



Chapter 22

The streets lay silent in the dead of night. Almost no one was around. A group of young people surrounded Dominic with mocking smiles.

The young woman at the front had not expected him to be so bold, and she saw no trace of fear in his eyes. Raising an eyebrow, she said, "Not bad, old man. You've got some attitude."

She was clearly young, with a delicate frame, a narrow waist, and long, straight legs. She moved like a sultry wildcat, radiating heat and raw allure. Yet her beauty was marred by the heavy makeup caked on her face. Despite her youth, her fine features were buried under smudges of exaggerated color.

Dominic raised a finger, his tone flat. "I'll say this only once. Move."

Instead of stepping aside, the young woman giggled. "You want to leave? Sure. Apologize to me, then bark like a dog, and I'll let you go. How's that sound?"

The others burst into laughter.

Dominic's eyes remained cold. After a tense pause, he simply turned to walk away. But the young woman had not come for him to escape. Tilting her chin, she signaled, and the two young men stepped forward immediately.

"Did Jessie say you could leave?" one sneered, slapping Dominic's shoulder.

What he did not know was that Dominic's temper was already a raging fire. That hand was the spark. In an instant, he seized the young man's wrist. His eyes hardened, violent and unyielding.



"Aaaagh!" the young man screamed, clutching his broken arm.

Dominic was not finished. He kicked him to the ground and pounced, striking him repeatedly.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Let him go!"

The others froze at first, then erupted in shouts. The second young man and two young women lunged at Dominic while the ringleader hung back.

Dominic ignored them. His fury was fixed on the one beneath him. He did not stop until the young man curled into a sobbing heap. "Stop, stop... Please, no more! I beg you, man!"

Only then did Dominic rise. He scanned the circle with a cold smile, and his gaze settled on the young woman in front. "Still want to play?"

The others flinched under his stare.

Jessica Hale, the ringleader, froze for a moment before licking her lips with a sly smile. "Not bad, old man. You're brave. Aren't you afraid I'll call the cops?"

Dominic bent down, retrieved the knife from the young man writhing on the ground, and tossed it at her feet.

"Go ahead. Report me." His voice was calm.

Jessica's eyes flickered with surprise. Then she clapped and laughed. "Damn, you're good. Strong and smart. How about you come roll with me?"

"

The young man on the ground trembled with rage, his broken arm



throbbing. Still, cold dread filled his chest. He had been beaten half to death, and now she wanted to recruit the man who had done it. Did she even care about him? But this was Jessica—he dared not complain.

Dominic's gaze drifted to her Ducati.

"Follow you? That's just kids playing games." His voice was faint but steady.

Jessica blinked. "What do you mean?"

"Ducati V4. Its starting price is over 30,000 dollars." Dominic lit a cigarette. "You come from money, but no one takes you seriously at home. So you run around chasing danger, thinking it's exciting, when really it's pathetic."

He smiled cruelly. "To me, you're nothing but a spoiled brat with no discipline. And you think you're worth following? What a joke."

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you



get it