

Chapter 87

Isabella frowned slightly, about to speak and explain. But at that moment, Alexander looked at her, his eyes full of desperate pleading. His lips silently mouthed, "Bella, please don't say anything!"

Seeing that and noticing the hopeful look in Mary's eyes, Isabella could only sigh softly and stay silent.

Mary sighed again. "Bella, you being with Alex is a blessing he earned over many lifetimes. Even if I die now, I could go peacefully—"

Just then, the ward door burst open.

Dominic stood in the doorway, his voice sharp and icy. "Really? Then why don't you die now?"

When Isabella turned and saw him, her mind went blank. It felt as if the sky had collapsed. She scrambled to her feet in a panic and reached for his arm. "Honey, please, let me explain—"

"Get off." Dominic flung her hand away in disgust.

She lost her balance and fell hard to the floor. Biting her lip, she looked up, her face pale.

Dominic's cold eyes swept across the room before settling back on her.

"Now I see why you won't divorce me. What is it—your little brother Alex has a thing for married women?" he sneered.

The cruelty in his words drained the color from Isabella's face. She clutched at his leg, stammering, "H-Honey, it's not what you think. I can explain, please don't say that—"

"I only believe what I see," he spat.

Alexander hadn't expected Dominic to appear. Part of him wanted to explain that Isabella had only been pretending to be his girlfriend, but he knew that if she found out he had spoken, the fallout would be unbearable.

After weighing his options, he stayed silent. Then, snapping out of his shock, he shouted, "How can you treat Bella like that? Are you even a man? Hitting a woman?!"

Isabella turned on him sharply. "Stop talking!"

She knew that anything Alexander said now would only make things worse.

Alexander's face darkened.

Meanwhile, with a dull thump, Mary got out of bed and dropped to her knees in front of Dominic.

"I don't have many days left," she pleaded. "My only wish is to see Alex happy. Please... Please let them be together. I'm begging you!"

She tried to slam her head to the floor.

Dominic's expression didn't change, and his tone stayed flat. "You're no saint either.

"First, you knew Isabella was married, yet you let your son stay tangled up with her and even spoke in her defense. You knew it was wrong.

"Second, your son's nothing but a manipulative little snake. That's on you for raising him that way.

"And third..."

His lips curved into a chilling smile. "You say you're dying soon? Then why aren't you dead yet? Or do you need me to help you along?"

His words left both Alexander and Isabella frozen in disbelief.

Rage flickered in Alexander's eyes as he lunged forward. "Insult my mom again and I'll kill you!"

Dominic's face didn't change as he kicked Alexander, sending him sprawling with a cry of pain. Yet behind the pain in Alexander's eyes was a flash of satisfaction. He had done it on purpose.

Sure enough, Isabella cried out, "Honey, you—"

Alexander's heart leapt. 'Yes, condemn him. Defend me.'

But Isabella's words died in her throat. She stood up shakily, her gaze fixed on the woman behind Dominic. Her voice trembled. "Honey... who is she?"

Autumn walked gracefully into the ward and slipped her arm through Dominic's. She smiled. "What do you think?"