

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man Novel Alternative

## Chapter 91 - 100

The Perry family's yard was packed with flowers; Lila had practically bought every rose in Lishun for Elizabeth. Elizabeth stood on the balcony, gazing at the roses, lost in thought. With a friend like this, who needs a...

“What’s all this?” Declan, just home from work, looked confused. “Got a new admirer? Well, someone’s keen!”

“Don’t let some guy fool you with a yard full of roses!” Declan warned Elizabeth, looking up.

Elizabeth gave a sad smile. Her phone rang suddenly. She turned and leaned against the railing; it was Alexander calling. Elizabeth hesitated a moment before answering. She put the phone to her ear, her tone cold and distant. “Mr. Tudor.”

“Come out. I’m at your door.” His voice was clear and commanding.

Elizabeth panicked. What? She quickly looked outside. Beyond the roses, she saw a silver-gray supercar parked under a tree. What for? she wondered. Alexander rarely came to the Percy house. Why so often lately?

“Esme was unreasonable and upset you today. I’m here to apologize for her.” His voice was deep and somber.

Elizabeth lowered her eyes, her heart skipping a beat. She never expected Alexander to apologize to her for Esme. After all, he was the man in control of the entire economy of Lishun. He never bowed to anyone, but he would for Esme.

Elizabeth sighed. “No need, I’m not angry.”

Alexander was silent for a moment, then said bitterly, “You’re not angry?”

Elizabeth softly responded. She used to get angry because she loved Alexander. Now that she no longer loved him and wasn’t his wife, what was

there to be angry about? Besides, Lila had already bought her a yard full of roses to cheer her up. Actually, she was easy to cheer up.

Elizabeth said, "You should go back and rest early."

She hung up. In the call log, she suddenly saw Joseph's name. It was a call that lasted nearly two minutes. How come she had no memory of talking to Joseph? She checked the time and was stunned. It was the early morning? Then who answered it? A bold idea popped into Elizabeth's mind. Could it be that Alexander took that call?

At that moment, she heard someone downstairs say, "Elizabeth, come down!"

It was Declan, sounding very irritable. Elizabeth responded and hurried downstairs. But as soon as they reached the entrance, she saw who was at the door.

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Her breath hitched. Was Alexander crazy? Why did he come? Declan frowned, blocking Alexander at the door. Alexander, in a white shirt and black suit pants, stood straight at the door, holding a black box.

In Elizabeth's memory, this was the third time Alexander had come to the house. The first time, she had dragged him here to introduce him to her parents, saying she'd marry no one but him. The second time, he had fallen for Esme and came to break off the engagement. That day, the Percy family fell into darkness, but he left without looking back. This was the third time. For what? To apologize for Esme.

Elizabeth stood still, looking at Alexander with indescribable bitterness. This feeling was unpleasant.

"Your ex-husband is here to see you!" Declan said angrily.

Alexander wasn't surprised by Declan's attitude. After all, Elizabeth had hurt Declan the most to marry him, and he, in turn, had hurt Declan's beloved daughter, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth pressed her lips together. Since Alexander had already come to her house, she couldn't avoid him any longer. She walked up to Alexander, ready to go out with him.

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Declan grabbed Elizabeth's arm. Thrabeth and Alexander both looked at Declan, whose face was grim.

"Thrabeth, we need to clear things up quickly. It's better for everyone if you're fired sooner," Declan said. Though he spoke to Elizabeth, Alexander knew the message was for him. Declan wanted them to get divorced.

"Get it, Dad," Elizabeth replied calmly. She signaled Alexander to step outside with her. He followed, noticing her in a simple black dress, her long hair cascading over her shoulders. Her collarbone was striking, but the bandaged wrists and back reminded him of her injuries, sending a chill through him.

"Mr. Tudors, you're persistent, even coming to my house. I told you, I'm not mad," Elizabeth said, picking a rose and removing its thorns. Alexander noticed the garden full of roses. "Did Joseph send these?" he asked.

Thabeth sniffed the rose and casually replied, "Viral." Alexander's face darkened. Joseph was really going all out.

Elizabeth led him to the door. Alexander chuckled. "In a hurry to get rid of me?"

"The Percy family isn't welcoming to you, Mr. Tudor. I hope you understand," Elizabeth said with a cool smile.

Alexander squinted, studying her. Was it her family that didn't welcome him, or was she worried about Joseph seeing them? He sneered, "Ms. Percy, you've become quite articulate since you left."

Elizabeth leaned against the wall and extended her hand to him. Alexander sighed, "Seems my gift doesn't matter anymore."

"What do you mean?" Elizabeth asked, confused.

You asked me out here, now you say it doesn't matter. What do you want?" she thought.

"This garden full of roses is too dazzling, Ms. Percy. Can you even see anything else?" Alexander mocked.

Elizabeth fell silent. The roses were dazzling, but what did that have to do with his gift? Was Alexander jealous? She sensed a hint of it in his tone.

“Mr. Tudor, if you don’t want to give it, then forget it. I wasn’t really interested anyway,” Elizabeth stated, feeling disdainful.

He asked her out, now he wouldn’t give the gift. Was he always this fickle?

Elizabeth sighed and turned to go back inside. Alexander grabbed her arm, anger surging. When did she become so heartless?

“What now?” Elizabeth glared at him, exhausted.

Alexander was stumped. What now? Was she in such a hurry to go back? Wasn’t she the one who used to cling to me?

Just as he was about to let her go, Elizabeth’s phone rang. It was Joseph. She quickly answered, “Joseph.”

Alexander heard Joseph on the other end saying, “Are your wounds better? When are you going back to change the dressings?”

“The doctor said in three days,” Elizabeth replied, kicking a small stone.

Alexander watched her and remembered Kieran had said that people in the throes of love tend to fidget a lot when talking on the phone. Were Elizabeth and Joseph in the throes of love?

“Okay, I’ll come to your house in the morning to take you to the hospital,” Joseph said gently. His words drilled into Alexander’s ears.

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“No need, I can go alone!” Elizabeth told Joseph. “I’m coming with you.” Joseph hung up before she could argue.

Elizabeth sighed, putting her phone down, and noticed Alexander still holding her hand. “Mr. Tudor, it’s not proper to keep holding my hand,” she gently reminded him. They were already divorced, and Alexander holding onto her was inappropriate. Moreover, if Esme saw it, she would be crying jealously.

“Are you really planning to be with Joseph?” Alexander asked, annoyed.

“Mind your own business,” Elizabeth said, pushing his hand away.

“Elizabeth, he’s not a good guy!” Alexander warned.

Elizabeth laughed. “He loved the worst person in the world. Do you think I’m scared of Joseph?”

Alexander was speechless. Was he the worst person in the world? “Mind your own business!” Elizabeth said, walking away.

Watching her leave, Alexander felt frustrated. Elizabeth was so unreasonable!

Just then, Nolan called, “Mr. Tudor, the president of Everlasting Spring Company wants us to concede three more points, or they’ll end the partnership. I found out they met with Mr. Stewart from Stewart Group yesterday. They’re considering a partnership.”

Upon hearing Joseph was mentioned, Alexander frowned, suppressing his irritation. “Call a video conference immediately and renegotiate.”

“Yes.” Nolan paused, then asked, “Mr. Tudor, did Mr. Tudor like the gift you chose?”

Alexander stayed silent. Nolan really had bad timing.

Sensing the silence, Nolan cautiously asked, “You didn’t give the gift, did you?”

Before Nolan could ask more, the call ended. Even Alexander had moments when he couldn’t give a gift. This was probably his biggest setback!

Elizabeth had just gotten home when the butler said, “Mr. York is here to visit!” Nick’s assistant followed, carrying large bags into the house.

Elizabeth was surprised. Why is Nick here so late? Did he figure out about the treatment she gave him today?

“Mr. York, what brings you here?” Declan was shocked.

Nick saw Elizabeth in the living room, frowning as he observed her. Celine and Grant hurried downstairs upon hearing Nick’s visit.

“Declan, sorry for the late visit,” Nick said, feeling helpless. Today’s girl’s demeanor and the silver pin engraved with an “E” made him suspect that she

might be Elizabeth or a disciple of Celine. He was desperate to find the girl who treated him!

“Prod. Perry! Sorry to bother you,” Nick greeted Celine with utmost respect. Celine was the leading expert. In the medical field, who didn’t respect her?

Seeing Nick so respectful to Celine, Elizabeth marveled at the difference social status makes. Nick was impressive, but in front of Celine, he had to be respectful.

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Nick got straight to the point, “Prod. Perry, do you have a young, very slender female apprentice?”

Elizabeth thought, Nick’s observation skills are really something. He started asking Celine because her medical style was similar to Celine’s. After all, Elizabeth’s skills were nurtured by Celine from a young age.

## Chapter 94

Celine was totally baffled. A female apprentice? She’d never taken on an apprentice before! The only person she ever wanted to mentor was Elizabeth, but Elizabeth was too rebellious and refused to learn medicine from her. It really ticked her off.

“Nick, have you forgotten I don’t take on apprentices?” Celine asked, looking stern.

Nick paused, suddenly remembering. He glanced at Elizabeth.

“Hello, Mr. York,” Elizabeth greeted with a smile, finally getting a chance to say hello.

Nick scrutinized Elizabeth. She looked a lot like the girl he saw earlier today. Could it be Elizabeth? he thought. Even though people said Elizabeth was a medical failure, he knew she was anything but simple.

However, that person’s voice was noticeably rougher than Elizabeth’s. Thinking of this, Nick took out a few silver needles from his pocket and handed them to Celine. “Prof. Percy, do you know whose these are?”

Celine picked them up and examined them. Elizabeth also looked at them, her face showing no recognition. Nick watched Elizabeth's expression and saw no signs of surprise or recognition, which left him disappointed. Could it really not be Elizabeth?

Celine was visibly shaken. "This is..."

Seeing Celine so shocked, Nick anxiously asked, "Prof. Percy, do you know something?"

Celine laughed heartily. "These are Emily's needles! She's very mysterious; I don't know her personally!"

Hearing this, Nick felt a bit dejected. It seemed it really wasn't Elizabeth. If it were her, how could the Percy family not know she had such great skills? That person was really low-key. She did good deeds and left without a trace, making it impossible for him to find her! If he could, he really wanted to have a good chat about medicine with that person; they would surely have a great conversation!

"Well, it's late. I won't disturb you any longer," Nick said, standing up.

"Prof. Percy," Nick continued, "Since it wasn't someone from the Percy family, the lead is now cold. But he still had to keep searching!"

"It's okay. Elizabeth will be reporting to the hospital in a few days; please take good care of her," Celine suddenly said.

"Don't worry, Prof. Percy. You rarely ask me for favors, so I'll make sure everything is arranged properly!" Nick replied earnestly.

"Good. Then I won't see you out!" Celine waved her hand.

Nick nodded and quickly left.

Grant yawned and muttered, "Weird. Why would he come to our house looking for someone?"

Only Celine, holding the silver needles on the table, slowly turned her gaze to Elizabeth.

The answer, of course, lay with Elizabeth. As Elizabeth turned around, she noticed Celine staring intently at her. Feeling a bit guilty, Elizabeth awkwardly smiled at Celine and then quickly left.

Three days later.

“How about I go to the hospital with you to change your dressing?” Rose said, finishing her last sip of hot porridge and looking at Elizabeth. “We don’t want any scars; they can be hard to deal with later.”

Elizabeth shook her head, wiping her mouth. “No need, Mom. Joseph will go with me.”

“Fine. I feel better with him accompanying you,” Rose nodded with a smile.

The doorbell rang. Elizabeth quickly got up and said to her family, “I’m heading to the hospital with Joseph. After that, I’ll go straight to the cardiology department to report.”

“Alright!” Celine was the most pleased. She rarely smiled, but today she was very happy.

Elizabeth felt helpless but thought, *As long as Celine is happy, it’s fine.*

Elizabeth jogged to the door and happily opened it, about to speak, but her expression froze when she saw who it was. Why was it him?

## Chapter 95

“Alexander, what are you doing here?” Elizabeth asked, eyes full of doubt.

Alexander’s face was sullen as he said, “Not happy to see me?” He could tell from Elizabeth’s changing expressions that she was unhappy. Was she disappointed it wasn’t Joseph?

Just then, Rose called from inside, “Elizabeth, what’s going on!”

“Nothing, Joseph’s here. I’m leaving!” Elizabeth said, grabbing Alexander’s arm and heading out.

Alexander frowned, noticing Elizabeth’s calm face as she lied. “Am I Joseph?”



“If you’re not scared of my dad chasing you out with a stick, go ahead and say who you are!” Elizabeth snapped, full of disdain.

Alexander went silent. Declan really might do that.

Elizabeth pushed Alexander to the door before letting go. “Why are you here again?”

“It’s been three days. I’m taking you to the hospital to change your bandages,” he said calmly. He wouldn’t let Joseph take her to the hospital. Everyone there knew Elizabeth was his wife. If Joseph went, what would people think?

Elizabeth found it odd. What was Alexander up to now? She knew the way to the hospital herself!

Elizabeth glared at Alexander. If looks could kill, he’d be dead.

“Why are you looking at me like that? You got hurt helping Esme. Is it wrong for me to take care of you?” He grabbed her wrist and led her to the car.

Elizabeth shook him off, annoyed. “I don’t need your care. I just pushed Esme aside; it was nothing! Alexander, just leave!” She pushed him towards the car hard.

Alexander grabbed her hand and pinned her against the car. “Are you afraid Joseph will see us?” He knew Joseph was supposed to take her to the hospital today.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and glared at him. “I had plans with Joseph. What are you doing here?”

“Elizabeth, you’re my wife. It’s my duty to take you to the hospital. What does it mean if you ask him to go with you?” Alexander’s eyes were cold as he scolded. “Wexander, get this straight. We’ve signed the divorce papers! I’m your ex-wife now, okay?” Elizabeth felt frustrated.

“As long as we haven’t submitted the papers to the court, we’re not divorced.” Alexander opened the car door and tried to push her inside.

Elizabeth struggled, her wound hurting, and she cried out, “Alexander, it hurts!”

Alexander turned to Elizabeth and saw her frowning, with her eyelashes trembling slightly. He stopped instantly and let her go.

Elizabeth glared at him and gently touched her wrist where the wound was. With her head down, breathing unevenly, she asked, “Alexander, what do you really want?”

He said he hated her, so she started avoiding him. He wanted a divorce for Esme, and they agreed. But he kept coming back. What more did she have to do to satisfy him? Did he intentionally torment her just because she had insisted on marrying him, causing them both to be unhappy?

In the distance, a car horn sounded. Elizabeth looked up and saw Joseph’s car. He sat inside, quietly watching them.

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Joseph got out of the car and walked over. Elizabeth took a couple of steps back, keeping her distance from Alexander. That retreat made Alexander's heart ache.

“Elizabeth, am I late?” Joseph joked.

“No,” Joseph was on time; Alexander had just arrived. “Want me to go with you to the hospital for your follow-up?” he asked.

She was about to leave with Joseph when Alexander grabbed her wrist, harder this time. Under the sycamore tree, morning sunlight streamed through the branches, casting dappled light on them. Alexander looked at Elizabeth’s trembling wrist and swallowed. He whispered, “Are you sure you want to go with him?”

Elizabeth looked at Alexander. Their eyes met. His emotions were unreadable, and she couldn’t figure him out. Maybe she never really understood Alexander. She remembered the summer of their senior year when Alexander brought *her* to school to break off their engagement. It was the same scene, except Alexander was holding Esme’s hand. She had tried to hold Alexander’s hand, asking, “Are you sure you want to break off the engagement?” He had pushed her away and left with Esme, leaving her humiliated in front of the whole school.

“Alexander, stop it.” Elizabeth’s tone was calm.

Alexander's turned sullen as he watched Elizabeth push his hand away and walk towards Joseph. Joseph opened the car door for Elizabeth and smiled at Alexander. "Mr. Tudor, I'll take care of Elizabeth. Don't worry."

Elizabeth paused at the car door and looked at Alexander. The light illuminated his face, and he looked at her with a burning gaze. Her heart skipped a beat. She bent down to get into the car. Alexander swallowed, his eyes darkening, and suddenly strode towards her. Joseph frowned, sensing Alexander's intention, and moved to stop him. But Alexander grabbed Elizabeth's arm and picked her up.

"Alexander!" Elizabeth called out, "You're crazy!"

He ignored Elizabeth and shot Joseph a cold, harsh glare, snapping, "Mr. Stewart, my wife's matters are none of your concern."

Elizabeth was stunned. She looked at Alexander, confused. What was he doing? Was this some weird possessiveness? "Alexander, put me down." Elizabeth pushed against his chest, frustrated. "Do you even know what you're doing?" she whispered angrily.

Alexander looked down at her, his voice low. "Elizabeth, if you still want a divorce, be good."

"What do you mean?" she asked, confused.

He placed her in the passenger seat and looked at her. "Exactly what it sounds like!"

## Chapter 97

Saburi and Dard. Idanklyan. Alexander got in the car. The height, the threat—was he threatening me? Wanting to be the one warned about the dance? When did this become my problem? The wind felt weak. So she smiled brightly and said, "Mr. Tuulor, thanks for your kindness."

Alexander bonded with her, meeting her eyes. Her smile was like a profile picture, making his heart race. "So, you're okay with letting me leave alone?" He leaned closer, his eyes fixed on her, his voice low, always competing with the engine. "Aren't you bringing unease, Malle? Este is already appeased. After we're divorced, you can move on. But my next relationship hasn't even started yet. I finally have a man, Fran Tre, but you interfere. How am I supposed to..."

Elizabeth's lips moved, but she fell silent as Alexander leaned in closer. She quieted down. He was so close that if he moved a bit more, she could kiss his lips. Alexander's expression wasn't great, but it didn't affect his good looks. His features were deep and handsomely defined.

Elizabeth didn't dare breathe, thinking he was about to do something. The atmosphere in the car thickened. Elizabeth bit her lip. His breath fell on her face, making her ears burn. But then she heard him unbuckling his seatbelt. He looked up at her again. "Why are you blushing?"

Elizabeth didn't answer. She looked out the window and continued, "If you keep interfering, when will I ever have..."

Alexander's fingers lifted her chin and pinched her face, forcing her to look at him. His fingers were hot, almost scorching her. She looked at his face, so close, breathlessly ecstatic.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

Elizabeth replied seriously, "The next marriage."

With Borph? Alexander raised an eyebrow, his gaze moving down from her eyes. She had applied a glossy lip tint, making her lips look especially kissable. Alexander stared at her lips, his Adam's apple bobbing. He usually had good self-control, but with Elizabeth, he was on the verge of losing it. He didn't like this feeling of being controlled!

Elizabeth instantly pushed his hand away and leaned forward, puzzled. "Mr. Tudor, do I need to report to you who I might date next?"

Alexander hesitated, and before he could answer, Elizabeth was about to lose her mind.

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"Alexander, that's enough." She pushed him away and tried to open the car door, but it wouldn't budge. "Open the door and let me out!" she glared at him. "Hurry up!"

Alexander didn't move but looked outside at Joseph. Joseph hadn't left. The more Elizabeth resisted, the less Alexander wanted to let her out. "Sit tight," he said coldly, then stepped on the gas.

The sports car sped away, as if showing off to Joseph. Elizabeth, frustrated, texted Joseph to apologize. Joseph replied politely: "It's okay. I was late." Seeing this, Elizabeth felt even more apologetic. Someone as emotionally stable as Joseph was suitable as a partner.

## Chapter 98

But her heart struggled to care for anyone else. Elizabeth couldn't help but glance at Alexander. He was brimming with a furtive homecoming. His intense gaze made him turn to her. Elizabeth quickly looked out the window, feeling flustered, her fingers nervously twisting together. Their relationship felt stuck.

The van stopped at the hospital entrance. Alexander opened the door for her, and Elizabeth gave him a quick glance before heading to the emergency room. Alexander followed, looking serious. Elizabeth felt uneasy and kept glancing back at him. Alexander frowned and stepped right up to her. "What are you looking at?" Elizabeth found it strange. She used to want Alexander with her everywhere. Now, she just found him annoying.

In the exam room, the same doctor from before was waiting. Elizabeth lowered her head, letting him change her bandages. Alexander asked, "Will she need to come back for another bandage change?" The doctor replied, "No." After a pause, Alexander added, "Will there be any—" "They're minor wounds, so no scars," the doctor replied. "Okay," Alexander seemed relieved. But Elizabeth felt a pang of bitterness. She wasn't afraid of scars; she already had some.

A nurse knocked on the door. "Doctor, someone is looking for you outside." The doctor wanted to tell them to wait, but Alexander nodded, so he left. Before Elizabeth could ask the doctor to stay, Alexander approached. He sat by the bed and reached out his hand, saying, "Give me your hand." Elizabeth didn't understand and didn't move. He took her hand and helped with the wounds the doctor hadn't finished treating. He was meticulous and gentle.

Elizabeth thought of high school when he always asked her to help with his wounds. "You could treat your own wounds," Elizabeth suddenly said. He responded with a serious look, which was quite handsome. "Every time you got into a fight and got hurt, you always came to me," Elizabeth said, feeling a bit heartbroken. She thought of the infirmary, but he always came to her. She wondered if Alexander liked her back then. He didn't want to dirty Eme's white dress with blood and dirt.

Thinking of this, Elizabeth couldn't hold back her grievance. "Wearden, you always bully me." He glanced at her but said nothing. The doctor came. "Just try to avoid getting the scabs wet," the doctor reminded her. Elizabeth nodded. "Thank you, doctor." "You're welcome. By the way, I heard you're going to report to the cardiothoracic department?" the doctor asked casually. Alexander intently looked at Elizabeth. She was going to work at the hospital? How come I didn't know about this?

## Chapter 99

Alexander and Elizabeth timed their arrival to see Time in a lab coat, holding a coffee cup. Lone x fare huge. No wonder they couldn't reach Alexander earlier; he was with Elizabeth at the hospital. Was he still hung up on his ex-wife?

"Am I interrupting?" Esme asked, bitterly.

Alexander quickly explained, "No. Elizabeth got into a few days ago, and I'm here to help with her bandages."

Elizabeth shot Alexander a glare, cursing him for being a two-timing jerk. Esme forced a smile. "Thanks to Elizabeth for helping me that day, otherwise..."

"He's using Elizabeth," she hissed.

Alexander narrowed his eyes at her. What was she up to?

Elizabeth smirked at Alexander. "Esme, you should keep an eye on your fiancé. He came to my house early this morning insisting on taking me to the hospital. I think he still has feelings for me."

Esme's face grew even more rigid.

"Elizabeth, stop talking nonsense," Alexander warned through gritted teeth.

Elizabeth ignored him. "Men can get addicted to cheating. If he cheats with you today, he can cheat with someone else tomorrow."

She was doing this on purpose. Alexander had really pissed her off today! She had planned to endure it, but then Esme showed up! If she couldn't have her future boyfriend, Alexander could forget about being happy with Esme! She knew Esme too well. Esme was extremely possessive and wouldn't tolerate Alexander being nice to her. Her words would bother Esme for days...

## Chapter 95

“Mr. Tudor, thanks for coming to the hospital with me. A good ex-husband like you is hard to find!” Elizabeth tapped Alexander’s shoulder lightly. Ignoring his dark expression, she winked at him mischievously. “See you,” she waved, smiling innocently. Elizabeth had to report in and had no time to deal with them. If she couldn’t have a man, she’d focus on her career!

Lime stared at Alexander, gripping her coffee cup tighter. Her eyes were filled with anger. “Alexander, if what Elizabeth said is true, I’m out.” She turned and left.

Alexander stayed silent. Elizabeth really knew how to stir up trouble. He pulled out his phone and texted Elizabeth.

Alexander: [You’re something else!]

Elizabeth was in the elevator when she saw his text and laughed. His texting her so quickly meant that Esme must have left right after speaking to them.

Elizabeth: Mr. Tudor, I was just helping you and Ms. Russell strengthen your relationship. You’re welcome.

Alexander: [Elizabeth, you’re crazy!]

She called that helping? She was clearly trying to drive a wedge between them! And he was still her husband. She was even helping her husband strengthen his relationship with another woman. Alexander was pissed!

Glad you know. So before we get divorced, you’d better not mess with me again!]

Elizabeth: [Glad you...

Otherwise, she’d do something even more outrageous. Alexander didn’t reply, and Elizabeth felt very pleased. She had always been the one to suffer before; now it was Alexander’s turn to feel it.

## Chapter 100

The elevator doors opened, and Elizabeth saw the Cardiology Department sign on the thirteenth floor. She raised an eyebrow and secretly rejoiced. It was Monday, the day for doctors' rounds. Elizabeth had reached the nurses' station

when she saw a group of people in white coats coming from the office. Leading them was Amanda Carter, the chief physician known for her cold demeanor and exceptional skills. She had arrived at Evergreen Medical Center a year ago and was Elizabeth's mentor.

Amanda was flipping through medical records when she noticed Elizabeth, who nodded. Amanda grunted, "You're the new one, right? Wait for me in the office." Then she continued walking.

The group moved on, and Elizabeth stood quietly, watching them leave. A bespectacled doctor behind her whispered, "She's the daughter of the Percy family, right?" They had heard that in the Percy family, known for their medical expertise, only Elizabeth was considered a failure.

"Yeah, she's the black sheep," another doctor said. "Got into med school through connections, and now she's in Cardiology. Connections are everything! We've worked so hard to get into Evergreen Medical Center, and she just waltzes in."

Amanda stopped and looked back sharply. The group immediately fell silent.

Elizabeth didn't go to the office but instead walked around to familiarize herself with the department. As she went to the nurses' station to introduce herself, she overheard them talking. "Did you hear that? Mr. York had a leg cramp during a business meeting, and someone saved him!"

Elizabeth looked up, buttoning her white coat.

"A slender young girl appeared and inserted a few needles! Guess what happened?" said a chubby girl with round cheeks.

"What happened?" Elizabeth asked.

"Mr. York was instantly cured! Like magic!" the girl replied.

"That's amazing? Who was it?" someone else asked.

"Three years ago!" the girl said confidently. Rumor had it, it was the top doctor, Emily, who disappeared three years ago.

"Why her?" Elizabeth asked, puzzled.



“Look at the picture!” The girl showed Elizabeth a photo on her phone. “This is Emily’s technique. And the needles have an ‘E’ on them.”

Elizabeth recognized the technique immediately. No wonder she was identified so quickly.

“Ms. Percy, don’t you upper-class folks know her? Ever met Emily?” the girl, Sunny Morgan, asked seriously.

Elizabeth chuckled awkwardly and shook her head. “No idea. Never met her!”

Just then, a man walked over and snorted, “You believe Emily is a top doctor? She’s been exaggerated! As the director of Evergreen Medical Center, how could Mr. York have released such information?” Elizabeth saw his name tag: Associate Director, Mark Fisher.

“Mr. Fisher, Emily can cure any disease. She’s amazing,” Sunny argued.

Mark looked serious. “If Emily could cure any disease, what would we be here for? Get to work!”

Elizabeth pursed her lips, twirling her fingers. Mark pointed at her. “You too. The new one just chatting here! What’s the deal?”

Elizabeth remained silent, thinking, *What’s wrong with Mark? Why is he so angry that he lashes out at everyone?*