

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 871

Elizabeth lowered her head and pulled the blanket over herself. Alexander, sensing her shyness, looked away and lowered his head.

“Weren’t you going to ask when the power would be back? Can I still leave?” Elizabeth asked him softly.

Alexander hurriedly picked up his phone, realizing he had forgotten. His heart felt like it wasn’t his own, completely out of control. He dialed the villa’s butler, who quickly apologized on the other end: “Mr. Tudor, I’m sorry to trouble you. The power cable near the villa exploded, and we’re working on it!”

“No power tonight?” Alexander frowned, glancing at Elizabeth.

The butler’s tone was very humble: “No, Mr. Tudor. Not only is the power out, but the road is also blocked by the fallen cable. We’re very sorry, but we’ll try to fix it by tomorrow morning, okay?”

Alexander pressed his lips together. It didn’t affect him much; he could just sleep as usual. But Elizabeth...

“Alright, got it.” Alexander hung up the phone. He looked at Elizabeth. She had heard; the cable was broken and it couldn’t be fixed tonight.

“I’ll change clothes, and you can take me home,” Elizabeth said, planning to go home.

Alexander said, “It’s so late, why don’t you stay?”

Elizabeth checked the time; it was almost five o’clock. But she had promised Declan she would go back. If she didn’t, Declan would definitely be angry. She couldn’t explain it well.

“No.” Elizabeth was about to get out of bed. Alexander grabbed her arm.

In the dim light, Alexander frowned. “The road is blocked. We can’t go.” There was only one main road out of the villa; the rest were walking paths. This road was important, and it would definitely be closed if something happened.

As they spoke, Elizabeth's phone rang. Her phone was still in the bathroom. No need to guess; it was definitely Declan. Elizabeth frowned, seeing Alexander get up to fetch her phone. Alexander looked at the caller ID and gave Elizabeth a meaningful look.

"It's my dad, right?" Elizabeth said calmly. Alexander handed her the phone; it was indeed Declan. Elizabeth ran her fingers through her wet hair, irritably pushing it back, and answered the call. Seeing her fuss with her hair, Alexander went to get a towel for her. Elizabeth glanced at Alexander, then lowered her head.

Declan asked, "Where have you been?" Elizabeth pressed her lips together, about to speak.

Declan continued, "Elizabeth. I don't want to interfere too much in your affairs, but you're an adult now. If this is your choice, I can only wish you well."

"No matter what, you're my daughter, and I will always love you."

After Declan finished speaking, the call ended. Elizabeth felt a sudden pang of sadness. The years she had argued with Declan over Alexander seemed like they were just yesterday. Elizabeth looked up at the particularly helpless Alexander standing in front of her. The tension from the sudden power outage made her feel like she was falling apart. She couldn't help but want to cry. But Declan's love made her feel deeply guilty. Elizabeth didn't even know if, in the future, when she became a parent, she would love her child unconditionally like Declan did.

Elizabeth lifted her head, sniffled, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Seeing Elizabeth cry, Alexander felt... He just wanted her to stay. She was so unwilling... helpless. Alexander frowned, unable to bear seeing Elizabeth cry. He lowered his eyes and gently wiped her tears with his fingertips, saying softly, "Don't cry, I'll find a way to get you home."

Chapter 872

Alexander chose some warm clothes for Elizabeth. "I'll wait for you outside. Change and come out," he said softly, his voice particularly calm in the quiet night. Elizabeth watched his back as the door closed, and the room was instantly filled with only her own breathing. She gripped her phone tightly and quickly changed her clothes. Alexander's phone was still on the nightstand. As

she left the room, she didn't forget to tidy the bed and clean up the water on the floor.

When she came out, Alexander was leaning against the tile wall. He was tall and thin, his head down, lost in thought, exuding an indescribable sense of fatigue. Elizabeth looked at him. There was no light in the hallway, and the flashlight on her phone illuminated their figures. Alexander looked down at her. Elizabeth's hair was still wet, but the clothes fit her well. These clothes had been sent over in batches, but he didn't know when she would wear them. Now she was wearing them, but he didn't feel happy. He always felt like he was forcing her.

"Let's go," Alexander said, standing up straight. He walked ahead, and Elizabeth handed him the phone. The flashlight's beam accidentally shone on the back of his hand just as he reached out to take it. Elizabeth paused and instinctively held Alexander's hand. Alexander stopped and turned to look at her. Her fingertips gently held his hand, warm and soft. Elizabeth turned over his hand, seeing the back of it red from cushioning her head when they fell. She pressed on the protruding bones. He immediately pulled his hand back. Their eyes met. It didn't seem like he was faking the pain; it was real. When they fell, she clearly heard the sound of his hand hitting the door.

"It's nothing," he said lightly, then continued walking.

Chapter 872

When he reached the stairs, he waited for her. Elizabeth watched his back and slowly followed, feeling quite guilty. "Elizabeth," he suddenly called to her. Elizabeth looked at him. "Actually, when you and Esme fell, I was trying to catch you," he said. In the silence, his tone was particularly sincere. Elizabeth's eyelashes fluttered, but she felt nothing inside. To be honest, when she fell, she was utterly disappointed in Alexander. "What do you want me to say? It's okay?" Elizabeth didn't know how to respond.

Alexander sighed. "Elizabeth, trust me."

Elizabeth laughed lazily, dismissively. "I trust you."

Alexander turned to look at her. Their eyes met, and neither spoke. He finally understood what it meant to truly not love. When a woman didn't care about you and didn't even want to mention the past, it meant she truly didn't love you anymore. He had no confidence left. Did he and Elizabeth have a future?

Elizabeth walked past him down the stairs. The Christmas tree in the living room was no longer lit, and the village outside was pitch black. Elizabeth picked up her bag from the sofa. She put on the hood of her coat; her hair was wet, and going out like this would surely make her catch a cold. Alexander shone the flashlight outside. The ground was covered in white, and she realized it was snowing. Snow, blocked roads, power outage, and water outage. What a terrible night. The snow was falling fast and heavy.

As soon as the door opened, snowflakes hit her face but quickly melted. Elizabeth was quickly blown back by the wind. It was so cold, the wind seeping through her neck, making it hard to breathe. Her wet hair stuck to her neck, freezing instantly. Elizabeth instinctively took two steps back.

Chapter 873

Alexander looked outside; the wind was strong, howling like someone was crying. They needed to walk down the path to the main road to catch a ride. Thinking about that dark road, Elizabeth couldn't help but feel scared. Alexander had already changed his shoes and heard her say, "Forget..." Alexander looked up.

Elizabeth walked into the living room, "God doesn't want me to leave." Alexander stood at the door for a long time, a bit dazed. Elizabeth shone the flashlight on him and asked, puzzled, "Why are you still standing at the door?"

Alexander immediately closed the door, pursed his lips, and asked, "What about your father?" Elizabeth replied, "I'll explain it myself." Elizabeth sat on the couch, sighed, and couldn't help but lower her head. The phone screen illuminated her face. Elizabeth still gave Declan an explanation:

Dad, something happened tonight, and I'll explain it to you tomorrow. I'm staying at Alexander's tonight, but nothing will happen. Sorry, Dad.

After sending the message, Elizabeth sighed. She looked up at Alexander. Alexander was about to sit down; seeing her look at him, he stood up again. Elizabeth pouted, "Since when are you so afraid of me?" "I'm not," he said guiltily. He did care about how Elizabeth viewed him now. "Come here," Elizabeth called him.

Alexander stood in front of the single sofa for a while. "Come here," Elizabeth patted the sofa next to her. Alexander immediately sat down. Elizabeth lifted his hand.

Chapter 873

Alexander frowned, and Elizabeth saw his swollen hand. Elizabeth looked at him, “Doesn’t it hurt?” Alexander patted his lips and tried to pull his hand back. Elizabeth held it and asked again, “Doesn’t it hurt?” Alexander said, “It hurts.”

“And you didn’t take care of it and still wanted to take the back?” Elizabeth’s voice was a bit cold. Alexander said, “It’s not a big deal.” “What counts as a big deal? When it swells up to unspeakable sorrow?” Elizabeth felt annoyed. She stood up, and Alexander followed, “Where are you going?”

“To ice it,” she said, “Get some ice from the fridge before the power goes out for too long.” The ice shouldn’t have melted yet. “There doesn’t seem to be any ice at home,” Alexander’s voice softened. Elizabeth glanced at him. How could there be none? She opened the bottom drawer and found an ice tray in the last layer. Back when they were at the villa, she always liked to make cold drinks in the summer. So the fridge never lacked ice. Lila even bought her an ice maker.

Alexander was stunned when he saw Elizabeth take out a bunch of small ice cubes. Indeed, Elizabeth was more familiar with this home. Elizabeth put the ice in a ziplock bag and tossed it to Alexander. “Ice it.”

Elizabeth leaned on the sofa, took out her phone, and saw no reply from Declan. The surroundings were eerily quiet. The atmosphere was inexplicably a bit oppressive. “Want to go upstairs and sleep?” Alexander asked her.

Elizabeth lazily propped her face, her gaze falling on Alexander, “Let me ask you a question. Answer me honestly.” Faced with Elizabeth’s words, Alexander seemed particularly eager.

Chapter 8731

Elizabeth still asking him questions meant...

“Did you ever have sex with Expe?”

Chapter 874

“No,” Alexander answered honestly.

“Where have you taken her?”

Like Dream City, a place even she hadn't noticed. She was too curious about how he and Esme had been so in love for those three years. I only met her in Dream City. I haven't taken her anywhere else, Alexander could even swear to it.

"Elizabeth... understand? Three years, you two."

"Three years, nothing happened between us." If he had to say he gave something... it was nothing more than a bit of money and patience.

"Esme is now in a mental hospital because of you. What are you planning to do next?" This was also a question Elizabeth was concerned about.

Alexander chuckled, "I spared her life, as a matter of respect for Henty."

"Elizabeth, I won't let her die. But the suffering you endured, I will make her go through it all. That was his plan."

Elizabeth didn't ask any more questions. She had nothing else to ask.

"Now it's my turn to ask you a few questions." Alexander looked at her, his gaze intense.

Elizabeth shrugged, letting him ask whatever he wanted.

"After our divorce, have you liked any of the men you've been with?" His eyes were sharp.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. Typical Alexander. He always asked tricky questions. Did he remember how many men she had met? She couldn't even remember herself.

"Yes, I quite liked Ivan," Elizabeth replied casually, looking down. She could feel the atmosphere around them sour immediately after she said that.

Alexander sneered. She was deliberately provoking him.

Was he the kind of person who was easily provoked? He wasn't. He had a much better temper... never. But undeniably, even if Elizabeth was trying to provoke him, he felt very angry.

“Just because Ivan is your friend, I couldn’t be with him,” Elizabeth glanced sideways at Alexander, then lowered her head to continue playing on her phone.

“You still have some conscience,” he replied.

Elizabeth immediately laughed, not even looking up. “You were quite conscientious when you were with my best friend.” He could feel that Elizabeth’s words were harsh.

“Do you know?” Elizabeth suddenly looked up. Their eyes met, and Alexander waited for her to continue.

“The person I loved was with my best friend. At that time, I really wanted to die,” Elizabeth frowned, unable to help but complain. Looking back now, she really didn’t know how she got through it. She didn’t dare go home to her parents, nor could she go and yell at Alexander. She bore it all alone.

Alexander looked down. The dim light around them made the guilt in his eyes almost overflow. “Elizabeth, I’m sorry.”

“You know, I don’t want to hear it,” Elizabeth turned away, not looking at him anymore. The damage was already done, and no amount of apologies could change that.

Elizabeth lay on the back of the sofa, lowering her eyes and rubbing her stomach. So hungry. Tired and hungry. This Christmas had been really rough. Elizabeth closed her eyes, still holding her phone. Elizabeth swallowed, thinking how nice it would be to have a pizza right now! Then she fell asleep.

Elizabeth turned over, the space around her empty. Elizabeth slightly opened her eyes. She was in Alexander’s room. Elizabeth’s hand grasped the familiar touch and scent of the silk quilt. She saw her phone and realized it was almost noon.

Looking at the sunny day outside, Elizabeth felt a bit dazed. She sighed and quietly got up.

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Chapter 875

Elizabeth freshened up and tied her hair back. She quickly went downstairs.

In the living room, Alexander was sitting on the carpet in front of the sofa, playing video games. An aroma diffuser sat on the table, alongside lots of fruit on the coffee table and two takeout bags. Morning light streamed in through the large floor-to-ceiling window, casting a glow on Alexander.

Elizabeth felt a bit dazed, as if she had gone back many years to when Alexander was a teenager. His profile was still as handsome as ever, unchanged over the years. His hand was still swollen, indicating he had taken quite a fall the previous night.

Elizabeth snapped out of her thoughts, slowly descended the stairs, and couldn't help but say, "So leisurely."

"You're awake," he said lazily.

Elizabeth nodded and said, "Sorry for the trouble last night. I'll be heading back now."

"Why the rush?" He looked up at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked at him. "Otherwise? Am I supposed to stay here with you?"

"Not that it's impossible," he smiled.

Elizabeth snorted; he was dreaming.

"Elizabeth, how about having breakfast before you go?" Alexander asked.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"I bought the pizza you wanted," he said.

Elizabeth was stunned. What? She finally looked at Alexander. He pointed to the two takeout bags on the coffee table.

"I just bought it; it's still hot. I waited in line for a long time, don't you want to try it?"

Elizabeth was stunned. How did Alexander know she wanted pizza? You... Elizabeth bit her lip.

Alexander smiled, recalling how cute Elizabeth looked last night. He sighed and said, “You must have been really tired last night; you kept saying you wanted pizza in your sleep.”

Elizabeth had only thought about pizza. Did she actually say it aloud? Given that, she definitely couldn’t eat the pizza now.

“So I bought it for you,” Alexander said, opening the takeout bags. The aroma of crab and cheese immediately filled the living room. Elizabeth’s stomach embarrassingly growled.

Alexander asked, “Not eating?” She really wanted to say she didn’t want to eat, but she couldn’t move.

“I waited in line for about three hours,” Alexander said seriously, looking at her. If Elizabeth didn’t eat, it would really hurt his pride. Besides, waking up to find the food she wanted right in front of her—wasn’t that something to be happy about? Why not eat?

Elizabeth swallowed and gave in. She came to the coffee table and sat down. Alexander was in a good mood. He continued playing his game while Elizabeth quietly played on her phone and ate. When Alexander picked up his cup to drink water, he even felt a bit dazed. Days like this should have been an everyday occurrence, a luxury. But now, it had become...

Elizabeth wiped her mouth and propped her face on her hand. She didn’t eat quickly; when she was happy eating, she would want to talk, but seeing him sitting across from her, she closed her mouth. Alexander couldn’t help but feel a blow to his self-esteem. She didn’t even want to share; the way she suddenly closed her mouth was really hurtful.

“Tasty?” Alexander asked.

Elizabeth nodded and pushed the food towards him. “You didn’t eat?”

He didn’t like it.

“Want to try?” Elizabeth asked again.

Alexander looked at her for a while. Just as he was about to say yes, Elizabeth took it back. “Nevermind, you don’t want it.”

Alexander frowned; he hadn’t even answered yet.

Chapter 876

He sat down, took Elizabeth's utensils, and forked a piece into his mouth. "Careful, it's hot," Elizabeth quickly grabbed Alexander's utensils. Sure enough, Alexander got burned. Elizabeth was amused by his embarrassed look.

"Is it good?" Elizabeth asked him, her eyes filled with the hope of stirring delicious food and seeking approval. Alexander looked into her eyes, his brows slightly furrowed. The taste was average, and he didn't like it. But seeing Elizabeth looking at him so expectantly, he didn't want to disappoint her.

"It's good," he nodded.

Elizabeth pouted, "Your expression shows you don't like it, and you're lying." She took it back to eat herself but didn't use the utensils he had used. She knew Alexander best; when he ate something he didn't like, he would frown. And he was very picky, not eating just anything.

"I'm not lying," Alexander retorted.

"I know you best," Elizabeth said, and Alexander fell silent. She had loved him for so many years, how could she not understand him? She noticed his every move. She didn't even know how Elizabeth could tell he didn't like pizza. But he knew nothing about Elizabeth.

After the divorce, he felt even more that he couldn't figure Elizabeth out. She seemed to be shrouded in a halo, carrying secrets he couldn't approach. Alexander poured her a glass of water. Elizabeth was eating happily, occasionally saying a word to him.

Elizabeth's phone rang; it was a message from the research institute group. Everyone was asking about yesterday's trip to Dream City. Elizabeth clicked in and found out. A major event had happened in Dream City. Valentin of the Getty family was dead, his body exposed, with no part of him intact, almost dismembered.

Chapter 876 (continued)

The most bizarre part was that Valentin's legs and arms had been cut off. When Elizabeth saw the photos, she felt nauseous. She quickly threw her phone away. She couldn't eat the pizza anymore. Alexander glanced at her, his eyes cautious, not knowing what to say. What was wrong with her now?

“Valentin is dead, did you do it?” Elizabeth looked at Alexander. Alexander shrugged, so what? He deserved to die. Elizabeth paused. “But he is Valentin of Dream...”

“That doesn’t matter,” Alexander interrupted Elizabeth, his eyes cold. He knew that Valentin had to die for hurting Elizabeth. Elizabeth was silent.

“I’m not eating anymore,” Elizabeth said lightly.

“Are you scared?” Alexander asked her.

Elizabeth smiled, “What am I afraid of? He deserved to die. It’s just...”

“Alexander, Valentin was the second son of the Getty family, and the Getty family dominates Dream City. By killing Valentin, you’re going against the Getty family.” Soon, someone from the Getty family would come looking for trouble! Alexander was asking for trouble.

“So what?” Alexander didn’t care at all. Elizabeth was long used to Alexander’s arrogant and unruly demeanor. But thinking of how chaotic Dream City was, with people who didn’t value their lives, she couldn’t help but feel uneasy. If something happened to Alexander because of Valentin, she would feel guilty.

“Elizabeth, I have never been afraid of trouble: You don’t need to worry.” He downed the coffee in his cup. Elizabeth looked at him, her eyes complicated.

Chapter 877

Alexander’s phone rang. It was a call from the police station.

c 877

It was a call from the police station. "Mr. Tudor, Ms. Russell wants to see you," the voice said. "No. Don't call me about Esme anymore," Alexander retorted, about to hang up. But the caller persisted, "Mr. Tudor, what about Mr. Russell and the others?" Alexander hung up immediately. He didn't want to see any of the Russell family.

As soon as he hung up, the doorbell rang. Elizabeth and Alexander looked outside together. A black Maybach was parked outside the villa. Alexander stood up. Elizabeth asked, "Do I need to avoid this?" "Avoid what?" They weren't having an affair. Elizabeth didn't know how to respond. She hadn't done anything wrong, after all.

Alexander opened the door and was instantly annoyed when he saw who was outside. Just as he was about to close it, the door was held open. "Mr. Tudor!"

"Mr. Tudor, please, can we talk?" Ellen's voice was pitiful and desperate. Although Elizabeth couldn't see the person, she guessed who it was from the voice.

In the living room, Ellen and Leon sat together, with expensive-looking items placed beside the coffee table. Elizabeth looked on indifferently. Ellen glanced at Elizabeth, confusion in his eyes. Why was Elizabeth here with Alexander? Weren't they together anymore? What was going on?

Out of courtesy, Alexander poured water for the two of them. Leon thanked him. Alexander sat on a single sofa, legs crossed, exuding a strong, oppressive aura. Elizabeth sat on the sofa, head down, pretending to play with her phone. She regretted not leaving earlier. Now that she was sitting here, it felt somewhat awkward.

Leon cautiously looked at Alexander. Although Alexander was younger, Leon still used a respectful tone: "Mr. Tudor." "Go ahead," Alexander responded politely. Leon frowned. He found it hard to speak; he didn't know where to start. Ellen was crying beside him, emotions out of control. Leon placed his arm around Ellen's shoulder. No matter how difficult it was, he had to speak.

"Mr. Tudor, please, can you let our Esme go?" Alexander knew it. Leon was here for two things: Esme and the Russell Group. "If it's about Esme, forget it," Alexander said. He wouldn't let Esme go. The situation between Alexander and Elizabeth had made things difficult for him. He didn't want to suffer like that again.

"Mr. Tudor, can you hear me out?" The Russell family had been in chaos these past few days. Leon frowned, his eyes red. It was clear that...

Chapter 878

As the year-end approached, the company was at its busiest. Henry was on the verge of collapsing from the workload. Leon's words were on the tip of his tongue when Ten grabbed his arm. Elisabeth couldn't help but look at Leon.

What happened in Esme? Leon's gaze fell on Elizabeth. He hesitated, wondering if it was appropriate to speak with Elizabeth present. Elizabeth met Leon's gaze and pressed her lips together. Before she could say she was leaving, Alexander spoke first, "Mr. Russell, go ahead."

Alexander meant that Elizabeth was with him, so there was no need to avoid the topic. Ellen also looked at Elizabeth, tears streaming down her face. Elizabeth looked away, and sure enough, she heard Leon say, "Mr. Tudor, actually, Esme is not our biological child. You might not know this. After we lost Nancy, Ellen was like a lost soul every day. The only reason she's still alive is because Esme has been by her side."

"Esme is Ellen's lifeline, her everything. Now that Esme has been committed to a mental hospital, Ellen can hardly go on living!" As Leon spoke, tears fell from his eyes. He tightly held Ellen's hands; the two were still very much in love.

But Alexander felt no sympathy. This was not a reason for him to let Esme off the hook. Esme had to be held accountable for what she had done. "Mr. Tudor, you both will be parents someday. Think about it, what if you lost your children?" Leon was heartbroken.

Alexander was unmoved. He calmly retorted, "I will educate my daughter well, so she won't impersonate someone else. And she certainly won't frame her best friend or do anything to harm her."

Elizabeth wasn't surprised that Alexander was defending her. It would be problematic if Alexander didn't take a stand. Leon didn't understand. "But this matter is already in the past!"

"Past? You can't just spout nonsense because your family is in chaos now." Was it Elizabeth who thought this matter was over, or was it just his assumption?

Chapter 878

Even Esme herself didn't think this matter was... what gave Leon the right to say that? Then, whoever had been crying, couldn't hold back anymore. She questioned Alexander, "So what do you want the Russell Family to do?"

Alexander replied, "Your daughter is precious, but other people's daughters aren't." "We, the whole family, apologize to Elizabeth, and in your terms, that's enough for atonement?" Leon also questioned. "We'll go to the Percy Family, we'll visit them! We'll apologize to every member of the Percy Family! We'll publish newspapers, will go on TV, we'll tell the whole world that the Russell Family is sorry to Elizabeth!"

Leon was almost breaking down, his voice hoarse. He really had no other options. Alexander's gaze fell on Elizabeth. Elizabeth indicated for him not to look at her. Elizabeth just couldn't leave right now; otherwise, she would have let... Elizabeth could never forget that Ellen had hired someone to harm her.

There weren't many good people in the Russell Family. "If that's still not enough, then the Russell Family will just have to bear this guilt for the rest of our lives," Leon said, his tone calming down. Elizabeth didn't want to listen anymore. She stood up. "I'm heading back."

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 879

"Elizabeth, wait a moment, I'll take you home," Alexander grabbed Elizabeth's arm.

Elizabeth looked down at him. "No need, I'll have Felix pick me up."

"I'm at home and can take you, why call Felix?" Alexander's tone was clearly unfriendly. He grabbed Elizabeth's arm, signaling her to sit down. But Elizabeth felt awkward, especially when Ellen and Leon looked at her; she always had a strange feeling. It was simply uncomfortable. Seeing them whimpering, she couldn't describe the feeling. Annoyed? Not really. She couldn't put her finger on it; she just didn't want to see them crying in front of her.

"Ms. Percy," Ellen suddenly called out to Elizabeth. "Is it because of what I did to you before that you're upset?" Ellen asked Elizabeth.

Elizabeth didn't say anything.

"I apologize," Ellen said. Ellen stood up. To Elizabeth's surprise, Ellen directly knelt in front of her. Elizabeth hurriedly pulled Ellen up, but frowned and quickly pushed her back onto the sofa. Ellen knelt down again, and Elizabeth quickly held her down. "Don't do this!" If Ellen continued, Elizabeth would really leave. Ellen kept sobbing, unable to speak a complete sentence.

"Ms. Percy, please, just ask Mr. Tudor to spare our family, spare Esme," Ellen pleaded. "Our family wronged you, Esme wronged you!" "Elizabeth, please stop targeting our family." Ellen was about to faint from crying.

When Elizabeth heard “stop targeting our family,” she felt very uncomfortable. So even now, they thought Elizabeth was targeting their family. It was truly laughable. Elizabeth let go of Ellen. Leon saw Elizabeth’s expression change.

Leon said to Elizabeth, “Ms. Percy, it’s our family’s fault.” He quickly held Ellen down and said to Elizabeth, “It’s Esme’s fault. Esme ruined you, ruined Mr. Tudor. Our Russell family wants to atone, please give us a chance, okay?”

“I can’t forgive,” Elizabeth answered truthfully. She wasn’t that magnanimous. Esme brought not only marital harm but also psychological and various other harms.

“I really can’t forgive, don’t make it hard for me,” Elizabeth pushed away Ellen’s tightly held hand.

Ellen gritted her teeth. “Ms. Percy, if you don’t forgive us, Mr. Tudor won’t forgive us, just consider...”

“Consider what? Alexander is Alexander, I am me. I can’t represent him, and he can’t represent me. Esme deceived both of us, two families?” Elizabeth frowned, speaking very seriously. “Wake up. What Esme did, no one can easily forgive her. She’s still alive, that’s already our mercy!”

Didn’t everyone know Alexander’s methods? Valentin merely kidnapped Elizabeth, and he ended up dead. Who was Valentin? He was the one who controlled the entire mafia. Alexander only sent Esme to a mental hospital; wasn’t that Alexander’s mercy? If Alexander really wanted Esme dead, would he care if she was insane? Alexander could just let her rot in that cold cell, so what?

Elizabeth didn’t want to waste any more words. She asked Alexander, “Alexander, weren’t you going to take me home? Are we going or not?”

Chapter 88o

Alexander looked at Leon and Ellen with troubled expressions. It was obvious from Alexander’s look that he was asking them to leave. Leon and Ellen were not ordinary people; how could they not understand Alexander’s intention? But for the sake of the Russell family and Esme, they really had no choice but to hold onto Alexander. Today, Alexander still let them into his house, but tomorrow they might not be able to see him again. Moreover, Leon had already exposed the Russell family’s secret, yet Alexander remained unmoved. How could he bear that?

Leon was sweating on his forehead. He suddenly knelt on the ground, his head hitting the floor, and cried, "Mr. Tudor, I beg you." Elizabeth felt even worse seeing this scene. In her impression, Leon and Henry were honest and straightforward people. Only Esme and Ellen were the most annoying. What did Leon do wrong to kneel before Alexander, a junior, at his age of over fifty? Esme, you really let down such loving parents and your brother. Esme really didn't deserve the Russell family's kindness! Elizabeth felt a tightness in her chest, almost unable to breathe. She pointed outside, "I'll wait for you outside." Alexander nodded. Elizabeth went out.

Alexander then looked at Leon and said calmly, "Mr. Russell, sparing Esme's life is already my biggest concession. Don't push me." Hearing this, Leon immediately raised his head. His forehead was red, and he asked tremblingly, "I'm pushing you?" Ellen also caught the implication in Alexander's words and immediately asked, "Mr. Tudor, what do you mean by that? Do you... you keep pushing me, you might not see Esme again," Alexander coldly reminded. Ellen didn't dare to speak for a moment. Alexander said, "Please leave. I'm very busy." Tears fell from Leon's eyes, and his arms on the ground kept trembling.

No wonder Henry couldn't do anything.

Chapter 880

Fine, Alexander. You're really heartless, Leon slowly stood up, but because he stood up too quickly, his body swayed, almost falling. Ellen tightly grabbed Leon's arm, looking at him without saying a word, just crying continuously. Leon no longer begged. He tightly held Ellen's hand and was about to leave with her. Ellen cried and asked, "Not begging him anymore?" "What's the point? His heart is like stone. Even if we kneel forever, what good would it do?" "Give up. You don't have a daughter anymore. Just consider your daughter dead!" Although Leon was scolding Ellen, his eyes were on Alexander. He was saying it for Alexander to hear. Ellen shook her head. Leon forcibly pulled Ellen away.

At the door, they met Elizabeth. For some reason, Elizabeth didn't dare to look at them. She turned her head, but heard Leon say, "Ms. Percy, the Russell family owes you in this life. In the next life, the Russell family will repay your..." Elizabeth froze. When Elizabeth turned her head, Leon was already pushing Ellen into the car. Ellen kept crying, her hands on the window, looking at Elizabeth with a dazed expression. Elizabeth had a feeling that Ellen was sick. Ellen no longer had her previous strength and sharpness; now she seemed more like a child. Elizabeth thought it must be a relapse of an old

illness. As the car drove away, Elizabeth's heart didn't feel any relief but became even heavier.

The door closed. Elizabeth saw Alexander coming out from inside. His brows were tightly furrowed. He must have felt very unlucky, being disturbed by these two people trying and begging early in the morning. He was dressed in casual clothes, a black turtleneck sweater, black pants, and had a coat draped over his arm.