



## Chapter 52

Clarita was about to speak when Dominic's expression suddenly changed—he'd been spotted.

He had been keeping an eye on Autumn's group when one of her bodyguards leaned close to her, whispered something, then pointed straight toward him.

A moment later, Autumn rose from her seat. Her face was cold and unreadable as she lifted her hand and pointed in his direction. Five bodyguards immediately charged toward him.

'Damn it.' Dominic instantly realized how bad this looked. He'd only come to help Clarita deliver a message, but now that she was dead, there was no way to explain himself.

Worse, Autumn would probably think he had something to do with it. The thought made him curse under his breath, frustration and disbelief tightening his chest.

"Wait, don't misunderstand! This young man's a good person!"

Clarita's spectral figure looked stricken. She tried to speak up, but no one except Dominic could see her. Panic flickered in her eyes. If he got into trouble because of her, she'd never rest in peace.

"It's alright, ma'am," Dominic said quietly, letting out a slow breath. He already had an idea how to handle this.

As the bodyguards surrounded him, he raised both hands to show he wasn't a threat. The five tense men closed in, batons ready.

Autumn approached, her movements measured. Tears still streaked her face, but her eyes were cold and sharp. "Who exactly are you? How did



my grandmother die?"

Dominic replied, "It's a long story..."

"Then make it short," Autumn snapped.

The absurdity of the situation almost made him laugh, but one look at her grief-stricken face and the glint of the batons stopped him. He swallowed the urge.

He wasn't in any shape to fight. Maybe he could handle street punks, but trained bodyguards were another story. He was still weak and couldn't even run.

Dominic exhaled. "Ms. Garcia, please accept my condolences."

"I'm not here for polite words," Autumn said icily. "Looks like you won't talk unless you're forced to."

She waved her hand, and the bodyguards moved in.

Dominic's eyes widened. "Wait! Don't you want to know the truth about your grandmother's death?"

"So you do know!" Autumn's pupils narrowed, and the guards froze.

Dominic nodded. "I was the last person to see your grandmother alive. You can't deny that."

Autumn's voice was steady but cold. "Go on."

"She said a few things to me before she passed."

"What did she say?"

Dominic glanced around. "Those words are for your ears only. Could you



ask them to step back?"

He planned to use something only Clarita could have known to earn Autumn's trust, then explain that Clarita's death had been an accident.

One of the bodyguards barked, "What are you scheming?"

Autumn's eyes hardened. "You want them gone? Do you think you can overpower me?"

If he knew she'd trained in martial arts, he probably wouldn't have even suggested it.

Dominic sighed. "Whatever happened to trust? I just want a quiet place to talk. You're overreacting."

Autumn hesitated, studying him. Finally, she said, "Fine. Let's go to my car."

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