



#### Chapter 44

"We found a few bystanders who were at the scene during the accident through our connections, but they all said the same thing. They only saw your husband suddenly rush out before getting hit. None of them were sure if someone had pushed him."

Hearing Samuel's report, Isabella felt crushed.

"There's no more information?" Her voice trembled with despair.

"I found several dashcam recordings." Samuel handed his phone to her. "Take a look, ma'am."

As he spoke, Dominic leaned closer, curious to see the footage of his own accident. The thought unsettled him.

Isabella took the phone, drew a deep breath, and pressed play.

The video showed a crowd waiting for the bus from a distance, but the image was grainy, and no faces were clear. Suddenly, a figure stumbled out from the group.

At that moment, a car sped past at no less than 40 miles per hour. The impact sent the body flying into the air before it tumbled across the pavement again and again.

"My husband!" Isabella gasped, covering her mouth. Her heart split apart, and tears streamed down her cheeks again.

When the video ended, she sobbed. "My love, I was wrong... I really was wrong. Such a terrible crash, and I didn't even worry about you. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I regret it so much..."

Her chest ached as if it were bleeding. If she had just asked a few more



questions, if Dominic had received treatment sooner—would things have been different?

But there was no cure for regret. Isabella shook her head repeatedly. Her hair had come loose, and her tear-streaked face looked wild with grief.

At that moment, she wished it had been her instead.

Samuel sighed softly. "It's not entirely your fault, ma'am. You weren't there. You didn't know how badly your husband was hurt."

Isabella stared blankly. The memory of that night replayed in her mind. She had seen Dominic fighting Alexander and never thought anything of it. Somewhere deep down, she had believed Dominic was too strong to be seriously injured.

Because of that blind faith and her negligence, they were now separated by life and death.

Her knees weakened, and she nearly fainted.

Then her phone rang. She flinched and picked it up with trembling hands. The caller ID read "Lilith," and a chill ran through her.

How am I supposed to tell her?

Her heart twisted painfully. Unable to face her daughter, she hung up and switched off the phone.

Dominic watched her, his face full of sorrow. 'You can't hide this. When Lilith learns I'm gone, she'll be devastated...'

He looked up and realized dawn had already broken. It was no wonder their daughter had called. He gave a faint, bitter smile. He hadn't expected to still be here as the sun rose.



The light brought no warmth, only the dull ache of farewell.

Lilith's sweet face flashed through his mind over and over.

Without another glance at Isabella, he left the ward. Standing in the quiet corridor, he faced the direction of home and whispered through his tears, "Lily, Daddy loves you. Daddy's sorry."

He wasn't afraid to die, but he couldn't bear the guilt of leaving his daughter behind and never seeing her grow up.

"If only I could live..." Dominic gave a weary, broken smile and shook his head. His body was cold and fading, yet his mind still clung to hope.

Then, suddenly, an unseen force pulled him backward. He tried to resist, but his spectral figure moved on its own.

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