



## Chapter 47

Isabella reached out to help Dominic again. This time he refused, no matter what she said. He pushed her away and handled it himself.

Isabella got upset and pouted. "We've been married for years. What kind of attitude is that?"

When they returned to the hospital room, Dominic sat on the bed, staring blankly into space. He still could not make sense of it.

"Why did I die and then come back? The most important question is... Am I really alive again? Will there be any aftereffects?"

Isabella crouched and rested her hands on Dominic's thighs. She looked up at him, eyes full of joy and relief. "Honey, what are you thinking about?"

Dominic blinked and shook his head. "Nothing."

He did not want to talk to Isabella. Her crying and sudden breaks into panic had moved him when he had been in that spectral state. Still, his resolve had not wavered. He still wanted a divorce.

If Isabella could fully trust him, stop hunting for proof, and finally settle things with Alexander, Dominic might consider giving her another chance. She did not do any of that.

Isabella's eyes grew sad due to Dominic's coldness. She smoothed her hair and asked softly, "Honey, how do you feel? Should I call a doctor to check on you? It will be private. No one will say a word."

Dominic shook his head. "No need. I feel fine. If you have something to do, go ahead. Don't worry about me."



In a short time his strength had already begun to return. After a little more rest, he planned to leave the hospital.

"That's impossible. I'm staying with you. I'm not going anywhere," Isabella said urgently.

A faint, cold smile touched Dominic's mouth. "But I don't need you now, do I? When I needed you most, lying here between life and death, you were... keeping your dear brother company."

Isabella went pale. Her body trembled. "Honey, you're the only one I love. Please, let me explain. I didn't know your condition was that serious. I thought—"

"I told you I was dying, and you thought I was lying?" Dominic cut in. "So you believed your dear sworn brother instead of me. Your love... is cheap, isn't it?"

Isabella's face drained of color. Dominic's words left her humiliated. Now that he was alive, the hurt felt smaller. Every misunderstanding could be cleared.

She bit her lip. "Can we not talk about this anymore? I know I was wrong. Let's not fight, please."

Dominic shook his head without interest. "You know you are wrong, but you will never change. What is the point?"

The hospital room door opened.

"Isabella, don't be upset. I bought breakfast. Eat something—"

Alexander stepped in carrying food. His eyes widened in shock when he saw Dominic on the bed, and the bag slipped from his hands and fell to



the floor.

Dominic watched him in amusement and chuckled softly. "You look surprised."

Alexander flinched and stammered, "D-Dom, you're... not dead?"

"Watch your mouth!" Isabella snapped. "How could Dom possibly be dead?"

Dominic rose slowly, walked toward Alexander, leaned close, and spoke softly. "I won't die. Because there is still something I haven't done."

Alexander's voice shook. "W-What is it?"

Dominic kept his tone calm and flat. "I'll kill your whole family."

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