



Chapter 26

Dominic's expression darkened instantly. His cold eyes swept over Isabella, but he said nothing.

Isabella's heart trembled under his gaze, yet she forced herself to speak. "Honey, Alex is already here. Since you're making breakfast anyway, what's the harm in setting out one more pair of cutlery?"

Dominic replied flatly, "Is that so? Since your dear brother is here, shouldn't you be the one cooking?"

Isabella's cheeks flushed. "You know perfectly well I can't cook—"

"Then shut your mouth," Dominic cut her off with a wave of his hand.

Her face darkened. 'Dominic, I only asked you to make breakfast, and this is how you treat me? You've gone too far.'

She felt a bitter swell of frustration. Normally, Dominic made breakfast every morning. There was just one extra person today—what was the problem?

Alexander watched the couple quarreling and quietly rejoiced, though he kept his face calm. After a moment, his expression turned into one of remorse. "Bella, Dominic, please don't fight. Maybe I came at the wrong time. Should I come back this afternoon instead?"

"Don't you dare leave," Isabella blurted, glaring at Dominic. "You think I have something going on with Alex? Now he's here to explain. What excuse do you have? You're the one in the wrong, and you owe me an apology."

Alexander nodded quickly, his face serious. "Dom, you've misunderstood us. Bella has been very kind, but we're only like brother and sister. Please



don't overthink it.

"Last night was my fault. I deliberately called her out, and she only came because she was worried about me. You mustn't blame her—blame me instead."

Dominic was grateful he hadn't eaten last night. Otherwise, he might have vomited. What made his stomach turn most was Alexander's tone, tinged with false guilt and pitiful grievance.

Suppressing his nausea, he said, "Fine. I get it. You've said your piece. Now you can scram."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Isabella shot back. "Alex explained what happened last night. What more do you want? This attitude is way out of line."

Dominic ground his teeth. 'Isabella, do you really have no heart?'

"Then what attitude do you want from me?" he asked coldly.

The question caught Isabella off guard. After a long pause, she muttered, "Alex is my younger brother. Can't you treat him like family? And he came to visit. Isn't it rude to send him away without even offering a meal?"

Alexander forced a bitter smile. "Bella, I think Dominic just doesn't like me. It's fine. I don't want to cause more arguments. I'll go now."

He said the words, but he didn't move an inch.

Hearing the note of grievance in his voice, Isabella spoke without thinking. "What are you saying, Alex? This is my house. He has no right to make you leave."



Dominic's pupils narrowed, and he let out a derisive laugh. "So it's your house now? If he doesn't leave, I will."

With that, Dominic turned, took Lilith's hand, and headed for the door.

Only then did Isabella realize what she'd said. Panicked, she rushed to grab his arm. "I... I didn't mean it like that."

Dominic wanted to shake her off, but with his daughter beside him, he restrained himself.

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