

Chapter 30

Alexander hadn't expected Dominic to still have the strength to strike. The punch stunned him, and he staggered backward. Then, pain shot through his nose, forcing a muffled groan from his lips.

That single blow did nothing to cool Dominic's fury. If anything, it made his rage burn hotter. That bastard had just tried to kill him.

Dominic lashed out with his leg and sent Alexander crashing to the ground. He then lunged forward and unleashed a storm of blows.

Alexander had no chance to fight back. He curled into himself, shielding his vital spots.

Fortunately, the call to Isabella had already gone through. His trembling voice pleaded over the phone, "Bella! Please come save me... y-your husband's going to kill me... Ahh..."

Hearing this drove Dominic into an even greater frenzy. His eyes were bloodshot, his fists and feet raining down mercilessly. Every part of him screamed to beat Alexander to death.

The crowd scattered in shock. No one dared step in. Dominic's expression was crazed, and after all, he had just been hit by a car. Anyone who tried to intervene risked being dragged into the chaos. Staying out of it seemed safest.

Within moments, Alexander was covered in blood, while Dominic showed no sign of stopping.

If Alexander had been acting before, he wasn't anymore. Terror gripped him. His body screamed in agony, drawing walls from deep in his chest. "Stop... Please, let me go..."



Dominic's vision swam red. 'Let you go?'

He knew Alexander had shoved him into the road. On top of that, the man had tried to steal his wife.

Dominic wanted nothing more than to kill him where he lay. Mercy was impossible. His fists and feet kept crashing down without pause.

Alexander's screams grew weaker, his eyes rolling back until only the whites showed.

"Dominic, what are you doing? Stop!" Isabella shrieked from the edge of the crowd as she forced her way forward.

Dominic knew she would come, but he didn't spare her a glance. His fury focused solely on the man in front of him.

"Stop! Please, stop!" Isabella's panic rose as she rushed forward, trying to pull him back.

Dominic violently shook her off, screaming, "Get out of my way!"

Isabella stumbled and fell hard to the ground. Tears streaked her face. "Calm down! You're going to kill him. Do you want Lily to grow up with a murderer for a father?"

'Lily!' The name struck Dominic like lightning, stopping him.

Seeing his hesitation, Isabella seized the moment. She ground her teeth, threw herself forward, shoved him aside, and planted herself protectively in front of Alexander.

"Have you lost your mind?" she shouted. "What could Alex possibly have done to deserve this?"



Dominic's chest heaved, his breath ragged. He opened his mouth to speak, but the wail of an ambulance siren cut through the air.

A searing pain ripped through his chest, tightening his breath. He said nothing and only gave Isabella one cold, lingering look.

At that moment, only one thought anchored him. 'I have to survive for Lilith.'

"Say something!" Isabella's voice cracked with disappointment. "Dominic, you dragged Alex into our problems. You've changed. You've completely let me down!"

"Bella..." Alexander stirred faintly, his voice weak and broken.

She spun back to him, her face stricken at the sight of his bloodied body. "Are you alright, Alex?"

"It hurts, Bella... It hurts so much..." His breath came shallow, words trailing off in pain.

Isabella's face tightened. "Don't worry. The ambulance is here. I'll get you to the hospital right away."

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