

Chapter 27

Dominic yanked his arm free and stormed out of the house, ignoring Isabella's cries.

Isabella felt a wave of regret as she watched her husband leave once again.

Alexander shifted uneasily, his tone hesitant. "I'm sorry, Bella... I think I made you two fight again."

She froze for a moment, then sighed. "It's fine. It isn't your fault."

Alexander asked carefully, "Was Dominic always like this before?"

Isabella's expression softened with memory, and she smiled faintly. "No ... he wasn't like this at all. He couldn't bear to let me be upset."

Seven years of marriage had filled her life with happiness. Dominic had loved her from the very depths of his being, attentive to every detail, spoiling her and Lilith as if they were the center of his world.

"Then why would he change into this?" Alexander pressed.

Isabella frowned. 'Changed? Yes... he really does seem different now.'

A trace of irritation flickered in her eyes. "I don't understand what's going through his head anymore. We had a perfectly good life, but he insists on picking fights with me."

She knew the spark that lit all this had been that night with the crossed-arm toast. But hadn't she already explained?

The others had egged her on, she'd had a bit to drink, and she hadn't thought much of it. Why couldn't he just let it go?



And last night, she had only gone out because Alexander was hurt. Why couldn't he try to understand her?

These thoughts left her feeling deeply wronged.

"I'm going to look for him." Isabella scanned the street below.

When she didn't see Dominic's figure anywhere, she gritted her teeth. She already knew where he was. Determined, she set off to confront him, with Alexander following. Together, they went downstairs to Katherine's apartment, and sure enough, Dominic was there.

"Lily can stay with me. You go do what you need to," Katherine said from the sofa, waving her hand.

Dominic nodded and was about to leave when he saw Isabella and Alexander approaching. His mood soured instantly, and he pretended not to notice them.

"Stop right there. We're clearing this up today," Isabella said firmly.

Dominic replied calmly, "I've already said everything I need to say. Step aside."

"You're not allowed to leave," Isabella said, refusing to back down.

He then looked toward Alexander, who was blocking his way, and turned back to Isabella. "Is your precious brother planning to get himself punched?"

Isabella froze, then her face flamed with anger. "You want to hit him now? What did he do wrong? When did you become so violent?"

'My husband really has changed,' she thought bitterly.



Dominic lowered his gaze, his voice steady. "I don't want to make this uglier than it already is."

If Isabella had looked up, she would have seen the pain in his eyes. His wife of seven years stood unashamedly on another man's side, and the hurt of it tore him apart.

Without another word, he shoved Alexander hard. Dominic's strength sent him stumbling, and he crashed onto the floor.

Isabella gasped. Forgetting Dominic's departure, she crouched down immediately. "Alex, are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Alexander muttered.

At that moment, Katherine stepped out of her apartment. Her gaze lingered on Alexander's eyes, and her calm expression faltered for an instant. Then a look of sudden realization crossed her face. She understood now why her sister showed such unusual favoritism toward this so-called sworn brother.

