



Chapter 29

Katherine wore tight denim shorts that day, and a faint red mark stood out on her pale, shapely thigh.

Isabella ignored it, pulled out her phone, and muttered, "No, I need to explain this to Dom. I really didn't mean anything by it..."

Just as she was about to call, her phone rang first. It was Alexander. She answered lightly. "Hello?"

On the other end came Alexander's panicked, trembling voice, edged with sobs. "Bella! Please come save me... Y-Your husband's going to kill me... Ahh..."

Isabella's expression changed at once. She leapt from her seat and rushed out without a second thought.

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Ten minutes earlier, Dominic had planned to drive, but when he came downstairs, he realized he had forgotten his keys.

Abandoning the idea, he headed for the bus stop. Two interviews awaited him that day. With the divorce looming, finding a job had become his top priority.

He had barely walked two minutes from the building when a breathless voice called from behind, "Wait up, Dom!"

Dominic's pupils narrowed. He turned and saw Alexander jogging toward him with a harmless smile.

"Where are you headed, Dom? Let's go together," Alexander suggested.



Dominic's tone turned cold. "I don't think we're anywhere near close enough for that."

Alexander's smile deepened. "Come on, Dorn. Maybe you and I aren't close, but we're both equally close to Isabella, aren't we? Haha."

He stressed the word "equally."

Dominic smirked mockingly. "Are you trying to provoke me?"

Alexander's expression flickered.

Dominic continued, "You want to bait me into hitting you so you can run to Isabella in tears, playing the victim, making her pity you."

Alexander's smile froze. He hadn't expected his scheme to be seen through so easily.

After a long pause, he let out a low, eerie laugh. "So what if you figured it out?"

Then he sneered, "Tell me, who do you think matters more to Bella? You ... or me?"

Dominic's fists clenched.

Alexander sniggered. "Just wait. You'll be abandoned sooner or later. She is mine."

Dominic glared at him for a long moment, then drew a sharp breath and turned away. After the divorce, Isabella could be with whomever she wanted.

At the bus stop, a small crowd had gathered.



"Cross the road carefully," someone warned. "The traffic lights are out around here—power line repairs today."

Dominic glanced up at the signal but paid it little attention. Behind him, Alexander's eyes glinted with malice. 'If the lights are down, so are the cameras.'

Dominic waited quietly for the bus. Suddenly, a hard shove struck his waist, hurling him forward without warning. At that moment, a car sped into the intersection.

The sickening crash echoed, followed by screeching brakes and horrified screams.

Dominic's world spun violently as he flew several meters through the air. When he hit the ground, dazed and aching, dozens of shocked eyes fixed on him.

Somehow, he forced himself upright, staggering. He shook his head, feeling blood surge through his body.

He knew the truth. After such a brutal impact, there was no way he was unscathed. The throbbing heat inside him told him clearly that he was bleeding internally.

However, he could still move, and he had one thing left to do. His eyes locked on Alexander in the crowd. His vision burned red as he pushed forward, step by step, toward him.

"W-What are you doing? Don't come any closer!" Alexander's face twisted in panic. He had already pulled out his phone and was frantically calling Isabella.

"Son of a bitch!" Dominic roared and threw every ounce of his strength



into his fist as he swung.