



Chapter 8

Isabella felt a wave of grievance as Dominic entered the living room without a word.

'I've already compromised. What more does he want from me?' she thought bitterly.

Dominic saw things differently. Even though Isabella had promised to keep her distance, the memory of her clinking glasses with Alexander lingered like a thorn in his throat. He couldn't spit it out, he couldn't swallow it, and it hurt all the same.

He slumped onto the sofa and scrolled aimlessly through reels on his phone, but his mind refused to settle. 'Should I really go through with a divorce?'

One year of dating, seven years of marriage — eight years together. And then there was Lilith, their precious daughter. At that moment, Dominic truly didn't know what choice to make.

Isabella bit her lip and stepped inside. Her large, dark eyes shimmered with unshed tears, brimming with hurt.

Neither of them spoke. The living room sank into a heavy, suffocating silence. Dominic didn't break it, and Isabella was even less likely to. She had already given all she could. Her pride wouldn't allow her to bend any further.

Minutes passed until Lilith emerged from her room. "Daddy, Mommy, I finished my homework."

Dominic's face softened. "You can play on your phone for half an hour, then it's bath time and bed."



"Okay!" Lilith skipped off to fetch her phone and happily dived into her game.

Isabella let out a quiet sigh and went to check her homework in the bedroom.

Later that night, after Dominic tucked Lilith into bed, he finally headed for the shower.

Isabella watched him disappear into the bathroom without so much as a glance. Resentment and frustration bubbled in her chest until she could no longer stand being in the apartment. She grabbed her keys and left.

The Riverside Residence apartments had two units per floor. Isabella and Dominic lived in 1002, while her sister lived directly below in 902.

Isabella pressed her fingerprint to the lock and stepped inside. Katherine was lounging on the sofa in a skimpy outfit, a face mask on her skin, and scrolling through her phone. Her pale skin glowed in the dim light, exposed in generous stretches.

Isabella quickly shut the door. "Could you at least put on some clothes?"

Katherine glanced up with mild annoyance. "There's no one else here. And why are you barging in so late?"

Isabella sank onto the sofa with a heavy sigh.

Katherine took one look and immediately sensed something was wrong. "Still haven't patched things up?"

"He won't even talk to me. Tell me, sis, why is he such a petty man?"

Isabella's voice dripped with bitterness.



"Petty?" Katherine laughed. "Honestly, I might not think much of Dominic, but I've never met a man with a better temper."

Ever since graduating, Dominic had spent most of his time at home without a proper job. Katherine had never thought highly of him. Yet she had to admit that, with Isabella, he had been devoted. He held her as if she were made of glass and treasured her as if she might melt at a touch.

"You don't know him like I do." Isabella huffed. "That temper of his can be so stubborn. I explained everything, but he refuses to listen. He insists I cut ties with Alex. He even wants me to fire him."

"And you won't?"

"Of course not!" Isabella answered without hesitation. "There's nothing going on between us. Dominic is imagining things. Besides, Alex hasn't done anything wrong. He works hard and takes his job seriously. How could I fire him without cause? That wouldn't make sense at all."

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