



## Chapter 58

Isabella's eyes were swollen from crying all night, yet she was smiling now. "It's real... Honey, you're really okay!"

Dominic snapped coldly, "You're insane. You thought it was in your imagination, so you bit me? Why not bite yourself instead?"

"I did. Honey, look!" Isabella lifted her arm proudly. Her smooth skin was covered with rows of teeth marks—some purple, some still red.

Dominic frowned. "You're sick. Seriously sick."

He brushed past her and walked into the house.

Seeing his indifference, Isabella felt a wave of hurt. She turned quickly and grabbed his arm. "Honey, don't you feel even a little sorry for me?"

Dominic calmly pulled his arm free, met her eyes, and said, "If you want someone's pity, go find your dear brother. Stop bothering me."

Isabella froze, then rushed to explain. "Honey, you've got it wrong. I didn't mean anything by it. He fainted, so I followed to make sure he was okay. I couldn't just leave him there, could I?"

Dominic gave a faint, indifferent smile. "None of that matters anymore."

"How can it not matter?" Isabella's voice rose in panic. "I'm your wife. I love you. He's like a brother to me. Can't you stop being jealous?"

Dominic nodded. "I'm not jealous."

A spark of hope lit Isabella's face. "Really?"

Dominic took out a cigarette, lit it, and spoke with unsettling calm. "



Yeah. Let's get divorced."

The smile froze on Isabella's face, and she stared at him in shock. "You're saying that again?"

Dominic looked away, and his gaze landed on Lilith's schoolbag tossed on the floor. He picked it up and said, "Find some time to handle the paperwork. I haven't earned much these past few years, so I'll leave with nothing."

Isabella's smile vanished, replaced by anger. "How can you say that so casually? Divorce isn't a joke. We still have—"

"We don't have a future anymore." Dominic exhaled a thin stream of smoke. "I told you that night—the moment you walked out the door, our future ended."

Isabella trembled, her face drained of color. "I... I didn't think it through. But divorcing me over something so small? Don't you think that's too much?"

Dominic stayed calm. Divorce wasn't an impulsive decision.

He opened Lilith's schoolbag and checked her homework as he spoke. "From the moment Alexander showed up, I told you I didn't like that so-called brother hanging around. You wouldn't listen. You even fought with me over him."

"No, I really only saw him as a brother. I—" Isabella began, panicked.

Dominic looked up, frowning slightly. "Don't interrupt me. After that, his name started appearing everywhere in our lives.

"I loved you. I loved this family. I love Lily. For her sake, I tried to tolerate it. But I told you how I felt, and still, you did whatever you wanted. You



never took my words seriously."

The color drained completely from Isabella's face as his words sank in.

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

get it