

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 101[1,137 words]

Chapter 101

The man in the attacking plane sneered as he watched people start jumping out of the aircraft.

"Want to run away? Not so easy!"

He stopped firing at the already doomed plane and shifted his focus

The aircraft's guns roared to life, now aimed at the people who were falling from the sky.

Bullets whizzed through the air, narrowly missing the parachuting figures of Kingswell's crew.

The wind howled through the silence of freefall, and a few unlucky souls weren't quick enough.

One man yelped as a bullet tore through his hand, while another fell silent, his chest ripped open by a deadly shot.

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Meanwhile, the Kingswell plane, still in descent, had gained altitude and looped back around, coming up behind the attacking plane.

"For the final strike," Alex smiled as he fired off every bullet and rocket the Kingswell plane had left.

But the military-grade plane was built to withstand such attacks.

Its body was reinforced with solid armor and a shield system that absorbed the impacts.

"You can dodge bullets, but not this," Alex said, a sharp glint in his eyes as he locked onto the target, preparing for a suicide

strike.

He quickly disabled the plane's autopilot and ran toward the rear, intending to bail out.

But to his surprise, he found Kelly and the old man still clinging to the plane's interior, the aircraft now tilted upside down.

"Why aren't you running?!" Alex shouted, panic rising in his chest

Kelly looked up at him, unfazed, and smiled. "I'm not going anywhere without you."

She handed him a parachute, as though she'd already been preparing for this moment.

"Jump!" Alex ordered, grabbing both Kelly and the old man.

They leaped out of the plane just as the explosion tore through the sky.

The Kingswell plane collided with the dark, menacing aircraft with a deafening boom, shattering on impact.

As the shockwave ripped through the air, Alex activated his aura, a shield forming around him and Kelly.

The debris and fire from the destroyed plane shot past them in a deadly rain, but they were safe-shielded from the destruction, floating in freefall as the world around them burned.

The cold air bit at their skin as they descended, the ground rushing closer.

Some of the Kingswell members, floating down beneath their parachutes, looked up and saw the two planes colliding mid-air in a fiery explosion.

They couldn't help but cheer, their voices echoing with victory.

Alex adjusted his parachute, his grip tight around Kelly as he pushed her away, yelling, "Open the parachute!"

Kelly hesitated, but then she obeyed, pulling the cord and letting the parachute deploy, the old man still on her back.

As Alex watched them safely descend, a sense of relief washed over him.

At least most of them were safe, though there would surely be some casualties.

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But even with victory in sight, he couldn't ignore the reality-the heavy plane, military grade and far superior to Kingswell's private plane, had brought them close to the edge of destruction.

He reached for his parachute, ready to deploy it, when suddenly a shadow shot out from the wreckage, speeding straight toward

him.

"No way!" he gritted through clenched teeth.

He knew exactly what this meant. The only person who could fly freely like that was someone who had passed level 100- someone with advanced abilities.

And Alex was not one of them.

"So you're the one who destroyed my plane. You're not going anywhere!" The attacker's voice was cold with fury.

With a brutal swing, the attacker punched Alex, his fist connecting with a sickening crack.

Alex used all his strength to absorb the blow, but the force was enough to snap his arm, sending him plummeting faster toward the earth.

The pain was unbearable, but he gritted his teeth, ignoring it as he fell past Kelly and her parachute.

The attacker's face turned grim as he saw Alex still alive. "You didn't die from that punch! So you're my target!"

Without wasting a moment, the attacker flew after him, his speed unmatched as he chased Alex down.

With his broken arm, Alex struggled to open his parachute, knowing that without it, he'd fall to his death from such a high altitude.

The large parachute billowed open, but it also made him a bigger target.

Kelly, still floating nearby, saw what was happening.

Panic surged as she pulled out her gun and aimed at the attacker, firing a shot.

The bullets tore through the air, but they had no effect on the man-he was unaffected, as if the bullets were nothing more than

a nuisance.

"You'll die too," the attacker taunted, his voice full of menace.

"Do not go gentle into that good death. Rage, rage against the dying of the light. All of you will die!"

The words echoed in the chaos of the sky, as the fight continued to unfold above the earth.

The attacker lunged toward Alex, aiming to tear through his parachute, but instead

of finding an opening to strike, he felt the cold, sharp sting of a short knife stabbing into his arm.

"It's useless the attacker yelled, having already reached a level where weapons had no effect on him.

But the knife, despite its apparent insignificance to him, was different.

It found its mark perfectly in his arm, stabbing deep into his flesh. His eyes widened in shock.

In a swift reaction, the attacker swung his other hand at Alex, knocking him away and sending him spiraling through the air once again.

The attacker looked at the wound, the pain starting to seep through his system.

His expression turned from rage to discomfort, and then to something far more serious as the poison started through his bloodstream.

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Alex, feeling the brutal punch that further shattered his arm, managed to smile through the pain.

His knife-a Grade A weapon-was made to kill superhumans with its sharpness.

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It was rare, crafted for only the most critical moments, and given to him as a graduation gift from his master.

The knife's poison was just as deadly.

"You're going to die, you bastard!" Alex shouted from the air, his voice thick with determination and pain.

Alex grinned through the blood and the agony, knowing the attacker had no time left.

He'd laced the blade with a poison designed to kill someone of that level within moments.

But Alex knew the risk, too. He had nothing to stop his fall.

His parachute was destroyed was barely holding him, and without something to break his descent, he was facing a freefall that could end his life.

Only a few hundred meters from the ground, his mind raced.

At least if he died, he'd take a level 100 villain with him. It wasn't a bad trade-off

in the end.

The attacker, meanwhile, realized he needed to focus all his energy on purging

the poison from his body.

He was wounded, but he was still alive for now.

"He's going to die anyway," the attacker muttered to himself, trying to push past

the pain and fight off the effects of the poison. But time was running out for both of them. The air was thick with danger, and the ground was rushing up fast. Today's Bonus Offer

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Alex did the math in his head one last time.

If he didn't act now, he'd lose his only shot at surviving. With a firm tug, he

deployed the backup parachute.

Overhead, his pursuer fumbled.

Clearly, the enemy hadn't expected a second chute.

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Stuck in freefall with no way to close the distance, the attacker could only glare, fury scorching his gaze, as Alex floated safely to the ground.

If Alex had used the reserve chute too soon, the bastard might've swooped in for another strike.

Now, all the enemy could do was watch, fist's balled tight and rage contained only by the desperate need to stop the poison creeping from his right arm's wound.

Alex's feet hit the earth with a thud, knees nearly buckling in relief

The wet soil clung to his boots.

He bit down on a bitter healing pill, the burn of it fierce against his throat, and fired up his communicator.

"Move out!" he rasped, voice raw with adrenaline. "Head for the nearest Kingswell station. Don't bunch up! We can't handle that monster together-trust me."

Over the crackling line, the scattered survivors obeyed, tracking their own GPS signals under the moonless sky.

But Alex took off in the other direction, every stride drawing the attacker away from his friends.

He ran until his lungs blazed and the horizon began to glow.

Dawn found him stumbling through dense forest, sweat cold on his skin.

He leaned against a tree, trying to catch his breath.

The air felt stifling, the scent of damp leaves clinging to him.

Then he heard the voice, low and menacing.

"Didn't think you could run this far," it said.

Alex spun to see the attacker streaking at him with inhuman speed

In less than a second, he felt the iron-like force of the man's left fist smashing into his guard.

The impact crunched Alex's forearms and ribs, launching him through a nearby tree in an explosion of splinters.

He hit the ground hard, gasping, pain twisting through every nerve.

"You're a damn nuisance," the old man snarled, his right arm crudely bandaged at the stump where a hand should have been.

"Because of you, I had to cut off my own limb. I'll make you pay with your life."

Alex spat blood and shoved another pill between his teeth, pain throbbing with every heartbeat.

He forced himself upright, discarding what was left of his shredded shirt.

In the first light of dawn, his battered body gleamed with sweat and injury.

He leveled his short knife at the old man. "I'll take the other hand next."

Deep lines of scar and fury marked the attacker's face, his gaze like a hawk's.

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"Damn level ninety-nine," he hissed. "If I'd been prepared, you wouldn't have touched me." Alex's knuckles whitened around the knife handle.

With a grunt, he threw himself forward, channeling the last of his strength into one powerful strike.

The old man, a warrior beyond level one hundred, brushed the attack aside like swatting away a fly.

In a heartbeat, Alex felt an onslaught of force slam into him.

The blow hurled him backward, through one tree after another, until he finally crashed into the dirt.

Bones rattled; bruises flared; every breath came raw and ragged.

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He reached for another precious pill, but the old man was already here, driving Alex's face into the ground with a savage punch. Blood filled Alex's mouth, and his knife clattered out of reach.

The attacker's cruel laughter tore through the morning hush.

He kicked Alex's body again and again, savoring each muffled cry of agony.

At last, Alex hacked up a mouthful of blood, his limbs limp, vision swimming.

The old man grabbed Alex by the throat and hoisted him upward, like a child with a broken toy. A twisted grin stretched across the attacker's lips.

"You've got your father's face," he snarled.

"If not for you, I wouldn't have rotted in this cursed place for decades-waiting for some whelp to show up. But now-" His fingers tightened, choking off Alex's breath. "I'm putting an end to it. Finally!"

He laughed, drunk on vengeance. But mid-laugh, his body jerked. His eyes widened in shock.

Behind him, Kelly stood trembling, her grip steady on Alex's lost short knife.

She'd driven it deep into the old man's back. Her face was ghostly pale, but her resolve burned bright.

"Die you bastard!" she hissed.

"FUUUUUUCK!" the old man bellowed, the sound rattling the trees.

He hurled Alex aside and whirled on Kelly.

Poison surged in his veins.

He swung with a backhand that cracked like thunder.

Kelly tried to dodge, but her level was too low-his blow caught her clean, sending her spinning through the air.

She hit the ground in a sickening heap.

Bones snapped. Her breath came in wheezing gasps, blood painting her lips.

Despite everything, Alex forced himself to crawl, then stumbled upright in a blur of pain.

He dashed to Kelly, catching her just as she was about to land face-first again.

Carefully, he fished out his last pill and pressed it to her mouth.

"Take it," he whispered, voice ragged. "It'll help."

Kelly's eyelids fluttered.

Her gaze, clouded with tears and agony, still shone with unbreakable loyalty. With a feeble gulp, she swallowed the pill.

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Alex straightened, trembling from head to toe, adrenaline spurring him on.

He locked eyes with the attacker.

"This is where it ends," Alex said quietly. "Rest now, Kelly. I'll kill him

Aguttural snarl rose in the old man's throat. "I've never been so fumiliated!" he spat.

His teeth ground together, fighting off the poison ravaging his body.

Then he barreled forward, aiming a lethal blow at Alex.

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Alex roared back, channeling every flicker of strength, every shred of will, into one final counterstrike.

They clashed with a crack that thundered through the forest.

The instant they made contact, Alex knew he was done for.

A dying elephant was still an elephant; Alex was nothing but a wounded goat.

The old man's strike ripped through Alex's arm, snapping bones like twigs.

Alex flew backward, slammed into another tree, and slumped lifelessly. No more healing pills to save him.

No more strength to rise. Death loomed.

In the dirt, Kelly's eyelids fluttered. She pushed herself up just enough to meet the old man's glare.

Her bloodied lips twisted into a faint, defiant smile.

"You're already dead, bastard," she whispered, voice laced with fierce satisfaction.

"For killing my mother."

Her words hung in the gloom, and for a second, even the forest seemed to hold its breath.

Today's Bonus Offer

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The attacker raised his hand, his voice venomous as he growled, "then meet your mother in hell!"

His hand swung down, aiming for Kelly.

Before the strike could land, a blade drove through his back, its tip earring through his heart and emerging from his chest.

Blood stained the air as the attacker froze, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"Impossible..." he gasped, trembling.

Aman of his caliber-level 115-was nearly invincible.

Those below level 100 were like kindergarten children facing a traded soldier.

No one could stand against him.

From behind him, a raspy voice carried a chilling edge. "I've been waiting for this moment."

The attacker turned his head with a strained effort and saw the source of the voice.

"You..." he stammered, recognition and horror flashing in his eyes.

The old man standing there should have been a mere ghost of a memory.

Yet here he was.

The attacker's gaze shifted to the blade now lodged in his chest-the very same poisoned knife Kelly had wielded earlier.

Somehow, the weapon had transferred into the old man's hands.

His body convulsed as the poison coursed through his veins.

Blood bubbled up in his throat, spilling from his lips as he coughed "I have destroy all your meridian!"

The old man whispered "You... used me as bait to find the Prince. But... You never thought I'd use this chance to bait and kill you."

The attacker fell to his knees, his body collapsing to the ground with a final thud.

His breath faded, leaving his eyes wide open, disbelief etched into his lifeless face.

A man of noble lineage from the Earth Empire, fallen in an unknown,
impoverished land-killed by nameless hands.

Shame burned in the remnants of his soul.

Alex, weak and trembling, watched the scene unfold.

His chest heaved as he struggled to catch his breath, his gaze locked on the old
man.

Slowly, he approached the attacker's body, his hands trembling as he removed a ring from the
corpse's hand.

Pressing the attacker's blood into the ring's surface, he activated it

To his amazement, a vial containing a handful of pills materialized

"Space storage ring..." Alex murmured in awe.

Though wealthy, even he couldn't afford such cutting-edge technology. It was a treasure reserved
for the elite of the Earth Empire's noble.

The old man snatched one of the pills, flicking it into Alex's mouth with a swift motion,

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The pill dissolved instantly, warmth spreading through Alex's body as his injuries began to heal.

It was unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

"This is a healing pill for those above level too," the old man said taking a pill himself. "Made with
rare herbs."

Within minutes, Alex was able to stand, the pain retreating from his body. He turned to face the
old man, his voice steady but full of curiosity. "Who are you?" The old man's gaze softened for a
moment as he studied Alex's face.

"Alex," he said quietly, "you have your mother's face.

Alex froze, his heart pounding. "Who... who is my mother?"

The old man's eyes clouded with emotion, his lips pressing into a thin line.

Alex stared intently at the old man, his patience fraying with every passing second. "I'm waiting for an answer."

The old man sighed, shaking his head. "You're only at level 99. It's not your time yet."

Alex's frustration boiled over. "I was almost killed today! Doesn't that count for something?"

The old man remained silent, his gaze distant as though grappling with a decision.

Alex pressed on, his voice firm. "You'd better tell me. I'm already involved in whatever this is."

After a long pause, the old man finally spoke, his voice heavy with regret.

"You've already so powerful in this country. You could live a happy life without ever knowing your past. Why dig into something so ugly? It may lead to your death." 1

Alex's jaw tightened, his stare unwavering.

"It's my right to know my past. Whatever the risks, I'll decide what to do with my life. You don't get to keep that from me."

The old man exhaled sharply, shaking his head. "You're just like your mother-so stubborn."

"Then tell me," Alex insisted.

The old man held out his hand. "Give me your mother's medal."

Alex hesitated but retrieved the medal from his pocket.

Despite countless attempts, he'd never uncovered its secret.

"Put your blood on it," the old man instructed.

Frowning, Alex pricked his finger and let a drop of blood fall onto the medal.

His eyes widened as the object suddenly shimmered with light,

"Now channel your mental energy into it," the old man continued

Alex obeyed, focusing his thoughts on the medal. To his amazement, it revealed

itself as a large space storage device, holding several items inside.

"Your mother prepared everything for you," the old man said solemnly. "If you choose to face your past, these are for you."

"What do you mean by that?" Alex asked.

The old man straightened, his expression grave. "Reach level 120, and I will tell you more."

Alex clenched his fists. "How can I reach level 120 when I've been stuck at level 99 for so long?"

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"It's because of your mother," the old man revealed. "She locked our level to protect you from drawing the attention of old monsters."

"She... locked my level?" Alex asked, his voice tinged with disbelief.

The old man stepped closer, placing a hand on Alex's shoulder. "You may not know your mother's battles, but you live in the peace she forged."

Alex's resolve hardened. "If she did it for my safety, I understand. But I've made my choice. I want to know my past."

The old man gave a slow nod. "Then I will honor your decision."

Without warning, the old man placed his palm on Alex's head, his voice a strained yell as he gathered his remaining strength. "Open!".

A surge of energy ripped through Alex, like a dam bursting in his mind.

His level began climbing, shooting past 99 in an instant.

The release of power left the old man staggering, coughing up blood before collapsing to the ground.

"Father!" Kelly screamed, rushing to catch him as he fell.

Alex, overwhelmed by the sensation, felt his legs give out.

Darkness consumed his vision, and he fainted.

The last thing he remembered before slipping into unconsciousness was a revelation-Kelly was the old man's daughter.

And if that was true, then she must know his past too.

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In a dazed, dreamlike state, Alex felt his entire body remold itself, each cell painstakingly perfected.

It was like being reborn.

A flicker of awe sparked within him-this, he understood, was the true gift of reaching level 100: a piece of immortality embedded into his very being.

But with that rush of power came a flood of memories he had long forgotten. Images of a childhood scene drifted back to him, hazy at first.

He saw himself, small and wide-eyed, walking alongside his mother.

Her face remained blurred, as though time had smudged the details.

They were on a gleaming, futuristic aircraft-its metal corridors polished to a mirror shine, reflecting lights that felt too bright, too sterile.

Suddenly, the entire vessel lurched.

The doors slammed open, and Imperial soldiers poured in, weapons raised- messengers of looming chaos.

About ten of his mother's guards surged into action, forming a protective ring around them, their faces set with grim determination.

"General Maxmilian," his mother demanded, voice cutting through the clamor like a blade, "what is the meaning of this?" The general offered a polite smile that never reached her eyes. "For your safety, Princess. I strongly advise you to surrender. It'll save everyone unnecessary pain-especially you and the little prince."

His mother's gaze turned lethal, burning with betrayal. "Of all people..." she whispered, disbelief underscoring her fury.

"Don't blame me," The general laughed. "For some, loyalty is a bond stronger than steel. For others, it is a coin tossed in the air, easily spent."

One of the royal guards, Keaton-an older man in Alex's resurfaced memory- stepped forward, anger etched into his features.

"You, General Maxmilian? The Crown Prince entrusted you to protect us."

A cold smirk twisted Maxmilian's lips. He raised a hand in a silent command. "Ideals can't outweigh coin. His mistake not paying me enough. Seize them." "Don't you dare!" roared Keaton.

In a heartbeat, weapons were drawn, and all hell broke loose. Flashes of violent energy collided in the confined space, bathing the hall in strobing lights.

Even through memory, Alex felt a jolt of fear-everyone fighting was at least level 100, and the raw force of their power rattled the entire ship.

Amid the frenzied battle, Maxmilian unleashed a colossal punch. yet Keaton lunged to intercept, steel blade colliding with his fist in a thunderous impact.

Elsewhere, Maxmilian's lieutenant, Paolo, slipped through the chaos like a shark in dark waters.

With a swift, brutal strike, he cut down a female guard who was too busy fending off another soldier.

Her shriek tore through Alex's heart.

He barely registered the little girl beside him-Kelly-screaming rushed to the corpse, "Mother!"

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"Alexander," his mother's voice rang out, taut with urgency.

She unclasped a medal from around her neck and slipped it over his head, her

hands trembling "Follow Uncle Keaton. I'll find you soon."

Before he could protest, she drove her heel into the floor.

A divine aura flared to life around her, pushing back every soldier as if they were leaves caught in a violent gust.

Keaton reached for Kelly and Alex, his features contorted with grim resolve.

"Your mother told me to get you out of here," he said, his voice thick with dread. He pulled them close and broke into a sprint.

Through the haze of memory, Alex caught a final glimpse of his mother's determined face-love and resignation tangled into one heartbreaking expression.

Then her telepathic voice echoed in his mind, gentle yet firm: "Live, my son." The fighting closed in from all sides.

Loyal guards sacrificed themselves, one after another, under General Maxmilian's relentless assault.

In a desperate gambit, one of them blasted open a section of the ship's hull and yelled, "Keaton this way!"

Wind screamed through the breach, revealing a vast, boundless sky.

Without hesitation, Keaton leapt, clutching Alex and Kelly as the chaotic scene shrank behind them.

They plummeted through the open air, the roar of turbulence in their ears, the thunder of battle fading above.

Some of the guards protected the ship's hull to prevent the enemy from following them. "Protect this with our lives!" they shouted.

But they were quickly killed, and Paolo pursued, his eyes sharp as a hawk's,

leaping after the enemy in a single, deadly arc.

"Don't even think you can escape from me!"

When they finally crashed to solid ground, Keaton shoved Kelly forward, urgency pouring from every motion.

"Take Alex and run!" he shouted over the howling wind. "Protect him!"

Kelly, her tears still fresh on her cheeks, set her jaw.

She grabbed Alex's hand.

"Mother!" he cried out, raw grief ripping through him.

"Don't!" Kelly snapped, forcing herself to sound strong. "Your mother's not gone.

My father will handle this. Right now, we have to hide."

The pair sprinted across hostile terrain until Alex could hardly stand, collapsing in a panting heap.

Kelly stopped, turning on him with exhausted irritation.

"You're the prince-why are you so weak?" she demanded, but her own breath came in ragged gasps. She turned her back on him, dropping to one knee. "Hurry. Climb on."

Shaken, Alex placed his hands on her shoulders, and she rose with a shudder.

Step by determined step, she pressed onward, carrying him through the wilds.

The days passed in a blur of survival-Kelly foraging, building makeshift shelters, and tending the campfire at night while Alex

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wept in despair.

Then one evening, with the flames dancing across her tear-stricken face, she finally broke.

"Stop crying!" she shouted, voice fracturing under the weight of her own sorrow. "Your mother's not dead! It is my mother that already dead!"

Kelly's composure cracked.

All at once, every walled-up emotion crashed down. She choked on her sobs, tears pouring endlessly.

She wept for nearly an hour her cries raw and lonely, echoing in the quiet darkness.

Alex watched her-helpless, guilty.

At last, he moved closer and wrapped his small arms around her. "I won't cry anymore," he whispered, heart pounding with the promise. "Please don't cry either."

Kelly pulled away, her eyes fierce with a pain that had no easy cure. "But my mother is already dead!" she burst out, the words a terrible confession. Stunned, Alex floundered, searching for any scrap of comfort to give her. "My mother always said that if someone masters the art of medicine, they can even bring the dead back. I'll learn it," he promised, voice trembling. "I'll bring your mother back."

Her sobs subsided just enough for a spark of hope to flicker behind the tears. "You swear?"

"I promise," Alex replied, steady as he could manage.

A fresh wave of grief tightened Kelly's face. "But who-who's going to love me now?" Her voice trembled on the edge of a sob. She was the only one who cared about me..."

Alex's young features tensed with determination. "I will. I'll love and care for you." Kelly shook her head so violently it looked painful.

"No! My family's served yours for ages. I'm supposed to protect you, not the other

way around. You can't just love me." "My mother said that when I grow up, I can love anyone I want," Alex countered, refusing to yield. "And I choose you." "You're a prince!" Kelly snapped through her tears. "You'll marry some princess, not a guard like me."

"I'll love you," he repeated with the stubbornness only a child could manage. "I'll marry you."

Her cheeks burned red, her trembling fists clenched tight. "No, you won't!"

"Yes, I will!" Alex's voice rose, conviction blazing.

"You won't!"

"I swear it!"

At last, Kelly bit her lip, her eyes darting with uncertainty. Slowly, she extended a pinky finger, her voice a trembling thread. Pinky promise?"

Alex linked his pinky with hers, resolve shining through his young eyes. "Pinky promise."

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Today's Bonus Offer

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GET IT NOW

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Kelly and Alex finally passed the wilderness and reached the city.

Just the two of them-clad in torn clothes, covered in dirt-they looked like poor kids from the slums.

"Prince," Kelly called softly.

"Stop calling me Prince. Just call me by my name-you're going to be my wife later," Alex replied firmly

"Fine," Kelly said, a faint smile touching her lips despite the exhaustion.

Their faces streaked with grime, they slowly entered Vancouver's bustling streets and made their way toward the slum district to blend in with the people there.

"Will your father find us?" Alex asked, his voice low.

"I've trained for this moment many times. I activated a special GPS only my father can access-he'll find us," Kelly answered with conviction.

But both of them grew silent, knowing that if her father was dead, no rescue would come.

They hid inside a large sewer tunnel.

After days of running, exhaustion weighed on them. Kelly's stomach suddenly let out a loud growl.

They hadn't had decent food in days. Yet, Kelly stayed strong, curling up and falling asleep despite her hunger.

Alex watched her, guilt churning in his chest. What kind of man am I if I can't even get her food?

He'd never known hunger or poverty before. His entire life, everything he wanted had always been given to him.

While Kelly slept, Alex quietly slipped away.

He wandered toward a nearby market, eyes scanning for food until he spotted a small bakery stand run by a chubby vendor.

A few fresh loaves lay within reach.

Alex reached out and grabbed two pieces of bread.

"Hey! Hey, you!" the vendor shouted. "Where do you think you're taking that bread?"

"It's for Kelly," Alex replied as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"I don't care who Kelly is! Do you have money to pay for that bread?"

Alex frowned, confused. "What's money?"

The vendor snorted. "No money, no bread. Put it back!"

"But-" Alex hesitated. "Kelly's hungry... she always makes sure I eat first..."

The vendor's face hardened. "I don't care about your love story, kid. No money, no food! There are too many mouths to feed in this slum as it is."

Alex's hands trembled. His instincts told him to take what he wanted—he'd never been denied anything before.

The vendor's eyes shifted to the pendant hanging around Alex's neck—a delicate keepsake. His eyes gleamed. "Tell you what... leave that necklace here. When your folks show up with the cash, you can get it back."

Alex froze. It was his mother's keepsake. Precious. Irreplaceable.

But Kelly's face, pale and hungry, filled his mind. Keaton will find us soon, he reassured himself. We'll have money by then.

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"Okay." Alex took off the necklace and handed it over. In exchange he took the bread and ran.

When he returned to the sewer, he found Kelly running frantically, calling his name.

The second she spotted him, she rushed over and grabbed his shoulders. "Where were you?!" she yelled, her voice shaking

Alex held out the bread with a soft smile. "Getting this for you."

"You nearly gave me a heart attack!" Kelly's eyes welled up with tears. "Never leave without my permission again. Don't even step out of my sight!"

"Why?" Alex asked, confused by her panic.

Kelly's voice broke as she whispered, "Because I have to protect you."

Suddenly, her stomach growled again, loud enough to make them both laugh.

"Then eat," Alex said, pressing the bread into her hands.

"Eat this bread," Alex shoved the big loaf into Kelly's hands. "I'm a man—I'm supposed to protect you."

Kelly stared at the bread, then at Alex. "Where did you get this?"

"Just eat," he muttered, avoiding her gaze.

Kelly grabbed the bread and took a big bite, hunger overriding any other thoughts. She ate quickly, the warmth of the bread filling the ache in her stomach.

Only after eating most of it did she finally notice. "Where is your mother's medal?"

Alex hesitated but forced a smile. "Don't worry. I'll get it back when we meet your father."

The sewer was cold and damp, but they huddled together and fell asleep as the night deepened.

Hours later, Keaton stumbled into the sewer, his breathing ragged, blood staining his torn clothes. He was wounded but determined.

His eyes softened when he saw Alex and Kelly sleeping side by side

"I'm sorry," he whispered as he knelt beside them.

He placed a gentle hand on Alex's head. "Your mother wanted you to live a

normal life. With your unique body, I... I had to make sure you could live among them, free from war and danger."

Keaton closed his eyes and sealed a part of Alex's memories-and half of his extraordinary potential.

Kelly stirred awake. "Father?"

Keaton met her gaze with urgency. "Stay here. The enemy is still hunting us. I have to separate you two."

Before Kelly could protest, he lifted Alex into his arms.

"Wait!" Kelly's voice cracked. "Where are you taking him?"

Keaton's face was grim. "To safety."

He stole some old clothes from a nearby clothesline, dressed Alex in them, and

left him on the doorstep of a local orphanage.

The building's wooden sign creaked in the wind. Keaton hesitated but forced himself to walk away.

When he returned to Kelly, her eyes glistened with tears.

"You'll wear the Prince's clothes and pretend to be him," he said firmly.

Kelly nodded, though her heart felt like it was shattering. "Will I ever see Alex again?"

"Maybe," Keaton whispered, but he couldn't meet her eyes.

He grabbed her hand and led her away into the shadows.

An hour later, Paolo and a group of armed men surrounded them.

"Surrender, Keaton. You've got nowhere to run," Paolo said. His voice was surprisingly calm. "For old times' sake, I can offer you a good position under General Maximillian."

Keaton spat at the ground. "I'd rather die than betray what I stand for!" He roared and charged at Paolo, moving with deadly speed.

"Kill him!" Paolo ordered, and his ten soldiers attacked Keaton at once.

Keaton fought fiercely, taking them on one by one.

His fists flew like hammers, breaking bones and cutting down his enemies. But amidst the chaos, Paolo grabbed Kelly by the neck.

"Bastard!" Keaton yelled, his heart pounding in terror.

Paolo tightened his grip on Kelly. "Keaton, tell me where the Prince is—or your precious daughter dies."

Keaton shouted, "Kelly, you know what to do!"

Kelly, eyes burning with resolve, nodded at her father.

Kelly bit down on her tongue, trying to end things before they could use her. But Paolo slammed her to the ground, pain exploding through her body.

"You disgusting guards—you'll die before giving anything away, won't you?" Paolo sneered.

He knew Keaton too well—he would never break, never betray the Prince.

In a fit of rage, Paolo rushed Keaton, who was exhausted from the battle. With only a few more blows, Keaton collapsed to the ground.

Paolo stood over him, disgusted but calm. "Fine, Keaton. For old sake. I won't kill you but I'll destroy your energy core. Live your life as a broken man."

With one swift strike, he shattered Keaton's inner power, leaving him barely

conscious.

Paolo turned and walked away, leaving Kelly cradling her father in the cold, dark street.

But Paolo's mind worked differently.

If I give them time... they'll lead me to the Prince.

As General Maximillian had warned, "Don't come back without the Prince."

But only Keaton knew where Alex was-and he would rather die than reveal it.

Paolo clenched his fists, frustrated by the lingering silence. The years had stretched long, but the answer still eluded him.

So, he waited.

Never know he has to waited for over a decade-watching, lurking in the shadows,

always searching fo

hance.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 106[1,048 words]

Chapter 106

Keaton understood Paolo's nature better than anyone.

Paolo never left a single loose end. The only reason Keaton was still alive was because Paolo needed him-and those close to him-as bait.

So Keaton quietly stayed in Vancouver with Kelly, training her in every martial art he knew, even bringing her into Kingswell

to anyone. Just come here when you

"Remember," he told her firmly, "never breathe a word about the prince-or about

me-

can."

She stared at him with concern.

"Father, are you going to be all right?"

Keaton gave a casual shrug.

"I'm just an old cripple living out his days. I'll be fine as long as I don't draw attention to myself."

A shadow flickered across Kelly's face.

"Father... where did you send Alex?"

Keaton's gaze shifted to the door, aware that Paolo was almost certainly listening from the shadows.

"This isn't the right time to talk about it. If fate wills it, you'll see him again."

In truth, Keaton knew Paolo was level 110-strong enough that the prince would

have no hope of surviving unless his own level rose beyond Paolo's.

Despite Keaton's fondest wish for Alex never to go looking for his past, he knew in his bones that if Alex did, Paolo would come.

And when that day arrived, Keaton would have no choice but to fight one last time.

During the last fight, Keaton had drawn upon the final embers of his life force.

He'd salvaged enough strength to wound Paolo with one desperate strike.

He had been prepared to give his last breath in a battle fueled by his burning life energy.

And now he was totally crippled-yet not dead.

Alex woke with a start, heart pounding from his memories.

Night had fallen, the thick canopy of trees rustling in the cool breeze.

He was still lying beside the faint embers of a dying campfire; the old man dozed nearby.

Kelly, however, remained wide awake, carefully tending to them both.

He forced out a hoarse whisper. "How long was I out?"

"Three days and four nights." Her voice was calm but tinged with worry.

She offered him a piece of fried fish on a stick, and he took it gratefully, hunger churning in his stomach.

They sat beneath the moonlight, chewing in thoughtful silence.

An owl's distant call echoed among the trees, each rustle and chirp underscoring the tension neither of them spoke aloud.

Eventually, Alex broke the hush.

"About a decade ago... we sat like this, eating under the stars."

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Kelly's eyes flicked toward the fire. "You remember?"

"Just pieces," he admitted. "It's all fragments right now."

A memory tugged at Alex's heart: the promise he and Kelly had once made as children. He cleared his throat and said softly, "About our childhood promise..." Kelly's gaze hardened. "Don't start something you'll regret later."

Her words were blunt, meant to wound, and he could hear the tremor in her voice.

"But I promised you-"

Kelly's gaze dropped to the glowing embers of the fire. "Promises are only as strong as the person who gives them. And you are not."

Alex understood that much.

"We were just kids, Alex. We didn't know how complicated life could get. Don't... don't do this."

He caught the grief in her eyes, saw the tears she was fighting.

His heart twisted painfully. He knew his priority was uncovering his past; it had become all-consuming. He didn't have anything to offer Kelly right now.

Perhaps it was kinder to leave their promise untouched than to break it for good. Alex swallowed hard. "I'm sorry."

Kelly's mouth set in a grim line.

"Oh? Sorry you ever made that promise to someone like me? A nobody guard?"

Her voice cracked on the last word.

Alex froze, agony roiling in his chest. "What? No-"

She turned to face him, sorrow burning behind her eyes.

"You're a prince, Alex. You remember that now. Me? I'm nothing. Of course you regret it."

She was trembling, as though the weight of her emotions might shatter her from within.

He wanted to protest, to tell her it was never about rank or pride.

But every part of him screamed that the timing was all wrong.

That any comfort he offered now would just be a fragile bandage over a deeper wound.

Kelly's face went cold with resignation. "I understand," she said quietly. "I know where I stand."

Her sadness was palpable, and Alex felt paralyzed by his own guilt

He yearned to close the distance between them, to hold her and tell her how much he wished things could be different.

But his words stuck in his throat, and her grief acted like a shield, holding him at arm's length.

"So much of life is lost in waiting," Kelly whispered.

A log in the fire split with a sharp crack, sparks dancing into the night sky. The only sound that lingered after was the quiet echo of two hearts breaking in tandem.

Because how could he promise a future to her when he wasn't even sure he had one?

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Chapter 106

So the night passed in strained silence, their unspoken longings deftly like

ashes, neither willing to take that final step toward

the other.

The following day...

Alex found himself back at Sophia's apartment, fatigue bearing down on him as though the events in the forest had stolen what little peace he had left.

Sophia's sharp voice called from the living room: "So you spent three whole nights with Kelly Kingston?"

He met her gaze, refusing to flinch. "Yes."

She folded her arms across her chest, her tone like ice. "Mind explaining why?"

Alex just shook his head, unwilling to reveal secrets tied to Kingswell. "You wouldn't understand."

Sophia's eyes flashed.

"What else am I supposed to think? You running around with some wealthy woman-did you sleep with her? Are you just after her money?"

He narrowed his eyes. "You sound jealous," he said quietly.

Her cheeks flamed.

"Jealous? Don't flatter yourself. Who do you think you are?"

"Then why do you care so much?" he pressed, voice low.

Sophia's composure seemed to falter, confusion warring with anger on her face.

"You seduced Lyra before, and now Kelly Kingston, too? I am just worried about how it affects our Kingston and Lancaster arrangement."

Before she could respond, the door crashed open, and Florence stormed in like a fury unchained.

She stabbed a finger at Alex, eyes blazing with righteous outrage.

"You bastard! You spent the night with Kelly! The photos are all over the internet-

how dare you come slinking back here?" She spun toward Sophia, her voice rising with rage.

"Sophia, why are you still married to him? Just divorce him! And if he won't agree,

I'll have him beaten to a pulp and thrown out!"

Today's Bonus Offer

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 107[963 words]

Chapter 107

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"Mother," Sophia frowned. Her mother rarely made such a scene without any backing.

"Sophia," a male voice called.

Marco appeared from Florence's behind.

"I believe Alex has his reasons when it comes to Kelly. Don't doubt him. It's not good for a husband and wife to lose trust in each other," Marco said, attempting to seem like the perfect gentleman before Sophia.

"Marco," Florence sneered "don't lump all men in with you. You're too kind and good to be called a man. This loser? He's a scammer-willing to be any woman's lapdog for a penny."

"Aunt Florence, I believe Alex is noble and honorable," Marco insisted, his tone steady.

Florence scoffed bitterly. "Noble? Honorable? If he's noble, then who in the world is the real scammer? Sophia, why are you still keeping this man? He's cheated on you! You should kick him out!"

Sophia's gaze flitted nervously around the room, her heart in turmoil.

Doubt clouded her mind.

"You're always like this-always doubting everything! Doubt is an illness that infects the soul." Florence stepped forward and grabbed Sophia's hand tightly.

"Alex, we know you've been cheating! As Sophia's mother, I want you gone! Out of this house and out of her life-forever!"

"But, Mother... Grandpa-" Sophia's voice wavered.

"Your grandfather?" Florence cut her off. "If he knew Alex was cheating, he'd kick him out himself!"

Sophia fell silent, her shoulders slumping.

Alex's eyes remained locked on Sophia, searching her face for something- anything.

Florence's voice pierced the silence. "What are you waiting for? Get out! You're not welcome here!"

"Wait, wait!" Marco interrupted, holding up a hand. "You don't have to be this harsh to Alex. I believe he's a good guy."

Marco placed a reassuring hand on Alex's shoulder. "Brother, it looks like these women are still upset about... what happened. Maybe it's best to give them some time to cool down?"

Marco slowly pushed Alex toward the door.

As he leaned closer, ensuring Sophia and Florence couldn't hear, he whispered venomously, "You're nothing but a bastard. You don't belong beside Sophia. Just leave and never set foot here again, or I'll have people beat you to a pulp."

Alex frowned, narrowing his eyes.

This double-faced snake was good at playing his role.

Marco's hand stayed firmly on Alex's shoulder as though they were still friends.

'He who controls others may seem powerful, but he who controls himself is mightier still.'

Alex reached up, gently tapped Marco's hand, and pushed it away.

"Get away from me."

"Arrrrghhh!" Marco let out an exaggerated yell and collapsed onto the floor.

Sophia and Florence gasped, stunned. Alex blinked, bewildered by the sudden scene.

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Chapter 107

He had only brushed Marco's hand-no force, no harin.

"What are you doing, Alex?" Sophia cried, rushing forward.

"He hit Marco! See? You really don't know what's good for you!" Florence shrieked, pointing an accusing finger

"Marco treated you kindly, yet here you are, proving you're nothing but a thug! You belong in the military-or better yet, you deserve to die there!"

Alex's gaze locked on Marco's face. A faint, sinug smile curled at the corner of Marco's lips. He was enjoying every second of

this.

"He's faking it," Alex muttered, his voice low. "I barely touched him."

"Barely touched him?" Florence's voice reached a new pitch as she grabbed Marco's hand and held it up.

The skin was already turning blue. "This is what you call a touch? You hit him with the intent to kill, didn't you? You're just jealous of Marco!"

"Jealous?" Alex frowned.

"Yes!" Florence snapped. "He's rich, successful-a man with everything! He's

heaven, and you? You're nothing but dirt. Filthy and useless."

Her words stung, but Alex's expression remained stone cold.

He already knew she didn't care about his feelings. All Florence ever wanted was a wealthy son-in-law to brag about.

Sophia's guilt-filled eyes shifted toward Marco. Then, her glare turned on Alex. "You need to leave. Now."

Alex took a breath, heavy with disappointment, and turned toward the door. "Fine."

He reached for the handle when Florence's voice rang out again. "Wait."

Alex paused, his grip tightening on the doorframe.

"I remember now," Florence said with a sharp smirk. "Sophia gave you money-one hundred million dollars, right? I want you to return every cent."

"No," Sophia suddenly interrupted. "It was just a few thousand dollars."

"Don't lie to us, Sophia!" Florence snapped. "You don't have to protect him! You're divorcing, and all the money must be returned!"

"Mother, let it go. It wasn't much," Sophia insisted, her voice soft but firm.

"Aunty," Marco interjected smoothly, "Sophia is right. I'm willing to give her that much money—it's nothing to me."

Florence's face softened as she turned to Marco, eyes brimming with approval.

"Marco, you're different... so kind and noble. Really, nothing like him." She shot Alex a look full of contempt.

"Go! Get out! Just looking at you makes my hatred grow."

Alex stared at them coldly before stepping out of the room.

The elevator doors opened, and he walked in.

As they closed behind him, he sighed, running a hand through his hair.

How did this family end up with so much drama?

The elevator opened on the first floor, and as Alex stepped out, a group of men stood waiting.

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Jack, with five burly men in black suits, stared him down. Jack's expression twisted with hostility as he pointed at Alex.

"There he is. That's Alex."

Jack approached, his steps deliberate. "I heard you stole money from my sister. Return it—a hundred million dollars."

Alex's brows furrowed. "She never gave me that much money."

"You're still lying?" Jack sneered, crossing his arms arrogantly.

"Do you even know who these guys are? They're bodyguards-specially trained in elite military combat. Do you really want to feel their fists and kicks before you tell the truth?"

One of the guards stepped forward without warning. With a swift motion, he pulled out a baton and slammed it toward Alex. "Enough talk! Some people need a beating to remember their place!"

Alex caught the man's glare, unbothered. A slow smirk spread across his face.

"You know what?" Alex said, his voice like ice. "You're completely right."

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The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 108[1,040 words]

Chapter 108

Alex drew in a deep breath, suppressing his energy until he matched the guards at roughly level twenty.

In a split second, he swung a fast punch at the nearest guard.

The man's face caved in under the blow-his nose broke, blood splattered, and two teeth flew out.

Everyone froze. They had never expected Alex to retaliate so fiercely, this quickly.

The "chicken" they had planned to hunt had suddenly turned into a tiger.

Jack's face went pale. "He's only an ex-military grunt. You're elite soldiers-go get him!" he yelled at the other guards.

The remaining guards glanced uneasily at one another before closing in.

Yet Alex moved with unbelievable speed.

He delivered a swift kick to each man's face, sending them reeling

Every guard seemed to move in slow motion while Alex alone looked like he was fighting in fast-forward.

Before Jack realized what was happening, all of Marco's guards were lying on the ground, groaning in pain.

"You!" Jack stumbled backward, pointing at Alex.

"You stole my sister's money, and now you dare attack us?" He raised his voice so everyone in the apartment's first floor could

hear.

"Help! This man is a thief and he's beating people up! Someone call security! Call the police!"

He was shouting as loudly as he could. "Take his picture! Show his face to everyone-this man's a thief!"

A few curious onlookers, especially some women, began filming the scene with their smartwatches.

"Alex, you'd better give us the money back," Jack warned. "Don't make us angry."

Alex sighed, noticing the small crowd gathering. He raised his voice. "I didn't steal anything. He's accusing me of something I didn't do!"

"Liar!" Jack roared. "You scammed my sister out of her money!"

"She gave it to me willingly," Alex replied, stepping forward. Terrified, Jack backed away.

"See?" Jack shouted, pointing at Alex. "He's trying to attack me again! He's a thief and a bully!"

One particularly burly man stepped out of the crowd to block Alex's path. "You'd better return the money before you face me,"

he warned.

Alex's gaze grew ice-cold. "He's accusing me of something I didn't do."

"I don't care," the man snarled. "Just give it back."

Alex let out a short laugh. "When you accuse the wrong person, you might end up on your knees, begging forgiveness."

"Like hell I believe that!" the man growled, but an instant later, both of his knees buckled.

An audible crack echoed through the air as he collapsed to the ground in front of Alex, screaming in agony.

Everyone recoiled in horror, including Jack, whose face went whiter still.

"You too," Alex said calmly, looking at Jack. "God's punishment is swift."

Without warning, Jack's knees gave out under the same crushing force, shattering in an instant.

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He fell to the floor, bellowing in pain.

Alex walked over to him. "Since your mother never taught you any manners, I'll do it myself!"

Alex stepped forward. He grabbed Jack by the hair and slapped him repeatedly until Jack's face was bloodied.

Jack yelled and writhed in Alex's grip.

"How dare you hit my son!"

The shrill scream came from Florence Lancaster, who had just come down the elevator, expecting to see Jack reclaim some

money.

Instead, she found him battered and bruised on the ground.

"Get lost!" Alex spat, glaring at her with such intensity that Florence froze in mid- step, trembling.

"Help!" Florence finally screeched when she recovered. "Help! He's killing my son!"

Within moments, security guards rushed in. The head guard recognized Florence as the apartment's owner and immediately stood by her side.

"What happened here?" he demanded.

"This man stole my daughter's money," Florence shrieked, "and now he's beating up my son! Arrest him at once! I want him punished!"

"What are you waiting for?" The head of security gestured to his men. "Take him down!"

But just as they moved in, a sharp, commanding voice sliced through the tension.- "What do you think you're doing?"

A woman in a silver dress stepped into view, flanked by ten bodyguards.

She was breathtakingly beautiful, with crimson lips and a curvaceous figure. Every movement exuded grace and power.

"She's gorgeous!" someone in the crowd whispered.

"Jasmine?" Alex asked, startled. "What are you doing here?"

Jasmine Kingston-heiress to the powerful Kingston family-tilted her head. "My grandmother needs your help. And let me deal with this situation."

She snapped her fingers.

Her bodyguards instantly brandished batons and formed a line in front of Alex, facing down the apartment's security. Their combined aura sent the guards skittering back. Everyone knew how influential the Kingston family was in Vancouver. Jasmine smiled and gently took Alex's hand, linking her arm around his. "Let's go. My grandmother is in the hospital and needs you."

Florence and Jack didn't dare breathe a word as Alex and Jasmine walked past with the Kingston bodyguards in tow.

They looked like frightened mice trapped between lions.

Even drawing breath felt risky, as though one misstep might earn a strike from a baton.

Once Alex and Jasmine were gone, one of her bodyguards paused beside the security chief.

Leaning in, he whispered, "You'd better give us a good explanation for all this, or your career here will end."

When all the bodyguards had finally left, Florence found her voice and shrieked at the security team, "What on earth do we pay

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you for? Why did you let them leave?"

The head of security turned around and slapped Florence so hard (at she stumbled to the floor.

"H-How dare you!" she stammered, stunned.

The guard glared down at her. "You just accused a man under the protection of

the Kingston family of being a thief. You're looking for trouble. All of you take this woman and her son, give them a lesson, and send their photos to the Kingston family!" In seconds, security dragged Florence and Jack away as their screams rang out like pigs in a slaughterhouse.

"What's going on?"

Sophia and Marco arrived, drawn by the commotion,

"Sophia, Marco!" Florence wailed the moment she saw them. "Look at what he did to us- beaten!"

Marco frowned. "Who did this? And why?"

me and your brother are badly

"Who else?" Florence shrieked. "That bastard Alex! We only came down to talk, but he's furious because of the divorce, and he attacked Jack and me without any reason!"

Tears streamed down her face as she sobbed even louder.

"Alex?" Sophia repeated, her expression tightening. "He's always been so mild- tempered. Why would he beat up you and Jack?"

"Because you divorced him, and because he's jealous of Marco! All he has is his fist, that rogue bastard!" Florence cried pitifully

Today's Bonus Offer

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 109[1,029 words]

Chapter 109

"All he knows is violence, that filthy bastard!"

Sophia paused, caught off guard. Alex was usually calm and controlled, but maybe her mother was right-maybe he was jealous now that Marco was around.

So he really does love me, she thought, feeling her checks grow warm.

"Why are you just standing there?" Florence snapped. "Aren't you going to do something?"

Right then, several security guards appeared, seizing Florence and Jack with hostile expressions.

"Wait!" Marco stepped forward and held out a hand, "What do you think you're doing?"

"They insulted Miss Jasmine Kingston's guests-accused them of being thieves and deserve to be punished," one guard spat.

"Hold on." Marco discreetly pressed some cash into the head guard's hand.

"I knew Jasmine Kingston personally. I'll make sure she hears how well you handled this. I'm sure she'll let the insult slide. All right?"

The head guard eyed the money-equal to a couple of months' salary-and broke into a smile.

"If you say so, sir. Just keep those two under control. Dogs like them belong in a cage."

He gestured to the other guards, who promptly let go of Florence and Jack. Then, before walking away, the guard glowered at a few onlookers still hovering nearby.

"You heard me-scam! Unless you're begging for trouble!"

The small crowd scattered in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Marco's own men hovered uncertainly.

They kept their gazes down, bracing for a scolding. Marco gave them a hard look, as if to say:

'How could you all lose to one guy? I told you to handle him, and instead you got beaten like dogs.'

"Sophia, look at your brother!" Florence wailed.

Jack was hunched over, tears staining his cheeks.

"Isn't it obvious he was attacked?" Florence insisted. "If you don't believe me, ask Marco's guards- they were there!"

She shot a furious glance at the men, secretly fuming that they'd promised to teach Alex a lesson but ended up on the losing side.

"Miss Lancaster," one of Marco's guards said, "your mother's right. That man, Alex- he assaulted your brother. When we tried to step in, he kept swinging at us too."

Another guard added, "We were only trying to calm him down because he's a friend of Marco's. We didn't even touch him, but he kept attacking us."

They claimed they didn't touch him, but the truth is they couldn't touch Alex.

"You see?" Florence spat bitterly. "I've been warning you- Alex is no saint. The second you divorced him, he went off and found some new whore!"

Sophia's chest tightened.

Could Alex have done this? Was he so enraged by the divorce that he'd take it out on her family?

Marco knelt to examine Jack's injuries, then ordered his guards, "Take him to the hospital. Go with him. And call the police- this attack happened in broad daylight. Alex can face a few years in prison for this."

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For a long moment, Sophia stood in silence.

"Sophia, you have to protect your brother!" Florence hissed, supporting Jack as they started toward the exit. "Don't let that bastard off scot-free."

"I know what I need to do." Sophia gave a firm nod.

She rubbed her temple, a pounding headache gathering, then turned to Marco. "What do you think?"

"It's clear, isn't it?" Marco-said. "Alex threw the first punch. My men might outnumber him, but they said they didn't want to fight him at all-yet he brutally attacked all of them. Plus, there were plenty of witnesses."

Sophia chewed her lip. "But my mother...she isn't exactly known for her honesty."

"Even so, there's no excuse for assault," Marco insisted.

"He hurt Jack, your own brother. He obviously didn't stop to think how that would hurt you. That alone shows he's no good"

Sophia's stomach twisted with worry.

Could Alex really have changed so much? Or had she just been blind?

Marco's hand landed gently on her shoulder. "Don't let him walk away from this. He needs to learn his lesson."

Sophia exhaled, finally letting her anger burn through the confusion.

She pulled out her phone and dialed Alex's number. Across town, in the back of a sleek limousine, Alex stiffened at the sight of her name glowing on his screen.

Despite his reluctance, Alex picked up the phone.

"What do you want?" he asked curtly.

"Alex, I need an explanation," Sophia said, her tone sharp.

"What kind of explanation?"

She let out a tense breath. "Did you just beat up my brother and Marco's bodyguards?"

His reply was unhesitating. "I did. But-"

Sophia cut him off. "So it really was you! I never thought you'd stoop so low. Is this your way of getting revenge on my family just because I divorced you?"

Her accusation blindsided Alex.

He hadn't expected Sophia to sound so hostile-or so unwilling to hear him out.

"Sophia, if you know I hit your brother, shouldn't you at least ask why?" he asked quietly.

"I don't care why. You still had no right to lay a finger on him!" Sophia fumed.

She looked at Marco, then pressed the phone closer to her ear. "And you sure as hell shouldn't have touched Marco's men. They were only trying to help!" "Help me?" Alex let out a hollow laugh.

He could already tell it didn't matter who was right or wrong-Sophia had made up her mind.

She stood firmly on her brother's and Marco's side, and there was nothing he could say that would change it.

"I'm giving you one last chance, Alex," she warned.

"Go to the hospital and apologize to Jack, my mother, and Marco's people right now. I'll pretend none of this ever happened. While you're at it, you owe Marco an apology too. Otherwise-"

"Otherwise what?" Alex shot back. "You'll call the police on me? Or hire a hitman to kill me?"

"Damn it, Alex!" Sophia practically snarled. "Are you really going to reject my goodwill like this? You'll end up in jail for what you've done."

He snorted. "I'm not the one who belongs behind bars. Maybe your brother does."

"You-!" Sophia practically shook with rage.

"Just because you have Jasmine Kingston backing you, you think you can do

whatever you please? You're nothing but a slimy scammer-worthless!"

Furious, she was about to hurl another insult, but the line went dead.

Alex had hung up.

Soph nearly threw her phone in anger

She prided herself on keeping her emotions in check-she'd built her success on

calm composure. But right now, she felt dangerously close to losing i

"How rude." Marco frowned "Sopista, do you want me to teach him a lesson?"

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The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 110[1,021 words]

Chapter 110

She shook her head, took a slow breath. "No. It's done. I won't waste more time on him."

"But-

"That's enough," she said, cutting him off. "We need to focus on what really matters-I don't want any trouble that could make Jasmine back out. He is too close to Kingston right now."

Reluctantly, Marco nodded.

Meanwhile, Alex arrived at Vancouver's premier hospital.

Jasmine led him down a corridor into a VVIP suite, where an elderly woman- Elizabeth Kingston, Jasmine's grandmother-lay pale and frail in a bed.

Her skin looked paper-thin, her lips were cracked, and her breathing was shallow. Several doctors stood nearby, looking grim.

"Jasmine, where have you been?" a man's voice demanded.

Charles, Jasmine's older brother, glared as soon as she walked in."Grandma could be breathing her last, and you're off who-knows-where?"

"Are you saying Grandma can't be saved anymore, just because you believe there's no hope?" Jasmine snapped back.

"I'm just telling the truth," Charles retorted. "She's in the final stage of cancer. She's too old and frail for surgery. Ask the doctors if you don't believe me."

A weary-looking physician sighed. "We've done everything we can, Miss Kingston. There's nothing else we can do for her."

Jasmine set her jaw. "Then we'll find someone else. I'm putting Mr. Alex in charge."

"Mr. Alex?" The doctors looked puzzled, clearly doubting a man so young could help.

Charles scoffed openly. "You've got to be joking. He might be able to help you since you are young. Look at him-he's no miracle worker. You really think he's some kind of healing god? Grandma's old and dying. This is fate."

Jasmine's eyes blazed with defiance. "As long as Grandma's heart is still beating, I'll never give up on her. Step aside, Charles, if all you can do is wait for her to die and her inheritance to land in your lap."

Charles's lips twisted in anger.

He'd already been humiliated by Jasmine's success-she held the top position in Vancouver's social scene while he was always overshadowed by his younger, supposedly 'delicate' sister.

Charles glared at Alex, seething with hatred.

"Don't look at me like that," Alex said calmly. "This is a hospital. You might want to get yourself checked before you go home."

Charles bristled, crossing his arms. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Alex shrugged. "From the way your eyes look, I'd guess you have a sexually transmitted disease. If you don't get it treated soon, you might end up unable to use your, uh, 'sword' again."

Charles's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "You dare—!"

"You feel pain when you pee, don't you?"

Alex shook his head with a cruel smirk. "Who would've guessed that the mighty son of Kingston would settle for a five-dollar streetwalker? No wonder you're stuck with some gutter-born disease."

"You... you!" Charles' whole body trembled.

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Alex's smirk deepened. "What? Am I lying?"

Charles' face flushed with a mix of anger and shame. "How do you know?"

Alex's eyes gleamed with cruel satisfaction. "Even your father knows. How could I not know?"

"Father... knows?" Charles' voice wavered, fear creeping in.

Alex laughed harshly. "Your mother and Jasmine know too. You're the only one still in the dark."

"You" Charles flushed with both anger and mortification. "Stop spouting nonsense."

"Then prove me wrong," Alex snapped back. "Go with one of the doctors, get tested. See if I'm lying."

Furious, Charles shoved Alex aside and stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Jasmine let out a weary sigh and turned to Alex apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Alex," she said. "He's stubborn. Please don't let him get under your skin."

Alex waved it off. "I'm not worried about him. Let's focus on your grandmother." He crossed over to the bed, where Elizabeth Kingston lay, her face ghostly pale.

After a quick examination, Alex's expression darkened. The woman's cancer was well into its final stage-time was running out.

But he still believed there was hope.

"Miss Kingston, please get me some silver acupuncture needles," Alex said, rolling up his sleeves.

Jasmine nodded and signaled to one of her bodyguards, who slipped out of the room. A few minutes later, he returned with a small wooden box of needles.

"Thank you," Alex said. He retrieved a bottle filled with a potent toxin and carefully coated the needles.

Then, without hesitation, he began placing them at precise points on Elizabeth's body, right where the cancer was most aggressive.

Once he finished placing the sixteen needles, Alex exhaled slowly, feeling the weight of the procedure lift from his shoulders. "That's it?" one of the doctors in the room mumbled. "She doesn't look any different."

Alex ignored the scornful tone. "These needles are coated with a toxin designed to target the cancer cells directly. It'll take about an hour to work. Whatever you do, don't remove the needles before then, or she could suffer serious complications."

"Why should we listen to you?" scoffed another doctor, clearly unimpressed.

Right then, Alex's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen. "I have to take this call. Jasmine, please, keep an eye on her-and remember, don't touch the needles."

The moment Alex stepped out, Charles swept back in, leading a posse of doctors with him.

At their head was an older man who carried himself with a self-important swagger.

"Who are you?" Jasmine demanded, startled by their abrupt entrance.

Charles cleared his throat, standing a little straighter. "This is Dr. Yorick-one of the country's best physicians. He's going to save Grandma."

Dr. Yorick gave a pompous nod. "Indeed I will."

He approached Elizabeth's bedside and immediately frowned at the sight of the needles. "What is all this nonsense?"

He reached out to grab them, but Jasmine caught his wrist. "Wait! The healer I

hired said Grandma's system is fighting a poison.

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and that these needles are crucial. Removing them too soon could be catastrophic."

Dr. Yorick let out a derisive snort. "Poison? Acupuncture?" He shook his head. "If

a few needles were enough to save a life, we doctors would be out of a job."

With a scornful laugh, he yanked the needle free-completely ignoring Jasmine's warning.

Elizabeth's body jerked violently, her convulsions relentless as her limbs shook uncontrollably. The medical machines erupted in a chorus of urgent alarms, blaring out the abnormal readings.

Dr. Yorick's face went pale with shock, his hands frozen mid-motion.

But Charles' face twisted into a hidden smile, as if he had predicted every second

of this chaos.

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