



Chapter 51

Dominic retraced his steps. When he neared the spot where he had met Clarita earlier, the sound of crying reached him.

His expression froze. Something had happened ahead. Several bodyguards stood nearby, and he instinctively ducked behind a tree.

He watched as they lifted a bike from the bottom of the slope.

"Heh, now she should believe me..." Dominic murmured with a faint chuckle, but his voice trailed off when he noticed someone else behind the bike.

Autumn followed closely, crying uncontrollably. It was nothing like her calm self from before.

What they were carrying made his blood run cold.

Dominic's pupils tightened. An arm dangled limply, a gold bracelet glinting on its wrist.

The sight sent a chill up his spine. The clothing, the bracelet—he had seen them both on Clarita earlier.

The sunlight fell warm on his shoulders, yet he felt an icy shiver spread through him.

There was no room for doubt. Seeing Autumn weep that bitterly made it certain: Clarita had died. But then, what had he seen just moments ago?

His mind reeled. Anyone else might assume Clarita had simply suffered an accident after he left. But Dominic's own brush with death had taught him that things were rarely so simple. No, it wasn't "maybe." Clarita had likely been dead before he even met her.



That would explain everything: how the bike had toppled without hurting her, and why she said she couldn't go to the villa. The woman he had spoken to hadn't been alive at all—it had been her soul. And he knew from experience that a soul couldn't stray far from its body.

The realization left him breathless. He exhaled slowly and whispered, "Could it be that after I came back from the dead, I gained some kind of special ability?"

Suddenly, a hand patted his shoulder, and a familiar voice rang beside his ear. "Hey, young man!"

Dominic turned sharply and froze. "What the hell?!"

Clarita stood right in front of him again.

His heart lurched. He glanced back toward the slope, where the bodyguards were performing CPR on Clarita's lifeless form. Then he looked again at the figure before him.

"Not similar... Identical!" Dominic's pulse pounded.

Clarita gave him a faint, peaceful smile and said gently, "Don't be afraid, young man. I think I'm gone now."

Her calmness unsettled him.

Moments later, he drew a steadying breath. He wasn't terrified, just shaken by the impossibility of it all.

After a pause, he managed to speak again. "Ma'am, I have to say, your composure is impressive."

He had wanted to offer condolences, but saying that to the person herself felt absurd.



Clarita smiled bitterly and turned toward her granddaughter, who lay sobbing beside her body. Her gaze softened. "I don't really have any regrets. Only my granddaughter. I can't let her go."

Dominic hesitated, then said, "If there's something you want to tell her, I can pass it on for you."

Clarita blinked in surprise, then brightened. "Really? That's so kind of you, young man!"

She explained that she had fallen down the slope that morning. She'd climbed back up and tried to call for help, but no one could see her until she met Dominic.