



Chapter 67

"Let go of Queen Jessie. Did you hear me?"

"Fuck! Where do you think your hand is?"

"I'm gonna kill you!"

The men in front of them had bloodshot eyes, shouting and cursing wildly.

Dominic didn't have time to worry about Jessica. This was self-defense, nothing more, and he wasn't about to let her go. His voice dropped. "If you don't want her hurt, then get the hell out of here."

That warning made the group hesitate.

Jessica's face turned red. When he still didn't release her, she snapped, "Don't listen to him! Get him! Beat him to death!"

She thrashed in his grip. Dominic felt her body tense and twist, though there was nothing pleasant about it. Annoyed by her stubbornness, he growled, "Don't move."

"So what if you're holding me? If you've got the guts, kill me! Do you dare?" she shouted, struggling harder.

At that moment, the young men clenched their fists and rushed him like a pack.

"Fuck!" Dominic cursed.

Naturally, he wasn't going to hurt Jessica. He shoved her aside and turned to face the group.



They were on him in seconds. Dominic met the first one with a brutal kick to the gut. The man doubled over, groaning in pain.

Dominic was strong, but they had numbers. They surrounded him, punching and kicking from every side.

He took several hits, yet he didn't back down. His counterattacks were ruthless, each punch or kick drawing a pained howl.

Jessica, thrown aside, watched with a smug grin. Seeing Dominic getting beaten, she clapped like she was at a show. "Go on, Dominic! You can't even handle eight people? Are you even a man, you little bitch? Yes, yes, that's it! Good job, Dominic!"

Her shrill cheering made everyone uneasy. The thugs glanced at each other, unsure whose side she was on. They were helping her, yet she sounded thrilled for him.

Dominic's fury spiked. Her voice grated on him more than the blows did. If he'd known she'd act like this, he would've never let her go.

"Dominic?" a voice called from the crowd. A man in his 30s stepped forward. "What are you doing? Stop this right now!"

The fighting slowed.

Bloodied and bruised, Dominic looked up in surprise. The newcomer was Oliver Sinclair—Isabella and Katherine's older brother, his brother-in-law.

"Who the hell are you? Get lost!" one of the young men snapped, his nose bleeding.

Oliver shot him a cold look. "What year is this that you're still brawling in the streets? Dominic, you've gone backward."



The vein on Dominic's forehead pulsed. "Did you come here to fight me too?"

Oliver kept his tone even. "No matter the reason, fighting solves nothing. You should stay calm—"

A slap cut him off mid-sentence.

The same young man with the bloody nose sneered, "Calm my ass. Who the hell are you? Shut up and get lost."

The vein on Oliver's temple twitched. Calm was no longer an option. Without another word, he rolled up his sleeves and charged into the fight.

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