

Chapter 57

"What..." Dominic was stunned.

After crying for a long time, Autumn finally quieted down. She lifted her tear-streaked face and looked at Dominic, who met her gaze with calm composure.

After a long silence, she bit her lip. "Can you... bring my grandma..."

Dominic shook his head before she could finish. "I can't."

He still didn't fully understand his own ability, but one thing was clear. What Autumn wanted was impossible. Bringing the dead back to life was beyond human reach. Clarita's soul had already vanished completely.

"So it's true..." Autumn smiled bitterly and shook her head in disappointment.

Dominic sighed. "My condolences."

After a moment, Autumn drew a deep breath. "The Garcias owe you an immense debt of gratitude. May I know your name, sir?"

"Dominic Fleming," he replied. "It's not a big deal. Just something I did along the way."

He saw no reason to hide his name. In Skyline, the richest man could uncover anyone's identity in minutes.

"Mr. Fleming, if you ever need anything, please let me know," Autumn said sincerely.

Dominic's ability was far too mysterious for her to comprehend, and speaking to him respectfully felt like the least she could do.



Clarita had been the most important person in her life. Without Dominic, she wouldn't have had the chance to say goodbye.

Dominic smiled faintly. "Actually, there is one thing."

"Please, go ahead."

"Could you arrange a car to take me home?"

Autumn blinked in surprise. "That's all?"

Dominic chuckled. "Honestly, I dropped my phone and don't have a single dollar on me. I can't even pay for a ride. Besides, you've got enough on your plate right now, so I'll get out of your way."

He gestured outside. People and vehicles crowded the area. Clarita's body had already been placed in one of the cars. Thankfully, the road was wide. Otherwise, traffic would've been completely blocked.

Autumn nodded. "Alright."

They stepped out of the car, and she arranged another vehicle to take Dominic home. As she watched it drive away, she murmured softly, "Dominic..."

...

"Thank you. Sorry for the trouble."

"No problem at all, sir. You're too polite!"

When they reached Riverside Residence, Dominic thanked the chauffeur and got out. Walking toward his apartment, he replayed the day's events in his mind.



Why hadn't Clarita's soul disappeared immediately after she died? And why did it vanish only about an hour after she met Autumn? If he could see spirits, why hadn't he seen any others on the streets?

Dominic thought hard and reached a tentative conclusion.

Souls might linger or fade depending on one thing: attachment. Clarita's attachment had been her granddaughter. After meeting Autumn and saying everything she needed to, that attachment dissolved, allowing her soul to rest.

"Attachment..." Dominic murmured.

The elevator arrived at his floor.

He set the thought aside and headed straight to Katherine's apartment. He pressed the doorbell several times, but no one answered.

He frowned. Katherine wasn't home?

Not seeing his daughter, whom he missed dearly, he sighed and turned upstairs.

When he opened the door to his own apartment, Isabella stood there with red, swollen eyes.

Their eyes met.

She froze, then suddenly lunged forward, grabbed his arm, and bit down hard.

Pain shot through him.

"Damn it, are you a dog or what?" Dominic shouted, shoving her away in reflex.



He looked down at his arm. Two deep rows of teeth marks bled through the skin. She'd actually bitten him!