

## Chapter 25

Alexander said, "Maybe it just means your husband loves you too much. That's why he's so possessive, like a child who won't let anyone touch his favorite toy."

"Is that so?" Isabella frowned, a flash of displeasure crossing her face.

Thinking it over, she realized Dominic had been acting domineering lately, even demanding she cut ties with Alexander over trivial matters. The thought left a sour taste in her mouth.

Alexander quickly added, "It's just my guess, Bella. Don't take it too much to heart."

She fell silent for a moment. In the end, she said, "I understand."

After hanging up, they continued chatting on WhatsApp late into the night.

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The next morning, Dominic rubbed his tired eyes and dragged himself out of bed. Sleep had eluded him. Every time he closed his eyes, memories of his years with Isabella replayed.

To say it didn't hurt would have been a lie. Still, pain solved nothing. He had given his love recklessly once. Now, it was time to let go.

When he opened the door, Isabella was already awake. The dark circles under her eyes revealed her own restless night.

She looked at him with a trace of wounded resentment. Dominic ignored her and went straight to Lilith's room, where he found his daughter hiding under the covers with her phone.



"Alright, confess. How long have you been playing?" he asked.

Caught red-handed, she looked flustered. "Uh... Maybe 20 minutes."

Dominic narrowed his eyes. "The truth."

"An hour," Lilith whispered.

Furious, Dominic snatched the phone. "Lilith Fleming, how many times have I told you? Half an hour a day, maximum! You've gone way over. Forget playing this weekend."

Her face crumpled, and she pouted in protest.

Dominic didn't soften. "Get up. Now."

"Fine..." she muttered and reluctantly started to dress.

As the father and daughter stepped out, the doorbell rang.

"It must be Alex," Isabella said quickly. "I'll get it."

She hurried to the door.

Dominic's face remained expressionless, but cold bitterness stirred inside. 'Of course. Look how eager she is.'

The door swung open to reveal a handsome young man.

"Good morning, Bella." Alexander stepped inside with a small bag, smiling warmly at Lilith. "You must be Lilith. I brought you a gift. See if you like it."

Lilith froze and clutched her father's leg. Dominic had always told her never to accept things from strangers.



Isabella frowned. "Lily, what are you waiting for? Say thank you to Alex."

Only then did Lilith take the bag.

Dominic ruffled her hair, casually took the bag from her, and set it aside.  
"Go wash up."

Alexander's smile faltered, his tone slightly awkward. "It's just a plush toy, Dom—"

"It doesn't matter," Dominic said coolly. "If you have something to say, then say it."

Isabella stepped forward, her voice sharp with displeasure. "Honey, Alex came over so early. Can't you at least be polite? Alex, sit down for a bit. Tell me what you want to eat, and I'll have my husband make it for you."

Dominic nearly exploded. "What? Cook breakfast for this bastard? Has she lost her mind?"

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