



Chapter 92

Dominic held the camera, his emotions tangled. It was true, Autumn had done plenty behind the scenes—following Isabella, tracking him, even setting up cameras. But since she hadn't hidden any of it, he felt no resentment.

"You really put a lot of thought into this," he said sincerely.

"Hehe, of course," Autumn replied with a carefree laugh.

Dominic smiled back. "Thanks for helping me out today. Lunch is on me. You pick the place."

It was already late, and neither of them had eaten.

"Then I won't hold back," Autumn said brightly.

Half an hour later, they stopped in front of a restaurant called *Love Me Blue Cheese.* Dominic looked up at the sign, hesitant. "Are you sure you want to eat here?"

"Of course!" Autumn strode inside without hesitation.

The owner, a plump woman around forty with a wide streak of white hair, greeted her warmly. "Girl, you're back again."

Autumn nodded with a hum. "Two large blue cheese pizzas—with lots of parsley..."

"No parsley!" Dominic cut in quickly.

The owner laughed. "Got it!" She disappeared into the kitchen.

The place was quiet, with only a few customers scattered around.

Dominic and Autumn found a table and sat down.

"Parsley's delicious," Autumn said, eyeing him. "How can you not eat it?"

"Not in this lifetime," Dominic said flatly. "I won't touch a speck of it."

Autumn sighed in mock regret. "Then you've lost half the joy in life."

"What about anchovies?" she added, eyes glinting with mischief.

Dominic frowned.

"Then you've lost the other half of happiness too," she teased.

Dominic couldn't help but laugh. Despite being the daughter of one of the richest families around, Autumn was surprisingly easy to get along with.

"About the job..." Autumn said after a pause, "I can take you there whenever you're free."

"Where?" Dominic asked.

"The Garcia Group's headquarters," she said casually.

He blinked in surprise. "I don't think I'm qualified. Honestly, I barely have any work experience."

"No problem," Autumn said easily. "I'll find you a position with little work but a big paycheck."

Dominic shook his head, his tone earnest. "Really, I'm already grateful for the house at Luxe Residence. Let's call it even."

"How can you compare those?" Autumn interrupted, startled. For her, seeing her grandmother one last time was priceless—far beyond the ten

million the house had cost.

"Listen," Dominic said, waving lightly. "If there's an entry-level position I can manage, that's fine. But the Garcia Group's headquarters? I'd probably just feel out of place there."

He meant it. Even for the house, he planned to repay her someday if he could. He wasn't the kind of man to take advantage. She might have viewed it as a big favor, but to him, what he'd done was minor. Accepting a house worth ten million for that felt undeserved.

Autumn thought it over and realized he had a point. After all, what Dominic had done was confidential. She hadn't told anyone—not even her father.

If she placed him in the Garcia Group's main office, it could stir up unnecessary gossip.

Autumn smiled. "I get it. There's definitely another position that'll suit you."

Dominic leaned forward. "What is it?"