



### Chapter 35

"Ah!" Isabella gasped as the fruit knife slipped and sliced her finger. Blood welled up instantly, bright and vivid against her skin.

"Bella!" Alexander's voice was sharp with concern. He caught her hand, his face tightening with distress, and instinctively lifted her finger toward his mouth.

Isabella's eyes widened in alarm. She snatched her hand back before he could touch her.

Alexander froze, momentarily embarrassed by his own impulse.

Unbothered by his reaction, Isabella rose quickly. "I'll go bandage it."

A few minutes later, she returned with her finger wrapped neatly in gauze.

Alexander cleared his throat to mask his awkwardness. His tone softened with concern. "Are you alright, Bella?"

Isabella smiled, her heart warming at his care. "Thank you, Alex."

"That's good." Alexander's expression turned serious. "About your husband... I can understand him. He just misunderstood. I'll forgive him this time. I won't call the police."

Standing nearby, Dominic let out a cold laugh. 'Call the police?'

He knew Alexander wouldn't dare. The guilt was written all over his face. How could the man report a crime he had committed himself?

Isabella exhaled with relief, emotion flickering in her eyes.



"Alex, even in your condition, you still think of him. I don't know how to thank you." Her voice then hardened with resentment. "Dominic has become so selfish. I don't understand how he's changed like this."

Dominic trembled. The woman he had loved for eight years now spoke about him with disappointment and disgust. A bitter smile crossed his face. "So... even the dead can feel pain?"

They might have been in the same hospital room, but it felt like two separate worlds. Dominic stood alone in grief, while Alexander and Isabella shared a warm, intimate atmosphere on the other side.

Alexander's heart raced now that Isabella was touched. Sensing an opportunity, he said, "Bella, everything I do for you comes from the bottom of my heart. But... could you think about what I mentioned last time? I just don't want my mother to pass away with regrets."

His voice cracked with emotion.

Isabella hesitated and bit her lip as she looked at his bandaged body. "We'll talk about it when you've recovered."

Alexander's eyes lit up. "Don't worry, Bella! Pretending to be my girlfriend won't affect your relationship with Dominic. I'll explain everything to him if needed."

Her expression hardened. "You must not tell him about this."

Dominic closed his eyes, a wave of pain washing through him. Now he understood. His wife was agreeing to pose as another man's lover.

'Pretend? Who are they trying to fool? Oh, right... I have really become a ghost.' The thought was almost laughable.

He gazed silently at Isabella, who was still trying to hide it, and thought, '



'There's no need to conceal anything anymore. Because... I'm already dead.'

When Isabella cut her finger, his final life signs had faded away at that exact moment.

"I'll listen to you, Bella. I won't tell him," Alexander said quickly.

Isabella met his eyes, her expression softening into a strange daze.

Alexander took in her face—so close, so beautiful—and a rush of longing overtook him. Without thinking, he spread his arms, ready to pull her into his embrace.