



Chapter 76

"You've got to be kidding me. Are you a pig or something?" Katherine snapped, exasperated. "I honestly don't know what goes on in that head of yours! How could you even agree to something like that? When Dominic finds out, I can't wait to see how you plan to clean up the mess."

"He won't find out!"

Katherine let out a cold laugh. "Oh really? You won't tell him, but what makes you think your dear Alex won't?"

Isabella frowned, hesitating before she said quietly, "Alex...He wouldn't. He's not that kind of person."

"Unbelievable! Those eyes of his must've blinded you. You've lost all sense of reason, seeing him through rose-colored glasses and trusting him like a fool."

Katherine shook her head. She could already see it coming—if Isabella kept acting this reckless, things would go terribly wrong.

Even Murphy's Law said that the more you believed something wouldn't happen, the more likely it would. And Katherine had a bad feeling. Isabella was gambling on luck, and that ticking bomb would eventually go off.

"I'm not trusting him unconditionally. It's just..." Isabella sighed. "I made a promise, and I can't go back on my word, can I?"

She forced a bitter smile. Back then, she hadn't known Dominic had been in a car accident. She thought he'd only lost his temper and hit Alexander on impulse.

Pretending to be Alexander's girlfriend to comfort his dying mother



hadn't seemed like a big deal—just a few harmless words. When Alexander didn't call the police, she felt she owed him, so she couldn't bring herself to refuse his request.

"Forget it. It's your business. Do whatever you want. Just don't drag Lily into it if you and Dominic start fighting again," Katherine said coolly.

...

Back at home, Dominic finished cooking and called Liliith to come eat. After dinner, he helped her check her homework, then handed her the phone so she could play for half an hour.

He went to do the housework himself. Later that night, after the girl showered and went to bed, Dominic entered the study to look something up on the computer.

When Isabella got home, the house was unusually quiet. She glanced around and noticed the light on in the study. After a moment's thought, she decided not to go in. 'If I talk to him now, he'll just bring up the divorce again. We'll only end up fighting.'

Isabella bit her lip, remembering what her sister had said. For a moment, she felt the urge to come clean. But Dominic was still angry. If she told him the truth now, he definitely wouldn't forgive her—he'd only be more determined to leave. She couldn't let that happen.

She shook her head, pushing the thought aside.

'He only misunderstood because of Alexander. Once everything's settled and I stop seeing him, things will go back to normal. We'll be fine again.' Thinking that, Isabella sighed softly and entered the bathroom.

Dominic finally found the information he'd been searching for. He stared



at the screen for a long time, his expression growing heavier by the minute. When he finished reading, he closed the computer and exhaled deeply. 1

What he'd discovered left him conflicted. When he checked the clock, it was already 12:30 a.m., so he decided to turn in.

That night, he had a terrible dream. In it, he and Isabella were deeply in love, happier than ever. Then one day, she vanished. He searched everywhere with Lilith—street after street—but she was gone. Just when he was about to give up, he returned home and saw the door of the neighboring apartment open.

A family of three walked out. The woman was Isabella.

Dominic froze. Then, eyes red with rage, he lunged at the man beside her. Isabella screamed and shoved him away—off the tenth floor.

"Ah!" Dominic shouted and jolted awake. It took him a while to calm down as he stared around the familiar room.

'Just a nightmare...'

 But even as the man's face faded from memory, Dominic could still recall the eyes. They were Alexander's.