

## Chapter 89

"Yeah, I can't keep being softhearted anymore." Isabella's tone was steady as she looked at Dominic.

Dominic raised an eyebrow. The next moment, Isabella lifted her hand and swung hard.

The sharp crack of the slap echoed through the small hospital room. Silence fell.

Alexander clutched his cheek, staring in disbelief. "Bella, you... hit me?"

Isabella gave him a cold glance before turning to Dominic. Her voice softened. "Dominic, I was wrong. I understand now how you must have felt. I'm sorry."

Dominic frowned. His magic hadn't overpowered hers—it had purified and made her see clearly.

Autumn pouted, an odd tension tightening her chest.

"Bella, you can't—" Alexander stepped forward, his pulse racing.

"If you say one more word, I'll rip that mouth of yours apart." Isabella's glare cut him off.

Alexander froze, a chill running down his spine. "That same terrifying look again."

Mary blinked in shock, ready to speak. "Bella—"

Alexander panicked and covered his mother's mouth.

Isabella's focus shifted back to Dominic. Her tone softened into a plea. "

Dominic, I know I was wrong. But those were just small mistakes. I can change! Please don't use her to get back at me, okay?"

She finally understood. What had just happened wasn't coincidence—it mirrored what he had endured before. That same gut-wrenching pain. He had lived through it too, more than once.

She also realized Autumn likely hadn't shared any real intimacy with him.

Autumn released Dominic's arm with another pout. Now that Isabella had seen through her, pretending further felt pointless. Still, she couldn't shake her unease.

If Isabella had truly come to her senses, would Dominic change his mind and cancel the divorce?

Dominic studied Isabella for a long moment. "Small mistakes?"

When Autumn let go, Isabella felt a wave of relief. She had been right. Her heart lifted with faint hope as she nodded eagerly, eyes pleading.

Dominic sneered, "Small mistakes, huh?"

Those so-called mistakes had nearly cost him his life. No, they had taken it. If not for the strange power that revived him, he'd already be in the ground. Forgiving her now would mock the very idea of life itself.

His voice turned cold. "Looks like you and I can't communicate anymore. Since you're here today and you've done this, let's di—"

"Don't!" Isabella's scream cut him off. She shook her head frantically. "Dominic, please don't say that word. I... I'm scared!"

"Scared?" He laughed bitterly.

Autumn could no longer hold back. She stepped in with a mocking tone. "You're a wife and a mother, yet you came here pretending to be another man's girlfriend. You weren't scared then, were you?"

"Shut up!" Isabella snapped. "I'm talking to my husband. Who do you think you are to interrupt?"

Autumn's smile vanished, and her voice turned sharp. "What, you think being a Sinclair from Eastmere makes you untouchable?"

Isabella's eyes narrowed, and she laughed coldly. "So, you've got a bit of background. You want to test me?"

"Try me," Autumn shot back fearlessly.

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