



## Chapter 4

Isabella instinctively checked her phone. It was past midnight. A flicker of guilt crossed her face. "Honey, I bought you a gift. It's the watch you liked last time. Try it on."

She held out a small bag containing a box.

Dominic glanced at it and casually set it on the coffee table. "No need. I'm not used to wearing expensive things like this."

Isabella's expression soured instantly. "Do you have to be so sarcastic? You went way too far just now. You beat Alex half to death, and I had to talk him down from calling the police. You owe him an apology!"

Dominic let out a bitter laugh. "Apologize to him? What I did was nothing. If I see him again, I'll beat him worse. Just get him to call the police!"

Isabella's anger flared. "H-How can you be like this?"

Dominic waved her off. "Save your words. We've been together for seven years. We had good times, sure, but people change. If you've fallen for someone else, just say so. I can let go. But drinking, arms crossed with another man? That's making me a cuckold. I won't stand for it."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Isabella protested. "After all these years, you still don't trust me? Making you a cuckold? How disgusting. He's like a brother to me. That's all. About the toast, you've got it wrong. I can explain..."

Dominic looked at her steadily. "Go ahead."

Isabella bit her lip. "Honey, it was a celebration dinner. Everyone was



drinking. The toast was just the crowd egging us on. I only meant to raise my glass to him, but then he slipped his arm across mine... I didn't do it on purpose—"

"So you still drank it, right?" Dominic cut her off.

Isabella's face tightened, but she nodded. "I'd already had some to drink. I wasn't thinking. I just went along. But I swear, it's only a brother-sister bond. Nothing else. I'm your wife. You should trust me."

Her explanation did nothing to ease him. In fact, it sounded even more absurd.

"So you did drink it. My beloved wife, clinking glasses with your so-called sworn brother..." A mirthless laugh escaped him. "What a joke."

Isabella paled. She moved closer, sat beside him, and gently wrapped her arms around his. "Honey, don't say that. I've never betrayed you. I only love you."

Dominic shook his head, pulled his arm free, and met her gaze. "Until now, I trusted you unconditionally. Don't you see we already have a problem?"

Isabella froze. Fights between a husband and a wife were normal to her. They'd quarrel today and make up tomorrow. It was nothing serious.

"What problem? There's no problem," she said hurriedly.

"Fire him. Cut ties with him. Can you do that?" Dominic's voice was flat.

Isabella stared in disbelief. "Why drag him into this? I already explained. He's just a brother to me!"



Dominic rubbed his temples, suppressing his fury. "How many times has this happened?"

"What do you mean?"

"How many fights have we had because of him?" Dominic pressed. "Last weekend, we were supposed to take Lily to the amusement park. Then he called, and you ran to the office. Who's the boss? Him or you?"

Isabella tried to explain, "He was working late. I needed to help him handle some things—"

"And when he was looking for an apartment, what did that have to do with you? We were finally at the movies, and you left me alone to go house-hunting with him?" Dominic demanded.

Isabella's face tightened again. "He's young, new to the city. I didn't want him to be scammed."

Dominic scoffed. "And when he called, you ran to his place to cook for him. Was that to prevent a scam too?"

"I didn't..." Isabella scrambled. "He had a high fever. He couldn't even move. I'm his sworn sister. What's wrong with making soup for him? Honey, stop being petty. He's just a kid. I only helped within reason..."

Those words snapped Dominic's restraint. He shot to his feet, his voice shaking with fury. "So if he wanted you, you'd give him that too?"

The air went still.

Isabella was stunned. After a moment, she stood, blazing with rage. "Are you out of your mind, Dominic? How could you even say that? You've disappointed me more than I can say."



"I'm going insane because of you," Dominic roared, eyes bloodshot. "You know damn well his presence is wrecking our marriage, yet you keep doing whatever you please. Fine. Keep it up. But hear me—if you don't cut things off with him, there's only one solution. Divorce."

Isabella was bewildered. "Over something like this? You'd divorce me?"

"Something like this?" Dominic laughed coldly. "I've said what I needed to. If you still care about this family, about me and Lily, you know what to do."

Isabella's anger intensified, and her expression hardened. "Maybe you're the one who needs to calm down. I haven't done anything wrong. Why should I change?"

That was her nature—unyielding, domineering.

Dominic held her gaze, unflinching. "Suit yourself."

He walked into the guest room.

Isabella collapsed onto the sofa, heart in turmoil. She grabbed Dominic's cigarette pack and lit one with unsteady hands.

A sleepy voice called out, "What are you two fighting about in the middle of the night?"

Katherine emerged from Lilith's room, rubbing her eyes.

Isabella glanced at her without surprise. "You're here."

Katherine nodded and sat beside her. "What happened now?"

Although she didn't like Dominic, she didn't want to see her sister's



marriage fall apart. If they fought, the one who would suffer most was the little girl.

Isabella pouted angrily. "He's out of his mind. Talking about divorce."

Katherine's eyes widened. "He'd really divorce you?"

"He wouldn't dare," Isabella said with certainty. "He's just mad. By tomorrow, it'll blow over."

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