

## Chapter 90

"Looks like you've got a death wish." Isabella smiled coldly. As a CEO, she lacked neither resources nor nerve.

Dominic frowned. "Are you two getting off track? Aren't you worried readers will say you're dragging this out?"

Isabella froze, then turned to him with a hint of grievance. "Dom, you're still defending her!"

Dominic laughed bitterly and pointed toward the mother and son in the room. "You brought this on yourself, and no one's allowed to say a word?"

"After the divorce, you can do whatever you want. But before that, if you dare sneak around with another man behind my back, that's flat-out disrespect. Don't blame me for losing my temper."

Isabella trembled. "Dom, it's not what you think. I didn't pretend to be his girlfriend."

"You're saying you only 'pretended' to be his girlfriend?"

"I didn't even pretend, I just—"

"Don't give me that 'just.' What, unless you're caught in bed, you'll never admit anything?" Dominic cut her off, his tone dripping with disdain.

Isabella's face drained of color. She shook her head in panic. "No, Dominic! Please, listen to me!"

Dominic smiled faintly. "Heh, no need. I don't want to hear it, and you don't need to explain."

Whatever she said wouldn't change his decision. He'd already made up

his mind to divorce her.

He knew she hadn't truly cheated—when he was in that out-of-body state, he'd seen that Isabella only agreed to pretend to be Alexander's girlfriend. But intentions meant little compared to actions. What was done was done. He couldn't accept it, and he wouldn't forgive it.

Isabella felt a wave of helplessness. She had only come to clear things up, yet everything had spun wildly out of control. Now her reputation was ruined, and Dominic looked at her with disgust, refusing to even hear her side. [1](#)

She regretted everything. If only she'd listened to Katherine and cut off contact, none of this would have happened. But there was no medicine for regret.

She rushed forward and grabbed his hand. "Dominic, please don't be angry. Let's go home and talk, okay?"

Dominic shook off her hand with a cold smirk, turned, and walked away without a trace of hesitation.

Isabella stood frozen. Then, from the corner of the hospital room, Autumn stepped out holding a small hidden camera. She waved it in front of Isabella with a teasing smile.

"That little 'mother-in-law and daughter-in-law' scene just now? I got it all on video." Her voice dripped with mockery.

Isabella's pupils contracted. The moment she saw the camera, she understood. Her jaw tightened. "It was you!"

Everything fell into place. Dominic's sudden appearance, his anger—it was all this woman's setup.

Autumn's smile deepened. "You guessed right. That was me. Oh, let me introduce myself. I'm Autumn. If you've got a problem, take it up with me."  
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"Autumn Garcia... Stephen Garcia's daughter?" Isabella's tone darkened.

Autumn giggled. "So you already know me. Saves me the introduction."

A flicker of fury lit Isabella's eyes. She glared at Autumn, her voice icy. "The richest man in Skyline City—so what? I suggest you stop entertaining ideas about my husband, or you'll regret it. Badly."

Autumn smiled coolly.

"I'm not like you. Before the divorce, he and I are just friends. But after..."

"Her tone turned playful. "After you two divorce, whatever happens between us will be perfectly moral."