



Chapter 7

A faint, cold smile tugged at Dominic's lips. "So now I have to report everything I do to you?"

The remark set Isabella off instantly. She sprang to her feet, her voice sharp. "What kind of attitude is that? I was speaking to you calmly, and you—"

Her words faltered as surprise flickered across her face.

Dominic laughed mockingly. "What's wrong? Did you remember something?"

Isabella's expression darkened. She had remembered that she had said those exact words to him just two weeks ago.

It had been a rare weekend. Dominic had cooked a large dinner at home, planning for the three of them to eat together before taking a drive through the countryside. But just as they had been about to sit down, Isabella had received a call from Alexander. He had claimed that he had cut his leg, and she had panicked, snatching her purse and rushing for the door.

Dominic had tried to stop her, demanding to know where she was going.

Agitated, she had snapped, "Stop asking, will you? Do I have to report everything I do to you?"

She had tossed the words over her shoulder before slamming the door. Dominic had stood frozen in the living room for what felt like hours.

Now, back in the present, guilt flickered across Isabella's face.

Nonetheless, she pressed, "You should at least let me know beforehand. I



came back early today, and you weren't even home."

On ordinary days, Dominic would drop Lillith off at school, head straight home, and do chores or read. But today, Isabella had returned early to find the breakfast dishes still on the table, untouched. He had been gone all day.

Dominic shook his head, gathered the dishes, and said quietly, "You should learn to handle the chores yourself or hire a housekeeper."

Isabella frowned. "What's that supposed to mean, honey? Don't I already have you?"

Dominic paused mid-motion, turned, and looked her straight in the eye. "Was I born just to do housework?"

His gaze was sharp, and it made her flinch. For years, his eyes had held only gentleness. But now, something had changed.

Isabella felt an invisible weight pressing down, unsettling her. "That's not what I meant."

She drew a deep breath and forced the unease away. "I went to the office today. Alex showed up even though he's hurt. He said he wants to explain things to you, and I don't think you should—"

"Don't you dare bring up that bastard to me!" Dominic barked and slammed the dishes down hard.

Isabella had never seen him like this. She bristled in return, her own tone sharp. "Are you done, Dominic? You're blowing this out of proportion over baseless suspicions. Alex never once blamed you, even after you hit him, yet you keep clinging to this. Don't you think you're being unreasonable?"



"Unreasonable?" Dominic scoffed, pointing at himself. "Fine, I'm unreasonable. Do you have any idea how it feels when you keep calling him your dear brother? You think he's talented and considerate? Then go to him! I won't stop you. We'll file for divorce tomorrow!"

His anger boiled over.

Isabella's eyes widened. "Y-You're bringing up divorce again?"

"Why not? Should I just sit back and watch you and your so-called brother flirt like lovers?" He shot her a cold look before turning toward the kitchen.

"Say that again!" Isabella gritted her teeth and grabbed his shirt. "There's nothing inappropriate between Alex and me! You're slandering me. You owe me an apology, or I won't let this go!"

"Get off." Dominic shook her hand away without hesitation.

She stumbled back and fell to the floor. Meanwhile, Dominic walked into the kitchen without looking back.

She sat there, dazed, for a long moment.

"Mommy, why are you on the floor?" Lilith appeared, looking at her nervously. In every parental fight, the child always bore the brunt.

Isabella forced a smile and pulled herself up. "It's nothing, sweetheart. Mommy and Daddy were just playing around."

"Don't fight with Daddy," Lilith whispered. "He's the best daddy in the world."

'And I'm the best mommy in the world too...!' Isabella felt wronged, her



eyes reddening.

She sniffled, then held her daughter's hand gently. "Daddy and Mommy weren't fighting. We were just discussing something."

Lilith hesitated before asking cautiously, "Are you and Daddy going to split up?"

She was only six but perceptive enough to understand.

"Of course not." Isabella shook her head firmly. "Lily, Mommy and Daddy will never split up. We'll always live together as a family."

Relieved, the girl smiled brightly.

Isabella picked up her backpack with a soft smile. "Now go to your room and do your homework."

Once Lilith was settled, Isabella stepped out and closed the door.

Dominic had already washed the dishes and leaned on the balcony, smoking.

The heat of the argument had cooled, and Isabella had calmed as well. Her expression mixed resentment with fear as she approached him from behind and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Honey, let's not fight anymore. Lily was scared."

Dominic remained silent for a long moment before speaking. "I told you to fire him and cut all ties yesterday. Can you do that?"

Isabella froze. She hadn't expected him to bring it up again. Her face tightened. "I've already told you. There's nothing between us. You're mistaken. He's talented, and the company needs people like him..."



Dominic laughed bitterly and pried her hands from his waist. "So you can't do it. Stop dressing it up as some noble sacrifice for the company. What's the point?"

Isabella's company, worth over 10,000,000 dollars, was backed by the Sinclair Group, a billion-dollar empire. What did one intern who had been there three months matter? Nothing.

She hesitated before speaking. "Don't be angry, honey. I promise I'll try to keep my distance from him. But firing him... I really can't do that."

Dominic shook his head and went back inside. If she could have kept her distance, she would have already done so. Many so-called innocent relationships between men and women escalated over time. Maybe she already had feelings for him.

The thought cut into Dominic's heart like a blade, leaving only pain.



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