

## Chapter 30

A group of women surged forward, fueled by a vengeful desire to pummel Leslie. Thankfully, Dominick, towering and robust, swooped in to hold Leslie back, forming an unwavering shield.

"You better step off before we dial the cops!" Dominick, facing this unexpectedly aggressive group of women, shot back with a fiery glare and flushed face.

"Bitch, homewrecker, go to hell!"

"Yeah, you filthy piece of trash doesn't deserve to breathe!"

"Hey, bitch! We'll make you regret this!"

"... "

There were dozens of people on the other side, while there were only three people on Leslie's side. They were the clear underdogs.

There were many onlookers, but no one dared to step in. Leslie took a few kicks, but thanks to Dominick's protective stance, she managed to avoid a full-blown assault.

"Cut it out! You can't do this!" Dominick, a man facing a group of aggressive women, was clearly overwhelmed.

Mya, too, was caught by the hair and received a few slaps.

Witnessing this, Leslie clenched her teeth and strode to land a firm slap to the young woman in front of her.

Chaos ensued. Leslie's group found themselves increasingly disadvantaged, and Dominick's lips were now stained with blood. These women were ruthless, and it was evident that he couldn't handle them alone.

"Bang!"

A gunshot echoed through the scene!

Several sports cars raced towards them, a red Ferrari among them.

Before the women could comprehend, the cars encircled them.

The women were shocked to the core. They were so frightened that their limbs turned limp.

These folks had guns – they were from the underworld!

The Ferrari's door swung open, and a tall, fierce-looking man in black stepped out.

He was tall and ruggedly handsome, with eyes akin to Ashura's blood-red gaze, radiating intense anger. He strode towards Leslie, pulling her to his side.

"Car... Carlos..." Leslie looked up at the enraged face, her eyes moist.

She didn't expect him to come just in the nick of time.

"You really... had me worried!" Carlos sighed, reaching out to wipe egg goo from her hair.

Gary, his subordinate, had coincidentally spotted Leslie dining with a man and a woman, and he sensed something off. When Carlos decided to come, it was right after he finished work.

They arrived with bodyguards, and even before reaching the scene, they witnessed Leslie under attack. That's when Carlos fired a warning shot.

Several bodyguards leaped out of the cars, robust as iron towers, surrounding the women.

Seeing this, Dominick felt a profound sense of regret. Born into wealth like the Lesters, he couldn't compete with Carlos's.

"I'm okay... Just that Dominick and Mya took a beating..." Leslie shook her head. Protected by Dominick, she endured only a few rotten eggs and kicks.

Mya and Dominick, on the other hand, were in rough shape. Mya's face was swollen.

"Good, very good. Who dared to mess with my woman!" Carlos glared at

the disheveled group, his expression dark, filled with hostility.

"Get them all up!" With his command, the bodyguards sprang into action.

In the midst of the tugging and pulling, the youngest woman shrieked, "Why are you arresting me? She's the bitch, the homewrecker..."

Hearing such insults, Leslie sneered, took a step forward, and slapped the young woman hard.

Leslie's eyes were filled with anger, and Carlos's and the bodyguards' auras intimidated the other women, and them cowered with lowered heads.

"Who sent you?" Leslie asked coldly.

The young woman glared hatefully at Leslie but remained silent.

"Take them to the police station, and find a lawyer for me. These women tired of living, right? I have the ability to let them experience what it's like to be in jail!"

Carlos sneered, and several journalists started snapping photos.

The women showed fearful expressions.

Carlos, with so many bodyguards, was obviously not an ordinary person.

Ordinary people couldn't afford bodyguards, and there was no need to hire them.

"Yes, Mr. Lester!"

Gary said in a deep voice.

"Oh my God, he's Mr. Lester! No wonder he looks so familiar and handsome!"

"Yes, he's Carlos, the future heir of Lester Venture! So handsome, even more so in person than in photos!"

"I tell... I tell you! It was her who asked us to follow and attack this lady!"

Finally, a woman couldn't hold back.

Rich people could control everything. Once they went to jail, the real hard times would begin!

"Yes, it's her, she said one person, one thousand dollars... we were tempted!"

"I was also called by her!"

All the women pointed to the young woman!

After all, these women thought they were just beating someone up. As long as they didn't inflict serious injuries, they thought they could get away.

They didn't expect Carlos to show up and cut off their escape route.

The young woman felt a pair of bloodthirsty and ruthless eyes staring at her. When she looked up, she saw Carlos's furious eyes!

A chill and fear rose from the bottom of her heart. The young woman naturally believed that there were things she couldn't resist!

"I... tell you! I... I was stopped by a strange woman, that woman wearing sunglasses, at the intersection... she stopped me and asked me to do something, saying she would give me a hundred thousand dollars!"

The young woman said fearfully, her eyes showing signs of terror.

"I... I was dazzled by the money, so I gathered nine people to attack this lady. We thought as long as we didn't cripple her, there shouldn't be a problem..."

The young woman's face turned pale. After hearing this, Mya cursed loudly, "You bitches, for money, you actually did such harm to an innocent people! Mr. Lester, don't let them off, especially the mastermind behind it!"

Dominick's face was also extremely dark. There were actually people trying to harm Leslie right under his nose!

What's more tragic was that he couldn't even protect Leslie!

Although Dominick would be the future heir of the Cohen Group, he

hadn't started working at the company yet, and many people didn't know his identity.

So Dominick didn't need bodyguards, but unexpectedly, he was defeated by Carlos like this!

"Very well, Gary, let the police find that woman! Take them to the police station and let the police take good care of them!"

Carlos wished he could devour the foolish women in front of him, but he couldn't be too arrogant in front of the reporters.

"Yes, Mr. Lester!"

The bodyguards took the crying and sobbing women away. Leslie finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mya, Dominick, I'm really sorry. I didn't expect you'll get hurt because of me!" Leslie apologized.



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