



## Chapter 41

Alexander was the one who had pushed Dominic. If anyone discovered that, he knew his fate would be more miserable than he could imagine.

Forcing a dry laugh, he said, "Bella, I think... that driver doesn't deserve to die. Besides, it was mostly Dominic's fault. He didn't stand steadily and stumbled in front of the car. That's why he got hit."

Isabella's pupils contracted, and she spoke each word slowly. "Then why did you tell me earlier that he only had a few scratches? Hmm?"

"No! I swear I didn't mean it that way." Alexander waved his hands frantically, his voice shaking. "Bella, you know it too. Dominic didn't look seriously injured! He could still fight me like that. I thought he wasn't badly hurt! That's why I said that."

Isabella stared at him for a long time before lowering her eyes. Her voice came out faint. "I hope you're telling the truth."

Alexander exhaled in relief. He had survived this round.

The next second, Isabella said, "Now get on your knees and apologize."

Alexander froze, his lips trembling. "Bella... Please, don't do this. I didn't hurt him. I'm a man too. How can I kneel to another man—"

"When I tell you to kneel, you kneel."

Samuel's large hand pressed down on Alexander's shoulder. With a small push, an unstoppable force drove him to his knees.

Isabella took two measured steps forward. Alexander was now kneeling in front of the operating table.



"Lower your head," Isabella said calmly.

Samuel grabbed the back of his head and forced it down until his forehead hit the floor.

Alexander's head spun, and he could see stars flashing before his eyes. A few more of those hits, and he might join Dominic in the afterlife.

Tears welled up in his eyes, and he choked out, "Don't shove me. I... I'll do it myself."

His voice carried the same pitiful note as always, but Isabella's expression showed no pity.

Alexander placed his hands on the floor and bowed toward Dominic's lifeless body. "Dominic... I'm... sorry."

With every bow, the humiliation seared deeper. 'Dominic, you're dead. Why drag me down with you? And Isabella, you cruel woman. You say all the right things, but when Dominic used to beat me, did you ever avenge me?

'All you ever did was make him apologize without meaning it. And now, he never even apologized, yet I'm the one kneeling before him.'

'You're a violent couple more terrifying than Death itself!'

At that moment, Alexander regretted everything. Getting involved with Isabella had been the biggest mistake of his life.

Yet resentment filled his chest. Dominic was dead. If he could survive this, Isabella would come to him one day. When that day came, he would repay today's humiliation tenfold, no, a hundredfold.

The sounds of his moves echoed through the hospital room. When his



body trembled and reached its limit, he finally raised his head, his voice quivering. "Bella... if I keep going, I'll die."

Isabella didn't look at him. Her attention was fixed on Dominic. Her fingers brushed gently across her husband's face, her eyes soft, sorrowful, and filled with despair.

Seeing that, Alexander swallowed hard and quietly stepped aside.

Samuel had already left to handle the aftermath. About an hour later, Isabella's phone rang. She came back to herself and answered, her face expressionless.

Samuel's deep voice came through. "We've found the driver, ma'am."

"Have you figured out the truth behind the accident?" she asked.