



### Chapter 63

"Not hard at all," Alexander said suddenly. "I told my mom..."

Isabella froze. "Told her what?"

"I told her you're my girlfriend. I just don't want her to have any regrets before she goes," Alexander said carefully.

Isabella's face darkened.

"Why didn't you discuss this with me first?" she snapped.

"Bella, you promised me. I didn't have any other choice. Please, I'm begging you—just come with me to the hospital once. You only need to see my mom one time." His voice trembled, urgent and flustered, as if he feared she might refuse.

'I promised him...' Isabella frowned and glanced instinctively toward the guest room, her expression tight with conflict.

When she stayed silent too long, Alexander's tone turned desolate. "If you really don't want to, I'll just tell my mom the truth."

Isabella hesitated.

"Don't rush. We'll talk about it later," she said at last, then hung up.

On the other end, Alexander lowered his phone with a cold, triumphant smile.

"As long as you see her once, there'll be a second time... Heh," he muttered.

...



The next morning, Dominic woke up feeling unusually energized. Every trace of fatigue was gone, replaced by a strange vitality. He even felt like he could punch through a wall.

This left him puzzled.

Seeing it was still early, he got dressed and headed to the gym.

The homes at Riverside Residence were spacious, and Isabella's unit had more than 2,000 square feet of usable space. During renovation, she had even added a home gym.

Dominic worked out there often, so he knew his body well. He grabbed a ten-kilogram dumbbell and lifted it a few times, only to pause in surprise. Something felt different.

He tried push-ups and pull-ups next—part of his usual routine—but today every movement felt easier, stronger.

Half an hour later, he stopped and wiped the sweat from his forehead, confirming his suspicion: his strength and stamina had both increased.

It wasn't a huge improvement, but anyone who trained seriously knew that once the body reached its limit, even maintaining performance was hard enough. Gaining strength took months of consistent effort, yet he'd somehow improved overnight.

"This doesn't make any sense..." Dominic rubbed his chin, deep in thought. "Could it be that dying once made me stronger? Like I've developed some kind of superpower?"

He shook his head. After coming back to life, he hadn't felt powerful at all. If anything, he'd been weak.

So when did the change begin?



Then it hit him. After Clarita's spirit disappeared yesterday, a surge of energy had burst inside him.

"So is it because her spirit vanished? Or because I helped her fulfill her final wish?" Dominic considered both possibilities. It seemed he'd have to meet more spirits to find out.

The prospect actually excited him. "Guess that saying's true: the rich rely on technology, the poor rely on mutation."

Lilith stood at the door, rubbing her sleepy eyes. She was dressed in cartoon pajamas, her hair tousled and her voice soft with drowsiness. "Daddy, what are you doing here?"

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