



Chapter 34

The nurse called the doctor over, and they saw Dominic collapse weakly to the floor. Blood trickled from his mouth and nose.

The doctor's expression changed at once. After a quick examination, he shouted, "Prepare the operating room! Emergency surgery—now!"

The nurse froze.

"Is it that serious?" she whispered.

The doctor shot her a glare. "The patient's internal organs are bleeding heavily! Why wasn't a full examination done when he fainted earlier?"

Her face went pale. "I thought it was just heatstroke... I didn't think much of it."

He clenched his jaw in anger, but there was no time to scold her. He ordered the staff to lift Dominic onto a stretcher and rushed him into the operating room.

Soon, several doctors and nurses surrounded the table and began surgery together.

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No one knew how much time had passed. When Dominic regained consciousness, he was stunned.

"Am I... dead?" He stared blankly at his body lying on the operating table and at the busy doctors working over him, disbelief written across his face.

No one could hear him—he really had died.



After a long silence, Dominic smiled bitterly and shook his head. "Never thought I'd end up in a death-scene cliché myself."

Now he understood. The car crash earlier that day had been too severe. The burst of strength he'd felt when he beat Alexander nearly to death had come only from a dying surge of vitality. And now, he'd finally run out.

Dominic lingered in the operating room and watched the futile rescue efforts, feeling strangely detached.

After a while, he drifted out of the ward. He had accepted his death. The only thing that still mattered was his daughter. At least, Lilith had an aunt who loved her.

Dominic didn't know how long he could stay like this, but he wanted to see his daughter one last time.

Just as he reached the hospital exit, an invisible wall stopped him cold. His pupils constricted. He turned and tried another direction, but the same thing happened. It was as if an unseen force tethered him to his body, allowing him to move only within a fixed range.

He had stayed calm until now, but this broke him.

"Damn it!" he roared.

His eyes turned red. The thought of never seeing his daughter again crushed him.

After a long time, he sank to the floor, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Lily, Daddy's sorry... I couldn't protect you. Don't hate me, sweetie."

No matter how strong he had been in life, in death he was undone.



Time lost meaning.

Eventually, Dominic rose again and wandered the hospital corridors like a ghost, drifting aimlessly from room to room. No one saw him.

Then, passing one of the rooms, he suddenly stopped. His murderer lay on the bed, swathed in bandages, and Isabella sat beside him.

'If I had known I would die, I would have killed Alexander without hesitation. But now it's too late,' Dominic thought bitterly

He entered the room. Of course, neither Isabella nor Alexander could see him.

"Bella, you're so good to me," Alexander said softly from the bed.

Isabella smiled as she peeled an apple. "You're my sworn brother. Isn't it only right that I take care of you?"

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