



Chapter 49

Isabella pushed open the ward door but froze mid-sentence. The room was empty. Dominic was nowhere to be found.

Her expression changed at once. She rushed inside, searching every corner, but there was no sign of her husband.

She stood motionless for a long while before suddenly slapping herself hard across the face.

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Outside the hospital, Dominic felt the sunlight warm his skin and the rush of being alive again. His spirits were unexpectedly high. After staring death in the face, everything else seemed insignificant.

He planned to take a taxi home, but he frowned when he reached for his phone.

"Damn it, where's my phone?" He patted all his pockets. Not only was his phone gone, but he didn't have a single dollar on him.

Then he remembered that Victor had handed his phone to Isabella.

'Great. I can't call a taxi or anyone else. The only option left is to walk.' Dominic sighed, then started toward his apartment.

The walk from AdventHealth of Grand Skyline to Riverside Residence took about an hour, but he didn't mind.

The morning air was pleasant, and the sunlight felt good on his face. He took his time, enjoying the quiet stroll.

It was June, and the streets were alive with women in short skirts, their



legs catching the light as they passed.

Dominic lit a cigarette and glanced around—not leering, just appreciating the easy rhythm of life again. Still, he couldn't help but think that none of them, in beauty or figure, could compare to Isabella.

For no reason at all, his thoughts drifted to her sister. Katherine was every bit as stunning as Isabella, and maybe even a little more... endowed.

He caught himself. "What the hell am I thinking?"

He shook his head and forced the thought away. Ahead, an elderly woman stood by the roadside, wringing her hands and looking worried.

"Young man, could you please help me?" Clarita Fern called out when she saw him.

Dominic walked over. "What's wrong?"

"It's my granddaughter's birthday today," she said, sighing. "I brought her some gifts from the countryside, but my bike flipped over."

Dominic looked down the slope. A three-wheeled bike lay overturned at the bottom, bags scattered across the grass.

He scratched his head. "I can't pull that up by myself. Maybe you should call the police."

"No, no!" she said quickly and pointed toward a villa halfway up the hill. "My granddaughter lives right up there. Could you please go and tell her for me?"

Dominic followed her gesture and raised his brow. The place was enormous, with terraced gardens and white stone walls. The land alone must've cost a fortune.



After a moment's thought, he nodded. "Alright, I'll go."

"Oh, thank you, young man!" She beamed. "My granddaughter's name is Autumn Garcia. Such a beautiful girl. I'll introduce you two later!"

Dominic smiled and headed toward the villa. When he looked back, Clarita was still standing by the roadside.

"Aren't you coming, ma'am?" he asked.

She waved him on. "You go ahead, young man. I can't climb that hill."

That made sense. At her age, the slope would be rough. Thus, Dominic kept going alone.

At the villa gate, he saw a tall metal fence and two security guards making their rounds.

"Stop," one of them said, watching him warily.

Dominic raised his hands slightly. "There's an elderly woman down the road. She said she's Autumn Garcia's grandmother. Her bike overturned, and she asked me to let her know."

"My grandmother?" A clear, elegant voice came from behind the guard.

Then a stunning woman stepped out from the villa.