



## Chapter 24

Dominic moved with practiced ease. He swept and mopped, and within moments, the mess had vanished. The room was spotless and gleaming.

Isabella stood frozen, watching him, but relief never came. Her chest felt heavy. He wasn't arguing. He spoke to her normally. And yet, with every passing moment, unease tightened around her.

By the time Dominic finished, she stepped forward eagerly. "Honey, it's late. Let's shower and go to bed."

Her gaze softened, the kind of look that had once meant they would bathe together. In the past, Dominic had never refused. Their sexual life had been harmonious, and Isabella had been more than satisfied.

Unexpectedly, Dominic ignored the unspoken invitation this time and answered calmly, "It's late. I'll sleep in the guest room. We have company tomorrow. It wouldn't look good if I got up too late."

Isabella blurted without thinking, "Alex isn't company—"

Dominic's pupils narrowed. Even with his decision made, the words stung. He ground his teeth and snapped, "Alright, alright. He's your brother, the one who really matters to you. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

Regret washed over Isabella instantly. She clutched his arm. "Honey, that's not what I meant—"

"Forget it." Dominic sighed, unwilling to argue. "Let's drop it. I'm really tired. I need to sleep."

He pulled his arm free and walked into the guest room.



"Then I'll sleep here too—" Isabella bit her lip, but the door slammed shut in her face before she could finish.

She stood stunned for a moment, then hurried to find the spare key.

Dominic had already thought ahead and had taken it inside.

With nothing left to do, Isabella let out a long sigh and returned to the master bedroom. She pulled out her phone. The last message from her husband was still frozen at the point before the celebratory dinner.

She lay on the bed, and bitterness traced her eyes. 'Honey, you're a grown man. Why are you so petty? I've never betrayed you, yet you treat me so coldly. You've gone too far.'

Her frustration simmered over the memory of Dominic's earlier attitude. The tension eased slightly when her phone rang. It was Alexander.

Exhaling softly, she answered. "Hello, Alex? Why are you calling so late?"

"Isabella," Alexander's voice carried concern. "I can't sleep. I'm worried about you. I was afraid he... might hurt you."

His unguarded care warmed her chest, and she laughed softly. "How could he ever hurt me? Don't overthink it. Go to sleep."

"Alright," Alexander replied, then added, "I've been thinking all night. I feel like it was my fault. If I hadn't asked you to come, he wouldn't have been angry. Tomorrow morning, I'll explain everything to him and apologize too."

"There's no need," Isabella said firmly. "Alex, I've told you—you did nothing wrong. It's all his imagination. Just come over for a meal tomorrow and explain briefly. No apologies needed."



Alexander felt a rush of joy at her words, though his voice grew even gentler. "Isabella, you treat me so well. Won't your husband get jealous?"

Isabella smiled helplessly. "Who knows? I'm your sister. Of course I should take care of you. But lately, he's been strange. He's even jealous of you—his own brother-in-law." 

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