

Chapter 69

Oliver felt suffocated hearing those all-too-familiar words. After a long silence, he muttered, "Fuck."

Dominic ignored both of them and walked straight out of the station. A black sedan waited at the entrance, with a middle-aged man standing silently beside it. Jessica wasn't in the car—she was staring fixedly at the station doors.

When she saw Dominic, her eyes lit up. She strode toward him and said coldly, "You got lucky this time. But our business isn't over yet."

Dominic's patience snapped. "Are you out of your mind? You started a fight today, and you still won't let it go?"

Jessica's face flushed with anger as she pressed on, "The last incident is over, but what about today?"

"What about today?" Dominic shot back coldly.

"How dare you ask that!" Jessica nearly shouted.

Then Dominic suddenly remembered something and glanced at his palm. The small movement made Jessica's expression darken even more. Her anger surged. "You still dare look!"

Dominic scowled. "You called your men to beat me up, and I'm not even allowed to fight back? What kind of logic is that?"

"Honey! Who is she?"

The shocked, furious voice came from behind him. Dominic turned to see Isabella approaching, her face pale and her eyes filled with suspicion as she glared at Jessica.



Jessica froze for a second, then comprehension flashed across her face. She quickly put on a wounded look. "Dominic... no wonder you wouldn't admit it, wouldn't take responsibility! So you're married. You liar!"

Isabella's expression drained of color. Dominic's eyes widened. "What the hell, you—"

Before he could finish, Jessica's eyes filled with tears. She looked at him sorrowfully. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have bothered you. I'll leave."


With that, she turned and got into the car.

The middle-aged man shut the door, gave Dominic a brief, icy glance, and took the front passenger seat. Moments later, the black sedan pulled away.

Dominic stood there, speechless, until someone grabbed his arm. He turned to see Isabella's tear-streaked face.

He frowned. "Let go."

Isabella's tears spilled over, sliding down her pale cheeks. Her voice trembled. "W-Who is she?"

Dominic started to explain, then stopped and smiled coldly. "What, you can have a loving brother, but I can't have a sister? Don't worry. There's nothing between us. She's just my sister. A very pure relationship." 

The words hit Isabella like a bolt of lightning. Her chest tightened painfully, and she staggered, barely keeping her balance.

Dominic didn't look back. He shook off her hand, flagged down a taxi, and climbed in. "Sir, to Skyline City Plaza."

Isabella stood frozen, watching blankly as the taxi disappeared down the



street.

Inside the cab, Dominic leaned back, feeling a bitter sort of satisfaction. It seemed that using magic to fight magic had its own dark pleasure. Then he noticed something—he wasn't alone in the backseat.

A woman in her 40s sat beside him, staring at him openly as if she found him attractive.

'Why's this woman looking at me...' he thought irritably, giving her a small nod.

The woman blinked in surprise, then smiled.