



Chapter 46

"Honey, you're alive! You're alive!" Isabella's lips trembled as tears streamed down her face. Overwhelmed, she clutched Dominic's hand and repeated the words again and again.

Dominic stared at her, speechless, confusion flickering in his eyes.

After a long pause, he slowly turned his head. When he saw Isabella's face—still breathtakingly beautiful despite her red, swollen eyes—he finally understood. This wasn't a dream.

'I really... came back to life.' He took a moment to feel his body, then slowly pulled his hand free and said calmly, "Yeah, I'm not dead."

Victor stood frozen, his eyes wide. "W-What's going on?"

A man who had been dead for an entire night was suddenly alive. Was this a medical miracle or pure fantasy?

"I need to inform the department," the doctor said quickly. "We have to run a full-body examination on you."

Dominic frowned and sat up slowly. His body felt weak, but the unbearable pain was gone. "Doctor, please don't make this public."

"That's impossible!" Victor blurted out.

He had already planned to announce the case nationwide, gather top medical experts, and investigate the cause. This was a once-in-a-lifetime discovery.

Isabella's expression hardened. She glared at him and said, "He said what he said. You'll do as he asks."



Victor hesitated, flustered. "You can't be serious. His condition is highly unusual. He still needs further tests—"

"I'm fine. No need for tests," Dominic interrupted.

Whatever had happened to him was beyond modern science. If word got out, the consequences would be unimaginable. All he wanted now was to go home and see his daughter.

He had a strong feeling that if he could survive this, he would be fine. But if he couldn't, even the hospital wouldn't save him. Otherwise, they wouldn't have declared him dead last night.

"What..." Victor faltered.

Isabella picked up her phone and stepped aside to make a call.

Moments later, the doctor's phone rang, and he answered instinctively. "Sir, you wanted to see me?"

No one knew what was said on the other end, but Victor's face turned pale. He glanced at Isabella, hesitated, then sighed. "Alright, I understand."

After hanging up, he said quietly, "Ms. Sinclair, if there's nothing else, I'll be going."

With clear reluctance, he left the room. For a doctor who craved recognition, giving up a chance to make history felt like a heavy blow. He couldn't help but feel regret.

Once he was gone, Dominic tried to get out of bed.

Isabella hurried to his side. "Honey, where are you going? I'll help you."



"To the restroom," Dominic said without looking at her.

"I'll go with you." Without waiting for a reply, she slipped an arm around him to steady his steps.

He was still too weak to walk alone. Though he frowned, he didn't resist. When they reached the restroom door, he said, "I can go by myself..."

"No, I'll help you," Isabella cut in quickly.

She couldn't bear to let him out of her sight, not even for a moment. Thus, she followed him inside.

Several men were still relieving themselves, but the sight of a stunning woman suddenly walking in made them freeze. They zipped up in panic and hurried out.

Dominic's cheek twitched. If the situation were reversed—if he'd walked into the women's restroom—he'd probably be sitting in a police station by now.

Ignoring the stares, Isabella stubbornly kept her hold on him and guided him into a stall.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU ✕ [GET IT](#)

 Comments  Support  Share ⁺²