



## Chapter 2

Dominic exhaled, gave a slight nod, and was about to step out the door.

"Wait a second," Katherine said suddenly.

He stopped and turned. "What is it?"

Katherine was a year older than Isabella but younger than Dominic. As his sister-in-law, he always addressed her formally, never by her family's endearments.

The Sinclair sisters were both striking. Katherine resembled Isabella enough that people often noticed it—about 80% alike, though Katherine carried her own radiant beauty. Tonight she wore a silk camisole nightdress, the fabric clinging in a way designed to catch attention.

Dominic barely registered it. His mind was too heavy.

Katherine frowned. "Where are you going in the middle of the night? And where's Bella?"

"She's out having dinner. I'm going to bring her home." Dominic's tone was calm, but his expression gave no hint of a husband simply going to fetch his wife.

Katherine studied him for a moment before stepping aside. "Fine. Go then."

Dominic stepped outside. As he drove out of the garage, his expression hardened. A fire burned within him. The image of his wife linking arms with another man for a toast refused to leave his mind. Suspicion was solidifying into a grim certainty: Isabella was having an affair.



His cheek twitched, and his knuckles turned white around the steering wheel.

The short video had revealed the dinner's location. Almost before he realized it, he had arrived.

The Grand Skyline Hotel loomed ahead, one of the city's most luxurious venues. A single dinner there could cost up to 9,000 dollars.

Lighting a cigarette, Dominic walked in with heavy, deliberate steps. Hesitation had no place now. Whatever the truth, he had to face it.

He asked a server, who told him all the banquet rooms were on the second floor. Dominic went up, and as soon as he reached the first private room, he heard Isabella's voice.

"We wouldn't be where we are today without all of you. I'll drink to your tireless efforts!" Her voice was bright and charming. It was hard to believe that she was the mother of a six-year-old.

"You've worked the hardest, Ms. Sinclair!"

"We should all toast to you!"

"And besides Ms. Sinclair, let's not forget Mr. Grant. Without him, there wouldn't even be a celebration tonight, haha!"

The lively, cheerful atmosphere was clear. Dominic took a deep breath and pushed the door open. Silence fell instantly, and every guest turned toward him.

His eyes locked on Isabella. She wore a black dress that revealed her smooth, pale shoulders. Her collarbone rose elegantly above her full curves, and her narrow waist accentuated the lift of her hips.



She held a wine glass and froze at the sight of him. Shock flashed across her face, but as a CEO, she quickly restored a composed smile. "Honey, did you come to pick me up? Have you eaten? Do you want to sit down and have something to eat?"

Her cheeks were flushed from drink, giving her an alluring glow.

'So this was Ms. Sinclair's husband.' Several people in the room recognized him at once. Some eyes drifted to the young man seated beside Isabella, their expressions knowing.

The man was handsome, nearly matching Dominic. He sat close to Isabella, and for an instant, his smile stiffened before he masked it with a warm grin.

"Ah, this must be Dominic. Come on over! Sit here next to me!" He began to rise.

Isabella waved him back casually. "Just stay seated, Alex. My husband can sit anywhere he wants. We're almost done anyway. No need to make a fuss."

Alexander sat down again, laughing. "Alright, thank you, Bella."

He glanced at Dominic, and his eyes betrayed a hint of challenge.

Dominic laughed coldly. "Fine. I'll sit for a while."

He pulled out a chair, lit a cigarette, and sat without touching the cutlery. He watched quietly, his calm yet sharp gaze charging the room with subtle tension.

Isabella frowned, cast him a disapproving look, then smiled at the others. "Alright, everyone, carry on! Eat and drink as you like."



Dominic's mood was heavy. Through the haze of smoke, his gaze remained sharp.

Alexander broke the silence. "Bella, the foie gras is really good. You should have more!"

He maintained his smile and placed some on her plate with the communal spoon.

Isabella hesitated, then returned his smile. "Thanks, Alex."

She took a bite and said with admiration, "You've worked hard these past weeks with no days off, helping the company land two major projects. Tell me, what kind of reward do you want? Should I give you a long vacation?"

Alexander shook his head and looked at her warmly. "I don't want time off, Bella. You've treated me so well. Of course I need to work harder to repay your trust."

Isabella laughed. "I knew I wasn't wrong about you, Alex. Whatever you want, just say it. I'll take care of it."

Alexander's gaze deepened. "What I want is to always stay by your side. To see you rise to the very top—"

Suddenly, applause broke out.

Everyone turned toward Dominic, who clapped with a calm expression.

Isabella frowned.

Dominic's eyes moved between her and Alexander, and he smirked faintly. "Such a touching scene. Since you've both said so much,

shouldn't you seal it with a hug?"

Isabella's face darkened, and she snapped, "What are you saying, Dominic? What's with the sarcasm?"

Dominic sneered, "Sarcasm? Why don't we let everyone here judge just how disgusting you two looked just now?"

Isabella stared at him in disbelief. "Disgusting?"

Was this the same gentle husband she knew? How could his words be so cutting?

Dominic's tone sharpened. "Heh. I've got harsher things to say, if you'd like to hear them."

Isabella's pupils contracted as her anger flared. 'So what if I didn't spend your birthday with you?'

She drew a cold breath. "Stop making a scene. Whatever it is, we'll talk at home. If you don't want to wait for me, then go home first. Staying here is only ruining the celebration for everyone."

Dominic's smirk turned cold. "Ruining it?"

He stood, gripped the edge of the table, and with a sharp heave, overturned it. "Then nobody eats!"