



## Chapter 19

Isabella felt as if struck by lightning. In that instant, the man standing before her no longer felt like her husband.

She forced a shaky smile as she reached for his arm. "Honey, don't joke like that. You would never cheat. Let's not say things we don't mean. I can explain what happened tonight—"

"You think I'm joking?" Dominic's voice was cold.

He cast a glance toward their daughter's room. "Keep your voice down. If you wake Lily, I won't forgive you."

Biting her lip, Isabella tugged him out onto the balcony. "Tonight, I was only worried about Alex being hurt. That's all. There was nothing else. You have to believe me. Let's not blow this little thing out of proportion, please?"

Dominic lifted his head toward the moonlight, his voice steady. "There's no need to explain. I already told you: the moment you walked out that door, there's no going back."

He turned and went into the study, where a printer sat waiting.

Isabella stood frozen, watching as he printed a divorce agreement. Her chest tightened, her emotions tangling into a bitter knot.

He signed his name and handed the papers to her. "Sign it."

Isabella's anger flared. "I won't!"

She ground her teeth and tore the agreement into pieces. "Can you stop being so petty? You won't let go of something so trivial. Do you ever think about Lilith? If we divorce, what happens to her?"



Dominic hadn't expected her to twist the blame back on him. Her accusation made him laugh in disbelief.

Without another word, he printed a new copy and shoved it toward her. "If you really cared about Lily, you wouldn't have done something this disgusting. Stop wasting time. Sign it."

She didn't even think before tearing it apart again. Her face flushed with fury. "Stop it, Dominic Fleming! What disgusting thing have I done? Tell me clearly! Put the past aside.

"Tonight you heard it yourself. Alex said he was hurt. What was I supposed to do? Just stand there and ignore it? Because of that, you're jealous, you want a divorce? Do you even have a shred of sympathy? You're wrong. You should apologize to me!"

She stared at him wide-eyed, unblinking, her chest heaving.

At that moment, her phone buzzed with a new message. Isabella pulled it out and unlocked it without thinking.

Dominic caught sight of the screen, and his pupils constricted. On the display was a photo: Isabella smiling faintly, a birthday hat on her head, a cake lit with candles before her. Around her stood a group of people. Alexander was right at her side, gazing at her with unmistakable tenderness.

Alexander: [Bella, I think this photo looks amazing. Can I set it as my phone wallpaper?]

One photo, one message—and Isabella's face drained of all color.

Dominic's laugh was sharp, dripping with mockery. "So that's how badly he was hurt."



Isabella's lips parted, her face turning pale. "Listen to me, I didn't know —"

"Cut the bullshit!" Dominic snapped harshly and full of contempt. "Even now you want to act like you're innocent? If you've found someone new, I'll let you go. But if you think you can have both, greedy to have everything, you're delusional."

Panic filled Isabella's face as she shoved her phone away and reached for his hand. "Honey—"

"The farther you get from me, the better." Dominic yanked free without hesitation.