

## Chapter 28 Wife Protector

"Could we not hold hands?" Ember whispered to their intertwined hands, unable to meet Alexander's gaze as he turned around. Her voice, barely above a whisper, landed on Alexander's heart like a bomb, its impact reverberating through his chest, causing a pang of pain.

"Fine," he uttered, his gaze fixated on her face, etching every detail into his memory. After a prolonged moment, he mustered the strength to release her hand, a gesture driven by respect and a desire not to impose himself on her. But Ember stood frozen in place, feeling the lingering warmth of his touch.

When Ember finally looked up, they had already distanced themselves several meters away. Alexander's tall and handsome figure held a touch of loneliness that unsettled her, stirring discomfort within her. Compelled by an inexplicable force, she hastened her steps and positioned herself beside him, seeking solace in his presence.

This spontaneous action caught Alexander off guard, freezing him in place. Gradually, the icy mask on his impeccably perfect face softened, as if melting away with the passage of time. Another moment of silence ensued, and then he stood tall beside Ember, his rigid fingertips twitching before suddenly tightening around the little hand she had taken the initiative to grasp. A faint smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, revealing a glimmer of warmth.

Alexander and Ember, a captivating couple exuding talent and

beauty, emerged in the hospital corridor outside the emergency room. Their intertwined hands attracted the attention of onlookers, their gazes alternating between Ember's injured face and their clasp, silently acknowledging an unspoken connection. Ember, feeling both nervous and awkward, experienced the urge to break free from his grip due to embarrassment. However, whenever her hand showed the slightest hint of loosening, Alexander would instinctively tighten his hold, denying any opportunity for it to slip away.

Upon arrival, Alexander pretended to guide her to the emergency room to avoid arousing suspicion. The hospital buzzed with activity, even in the overwhelmed emergency department. Unexpectedly, just moments after they entered the room, they were summoned without delay.

"Why so fast?" Ember questioned, perplexed by the swift response as she glanced at the waiting crowd outside the emergency room.

Observing the lengthy queue, Alexander assessed the situation and swiftly led Ember to a specially prepared emergency room, exclusively reserved by Liam Miller. Upon reaching the door, Ember raised her head, her gaze meeting Alexander's. "I'll go in alone."

"No, I'll accompany you," he asserted, standing tall and unwavering by her side.

With a single knock, the door swung open abruptly, catching Alexander off guard. Liam Miller, his meticulously groomed hair framing his face, stood before Ember and Alexander, his eyes fixed on Ember's injured countenance, which only served

to deepen her embarrassment.

Her face flashed as she grew increasingly uncomfortable under the scrutiny of other men. Alexander shot a menacing glare at Liam, his eyes piercing through him, yet Liam seemed impervious to the intensity.

Helplessly, Alexander shifted his attention and diverted his frustration by swiftly moving towards Liam Miller, who winced in pain from Alexander's retaliatory kick, successfully diverting his gaze from Ember.

"Hello," Liam greeted, extending his hand towards Ember, only to have it intercepted by Alexander's firm grip. Holding the large man's hand, Liam silently cursed Alexander as a protective lunatic.

"Does the lady require treatment for her facial injury? If so, please come in," Liam stated, making his intentions clear. However, despite his clarity, he failed to deter Alexander, who remained blissfully oblivious to his overbearing nature.

"Ma'am, please follow me behind the curtain," Liam directed Ember, but just as Alexander prepared to enter the room alongside Ember, Liam Miller swiftly intervened, blocking his path. "This man, please wait outside," Liam firmly declared, halting Alexander's progress.

"Just wait for me outside," Ember reassured Alexander, her eyes meeting his before she disappeared behind the white curtain, following Liam Miller's lead.

As Ember ventured further into the room, an unsettling feeling washed over her. She couldn't shake off the sense that

Alexander, the man who had been faithfully trailing her, was now filled with a hint of unhappiness.

"Lady, please lie down," Liam instructed Ember, guiding her to the examination table. She complied, resting her head on the cushioned surface, her heart racing with a mix of apprehension and curiosity.

Meanwhile, Alexander stood outside the white curtain, his brows furrowing as he listened to Liam's muffled words within. "Just a look at her face, why does she need to lie down?" Alexander questioned silently, unable to comprehend the need for such a position.

Driven by an impulse he couldn't resist, he took two swift steps forward and boldly stepped into the white curtain. His piercing gaze fixed on Liam Miller, his expression a mix of confusion and suspicion.

"Alex, are you spying on me?" Liam's thoughts turned accusatory as he silently questioned Liam's actions.

Liam, caught off guard by Alexander's sudden intrusion, couldn't help but feel exasperated.

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