



Chapter 68

Oliver's arrival took some of the pressure off Dominic, since four of the guys turned and started swinging at him instead.

Jessica, who thrived on chaos, clapped her hands and shouted, "Hahaha! That's awesome! Keep it up, guys!"

Before long, sirens wailed in the distance. Several police cars pulled up, and half an hour later, everyone was hauled to the station.

Both Dominic and Oliver were sporting bruised faces.

Dominic said evenly, "Take it easy, Oliver."

Catching his sarcastic tone, Oliver grunted in irritation. The two looked miserable, though the other group of young men fared even worse—some had been sent to the hospital. They ended up in the same holding room, and from the next one over, Jessica's voice still rang out loud and clear.

"Come on! Handcuff me! Hahahaha! It was me! If you've got guts, arrest me!"

Oliver frowned. "Who's that woman?"

"No idea." Dominic shook his head, then paused. "Wait, I think her name's Jessica Hale."

"Jessica Hale... that sounds familiar." Oliver thought for a moment, then his eyes went wide. "Hold on! You said Jessica Hale? Are you kidding me? How the hell did you manage to tick her off?"

Dominic shot him a calm look. "What, is she that influential?"



"Influential?" Oliver gave a bitter laugh and pointed upward. "More like untouchable. I've heard of her. She's not from Skyline City, so I don't know her whole story, but she's got some seriously powerful connections."

Connections that reach the sky? That had to be an exaggeration.

Dominic said nothing. He wasn't afraid—just tired of how cursed his life felt lately. One problem after another. First, it was Autumn, daughter of Skyline City's richest man. Now it was Jessica Hale, a woman with "connections to the sky."

And if even Oliver, the Sinclair Group's successor, called her terrifying, her background had to be on another level entirely.

After a moment, Dominic asked, "What are you even doing in Skyline City?"

The Sinclair Group was based in Eastmere State, and Oliver usually stayed there.

"I came for a business deal," Oliver said. "Figured I'd drop by to see Katherine, Isabella, and Lily too. I mentioned I'd stop by City Plaza to get them some gifts, and bam! I ran into you. What bad luck."

Dominic's lips twitched. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean it literally." Oliver shot him a side-eye and snorted. "I got beaten up for no reason and pissed off Jessica Hale. Tell me that's not your fault. Tell me that's not bad luck."

"Alright, alright. I'm done talking to you," Dominic muttered irritably.

They fell silent. About half an hour later, an officer opened the door and said, "You can go now."



Oliver nodded, then stood with Dominic and left the room.

Out in the main hall, they spotted Isabella. She saw them too and ran over, tears streaming down her face.

Oliver smiled weakly. "I'm fine..."

The next second, Isabella threw her arms around Dominic, sobbing. "Honey, are you okay?"

Oliver's smile froze. He rubbed his nose, looking uncomfortable.

Dominic frowned, gently pried her off, and said flatly, "I'm fine."

"Honey, I was so worried. I heard you got beaten up. I was terrified... you were alone, and there were so many of them..." Isabella's voice trembled.

At that, Oliver snapped, "What do you mean he was alone? I was there too!"

Only then did Isabella glance at him and notice his bruised, swollen face. She pursed her lips. "Oliveer, how could you get into a fight? That's wrong. If you'd stayed calm, neither my husband nor you would've gotten hurt."