

Chapter 81

"Reno Residence," Cynthia replied.

Dominic skipped lunch and went straight to the address Cynthia had given him. Before long, an old, dilapidated apartment building came into view.

Just as he was about to enter, Cynthia froze beside him. Her gaze locked on two figures in the distance, and her whole body began to tremble.

Dominic followed her line of sight and saw a middle-aged man and a teenage boy walking slowly down the road.

The man looked to be in his 40s, his hair streaked with gray. The boy kept his head lowered, avoiding eye contact, his posture shy and withdrawn.

"It's them! My husband and my son! I'll kill him!" Cynthia suddenly screamed, her voice shaking with rage. Her eyes burned with hatred so intense it looked as if she could devour them alive.

Dominic's face stayed calm. He watched the pair walk past and into the building, then quietly followed.

Cynthia trailed behind, her features twisted with fury. The thought of finally punishing that bastard brought a dark, eager smile to her lips.

When they reached the foot of the stairs, the man turned abruptly.

"Young man, have you been following me?" he asked in a low, wary tone.

Dominic smiled faintly. "Yeah. There's something I'd like to discuss with you. It's about your late wife."

The man's expression changed instantly.



"Cynthia!" he blurted.

After a long, tense silence, he said, "Let's talk inside."

He led the boy upstairs. Cynthia's old home was on the fifth floor, and the aging building had no elevator, so they climbed the narrow stairwell on foot.

"We're here." The man unlocked the door and gestured for Dominic to enter.

The apartment was sparsely furnished, nothing valuable in sight. Yet the memorial photo displayed at the center of the living room drew the eye immediately. The boy looked at it, grief and longing clouding his gaze.

The man pulled over a chair for Dominic. "Want a cigarette?"

Dominic shook his head.

Cynthia suddenly flew into a frenzy, racing through the rooms and screaming, "Where is she? Where's that woman?"

Dominic stood still, watching.

After checking every room and finding no one, Cynthia pointed at a closed door. "She's in there! That woman!"

"That's the storage room," the man said, noticing Dominic glance in that direction.

Dominic nodded slightly. There were no signs of another woman living here.

He asked, "Before your wife's accident, did you ever consider sending her to a mental hospital?"



The man lit a cigarette and smiled wearily. "No. My son and I couldn't bring ourselves to. She was paranoid, always hallucinating, but she never hurt anyone."

Dominic gave a quiet hum of acknowledgment.

He already knew from yesterday's investigation that Cynthia had suffered from severe mental illness. Her words couldn't be trusted completely, but neither could the man's. He needed proof—something instinctive, something no one could fake.

He stood and walked toward Cynthia. The man frowned in confusion, while the boy watched curiously.

Dominic placed a hand on Cynthia's shoulder. In the next instant, both father and son shouted, rushing toward her.

"Mom!"

"Cynthia!"

But as soon as Cynthia appeared, she vanished again, dissolving into the air before their eyes. The man and boy froze. The truth was undeniable now.

Dominic exhaled softly. "You're a good husband. And you're a good son."

Cynthia stared in disbelief. Seeing their vacant expressions, she clutched her head and collapsed in despair.

Then, with a loud thud, the man dropped to his knees and bowed low before Dominic.

"I know that wasn't a hallucination," he said hoarsely. "Please! I'm begging you! Bring Cynthia back!"



The boy knelt beside his father, tears streaming down his face. "I miss Mom so much... Please, sir..."

Father and son knelt side by side, bowing again and again.

Dominic was silent for a moment, then finally said, "You have ten minutes."