



## Chapter 39

Things had come to this point, and Dominic's only concern now was Lilith. He hoped that after his death Isabella would take good care of their daughter.

Victor stepped forward to offer comfort. "Please accept our condolences."

Isabella, her mind blank, sprang up, pointed at Victor, and shouted, "You incompetent doctor! My husband came here earlier. Why did you let him die? I will bury you with him!"

Victor's face darkened. He shot the nurse a sharp look and opened his mouth to explain.

The nurse refused to be cowed. She rushed forward two steps and spat through clenched teeth, "You expect us to have let him die without trying to save him? The ambulance went out because of a car accident, and they brought back a patient with only external injuries.

"Do you expect us to be clairvoyant because he was in a traffic accident? It was you who came from the scene and only cared about that other patient.

"If you had told the hospital your husband had been in a car accident, we would not have skipped any checks. And now you have the nerve to blame us. Let me tell you, you are the one who should bear the main responsibility for this incident!"

The nurse spoke without mercy, her finger aimed at Isabella.

Victor could not stand it and pulled at her sleeve. "Say less, Wendy."

Wendy Newman shrugged off Victor and glanced at Dominic's body, her eyes full of anger. "I'm going to say it anyway. I do not know what



relationship you have. I only know your husband was in a car accident and lay unconscious here all day, seriously injured and near death. And you, where were you? Oh, you were keeping company with your lover, right?"

Even though Dominic was dead, he approved of the nurse's bluntness.

Isabella turned utterly pale and stepped back again and again. With every word the nurse spoke, her color drained further. At last, she leaned against Dominic's operating table.

After a long time she muttered like one in a dream, "It's my fault. I did not pay attention. My husband got into a car accident. I thought he would be fine. He was severely hurt, yet I was with Alex. I really deserve to die."

Victor and the nurse exchanged glances.

After a moment, Victor said, "Please accept what has happened and try to come to terms with it. Please handle the hospital procedures later. We will not evade the responsibilities we should bear."

With that, he led Wendy away.

Isabella did not pay attention. She continued murmuring, "My husband is dead. Did I kill him? The ambulance came and I did not save him. I let them take Alex instead. Why, why did I do that?"

Isabella's face showed indescribable pain as tears fell like rain. She looked deeply remorseful.

Looking at Dominic's body, Alexander felt a flash of triumph. His heart raced. "This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Now that Dominic is dead, Isabella will sooner or later be mine. She is at her most vulnerable. If I show a little concern, I will win her over."



With that thought, he stepped forward to offer comfort. "Bella, do not grieve too much. I am here for you."

Isabell raised her hand and landed a heavy slap across Alexander's face. She slowly lifted her head. Her eyes were hollow and lifeless. At the same time, they radiated a cold so extreme it sent a chill up Alexander's spine.

What kind of look was that?

Isabella extended a finger.

"If you dare speak another word, I will tear your mouth apart." Her voice lacked warmth.

Then she took out her phone and dialed. Even at this late hour the call connected quickly.

She said in a detached voice, "Time to work, Sam."

The person on the other end sounded stunned and immediately replied respectfully, "Please give me your orders, ma'am."

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