



## Chapter 72

"Young man, I'll be honest with you. When I first realized I'd turned into ... that thing, I was actually happy," Cynthia said bitterly. "But everything on TV is a lie! I can't do anything. Forget revenge. I can't even change a single thing in this world."

From her words, Dominic finally understood. Becoming a spirit—what people called a ghost—wasn't as mystical as he had imagined. They couldn't float or vanish at will. They still walked on the ground like ordinary people but couldn't affect anything around them.

If a leaf lay on the ground, they could touch it, but no matter how much strength they used, it wouldn't move an inch. That was why Cynthia had needed Dominic to open the door earlier—she couldn't open it herself.

And yet, while spirits couldn't affect the physical world, the physical world could affect them. A living person could walk through them easily, but they themselves couldn't pass through a person or an object.

"What a pitiful kind of ghost," Dominic thought.

Then he asked casually, "I saw you sitting in the car earlier. Can you move far from your body?"

Cynthia smiled bitterly. "At first, I couldn't. But... after I was cremated, I could."

Dominic's pupils contracted. A chill ran down his spine. If he'd been cremated that day, would he have become like Cynthia—wandering endlessly as a ghost?

After finishing his cigarette, Dominic flicked the butt away, clapped his hands, and said, "Alright, goodbye."



Cynthia froze. "Didn't you agree to help me?"

Dominic frowned. "When did I ever agree?"

If it had been a small favor, he wouldn't have minded. But killing someone? That was out of the question.

He turned toward the city square. Skyline City Plaza was only about a ten-minute walk away.

"I won't let you help me for nothing!" Cynthia rushed forward, blocking his path.

Dominic stopped. "Do you even have anything to bargain with?"

"I do! I hid gold bars back home! About 1,500 grams!" Cynthia said eagerly.

Dominic raised an eyebrow. At current prices, this amounted to roughly 200,000 dollars.

To be honest, he was broke. His marriage was falling apart, and with no stable home or job, he stood no chance of winning custody of Lilith. All his savings barely added up to 1,500 dollars—not nearly enough.

But 200,000 dollars would change everything. He could make a down payment on a small apartment and cover living expenses until he found work.

Seeing him hesitate, Cynthia pressed, "As long as you help me, the gold bars are yours!"

Dominic said evenly, "How do I know you're telling the truth?"

Cynthia drew a deep breath, as if steeling herself. "I can take you there



first. You get the gold, then you help me get revenge."

Dominic thought for a moment. "I can't help you take revenge. But I do have a way for you to do it yourself."

Cynthia's eyes brightened. "That's even better!"

She'd been dreaming of killing those two adulterers with her own hands.

Dominic nodded. "Alright. Tomorrow morning, wait for me at the gate of Blossom Elementary."

Cynthia blinked. "Why not now?"

"I've got something else to do. Goodbye."

He checked his watch and walked straight ahead—passing right through Cynthia's body.

'So that's it. As long as I take the initiative, without consciously letting them appear, spirits can't manifest in the physical world at all.'