



Chapter 40

Alexander covered his cheek, completely stunned and a little frightened. For months, he had known Isabella's reputation in the company—cold, ruthless, and untouchable. Yet her demeanor toward him had always been gentle.

Now, the woman standing before him shattered that image. Her icy composure sent a chill straight through him.

Isabella ignored him. She turned, lifted the surgical drape, and brushed her fingers over Dominic's pale face.

Her voice softened to a whisper. "Don't worry, my love. Everyone who hurt you will pay for it. Including... me."

Dominic stood beside her, frowning slightly at her words. He wanted to tell her that it was pointless, that nothing she did now would change anything, that she should focus on Lillith instead. But he could no longer reach her—not in this world.

Isabella pulled a chair close and sat beside him. Her eyes were dark with grief. She leaned forward, pressing her ear to his chest, but heard no heartbeat. Silent tears slid down her pale cheeks.

Alexander stood rooted to the spot, afraid to move. The air hung heavy with stillness.

Half an hour later, a middle-aged man with a buzz cut entered.

Dominic had seen him once before at a Sinclair banquet. His name was Samuel Wright, and he was a long-time associate of Isabella's father.

Samuel approached with steady steps. "What are your orders, ma'am?"



Isabella straightened slowly. Only then did Samuel notice the body on the table, and his expression changed at once. "Mr. Fleming?"

The Sinclairs were a billion-dollar dynasty. They might never have treated Dominic as one of their own, but he was still Isabella's husband—the Sinclairs' son-in-law. And now he was dead.

Samuel's heart jolted, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes. 'No wonder her voice sounded different on the phone. She never calls directly unless something serious has happened.'

Isabella nodded once. "You've seen it yourself. My husband died in a car crash. Find the driver."

Samuel gave a curt nod. "When I find him, how should I handle it?"

"Get rid of him," Isabella spat flatly.

Alexander's blood ran cold. Terror gripped him. Everything about this was wrong.

How could the CEO of a multimillion-dollar company backed by the Sinclair Group ever have been the soft, harmless woman he imagined? Behind her beauty lay a heart colder and deadlier than he could have conceived. He had simply never seen this side of her before.

Meanwhile, Samuel showed no surprise. He led a team that specialized in work like this.

Ordinarily, they drank, played cards, and joked around together. But when the Sinclairs needed something handled, they became silent enforcers. In return, the Sinclairs cared for their families for life. The old lived comfortably, the young held good jobs, and the children received the best education and support.



It was the Sinclairs' unspoken contract—a modern kind of blood-bond loyalty. At times, there were so many volunteers they had to draw lots to decide who would go.

Isabella's voice broke the silence. "Find the driver. Learn exactly how my husband's accident happened. I'm giving you two hours. Is that enough?"

Samuel replied evenly, "One hour will do, ma'am."

"Good." Isabella nodded, then turned her gaze toward Alexander. "You seem nervous."

Cold sweat drenched his back. Inside, he was screaming in panic, "How could I not be terrified?!"