

Chapter 18

When Isabella stepped inside and saw the mess strewn across the floor, she froze.

"What... What happened here?" she stammered, closing the door behind her.

Dominic didn't answer. He sat beside their daughter, his gaze fixed and unreadable.

Her heart raced, though she didn't believe what had happened earlier was unforgivable. Slipping off her shoes, she crossed the room and softened her tone. "Honey, I'm home now. Don't be mad anymore, okay?"

In the past, when she acted coy like this, Dominic would hold her, murmur something tender, and the argument would fade. Not this time. He didn't move. He didn't even look at her.

Isabella pouted, ready to speak again, when she noticed the bandage wrapped around his finger. Her eyes widened.

"You... You're hurt?" she exclaimed and reached for his hand.

Dominic struck her hand away, his face expressionless. "Get away from me."

The blow was so hard her skin reddened instantly.

"Honey, that hurt..." she cried out, clutching her hand.

Dominic only glanced at her, his eyes stripped of warmth. They looked distant like a stranger's. The sight made Isabella shudder.



The truth was, she had already regretted leaving for Alexander's place the moment she walked out. If she had known it would come to this, she never would have gone.

Once she saw Alexander was fine, she should have left right away. But his mother was there. She was an elder, and Isabella hadn't wanted to seem disrespectful. Thus, she had stayed for hours.

Now, seeing Dominic's fury, she knew he had every right to be angry. Still, she thought anger could be soothed. He only needed coaxing.

Ignoring the sting in her hand, she threw her arms around him and whispered, "Honey, don't be angry. It was my fault. I'm sorry. You've already hit me. Let's just call it even, alright?"

'Even?' A faint, bitter smile curved Dominic's lips.

He rose, lifted Lillith into his arms, and carried her to her bedroom. After laying her down and closing the door, he turned back to Isabella and said calmly, "Let's get a divorce."

Her eyes widened. "You're asking for a divorce again?"

Dominic lit a cigarette, his movements slow and deliberate. "All the property will stay with you. I won't take anything. But I'll stay here until I find a place. Once I do, I'll move out. Lily... She'll come with me."

"What are you saying?" Isabella's voice shook, her eyes welling up. "Do you even hear yourself? How can you talk about divorce? I don't agree!"

Dominic's cold gaze swept over her. "It doesn't matter if you agree. I'll file a lawsuit."

The firmness in his eyes told her he meant it. Panic gripped her, and tears spilled as she cried, "Our marriage isn't broken! I haven't cheated!



Even if you file, the court won't grant it!"

"You haven't cheated?" Dominic let out a low, scornful laugh. "Then I'll say I did. It doesn't matter who's at fault. I want a divorce."

Leaving with nothing wasn't the point. Ending the marriage was. At that moment, a new edge sharpened in him—unyielding, almost ruthless, a resolve that would stop at nothing.