



## Chapter 38

"Alright. Since you're here and his family member, go claim it." The nurse spoke coldly, then turned away.

Isabella's whole body trembled, her eyes wide with fear. She grabbed the nurse's arm and stammered, "C-Claim what? Don't go! I'm not going!"

Her thoughts were in chaos, her words barely coherent.

Without looking back, the nurse replied flatly, "Claim the body."

Those three words struck Isabella like thunder on a clear day. She shook violently, disbelief clouding her face. "No, I don't believe you. You must be lying. My husband isn't dead! He's healthy! How could he be dead?"

A flicker of satisfaction passed through Alexander's eyes. He coughed lightly and reached out to place a hand on her shoulder. "Bella, actually—"

The instant his fingers brushed her, Isabella recoiled as if shocked by electricity and let out a piercing scream. "Don't touch me!"

Alexander flinched and hurried to say, "I'm sorry, Bella! This must be a mistake. Dominic was fine this afternoon... How could something have happened?"

"Yes, yes! He was fine this afternoon. It's impossible. It can't be..." Isabella muttered, lost and trembling.

The nurse sighed impatiently. "Possible or not, why don't you come see for yourself?"

She shook off Isabella's hand and continued down the hall.



Isabella's knees gave out, and she collapsed onto the floor.

"I'm not going! I'm not going!" She shook her head wildly, almost deranged.

But as the nurse's figure began to fade around the corner, something inside her snapped awake. She stumbled to her feet, kicked off her heels, and ran barefoot after her.

A shadow of dark pleasure flickered in Alexander's eyes as he followed behind.

A few minutes later, the nurse stopped in front of the ER doors. She turned to the doctor waiting there. "Dr. Mills, the family member's here."

Victor Mills saw Isabella approaching and handed her a phone with a weary sigh. "He was brought in too late. We did everything we could."

Isabella's face drained of color. She accepted the phone with trembling hands. "Doctor, could there be a mistake? The person inside... It's not my husband, right?"

Tears blurred her eyes. Her voice broke with pleading disbelief. Even now, she refused to accept that Dominic was gone.

Dominic stood behind her, shaking his head slowly.

Victor's expression darkened, and he pulled open the door without a word.

Inside was an operating table. A man lay beneath a dark green surgical drape, tubes running from his body to humming machines. The heart monitor beside him displayed a single flat line.

When Isabella saw it, her body spasmed, and the light in her eyes faded



completely. She covered her mouth and sank to the floor, sobbing like a lost child.

She saw it—a man's arm hanging limply off the table. A silver watch gleamed on his wrist, the one she had chosen for him. Just above it was a tattoo: her initials, "IS."

Every last shred of hope crumbled. The man on the table was undeniably Dominic, and he was gone.

"Dom!" After a long silence, Isabella's raw, broken scream tore through the sterile air. She stumbled forward and threw herself over him, weeping without restraint.

"Honey, wake up! Please wake up! You said you loved me most! How could you leave me and Lily? No..."

Her sobs filled the room, thick with grief and despair.

Dominic stood a short distance away, his voice soft with resignation. "There's no use crying over spilled milk. It's too late now."