Chapter 32

Dominic picked up the phone and saw Isabella's name flash across the screen. His eyes turned cold, and without hesitation, he hung up. Less than two seconds later, the phone rang again.

He answered, and Isabella's furious voice came through the receiver. " Dom, I just talked to Alex! You only lost your balance and got brushed by the car, yet you took it out on him and beat him so badly!"

"He pushed me," Dominic said coolly. "I almost died because of him."

Silence stretched on the other end.

Then Isabella spoke again, her tone heavy with disappointment. "This joke of yours isn't funny. You're perfectly fine, while Alex is covered in bruises. Saying something like that just means you're avoiding responsibility."

A trace of resignation flickered in his eyes. 'Covered in bruises? They are just a few scratches.'

Dominic could see now that Isabella believed her sworn brother over her husband.

"What? Nothing to say?" Isabella sneered. "Fine. I won't waste my breath. Where are you? Come here, apologize to Alex, and get his forgiveness. Then this matter will be over."

Dominic had no desire to continue. He hung up without another word.

In another hospital room...

"He actually hung up on me! He's getting bold now!" Isabella snapped.

"Isabella, I don't think Dom meant to," Alexander said weakly.

His body was wrapped in bandages, and when he tried to sit up, he looked so frail it stirred pity.

Isabella's anger melted into concern. She hurried to steady him. "Don't move. Just tell me what you need, and I'll handle it."

A faint smile touched Alexander's pale face. "It's fine. I should recover soon and return to work, help you manage things at the company."

Isabella hesitated, then sighed. "If Dom were even half as hardworking as you, I wouldn't have to worry so much."

Alexander's eyes flickered as he spoke. "Well, I remember he came to the hospital too. Maybe you should ask where he is. After all, he was hit by the car..."

Isabella frowned. "Alright, I'll ask."

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Dominic put his phone down, his expression calm and unreadable. 'If I make it through this, the only person who'll matter to me is my daughter, Lilith.'

He looked out the window. The sky had turned completely dark. Night had fallen without him noticing.

Then sharp, relentless pain hit again. He gripped the edge of the bed, clenching his teeth as he rode it out. It lasted a long time before finally easing.

A nurse entered. "Oh, you're awake! You fainted earlier, so we brought you here to rest. Are you feeling any discomfort?"

Dominic's face was pale. "I was hit by a car. My whole body hurts. It might be internal bleeding. Please call a doctor."

The nurse's face tightened.

"Alright, wait here a moment," she said and hurried out.

Less than a minute later, the door opened again—not with a doctor, but with Isabella and Alexander.

"So this is where you've been hiding?" Isabella said darkly as she stepped inside.

Alexander followed behind on crutches, his body still swathed in bandages. Dominic met her gaze and gave a calm nod.

"Dominic, your claim that Alex pushed you is ridiculous! You beat him for no reason. You owe us an explanation and an apology," she said sharply, her anger rising.

Her face was tight with disappointment and pain as she continued, "What, are you going to argue again? Say Alex lied to me? Dominic, you're 30 years old. When will you grow up? Can't you act like an adult and take responsibility for your actions?"

Dominic gave a faint, mocking smile. "Fine. I admit it. I hit him on purpose. I couldn't stand the sight of him, so I beat him up."

"You..." Isabella stared at him in disbelief. "You're not even going to explain? You really beat Alex just because you couldn't stand him?"

Dominic nodded calmly. "Yes."

Isabella's eyes widened, her expression breaking into despair. "Fine. You'll apologize to him right now and swear you'll never lay a hand on

him again."