Chapter 48

Alexander's eyes widened, and a chill ran through him when he saw the look in Dominic's eyes. He swallowed hard.

Thinking of Isabella nearby, he quickly spoke with a pitiful expression. " Dom! I know you suspect me, but I really didn't push you. There were so many people there. You must've been squeezed out by someone."

Isabella stepped forward and tugged on Dominic's arm. "Honey, I'll definitely find out the truth about this! What Alex said makes sense too. There were so many people at the time..."

Before she could finish, Dominic already understood what she meant. ' Even now, you're still protecting your dear brother.'

He shook his head. "I know in my heart whether he did it or not."

Isabella's expression tightened. After glancing at Alexander, she said, " Actually, Alex is pretty innocent too. Honey, you beat him up so badly, and he's already apologized. Let's just let this matter go."

'Let it go?' Dominic sneered inwardly.

Alexander had almost killed him—no, he had killed him once. A grudge that deep wasn't something he could simply let go.

Dominic didn't plan to tell Isabella that. Now that he was alive again, she seemed to lean back toward Alexander's side. If he said what he was thinking, she'd only try to stop him.

Alexander's heart swelled with excitement. "Bella, thank you for believing me! I swear, I'd never hurt Dom."

Tears welled up in his eyes again, his expression so pitiful it almost looked rehearsed. Then he turned to Dominic. "Dom, you didn't really die —you pretended to be dead. Do you know how heartbroken Bella was last night?"

Dominic and Isabella frowned.

Dominic was speechless. Alexander's clumsy attempt to stir things up was laughable. 'I had nothing better to do, so I faked my death? Why don't you try that yourself, you bastard?'

Isabella looked between them. "Don't say that, Alex. The fact that Dom's alive is what matters most. Nothing else matters, even if he did—"

"You think I faked it?" Dominic cut her off in a low voice.

Isabella froze, then quickly hugged his arm and said softly, "Honey, I told you that it doesn't matter anymore."

Alexander's eyes flickered. He groaned faintly and slumped to the floor.

As expected, Isabella gasped, released Dominic's arm, and rushed toward him. "Are you alright, Alex?"

Alexander's face twisted in pain.

"I'm fine, Bella," he said weakly.

But his body was covered in bandages, and the wound on his forehead still looked serious.

Isabella's heart trembled, and her voice softened. "Just stay here in the hospital, Alex. I'll take care of all the expenses."

Alexander looked touched. He was about to speak when his body suddenly jerked, and he fainted.

Isabella panicked and ran to call for help. Moments later, two nurses hurried in and lifted Alexander onto a stretcher.

"Honey, wait here. I'll be right back." Biting her lip, Isabella avoided Dominic's gaze and followed the stretcher out of the room.

Dominic had watched everything. He knew Alexander was pretending, but Isabella always fell for his act.

Shaking his head, Dominic couldn't even tell what he felt anymore—disappointment, hatred, or maybe relief. In the end, his face went still.

He changed out of the hospital gown, dressed neatly, and walked out of the hospital. He couldn't wait for Isabella anymore. Eight years of love couldn't compare to three months with her dear "brother." That kind of love wasn't worth holding onto.

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Less than ten minutes after Dominic left, Isabella returned. "Honey, the doctor said Alex just fainted from exhaustion. His injuries will heal with rest. I—"

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