



Chapter 13

Isabella crouched and slipped off her high heels. Her full hips stretched the fabric of her dress into an inviting curve.

Dominic thought that her coming home this early was a good sign, as if things were finally moving in the right direction.

She changed into more comfortable shoes and hurried to the kitchen. The aroma of freshly cooked food filled the air. Her eyes crinkled with happiness. "My husband is the best!"

Dominic smiled calmly. "Go watch TV. I'll call you when everything's ready."

Isabella kissed him on the cheek and returned to the living room.

Half an hour later, Dominic set the food on the dining table and called his wife and daughter over. His cooking was exceptional—good enough to rival chefs in five-star hotels. Isabella had eaten his meals for years and never grown tired of them.

After finishing, she sighed contentedly. "How about we skip the restaurant tomorrow and have a candlelit dinner at home instead?"

Dominic suddenly remembered it was her birthday. "Sure. What do you want to eat?"

"Steak."

Lilith raised her hand eagerly. "I want pasta!"

"Go on, shoo!" Isabella teased, waving her off. "Tomorrow is my birthday. You don't get to make demands."



Lilith pouted, huffed, and muttered, "Mommy's mean! I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Then she darted off with her phone to play games.

Isabella widened her eyes. "Why, you little brat..."

Dominic laughed, smoothing things over. "Don't take it to heart. She's just a kid."

"You always spoil her," Isabella said with a faint snort. "Anyway, tomorrow is just for us. I'll send her to my sister's place."

"Whatever you decide."

That night, the couple returned to their bedroom. Dominic felt lighter, as if everything had returned to normal.

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The next day passed routinely—work as usual, school run as usual.

That evening, Dominic stopped by the supermarket and picked up wine, steak, and other ingredients. When he came home, Isabella was already waiting.

"Happy birthday!" Dominic handed her a bouquet with a smile.

Isabella's face lit up. She held the flowers to her nose and breathed deeply. "They smell wonderful. You're too good to me."

Lilith watched from the side and muttered in jealousy, "Daddy's playing favorites. Flowers for Mommy, but none for me."

Isabella shot her a look and laughed, feeling proud. "What, are you



jealous? Too bad!"

Lilith's eyes watered. She nearly burst into tears, but just then Katherine walked in. The girl ran to her, sobbing, and poured out her complaints about her mother.

"Come on, let's go out and have fun. Forget about them." Katherine chuckled, scooped her up, and carried her away, leaving the house quiet.

"I'll start cooking," Dominic said and headed into the kitchen.

Isabella stayed at the table, admiring the flowers. Her heart swelled with happiness.

Soon, Dominic brought out the steak and side dishes. Isabella turned off the lights and lit candles. In the soft glow, they sat across from each other.

Isabella raised her glass. "Honey, I hope we can be this happy every year."

Dominic nodded with a grin and lifted his glass to meet hers. Just as their glasses were about to touch, Isabella's phone rang. Dominic's grin froze when he saw the caller ID.

It was Alexander. The name alone filled him with a foreboding sense of dread.

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