



Chapter 42

"I checked the driver's dashcam, ma'am. There were quite a few people waiting for the bus at that time. I could only see your husband rushing out from the crowd," Samuel said.

Isabella's face darkened, and she clenched her jaw. "You can't see who pushed him? What about street surveillance?"

Samuel sighed. "I asked a friend on the police force. That area was under electrical maintenance today. The traffic lights and surveillance cameras were all shut down.

"But there's something off about the driver too. He'd been drinking and speeding. Then he took advantage of the chaos to flee."

Isabella's hand trembled as she gripped her phone. After a long pause, her voice turned icy. "That bastard deserves to die. Sam, you know what to do."

"Alright," Samuel said without hesitation.

"Keep digging," Isabella continued. "I have to uncover the truth behind this accident. I must avenge my husband."

As she spoke, her gaze swept coldly toward Alexander.

Alexander shuddered and quickly protested, "Bella, I swear I didn't hurt Dominic! I'd never have the guts to do something like that. I-I swear, I never even touched him..."

Isabella ended the call and asked sharply, "Then why did he say it was you who pushed him?"

"I don't know either. Dominic didn't have eyes on his back. There were



so many people there. Maybe someone else pushed him, and he just thought it was me. But I really didn't do it, Bella. You know me. How could I possibly do something like that?" Alexander replied, sounding aggrieved.

Isabella stood in silence for a moment, then drew a deep breath and lowered her eyes. "Whether you did it or not, the truth will come out eventually."

Her husband was dead. Nothing else mattered. She would use every means at her disposal to find out what had really happened. If Alexander was guilty, she wouldn't hesitate to make him pay.

Standing to the side, Dominic twitched his cheek. 'Really? You're believing him that easily?

Of course, it's because he's your "brother." A few tears and a pitiful face, and you're soft again.'

Dominic shook his head helplessly. He hadn't seen who had been behind him, but he had felt a deliberate shove. It hadn't been an accident or a crowd bump. He was certain Alexander was the one. Unfortunately, his wife didn't believe him.

Alexander exhaled in relief once he realized he had narrowly escaped suspicion. Feigning concern, he said, "Bella, I know you're heartbroken, but... it's really late. Maybe you should try to rest."

He knew the odds of being caught were low. There had been too many people around, the cameras had been down, and the push had happened in a split second. No one could have seen it.

Isabella looked at her husband's lifeless face and slowly shook her head. "You can go."



"Isabella, I—" Alexander started, but she cut him off coldly. "I asked you to leave. Didn't you hear me?"

"Then... you should still get some rest, Bella. I'll bring you breakfast later."
"

With his usual pitiful expression, he turned and left the ward.

The room fell silent, leaving only Isabella, Dominic's lifeless body, and his lingering spirit standing beside them.

"Honey!" Isabella's sobs broke the quiet. Tears streamed down her face as she collapsed onto Dominic's chest and cried in anguish.

Dominic watched her, irritation bubbling inside him. What was the point of crying now that he was dead?

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