



Chapter 80

"Alright, thanks for your help." Dominic handed the phone back to the driver.

The driver rubbed his hands nervously. "Uh, Mr. Dominic, when you meet Miss Garci later, please don't—"

Dominic laughed. "You're just following orders. Don't worry about it."

"That's good to hear!" The driver finally relaxed. Getting caught while tailing someone counted as failure in his line of work.

Dominic watched the SUV drive off, then got into his own car.

"Did you handle your business?" Cynthia asked.

"Yeah." Dominic nodded. With Autumn's promise, he no longer felt desperate to take her gold bars. Still, after recalling what he'd found in his research last night, he decided it was necessary.

"Let's go. Tell me the directions." He started the engine and headed toward Clearwater Ville.

Half an hour later, under the curious eyes of the villagers, he stopped in front of an old house.

Cynthia's face filled with excitement and nostalgia as she looked at the familiar building. She reached out to touch the carvings on the wooden door.

They were the marks she'd made as a child, carved with stones. The door's red paint had long since faded after years of wind and rain. Little smiley faces and crooked characters still showed faintly, each one carrying traces of the past.



Cynthia brushed her hand over them. The little girl she once was had grown up and died. The thought made her eyes turn red.

After a moment, she said quietly, "I don't have the key. The gold bars are in the back."

Dominic walked around to the rear of the house.

This time, Cynthia didn't point out the hiding place right away. Instead, she hesitated. "Um... can you tell me how I can take revenge myself?"

Dominic frowned slightly and stared at her without answering. His silence made her uneasy. She lowered her head, unable to meet his eyes.

He looked around to make sure no one was nearby.

"Take this," he said.

Cynthia looked up and saw a single strand of hair in his hand. She gave a bitter laugh. "Even if you give me a strand of hair, I can't hold anything..."

Dominic didn't respond. He raised his hand, brought the hair close to her, and let go. It floated down gently.

Cynthia instinctively reached out to catch it, expecting it to pass through her hand.

But the strand landed softly in her palm. She froze. "What is this?"

As she spoke, her arm brushed against a small weed. The weed bent under her touch.

Her pupils contracted sharply. A jolt of realization shot through her. Her whole body trembled with excitement. "Could it be... I'm alive again?"

She began moving around in disbelief, testing her strength. She bent the grass and lifted a brick. It was true—she had a body again.

Joy flooded her eyes. She almost cried. But then Dominic reached out and took back the hair. Instantly, she returned to her spirit form.

A wave of loss washed over her. She gazed at the strand longingly. "Could you... maybe let me have it?"

"No." Dominic's tone was steady. "Keep your promise."

Cynthia stared at the hair for a long time before finally pointing to a spot on the ground. Dominic dug there and uncovered a box filled with gold bars—several of them, in different sizes. One bar was still wrapped in its packaging, marked 100 grams, dated April 2025. She had bought it only a couple of months earlier.

Dominic's eyes flickered. He quietly packed the box away without a word. He didn't notice Cynthia behind him, her face twisted with resentment, pain, and despair.

"Let's go," he said, holding the box. "It's time to head to your house."

Cynthia quickly hid her expression and followed him. On the drive back, neither spoke. Lost in thought, they rode in silence. By the time they reached Skyline City, it was nearly noon.

"Where's your house?" Dominic asked.

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