

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 881

Elizabeth looked at How and suddenly said, "Let's go see Esme." Alexander immediately looked at Elizabeth. Noticing the disbelief in Alexander's eyes, Elizabeth calmly said, "See Esme."

Alexander pursed his lips and refused, "I don't want to." He thought about how Esme had toyed with him over the past four years and felt even more disgusted.

Elizabeth said, "Then I go by myself?"

Alexander was displeased. "Do you really have to see her?"

Why did Elizabeth suddenly want to see Esme? Was it just because of Leon and Ellen?

"Just a quick visit," Elizabeth explained.

"Not in a hurry to go home?"

Elizabeth could tell that Alexander was extremely reluctant to even mention Esme. Elizabeth pouted, not wanting to argue with him anymore. She started to walk out on her own, and Alexander immediately stepped forward and grabbed her arm. Elizabeth looked at him. She could clearly see the helplessness and frustration in Alexander's eyes. But he had no choice. He nodded. Fine, he would go with her.

"After seeing Esme, let's go visit your grandmother," Elizabeth said. She suddenly remembered that she hadn't given Lily her acupuncture treatment in the past two days and felt a bit uneasy.

"Okay," Alexander responded, opening the passenger door and gesturing for Elizabeth to get in. Alexander pulled her back, looking even more frustrated. "And sitting in the back is appropriate? Makes me look like a chauffeur."

"Isn't it?" Elizabeth tilted her head, somewhat provocatively.

Alexander laughed.

But being a chauffeur was fine. Right now, sitting in the *back* wasn't fine. She should sit in the front passenger seat. Alexander pulled Elizabeth back, and after seeing her sit in the front passenger seat, he walked around the front of the car and got in.

Elizabeth didn't like sitting in his front passenger seat at all. Lishun Psychiatric Hospital was located in the suburbs, a long way from the city center. Elizabeth didn't even know why she insisted on coming all this way to see Esme.

The psychiatric hospital's environment was quite good, with a large, six-story building. The facility had everything, but... Alexander had called ahead to announce their visit, and the director came out early to greet them. When she saw them, she smiled warmly, "Mr. Tudor, Ms. Percy."

The director was a woman, not very old, with short hair, and she looked very capable and straightforward.

Alexander asked, "How is Esme doing?"

"Not very well. She never sleeps through the night. She's been throwing things and banging on doors. Just now, she was emotionally unstable, and we had no choice but to..."

Elizabeth sensed something bad from the director's hesitation. Sure enough, when they reached the fifth floor and came to Esme's room, they saw Esme inside. She was wearing a hospital gown and was tied to the bed. Elizabeth frowned; she didn't know if Esme was truly insane. But she knew that if Esme wasn't insane, then at this moment, being tied to the bed, Esme must be in utter despair!

The door to the room opened, and Elizabeth walked in, only to find there were no footsteps behind her. Alexander had stopped at the door and didn't come in. Elizabeth didn't call him in. Instead, she followed the director into the room. Esme was awake, her eyes swollen and tears on her face. Her mouth was even covered, so she couldn't even scream. But the moment she saw Elizabeth, it was as if her brain had been triggered, her eyes bulging as if she wanted to kill Elizabeth.

Chapter 882

Esme's limbs began to flail wildly, but she couldn't break free from the shackles and restraints of the ropes. Her wrists were raw and bleeding as she

looked at Elizabeth. She hated it. She was in pain! But at this moment, Esme couldn't control anything, not even her tears. She didn't want to cry! But she couldn't stop!

Elizabeth came to the bedside and looked at Esme, feeling a wave of emotion. Esme was no longer beautiful; her body was covered in scars, her face scratched, and her once-prized long hair had been cut short. The man she once loved most was now outside the door, unwilling to even look at her. And the woman Esme hated, Elizabeth, was standing right in front of her. Esme was clear-headed, yet going mad!

"Does it hurt?" Elizabeth asked.

Esme understood. Esme glared at Elizabeth; how could it *not* hurt? Esme was a living person! Esme wasn't crazy! Esme's eyes warned Elizabeth to let her out, or else, even if she died, she would take Elizabeth with her.

"Elizabeth," Alexander called out calmly, indicating it was enough and they could leave. He didn't want to stay in this place for even a minute. Esme, already emotionally unstable, completely broke down upon hearing Alexander's familiar voice. She couldn't hold back any longer and began to struggle. Blood stained the white sheets, and her tears fell like large drops. Esme gasped for breath, wanting to speak, but no sound came out.

It was Alexander. Had he come to see her? She wanted to see him.

Esme wanted to know just how heartless Alexander was. He knew she was fine, so why let her suffer like this? Elizabeth glanced at the door. Esme was so agitated. It was hard not to suspect that Alexander's words were intentional—he wanted to get Esme's attention and make her even more desperate. Now, he was right outside the door, but he wouldn't come in to see her.

"Look, her emotions are very unstable. Even after a sedative, she's still agitated," said the nurse beside her. Esme's eyes were filled with murderous intent. Esme wasn't sick; these were normal human emotions.

"Continue with the sedative," the director ordered. Esme's eyes were bloodshot. Having just been given a sedative, Esme didn't want to endure another shot. She shook her head, unwilling to take the injection. Several nurses came in and held Esme down. Elizabeth watched as Esme was held down and given another injection. Esme's tears finally stopped. Esme lay there calmly. Then Esme smiled. Esme closed her eyes.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and said lightly, “Esme, consider yourself lucky. You got to keep your life. If it weren’t for Alexander’s mercy, she would have been dead by now.”

Esme only wanted to laugh at those words. Letting her stay here, clear-headed and waiting to die, was worse than just letting her die! She couldn’t get out. She would never get out in this lifetime! Alexander wouldn’t let her go, and neither would Elizabeth! If she could do it all over again, she would never be so foolish. She wouldn’t love Alexander anymore, never again.

c 883

“Your parents are very upset,” Elizabeth said slowly. She didn’t know if Esme could hear her. “Esme, your parents are hiding a secret from you.”

Esme opened her eyes. She glared at Elizabeth, her eyes filled with hostility. Elizabeth disliked this and turned to leave; Esme was furious. Elizabeth said Esme’s parents had a secret, but she wouldn’t say who it was. Wasn’t Elizabeth doing this on purpose? It was simply too hateful!

When Elizabeth reached the hallway, Alexander was already gone. A nurse reminded Elizabeth, “Mr. Tudor said he’s waiting for you in the downstairs lounge.” Elizabeth nodded in thanks and went downstairs with the director to find Alexander. Alexander was drinking coffee. Elizabeth thought about Esme’s situation upstairs and then looked at Alexander, unable to help but sigh.

“Mr. Tudor, you really have a cold heart.”

Wasn’t Alexander’s current attitude the same as when he used to treat Elizabeth?

“She deserves it,” he said flatly.

The director said, “Ms. Russell’s mental state is indeed unstable, but Mr. Tudor, to be honest...” Before she could finish, Alexander looked up. He stared at the director, and she fell silent. Alexander’s gaze was so cold, it seemed to warn her not to speak further. He exuded an indescribable sense of oppression, very fierce.

Elizabeth took a sip of coffee and said to Alexander, “Let’s go.”

“So you came all this way just to provoke her and then leave?” Alexander looked up at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and put down her cup. What else? Was she supposed to stay and keep Esme company?

“So what are you trying to accomplish?” Alexander was a bit puzzled.

Elizabeth smirked, “Nothing, Mr. Tudor, I just wanted to see if I could boss you around.”

Chapter 883

Elizabeth’s tone was calm. Alexander, however, fell silent. She just wanted to see if he was willing to accompany her on this trip. He could even neglect his company, standing in line for three hours in the morning just to buy the pizza she mentioned in her sleep last night. Why wouldn’t he be willing to accompany her on this trip?

Elizabeth walked out, her steps light and filled with an indescribable sense of ease and joy. Alexander couldn’t help but shake his head, half amused, half exasperated.

As he was about to leave, the director asked, “Mr. Tudor, what about Ms. Russell?”

“Contact her brother. All expenses will be covered by the Russell Family. Take good care of Ms. Russell,” Alexander said, giving the director a sidelong glance.

The director didn’t quite understand what Alexander meant by “take good care.”

Elizabeth got into the car, and Alexander followed. She sat in the back again. Alexander sat in the driver’s seat, looking at her for a while.

“Drive, let’s go see your grandmother,” Elizabeth said.

“Come sit in the front,” he insisted.

Elizabeth frowned, “No.”

“Elizabeth, I’m the driver. If you don’t come up front, I’m not driving,” Alexander frowned as well.

They stared at each other, their eyes filled with a bit of confrontation. This reminded Elizabeth of high school, where they used to confront each other like this. It wasn’t until college, when she realized her feelings for Alexander, that she started to be so accommodating to him. After they got married, he ignored her. Now, because Alexander was trying to win her back, he was being very polite to her.

Unrepairable Love Chapter 884

Actually, it was the real Alexander. Stubborn, obstinate, and decisive. If she didn’t sit over, he wouldn’t drive. She shouldn’t even think about getting out of the car. This place was so far from the city; there wouldn’t be any cats passing by anytime soon. If Elizabeth wanted to go back, she could only sit in the passenger seat. Elizabeth knew she was stuck, so she had no choice but to get out and sit in the passenger seat.

“Let’s go!” Elizabeth said unhappily.

Alexander smirked; it was quite easy to handle Elizabeth. It just depended on whether he wanted to or not. He drove steadily, not too fast. Elizabeth was checking messages on Instagram. Henry had an interview today. He admitted that the Russell Group was now in internal chaos, and various factories had already stopped production. Alexander had seized Henry’s batch of goods, which had a significant impact on Henry. When the reporters mentioned Esme, Henry’s expression turned somewhat indifferent. His assistant pushed away the reporters, stating that there was no comment on that matter. Henry entered the office building under the media spotlight, and the reporters couldn’t get any answers. However, when the reporters summarized, they subtly hinted that the Russell Group was on the brink of collapse. A company’s bankruptcy could actually happen in an instant.

“You haven’t been to your company for days, won’t there be any problems? It’s the end of the year; it should be very busy,” Elizabeth said casually.

Alexander replied, “Nolan is handling it.”

“Nolan is reliable, but it’s such a big company, can he handle it all by himself?” Wouldn’t Nolan have no time to rest? If Alexander and Nolan worked together, it would reduce the workload by half.

“What, you feel sorry for Nolan?” he sneered.

Elizabeth frowned. She was trying to have a proper conversation with him; why did he always twist things? “As a friend, is it wrong for me to be concerned about him?” Elizabeth asked Alexander.

Alexander glanced at her.

Friend?

That term did make him pause for a moment. No wonder Nolan had always thought highly of Elizabeth over the years. During the three years Alexander was with Esme, Nolan took every opportunity to bring Alexander closer to Elizabeth. Although everyone thought Elizabeth was bad, Nolan never did.

“He can handle it,” Alexander said.

Elizabeth didn’t want to continue the conversation and looked out the window instead. After a long time, the car stopped in the underground parking lot of a private hospital. Elizabeth got out of the car and shivered from the cold. The car was warm, but the underground parking lot was chilly. Elizabeth couldn’t help but sneeze! Alexander immediately looked over. He was about to take off his coat for Elizabeth, but she stopped him. “We’ll be in the elevator soon, no need.” Besides, she wasn’t that delicate.

The elevator doors opened, and the sound of a boy crying came from inside. Elizabeth was about to step in but was shocked by the scene before her. Inside the elevator was a six- or seven-year-old boy, and next to him was a man in a hospital gown, covered in blood, sitting on the floor. He was clutching his abdomen with one hand, blood flowing profusely, making the scene in the elevator particularly striking.

Elizabeth frowned. What was going on? What happened? She was about to step forward. Alexander grabbed Elizabeth’s wrist, signaling her not to meddle. But Elizabeth’s profession was a doctor; she couldn’t just ignore what she saw. The man didn’t seem to have been bleeding for long, but the knife in him was very deep. He needed to stop the bleeding quickly, or he would die!

“Help, help my dad!”

Unrepairable Love Chapter 885

The child was covered in blood. Elizabeth couldn't bear to see such a scene. She quickly squatted down and asked him, "What happened to your dad?"

When the elevator door opened, a man came in. His expression was clear, though I don't know why he looked so flustered. "Someone attacked my dad," the little boy said, shaking his head. Elizabeth didn't ask more, just nodded. "It's okay, your dad will be fine."

Alexander pressed the elevator button for the first floor, and Elizabeth took off the man's clothes, rolled them up, and pressed them against his wound. When the elevator reached the first floor, Alexander went to call the emergency doctor.

The man was sent to the emergency room, but the little boy stood there, looking up at Elizabeth with big, tear-filled eyes, looking pitiful. Elizabeth rubbed his hair and said gently, "Go be with your dad."

The little boy, feeling a bit of comfort, immediately hugged Elizabeth and cried, "I'm scared." He cried so much that his tears kept falling, looking so pitiful. She was at a loss for a moment. Alexander frowned, feeling complicated and not knowing what to say. Elizabeth looked at Alexander, as if asking what to do. Alexander sighed. She had taken on this matter, so she had to see it through. What else could she do?

Alexander suggested they wait at the emergency room door while he went to ask about the situation. Elizabeth took the little boy to sit down. The little boy said that his dad had brought him to visit a man, and while they were in the elevator, his dad was stabbed by someone.

What Alexander found out was similar to what Elizabeth had heard. Alexander checked the surveillance footage, which only showed a well-armed, strong man. He left immediately after stabbing the man, his actions swift and decisive, clearly someone who did this often.

When Alexander returned to the emergency room door, Elizabeth was wiping the little boy's face with a disinfectant towel. The little boy was very pretty and well-behaved. Elizabeth was very gentle. She looked at the little boy with pity in her eyes and softly comforted him, "Your dad will be fine, don't worry."

Chapter 885

Elizabeth smiled, suddenly remembering how Lily used to urge her to have a child a few years ago. She said she was still a child herself and couldn't even

take care of herself. Later, Lily said to wait until she was more mature, maybe at twenty-four or twenty-five. When Elizabeth reached that age, she got divorced.

Elizabeth didn't know if she was overthinking, but she felt a bit lost. "Have some water," Alexander's voice came to her ears. Elizabeth looked up. He was handing her an open bottle of water. Elizabeth took it and thanked him. But she didn't drink it; instead, she gave it to the little boy.

The little boy looked up at Alexander and said, "Thank you." Alexander opened another bottle of water for Elizabeth. Elizabeth took two big gulps, then leaned back in her seat, waiting for the operating room door to open.

The little boy leaned against Elizabeth. The three of them sat together, looking like a family of three, attracting the attention of passersby. Alexander inexplicably cherished this feeling. If it weren't for Esme, they should have been like this—a happy family of three. So now he didn't want to see Esme at all. Letting Esme live was already his greatest mercy. Even if Leon knelt before Alexander, or even if Leon died in front of him, he would never forgive Esme.

Unrepairable Love Chapter 886

Alexander lowered his eyes and rubbed his brow, feeling a bit annoyed. Elizabeth noticed his mood. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head. "Just feeling annoyed, it's nothing."

"Annoyed about what?"

"Elizabeth, you know exactly what I'm talking about." He looked at Elizabeth, his long, narrow eyes deep and calm.

Elizabeth smiled. "I don't."

Seeing her smile, Alexander lazily said, "I'm annoyed that I can't win your heart back."

Elizabeth clicked her tongue. "Does it have to be me?"

"Yes, it has to be you."

The surroundings were quiet. Elizabeth lowered her head. Alexander looked at her and asked, "When you married me, did it have to be me?"

Elizabeth looked up, recalling the question Alexander had asked her years ago. She had insisted on marrying Alexander, even though he was about to be with Esme. They had talked all night that evening. Elizabeth had asked Alexander, “Why don’t you want to marry me?” Alexander had asked her, “Does it have to be me?” Her answer back then was the same as Alexander’s now. Yes, it had to be him.

The little boy looked up at the two of them. Although they were both very attractive and kind-hearted, he always felt that their relationship was a bit strange, not as intimate as his mom and dad.

“Aren’t you two married?” The little boy lay on Elizabeth’s lap and asked obediently.

Elizabeth curled her lips. “Do we look like a married couple?”

“Of course! Mom said that beautiful women should be with handsome men! He’s tall and handsome, he must protect you.” The little boy’s eyes sparkled, extremely beautiful.

Elizabeth just looked at the little boy, feeling ripples in her heart.

Chapter 886

But Alexander had always been hurting her.

“You must love her very much, right?” The little boy looked up and asked Alexander.

Alexander glanced at Elizabeth and raised his hand to pinch the boy’s cheek. The boy’s cheek was soft, and it felt good to pinch. Indeed, kids were the best, always innocent and pure.

“Yes. Very much.” Alexander gently uttered these words.

Elizabeth’s heart seemed to skip a beat. Very much. How much?

Alexander looked at Elizabeth, his throat dry. “But I made a mistake and hurt her heart. She just won’t forgive me. What do you think I should do?”

Hearing this, the little boy immediately grabbed Alexander’s hand and placed it on Elizabeth’s. The warmth of Alexander’s hand touched her, and Elizabeth’s heart trembled.

“My dad says everyone makes mistakes, but it’s good if you can correct them. Don’t be mad at him; he is how can you stay mad at him?” The little boy’s innocent voice was so pleasant. His little hand covered theirs, soft and warm like a little heater.

Elizabeth laughed. Kids these days were indeed mature, both good at comforting and smart.

“Being handsome doesn’t help.” Elizabeth was about to withdraw her hand.

Alexander tightly held Elizabeth’s hand. Elizabeth looked up at him, frowning. What? Just playing with the kid, and Alexander really took it seriously?

“Even a little boy knows that it’s good to correct mistakes. Why can’t you give me one more chance?” Alexander took the opportunity to express his grievances with the little boy present.

Chapter 887

“Don’t talk about this in front of the child,” Elizabeth pursed her lips and firmly withdrew her hand. Alexander’s eyes instantly filled with sorrow. At that moment, the door to the emergency room opened. The little boy immediately jumped down, not forgetting to grab Elizabeth’s arm. Elizabeth stood up with him and stood in front of the doctor.

“The patient is fine, just passed out from excessive blood loss. He’ll be transferred to a room soon, and you can go handle the admission.”

Elizabeth nodded, “Got it, thank you.”

She wasn’t too worried to begin with, as she had seen the wound and knew it wasn’t serious. The little boy looked up at Elizabeth and asked, “Is my dad okay now?”

Elizabeth squatted down and hugged the little boy, “He’s fine. You’ll see your dad soon. What’s your name?”

“My name is Aubrey Hagen.” He tilted his head, wrapped his arms around Elizabeth’s neck, and nestled into her embrace, being very well-behaved.

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow and repeated his name, “Aubrey.” “Good boy.” She smiled, extremely gently.

Alexander could only stand quietly to the side, looking at his hand that had just been pushed away. He recalled Elizabeth's calm expression when she said, "Don't talk about this." When would Elizabeth finally forgive him? It remained a mystery.

Elizabeth arranged for Aubrey's dad to be admitted and hired a caregiver. During their conversation, Aubrey mentioned that his mom was gone, and it was just him and his dad at home. Elizabeth thought she had done enough.

However, Aubrey clung to Elizabeth a bit. When she was about to leave, he held onto the corner of her clothes, looking pitiful. "What about me?" he asked, teary-eyed.

Elizabeth squatted down, "You stay here with your dad. If you're hungry, go to a nurse or the caregiver looking after your dad." She had already made all the arrangements.

"But what if they're not nice to me?" The little boy's tears fell again, looking very aggrieved.

"They will be nice to you, don't worry. I'll come to see you when I have time, okay?" Elizabeth gently comforted him.

Although Aubrey didn't want Elizabeth to leave, he was sensible and didn't cling to her since they had only met once. He took two steps back and waved at Elizabeth and Alexander.

Seeing this, Elizabeth's heart ached. Aubrey was such a good boy. "I'll come to see you when I have time, be good."

Aubrey nodded. Elizabeth looked back every few steps, still worried about Aubrey.

"Alright, I'll have someone to take care of him," Alexander sighed.

Elizabeth frowned, "I've already hired a caregiver."

"Then what are you still worried about?"

"I just like him," Elizabeth stopped in front of the elevator.

Alexander remained silent. Elizabeth glanced at him, "Mr. Tudor, your heart is like stone."

“My heart is like stone?” he chuckled.

“It always has been,” Elizabeth looked away. Alexander didn’t argue. In Elizabeth’s eyes, he was made of stone.

The private hospital was very quiet, and there shouldn’t have been any outsiders. Elizabeth was just puzzled as to how Aubrey’s dad got hurt in the hospital. The hospital knew about it and did nothing. Could it be that Aubrey’s dad was involved in something shady?

The elevator door opened, interrupting Elizabeth’s thoughts. She and Alexander exited the elevator one after the other. As they approached Lily’s room, they saw two bodyguards standing at the door. It seemed that the last incident had a significant impact on Alexander; he was being very cautious.

Chapter 888

Laughter came from Lily’s ward; it was Lily and Elara chatting. Indeed, Elara was truly a good wife, a good mother, and a dutiful daughter. She fulfilled each of her roles very well. Elara was the hardest-working person in the Tudor family.

Alexander pushed open the door to the hospital room. He was supposed to visit Lily early in the morning, but it was already afternoon by the time he arrived. Lily had finished her lunch and was now sunbathing and eating fruit.

When she saw Alexander, Lily wasn’t surprised; she just continued eating her fruit without saying a word. It wasn’t until Lily noticed someone behind Alexander that her eyes lit up. When she heard Elizabeth call her, she exclaimed in surprise, “It’s Elizabeth!”

Why would Elizabeth come with Alexander? Alexander couldn’t help but feel a bit frustrated. Lily treated Elizabeth like her own granddaughter, but didn’t even say a word to him.

“She stayed at my place last night, and we came to see you together this morning,” Alexander said deliberately, trying to make Lily happy. The Tudor family didn’t have many worries; their biggest concern now was his relationship with Elizabeth.

Elizabeth explained, “I ran into Alexander in Dream City last night. It was too late to go home, so I stayed at his place.” Elara squinted her eyes, feeling that

things weren't that simple. After all, she had run into Elizabeth at Alexander's place a few days ago.

It seemed like their relationship had improved and wasn't as strained as she had imagined. "No matter what, the fact that you both came to see me makes me feel so much better!" Lily clapped her hands, smiling from ear to ear.

Elizabeth walked over and checked Lily's pulse. "How have you been feeling lately?"

"I'm doing well," Lily said with a squinting smile, liking Elizabeth more and more. How could anyone not like Elizabeth? Elizabeth was generous, graceful, and stunningly beautiful. The key point was that Elizabeth had a good temper and was also dutiful. She had been married into the Tudor family for so many years and had never gotten angry with them.

Chapter 888

Lily genuinely liked Elizabeth. "Your pulse is stable. You seem to be in good condition," Lily said. Lily held Elizabeth's hand and whispered, "Elizabeth, I actually know that you come to see me every morning."

Alexander, who was bending down to pick something up, heard Lily's words and looked at her. *What? Every morning? Elizabeth?*

Elizabeth, afraid that Alexander would find out, interrupted, "As long as you're healthy, that's all that matters." Lily smiled warmly.

"When did she come?" Alexander asked. Elizabeth shot him a glance. His ears were always sharp at critical moments.

"Why are you looking at me? Why didn't you tell me you were coming to see my grandmother?" Alexander asked, his expression serious.

Elizabeth replied, "Do I need your permission?" Alexander sat on the sofa, peeling an apple with a fruit knife. "Fine, my bad." Elizabeth didn't respond.

Elara glanced at Alexander and couldn't help but smile. It seemed like there was a woman who could keep Alexander in check.

"I have a complaint to make," Elizabeth said as she helped Lily tidy her hair. Lily was puzzled. "What?"

Elizabeth pointed at Alexander and said in frustration, “Alexander follows me around every day and doesn’t do his work. What should I do?”

Chapter 889

The three people in the ward were stunned. Alexander lowered his head, focusing intently on peeling the apple. Lily coughed lightly and touched her nose. Elara smiled, saying nothing.

Lily asked, “He’s following you around? Not going to work?”

“Yeah, you didn’t know?” Elizabeth massaged Lily’s leg.

Lily pursed her lips. This idea was decided by Lily and Alexander together. When Alexander decided to take a break, Lily knew about it and completely agreed with his decision. He wanted to win his wife over without putting in the effort. How is that different from wanting a horse to run without feeding it? Elizabeth lost a lot for him, and if he wasn’t even willing to temporarily set aside work, she thought Alexander shouldn’t bother Elizabeth anymore.

After a long silence, Elara spoke first. “Alexander, this is your fault! How can you do this? You still need to work! If you keep following Elizabeth around, she’ll feel pressured.”

Elizabeth nodded in agreement, “Yes.”

Alexander glanced at Elara but said nothing. He cut a piece of apple and asked Elizabeth, “Want some?”

Elizabeth was speechless that he didn’t ask his grandmother first but came to ask her. How would Lily see her? But Lily smiled, “Our Alexander still likes Elizabeth, huh? He knows to peel an apple for her first.”

Elizabeth didn’t know how to respond.

“Have some. It’s super sweet!” Lily coaxed gently, like talking to a child.

Elizabeth didn’t know what to say. Elizabeth probably forgot that everyone in the Tudor family hoped she would come back. Not to mention Alexander not working; even if he spent every day trying to please Elizabeth, they wouldn’t say a word! They wished Alexander would stick to Elizabeth every day, which would mean Elizabeth didn’t dislike him, and maybe there was still a chance

for them. If Alexander were still working every day and barely saw Elizabeth, then they would be upset!

Chapter 889

“If he doesn’t work, it’s fine. Te’s already successful. If Nolan gets too busy, he can call Blake to help,” Lily said to Alexander.

“I’ve talked to Dad about it,” Alexander explained.

Lily nodded, “Alright, alright.”

Elizabeth then realized. Alexander not working was something he had probably discussed with the family. She was foolish, thinking the family would persuade him to go back to work. But no matter what, many people have their eyes on the Tudor Group. If the Tudor Group had any issues because Alexander was pursuing her, Elizabeth couldn’t bear that responsibility.

“So, Grandma, you all knew?” Elizabeth couldn’t help but ask.

Lily felt a bit ashamed. She did know.

Elara immediately said, “I didn’t know. You know, our Alexander always goes to his grandma first with anything.” This was probably something he had discussed with Lily.

Elizabeth had a headache.

“Then why don’t you say something to him?” Elizabeth was troubled.

Lily immediately said sharply, “What’s there to say? He’s a grown man; he knows what he should and shouldn’t do!”

“If he’s not working, it means there’s something more important for him to handle! Of course, we’ll let him be.” If Alexander were delaying work for Esme, they would definitely intervene. But since it was for Elizabeth, they didn’t mind.

“Alright, don’t worry about his business! But if he bothers you, just hit him, scold him, do whatever you want!” Lily held Elizabeth’s hand tightly and smiled, “But just don’t ignore him.”

Elizabeth felt a bit embarrassed. She had known Alexander for so many years and had never hit him once, only scolded him a few times.

Unrepairable Love

Chapter 890

Elizabeth wouldn't do such a thing, and Lily knew that too. As long as she wouldn't ignore Alexander. Elizabeth glanced at Alexander, and Alexander happened to look over as well. Their eyes met, and his gaze was very calm. Elizabeth thought about the three-month contract she had signed with Alexander. "Got it," Elizabeth smiled gently. Lily's mood brightened. Alexander also felt inexplicably at ease.

Elara stood up and said to Alexander, "Alexander, come out, Mom has something to talk to you about." "Okay," Alexander followed her out. Elizabeth watched their figures, but was brought back to reality by Lily calling her, "Elizabeth, stop looking. Tell me, how have you been lately?" Elizabeth chatted with Lily while helping her check her body. Since Alexander and Elara were not in the ward, it was more convenient for Elizabeth.

Outside, Elara pulled Alexander away and asked, "What's going on between you and Elizabeth now?" "I'm pursuing her," Alexander put away his phone. "Did she stay at your place last night?" Elara asked. Alexander nodded, "Yes." "Elizabeth has a soft heart!" Elara couldn't help but feel sorry for Elizabeth. Elara glared at Alexander and patted his arm, "If you really manage to win back Elizabeth's heart, you must treat her well! You owe Elizabeth for a lifetime, and you can never repay it!"

Elara pushed Alexander again and accidentally touched the back of his right hand. Alexander immediately pulled his hand back, his brows furrowed, and he took a sharp breath. Elara noticed this small detail and grabbed his arm, asking, "What's wrong?" "Nothing, I just fell last night." His entire hand was swollen, and his fingers were very thin, so it looked quite obvious. He had been driving all morning, and Elizabeth had seen that his hand was swollen, but she hadn't shown any concern. Thinking about this, Alexander felt quite disappointed.

"Weren't you with Elizabeth last night?" "My villa had a power outage last night, and I accidentally fell. Don't ask anymore," Alexander was annoyed. Elara raised an eyebrow, "Isn't this a great opportunity?" "What opportunity?"

Alexander wanted to go back to the ward with her. Elara pulled Alexander and said, "Come with me." Alexander didn't understand but was led away by Elara.

Second floor, orthopedics. When Alexander was brought over, he was a bit stunned. Elara found an acquaintance and the first thing she said was, "Can you give him a certificate for a bone fracture? And wrap his hand?" Alexander was puzzled. "Make it look as serious as possible!" This way, when Elizabeth saw it, wouldn't she feel sorry for Alexander? Then the two of them would have a common topic again.

Alexander finally understood Elara's intention. He quickly stopped her, saying, "She knows there's nothing wrong with my hand. Doing this is a bit too deliberate, isn't it?" Just now in the ward, he was fine; how could he come back injured after just a short while? It was too unrealistic; Elizabeth wouldn't believe it. Elara replied, "Just leave it to me!"