

Chapter 23

Jessica froze. Lies had never cut as deeply as the truth. The truth was a blade. Her breathing quickened, and her eyes reddened as she jabbed a finger at Dominic and shouted, "Say that again if you dare!"

Dominic gave her a cold look, flicked his cigarette aside, and turned to leave. "I'll say it once more. Get out of my way."

This time, no one stopped him.

As he disappeared into the night, Jessica trembled with rage, teeth clenched. "Just wait. I won't let you get away with this!"

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The encounter barely registered in Dominic's mind. If anything, it had allowed him to vent some of his bottled-up anger. The young woman's family background was far from ordinary, but he felt no fear. He had always been a man who protected his family—not one who let himself be trampled.

Revenge? The only person he cared about was Lillith. But compared to Jessica's background, Lillith's grandparents were billionaires—the Sinclairs of Eastmere. Who would dare touch her?

As for Dominic? After the divorce, he had nothing to lose. A man barefoot feared no one in shoes. If anyone wanted a fight, he would be ready.

He wandered the streets aimlessly for two hours. By the time he returned, it was past 2:00 a.m.

Isabella sat on the sofa, her eyes swollen from crying. Dominic didn't look at her. He went straight to the dining area and began cleaning up the trash on the floor.



She approached, biting her lip. "Honey, let's stop fighting, all right? And ... what happened to you?"

Dominic knew he looked dirty and disheveled from the fight, but he had no interest in explaining. His voice remained calm. "It's nothing. If you have something to say, just say it."

"I don't mean anything else. I just don't want us to fight anymore. Let's live well together... If Lily sees us fighting, she'll be heartbroken too." Isabella's voice carried earnestness. "Between husband and wife, there should never be grudges that last overnight. I know I've made mistakes, but as long as we still love each other, everything can pass."

'As long as we still love each other.' Dominic found the words both bitterly funny and unbearably sad.

Maybe they had once loved each other. But now, her heart had turned elsewhere, toward her so-called sworn brother, and she expected him to swallow it? He couldn't.

He forced down the ache in his chest and nodded. "Alright. No more fighting."

'Not just no more fighting. No further talk is necessary,' he added inwardly.

He had already given her a chance once, and giving her another would make it meaningless.

Isabella didn't catch the weight in his words. "Really?"

Relief lit her face as she hugged his arm tightly. "Honey! I know you're the best. I promise I'll never make you angry again. There's nothing between Alex and me. Don't misunderstand us anymore, okay?"



Dominic pulled his arm free. "I still have housework to do. It's late. Go to bed."

He already knew what he needed to do: file for divorce and find a job and a place to live.

Isabella pouted. "You're so cold!"

After a pause, she added, "Honey, I know you still misunderstand. Alex will come over tomorrow. He'll explain everything, and then you'll believe me!"

Hearing the certainty in her tone, Dominic could only feel speechless. 'Isabella, how foolish must you be to think bringing him here will solve anything?'