



## Chapter 28

"Get up. Don't just sit on the floor," Katherine said calmly.

Alexander froze when he saw her. He hadn't expected another woman to resemble Isabella so closely. Her pear-shaped figure was graceful, with a narrow waist and full hips, nearly perfect in proportion.

Compared to Isabella, her curves were more dramatic. Her red blouse stretched tightly across her chest, forming a silhouette that was mesmerizing, impossible to ignore.

Katherine noticed immediately. Her brows furrowed, and a flicker of displeasure passed through her eyes.

Meanwhile, Isabella was too agitated to catch the subtle tension. She turned to her sister. "Katherine, can you believe how Dom's been acting? His temper is out of control. He even laid hands on someone."

Seeing Alexander stand, Katherine snorted softly. "If you ask me, he was already showing a lot of restraint."

She turned and walked back into her apartment, offering no invitation to Alexander.

Alexander steadied himself against the wall. His eyes darkened briefly when he saw Dominic leaving downstairs, but when he looked back at Isabella, he smiled. "Isabella, I'm sorry for causing so much trouble today. I'll leave now. Please don't fight with Dominic anymore. Men have tempers sometimes. I don't mind. I just hope he won't misunderstand me again."

Isabella softened and sighed. "Alex, you really are understanding."

Katherine, already inside, overheard them. Her cheek twitched

involuntarily, and she cursed inwardly, 'Why do I have to deal with this nonsense for no reason? It's so frustrating.'

Alexander quickly said goodbye to Isabella and hurried into the elevator.

Left standing, Isabella let out a lonely sigh. She had hoped today might finally clear up the misunderstandings. Instead, it had ended in another bitter quarrel.

Isabella stepped into Katherine's apartment. Liliith sat in front of the TV, watching cartoons.

Isabella turned to Katherine. "How did things end up like this?"

'You really don't know how?' Katherine thought, exasperated.

She only said casually, "What happened this time?"

Isabella explained how Alexander had called her out the night before, sparking yet another cold war between her and Dominic.

When she finished, Katherine stared in disbelief. "You mean last night, on your birthday, you ditched Dominic to celebrate with your 'sworn brother'?"

"He said he was hurt. That's why I went!" Isabella shot back.

"That's not the point." Katherine waved a hand. "The point is you went and stayed for hours. Did it never occur to you that Dominic might be sitting alone at home waiting for you?"

Isabella's face grew awkward. "I didn't think that far at the time. Alex's mother was there — she's an elder. I couldn't just leave. And I see Dominic every day. A few hours apart shouldn't matter that much, right?"



Katherine shook her head helplessly. "I don't even know what to say anymore. You knew Dominic was sensitive about this, yet you still went. Of course he's angry."

"How was I supposed to know he'd be that petty?" Isabella muttered. "I even asked Alex to come over today so he could explain things, but he still wouldn't let it go. How is that my fault?"

Katherine's eyes widened. "You actually had him show up in front of Dominic?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"Oh my God, Isabella. Are you stupid? How is that an explanation? That's practically a provocation." The words slipped out before she could stop them.

Isabella had been spoiled senseless by Dominic over the years. It was no wonder he was furious. It was clearer than ever that their marriage was heading for a crisis.

Realization finally crept into Isabella's mind. She thought for a moment, then smacked Katherine's thigh in frustration. "I get it now. I think I messed things up again."

Katherine sucked in a sharp breath and glared at her. "Whether you get it or not is your business. But why on earth did you smack my thigh?"

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