



Chapter 62

The stunningly beautiful Isabella studied Dominic's indifferent expression, and a flicker of sorrow passed through her eyes. She knew she had gone a little too far lately, but she had never thought about betraying him or wanting a divorce.

How had their relationship come to this? She couldn't understand it, and the confusion weighed heavily on her.

After a brief pause, Isabella said, "I just want you to know there's nothing improper between me and him."

Dominic only gave a mocking smile and stayed silent.

"Honey, if you're angry, you can hit me or yell at me... Just don't ignore me." Her voice softened as she leaned closer.

Dominic shook his head. "No need."

He glanced at the clock, saw how late it was, and went to the bathroom to wash up.

That night, after putting Lilith to bed, he slept in the guest room again.

Isabella sat on the sofa, dazed and heavy-hearted, her flawless face drained of life.

Then her phone rang, and she picked it up slowly. When she recognized the number on the screen, irritation flickered across her face. She took a deep breath and answered.

Alexander's slightly panicked voice came through as soon as the call connected. "Bella, w-why did you remove me from your socials?"



'He called over something so trivial?' Isabella thought of Dominic's coldness and said sharply, "If it's work-related, talk in the group chat."

Hearing her chilly tone, Alexander lay back on his hospital bed. Resentment glinted in his eyes, yet his voice turned pitiful. "Can you tell me why, Bella? Did I... do something wrong?"

Isabella's gaze softened, and she sighed quietly. "You didn't do anything wrong. It's me."

If she hadn't neglected Dominic so much lately, their marriage wouldn't have fallen into this state. But it wasn't too late to make things right. She'd change and win him back. Divorce wasn't something you decided on overnight.

"Don't say that, Bella. I... I'm scared." Alexander's voice trembled with grief.

"Is there anything else?" she asked calmly. "If not, I'm hanging up."

Silence ensued. She could hear his breathing on the line.

Just as she was about to disconnect, he spoke again. "My mom called me."

Isabella froze. "What happened to her?"

"Her condition's gotten worse. The doctor said she might not make it past a few months," Alexander said, his voice breaking.

Isabella was quiet for a long moment. "Maybe there's still hope. You can hire the best doctors for surgery. If you're short on money, I can lend you some."

"Thank you, Bella," Alexander said through tears. "It's pancreatic



cancer. There's no cure. I've already tried everything."

Isabella shook her head slightly. "Take some time off. Spend it with your mom."

"No need. We're at a critical stage with Mr. Dubois. I already have a meeting scheduled with him tomorrow. He's interested in purchasing 50,000,000 dollars' worth of equipment. I want to close the deal," Alexander said.

To his credit, he was excellent at his job. In just three months, he had secured two multimillion-dollar contracts. This one alone could bring in a net profit of over 1,500,000 dollars.

Isabella's expression softened. "You've worked hard."