

Chapter 14

Isabella raised an eyebrow and was about to answer the call when Dominic pressed his hand over her smooth, delicate hand.

"Don't answer it." His voice was low and firm.

She froze for a moment, then looked at her husband and broke into a bright smile. "Alright. I'll listen to you."

She hung up immediately.

Dominic smiled faintly as he lifted his glass again. Then Isabella's phone rang once more. Dominic's cheek twitched, a slow fire rising inside him.

Isabella frowned and glanced at her husband's tense expression. She hesitated, then hung up again, forcing a laugh. "I already ended the call, and he's still calling. That boy..."

Her words trailed off when the phone rang a third time.

Isabella's expression changed. Dominic set his glass down and watched her silently.

She uneasily lowered her gaze, unable to meet his eyes. "Honey, maybe it's something urgent... It could be work. Let me just answer and tell him to stop calling."

Dominic let out a dry chuckle. "Go ahead, answer if you want."

She didn't notice the edge in his tone. Nodding, she picked up the phone. "Hello, Alex."

"Bella, I just fell... My leg... I think it's broken... It hurts so much." Alexander's choked voice came through the speaker, loud enough for



Dominic to hear.

His hand clenched into a fist on the table, his eyes sharp and cold.

Isabella didn't notice. Panic swept over her. "Alex, are you alright? Is it serious? You need to go to the hospital right away!"

The concern in her voice was undeniable, even to a fool.

For Dominic, it was like a bucket of ice water. The warmth that had returned over the past two days vanished.

"It hurts so bad, Bella." Alex sobbed. "Am I going to die?"

"Don't say something so foolish!" Isabella scolded. "Where are you? I'll come to you right now."

Her voice caught mid-sentence as she remembered her husband sitting across the table. She looked up, startled and flustered. Dominic's face remained blank, unreadable.

"I'm at home," Alexander said quickly. "Please, come over."

Isabella swallowed hard, her hands trembling slightly. She forced herself to say something else. "Call emergency services, Alex. Get an ambulance. I-I can't leave right now."

At those words, the coldness in Dominic's eyes softened just a fraction.

Alexander hadn't expected her response. After a tense silence, he answered with disappointment, "Alright. You're busy. I'll try to hold on. If it gets worse, I'll head to the hospital."

"Don't joke about this, Alex. You—" Isabella began, but the line went dead before she could finish.



She lowered the phone, dazed, then lifted her head and forced a weak smile at her husband. "Honey, let's eat."

Dominic gave a silent nod. They began eating, but the warmth from earlier had vanished. Isabella stayed quiet, distracted, her eyes flicking to her phone.

Dominic's heart sank further.

Not even five minutes later, Isabella set down her knife and fork, drew a deep breath, and lifted her gaze to Dominic. "Honey, I..."