smiled. When Elizabeth said that, Alexander was truly heartbroken. It hurt more than if Elizabeth had said he was her ex-husband. Elizabeth had a few more drinks with them, and they exchanged contact information before leaving. They were Elizabeth's college classmates, and they hadn't seen each other in a long time. After graduating, they had changed their phone numbers. It was quite a coincidence to run into each other at a bar.

When Elizabeth returned to her seat, there was no more alcohol left for Alexander to drink. He had drunk a lot.

## Chapter 815

Elizabeth wanted to take her clothes and leave. Alexander grabbed her arm. The bar was dimly lit. Elizabeth stood right next to Alexander, who was sitting. Elizabeth frowned, and Alexander gave a bitter smile.

"I'm just a stranger? You don't even want to admit that I'm your friend?"

"Elizabeth, thank you for showing me once again how heartless a woman can be."

Alexander looked up and met Elizabeth's gaze. Elizabeth couldn't help but laugh. Heartless? Was she really that heartless? She wanted to ask Alexander if *he* was even more heartless.

"When you were with Esme, did you ever think about giving me a bit of dignity? You once held Esme's hand in front of many people and said I didn't matter. You said if there were any problems, to go to Esme. What were you thinking then? Did you ever think about how heartless you were? Did you ever think about giving me a bit of dignity?"

The grievances of three years of marriage couldn't be expressed in just three days and nights. And he had the nerve to call her heartless! She could be even more heartless; did he want to see it and hear it?

Elizabeth removed Alexander's hand and cursed, "Alexander, a good ex should be like they're dead! I suggest you consider me dead, and I'll consider you dead too."



With that, Elizabeth turned and walked away, not wanting to say another word. Just as she was about to reach the door, she heard a waiter call out, “Ms. Percy, Mr. Tudor has collapsed!” Elizabeth’s heart skipped a beat. She turned her head to look back. Sure enough, Alexander was slumped over the table.

Elizabeth was silent. She clenched her fists; her feet felt like they were filled with lead, unable to move. She wavered between helping him and not helping him. After a while, she still pushed the door open and left.

The waiter watched Elizabeth leave. She didn’t leave decisively, but it was clear she had no intention of helping Alexander. “Mr. Tudor?”

“Mr. Tudor?” The waiter patted Alexander’s shoulder, trying to wake him up. Alexander clutched his stomach. He shook his head. He wasn’t unconscious, just suddenly in stomach pain. His head felt like it was splitting; the alcohol hit him all at once, and the nausea made him want to vomit.

Alexander sat up, gasping for air. The stomach pain made it hard to breathe. “Mr. Tudor, should I call an ambulance for you?” the waiter asked. Alexander waved his hand, indicating it wasn’t necessary. He handed over his credit card and said faintly, “Please settle the bill for me.”

“Okay, Mr. Tudor.”

Alexander continued to sit on the sofa. He tried to stand up but found he couldn’t. He had no choice but to take out his phone and call Nolan. But Nolan was in a meeting, and after many calls, Nolan still didn’t answer. Alexander called Kieran. Kieran’s assistant answered the phone: “Mr. Tudor, hello. This is Tristan Knight. Mr. Getty is having dinner with a client and is not available to take the call. Is there something urgent?”

Alexander was too weak to speak. He hung up the phone and curled up again. The alcohol surged, and his blood felt like it was flowing backward. Just as Alexander was about to collapse onto the coffee table, someone caught his head. A familiar scent filled his nostrils. The next second, someone helped him up.

“Elizabeth...” he mumbled.

Elizabeth supported Alexander and said to the waiter, “I’m sorry to trouble you. I’ll take him home.”

The waiter was stunned for a moment, thinking, “Didn’t Elizabeth just leave? Why did she come back?” Elizabeth helped Alexander out of the bar. A cold wind blew, and both of them shivered simultaneously. Elizabeth looked at Alexander, frowned slightly, and pulled his coat a bit. She called for a cab and threw Alexander inside. She followed him into the car and said calmly, “Opulence Heights Estates, please.” The driver glanced at Elizabeth a couple of times.

Both Elizabeth and Alexander had been drinking, so driving was not an option. She had to take a cab. Although she didn’t take cabs often, every time she mentioned Opulence Heights Estates, people seemed to give her an extra look. Alexander leaned back against the seat. He turned his head, his gaze falling on Elizabeth.

The car wasn’t moving fast. Seeing him look at her, Elizabeth rolled down the window a bit. Letting him get some fresh air might make him feel better. Alexander had drunk too much, especially after those two friends greeted her. He sat there drinking a lot by himself.

Alexander’s eyes darkened. He slowly raised his hand, his fingertips trying to reach Elizabeth. But just as he was about to touch her, his hand froze. Alexander turned his head to look out the window. It felt like a dream. How could Elizabeth be by his side?

“Elizabeth,” he murmured softly, his eyelids drooping completely, his whole body weak. Elizabeth heard him call her and looked over. Alexander looked at her, a hint of helplessness in his eyes. It must be a dream. Elizabeth pushed his hand away. Alexander paused, seeming to sober up for a moment. He frowned, his gaze falling on Elizabeth.

He raised his hand again, this time clearly placing it on Elizabeth’s hair. It was a real touch.

## Chapter 816

Alexander, in disbelief, pressed his palm on Elizabeth’s head a few times to confirm it was real. Elizabeth was exasperated. She disdainfully removed Alexander’s hand, “You’re not dreaming, it’s me, Elizabeth.” Alexander didn’t know how to respond. The wind blew into his collar. He sobered up a bit more. Elizabeth turned on the overhead light, illuminating her face.

Alexander looked at Elizabeth. Elizabeth looked at him too. Their eyes met, and the air seemed to thin a bit. The driver glanced back, unsure of what was happening, just feeling an inexplicable chill. Maybe the wind had gotten into his clothes.

“Elizabeth,” Alexander called her name, his voice choked. Elizabeth was annoyed, “What?” Alexander suddenly lowered his head. Elizabeth just looked at him, her heart trembling a bit. He sniffled, like a child.

Elizabeth still remembered back in high school when he was punished by the teacher. Alexander would lower his head silently, pretending to be aggrieved. After the teacher left, he would laugh heartily with his friends. Alexander was good at pretending to be aggrieved. He had something to say, or rather, he knew he was drunk, knew Elizabeth was in front of him, and wanted to use the alcohol to say it. But in the end, it all turned into silence.

The wind messed up Alexander’s hair. Seeing his head slightly lowered, Elizabeth couldn’t help but reach out to smooth his hair. She closed the window. “Sit tight. You’ll be home soon,” Elizabeth said calmly. Alexander didn’t respond.

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 817

She pushed Alexander to sit properly. The car quickly arrived at Opulence Heights Estates. Elizabeth helped Alexander out of the car. His body wasn’t as heavy as when they had just left the bar. Elizabeth knew that the cold wind, combined with her presence, had scared him sober.

Elizabeth dragged him to the villa’s entrance and asked, “What’s the code?”

“Your birthday,” he said softly.

Elizabeth looked up at him. What?

“My birthday?” Elizabeth asked him.

“Or what, Esme’s birthday?” He looked up, his eyes bloodshot. The smell of alcohol on him was blown towards her nose by the wind.

Elizabeth lowered her eyes. When they were together, the code was always Alexander’s birthday: 0982.

Once, she asked Alexander if he knew her birthday. He answered quickly at that time. She was particularly happy.

The door lock opened. The warm air rushed out, but as they entered the living room, only loneliness and coldness remained. Such a big house, and now Alexander lived alone. Elizabeth used to live here alone. It was a bit ironic; it seemed they could never live together.

Elizabeth threw Alexander onto the sofa. Alexander scratched his head and then held his forehead with one hand, trying to sober up. But the more he tried to sober up, the more confused he felt. Elizabeth wet a towel and then threw it to Alexander, "Wipe your face, sober up."

When Alexander looked up, Elizabeth was heading to the kitchen. She said, "I'll cook some pasta for you to settle your stomach. Otherwise, if your stomach acts up later, I'll have to take you to the hospital again."

"Alexander, I'm just your ex-wife. I've done enough to be responsible. You better remember my kindness." She muttered in the kitchen.

Alexander wiped his face, listening to her muttering, feeling a sense of familiarity and joy. It was like being back in those three years. Every time he came home, she was either busy or anxious.

Alexander got up and went to the kitchen. Despite staggering, he stood at the door watching Elizabeth tie her apron and take ingredients out of the fridge.

"Elizabeth, I don't think I've ever eaten your cooking," he said.

Elizabeth glanced at him, "You have."

At Lily's place.

"I mean, in this house," he said calmly.

"You haven't. Every time I finished cooking, Esme would call you away." Elizabeth boiled the water and asked Alexander, "I'm curious, what reasons did Esme use to see you back then? Why did you always leave immediately after taking her calls?"

Alexander replied, "She said she missed me and was very sad. She was sick."

Elizabeth laughed. So, such a simple reason could always call Alexander away. Elizabeth still remembered that rainy day. She was so scared and called him countless times, but he wouldn't answer even once. But Esme could call him away, just saying she missed him.

Elizabeth didn't say anything, just focused more on cooking the pasta.

"Elizabeth, I'm sorry." His apology reached her ears again.

Elizabeth shook her head, "It's nothing. There's no guilt in not loving..."

Elizabeth smiled. This was a phrase she recently found very reasonable and insightful.

"I love you, so I'm more guilty." His voice was steady and pleasant, with a hint of melancholy.

Elizabeth paused. This was the first time she heard Alexander say "I love you."

Elizabeth cracked an egg into the pasta, making it lighter for him. With a stomach problem, he needed to eat light. Elizabeth placed the cooked pasta on the dining table.

"Are you a bit more sober now? After eating the pasta, go upstairs and rest. Take a shower in the morning." Elizabeth took off her apron, her voice cold, "I'm leaving."

Alexander instinctively asked, "Leaving this late?"

Elizabeth said, "Is it appropriate for me to stay here overnight, my ex-husband?"

## Chapter 818

"It's late, and you've been drinking. It's not safe for you as a woman," Alexander stood up, one hand resting on the back of the sofa. It was clear he had had too much to drink. He could barely stand and needed support.

Elizabeth noticed this, adjusted her sleeves, and said calmly, "You should rest well. Don't worry about me."

"Do you really have to leave? You've stayed here before. This place can always be yours," Alexander's voice deepened.

Elizabeth didn't respond; she just picked up her coat and put it on. She had to leave.

"This place has never been mine," Elizabeth corrected him. She used to feel like someone left behind, but now she felt like an outsider. Alexander said this place belonged to her, but when had it ever belonged to her?

Alexander didn't give up. He came in front of Elizabeth and blocked her way. "Elizabeth, why are you so stubborn?"

Elizabeth remained silent, just looking into Alexander's eyes. Was she stubborn? She was just recognizing the facts and putting herself in the right place.

"This place used to belong to you, and it still does. When has it never belonged to you?" Alexander didn't understand. Elizabeth didn't want to argue with him about this. Alexander's emotions were surging. The helplessness and guilt in his eyes were about to swallow him whole.

Elizabeth was determined to leave. Alexander instinctively grabbed her wrist. Their eyes met, and he was pleading. Elizabeth could clearly read the emotions in Alexander's eyes.

"Let go of me," she said calmly.

Alexander gently shook his head. "Doesn't your own word count anymore?" she asked softly.

"Elizabeth, if my words counted, how much would I regret?" He frowned, the bitterness in his eyes almost overflowing. He was glad his words didn't count that much.

"Will this entanglement really lead to anything?" Elizabeth shook her head. "Alexander, I won't get back together with you. Even if I agreed, the Percy family wouldn't. No one wants their daughter to fall into the same trap over and over again."

## Chapter 818

"I'm not the same Alexander as before. I'll take good care of you, Elizabeth. Why won't you give me a chance?" Alexander's throat was dry, and his voice was hoarse. He tried desperately to stay sober, but his head was spinning, and

his stomach was churning. He took a step back, but his grip on Elizabeth's hand tightened.

"You should take care of yourself first," Elizabeth removed Alexander's hand. She looked deeply at Alexander and reminded him, "The spaghetti is getting cold."

"Spaghetti can be reheated. But Elizabeth, you won't even give me one chance," he smiled bitterly, tears rolling down his cheeks, reaching his mouth, tasting both bitter and salty. His eyes were bloodshot, and he hung his head, unable to say another word.

Elizabeth frowned. "But Alexander," her voice trembled for a moment, "you never gave me a chance either."

"Do you have to dwell on the past? Do you have to hold on to it? Elizabeth, do you have to live in the past and make us both suffer?" By the end, he was almost shouting. He didn't understand; he really didn't understand. She was clearly suffering too. Why did she have to be like this?

Elizabeth bit her lip, turned her head, and her eyes instantly reddened. She cursed vehemently, "But I just can't let go of the past!"

"Then tell me, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to die, or do you want me to kneel down to you again?" Alexander looked at her with red eyes. Suddenly, Elizabeth seemed so unfamiliar to him. It was as if he had never known her.

Elizabeth lowered her head, tears falling, unwilling to say anything. "Tell me what I have to do for you to let go of the past, hmm?" Alexander grabbed Elizabeth's wrist and pushed her against the wall, as if he was determined to get an answer today. He had done everything he could. Apologizing didn't work.

## Chapter 819

Alexander picked up and dropped off Elizabeth from work, but she rejected him. He gave her flowers, and she threw them away without even looking at them. He tried to get close to her, but she distanced herself more and more. She made it clear that she had made up her mind, and all his efforts were in vain.

“Elizabeth. Stop torturing yourself. You love me.” He stepped forward and cupped Elizabeth’s face in his hands. She still loved him, truly. All her acts of not loving him were just a facade. Seven years of feelings couldn’t be let go just like that.

Alexander furrowed his brows, his throat moved up and down, and his eyes were filled with tears. He had never cried in front of Elizabeth like this before. But today, he couldn’t hold back.

“Please, Elizabeth, stop torturing us both.”

Elizabeth looked into his eyes, her heart trembling. Alexander lowered his head, leaning slightly on Elizabeth’s shoulder. His breathing grew heavier, and the pain in his heart felt like it was about to consume him. The cold wind howled outside, but inside the villa, their hearts gradually warmed.

Elizabeth bit her lip, and the sunset painting on the distant wall made her unable to hold back any longer. She looked at the painting, and tears burst forth instantly. That painting deeply pierced her. It seemed to prove, to tell her, how much she once loved the Alexander who was now crying on her shoulder. She loved him, truly loved Alexander. She loved Alexander so much that she would do anything for him. If it weren’t for Esme in those three years, even if he ignored her during those three years, she would have been willing to continue that marriage for him. She admitted that she couldn’t resist Alexander.

But she also admitted that she couldn’t forget the real and tangible pain he had caused her. The pain was too much. She could never forget the look of disgust Alexander gave her every time he looked at her. She couldn’t forget how Alexander belittled her for Esme. She couldn’t forget Esme’s arrogant face standing in front of her time and time again.

Elizabeth closed her eyes, tears streaming down, falling onto Alexander’s shoulder, soaking through his thin white shirt. Elizabeth’s voice was bitter, “Alexander, what do you want me to do? Do you really want me to jump back into this relationship again? What if you let me down again?”

He slowly raised his head, his eyes red, “Trust me this once.”

“Alexander, I can’t afford to gamble.” Elizabeth’s eyes were filled with gentleness and sincerity. She was already broken. Her family had also sacrificed too much for her.



“I won’t let you lose.” Alexander wiped the tears from her face, “Three months. Just three months. If you still don’t accept me, I swear, I will never bother you again. Okay?”

Alexander begged her to give him one more chance. He didn’t ask for much, just three months. He would give all his time to her, begging her to fall in love with him again, to entrust her future to him.

“Please.” He gave all his humility to Elizabeth. No one else was worth this humility, except Elizabeth, the person he most wanted to be with.

“Three months?” she asked.

“I’m willing to sign an agreement with you. If after three months you still decide to leave me, I will never bother you again.” This was Alexander’s final plea.

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 820

Elizabeth was quite surprised that Alexander would say that. Three months was not a short time.

“Why should I believe you won’t bother me again after three months?” Elizabeth said with a bitter smile. Could he really stop bothering her? He could go back on what he said the day before yesterday. What credibility did he have left?

“Elizabeth, do I really have no credibility at all in front of you?” Alexander said through gritted teeth, his tone filled with confusion.

Elizabeth didn’t say anything.

Alexander lowered his head and said softly, “My stomach hurts; I don’t want to say more.” He had said and done everything he could. The next choice was entirely up to Elizabeth.

Alexander turned and walked towards the dining room. The pasta on the table had long since gone cold. It really was true; he had never been able to eat a meal cooked by Elizabeth, not even a bowl of pasta.

Alexander sat down, picked up the utensils, and started stirring the pasta. Elizabeth looked at him, her eyes growing more complicated. Three months. Alexander looked up at her, his eyes still bloodshot, even filled with pain. A stomachache could be very uncomfortable. Plus, he had been drinking, and his head hurt. Elizabeth felt very conflicted. It was as if she had reached a crossroads in her life, and she didn't know which way to choose.

To the left, they wouldn't end things completely. Alexander would definitely continue to bother her. To the right, if he succeeded within the three-month period, she would belong to him. If he failed, they would have nothing to do with each other ever again.

Elizabeth frowned. She didn't want to go left, but the right path made her equally uneasy. He took a bite of the pasta; it wasn't too cold, but it didn't feel good going down.

## Chapter 820

In the large villa, the two of them seemed especially small, with the lingering aroma of pasta still in the air. Elizabeth looked at him sitting there, and her heart couldn't help but tremble a little. This scene was something she had anticipated countless times. He would be out socializing, come home drunk, and no matter how late it was, she would be willing to cook him a bowl of pasta so he could have something warm to eat and feel better.

Elizabeth lowered her head. The originally tilted scales were shifting. The side urging her to go right was getting lower and lower, finally almost touching the ground.

Elizabeth walked over, "The pasta is cold." Saying that, she took the bowl of pasta into the kitchen. Alexander's hand holding the utensils slowly tightened. Looking at the empty table in front of him, his brow twitched. He had won. Alexander felt a slight sense of joy. But soon, the stomach pain tortured him so much that he couldn't feel any more satisfaction. Alexander propped one hand on the table, frowning.

Elizabeth looked back; just seeing Alexander's back, she knew. His stomach problem had flared up again.

"This year, your stomach problems have been recurring more frequently. Aren't you afraid you'll die from it someday?" Elizabeth joked.

"If I die, won't you be very sad?" Alexander said, his voice trembling.

Elizabeth went to get the medical kit. She mixed a stomach remedy and placed it in front of Alexander, “Drink it all.” She was straightforward, speaking in the same tone as a doctor in a hospital. Alexander just looked at her, listened to her, and drank it seriously.

Soon, Elizabeth brought the pasta back. “Finish it and then go to sleep.”

“Are you still leaving?” Alexander was still concerned about this.

Elizabeth answered just as straightforwardly, “I’m not leaving.” Alexander’s eyes suddenly brightened. He felt half his illness was cured.

“I’m going to sleep in the guest room,” Elizabeth said.

“You can sleep in the bedroom; the guest room isn’t cleaned,” he said.

“The guest room isn’t dirty.” When she was there, the guest room was cleaned regularly. Even if she didn’t use it, the sheets and bedding would be changed. She had only been gone a few months; the villa wouldn’t have mice, it wouldn’t be very dirty. Alexander didn’t argue further.