



Chapter 64

Dominic glanced at his watch, sprang to his feet, and hurried out. "Oh no, it's almost 7:30 a.m.! Come on, get dressed, brush your teeth, and wash your face. I'll make breakfast."

"Okay." Lilith headed for the bathroom.

Ten minutes later, breakfast was ready, but Lilith still hadn't come out.

Dominic knocked on the door.

"Daddy, my tummy hurts. I'm pooping!" she called from inside.

Dominic chuckled, finally understanding why she'd gotten up on her own. "Alright, finish up quickly. Don't be late."

First grade started at 8:30 a.m., and the drive to Blossom Elementary would take about 15 minutes if traffic was clear.

He glanced at the master bedroom. The door was still closed, and he had no intention of calling her.

A few minutes later, Lilith came out looking uncomfortable. "Daddy, I couldn't poop."

Dominic frowned. "What did you eat yesterday at your aunt's?"

Lilith's eyes darted away. "Nothing much."

"Heh, did you eat ice cream?" Dominic asked, half amused, half exasperated.

She avoided his gaze and bolted toward her room. "Daddy, stop asking so many questions! I need to get dressed or I'll be late!"



Dominic sighed. "We'll talk about this when you get home tonight."

A short while later, father and daughter finally left the house.

As the door clicked shut, the master bedroom door opened.

Isabella stepped out, perfectly put together but with tired eyes, and let out a quiet sigh.

...

After dropping Lilith off at school, Dominic drove straight to a law firm he had found online the day before. Since he knew little about legal matters, he needed professional advice.

About 10 minutes later, he arrived at Skyline City Plaza.

After finding a parking spot, he stepped out of the car and glanced up at the building's grand, elegant façade, admiring the architect's craftsmanship.

Skyline City Plaza was one of the city's landmarks, designed by a renowned architect who, coincidentally, shared Dominic's last name. The plaza was always bustling, surrounded by upscale shopping areas and busy streets.

After searching for a while, Dominic came across a modestly sized law firm.

"Lydia Frost & Co? Odd name," he muttered, pushing open the glass door and stepping inside.

At that moment, a young man was coming out, and the two nearly collided.

The man snapped, "What the hell? Don't you look where you're going? Trying to get yourself killed?"

Dominic frowned. "Looks to me like you weren't looking. Watch your mouth."

The young man's expression darkened, a dangerous gleam flickering in his eyes. "You dare talk back?"

Dominic gave a dry, contemptuous smile. "I only returned the favor. When you say it, it's fine, but when I do, it's talking back? Bit of a double standard, don't you think?"

The man looked around 26 and was well-dressed in expensive designer brands from head to toe. He was clearly someone with money.

His voice turned cold. "It's been a long time since anyone's talked to me like that. You've got guts."

Dominic scoffed. "What, you think you're some kind of big shot?"

The man glared, about to retort when his phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID, and his eyes widened. Without another word, he brushed past Dominic toward the exit.

Just before stepping outside, he turned back with a hard, cutting look. "You're lucky today. I've got urgent business. Remember my name—Zachary Grant."

He left in a rush.

Dominic shook his head. Running into someone like that first thing in the morning was hardly a good omen. Still, he brushed it off and continued into the law firm.