

Chapter 33

'Apologize? Me, apologize to that piece of trash? Impossible.'

Dominic shook his head, his expression steady. "I will not apologize. If he's upset, he can call the police."

Isabella's fury erupted upon hearing that. She jabbed a finger at him and shouted, "You're shameless! You beat someone up and still refuse to apologize. Are you trying to drive me mad?"

"You're completely hopeless! How could Lily have a father like you? I'll ask you one last time. Are you going to apologize or not?"

Her voice trembled with anger and heartbreak. Inside, she was drowning in disappointment, unable to understand when her husband had become this kind of man.

Dominic narrowed his eyes, and his tone turned cold. "There's no need to drag Lily into our problems."

"Bella, let's just drop it." Alexander's quiet voice broke the tension. "I believe Dom didn't mean it. Maybe I provoked him by accident. Next time, I'll apologize first so he won't hit me again."

His words were gentle, his tone full of self-blame.

Isabella was startled and turned to him.

He managed a faint smile. "I'm fine. These minor injuries are nothing. I don't blame him. Don't make things harder for him."

Isabella's anger faltered. She nodded with a sigh. "You really are so generous, Alex. But don't worry. I won't let you be wronged."



Then she turned back to Dominic and looked at him sharply. "Did you hear that? He already forgave you. Is it really that hard for you to just apologize?"

Dominic remained silent. He took a moment to steady himself, then pushed to his feet and walked toward Alexander.

Alexander thought the apology was coming. A flicker of triumph flashed in his eyes, though his smile stayed soft and innocent. "Dom, there's really no need to —"

"Apologize, my ass!"

Dominic's roar split the air. Before anyone could react, he drove his foot hard into Alexander's stomach.

The blow sent Alexander crashing to the floor, gasping and clutching his abdomen in pain.

Isabella screamed and dropped beside Alexander, trying to lift him. "Are you alright?"

Alexander struggled for breath and managed, "Bella... I-I'm fine."

Isabella spun toward Dominic, her face blazing. "Dominic, what's wrong with you? He's already hurt, and you still hit him! Are you insane?"

But Dominic couldn't answer. The attack had reopened his own wounds. Pain tore through him, forcing him to brace against the wall as sweat poured down his face.

"Still pretending? Go ahead and keep pretending!" Isabella glared at him before helping Alexander to his feet and guiding him toward the door. "If anything happens to him, you'll be in trouble!"



Dominic slid down the wall, gasping for air. It took a long time before the dizziness eased.

Then a striking woman with short hair and a shapely figure appeared, pushing a wheelchair toward him.

The man seated in it looked at Dominic with a faint smile. "Hey, what happened to you?"

Dominic shook his head. "Family trouble. Sorry you had to see that."

The man was handsome—every bit as much as Dominic—and they shared a similar presence.

He pulled out a pack of cigarettes. "Want one?"

"No, thanks," Dominic said, waving him off. "I'm not feeling well."

The man chuckled. "Suit yourself. You know, you and I really look alike. If I didn't know for sure that I'm the only son of the Flemings, I'd think you were my brother."

Dominic froze. 'Fleming?'

"My name is Dominic Fleming," he said slowly.

The man blinked, then touched his chin in surprise. "Well, that's quite a coincidence."

"Yeah. It really is."

After a few more words, the short-haired woman wheeled the man away.

Dominic tried to stand, but a metallic taste filled his mouth. Blood spilled from his nose and lips. His body slumped, sliding down the wall until he



collapsed on the floor.

Voices echoed around him. He thought he heard someone shout for help, and through the blur, he saw figures in white coats rushing toward him.

'I hope... I can survive this.'