



## Chapter 11

Dominic shook his head. Isabella had always been fiercely driven by her career. After everything that had happened at home, she wanted to achieve something even more meaningful, to prove herself. That was why he had been willing to stay at home all these years, supporting her fully so she could focus without distraction.

After breakfast, Dominic took Lilith to school.

From the balcony, Isabella watched with a soft smile the old Audi pull away. Her sister's advice had actually worked.

Of course, she never considered that Katherine, who had been single her entire life, was the most reliable source of wisdom. But then again, one had to be bold enough to teach, and the other bold enough to follow through.

Leaving the house, Isabella headed straight to the company. Her mood felt lighter than usual, and the icy edge of her expression softened.

To the outside world, she was always the untouchable, elegant CEO. Only at home, or around those who truly mattered, did she allow herself to be gentle.

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In her office, Isabella poured a cup of coffee and began reviewing the company's reports.

At that moment, the office door opened, and Alexander strode in with a smile.

"Isabella, the cup I ordered last night arrived. I got it for you." He placed a porcelain coffee cup on her desk.



Isabella blinked in mild surprise, then offered a polite smile. "Thank you, Alex."

"You're like a sister to me. No need to thank me." He waved it off, then added, "By the way, do you remember Vivian Hale?"

At the name, Isabella frowned. "Yes, I remember. She was fired. Why?"

Everything had started with Vivian. She had carelessly posted that reel online, with the ridiculous caption: [Wishing Ms. Sinclair and Alex a lifetime of happiness together.]

Just thinking about it soured Isabella's mood.

"Well..." Alexander hesitated. "Vivian worked under me for a long time. Now she's come to me asking for another chance. I thought I should check with you... Would you consider rehiring her?"

He watched her expectantly.

Isabella's eyes narrowed, and her expression turned cold. "Alex, I was the one who fired her. Are you asking me to go back on my word?"

Alexander froze. He had expected a simple yes or no. Not this sharp reaction. He lowered his head quickly, his tone subdued. "Alright, Bella. That was careless of me. I'm sorry."

The moment she saw the dejected look in his eyes, Isabella's heart softened slightly. Her voice eased. "Forget it. I don't blame you. You meant well."

"Mm-hmm. I'll be more careful next time," Alexander replied quietly.

Remembering the promise she had made to her husband, Isabella said, "Actually, there's something I want to discuss. I've been watching your



recent work, and I think you're ready to take on the role of deputy manager in the Marketing Department. Do you feel confident about that?"

Alexander's eyes lit up. As team lead of Sales Team Alpha, a promotion to deputy manager was a big step. Without hesitation, he said firmly, "I can handle it, Bella."

"Good. Then set aside your work as my executive assistant for now," Isabella said lightly.

The smile on Alexander's face froze instantly.

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