



Chapter 6

Isabella paused, then replied calmly, "You don't need to explain anything to him. If anything, he should be the one apologizing to you."

Alexander nodded firmly. "Alright, Bella. I'll listen to you."

Her eyes lingered on his handsome face, particularly those sharp eyes, and she momentarily lost herself.

A long silence followed before Alexander spoke again. "If there's nothing else, I'll get back to work."

Startled from her daze, Isabella lowered her head quickly. "Yes, go ahead. Just take care of yourself. You're still hurt, so don't push too hard."

"Thanks for your concern." Alexander flashed a grin as he left the office.

Once outside, that smile shifted into something far more cryptic.

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Meanwhile, Dominic sat behind the wheel of his old Audi.

After dropping Liliith off at Blossom Elementary, he remained alone in the car, silent for a long while. He held his phone, staring at his wife's number. In the end, he shook his head and didn't call.

Love and marriage had begun to show cracks. Worse, those cracks seemed to be widening.

At first, when Isabella mentioned a new intern joining the company, he paid little attention. She had spoken of Alexander dismissively. After all, fresh graduates were everywhere, and most lacked real talent.



But over time, Isabella noticed him more. She praised his abilities, saying he brought impressive profits to the company. In just a month, her dismissiveness had transformed into open admiration.

At that point, Dominic started to get uneasy. Hearing your own wife praise another man never sat well.

He had assumed it would end there, but their relationship grew closer. Several times, he noticed Isabella chatting with Alexander on WhatsApp, the conversations unusually lively. He never looked through her phone and didn't know what they discussed. Still, it gnawed at him.

Eventually, Isabella and Alexander went so far as to declare themselves sworn siblings. That stung, and Dominic voiced his discomfort, but Isabella brushed it off every time. For Lilith's sake, he avoided heated arguments.

Then came yesterday. They had shared a toast, arm in arm, as if they were bride and groom. That terrified Dominic. He wondered if Isabella might one day go further, slipping away with Alexander into a hotel room.

He was a man and could never accept to be betrayed and humiliated. Even Lilith deserved better than to see her father reduced to a coward.

Thus, Dominic confronted Alexander. Beating him wasn't just venting anger. It was a warning, a claim of dominance. The message was clear: if Alexander humiliated him, he would face ruthless consequences.

At the same time, Dominic began considering divorce. If Isabella didn't come to her senses, their marriage would not survive. But if it came to that, one thing was certain: he would fight for Lilith's custody.



Isabella was far too busy to care for their daughter. Lilith needed stability, someone who would put her first. Dominic was determined to be that person. When Lilith grew older, she could choose to live with her mother, but not now.

There was only one problem. He was broke. No job, no house. How could he possibly win custody?

"Ah..." He sighed heavily. Not only was he unemployed, but he didn't even own property.

Isabella came from the Sinclairs, one of Eastmere State's most powerful families. They had looked down on Dominic from the start—a country boy from the fields. Although Isabella had insisted on marrying him, her family had forced him to sign a pre-nup.

In plain terms, even if they divorced, Dominic would walk away with nothing. The house was in Isabella's name. The only thing he owned was the old Audi he sat in.

Raising Lilith with that alone? It was impossible.

Frowning, Dominic unlocked his phone and downloaded a job-search app. Listings appeared by the dozens. He filtered for high-paying roles and began calling one company after another. Maybe luck would be on his side.

Several companies invited him for interviews that afternoon, and he felt hopeful. He grabbed a quick lunch, then dove into the interviews. 1

Unfortunately, disappointment followed.

On the surface, Dominic appeared professional. His sharp appearance and confident demeanor caught the recruiters' attention immediately.



Yet he had one fatal flaw: no experience.

He had graduated from Skyline University, one of the nation's most prestigious institutes, but his resume was nearly blank. At 30, he had yet to hold a formal position. The jobs he applied for demanded higher qualifications and experience.

In the end, the recruiters could only tell him to wait for further notice.

The most absurd moment came when a graceful, alluring female manager hinted that although he wasn't qualified, there were other ways to earn a handsome salary without much effort.

Dominic turned her down. He was still young and wanted to build something with his own hands.

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By late afternoon, exhausted and dejected, Dominic checked the time. School was almost over for Lilith, so he drove back to Blossom Elementary.

Parents crowded the gates, waiting for their children. The school ranked among Skyline City's elite private schools, almost aristocratic in its standards. Its tuition reached tens of thousands of dollars each year.

For Isabella, that was nothing. For Dominic, it was another heavy burden. Still, it didn't shake his resolve. If Isabella continued her ambiguous relationship with Alexander, divorce would be inevitable.

Soon, the bell rang, and cheerful children poured out of the gates.

"Daddy!" Lilith sprinted toward him, throwing herself into his arms.



"Daddy! I scored a perfect hundred on both tests today!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with pride.

Dominic laughed heartily. "That's amazing, sweetheart! What do you want? Daddy will get it for you."

"I want a Barbie doll! And McDonald's too!"

"Consider it done."

He took her to the mall, bought the doll, and took her to dinner. By the time they returned home, it was nearly seven.

The moment they stepped inside, Isabella's cold voice cut through the air. "Where have you been all day?"

Dominic frowned but didn't answer. He smiled at Lilith instead. "Go change your clothes, sweetheart. They're dirty. Remember to toss them in the washing machine."

"Okay!" she chirped, kicking off her shoes as she dashed to her room.

Isabella's expression hardened. "I'm talking to you!"



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