

Chapter 5

"Could it be a misunderstanding?" As an outsider, Katherine knew Dominic rarely threw around threats. For him to mention divorce meant that he had likely already made up his mind.

"He's the one misunderstanding me! He's imagining things. It's all his fault," Isabella said bitterly, spilling everything to her sister in one breath.

Katherine frowned. "Have you even considered what Dominic said— about cutting ties with your so-called brother?"

"There's no need." Isabella huffed. "Why should he meddle in my relationships? I haven't done anything wrong. I have nothing to feel guilty about."

"Is that so? Or is it because you can't bring yourself to cut ties with him?" Katherine lowered her voice, glancing toward the guest bedroom.

Isabella's eyes widened.

"How could I possibly—" She stopped mid-sentence, and her expression faltered as if a thought had crossed her mind.

Katherine saw it all and sighed silently. Perhaps Isabella had already started to drift without realizing it.

After a pause, Isabella said, "Anyway, Alex and I are innocent. We're just like brother and sister. Dominic is misunderstanding. In time, he'll see the truth. Honestly, Alex is a really good kid..."

"So you like him?" Katherine asked abruptly.



"I'm his sworn sister. Isn't it normal to like my little brother?" Isabella replied instinctively.

Katherine shook her head. "Alright, I get it. But I still think you should consider what Dominic said carefully. I'm going to bed. I've got a livestream tomorrow."

Katherine stood, yawned, and left. She was an influencer with millions of followers.

Seeing her sister leave, Isabella nodded and walked her to the door before returning to the guest bedroom. She tried the handle, but it was locked from the inside.

With a frustrated huff, she turned away.

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The next morning, Dominic woke early. He glanced at the closed master bedroom door but didn't knock. Instead, he went to Lilith's room and gently woke her.

The girl rubbed her eyes and shuffled off to wash up while Dominic made breakfast in the kitchen.

"Where's Mom? Didn't you make her breakfast too?" Lilith asked between bites.

Dominic smiled gently. "Mom doesn't need Daddy to make her breakfast anymore."

Lilith gave a puzzled little nod.

Inside the master bedroom, Isabella had just placed her hand on the

doorknob when she overheard him and froze. A storm of emotions—hurt, guilt, anger, heartbreak—swirled in her eyes, but she didn't open the door.

When she finally stepped out, the apartment was empty. Dominic had already left with Lilith for kindergarten. On the table, breakfast dishes remained, but none for her.

Her face darkened briefly, then she steeled herself. They had fought before. He was angry now but would cool off in a couple of days. This time, she had no intention of backing down. She was convinced there was nothing wrong between her and Alexander. Dominic was simply too sensitive.

What she didn't realize was that throughout their marriage, she had never compromised. As CEO, she had built it to a valuation of over 10,000,000 dollars. Though her family had helped a little, most of the success was hers. That success had hardened her character. She had become unyielding, domineering, and unwilling to admit fault or make concessions.

So even now, with Dominic demanding she fire Alexander and cut ties, she refused.

Isabella slipped on her heels, went to the garage, and drove out in her Porsche.

Her voice was resolute as she muttered, "You're being too stubborn, Dom. This isn't right. Alex and I are just like siblings. You argued with me over that and even refused to make me breakfast. You're the one in the wrong."

She started the car and headed straight to the office.

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When Isabella walked in with a cold expression, her employees shrank back. Last night's scene had spread, and her frosty demeanor warned everyone to stay out of her way.

Isabella entered her office, sat, and pulled out her phone. Staring at Dominic's number, she hesitated. "He was the one who made a scene at dinner, not me. He hit someone and now threatens divorce. He should apologize first. Only then will I forgive him."

With a sharp huff, she set the phone down without dialing. Just then, someone pushed the office door open without knocking.

Already in a foul mood, Isabella looked up angrily, then froze. "Alex? Why are you here today?"

It was Alexander. His face was bruised, bandaged in places, with strips of bandages covering cuts. He smiled faintly. "I can't skip work just because I'm hurt."

He handed her a stack of documents. Besides being her sworn brother, Alexander was the leader of Sales Team Alpha and her assistant.

Seeing his battered state softened Isabella, and she smiled. "Alright, stop trying to act tough. If you're not well, take leave. You know I'd approve of it."

She scanned the documents. Alexander had organized and analyzed the company data meticulously. The reports were comprehensive and clear, so Isabella nodded in approval.

Alexander chuckled and settled on the sofa. "Did Dom misunderstand yesterday? He's not seriously angry, is he?"



Isabella frowned. "He was impulsive. Honestly, I should thank you for being forgiving and not pressing charges."

"It's nothing." Alexander's eyes flickered. "But he's too sensitive. If I had a girlfriend, I'd trust her completely."

Isabella shook her head with a bitter smile. "If only he were as understanding as you."

Alexander leaned forward. "Why don't I explain it to him? If things are laid out clearly, he'll get over it. He's a man. He can't be that petty."

Isabella bristled. "Not petty? That would be a miracle!"

At the same time, she thought, 'If only my husband were as considerate as Alex.'



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