



Chapter 83

After speaking, Dominic ignored Thomas' pleas and left the house.

As he went downstairs, Cynthia followed close behind.

"You already knew, didn't you?" she asked suddenly.

"It wasn't hard to find out about your family's situation," Dominic said evenly.

A faint trace of sorrow crossed Cynthia's face.

"I deserved to die. It's my fault for hurting them—both father and son.

"Before I married my husband, I dated another man. He lied to me, left for a rich woman, and dumped me. After that, I fell into depression and became very sick.

"When I met my husband, things started to get better. I thought I'd recovered, but the damage was still there. Later, I kept suspecting my husband of having someone else, even doubting my son when he called another woman 'Mom.' I was terrified of losing them, so I tried to control all the money my husband made.

"He's actually a hardworking, dependable man. It's me who destroyed our family..."

Cynthia broke down, covering her face as she wept.

Dominic now understood where the gold bars had come from—it was exactly as he had suspected.

Just then, a voice called out behind him, "Mr. Fleming, wait!"



Turning around, Dominic saw Thomas and Leo rushing from the stairwell. Thomas held a small box, his face pale. "Mr. Fleming, you left this behind. There's—"

"That's yours," Dominic said with a faint smile, cutting him off.

Thomas was stunned. Inside the box was gold. He shook his head frantically. "There's no way this belongs to us—"

"Your wife left it for you," Dominic said.

Both Thomas and Cynthia went still.

"Alright. Live well, and study hard," Dominic said, ruffling Leo's hair before turning away.

As Dominic walked off, Thomas' eyes reddened.

"Leo, take a knee and show Mr. Fleming proper respect," he said quietly.

Leo went down on one knee on the sidewalk and lowered his head. People gave them a few curious looks as they passed.

Dominic seemed to notice but didn't turn back, only lifting his hand in acknowledgment.

When Dominic and Cynthia disappeared from view, Leo stood.

Thomas placed a hand on his shoulder. "Remember this. No matter what you achieve in life, Mr. Fleming will always be our family's benefactor."

Leo's eyes shone with gratitude.

"I understand," he said firmly.

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Ten minutes later, Dominic and Cynthia returned to the car.

After a pause, Cynthia asked, "Why did you do that?"

"It was always theirs." Dominic lit a cigarette and exhaled softly. He had made up his mind after reviewing their information the day before. Seeing the father and son's bare home earlier—with barely a working appliance—had only confirmed his decision.

He had thought about keeping a small portion to cover his own needs, but Autumn's phone call had made that unnecessary.

Cynthia's eyes softened with gratitude.

"Thank you, Mr. Fleming," she said sincerely.

Dominic gave a faint smile and shook his head. Then he noticed Cynthia's outline beginning to blur.

She gasped. "What's happening to me?"

"You're going where you're meant to be," Dominic said.

Cynthia fell silent, her expression gentle. A small smile curved her lips. "I see."

Her body grew transparent, fading slowly until she was gone.