



## Chapter 77

"Didn't expect I'd even dream of him... This isn't good." Dominic's eyes sharpened, a chill flickering within them that could make anyone's heart tremble.

Dawn had already broken. When he checked the clock, it was 6:30 a.m. He lit a cigarette and sat quietly for a while before dressing and getting up.

After washing, he called Lilith to wake her, then went to prepare breakfast.


A few minutes later, Isabella stepped out of the bedroom. She walked up to him with a pitiful look and said softly, "Honey, I'm hungry."

"Make your own breakfast." Dominic's tone was flat.

Isabella froze, unable to react for a long time. It wasn't as if cooking an extra portion was difficult, but Dominic didn't want her to mistake it as a sign of reconciliation. His decision to divorce was final. Nothing would change that.

As Isabella watched father and daughter enjoying breakfast together, a bitter ache filled her chest. Then Lilith looked up and asked brightly, "Mommy, why aren't you eating? Daddy's fried eggs are salty, but they taste really good!"

Isabella forced a smile. "Eat up, Lily. Mommy's not hungry. I'm heading to work."

She grabbed her purse and hurried out the door. Once she sat in her car, the composure cracked—she buried her face in the steering wheel and wept uncontrollably. 



Her phone rang, pulling her back. When she saw the caller ID, she quickly wiped her tears and answered. "Hello."

"Ms. Sinclair..." her new assistant said nervously. "I just found out Mr. Dubois' procurement deal isn't exclusive to us. JewelMed's already started negotiations."

Isabella's expression hardened. JewelMed was another medical equipment company, slightly larger than her own Belladom Group. Though the Sinclair Group backed her, JewelMed wasn't easy competition. Word had it they had strong ties to the Garcia Group—the conglomerate led by Skyline City's wealthiest man, Stephen Garcia.

After a moment's thought, Isabella said evenly, "Tell Alex to secure the deal as soon as possible. We can cut our profit margin if we must."

"Alright, but..." The assistant hesitated.

Isabella's brow furrowed. "Stop mumbling. If you've got something to say, say it."

"It's just... Mr. Grant asked for a key to your office. Should I..."

Isabella's voice turned icy. "You're my assistant. You really don't know whether that key should be given out?"

Cold sweat formed on the assistant's forehead. "Yes, Ms. Sinclair. I understand."

...

After dropping Lilith off at Blossom Elementary, Dominic scanned the surroundings.

"I'm here!"



He turned toward the voice and saw Cynthia standing under a tree about 10 feet away.

Dominic motioned for her to come over. She jogged toward him, and as he opened the car door for her, he said, "Why were you standing so far away? You could've waited by the gate—no one would've noticed."

Cynthia gave an awkward smile. "I was hiding from the sun. You know how they say on TV those things hate sunlight? I figured I'd better stay in the shade..."

Dominic chuckled and shook his head as he started the car.

"Can we go now?" Cynthia asked eagerly. "You said yesterday I could take revenge myself. How do we do it?"

Dominic's expression hardened. "You seem to have forgotten what you promised me."

Cynthia froze. After a long hesitation, she said reluctantly, "My hometown's in Clearwater Ville, Queenshire Town. The gold bars... are there."

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