



## Chapter 20

Dominic slammed the door without a backward glance, leaving Isabella frozen in place.

She shook herself from the daze and ran after him, her voice trembling. "Honey... where are you going?"

"It's none of your business." Without turning, Dominic strode straight to the elevator.

A shiver ran through Isabella's chest. She wanted to follow him, but Lilith was still asleep in the bedroom.

Her feet refused to move. She lingered by the doorway, then bit her lip and sank onto the sofa in despair. Her gaze drifted to the dining table, still scattered with remnants of dinner, and she stared blankly at the scene.

Tears welled in her wide eyes as she recalled Dominic's cold, decisive back.

'Why did it come to this? Tonight was supposed to be my birthday. We had made up.' The thought pierced her heart. 'I was only worried about Alex. I didn't do anything wrong. Why can't you understand me?'

She couldn't comprehend it. The gentle husband she had known seemed gone tonight, replaced by someone with a hard, hostile gaze.

After a long silence, she murmured with a bitter smile, "I messed it all up again."

Yet behind the pain, a stubborn spark lingered in her eyes. "Honey, no matter what, I will never divorce you."



Her phone rang suddenly. Her heart leapt, hoping it was Dominic. But the caller ID showed Alexander, and disappointment flickered across her face.

Wiping her tears, she forced herself to calm and answered. "Hello, Alex."

"Isabella, I texted earlier. Why didn't you reply? I was worried. Are you home safe now?" His voice carried so much concern that her heart softened, especially after the fight she had just endured.

"Thank you, Alex. I'm home now. You don't need to worry," she said softly.

"That's great." Alexander exhaled in relief. "Did you see the photo I sent? I went through so many before picking that one. I think it looks really nice. I was hoping to use it as my phone wallpaper. Would that be okay?"

"It's just a small thing. You don't need my permission to—" She stopped abruptly.

Dominic's cold, disgusted eyes flashed in her mind. Her voice faltered, then grew uncertain. "Maybe not as your wallpaper."

"What?" Alexander sounded disappointed.

After a pause, he added, "Did you get home late? Is your husband mad at you?"

Isabella sighed and smiled in self-reproach. "He misunderstood me. It'll pass in a few days."

"So he really is mad?" Alexander's tone brimmed with guilt. "It's all my fault. If I'd known he was celebrating your birthday with you, I never would have called you. Bella, just blame me if you're upset."



"That's not necessary," she said. "Alex, this isn't your fault. You just wanted me to have a happy birthday. By the way, how's your mom?"

Alexander hesitated. "My mom... Forget it. Nothing."

Hearing the hesitation, Isabella frowned. "Tell me. I'm your sister, aren't I? What can't you say to me?"

"The doctor said... she might not make it past this year..." His voice broke, followed by muffled sobs.

Isabella bit her lip, her heart aching. "Don't lose hope, Alex. God always protects the kindhearted. Believe me, your mom will pull through."

She had visited his mother in the hospital before and knew the truth: the woman was battling cancer and undergoing chemotherapy.

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