

Chapter 45

Dominic's expression changed as he watched his own soul shoot back into his body. A moment later, his vision went black, and he lost consciousness.

...

Isabella forced herself to hold back her grief and went through every single dashcam recording.

The camera angles differed, but the events were identical. Each time Dominic was struck by the car, her heart felt as if it were being torn apart.

But after watching all the footage, she still found nothing useful. Every video was too blurry.

Before Dominic stumbled out from the crowd, she couldn't even make out where he had been standing, let alone uncover the truth.

Isabella couldn't take it anymore. She handed the phone back to Samuel, clutched Dominic's hand, and broke down in tears. "Dom, it hurts so much..."

Samuel sighed quietly and slipped out of the hospital room.

That night, Isabella cried until her tears ran dry. She didn't care if she went blind from crying. 1

Then, in the stillness of the ward, a faint sound broke the silence.

Isabella's head snapped toward the monitor. The sound came from the electrocardiogram. The line on the screen was still flat.

Her heart sank. Was it just her imagination?



At that moment, the straight line quivered before flattening again.

Isabella's entire body tensed. She rubbed her eyes hard and stared at the monitor, afraid she was imagining things.

The line rippled again, and the interval was shorter.

Isabella froze, her breath hitching. This was real.

Her gaze shot to Dominic's chest, trembling with hope. "Could it be..."

Almost without thinking, she leaned forward, pressed her cheek gently against his chest, held her breath, and listened.

One second... Two seconds...

Isabella suddenly heard a faint but unmistakably real heartbeat. To her, it was the most beautiful sound in the world. Her lips trembled. "Honey..."

She heard another heartbeat—she was certain of it now.

Isabella jumped to her feet, barefoot, and ran out of the room. A few minutes later, she returned with Victor, the same doctor from the night before.

"You must be mistaken," Victor muttered as he entered. "The patient lost all vital signs last night. It's impossible—"

He stopped mid-sentence as his gaze locked on the ECG. He rushed forward, pressed his stethoscope to Dominic's chest, and froze. "This... This is a medical miracle."

At that moment, Dominic's finger twitched.

"Honey!" Isabella cried, voice shaking with joy and disbelief. She



dropped to her knees beside the bed and grabbed his hand.

It was warm. Her pupils trembled as a flood of hope surged through her.

Dominic's eyelids fluttered, and under her tearful gaze, he slowly opened his eyes. "Didn't I... die?"

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