



## Chapter 10

Dominic stirred awake, his vision blurred, only to find a pair of bright, steady eyes fixed on him. His wife lay across his chest like a small, contented cat and stared at him with quiet devotion.

He turned his head, avoiding her gaze.

"What are you up to? I locked the door. How did you get in?" His voice was flat.

"I have the key." Isabella cupped his face in her hands and gently turned it toward her with a playful smile. "Honey, let's stop this. Let's just live well together, all right?"

Dominic said nothing.

The truth was, no one wanted peace in this family more than he did. His love for his wife and daughter outweighed everything else.

Dominic had spent all these years at home not out of laziness, but because he valued them above all. No matter what others thought of his career, he knew his own worth. He was tough, diligent, and relentless when he set his mind to something.

So how had their family come to this?

Bathed in the glow of moonlight, Isabella studied his sharp, steady features, her voice softening. "I didn't come home yesterday to celebrate your birthday, and I owe you an apology for that. But... about the cross-arm toast with Alex, I swear I didn't mean for it to happen."

Even offering an apology was rare for her. Still, Dominic could not let it pass so easily. Intentional or not, she had shared that drink.



After a long pause, he finally said evenly, "This isn't something we can just move past. Time will have to decide."

If she truly cut ties with Alexander for good, there might still be a chance for them. In time, even that humiliating toast could fade into the past. But would things really resolve so neatly?

Dominic didn't know. A fog of uncertainty clouded his heart.

However, one thing was certain: he could not keep drifting. For a man, true strength came from building a career of his own.

Isabella seemed to sense his unease. Her eyes glistened with guilt. "Honey, you have to believe me. I love you."

Before he could respond, she slipped under the covers and pressed close. The words caught in his throat.

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Half an hour later, Isabella curled in his arms, her voice drowsy but teasing. "Honey, my birthday's the day after tomorrow. How are you planning to spend it with me?"

Dominic's birthday fell on June 15, hers on June 19—only days apart.

"We'll talk about it when the time comes," he answered casually.

"Ugh, you're impossible." Isabella pouted and pinched his nose. "Let's go out for local food, okay?"

"What about Lilith?" Dominic asked.

"She can stay with Katherine. She loves Lily, and Lily loves being with her."



Dominic considered it, then nodded. "That works."

Satisfied, Isabella closed her eyes.

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The next morning, Dominic woke just after 6:00 a.m. Seeing his wife still fast asleep, he let her be. He went to the kitchen and prepared breakfast for the three of them and woke them only once the food was ready.

Isabella emerged, yawning. "I slept so well last night, but I'm still tired."

"If you're tired, sleep a little more," Dominic said.

She shook her head. As the head of her company, she didn't need to be there every day, but she insisted. "No way. There's too much going on. I can't relax if I leave things to someone else."