

Unrepairable Love / I married a man

Chapter 891

Thrabeth had been in the ward for a long time, but Alexander still hadn't returned. Just as she was about to leave, the door opened. Elara walked in, sighing, "I told you not to get involved! Now you've hurt your hand so badly you can't even take care of yourself?"

Elizabeth was stunned. She saw Alexander following behind Elara, his right hand wrapped in gauze and hanging by his side. "What happened?" Elizabeth asked in confusion, taking a couple of steps forward. "His right hand?" Wasn't that the hand he used to support her yesterday? Could it be a bone injury? She had seen him driving today without any issues, just a bit of swelling.

"He accidentally hit his hand while helping someone earlier," Elara explained. "It was already swollen before, but he wouldn't say how it happened. The doctor said it's a bone injury and needs a cast, but he refused and just had it wrapped in gauze."

Elizabeth listened, feeling quite puzzled. Why did Elara's explanation sound so confusing? "Do you bleed?" Elizabeth asked. Alexander immediately shook his head. "No." What if she insisted on unwrapping it to check? Elizabeth was so meticulous; it would be hard to fool her.

"My hand was really swollen earlier, so I went to get it checked," Alexander said, hiding his hand behind his back. "The doctor said it's not a big deal, just wrapped it up." Elizabeth stared directly at Alexander. Worried that she might have caused him some trouble, she said, "I'll go ask the doctor."

"Hey!" Alexander immediately reached out to stop Elizabeth. He looked at her, a bit flustered. Elara then said, "Anyway, the doctor said he shouldn't use his hand for the next few days and should rest well." Elizabeth looked at Elara, who added, "Maybe we should hire a caregiver to take care of you at home." Alexander pressed his lips together, saying nothing.

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"Caregiver? No, they are not reliable," Lily chimed in. "No matter how unreliable they are, they won't dare to show it in front of Alexander, will they?" Elara questioned seriously.

Lily continued, "Alexander has a sensitive stomach and is picky about food. Would a caregiver know what he likes to eat? You know Alexander's temper. If he's even a little dissatisfied, he'll fire them. By the time he gets used to that caregiver, his hand will probably be healed. Better not hire one."

Elara listened quietly, occasionally glancing at Elizabeth. Elizabeth watched the two of them go back and forth. "So what do we do? I can't take care of him; I'm really busy," Elara quickly waved her hand, indicating she couldn't handle it.

Lily laughed, "Why not have him stay with me? I need someone to take care of me anyway; I can take care of him too." Elizabeth immediately said, "You can't."

"But his hand is a serious injury, and it's his right hand. We can't just ignore him," Lily argued. Elizabeth didn't know how to respond. Why did something feel off, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it? The atmosphere in the room grew tense.

Alexander and Elara exchanged glances. He thought Elizabeth wouldn't take care of him. She was avoiding him as much as possible now. Elara hadn't expected it to be this awkward.

"I can manage on my own," Alexander said softly, with a hint of grievance. "At worst, I'll skip breakfast and just drink some water at night." Hearing this, Elizabeth felt even more puzzled. It seemed like they were trying to guide her into getting involved. So, was his hand really injured again? Or was he using this as an excuse to get her to take care of him?

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Elizabeth pursed her lips. After all, Alexander's hand was injured because of her. If his hand really couldn't exert force, it wouldn't be a big deal for her to take care of Alexander. He could have just said so. Why did he have to put on an act with Elara?

"How can I just let you drink some water? It's no problem, I can make a few more trips! It's fine, really," Elara said with exaggerated acting.

Elizabeth was even more certain. Yes, they were putting on a show for her!

Just as Lily was about to chime in and help, Elizabeth raised her hand to interrupt.

“Alright, I’ll take care of you,” Elizabeth said, her gaze falling on Alexander with a look of disdain.

Alexander was about to come clean, but when he heard Elizabeth’s words, he swallowed what he was about to say.

“Is this really okay? Is it convenient?” Elara asked, half-pleased, half-inquiring.

Elizabeth replied, “Not really.”

Elara said, “Then maybe we should just...” The words “forget it” never came out.

Elizabeth was even more certain that this was a trap. But she was willing to jump into it.

“Alright, I’ll do it,” Elizabeth smiled, not very concerned.

Elara immediately stopped acting and agreed directly. She didn’t forget to praise, “See, it has to be you, Elizabeth. You’re more attentive.”

“Elizabeth, with you taking care of Alexander, I’m much more at ease. After all, you’ve been with him for so long, you know his tastes.”

Elizabeth looked at Alexander and smiled, “Not really. We’ve been together for so many years and never had a meal together.” Every time they were about to eat, Alexander was called away. The memories came flooding back. He felt even more ashamed.

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“But I still know what he likes to eat,” Elizabeth added. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Elizabeth added, “But I’m usually quite busy. I can’t handle breakfast. We can have dinner together, is that okay?”

Alexander nodded immediately. Being able to have dinner with Elizabeth in the evening was already very satisfying for him.

“Okay,” Elizabeth nodded.

After sitting for a while longer, Elizabeth received a phone call. She needed to go to the research institute. There were still things waiting for her to discuss over there.

Alexander saw Elizabeth off. While they were waiting for the elevator, Elizabeth thought of Aubrey. "If you have nothing else to do, go check on Aubrey during the day."

Whatever Elizabeth instructed him to do, he would do. Alexander smiled, "Okay."

Elizabeth nodded and entered the elevator. The elevator was crowded, and Elizabeth was pushed to the back. Alexander stood in front of her. He didn't even realize that his supposedly injured hand was propped against the elevator wall, completely exposed.

Elizabeth looked up and met Alexander's gaze. She had to admit, Alexander had become much more considerate than before. Having a man in the elevator shielding her from everything felt quite warm. Elizabeth lowered her head and stopped looking at him.

"Elizabeth, thank you."

Perhaps she had already seen through his little schemes. But she still agreed. Wasn't this her giving him a chance?

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Elizabeth paused. The elevator doors opened, and she looked at Alexander for a moment. He thanked her. So unfamiliar. It was strange; she should accept this unfamiliarity. But for some reason, she didn't want Alexander to be polite with her.

Elizabeth walked ahead, and Alexander quietly followed. Elizabeth asked him, "Can you still drive with your hand like that?" He raised his hand and instinctively said, "Yes, it's no big deal." Elizabeth squinted. No big deal?

Alexander only realized after he exited the elevator that, with his hand like this, how could he drive Elizabeth? "Elizabeth," Alexander called to her, "I'll call a driver."

"Then what's the point for both of us? Why don't I just take a cab back? That way, you won't have to go through the trouble."

“How would it be trouble for me?” Alexander didn’t think it was trouble at all. Being able to spend time with Elizabeth, even for a second, made him very happy.

As soon as they reached the hospital lobby, Elizabeth ran into an acquaintance. “Elizabeth?”

Elizabeth stopped, somewhat dazed, not recognizing who it was. “I’m Delbert Loomis, we were in the same class in college, don’t you remember?”

Elizabeth paused, not remembering, but she seemed to have a vague impression. Delbert knew Elizabeth couldn’t remember him. “I used to date Esme, does that ring a bell?” Delbert said, feeling a bit embarrassed.

Elizabeth was taken aback, then looked at Delbert. When Delbert said that, Elizabeth immediately remembered. “Esme’s first boyfriend in freshman year, right?” Elizabeth asked. Delbert nodded.

Delbert didn’t have much money back then, and Esme was a socialite. So many people criticized him. The one who criticized him the most was Elizabeth. Elizabeth felt awkward. She felt quite sorry for Delbert. Actually, Delbert was quite good to Esme back then. But she always felt Delbert wasn’t sincere.

“I was wrong,” Elizabeth joked. Delbert immediately said, “It’s all in the past. After all, our family backgrounds didn’t match.”

Delbert then noticed Alexander standing behind Elizabeth. He said, “You and Mr. Tudor?” “We’re here to visit a family elder,” Elizabeth smiled.

Delbert then asked, “Are you two getting back together? There have been a lot of people saying you might be.” Elizabeth was annoyed. What rumors were spreading nonsense again? They weren’t getting back together.

Elizabeth explained, “No. We’re just here to visit an elder.” Delbert said, “I see. We’re having a class reunion early next month, are you coming?”

“I’m not going,” Elizabeth immediately refused. She barely remembered Delbert, let alone the other classmates. Why would she go, just to be chased around with questions like, “Did you and Alexander get divorced?” “Are you planning to get back together with Alexander?” She didn’t want to be a joke.

Delbert said, "Come on. Back then, so many people in our class liked you. Several guys are still single and a good match for you; they're all quite successful now!"

Alexander immediately coughed upon hearing this. Alexander was still standing there. 'Mr. Tudor. We're just chatting casually among classmates!' Delbert explained.

Alexander said, "She has work to do. Do you have anything else? If not, we'll be going." Delbert was still a bit reluctant. Class reunions were more fun with more people, after all.

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If Elizabeth could go, it would definitely be more fun.

"Mr. Tudor, our class reunion allows family members. Why don't you and Ms. Percy come together?"

When Delbert asked this, Elizabeth thought he was crazy. "What are you talking about?" she quickly interrupted, before he could explain further.

"I'm not going. He's not going either. You said family members, and he's not my family member, so why should he go with me?" Elizabeth said irritably. She glanced at the time and said, "I really have something to do. Let's talk next time we have a chance to meet."

"Elizabeth, can we exchange phone numbers?" Delbert asked.

Elizabeth immediately shook her head. "If we're destined to meet, we will meet again." She didn't want any further contact with Delbert and the others.

Delbert smiled helplessly. Elizabeth's status was clear, and he didn't mind being rejected by her. In Delbert's impression, Elizabeth was always like this. If she didn't want to give, she wouldn't. She had principles. And this principled Elizabeth had no principles at all in front of Alexander. Elizabeth was also pitiful.

Elizabeth left the hospital, and a gust of wind blew, making her feel very uncomfortable. Elizabeth asked Alexander, "How are we getting home?"

"I can drive," he insisted.

Elizabeth didn't argue further. After all, she knew Alexander was pretending his hand was injured; he just had thick bandages on his hand, which would only slightly affect his driving. Fortunately, Alexander drove slowly and steadily all the way.

Elizabeth returned home. Alexander opened the car door for her. As soon as Elizabeth got out of the car, she saw Declan coming out of the yard.

Declan didn't go to work today because he had waited for Elizabeth for a long time last night. He stood in the yard, looking tired, staring straight at Elizabeth and Alexander.

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The moment Elizabeth saw Declan, she felt a wave of shame. "Dad," she called out. Elizabeth glanced at Alexander. Alexander also greeted, "Mr. Percy." Declan stared at the two of them for a long time. Elizabeth and Alexander didn't dare to breathe. It felt like an eternity before Declan finally spoke, "Since you're here, come on in."

Alexander felt a sense of relief. Elizabeth said, "Dad, he won't get in." "I was talking to him, not you," Declan glanced at Elizabeth and then went inside. Alexander immediately followed. Elizabeth was stunned. Declan was willing to see Alexander, which made Alexander quite happy. Whether Declan was going to push Alexander away or say something to him, Alexander would seize any opportunity. Elizabeth quickly followed.

In the living room, Alexander was sitting on one side of the sofa. Declan was making coffee, and the room was very warm. When he came in, Alexander saw the Christmas tree at the door. Declan had decorated it beautifully, and the one Alexander had decorated at home was not even a fraction as good as Declan's.

"Have some coffee, Mr. Tudor," he handed the coffee cup to Alexander.

Alexander couldn't stand it. "Mr. Percy, just call me by my name."

"I wouldn't dare," Declan said sarcastically.

Alexander was instantly speechless. Elizabeth sighed, "Dad, since you invited him in, don't talk to him like that."

Declan immediately asked, "What, do you feel sorry for him?"

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Elizabeth clearly didn't mean that, and Declan knew her well. Declan asked, "Were you together last night?"

"Yes," Alexander answered truthfully. "Mr. Percy, we didn't do anything. It's just that my house lost power, so..." He didn't finish his sentence.

Declan then looked at Elizabeth and said calmly, "Did something happen to you at Dream City?"

"No, Dad," Elizabeth shook her head.

Declan's grip on his coffee cup tightened. His arm was still suspended in the air, and after hearing Elizabeth's words, he placed the cup on the table. The coffee spilled out of the cup.

Elizabeth instantly understood. Since Declan asked, it meant he already knew what happened at Dream City yesterday. She had been hiding it from him, but it was clear she couldn't keep it a secret any longer.

"Dad," Elizabeth called him, "There was a little accident; but I'm fine. Thanks to Alexander for arriving in time."

Declan said nothing. That was why Declan invited Alexander in—because he saved Elizabeth in a critical moment last night.

"Young people act impulsively, without considering the consequences. How can you go to a place like Dream City alone?" Declan's tone carried blame. "Elizabeth, did you ever think about what would happen to our family if something happened to you at Dream City? No matter how capable you are, you're still a girl!"

Declan was really shaken after learning about the incident at Dream City. He was genuinely scared.

Alexander also felt a bit guilty. "Mr. Percy, this matter is partly my responsibility. I had said earlier that I would go with her. But..."

"This has nothing to do with you," Declan interrupted Alexander.

Alexander immediately shut his mouth and said no more.

Elizabeth lowered her head, twirling her fingers, and said, “Dad, don’t be so harsh.”

Declan sighed. The atmosphere in the living room was indeed serious, making it hard to breathe.

Declan asked her, “Did you thank Mr. Tudor?”

Elizabeth nodded, “I did.”

“Staying at Mr. Tudor’s house for a night is your way of thanking him?”

“Dad!” Elizabeth really didn’t want to hear that. It was because the road was blocked last night, and she had no choice but to stay.

“If you have any complaints, take them out on me. Don’t talk about Elizabeth like that. I was the one who insisted she stay,” Alexander finally spoke up.

Declan glared at him. Alexander had to stand up; if he didn’t, Declan would look down on him even more.

“Are you not working anymore?” Declan asked Alexander. Declan had gone out for coffee with a client yesterday and heard that Alexander hadn’t shown up at the Tudor Group for many days. The Tudor Group was being managed by Alexander’s assistant.

“I decided to take a break,” Alexander answered truthfully.

Declan chuckled, “Is it for our Elizabeth?”

“Dad, he’s not doing it for me! Don’t overthink it. How could I be worth him leaving the Tudor Group!” Elizabeth quickly interrupted Declan’s continued questioning.

If Alexander said yes, Declan would definitely be displeased. Although Declan wanted Alexander to care about her, he also believed that a man’s career was important and should be balanced.

“I thought it was for my daughter, but it seems I was wrong. My daughter still isn’t worth it,” Declan scoffed coldly.

Elizabeth froze.

“I thought my daughter was your top priority now. Turns out she’s not?” Declan looked at Alexander, constantly putting him in difficult situations.

Alexander felt like he was being put on the spot. He didn’t even know what to say. In the three years of their marriage, he had hardly seen Declan, and Declan must have hated him deeply.

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In the silence, Declan said calmly, “Stay for dinner tonight.”

Elizabeth’s eyes widened instantly. Declan was asking Alexander to stay for dinner? Alexander also doubted if he had heard correctly. He asked incredulously, “Are you saying I should stay for dinner?”

“Yeah, you. Who else? Does my daughter need me to stay?” Declan glared at Alexander.

Alexander immediately smiled, “Okay.”

“Are you free this afternoon?”

“Yes!” Alexander answered excitedly.

Elizabeth looked at Alexander. She actually saw a kind of excitement on Alexander’s face, like a little boy getting candy. This kind of Alexander, she hadn’t seen in many years. So strange, a bit out of place.

“Then let’s go out and buy groceries later.” Declan suddenly stood up. Alexander also stood up, “Okay, Mr. Percy. At your command.”

“What’s wrong with your hand?” Declan pointed to Alexander’s hand.

Alexander immediately said, “It’s no big deal, I can do anything!” Alexander suddenly regretted it a bit; he shouldn’t have wrapped that bandage! If he had to carry things later, his hand would be inconvenient. The first step to pleasing Declan was tripped up by his own trap. Alexander sighed.

“Let’s go upstairs and talk,” Elizabeth said to Declan. Declan was really acting too strange today.

She even suspected if Declan was planning to have someone kill Alexander. Why was Declan inviting Alexander in, making coffee for him, and now asking him to stay for dinner? The key point was, Declan even wanted to take Alexander to buy groceries?

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“No need to talk. I heard Geraldo McGinnis has a very fat fish; let’s check it out and buy it to cook for dinner.” Declan stood up and walked out. Alexander immediately followed.

“Alexander!” Elizabeth was full of melancholy. Why was he so obedient to Declan? Whether his hand was faking or real, it was inconvenient for him to be around with Declan, right? Elizabeth had no idea what Declan was up to.

Declan got in the car and said calmly, “Let’s go to Greenwood Market first.”

“Okay.” Alexander was obedient.

Declan glanced at him, picked up his phone, took a photo, and said, “Can I post this on Facebook?”

“Post me?” Alexander asked.

Declan nodded, “Yes.”

Alexander smiled, “Go ahead.”

Declan immediately posted the photo on Facebook with the caption: I hired a driver today.

“What did you post?” Alexander wanted to take a look. Alexander didn’t have Declan’s Facebook; he had been blacklisted by the Percy family for a long time. Declan showed him the Facebook post. When Alexander saw the message, he was speechless.

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Declan’s Facebook post caused a stir in the comments.

Friend A: What’s going on??

Friend B: Did Elizabeth and Mr. Tudor get back together?

Friend C: I told you, the best match for Elizabeth is Alexander. And Alexander is really handsome.

Friend D: Declan, you made Alexander your driver, haha! Impressive.

Some even sent Facebook messages directly to Declan, asking what was going on between him and Elizabeth. Declan simply replied: "I don't meddle in the kids' affairs." He didn't respond further.

Elizabeth took a shower and changed clothes at home. Seeing Declan's Facebook post, she was speechless. Only Declan would dare to make Alexander his driver. Even Elizabeth herself wouldn't dare post on Facebook saying Alexander was her driver, even though Alexander was pursuing her now. After all, Alexander was Alexander. To Elizabeth, he always had an aura that made people look up to him. So the scene of Alexander kneeling before her was something she could never forget in this lifetime. That was Alexander. And it happened in front of so many people at the airport.

Elizabeth lay on her bed, sighed, and sent a message to Declan.

Elizabeth: [Dad, that's enough.]

Declan immediately replied: [I don't believe he would dare embarrass me. Besides, if he's pursuing you, shouldn't he lower himself?]

Elizabeth: [Dad, nothing will happen between Alexander and me. Stop targeting him so much.]

Declan: [Who knows if there's really no future between you and Alexander.]

Declan had no confidence in Elizabeth at all. She didn't have any of the Percy family's toughness. Elizabeth fell silent. Perhaps the person who understood her best would always be Declan.

Declan put down his phone as the car stopped in front of a one-stop shopping store.

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Alexander quickly got out of the car and opened the door for Declan. Declan glanced at him; he seemed quite perceptive. This was his first time going out

with Alexander. The person Elizabeth had liked for seven years, and this was his first close encounter with Alexander. Funny, wasn't it? He didn't even know Alexander well and had let Elizabeth marry him. In a way, wasn't he an unqualified father?

"Do you usually shop here?" Declan asked Alexander.

The store was large and very clean. It was a membership-based store with imported and branded goods that couldn't be purchased without a membership. Alexander had never been here before. To be precise, he never needed to shop for himself.

"I don't usually shop. But if you like, I can accompany you or Elizabeth shopping more often," Alexander replied with a faint smile, a perfect answer.

Declan responded with an "Oh," and said, "Before Elizabeth married you, she loved shopping. Did you know she's a great cook?"

Alexander immediately nodded. Yes, Elizabeth was a great cook.

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"It's funny, isn't it? After she married you, she cut off all contact with us. When her mom and I miss her, we just wait for her here." Declan felt a bit uncomfortable as he said these words. He had to wait in a store just to see his daughter. Wasn't that funny? Alexander's eyes were filled with guilt.

"Tell me, isn't it foolish for a woman to break ties with her family for a man at any cost?" Declan suddenly threw the question at Alexander. Alexander had no answer.

You can answer honestly. If it were me, I'd be annoyed. First, I don't like her, and second, I feel pressured by her actions. What about you? Declan was definitely direct. Alexander could only follow quietly, "Actually, I was willing to marry her at first."

"Really? Elizabeth told me that you did want to marry her at first; you were just settling. You thought anyone would do. After your divorce, she got drunk one night and cried to me, saying you never liked her, it was always one-sided." Declan sighed deeply. The supermarket lights were bright as the two walked slowly.

Declan said, “Do you know what it’s like as a father to hear your daughter say these things and feel powerless?”

“It’s like having a needle pierce your heart, and all you can do is watch your daughter cry!” Declan was in pain. Declan had spoiled Elizabeth since she was little. Declan just hoped his daughter would be cherished and not be easily deceived by man’s sweet words. And now, Alexander didn’t even deceive her. He didn’t even need to lift a finger, and Elizabeth followed him.

Alexander felt guilty, “It’s my fault. I failed Elizabeth and betrayed your trust in me.”

“If I could start over, I would choose Elizabeth again.” Alexander said calmly, “Elizabeth said I never loved her, but she was wrong. I liked her from the beginning.”

“Save those words for Elizabeth. Don’t bother saying them to me.” Declan waved his hand, not believing Alexander’s claim of liking Elizabeth from the start. Men could be very stubborn, ten times more so than women. When a man truly liked a woman, he only wanted to marry her for life!

But when a man was indecisive, he would have countless excuses! So when you asked a man a question and he didn’t answer immediately, it meant he was judging, hesitating, and thinking of how to brush it off!

“I’m serious. Elizabeth and I knew each other since high school, you know that.” Alexander explained. Declan just smiled.

Alexander continued, “The reason I couldn’t live well with Elizabeth was because I was kidnapped back then. Elizabeth saved me, but Esme took her place.”

“I mistook Esme for Elizabeth and gave all the love meant for Elizabeth to Esme.” Declan stopped walking. He looked at Alexander, his tone heavy, “But Alexander, if it wasn’t Elizabeth who saved you in the end, wouldn’t you still have let her down? So the prerequisite for you to like her is that she saved you.” Alexander was once again left speechless by this statement. It wasn’t the first time he had heard it. It was a statement he could never refute.

“Let me ask you a question.” Declan looked at Alexander, suddenly thinking of something. Alexander just nodded, signaling Declan to go ahead.

“Before you knew Elizabeth saved you, when she asked for a divorce, did you ever think about not divorcing her?”

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Alexander clearly told Declan, “Mr. Percy, I didn’t understand back then. Every time I delayed, it was because I didn’t want a divorce. But because of Esme’s pressure, I had to go through with the divorce from Elizabeth. It’s funny; there was even a time when I didn’t want a divorce, so I secretly hid Elizabeth’s ID card.”

That ID card was still in Alexander’s car.

After hearing this, Declan visibly breathed a sigh of relief. Good, this meant Alexander truly had feelings for Elizabeth. Having genuine feelings, plus Elizabeth saving him—no wonder he’s now kneeling to her, begging for forgiveness, and wanting to get back with her.

Declan sighed. Although Alexander genuinely liked Elizabeth, Declan still had to hold him accountable.

Declan arrived at the seafood shop. Pointing at a live fish, Declan asked Alexander, “I came to buy this fish today, but the owner said he’s too busy to help me process it. Can you help me with it?”

Alexander was stunned. Process what? The fish? How would he know how to do that? And the fish was still fresh, swimming lively in the water. Besides, his hand... Alexander raised his right hand, which was wrapped in a thick layer of bandages. It clearly wasn’t convenient for him to handle the fish.

Declan realized Alexander’s hand was still injured. “Never mind,” Declan waved his hand, taking off his coat as he said, “I’ll do it myself!”

Alexander swallowed and quickly said, “How about I give it a try?”

“You don’t know how to do this! Who knows how long it will take you!” Declan said, but he was already waiting for Alexander to step forward.

“I’ll try. You can just guide me from the side!” Alexander quickly stepped up, unwrapping the bandage on his right hand. It wasn’t a big deal anyway, especially in front of Declan and not Elizabeth. Declan didn’t know what happened to Alexander’s hand; he could just re-bandage it later.

“Your hand,” Declan saw that the back of his hand was swollen and red.

Alexander said, “It’s fine.”

Declan frowned. The staff inside didn’t dare say anything because Declan had already told them not to interfere and let Alexander do it. Alexander had never handled fresh seafood before. He put on gloves and an apron, standing by the sink, puzzled. What now, catch the fish?

Seeing Alexander’s puzzled look, Declan couldn’t help but laugh inwardly. Although Alexander was a big shot in Lisbon, it was clear that he had no experience in daily life! Elizabeth was a doctor and could manage a household. She and Alexander were indeed a good match, very complementary.

“Pick up the fish,” Declan reminded Alexander.

So you would see a nearly six-foot-tall, slim, handsome man in casual clothes, bending over, looking confused as he tried to catch the fish but couldn’t. The fish was too slippery. People passing by couldn’t help but look over. Those who shopped here weren’t ordinary people; everyone knew Alexander. Some even recorded the scene and posted it online, captioning it: [I saw Alexander catching fish.] [Alexander and Declan, it looks like Alexander really wants to remarry Elizabeth!]

At the Getty Group building, Kieran, tired after a meeting, saw the news and was green with envy.

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Chapter 900

He sent Alexander a Facebook message: [So, you quit your job to go fishing and fully pursue your wife, huh?]

Ivan, on a business trip, saw the video and felt even more threatened. He quickly messaged Elizabeth, reminding her not to forget about him.

It was the end of the year, and work was really busy. Ivan hadn’t seen Elizabeth for many days. He worried that when he returned from his trip, Elizabeth would tell him she had reconciled with Alexander.

Alexander had been trying to catch a fish for a long time but hadn't succeeded. Declan couldn't help but laugh. "Catching fish requires skill. You either grab the head or the tail; the middle is the hardest to catch."

Saying this, Declan went to demonstrate for Alexander. Declan directly netted the fish, grabbed its head, and lifted it up. The fish thrashed its tail wildly, splashing water everywhere.

Alexander stepped back and frowned. It smelled really fishy and unpleasant. He was a bit of a clean freak. "Hey, weigh this for me!" Declan shouted to someone inside.

When Declan looked back at Alexander, he saw that Alexander had already stepped aside. After trying to catch the fish for so long without success, Alexander's face didn't look good, and he was even sweating on his forehead. Declan laughed. "Not very good at this, are you, Alexander?"

Alexander felt embarrassed. He said helplessly, "I still need to learn from you." Declan didn't like this answer; it was too formal. It felt like dealing with people at the office. "Indeed," he replied perfunctorily.

The fish was weighed. Declan asked him, "Can you process it?"

Alexander frowned at the word. He really couldn't. He couldn't even catch the fish, so this task seemed beyond him. "I'll give it a try," Alexander said, bracing himself.

Chapter 900

Declan laughed. Alexander stared at the fish on the cutting board. "First, cut off the fish's head," the waiter reminded him. Alexander gripped the knife tightly and awkwardly cut at the fish's head.

Declan took a video with his phone and sent it to Elizabeth. Elizabeth was stunned when she saw the video. What the hell?

Elizabeth: [Dad, you had Alexander kill a fish?] Declan: [I'm training his life skills.] Elizabeth: [Stop it, just come back.] Declan: [What, you feel sorry for him?]

Elizabeth closed Facebook and realized that her Facebook and Instagram were now filled with videos of Alexander killing the fish.

The seafood shop was very clean, and Alexander was very quiet. He kept his head down, and because he didn't know how to do it, his movements were stiff, his brows furrowed, and he looked very serious. His hands were very good-looking, with a hint of pink at the knuckles. He occasionally pursed his lips out of nervousness.

The video was shot in high definition, and Elizabeth inexplicably felt a sense of reassurance from him. It was very reassuring, giving a sense of a husband, making one feel at home. Alexander looked very handsome when he was serious about his work; that hadn't changed over the years.

The comments section was full of praise for Alexander's good looks. Soon, the news of Alexander killing a fish topped the trending charts. Elizabeth was both amused and exasperated.