



Chapter 43

Dominic thought, 'That's false repentance. Who are you trying to fool? You might as well take good care of Lily. Of course, if you can avenge me and get rid of your dear brother, I'll be grateful even in the afterlife.'

'But judging by how things are now, you won't be able to do it. After all, with just one word from your precious brother, you stopped doubting him ...'

Time crept by until morning.

Isabella's eyes were swollen and red from crying, yet she kept murmuring to Dominic between sobs.

"Honey, how could you bear to leave like this? How could you abandon me and Lily? How could you go alone?" Her voice broke into bitter weeping.

The light had gone from her eyes, leaving only emptiness and despair. "Honey, I want to go with you so much... Wherever you are, will you take me with you?"

Dominic frowned. He couldn't tell whether her words came from love or guilt, but he didn't want her thinking that way. She had to live on. Lilith was still young. She had already lost her father; she couldn't lose her mother too.

"Honey, when I go back, how am I supposed to explain this to Lilith?" She reached out and patted his chest. All she felt was a chilling coldness. "You terrible man, wake up, please. Stop sleeping — it's already morning."

"Isabella." A deep, steady voice broke the silence.

The ward door opened, and Samuel entered with a man beside him. The



newcomer's hair was half black and half white, and he leaned on a cane. His expression was composed, his presence commanding.

Tears blurred Isabella's vision. She looked up briefly, then turned back to Dominic. "Dad, you're here."

The man was James Sinclair, her father and chairman of the Sinclair Group.

James stepped closer. When his gaze fell on Dominic's body, a flicker of complex emotion crossed his eyes.

"That young man..." He sighed quietly. "He had ambition. I once wanted him to join the Sinclair Group, but he refused."

Isabella was startled and looked up. She had been unaware that her father had made such an offer.

James continued, "At that time, you were at odds with your mother and wanted to build a career of your own. Dominic wanted to ease your worries, so he stayed home and took care of Lilith. I didn't expect things to end like this... Life is unpredictable."

It was the first time Isabella understood why her husband had chosen to stay home. Her nearly dry tears began to fall again as she lay against his body, sobbing uncontrollably. "Honey... I'm sorry. You gave up so much for me..."

James was the head of a billion-dollar company. For someone of his discernment to have valued Dominic spoke volumes about the man her husband had been.

"Don't be sad," James said, patting her shoulder with a weary sigh. "In life, parting and death are inevitable. It's only a matter of time."



Isabella shook her head, trembling. "I can't accept it. I just can't! I love my husband. I can't live without him... I really can't lose him."

James's gaze softened. After a long silence, he said quietly, "Stay with him a while longer. I'll wait in the car. I'll personally attend Dominic's funeral today. As the Sinclairs' son-in-law, his farewell must be dignified."

With that, he turned and left the ward, leaning on his cane.

Samuel remained behind to report to Isabella.