

## Chapter 56

"I mean it literally. It won't be long before Grandma..." Dominic trailed off, but they both understood what he meant.

Autumn's face went pale. Her lips trembled as she pleaded, "Sir, please... Can you bring my grandmother back? I'll do anything you ask, please!"

Dominic's words struck like a bolt of lightning, shattering the last trace of hope in her heart. He shook his head calmly. "Autumn, you have to understand that letting your grandmother appear at all is already the best possible outcome."

Autumn refused to accept it. She shook her head frantically, clutching Clarita's fading form as if holding tighter could keep her there. "That can't be true! Grandma's here. She can't just leave!"

But within moments, Clarita's body grew even more transparent. Panic gripped Autumn as she noticed the change.

"Autumn," Clarita said solemnly.

Autumn bit her lip, sat up straight, and met her gaze.

"You must take good care of yourself from now on. Don't follow your father's path. Money has no end, but every dollar you earn must be worthy of your conscience." Her tone carried the weight of final words.

Autumn nodded, eyes brimming with tears.

Dominic stood silently, thinking, 'If every fortune has to be earned with a clear conscience, becoming the richest man in Skyline City is impossible. That's simply how the world works.'

"When the time comes, bury me in Peachville, beside your grandfather.



Remember that."

Autumn broke down again, tears streaming down her face. She could no longer deny that Clarita was leaving for good.

After a long moment, she nodded earnestly, choking out, "Alright, Grandma. I'll do everything you said."

"As for this young man..." Clarita's tone grew stern. "You owe him a great favor. Don't you ever forget it! If you dare repay his kindness with betrayal, I'll—"

"I won't! I won't!" Autumn cried, cutting her off.

If not for Dominic, she would never have seen Clarita again. That would have been a regret she carried for life—a debt beyond measure.

Dominic blinked, then gave a faint smile.

Clarita had a sharp mind. His abilities were unusual, and if Autumn ever turned against him, it could cause trouble—or worse, allow her to gain power over him.

But judging from Clarita's character, he doubted the girl she raised would stray far from her values.

After a few more instructions, Clarita's expression softened. She drew Autumn into her arms. "Autumn, I made two pairs of cotton shoes for you. They're in my room. Before winter comes, go get them. No matter how much you spend, nothing you buy will ever be as sturdy as something made by hand."

"Grandma..."

"When you have time, take care of the peach tree at home—the one you



love most..."

"I will!"

Clarita spoke slowly, offering advice one sentence at a time, while Autumn answered between sobs.

At last, she lifted her face, wiped away her granddaughter's tears, and said, "You're a grown woman now. Why are you crying like a child?"

"Alright. I've said all I needed to say. You must live well, Autumn. Grandma will always be watching over you."

Her voice faded as her body turned translucent, then dissolved completely into the air, like mist under sunlight.

Only when the last trace of her figure disappeared did Autumn cry out in anguish, "Grandma!"

Her raw, heartbreaking wails tore through the stillness.

Dominic rubbed his nose, thinking that if he held her now or offered his shoulder, she probably wouldn't refuse. But the thought passed, and he stayed where he was.

At that moment, he suddenly felt a surge of energy rise within him, sweeping away the weakness that had been dragging him down.