

# The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 111[ 982 words ]

## Chapter 111

Elizabeth's body jerked in a series of violent convulsions, her face furning a dusky blite as though the very breath of life were slipping away.

Agony etched itself across her features, and her ragged scream ripped through the air, sending nurses and doctors scrambling to respond.

Alarms blared from both sides of her bed, the machines' frantic beeping echoing off the stark white walls, amplifying the sense of impending disaster.

"What on earth is happening?" Dr. Yorick's complexion went pale his eyes brimming with shock.

Jasmine's expression hardened. "Explain this, Dr. Yorick!" she demanded, her voice laced with desperation.

"That can't be right... She was stable just a few hours ago," he muttered, unease creeping into his tone.

"Doctor, her heartbeat's crashing!" a nurse shouted, voice high with urgency.

"Get the defibrillator-now!" the head doctor barked.

The medical team mobilized, hands flying as they fought to stabilize Elizabeth.

But no matter what they did, the numbers on the monitor kept freefalling. Elizabeth's chest stopped moving.

The monitor's steady tone cut through the chaos, the cold, continuous beep of a flatline.

"Cardiac arrest!" someone cried. "We're losing her!"

Jasmine's breath caught, and tears gathered in her eyes as she clung to the bed's railing. "No, please..."

Charles's eyes narrowed.

Beneath his outward composure, he clenched his hand into a fist-something like triumph gleamed there.

"You son of a-!" Jasmine whirled on Dr. Yorick, fury shaking her voice.

She grabbed the doctor by his collar, nails digging in. "I told you not to pull out those needles! Now look at her-dying-and all you can do is babble? If you can't save her, I'll make sure you end up in the ground with her!"

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Dr. Yorick's face went a sickly white. "I... This isn't on me!" he stammered. "It was that so-called healer! His needles did this!"

Jasmine's hand flashed across his face with a sharp crack, jerking his head to the side. A red imprint bloomed on his cheek.

"Own your mistakes," she spat, trembling with rage. "Start drafting your will, because if she dies, so do you,"

Dr. Yorick swallowed hard. He knew full well how powerful the Kingston family was-and that people could vanish without a

trace.

Just then, the door flew open and Alex strode in

His gaze swept across the chaos before settling on Elizabeth's lifeless form.

"What happened?" he asked, his voice chilled by anger. "Didn't I warn you not to take out those needles? Why didn't you listen?"

Before Jasmine could answer, Dr. Yorick lunged at Alex, seizing him by the collar.

"You're the one who stuck those damn things in her!" he roared, voice cracking with desperation. "You killed her!"

Alex's eyes were as cold as steel. "You removed them?"

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Chapter II

Dr. Yorick's sneer deepened. "I did. So what?"

Alex's jaw tightened. "That was her death sentence-and yours."

"Is that a threat?"

"It's a statement of fact," Alex replied calmly. "Taking a poisoned needle out with your bare hands means the toxin is already in your system. You've got about twenty-four hours."

Dr. Yorick looked stunned, fear flashing across his face.

"Alex!" Jasmine shouted, shoving Yorick aside. Her voice shook. We don't have time for this. Please-save my grandmother!"

Dr. Yorick stumbled backward, trying to salvage what remained of his authority.

"Ms. Kingston, don't be fooled! He's a quack! Look at my hands-o you see any poison? There's nothing there! He's playing you. He can't save anyone."

Jasmine's eyes blazed. "If you're so capable, why haven't you saved her yourself, 'best doctor in the country'?"

"I..." Dr. Yorick faltered, sweat beading on his forehead.

Alex shot him a sharp look. "Best doctor, huh?" He gave a cold laugh. "You look more like a hack."

Just as he was about to begin the treatment.

Charles, hovering nearby, pushed Dr. Yorick forward as if urging him to do something, anything, to stop Alex.

Yorick's voice quivered. "You have no idea what you're doing, kid! If this goes wrong, the fallout will be beyond your control."

Alex took a slow breath. "You sure seem eager to bury her. Keep it up, and I'll walk out that door right now."

"Shut your mouth!" Jasmine snapped, her patience gone.

She waved at her bodyguards, and in the blink of an eye, they lunged and struck

Dr. Yorick, sending him sprawling to the floor.

"Mr. Charles!" Yorick pleaded, wild-eyed and panicking. "This isn't what we agreed on!"

Charles's face was a mask of anger and fear. "Enough! Does everyone think I'm irrelevant here? That man is under my protection-how dare you lay hands on him!"

Alex fixed Charles with a cool, penetrating stare. "So you're the one who brought in a fraud to undermine the real treatment. Hoping to snag your grandmother's inheritance, are you?"

"How dare you!" Charles roared, his cheeks flushing with rage. "I love her more than anyone. Don't you dare accuse me, you know nothing!"

Alex's smirk was icy. "The only thing I know is that you won't be inheriting anything tonight."

Charles fell silent, his face twitching with tension.

Alex turned back to Elizabeth. "Since I'm here," he said quietly, "she'll live at least another two decades."

From inside his coat, Alex retrieved a set of shining gold needles.

He moved swiftly, placing them at critical points along Elizabeth's body, each needle glinting under the fluorescent lights. Finally, he pressed his palm gently over her still Heart, where the doctors had failed to revive it.

For a moment, the room was filled only with the relentless drone of the flatline.

Then it twitched-once, twice-gradually falling into a steady thump.

A collective gasp swept through the onlookers as the monitors picked up a faint heartbeat. The sound grew stronger, each beat

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Chapter III

bringing Elizabeth back from the edge.

She lay there, no longer convulsing, her breathing now calm and even.

"This can't be real," murmured one doctor, eyes wide in disbelief

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"It's a miracle," a nurse said, her voice trembling with awe.

They all watched in stunned silence as Elizabeth, moments ago at death's door, drew one peaceful breath after another, her heart monitor beeping a reassuring

rhythm.,

In the corner, someone whispered about an old legend-a mysterious physician

with hands like a gift from God. "The God's hand."

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Chapter 112

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The room fell into stunned silence after witnessing Elizabeth's miraculous revival.

Alex reached into his coat pocket and retrieved a small, unremarkable pill, placing it gently between Elizabeth's lips.

With practiced care, he helped her swallow.

Charles looked like a man who had just watched his entire world crumble.

He had orchestrated every possible detail to hasten his grandmother's demise and claim the inheritance his father had long denied him.

Yet here was Alex, undoing all of his schemes in an instant.

In a surge of desperation, Charles leveled a furious glare at Dr. Yorck.

Frightened, the doctor realized that if he failed to act, his life would be forfeit.

Slowly, Yorick forced himself upright, eyes alight with rage. He snatched a surgical knife from the nearby tray a Alex.

"Die, you devil!" Yorick shrieked, his face contorted in rage.

"You've made a deal with the devil to raise the dead-no human could do what you just did!"

A wave of shocked gasps swept through the room.

Charles's lips curved into a momentary smile, convinced the knife would sink into Alex's stomach.

But it didn't. The knife ripped through Alex's shirt and stopped cold against his skin.

Yorick stared in disbelief. "What are you?"

Alex's cold smile never wavered. "Your worst nightmare."

and charged at

Two of Jasmine's bodyguards rushed forward, wrenching Yorick's arms behind him. One delivered a punishing blow to his jaw.

"How dare you attack Mr. Alex!" the guard bellowed.

Yorick flailed, shrieking in panic, blood dribbling from his mouth.

"No! It was an accident-I tripped! I didn't-"

- "His pleas were drowned out by the onslaught of fists.

"Stop!" Yorick screamed. "It wasn't my idea-"

He tried to look to Charles for help, but Charles cut him off with a boot on his neck. The sickening crack that followed ended any further attempts at speech.

Yorick's eyes bulged, then dimmed as he went still.

A hush fell over the room.

Charles straightened, brushing off his sleeve as though he'd simply dispatched a pest.

"How dare he try to kill the one who saved our family? Betrayal like that can't go unpunished."

Yorick's lifeless eyes stared up at him, hatred frozen on his face, but Charles felt only relief.

At least now his secrets would remain buried.

Suddenly, a raspy cough rattled from the bed. Elizabeth's eyelids fluttered open.

"She's awake!"

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Everyone froze in disbelief as the monitors reflected stable, perfectly normal vitals.

Even the doctors stood wide-eyed,

"That's amazing! Grandmother is awake!" Charles exclaimed.

Elizabeth's gaze swept the room, full of confusion. "What on earth is going on?"

Alex met her gaze calmly. "Not much, ma'am. It just seems someone had a motive to see you gone someone who stood to gain a lot from your will."

Elizabeth's piercing eyes listed

"Charles?"

"No, Nana!" Charles exclaimed, hurrying to her bedside.

He pulled her into a tight embrace, his voice quivering with emotion. "He's lying! I did everything I could to save you-I brought in the best doctors, but he turned out to be a fraud!"

Charles's eyes filled with desperation. "It was all an accident, Nana I swear. I love you-you're the only family I have left. You know that."

Elizabeth looked uncertain, turning to Alex again. "And who are you, exactly?" Jasmine hurried to Alex's side, looping her arm through his.

'Nana, this is Alex-my boyfriend. You've been asking when I'd finally bring him to meet you. He's the one who saved your life. What do you think about my man?"

A faint smile crossed Elizabeth's lips as she raised a trembling hand, giving a shaky thumbs-up. "Don't... let him slip away, young lady."

Jasmine's eyes glistened. "I won't, Nana. I promise."

She wrapped her arms around Alex, clinging to him as relief swept through her.

Alex awkwardly patted her shoulder, still unused to such displays of affection.

It was clear she wasn't his girlfriend, but that wasn't something he could admit in front of her grandmother.

Just then, a raw shout tore through the air.

"You snake, Charles!"

Everyone spun around.

It was Yorick-battered and bleeding but somehow upright, pointing a trembling finger at Charles.

"You paid me a million dollars to sabotage her treatment, and now you want me dead? I'll tell everyone what you've done!"

Charles went ashen.

"How dare you accuse me!" he shouted, lunging forward as Yorick sprinted down the hallway.

But the fake doctor slipped past him.

Behind them, doors slammed and voices rose.

Charles's desperate chase had begun-his darkest secrets spilling out for all to hear.

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Meanwhile, in another location, Chris Roland stood in front of twenty men, all clad in high-tech gear and elite black-ops uniforms, ready for a high-paying mission.

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"Jasmine Kingston," Chris announced coldly. "I want her dead. Ten million for anyone who takes her down. And someone named Alex-I'm offering thirty million for him."

Suddenly, his smartwatch buzzed.

He picked it up and answered curtly, "What? Alright, I'll handle it,

He turned back to his team, his expression grim. "One more target A man named

Yorick-a fraud posing as a doctor. Someone wants him dead."

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Alex rose to his feet, concern flickering in his gaze.

"All right, I'll take my leave now, Elizabeth, you need rest."

Jasmine stood up as well. "I'll see you out," she said, then turned to the old woman.

"Nana, please don't worry about Charles. You should rest, too."

Elizabeth closed her eyes, heaving a tired sigh.

"You're right, child. It's not like I don't know his temper after all these years. Maybe it's my fault for spoiling him too much."

Meanwhile, in another hospital room down the hallway, a similar scene was unraveling-albeit with far more chaos.

Jack, every inch of him in bandages, lay moaning on his hospital bed.

Thick plaster casts wrapped around both legs, and his head was swathed so tightly that only his nose and mouth showed.

His eyes burned with anger.

"Mom! I can't believe Alex actually hit me. You have to teach that bastard a lesson he'll never forget!" he whined, nearly spitting with rage.

Florence smoothed her hand over Jack's blanket as if to soothe him. "Don't worry, sweetie. I promise you, he'll never see daylight again once I'm through with him."

Marco cleared his throat and stepped closer.

"Mrs. Lancaster, it's appalling that Alex dared to lay a hand on you and Jack. It's almost a relief Sophia finally divorced him."

Florence's features twisted with fury.

"Exactly. But he's not getting away with this. Please, help me figure out how to teach that jerk a real lesson. I can't sleep at night knowing my son is lying here in pain while he just goes on living his life."

Marco nodded, leaning in conspiratorially. "I know some people who won't mind roughing him up. If that's what you want,

consider it done."

Florence's eyes gleamed. "That would be perfect. Force him to kneel in front of Jack and me. Let him kiss our feet."

A grin stretched across Jack's face, though the motion made him wince in pain.

"Marco, make sure they break a few of his bones. Let's see if he can still act tough after that."

Marco cackled maliciously. "Don't worry. By the time they're done, he'll be begging on all fours, drooling blood, and pleading for forgiveness. Can you picture him crawling over to lick your feet?"

Jack's anger briefly melted into a sense of smug satisfaction. "Yes! Yes, exactly- make him pay!"

"Relax, Jack. You know who I am," Marco sneered, puffing out his chest.

Privately, Marco recalled how Alex's marriage to Sophia had always felt like a cosmic joke.

How could a nobody like Alex land such a bright, wealthy and beautiful woman? The opportunity to punish Alex-and perhaps snag Sophia for himself-was too good to pass up

Not long after, Sophia swept into Jack's hospital room.

She wore a sleek white dress that clung to her figure, showing off smooth skin and alluring curves.

Marco's eyes followed her every move, a hungry gleam in them.

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"Sophia! You're finally here!" Jack said, pushing himself upright with a dramatic groan, pointing at his heavily bandaged head.

"Look at me do you see how badly I'm hurt?"

Sophia exhaled, striving for composure. "Alex told me what happened. He apologized over the phone. Let's just put this behind

"Put this behind us?" Jack's shout echoed in the sterile room.

"Sophia, are you out of your mind? An apology doesn't make my Injuries disappear. He nearly killed me, for God's sake! What do you take me for?"

Elorence jumped in, glaring at her daughter. "Yes, how can we forgive and forget so easily? If that was the case, nobody would ever end up in prison."

Sophia pinched the bridge of her nose, feeling a headache coming on. "Then what do you want, Jack?"

"I want him to kneel before me, lick my feet, and beg for forgiveness!" Jack's words rang with hate.

Sophia's tone grew stern. "He's still your brother-in-law. And something tells me you're not entirely innocent in this."

Jack's voice rose another octave. "Don't lie! The two of you are divorced, and you're still taking his side? What kind of sister are you?"

Florence folded her arms across her chest. "Jack is your brother-your flesh and blood. How could you possibly choose that piece of trash over your own family?"

Sophia's jaw tightened. "Look, we were all family once, and besides, we need to consider everything that happened. You're not blameless, Jack."

Jack's anger made him tremble. "Oh, really? Because as far as I remember, all I did was try to get back the hundred million dollars you supposedly stole from the company and handed over to him! You're so blinded by your feelings for him that-" "What hundred million?" Sophia interrupted, narrowing her eyes.

Jack paused, momentarily confused. "The money. He said you gave him a huge amount-like a hundred million. I'm just trying to get it back!"

Sophia threw her hands in the air, disbelief etched across her face.

"I have told you I never give him that money! Do I look like I have that kind of money lying around? Alex made that up! How could you believe such an outrageous lie?"

Jack refused to back down. "People in love do crazy things. I wouldn't have been surprised if you really did it!"

Sophia felt her last shred of patience snap. "The only crazy thing here is you threatening him over a nonexistent fortune. No wonder Alex lost his temper! He must have finally cracked under your nonsense."

Jack scowled as if he'd been personally betrayed. "Sophia, you're my sister. You're supposed to be on my side. Look at me, now. I am in pain! Where is your heart?"

Florence nodded vehemently. "Yes! Are you going to abandon your own brother for some loser?"

"I'll deal with you two later," Sophia growled. She spun on her heel and stormed out of the room.

Her temples throbbed.

Every time she confronted them, her mind felt battered and bruised, even more so than Jack's bandaged body.

Besides, she had hurled some harsh words at Alex herself in the heat of the moment.

That realization made her stomach twist with regret.

He must have had a reason for fighting so fiercely.

She replayed the scene in her mind, furious at both Jack's stupidity and her own rush to judgment.

Meanwhile, Alex and Jasmine sat in the back of a sleek black limousine, the city rushing past.

They rode in tense silence until Jasmine's voice shattered the hush

"Alex, do you think Charles actually wants to harm Grandma-maybe even kill h

Alex leaned back against the leather seat, his face lined with worry "I don't know. Family problems are so complicated. I wouldn't know what it's like to be part of one."

Jasmine placed a gentle hand on his arm. "I'm sorry," she murmured, a wealth of sympathy in her eyes.

"Could you...not do that?" he said, looking away.

She tilted her head in confusion. "Why not?" There was a playful note in her voice, though.

"People say I'm as beautiful as Aphrodite, the goddess of love, so maybe I should learn to be a little more sensual."

She gave him a teasing smile. "But the truth is, I'm worried I'm too skinny. I'm trying to fill out a bit, to become sexier-maybe for you. Will you wait for me?"

Alex turned to her, a look of quiet appreciation in his eyes. "You're already beautiful as you are."

Her eyes lit up. "You really think so?" she breathed. "My heart's racing. I-maybe I should kiss you right now. May I?"

He stared at her for a moment, moved by how radically different she was in private.

In public, Jasmine was polished and poised, exuding the composure of a cold, calculating queen.

But when they were alone, she transformed-playful, flirtatious, and unapologetically herself.

Her true self was a gift meant only for him.

Suddenly, the limousine lurched to a violent halt, the brakes screeching against the asphalt.

Jasmine and Alex were thrown forward in their seats.

"What's going on?" Jasmine cried, breathless from shock.

Their driver shouted from the front. "A car just cut us off!"

Before he could say more, a series of rapid thuds hit the windshield creating small spiderweb cracks in the bulletproof glass.

"Stay down!" Alex yelled, heart pounding. "We're under attack!"

Their driver swerved, trying to maneuver out of danger.

Jasmine's chest tightened with fear.

Beside her, Alex clenched his jaw, his entire body coiled like a spring, ready to protect them both at any cost.

# The Almighty Dominance

## Chapter 114[ 916 words ]

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Four black vans thundered onto the street like a posse riding in at high noon.

They skidded to a stop, pinning Jasmine's limousine from the front and rear.

About twenty men poured out, each one armed to the teeth and hiding behind masks.

Their leader-burly, tatted up, and mean as a rattlesnake-stepped right up to the window, pounding on the glass with his fist.

"Both of you get out, or we'll blow this tin can to pieces!" He snarled.

Inside the limo, Jasmine's face went pale. The driver looked just as rattled.

"Driver," came Alex's calm voice.

"Y-yes?" the driver stammered, too stunned to keep his voice steady.

"I hear this car's sound system can rattle bones. Mind turnin' it up to full blast?" Alex leaned back, eyes half-lidded like he hadn't a care in the world.

The driver blinked. "What?"

'Is this fella crazy?' he thought. 'Bullets are spraying outside, and he wants music?'

"Classical, if you've got it," Alex added, letting his eyes fall closed.

Jasmine watched him, her own fear momentarily replaced by curiosity.

Then she looked at the driver, speaking softly but with iron in her tone. "Well? You heard the man. Play it."

Outside, gunfire echoed like a hailstorm on a tin roof.

The driver's heart clanged in his chest like a broken bell.

'First the crazy man, now Miss Jasmine? They both lost it, or what?'

But something in his gut told him to follow orders.

Swallowing hard, he reached for the stereo.

The speakers roared to life, pouring out a grand symphony, each note sweeping through the cabin like a warm wind across the plains.

His fingers trembled, turning the volume to the max.

He shot a glance in the rearview mirror.

Alex sat there with a lazy smile, soaking in the melody.

Jasmine smiled, resting her head on his shoulder as her eyes gently closed.

With Alex, she felt an overwhelming sense of peace, safety, and belonging. 'Courage isn't about not being scared; it's about seeing something else as more important than fear,' the driver reminded himself.

Despite the bullets pinging off the armored plating, he found himself relaxing ever so slightly.

He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and muttered, "If I'm goin' down, might as well do it in style."

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Closing his eyes, he whispered a final curse at fate.

Outside, the masked gunmen paused, uncertain.

The limo they meant to pepper with bullets was blasting orchestral music like it was a private concert.

One of the hitmen lowered his weapon, flustered.

Another spat on the ground. "What in tarnation...?"

Their leader bared his teeth in a cruel grin.

"They're beggin' for an early grave." He raised his voice.

"Keep at it! Bust open that car! Afterward, you can have your fun with the woman before we finish her off."

A sick chuckle came from somewhere in the group. "And the man? Can I enjoy him too?"

The leader shrugged. "Hell if I care. Just do what you're paid for!"

Suddenly, the tension shattered.

One of the masked men spun around and drew his gun-painting it dead at the leader's head.

"What the hell's gotten into you?" the leader roared, eyes narrowed.

The would-be gunman was shaking, sweat pouring down his temples. His finger twitched like he had no control.

Inside, Alex's lips curled into a slow, dangerous smile.

'Ordinary folks are no more than puppets once the strings are in the right hands.'

The shot came fast.

The leader's head jerked back, blood spraying onto the pavement in a gruesome arc.

He toppled with a thud, eyes vacant.

"What... what are you doing?!" one of the others cried, terror in his voice.

Before anyone could blink, another mercenary turned his weapon on the man beside him, squeezed the trigger, and dropped him cold.

The gunfire ceased as if the world itself had gone mute.

They stood there-blood on the ground, confusion in the air.

"What..." One of them opened his mouth, trying to speak, and another bullet cut him off forever.

The unspoken rule was clear: whoever spoke... died.

A bold one among them hefted his machine gun, aiming for the limousine.

But the fellow next to him spun, barrel pressed against his skull, hands trembling like a stallion that wouldn't be tamed.

"No-"the gunman whispered, his eyes pleading.

The other man's face twisted in horror, as though silently apologizing: 'I can't help it.'

And the gun exploded.

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#### Chapter 114

Nobody dared to move.

The only sound drifting across that battlefield was the haunting wail of violins coming from inside the car.

The hitmen eyed each other, fear skittering across their gazes.

Some of them stepped back, inch by inch, while others dove for whatever cover they could find.

But a handful refused to give up, they still clung to their guns.

The money they stood to lose was too great-like a feast laid out before a starving man. They just couldn't turn away.

Then, almost in unison, some of their hands twitched, turning their own firearms on themselves.

Shock bled into every face as the cold metal touching their Heads.

The fight drained out of them as they realized no paycheck was worth this.

And in the limo, Alex just sat there, calm as a sleeping cat, his smile the smile of a conductor leading an orchestra of doom.

The stage was set, and each assassin felt the cold blade of fate across his neck, knowing there was no fighting the puppet master who held their strings.

As the classical music reached its peak, the rhythm synchronized with the drumbeat, creating an electrifying surge.

Then, eight gunshots rang out in unison, each shot reverberating through the air, seamlessly blending with the pounding rhythm.

One by one, the hitmen fell to the ground, their lifeless eyes staring up at the vast blue sky, as though questioning. "What in the world are they facing?"

## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 115[ 1,426 words ]

### Chapter 115

Suddenly, there was only silence in the cat.

The four black vans had already driven away in a hurry, leaving their friends' bodies sprawled on the asphalt. The surrounding cars, whose drivers had witnessed the scene, stayed far away, unwilling to get involved. "Hey, driver," Alex called out. "Don't you think it's time to move out? What are you waiting for?"

The driver, who had been enjoying the music accompanying his journey to the afterlife, slowly opened his eyes and glanced around.

A jolt of shock ran through him. The obstruction that had once blocked his path was gone.

"Yes, yes, Sir."

He hastily pushed the pedal, and as the car started moving, it bumped slightly- rolling over the bodies on the road

Jasmine stared out of the window, her eyes lost in the blue sky and the rows of passing houses.

"Don't you want to ask who they were?" Alex asked, breaking the heavy silence.

"Not really," Jasmine replied, her voice soft but dismissive.

"They're like cockroaches-keep coming after me. Honestly, I'm starting to get bored of it." She tried to force a smile.

But Alex noticed the faint tremble in her hand as it rested near him.

"Can you help me tonight?"

"What is it?"

"You know that most of Kingston's bodyguards are stationed with my father in Los Angeles," Jasmine explained.

"The ones here are busy chasing after Chris and Bianca. So, I have no one to protect me. After what just happened, there's no telling when the next attack could come. I need you to be my bodyguard."

"Personal bodyguard?" Alex raised an eyebrow. "Wouldn't it be safer for you to stay in a secure place?"

"That's impossible," Jasmine replied.

"Tonight's my first banquet as Vancouver's leader-my first official appearance after my father. It's the biggest event for me and the entire city."

"Allies and enemies alike will be there. I'll be defenseless, sitting duck. Maybe this will be the last time you see me?" She blinked innocently.

Alex sighed, hesitating for a moment before nodding. "Alright, I'll protect you."

Even though it felt like a hassle, he knew he had to.

He was the reason Alfred Kingston had moved to Los Angeles, and it was his duty to ensure everything ran smoothly. Jasmine's rise to power could not be put at risk.

"Many thanks, Mr. Alex." Jasmine flashed a sweet smile and linked her arm with his.

The subtle scent of her perfume filled the small space, warm and distracting.

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"Do you think we can always stay like this?" she asked, her voice as gentle as a fading melody, Alex stared into the distance, letting the silence speak for him.

"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal; love leaves a memory no one can

steal," Jasmine whispered, her words lingering like a delicate breath on the wind.

Alex sighed, his gaze heavy with the weight of unspoken truths.

"We tell ourselves we're in control," he murmured, "but we're only small boats, adrift in the storm."

The hum of the car engine filled the silence as the city blurred past, distant and cold.

It was an evening at the Vancouver Convention Centre, the city's crown jewel of prestige and elegance.

The iconic event space stood proudly by the waterfront, its vast expanse resembling a grand hotel. The modern design, inspired by West Coast beauty, featured sweeping glass walls, timber accents, and high ceilings that created an aura of sophistication and openness.

Inside, panoramic windows revealed breathtaking views of the harbor and distant mountains.

Outside, the waterfront promenade offered lush greenery and a scenic marina, completing the grandeur of the location.

A sleek black limousine glided to a stop at the entrance, its polished exterior

gleaming under the golden glow of the city lights.

The driver stepped out and opened the door with precision, revealing a distinguished man in a perfectly tailored midnight-blue suit, accompanied by a stunning woman draped in a flowing black evening gown.

They emerged together—elegance personified.

He adjusted his cufflinks, the gleam of his luxury watch catching the evening glow.

She brushed a lock of hair behind her ear, her flawless skin glowing like porcelain under the shimmer of the city skyline.

"Who is she? A famous actress?"

"Her beauty—it's unreal!"

"Isn't she the President of the Lancaster Group? The one who took over Chris Roland's company?"

"Yes! She's one of Vancouver's top five beauties!"

"And the man by her side... that must be Marco Ashford—the most sought-after bachelor of them all!"

The whispers around the entrance swelled in awe as people watched Sophia's breathtaking presence and Marco's commanding demeanor.

Sophia's eyes scanned the grand entrance, her lips parting slightly in admiration.

"I never imagined the Vancouver Convention Centre would be this grand," Megan exclaimed as she stepped out behind them.

Megan, the former vice director of Chris Roland's company, now served as Sophia's personal secretary- a role she clung to with fierce determination.

Terrified of losing her job, she was desperate to win Sophia's favor and prove her worth.

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Sophia absorbed the breathtaking scene, her keen eyes tracing the panoramic view of the harbor framed perfectly by the Convention Centre's towering glass walls.

The soft, golden glow of the city lights shimmered across the water, while the low hum of conversation among Vancouver's elite-the very people she had only read about in newspapers or admired from afar-mingled with the distant rhythm of the waves.

Despite her cultivated taste and discerning eye, she couldn't help but be awestruck.

This place was a masterpiece of elegance-sophisticated, timeless, and almost dreamlike.

Marco leaned in, his voice warm and steady. "Sophia, you belong here. Don't be so surprised-and never look down on yourself."

Sophia suddenly remembered,

'We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be?'

"Mr. Ashford," Megan chimed in, trying to sound humble but desperate.

"You're the real elite here. You have to help us navigate this so people won't look down on us."

Marco let out a soft chuckle. "Don't worry. With me here, who would dare to disrespect you? I'm here to support both of you."

"Support us?" Sophia raised an eyebrow, confused by his sudden eagerness.

Marco straightened his jacket, his smile widening. "I heard that the Lancaster Group is in talks to become one of the Kingston family's partners. But nothing is set in stone until the contract is signed. That's why I'm here-to put in a good word for you. This will boost your chances of sealing the deal."

"You know them personally?" Sophia asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Of course. I've been friends with the Kingstons for years." Marco's voice brimmed with confidence.

"That would be incredible! Thank you, Mr. Ashford!" Megan's eyes lit up with hope.

If the deal was signed, it would not only elevate the company's status but also solidify Megan's own position as Sophia's trusted right hand.

Marco gave a modest shrug. "For Sophia? It's no trouble at all." He shot her a deliberate smile.

"Of course-we're practically family already," Megan added with a wink, trying to mirror his charm.

But Sophia wasn't listening. Her attention had shifted to the luxurious car that had just pulled up at the far end of the entrance.

A tall figure stood beside it.

Her heart skipped a beat.

"Could that be Alex?" she murmured to herself.

As the figure came into view, her breath caught in her throat.

It was Alex. The sharp cut of his suit, the confident posture-everything was undeniably him. But before she could call out to him, she noticed the woman standing beside him.

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The woman was breathtaking, dressed in a skin-tight, fiery red gown that accentuated her tiny waist and stunning curves.

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Her porcelain skin seemed to glow under the city lights, and her features were impossibly perfect, carrying an air of regal beauty.

Jasmine Kingston.

There weren't many people who could make Sophia feel intimidated, but Jasmine was one of them-perhaps the only one.

"She was the storm wrapped in beauty-

A woman who walked like lightning,

And left silence in her wake."

And she knew, she could never be like jasmine.

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As Sophia approached, Alex's gaze caught hers for a fleeting moment-just long enough for her to witness the warmth vanish from his eyes.

What replaced it was a distant coldness that stung more than any harsh words could.

"Ms. Lancaster," he said formally, his tone razor-sharp with politeness.

"How can I help you?"

Sophia's carefully composed façade wavered.

She had come prepared with a heartfelt explanation, yet now every word she'd practiced felt hollow in the face of his detachment.

She forced a small smile. "What a coincidence seeing you here," she managed,

her voice betraying her uncertainty. His unyielding stare seemed to pierce straight through her, causing her to question everything.

The man who once welcomed her with warm, steadfast smiles had disappeared, leaving only a cold stranger in his place.

A tightness gripped Sophia's throat as Lyra's warning echoed in her mind: "You'll

lose him... and that regret will haunt you."

Now, she felt the full weight of that heartache-and it was shattering. 1

## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 116[ 1,121 words ]

For the first time in her life, Sophia felt a weight in her chest she couldn't quite name.

She stood there, rooted to the spot, staring at a woman who had been born into wealth-someone who'd likely never experienced a single day of real hardship.

And that woman was standing by Sophia's ex-husband's side.

It hit her like a slow, aching punch.

The man who had once been hers now belonged to someone else.

She didn't think she loved Alex anymore-did she?-yet watching him move on so quickly still stung, a harsh reminder of just how easily she'd been cast aside.

Sophia tried to steady herself, but her eyes slid toward the woman beside him.

Jasmine.

The sight of her sparked an awkward, throbbing ache in Sophia's chest.

It wasn't exactly jealousy, but it was close. She caught the assessing look in Jasmine's gaze-a flicker of cool curiosity that made Sophia feel dissected.

Then Jasmine's posture shifted, her shoulders squaring, as if silently declaring her territory.

"Alex, who is this woman?" Jasmine asked, her voice as smooth as silk but laced with something sharper. (1)

Sophia's brow knit. They had met before-at Jasmine's own celebration banquet, of all places.

If Jasmine forgot-or pretended to-it could only mean one thing: Sophia hadn't meant enough to be remembered.

"She's my ex-wife," Alex said flatly.

"Really?" Jasmine's lips curved into a deliberately sweet smile. "Hi, I'm Jasmine. Nice to meet you."

She extended her hand, the gesture seemingly polite, but the atmosphere around her was anything but warm.

Sophia shook it, feeling a faint tremor in her own fingers.

If Jasmine wanted to pretend they'd never met, then maybe it was best to go

along with the charade-no matter how maddening.

A flush of stubborn pride flared in Sophia's chest.

Jasmine was undeniably gorgeous-elegant, confident, the kind of woman who could turn heads without trying.

But Sophia refused to let herself feel small.

"Alex, I didn't know you and Miss Jasmine were so close," she said, carefully keeping her tone even.

Alex's gaze hardened. "Did you ever care about me or my friends?"

The bitterness in his voice caught Sophia off guard, stinging like an unexpected slap.

She realized just how wide the chasm between them had grown.

The man she had once known so intimately now felt like a stranger hidden behind a towering wall.

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"Alex," she began, forcing down the knot in her throat, "can I speak to you alone?"

His eyes stayed cold. "About what?"

Sophia glanced around, looking for a quieter spot. "It's private. Can we go somewhere else?"

He didn't move. A muscle in his jaw flexed. "Let's talk here I'm done with misunderstandings."

'Must you be so stubborn?' she wanted to say, but she only managed a strained whisper.

"Do we really have to do this in front of everyone?"

Sophia could feel her pulse hammering. She wanted to make amends-or at least find some closure-but Alex refused to budge.

Cold, clipped words fell from his mouth like barbed wire, each one scratching against her pride.

"Have you forgotten how you attacked my brother? Or Marco's men?" she demanded, her anger rising

Alex snorted. "You want to sue me? Go ahead. I'll have my lawyers waiting. Do whatever you think is right."

Sophia bit down on the inside of her cheek, trying to keep her composure.

For the briefest moment, she remembered how she used to think of Alex: a king of a braggart, sure, but still good -kind, even.

Now he wore arrogant

like armor, something she could barely recognize.

He gave a long, weary sigh.

"Ms. Lancaster, we're divorced. You're from a prestigious family, and I'm just a nobody-a broke man with no job. People will assume I'm trying to take advantage

of you again. And let's be honest-your family won't approve either."

Her fists clenched at his dismissive tone.

"Why are you acting like this? You never cared about any of this before!" she snapped, her voice trembling with frustration.

Alex's stare sharpened. "Are you seriously asking me that? Wasn't this what you wanted?"

"I..." She faltered, her mind spinning with half-formed defenses.

Deep down, she wasn't even sure how much of it had been her own choice and how much had been her family's.

"Alex, I know you despise me. But I don't think I've done anything wrong. Besides, who do you think you are? You're the one at fault here!"

Her tone was ice-cold, her pride getting the better of her.

He gave a harsh laugh. "You still blame me? From the day we met, all I did was

try to help you. Yet here I am, always 'the problem.' Fine. Let's say I'm to blame. Then what?"

Sophia inhaled slowly, forcing her heart to steady.

"I'm not trying to fight. We're not each other's concern anymore. But at least have enough respect not to shout at me in front of your new partner."

"Respect?" Alex let out a mirthless bark of laughter.

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"Did you ever respect me as your husband? All you ever did was treat me like some kind of shameless boastful fool!"

A long silence settled between the three of them, heavy and unbreakable, like ships adrift in a storm, powerless against the relentless tides of fate. Suddenly, a voice broke through the standstill. "Sophia!"

She turned to see Marco approaching, his smile warm but touched with concern. "I've been looking for you. Why'd you wander off?"

Marco's gaze flickered toward Jasmine-and in an instant, his expression shifted, as though he couldn't quite mask the surge of fascination flickering across his features.

It was like watching someone lay eyes on a striking piece of art for the first time.

If Sophia was a calm, steady river, Jasmine was a wildfire: unpredictable, dangerous, and impossible to ignore.

Marco only had a fleeting acquaintance with her brother, Charles-that elusive trickster.

As a result, he never discovered Jasmine Kingston's true identity.

She was the type of woman who avoided social media and public events entirely, making it nearly impossible to find any photos of her.

Still, Marco couldn't help sneaking glances her way, then darting his gaze off somewhere else.

He was well aware that ogling a gorgeous woman in public was a quick ticket to making yourself look like a creep.

First impressions and all that jazz.

"Alex, what a shocker seeing you here!" Marco greeted Alex with a paper-thin grin, although on the inside he was absolutely boiling.

How did this guy always end up with the most stunning women on his arm? He

had just divorced Sophia and was already waltzing around with someone even more breathtaking. 1

Some people just win the genetics lottery, apparently. 1

Alex, for his part, didn't look nearly as thrilled.

"Why would it be surprising to see me?" he asked, voice steady but with a razor's edge.

"Oh, I don't know," Marco drawled, eyes narrowing in mock concern.

"Maybe because you're unemployed? Broke as a joke? A worthless loser with no business stepping inside the Vancouver Convention Centre." His sneer took up half his face.

"So, what's the story-did you sneak past security? Or are you just faking wealth again?"

## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 117[ 1,287 words ]

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Alex's expression remained calm, almost bored.

"Don't worry about me. What I do is none of your concern.

Marco's lip curled in disdain. "I figured. Better to bluff your way in than admit you don't belong,"

His voice softened as he turned to Jasmine, an oily charm coating his words.

"Listen, sweetheart, let me save you the headache. Don't be fooled by this guy- Alex is no trust fund prince. He's got nothing, and he sure as hell doesn't deserve a woman like you."

In Marco's mind, there was no way a rich, beautiful woman like Jasmine would willingly choose a down-on-his-luck man like Alex.

He had to have tricked her what other explanation could there be?

But Jasmine's laughter rang out-loud, unrestrained, and entirely unladylike.

It was the kind of laugh that made everyone in the room turn their heads.

It was as if she'd just heard the punchline of the funniest joke in the world.

Tears pricked the corners of her eyes as she struggled to catch her breath.

She borrowed a billion dollars from Alex, yet people still thought he was broke and jobless.

In reality, he was the miracle doctor known as "God's Hand." Everyone was searching for this man.

"Oh my goodness," Jasmine gasped between fits of laughter, her composure completely shattered.

The elegant woman they thought they knew was gone, replaced by someone carefree and wild with amusement.

Everyone stared, shocked.

Jasmine suddenly grabbed Alex's hand, gripping it tightly.

"So... he's poor and jobless, is he?" She giggled, leaning closer to him. "That just makes me want to stand even closer to him."

Marco blinked, thrown off by her response. He hadn't expected that.

"Honey, with your face and figure, you could marry into any mansion in the city," he said, trying to regain control.

"Why settle for living in a cardboard box with him?"

Jasmine's laughter renewed, spilling out uncontrollably. Marco's words only made him sound more ridiculous.

If only he knew.

In Vancouver, every wealthy and powerful man longed to win her heart.

But none could measure up to Alex-not a single one.

He stood alone at a solitary peak, where only the best of the best could hope to stand.

Jasmine's eyes gleamed with amusement as she slid her arm through Alex's and shrugged with effortless grace.

"Living in a cardboard box with him would probably feel like heaven," she said coolly, tightening her hold on Alex's arm.

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"To me, Alex is an exceptional man. As long as I'm with him, my life is already perfect."

Marco let out a bitter laugh, but it cracked halfway through "Exceptional? Puh- lease. He's got no cash, no fame, no power. How exactly does that make him stand out?"

Jasmine's smile widened as she felt another laugh bubbling up in her chest.

"Well, for starters," she said, meeting Marco's furious gaze with a smirk, "he's definitely more handsome than you. And let's see... kinder, stronger... should I go on? I don't think you'll win in any category."

Marco's cheeks burned red, and the room seemed to grow heavier with silence.

The soft hum of conversations continued in the background, but to Marco, it felt like every pair of eyes was drilling into him.

"What's the use of a handsome face? In the end, he's just a boy toy!" Marco's expression darkened, shadows clouding his sharp features:

"I've warned you-Alex is a conman. Everything he says is a lie. The truth is, he's the one who can't take anything from me. You'll regret it when he uses you for your wealth and your body!"

"Take advantage of me?" Jasmine laughed, the sound light and airy, but this time she lost control, her laughter spilling over like a bubbling stream.

She had tried-tried to give Alex every chance to take advantage of her.

But no matter what she did, this man never seemed to fall for it.

"You know what?" She leaned forward, eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and challenge.

"I hope he takes advantage of me. But it seems like he's just not interested."

Her gaze flickered toward Alex, warm and teasing. She lowered her voice into a sultry murmur.

"Come on, Alex... when will you take advantage of me? I'm ready whenever you are."

Sophia and Marco both frowned in unison, their faces a mirror of disapproval. Even Alex's ears flushed red.

Jasmine's boldness was shameless, undeniable-and oddly captivating.

Marco's envy twisted inside him like a knife.

Why didn't she flirt like that with him?

He was the best bachelor in Vancouver-hell, half the women in the city would faint

if he so much as smiled at

them.

"Did you not hear me?" His voice rose, cracking slightly with desperation. "That guy is a liar! It won't do you any good to stay with him!"

Jasmine tilted her head, as though deep in thought, then suddenly ducked behind Alex, clinging to his arm.

"Alex!" she gasped dramatically. "Help me chase this wolf away! I think he's the one trying to take advantage of me!"

"You..." Marco's voice faltered, his composure slipping by the second.

He had never felt so humiliated, so powerless. Her stubbornness was driving him insane.

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## Chapter 117

How could she go back to Alex, knowing what he was?

Megan, who had silently followed Marco, couldn't stay quiet any longer. She stepped forward, looking Jasmine up and down like she was something strange.

"Do you even know who Marco is?" Megan's voice dripped with incredulity. "He's the best bachelor in Vancouver. Just talking to him is an honor for most women." Jasmine took a small step closer to Alex, her smile teasing as she tilted her head. "Here comes the second liar's helper. I knew liars travel packs. This place is really getting dangerous. Alex, why don't you help me shoo them away?"

Megan's and Marco's faces flushed a deep red, their anger mmering like a kettle about to boil over.

"Mr. Ashford, this woman deserves to be deceived!" Megan spat, her words sharp as broken glass.

"Not only does she ignore your kind warnings, but she has the nerve to speak rudely! How ungrateful! Just let that loser tuin her. One day, when she's crying her eyes out, she'll remember that we tried to warn her."

"All I'm trying to do is help," Março gritted out, his jaw clenched so tightly it hurt.

"But she's just... blind." He wasn't just angry-he was jealous, and it gnawed at him from the inside.

"You two must've known each other for a long time, right? Sophia's voice cut through the tension like a knife.

Her eyes narrowed as she observed Jasmine and Alex.

Jasmine's carefree, affectionate behavior made her wonder if there had always been something between them.

How could any sane woman choose a penniless loser over man like Marco? It didn't add up.

"It's not the length of time that matters," Jasmine replied sweetly.

She smiled, and as if to make her point crystal clear, she pressed her chest lightly against Alex's arm, like a queen marking her territory.

"What matters is that our feelings are mutual."

Sophia's face darkened.

Her sharp gaze flicked between Jasmine and Alex.

She knew Jasmine was deliberately provoking her, but that didn't stop the sting.

It felt like someone had ripped something precious from her grasp.

"Alex, I seriously misjudged you." Sophia's voice wavered, but she forced herself to speak. "While you were with me... you'd already found someone else."

Her heart twisted as she said it.

Alex was the first man she had ever been with-the only man she had ever slept with, and married.

She had given him everything, and he was meant to be hers forever.

"If that's what you think of me," Alex said with a shrug, his voice calm, almost indifferent, "then I have I more to say."

Jasmine's smug smile widened, but Sophia stared at Alex, stunned.

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He wasn't the same man she remembered the man who once clung to her, desperate to win her approval, terrified of losing her.

Now, he looked like a man ready to walk away, leaving everything behind.

And it hurt.

It hurt so much it felt like she couldn't breathe.

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# The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 118[ 1,419 words ]

## Chapter 118

"Fine. So, this is how it ends."

Sophia's voice wavered, fragile yet determined, but his distant, unrecognizable gaze felt like the final, unspoken goodbye.

A bittersweet ache unfurled in her chest.

He had come into her life like an uninvited storm-disrupting everything-and now,

he was leaving just as unexpectedly, at the worst possible time.

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Perhaps the only choice left was to let him go, to let his memory dissolve like a fading dream at dawn.

"Sure," Alex said, managing to keep his expression blank, though something deep inside him gave a sharp, uneasy twinge.

He told himself there was no point in chasing after a woman who continually pushed him aside.

Sophia had never truly trusted him anyway-maybe separation would be best for them both.

"Ms. Lancaster....." Jasmine's silken voice cut through the tension as she stepped forward with a sweet-but-not-so-innocent smile.

"Your decision might've been a little foolish, but I have to say-thank you."

Sophia gave her a sideways look. "And what exactly am I being thanked for?"

"Thank you for handing Alex to me on a silver platter. If you'd held on to him, I would've never gotten close." Jasmine's smile deepened, her words like honey laced with venom.

"He tried to push me away once said he was married. But.. he's not anymore." Her eyes gleamed with quiet triumph as she leaned in, savoring every syllable.

"So now, there's nothing left for him to turn me down for, is there? You didn't just lose-you handed me the treasure."

Megan's face twisted with a scornful smirk. "You think you've hit the jackpot, but all you've grabbed is fool's gold. You'll regret it!"

Sophia stepped forward, her raised hand a quiet but firm signal for Megan to stop.

She had no interest in stirring up more chaos.

The Lancasters still relied on the Kingstons' support, and with Jasmine at the helm-powerful enough to inflict serious damage if crossed-they couldn't afford to provoke her.

Her gaze flitted to Alex for a second before she forced out a brittle laugh.

"Different people, different tastes. That 'treasure' of yours is mediocre at best, if you ask me. You're welcome to him. He's a free man, after all."

She tried to sound dismissive, but doubt wormed through her.

Why did a woman like Jasmine Kingston-who could probably have any man she wanted-act so besotted with Alex, the brash nobody who, on paper, had absolutely nothing to offer?

And why did Lyra, her own best friend, seem equally fascinated by him?

Was she missing something obvious, or was Alex simply not her fate?

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## Chapter 118

"Mediocre, huh?" Jasmine lifted an eyebrow.

"Calling Alex 'average' my, my, Ms. Lancaster, you do have lofty standards. But that new boy toy of yours doesn't even make the cut for me."

Sophia's eyes flickered with annoyance. "At least he's better than Alex."

"Oh?" Jasmine's voice dripped with sarcasm. "And what makes you say that?"

"Mr. Marco Ashford runs a successful company," Sophia said defiantly. "He's proven himself."

A gleam of mischief danced behind Jasmine's eyes. "In that case, why don't we make a little bet?"

Sophia frowned. "A bet about what?"

"Let's see who stands on top in three months-no, let's make it a month. The so-called 'nobody' you scoff at, or your golden boy." Jasmine's smile curved into something sharper, almost cruel.

"What do you say... deal?"

Everyone went dead silent for a second, caught off guard by her audacity.

Then Marco snorted as though he'd just heard the dumbest thing on earth.

"Are you out of your mind? You want me to go head-to-head with that piece of trash? He couldn't catch up to me if he had a lifetime, let alone a month."

"Exactly!" Megan chimed in, rolling her eyes.

"Marco is the heir to the Ashford Group-he's got a net worth in the hundreds of millions. Alex is just a big talker without two pennies to rub together."

Sophia felt a pang of uncertainty.

She glanced at Alex.

All he had to his name was the title of king of braggarts-armed with maddening confidence and almost convincing claims of what he has.

On the other hand, Marco had everything-pedigree, ambition, connections. It wasn't a fair fight.

"Are you sure you really want to go through with this?" she asked Jasmine softly.

But once again, the question echoed within herself. Why did two brilliant, powerful women like Jasmine-and even Lyra-believe Alex was worth the risk?

Was she truly making the right choice by walking away? Or was she letting something slip through her fingers- something she might regret losing forever?

Sophia pressed her lips into a tight, thin line, bracing against the weight of uncertainty.

For now, she'd stick to her guns.

She just hoped her own heart wouldn't betray her in the end.

"Of course it is. The only question is whether you have the nerve to accept."

Jasmine lifted her chin with a smug little smile.

It was the kind of look that made Sophia's blood boil.

Sophia narrowed her eyes. "Fine. Name your terms."

"Oh, it's nothing complicated," Jasmine said, drawing out every syllable like a cat playing with a mouse.

"I already have everything I need in life-except this man. So if you lose, you have to swear you'll never try to take him back."

A flicker of anger and hurt crossed Sophia's face.

She set her jaw and bit her lip. "Deal. I have no intention of returning to Alex's side, no matter how rich or successful he becomes.",

She could practically feel her heart shrink at the mere mention of his name.

"Excellent. Don't go regretting your choice later," Jasmine purred, her mocking chuckle sending a fresh wave of resentment through Sophia.

The two women stood face-to-face-equally stunning, yet complete opposites in nature.

One was plagued by doubt, while the other radiated unshakable certainty in her desires.

In that single moment, an invisible line was drawn-rivals, plain and simple. Sophia's lips curled in a forced smile.

"We'll see who regrets what," she said, throwing Jasmine one last glare before spinning on her heel to leave, feeling every bit as furious as she was betrayed.

She didn't notice Alex staring after her, his eyes filled with a sadness he tried-and failed-to hide.

Jasmine, on the other hand, spotted it right away.

She wanted this bet to lock Sophia out of Alex's life for good; she'd seen the flicker of hesitation in Alex and wasn't about to risk him going back to Sophia.

Marco and Megan, still radiating contempt, scoffed loudly. Pfft, you're digging your own grave," Marco taunted, his tone thick with disdain.

"Even if you offered that loser at a 100% discount, nobody would want him."

"Agreed," Megan chimed in as they followed Sophia inside

Left behind, Jasmine turned to Alex and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear in a way that was anything but innocent.

"Well, Mr. Alex, how'd I do?" she asked coquettishly, eyes gleaming.

Alex exhaled a quiet sigh. "You really went a little... over the top."

Jasmine chuckled, entirely unfazed by his attempt at criticism.

"Over the top? Sweetheart, I can think of plenty more ways to go over the top- want a demonstration?" she teased, her voice low and playful as she leaned in, her breath brushing his ear.

The suggestive wink she added was the cherry on top of her brazen performance. She might as well have pinned him against the wall right then and there.

Alex fought to maintain his composure, though the flicker of admiration in his eyes betrayed him.

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As much as he wanted to reprimand her for the theatrics, he couldn't deny it she'd saved him from looking downright pathetic in front of Sophia.

And for that, he was secretly grateful.

A little while later, inside the bustling lobby of Vancouver Convention Centre,

Megan let loose her frustrations and got close to Marco.

"Ugh! Jasmine's gorgeous, sure, but she's obviously blind if she's wasting her time on that useless Alex."

"No kidding." Marco agreed with a theatrical sigh.

"Why is it all the prettiest fillies go runnin' off with them fellas who ain't got a dime

to rub together? Meanwhile, I'm rollin' in good looks and a pocketful of cash, yet here I sit, high and dry.

Megan fixed him with a glare, voice low and steady like a rattlesnake's warning. "You ornery cuss. I gave you a whole month of my time last year, and you're still bellyachin' about havin' nothin

"?" "

He flashed a lopsided grin and tilted his head.

"Best keep your voice down, darlin', unless you fancy your husband catchin' wind of our little... arrangement." She bit her lip, eyes flashin' with a mix of want and regret. Don't you worry, cowboy. I'll keep my lips zipped. But if you get the itch for me again, you know where to find me."

"Not now, sugar. I got my sights set on Sophia."

Megan blew out a sharp breath and crossed her arms. "Lord almighty, you got another filly on the hook already?"

## The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 119[ 1,104 words ]

Chapter 119 Chapter 119

As time passed, the number of guests steadily grew in the grand Vancouver Convention Centre.

Though the banquet event had yet to officially begin, Jasmine was already moving briskly between tasks.

"Mr. Alex, feel free to look around. I have to excuse myself. You can ask anyone here if you need anything," she said with a composed smile.

"Alright. Thanks," Alex replied.

Jasmine turned to her event manager with a sharp gaze.

"Mr. Howard, please keep a close eye on Mr. Alex. He is the most important guest

for me. Whatever he wants, you treat it as my direct command. Don't you dare make a mistake in front of him."

The older man straightened immediately and gave a respectful bow. "Yes, Miss Jasmine. I will treat him as if he were your husband."

Jasmine bit her lip and smiled widely. "Good. I'll raise your salary by 25%."

"Thank you very much." His tone was brimming with gratitude, though it was clear he knew exactly how to win favor.

Alex rolled his eyes but let the old man guide him through the bustling event with the utmost courtesy.

"Ms. Kingston..." Joe Thompson's voice called out as Jasmine entered one of the quieter rooms.

Joe, the father of Lyra Thompson, was already waiting with an organized stack of papers in hand.

"Here is the information you asked for," Joe said as he handed the documents to her.

"After several screenings, we've narrowed down our allies in Vancouver-and identified some enemies who still refuse to acknowledge Kingston ownership over Vancouver. Please review it and let me know if you need anything further."

Jasmine hummed in acknowledgment, scanning the papers.

Her eyes sharpened as she read. There were still pockets of Vancouver's territory under the influence of old factions who hadn't yielded.

Some had even secured alliances with other cities-traitors still loyal to the old king.

Joe hesitated before speaking again. "Ms. Kingston, Jasper Drake from the Drake Group arrived earlier. He wishes to meet you," he informed her with a slight bow.

Jasmine's head snapped up, surprise flickering across her face. "Jasper? Harlan Drake's only son? What's he doing here?"

Joe's expression darkened. "He claims he wants to discuss business matters, but I don't believe that's his true intention. I found out he's trying to marry you off." "What?" Jasmine's eyes widened.

"A political marriage," Joe clarified. "I believe that's his plan."

"For what reason?" Jasmine frowned, puzzled. She knew the Drake Group was small-hardly a match for Kingston.

Joe's gaze hardened. "The Drake Group's main stronghold is in Vermont City, which remains loyal to the old

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king's faction. Jericho Kane, Vermont's lord and the old king's son-in-law, still despises the new regime."

Jasmine narrowed her eyes.

Joe continued, "I believe Jasper is here to test you. If you reject his marriage proposal, he'll twist it into an insult -claiming you humiliated him or looked down on him. He'll use Vermont's power as leverage to strike Kingston, with Vancouver as their ultimate target."

"The Drake Group hides behind a corporate facade, but they're little more than a ruthless syndicate. With the Walker family's grip on the underworld gone, they've bared their fangs-seizing control of Vancouver's northern territories through violence and fear."

A slow, cold smile spread across Jasmine's lips. "so, Harlan sent his son here to try me?"

She let out a soft, dangerous chuckle. "No matter. Let's see what tricks he has up his sleeve."

Joe hesitated. "Should I have the guards remove him? The best victory is the one won before the battle even begins."

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Jasmine's eyes gleamed with determination. "No need. This time, we have the perfect shield."

Joe blinked. "Who?"

Her voice dropped to a near-whisper, laced with certainty. "My future husband."

"Sir Alex?"

Jasmine smiled, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know? He's basically Superman in real life. And..." her voice softened, "my one and only."

As the words left her lips, a faint blush colored her cheeks.

Old Joe sighed heavily, a mixture of amusement and resignation. He knew too well that his own daughter, Lyra, had fallen for the same man.

Also Lyra wasn't the type to admit defeat easily.

She was like a cunning wolf-determined, ruthless, and willing to do anything to achieve her goal.

Jasmine, on the other hand, was a sly fox-charming and strategic, with a quiet but unbreakable resolve.

Joe wasn't sure whether he should pity Lyra or Jasmine.

They were both unyielding forces, destined for a collision.

He chuckled to himself, imagining Alex caught in the middle of their tug-of-war.

Poor kid's probably going to have a massive headache.

The hall of the Vancouver Convention Centre buzzed with life.

On the grand stage, Vancouver's most famous singer commanded attention, their powerful voice captivating the audience.

Below the stage, well-dressed business moguls, politicians, and celebrities filled the room. Crystal glasses clinked as some whispered to each other, while others enjoyed the performance in quiet admiration.

Alex found an empty seat near the back and eased into it, swirling a glass of wine as he listened.

His mind wandered, analyzing the delicate chessboard of power.

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## Chapter 119

If Kingswell's group were to succeed, they'd have to unify the entire nation.

But cities like Vermont remained under Jericho Kane's control-fiercely loyal to the old king.

I could have Jericho taken out, Alex thought, but that would spark chaos. Other countries would seize the chance to intervene, turning it into a civil war. Destroying the whole country.

I have to move carefully.

"Yo, Alex! Didn't think you'd have the guts to sneak in here!"

A familiar, grating voice disrupted his thoughts.

Alex turned his head and spotted Marco swaggering over with Megan at his side.

Sophia trailed behind them, her expression cold and distant.

"Hmph! Just my luck," Megan sneered. "Why are you everywhere?"

Sophia didn't spare Alex a glance. She moved to the front row and sat down,

leaving Marco and Megan standing near Alex.

Marco smirked as he leaned closer. "The banquet's starting soon, but your woman isn't here to cover for you. This is an exclusive event for people with power. You? You're nobody here. Why are you even sitting down?"

Alex raised his glass lazily and took a sip. "Who says I need power in Vancouver to sit here?"

Megan, unable to hold back, kicked the leg of Alex's chair.

"Are you deaf? Get up and get out. You really think getting an invitation here is that easy?"

The chair rocked slightly, but Alex didn't flinch.

"And what happens if I don't?"

Megan's eyes narrowed. "I'll call security and have them throw you out! You'll be humiliated in front of everyone!"

"Go ahead." Alex's lips curled into a faint smirk. "Let's see what happens."

Megan's face twisted in fury. She raised her hand and waved to catch the attention of a nearby manager.

The manager, Howard, hurried over, his expression polite but alert. "What can I assist you with?"

"I believe this man doesn't have an invitation," Megan sneered, pointing at Alex. Chapter 120

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### Chapter 120

The manager, Howard, turned to Alex and smiled warmly. Yes, this man doesn't have an invitation..." he wanted to continue 'but he doesn't need one-

Before he could finish, Megan interrupted, her voice rising

"If he doesn't have an invitation, don't you think you should do your job and kick him out? Call the guards and get him out of here!"

Howard's smile faded as his expression turned serious.

"Could you please clarify," he asked dryly, "which part of his body you'd like us to kick?"

Megan crossed her arms, her eyes blazing. "Kick his butt out of this place!"

Howard sighed and calmly used his walkie-talkie. "Security, there's an issue in back area. Please come here."

Megan's grin widened triumphantly. "Hey loser, you'd better leave now before they drag you out and humiliate you. Don't you feel scared yet?" she taunted.

Alex still sitting and took another slow sip of his wine, completely unfazed.

When the two burly guards arrived, Megan jabbed her finger at Alex. "He's the one. Get rid of him!"

To her shock, Howard gestured toward Megan instead. "Gentlemen, please escort this woman out. Feel free to kick her butt on the way, as she requested by herself."

Megan's face twisted in disbelief. "What?!"

The guards approached her, their expressions neutral but firm.

Megan panicked and ducked behind Marco. "What are you doing? I have an invitation card to be here!"

Howard arched an eyebrow. "May I see the invitation?"

Megan, desperate, called and waved frantically at Sophia. "Sophia! Show him our invitation card!"

Sophia frowned in confusion not knowing what happened but stepped forward, presenting the card to Howard.

"Is there a problem?" she asked, her voice wary.

Howard accepted the card and, to everyone's astonishment, calmly tore it in half.

Megan's horrified scream filled the air. "What are you doing?!"

"This invitation card," Howard announced coolly, "is no longer valid."

Megan's face went pale. Sophia's expression turned into one of shock.

"But... this is the official invitation for the Lancaster Group! We're partners with Kingston!"

Howard bowed slightly, though his words were razor-sharp.

"I regret to inform you that your partnership with Kingston has been terminated."

Sophia's breath caught in her throat. "You can't do that!"

"Yes, I can." Howard's polite smile twisted into something more ruthless.

"I'm also the auditor responsible for enforcing Kingston's partnership guidelines while on this banquet. Miss

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Chapter 120

Kingston instructed me to remove any partner that fails to adhere to the rules." Sophia's voice trembled. "On what grounds?"

Howard pointed directly at Megan. "This woman insulted someone she should never have offended. Since your group stands with her, you're no longer welcome. And your whole group. Please, next time, show some politeness to our guests."

He turned his gaze to Marco. "Sir, your invitation is also invalid. Please leave." The two guards didn't wait for further instructions.

One of them, indifferent to Megan's protests, gave her a swift kick that sent her sprawling to the floor, landing face-first with a loud thud.

Gasps rippled through the crowd as all eyes turned to Megan, humiliated and trembling with rage.

"This woman," Howard announced for everyone to hear, "asked me to kick one of our honored guests out. So we've chosen to remove her instead. What do you think, ladies and gentlemen?"

"Serves her right."

"She reaps what she sows."

"Next time, don't cause trouble."

Megan's face burned as laughter and murmurs erupted around the room.

Tears of fury welled in her eyes as she scrambled to her feet, only to be confronted again by Howard's steely gaze.

His smile remained cruel. "Would you like the guards to carry you out, or will you find your own way?"

At the same time, Sophia and Marco felt the sting of every gaze piercing through them. The weight of humiliation pressed down on Sophia's chest like a stone. She blinked hard, trying to hold back tears. 1

She hadn't just failed to secure the partnership they desperately needed-she'd lost everything. The water was already spilled.

Megan opened her mouth to say something, but when the guard raised his foot again, she chose silence.

Under the cold, scrutinizing stares, they walked out of the hall, their footsteps echoing in the vast space.

The moment they stepped outside into the cool night air, Marco exhaled sharply.

The sting of rejection clung to them like frost. He glanced at the two dejected women and finally broke the silence.

"We'll come back from this," he said quietly but firmly. "It's not the end."

Sophia's gaze was distant, her voice catching in her throat. But we lost the partnership... everything we needed."

Megan turned eagerly to Marco.

"Mr. Ashford, if you can help restore the partnership, you'd be our hero! This whole mess must be Alex's fault. He must have slandered us!"

Sophia's lips tightened.

She didn't believe Alex was the type to sabotage them-yet she couldn't ignore how everything had fallen suddenly.

It so

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Chapter 120

Confusion and hurt twisted inside her.

Meanwhile, back inside, Howard approached Alex and spoke in a low tone. "Sir, was my handling of the situation acceptable?"

Alex sighed, his gaze distant. "You weren't wrong, but Sophia Lancaster doesn't fully understand what's happening. It seems unfair that she pays the price. Maybe we can give them a second chance, let them join. Don't cancel the partnership.' Howard's face lit up with admiration. "Sir Alex, you're far too generous. No wonder Miss Jasmine values you so highly."

He bowed. "If that's your wish, I'll see to it."

Outside the Hall.

"Sophia, if you're worrying about the partnership, I might be able to help." Marco said.

"Really?" Megan lit up at once and asked hurriedly, "Mr. Ashford, how can you help us? Please, we need to get back the partnership."

Marco gave a calm nod. "To be honest, Charles Kingston is my very best friend. As long as he makes the request, I believe the Kingston family will do something about it."

"Is that so? That's awesome!" Megan's face brightened with excitement.

"Mr. Ashford, if you can help us with this, you'll be our greatest benefactor! This whole mess must be because of Alex. He's the one who's been slandering us behind our backs!"

Sophia's smile faded as her brows knitted together.

She knew Alex wasn't that type—or at least, she thought she knew.

But maybe, just maybe, he hadn't accepted the divorce and had resorted to this to get back at her by destroying Lancaster.

The thought pierced her heart, and her eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

She didn't want to believe it, but everything that was happening said otherwise.

Marco activated his smartwatch and reassured Sophia. "Don't worry-it's not a big deal. I'll make the call now."

He moved to the corner and dialed Charles's number.

"Charles, it's Marco. Can you help me out a bit?"

A weary voice answered, "Sorry, I don't have time right now."

"Come on, man," Marco urged, trying to keep his voice steady. "I'll let you have three celebrities at your villa this weekend."

Charles let out a sigh. "What is it?"

Marco quickly explained the situation, summing it up as being kicked out because someone slandered them.

"I'm busy," Charles replied bluntly.

Marco glanced at Sophia and Megan, who were both watching him with hopeful eyes.

He couldn't back out now.

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He bite the bullet and said, "Please, man. Help me out, and 'll make sure it's worth your while. I'll add an extra perk for you."

There was a pause before Charles muttered, "I'll call my sister-she's in charge now."

"Thank you," Marco replied quickly, though the line had already gone dead.

With a frustrated sigh, Marco returned to Sophia and Megan. He forced a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry. Charles Kingston said he'll take care of it. You don't need to be afraid of Alex. Even if he tried to smear us, Charles's sister will handle it." 2

"Great! Mr. Ashford, thanks to you, we can rest assured." Megan sighed in relief, her shoulders finally relaxing.

"Thank you, Mr. Ashford," Sophia added softly, her voice filled with gratitude.

"It's a small matter. Don't worry about it." Marco waved his hand with a casual smile, trying to appear nonchalant, though pride flickered in his eyes. Just then, the door swung open, and Howard stepped out. His expression was cold, but he bowed politely. "Miss Sophia, and everyone, by the grace, of the master, you are forgiven. However, please restrain yourselves from causing any more trouble for our guests."

"Really?" Sophia's heart leapt. "What about our partnership?"

"It will be returned," Howard replied curtly. 1

Sophia blinked in astonishment, her emotions a whirlwind of disbelief and joy.

She never imagined things would turn around so quickly. Moments ago, the Lancaster Group had been cast out, their partnership revoked, and now, in the blink of an eye, they were reinstated as partners of the prestigious Kingston family.

Everything was happening so abruptly, it almost felt unreal

Of course, it must have been thanks to Marco's help. Without his connections, they would still be standing in the cold, humiliated. (1

The Ashford family's influence was more powerful than she had ever expected.

All it took was one phone call to make the Kingston family change their minds.

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