



Chapter 15

Isabella hadn't finished speaking before Dominic cut her off, his voice calm but unyielding, "Don't go."

Her eyes widened. "Honey! Alex is hurt. He might have broken his leg! That foolish boy didn't even call an ambulance. I'm terrified something might happen to him. Can't you understand how I feel?"

"I can't," Dominic said coldly. "We agreed tonight would be for the two of us. I don't want some stray interrupting."

Isabella shot to her feet, anger flaring. "Alex is my sworn brother. How can you call him a stray? I'll just check on him and come back quickly. We can eat later."

She grabbed her phone and headed for the door.

"If you walk out that door, we'll never come back from it." Dominic's tone stayed flat.

Isabella's body froze. She turned, biting her lip. "Honey, don't say things like that. I love you. But dinner can wait. This could be a matter of life and death."

In the dim candlelight, she couldn't see the disappointment in his eyes. When he stayed silent, Isabella clenched her jaw, slipped on her shoes, and left.

Sitting in the car, she tried to steady her nerves.

'Dominic will understand,' she told herself. 'Just like the other day. We are always able to reconcile after a quarrel.'

Her panic eased, but worry for Alexander's injury returned. She quickly



dialled his number. "Alex, I'm on my way. How are you feeling?"

"Are you really coming now, Bella?" His voice lifted with excitement. "I'm at home!"

"Good. Don't move."

Without hesitation, Isabella started the car. She knew Alexander's address and reached his place in less than half an hour.

After parking, she headed straight upstairs. The apartment was dark.

Frowning, she knocked. "Alex, are you home?"

"I'm here!" came his voice immediately. "Wait a second, I'll open the door."

Hearing him, Isabella relaxed. Moments later, the door swung open. She stepped inside. "Why are you sitting in the dark? How's your leg? I should call an ambulance—"

Suddenly, with a sharp snap, the lights blazed on, and a chorus of voices echoed. "Happy birthday, Ms. Sinclair!"

Confetti poppers exploded, scattering confetti and ribbons through the air.

Isabella froze, staring at the crowd. "What is this?"

Alexander appeared. He pushed a cake-laden cart and showed no sign of injury. His eyes lingered on her with tenderness. "Happy 28th birthday, Bella."

The others, all colleagues, smiled as they watched.



Isabella's face turned cold as she processed the scene. "What kind of nonsense is this? This is ridiculous."

She spun on her heel, ready to leave, but Alexander grabbed her arm, flustered. "Please, just stay a little while. My mother is here too. I brought her from the hospital so she could celebrate with you..."

Isabella turned and saw a woman in a wheelchair. Her expression softened. "She was fine in the hospital. Wasn't it troublesome to bring her here?"

Though her words carried reproach, she ultimately stayed.

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