

Chapter 71

The woman nodded thoughtfully. "My name is Cynthia Lewis. I probably died about ten days ago... I can't remember clearly."

Dominic raised his brows. He'd thought a soul couldn't linger that long, yet this one had stayed for ten days.

"How did you die?" he asked.

Asking someone directly about their death felt strangely uncomfortable.

Cynthia's expression darkened. She clenched her jaw. "I was hit by a car and killed. The police ruled it a traffic accident, but I know it wasn't. Someone wanted me dead."

"How can you be so sure?" Dominic asked. "Maybe it really was an accident."

"It wasn't." Her tone hardened. "He did it. He bought a huge accident insurance policy on me, and he's the beneficiary. I... I hate him so much."

Pain twisted her face, and her voice shook. "We loved each other for 20 years. Our son's almost in college. That day, he suddenly asked me to go shopping. We hadn't gone out together in ages. I was so happy. I went with him like a fool... but then—"

She broke down, sobbing behind her hands, though no tears fell.

Dominic exhaled and shook his head. "Another husband killing his wife for insurance money, huh?"

He wasn't a saint and didn't try to feign sympathy.

"My condolences," he said simply.



Cynthia suddenly looked up, her eyes rimmed with red. "Young man, could you do me a favor?"

Dominic already suspected what she'd ask.

"What kind of favor?" he asked evenly.

"Kill that bastard for me," Cynthia hissed. "If he didn't love me anymore, he could've just divorced me. I knew he had someone else, but why kill me? Why?"

Dominic gave a short, humorless laugh. "If you knew he was cheating, why didn't you divorce him first?"

The question stunned her. After a long pause, she whispered, "I... couldn't bear to."

"That kind of indulgence only teaches people to take more," Dominic said. "You share part of the blame for your own death."

Cynthia's spectral face went pale. She stayed silent for a long time. It was a textbook case of denial, and Dominic saw it immediately. He lit a cigarette and said, "Sorry. I can't help you."

"Only you can!" Cynthia cried. "You're the only one who's seen me these past days. Please..."

She suddenly dropped to her knees.

Dominic thought back to his earlier theory. If a soul lingered because of unresolved obsession, what was hers?

"Get up," he said. "Tell me—is this really your greatest wish? Don't you have anything else you want to do?"



Cynthia's eyes brightened. She thought he'd agreed and rose to her feet. "There's nothing else. Just this. I can't rest knowing he killed me, took the money, and now lives happily with that woman."

"What about your son? He's almost in college. Don't you miss him?"

"No. He's an ungrateful brat," she said through clenched teeth.

Dominic sighed. She'd devoted 20 years to her family—caring for her husband and raising their child—only to end up betrayed, unloved, and murdered.

'A self-sacrificing nature like hers could be its own kind of curse,' he thought.

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