

The Almighty Dominance - napped 121[1,195 words]

Chapter 121

Howard swept back into the banquet hall with a self-assured stride, Sophia, Megan, and Marco tagging along behind him like a trio of dutiful followers.

By this point, most seats were taken, save for the last few at Alex's table, shoved right into the dingy corner of the

room.

Left with no other option, they joined Alex once more, looking like they'd just been sentenced to do time.

Determined to pretend he didn't exist, they sank into the chairs.

Megan leaned over, her excitement barely contained.

"Oh my God, Marco, you totally pulled it off! That was incredible!"

Sophia's expression softened in gratitude as she looked at Marco.

"Yes We owe it all to Mr. Ashford. If it weren't for his help, we wouldn't be here."

Megan threw Alex a cutting glare, resentment flaring in her eyes.

She still hadn't forgotten how he'd supposedly ruined their day.

"Exactly! Mr. Ashford is so damn talented he solved our issue with a single phone call! Unlike some people."

Marco flashed a modest grin, though the smugness plastered on his face said otherwise.

The truth was, he himself was stunned at how neatly everything came together. Since when was Charles Kingston this reliable?

The guy was a certified train wreck-always bungling every single job and lazy to boot.

If Marco hadn't needed his help so badly, he'd have sooner called a telemarketer. Unable to contain her scorn, Megan turned to Alex, lips curled into a sneer. "See this, Alex? This is the difference between you and Mr. Ashford."

Alex sighed wearily.

Megan's voice oozed sarcasm. "He snatched back our partnership in one measly phone call. Meanwhile, you're just a walking disaster. You're an expert at dragging us through the mud, but that's about it!"

Marco chuckled, the sound laced with mockery.

"Hey, go easy on him, Megan. The guy's special skills are limited to brown-nosing and blaming everyone but himself."

Megan gave a contemptuous snort.

"Please. As if he has anything else going for him. He's nothing more than a traitor, a boy toy, and a worthless freeloader."

She leaned closer, her voice going icy and low. "Too bad that bitchy broad he clings to isn't here to see what a sorry excuse for a man she picked."

A flash of cold steel shone in Alex's eyes.

He kept his voice calm but razor-sharp. "Finished airing your grievances yet? I came here to enjoy the music, not

1/3

Chapter 121

listen to your drivel."

"Oh, can't handle the truth?" Megan jeered.

"If you had half of Mr. Ashford's prowess, you wouldn't be crawling around like a stray dog whenever someone calls you out. Face it, Alex. You're a lost cause." Alex's expression hardened.

He wasn't the attention-seeking type, but he sure as hell wouldn't stand for blatant disrespect.

He wasn't a saint, and he wasn't a punching bag.

"Really?" Alex tilted his head, voice low and challenging. "Then enlighten me- what is Marco actually capable of?"

Megan snapped her gaze toward him, condescending glare locked on target.

"Mr. Ashford made one phone call that got us back in the Kingston family's good books. If that's not skill, I don't know what is."

"How do you know for sure it was him?" Alex asked, cutting to the chase. "You got any real proof?"

Megan bristled, eyes fierce. "Who else would it be? Certainly not you, the clown who got us booted out in the first place. If I were a guy, I'd have already decked you so hard you'd beg for forgiveness."

She tossed her hair back, the very picture of contempt.

"Alex," Marco interjected with that smug drawl, "why on earth would the Kingstons suddenly reverse their decision if not for me?"

"That's right," Megan jumped in, her smile dripping mockery. "It's obvious, so why don't you finally drop the act?"

Alex's face remained impassive, his voice unwavering.

"Don't get too big for your britches. If I were you, I'd double-check before applauding the wrong hero."

Megan crossed her arms, rolling her eyes skyward. "Sounds like plain old jealousy to me."

Alex shrugged, unbothered. "If that's how you want to spin it."

Marco's eyes narrowed, and a disdainful smirk twisted his lips.

6677

"You want proof, huh? Fine. Let's entertain your ridiculous theory. But if you lose, you'd better get the hell out of here."

"No problem," Alex replied, cool as a cucumber.

With a flourish, Marco whipped out his phone and dialed Charles Kingston.

"Hey, Charles," he said, in a tone dripping with confidence.

"What now?" Charles snapped on the other end, clearly in a foul mood.

"Nothing big. Just wanted to say thanks for helping us out. You told your sister about that arrangement, right?"

Silence.

Then Charles's voice lashed out like a whip. "I have no idea what you're babbling about. I'm up to my neck in real

2/3

Chapter 121

work. Don't drag me into your crap again! And for the love of God, stop calling me about nonsense!"

The line went dead with a sharp click.

Marco's triumphant grin froze in place, and any earlier bravado evaporated like a puff of smoke.

If Charles didn't help, then who had? Was it just dumb luck

Alex leaned in, his expression somewhere between amusement and mild boredom.

"So, Mr. amazing Ashford, I believe we were all waiting to hear the big news from Charles?"

Megan's head snapped back and forth between them, like a clueless referee. "Well, Mr. Ashford? Show him who's boss! He'll never be in your league!"

Marco forced a dry laugh, trying to cover the gaping hole in his story. "What's there to explain? Charles basically confirmed everything. Why else would the Kingstons let Sophia partner with them?"

Alex's lips twitched into a faint smile, and anyone paying attention could see Marco's assertion was about as stable as a house of cards in a hurricane.

Despite the blatant lie, Marco pressed on with forced generosity.

"But hey, this is supposed to be a happy occasion, right? I'm feeling magnanimous—let's call a truce. Go ahead and enjoy the free food, Alex. I won't drag this out."

"Mr. Ashford is so gracious," Megan declared, puffing up with pride.

She jabbed a finger at Alex. "Hear that, you ingrate? He forgives you, and you still

won't give him a shred of respect. How clueless can you get? Go thanks him."

A dangerous chill flickered across Alex's features. "Would you believe me if I said Marco was lying through his teeth?"

Megan let out a theatrical huff, but before she could lay into him again, Sophia abruptly rose from her seat.

"Alex, enough!" Her voice shook with anger. "Why are you so hell-bent on stirring

the pot? I get it-you're jealous of Marco. But that doesn't give you license to slander him!" 1

Her cheeks were flushed with fury. "Is it so hard for you to admit he's better than you?"

Stunned, Alex stared at her.

Sophia's voice grew sharper, more accusing. "Don't play dumb. All you ever do is sabotage us with your cheap little dirty tricks. And he's been nothing but a help to

us."

Alex gaze turned distant, words coming out soft but weighted. "Jealous? Slander? Dirty tricks? So that's how low you think of me, huh?"

Sophia folded her arms, unyielding. "Am I wrong? Look at the chaos you've caused to us."

The blow of her accusation hit harder than he'd expected, and for a moment, Alex had no retort.

He studied her face, eyes reflecting a flicker of genuine hurt.

He exhaled slowly, voice quiet but laced with a hard edge. "Sophia, sometimes

the person you'd take a b is the one pulling the trigger." 1

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 122[937 words]

Chapter 122

"You're absolutely right. I took a bullet for you-same one you fired at me behind my back," Sophia drawled, her voice rife with bitterness.

Jealousy and the sting of Alex's betrayal twisted inside her like a dust devil, tangling her emotions so tightly she couldn't tell where anger ended and heartbreak began.

"Fine. I'm scum." Alex waved a dismissive hand.

"Marco's the white knight, and I'm the filthy liat slinging thud at him. Are you satisfied now?"

The self-mockery in his voice practically dripped off every word.

Fighting for vindication felt like screaming at a brick wall, given the lack of trust from the other side.

"What's with the attitude? Trying to imply I've accused you unfairly?" Sophia's brow furrowed.

"Not at all," Alex said, letting out a weary sigh.

"I'm the big bad wolf, right? Badmouthing the good guy, doing all the dirty deeds. Bask in your victory, if that helps."

"Bastard!" Sophia finally snapped, her frustration boiling over.

She hadn't expected him to be so spiteful.

Maybe this was the real Alex, laid bare now that their marriage was just ashes.

Alex cast her a long, haunted look, the words echoing inside his head:

You stabbed me with words I trusted. I bled silently in the betrayal you called justice. 1

'Is this what two people who once loved each other have come to-tearing each other apart like wounded animals?

At what point did they stray so far from the happiness they once chased, giving in to poison instead of peace?

"Sophia, let it go," Marco cooed, sliding in with a carefully practiced look of concern.

"We've always known who he is: some broke, uneducated grunt, ex-military. You couldn't honestly expect him to act like a gentleman." His words bit like frost, and Alex braced himself.

Marco wasn't through. His best imitation of sympathy tugged a corner of his mouth.

"He's acting out because he's jealous of us. Let's face it, he'll never be anything successful like me—and I don't hold that against him. Folks make mistakes. I just wish he'd learn to love himself more than he envies others."

"Now do you see the difference between you two?" Megan chimed in, sneering. "He's downright repulsive, and Marco's a saint in comparison."

Alex pressed his lips into a flat line.

"I am who I am," he replied.

"You can see me as the devil incarnate if it makes you happy. Doesn't change a thing about me standing here, being... well, me."

"Ha! Do you think you are an angel?" Megan scoffed. "Look at this self-righteous drivel. You're only sp pretty words to cover up your guilt or your sad, sorry self- esteem."

1g

1/3

Chapter 122

She laughed, "I get it poverty bruises a man's pride. That's what makes people like you so disgusting Always pretending you're above it all when you're knee- deep in misery."

Alex's eyes met hers, wom-out and done fighting.

"You don't know me. You only know whatever sorry picture you've painted in your head. Not my problem." He shrugged, didn't bother waiting for their backlash.

He simply stood and walked away from the table, like stepping out of a bad joke.

A few tables over, a tall, wiry guy with eyes like a snake joked his chin at someone across the room.

They clearly had a plan in mind.

Draining the last of his wine in one gulp, the stranger sauntered toward Sophia's group with a smug grin plastered on his face.

"Well, would you look at that," he drawled, eyes fixed on Sophia. "Seems my day just got a whole lot brighter."

He licked his lips, stepping closer than any polite stranger should. "Hey there, beautiful. You look righty familiar. We met somewhere before?"

Sophia gave him the cold shoulder, refusing to dignify his come-on with a response.

The man, undeterred, reached out to touch her anyway.

"Don't be like that," he murmured, leaning in as though they were old chums.

"This has got to be fate. How 'bout sharing a drink with me?"

"I'm not interested," she snapped, slapping his hand away with a no-nonsense glare. 1

Her posture was stiff, like a warrior ready for battle.

His grin stretched wider, dark intent gleaming in his eyes. "Feisty. I like that. You have no clue who I am, do you?"

He lowered his voice, a conspiratorial rasp. "I've got more money than you could dream of. You make me happy, and I'll make sure dollar bills rain like confetti around you.

He was letting his lustful gaze wander over her.

Sophia refused to answer.

"Ooh, playing hard to get, huh? Something tells me you'll be a real firecracker between the sheets. Why beat around the bush? Let's make this simple. Sleep with me-name your price. I'll write you a blank check, sweetheart."

Sophia's lip curled in disgust. "Get lost," she hissed, loud enough to stir onlookers nearby.

He merely chuckled, like he was enjoying the taste of her fury.

Megan couldn't hold back any longer. She stepped in, planting herself between him and Sophia.

"Back off," she warned, leveling her glare at the sleazeball. "Or you'll regret it."

Hank sneered like he'd just caught a whiff of rotten eggs, his gaze sliding dismissively over Megan.

"Ugly. Nobody asked for your opinion. You want me to toss you out again?"

"You bastard!" Megan shouted, her voice trembling with anger.

2/3

Chapter 122

Hank barked a cruel laugh and gave Megan a rough shove.

Sure, I'm a bastard," he sneered, "but you're not exactly saint yourself. Zip it, ugly. Keep spewing that sewer talk, and watch how fast every man on this earth starts avoiding you like the plague."

Megan went sprawling on the floor, and he stepped right past her like she was filth under his boots too dirty and worthless for even a second glance.

Ignoring Megan, Hank turned back to Sophia and took another step closer, his breath reeking of alcohol as he reached for her chin.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 123[1,235 words]

Chapter 123

Zeroing in on Sophia, Hank took a swaggering step forward booze practically wafting off his breath. His fingers reached for her chin

Crack! Sophia's palm struck with a force that echoed around the room like a rifle shot. An angry crimson print blazed across his cheek.

His bravado vanished faster than a tumbleweed in a windstorm.

"You... you dare slap me?" Hank rasped, touching his throbbing cheek.

Sophia's voice came out cold and calm. "Not only did I slap you, I'm calling the police. You're nothing but a lecherous creep."

"Bitch!" Hank spat, his features contorting with fury as he raised his hand to strike back

Before he could land a blow, Marco stepped up and gave him a hard shove.

"You lowlife piece of trash," Marco hissed. "You really think you can pull this crap here? Looking to get your skull cracked open?"

Hank stumbled. "You better keep out of this, or you'll regret it!"

Marco just gave a humorless chuckle. "That a threat? Go on show me what you've got."

Confident as ever, he knew the banquet host, Charles Kingston, had his back. In Marco's mind, this was as safe a battlefield as it got.

"Go to hell!" Hank lunged with a clumsy swing, the alcohol dragging down his reflexes. He looked more like he was dancing a bad jig than trying to fight.

Marco, built like a hardened gym rat, side-stepped easily and followed up with a punch to Hank's face-a clean, satisfying crack that sent Hank staggering.

Blood trickled from his nose.

"You wanna throw down?" Marco snorted, shaking out his fist. "Too bad you picked the wrong guy."

Megan, still bristling from Hank's earlier insult, cheered a little too loudly. "Mr. Wood, that was glorious! He deserved every bit of that!"

"Bastard," Hank growled, clutching his bloody nose, "do you even know who I am with? You'll be sorry for this."

Marco smirked, cold and unimpressed. "Don't care who you are. Now get out before I give you a matching bruise on the other side of that dumb face."

Megan clapped louder this time, her voice thick with scorn. "That, Ms. Lancaster, is what a real man does. Did you get a good look?"

She skewered Alex with a contemptuous glare, as though he were some pathetic stray. "Unlike certain people who slink off with their tail between their legs. Pitiful."

Alex only shook his head at the spectacle.

He and Megan hardly knew each other, yet she acted as if he owed her some colossal debt, always lunging at any opportunity to cut him down.

Still, if she thought her barbs could break him, she was dead wrong.

1/3

Chapter 123

His composure stood firm, a wall she couldn't penetrate with all the scorn in the world.

Hank's laugh came out as a wet, rattling sound, dark and threatening.

He dabbed at the blood smeared across his mouth, then tapped the face of his smartwatch.

"Get in here!" he roared. "Some idiot just hit me!"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than the main doors slammed open with an explosive crash.

Twenty men thundered into the room, armed to the teeth iron batons, nailed-up baseball bats, knives, jagged pipes.

Their heavy footsteps pounded like a stampede, and the hugh that fell over the banquet was instant and absolute.

They even flattened six burly security guards, leaving them bruised and unconscious on the floor.

It was a grim reminder of how easily they'd barged through Kingston's so-called

"top-notch" security-making victims of anyone who stood in their way.

In that frozen moment, it didn't matter how many zeroes someone had in their bank account.

Social status and fancy suits meant squat against raw, brutal force.

It was a shift as sudden and jarring as a calm saloon turning into a bar brawl-one second all civility, the next second a free-for-all with steel and flesh. 1

"What the hell?" Marco's voice caught in his throat as he stared at the wall of men closing in.

His palms turned clammy, and for a split second, the room spun.

They were supposed to trade blows like honorable fighters-one-on-one. Yet Hank had tossed that rule straight out the window.

Still, Marco forced down his fear and squared his shoulders. No way he'd let Sophia see him cave.

Not here. Not now.

He swallowed hard and glared at Hank. "If you're half the man you claim to be, fight me fair and square. Or are you too yellow to handle this on your own?"

Hank let out a barking laugh, tipping his head back as though Marco had just cracked the world's best joke.

"One-on-one? Sure, big shot." He lifted a hand, and his gang shuffled back a pace, forming a messy circle around Marco, Sophia, and Megan-like a makeshift boxing ring.

Marco tried to steady his breathing and flicked a glance at Sophia. "We do this properly-just you and me."

"Oh, absolutely," Hank agreed, a smug grin tugging at his lips. "But let's call our official referee-my big brother."

He waved a hand with theatrical flair.

From a table in the shadows, a man rose. He moved with a smooth, almost polished grace, his presence carrying a lethal chill that made everyone's hair stand on end.

Strolling past Hank's crew, he stopped in front of Marco.

His eyes were like daggers cutting through smoke-calm, steady, and utterly dangerous.

Chapter 123

"Hank You sure you wanna fight this man? He's bigger than you," the man said.

"I'm sure, Big Bro," Hank crowed, flashing a grin. "A bigger man doesn't always win-I've got wits on my side."

"Then so be it," the man replied, patting Hank's shoulder before turning to face Marco.

"Name's Jasper Drake."

A hush fell over the crowd like a curtain dropping. Whisper flickered around the room.

"Jasper Drake? The Jasper Drake?"

"He's Harlan Drake's son. They say the Drakes run the underworld out in East Vancouver City!"

"No wonder they're fearless."

Marco's stomach twisted into a cold knot.

He'd heard the name a thousand times, always cloaked in blood and terror.

Now Jasper Drake himself was right here, eyes shining with quiet malice. His lips curved into a slow, devilish grin.

"Hank is more than a brother to me-he's family in every sense of the word. So do your best; he'll consider it an honor."

Then his voice dropped, loud enough to slice through the air. "But Hank, for every punch this pathetic gigolo lands on you, I'll snatch one of his loved ones, And when this brawl is over, for each blow he dares to deal, I'll carve off a piece of his body-limb, bone, or flesh. Makes no difference to me."

He turned back to Marco, wearing a smile as cold as a prairie blizzard. "I've got you pegged, Marco. Every last debt, every filthy little 'gigolo gig' you tried

to hide. There's nowhere on God's green earth you can run. So, by all means-

give Hank your best shot. Let's see what you're really made of."

Marco felt the world closing in. This wasn't a simple scrap anymore.

It was a death sentence, not just for him but for anyone tied to his name.

Across from him, Hank looked ready to burst with satisfaction, feeding on the terror etched into Marco's face.

"You wanted a fair fight," Hank said, arms spread wide in mock generosity. "Hope you're still up for it."

He lunged forward, delivering a straight punch to Marco's jaw.

The impact rocked Marco's head back, and he tasted the sharp tang of blood as laughter and jeers erupted around

him.

Hank's men whooped and hollered, their glee echoing through the grand hall.

Marco stumbled, knees going weak.

His eyes flitted to Sophia-fear and helplessness written across her face-but he didn't dare fight back.

"There is a bound where mortal will must yield to higher tides."

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 124[964 words]

Chapter 124

"Hell, would you look at that poor sap?" someone snorted from the sidelines.

"Dumb fool went and messed with the son of Sir Drake. Bethe's toast."

"What'd he think he was doin', picking a fight first like that?" another bystander added, spitting a wad of tobacco.

"Tryin' to play the hero, and now he's gettin' stomped like a bug."

"And that woman, Sophia Lancaster?" a raspy voice chimed in. "She should've been down on her knees thanking Jasper for payin' her any mind."

"I heard that anytime Jasper sets his sights on a gal, he sends Hank to grab her in the dead of night," someone else murmured.

The rumors spread faster than crows on a carcass, the air stinking of their fearful blame for Marco and Sophia.

Hank let out a low, nasty chuckle as he proceeded to work Marco over.

Each punch echoed like thunder. "You think you're some kind of tough guy? Show me that backbone, you miserable piece of trash!"

"Please... stop..." Marco's voice came out ragged, his face battered and bloody. It was all he could do to stay

conscious.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Hank sneered before cracking another backhand across Marco's jaw.

"Guess I'm just a big mean bully, huh?" His lip curled into a grin.

Marco's fists clenched, half from fury, half from the jolt of pain ricocheting through his body.

But he knew better. Hank worked for Harlan-called Sir Drake-a ruthless bastard with an empire built on fear.

His men specialized in every dirty trick: extortion, kidnappin', blowin' things sky- high. If you wanted mercy, you wouldn't find it in Harlan's dictionary.

"Damn it... I really stepped in it this time," Marco thought, cold sweat dripping down his neck.

Hank noticed Marco's moment of hesitation and stomped forward, eyes glinting with sadistic pleasure.

"What's wrong, hotshot? Weren't you acting all cocky before?"

"Look, buddy, it's just a misunderstanding..." Marco managed a weak grin, trying not to choke on his own blood.

"Misunderstanding, my ass!" Hank thundered, slamming two more meaty slaps across Marco's cheeks, each one lighting his skin on fire.

Marco swallowed his pride and attempted another placating smile.

"I-I've got money... Let's call it even. I'll pay," he offered, chest heaving as he fought to stay upright.

Hank's grin twisted into something foul. "Son, I got more money than your sorry hide could hope for."

"No, no!" Marco lifted his hands in surrender, heart pounding. "I'm not sayin' you're broke. I'm sayin'-we don't have to solve this with fists. Let's talk it out."

"Shut your trap!" Hank snarled, decking him so hard Marco slammed into the ground. "One more word 'd you're done. Got it?"

1/3

Chapter 124

Marco's breath caught. He edged back, brain screaming for him to move, but self-preservation telling him not to. Better to cat dirt than end up six feet under.

Hank spat at him. "Damn coward. I can't figure out why any woman would stick around someone as worthless as you."

A fresh wave of shame threatened to choke Marco, but he stayed put, ignoring the burning indignation in his chest. Survival trumped dignity right now.

Hank pulled his collar and hammered an uppercut beneath Marco's chin, sending him crashing to the ground again, lights out.

"Marco!" Megan shrieked, voice cracking in raw panic. She couldn't stand it any longer.

"Hey, all of you! Think it's real brave, ganging up on a man like that?"

Hank snorted and stepped over Marco's limp body.

He shot Megan and Sophia a wolfish grin. "Look who's got some bark. This here's Drake territory, lady. And you're sure as hell trespassin'."

"This is Kingston family land," Megan snapped, eyes blazing. "Lay off, or you're gonna regret it!"

Hank barked out a cruel laugh. "Regret it? Don't make me laugh. The Kingston name don't scare me one bit." He tossed out his arms in a mocking shrug.

"Besides, your boy threw the first punch, so I'm just settin' things straight. Ain't that right?"

"Don't you feed me that garbage!" Megan retorted, though her words shook with anger and a hint of fear.

Hank cocked his head, smile never reaching his cold eyes. "You really don't get it, do you? Boys-educate her."

He gestured at two hulking goons, built like brick walls. They advanced on Megan with menacing steps.

"Hold it!" Sophia's voice cut through the tension, icy and direct. She locked eyes with Hank.

"She's got nothin' to do with this. Let her go.

"Is that so?" Hank leered, a nasty glint in his gaze. "Guess you're sayin' you'll take the heat instead?"

Sophia stayed stone-faced.

"Alright, sweetheart. We got a deal." Hank's voice sank to a depraved whisper.

"I'll spare her... if you warm my bed tonight. Show me a good time, and maybe I'll forget all about this little scuffle."

"You filthy pig!" Sophia's hand snapped up for a slap, but Hank snatched her wrist mid-swing.

"Oh, we got a fiery one!" he growled, eyes dark. "Go ahead, try that again, and see what happens. Boys, tie her up."

"Yes, boss!" The bodyguards surged forward, pinning Sophia's arms behind her as she struggled, eyes wild.

Jasper watched it all with predatory glee, fingertips drumming his thigh.

"Don't worry," he drawled, a smirk twisting his lips. "She'll be in my bed by sunrise."

"Let her go, you pack of rabid dogs!" Megan charged at Hank, only to be knocked flat by one of thugs' brutal kick.

2/3

Chapter 124

She hit the floor with a gasp.

The other thug paused, eyes darting from Megan to each other in confusion.

"Uh... wait, that's a woman you just kicked?" one of them blurted out.

"Dang, I thought maybe-uh, well, you know. Didn't figure she was a real lady," another mumbled.

"Man or woman-it makes no difference. She's ugly, and since no real woman can be ugly, she must not be a woman," the third clown sneered.

A big, dim-witted brute added, "My mama said the Lord don't make ugly."

"Guess Mama ain't met this one." added the other.

They all broke into raucous laughter, completely dismissing the severity of the

scene.

Megan's knuckles went white, shaking with anger.

Chapter 125

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 125[1,190 words]

Chapter 125

"No, Mama has seen all kinds of ugly, and she knows-the Lord never created an ugly creature," the big guy said. "Really?" one of the thugs drawled, cocking an eyebrow and scratching his greasy hair. "If that ain't ugly, then I reckon I've never seen ugly a day in my life."

"Ah, ma said," the big guy went on, his voice thick with smugness, "it's because she's got an ugly heart. When your heart's rotten, it drags your face, your personality, and your whole body down to hell with it."

"Sure enough," a third scumbag piped up, nodding like he'd just discovered the meaning of life.

The bystanders looked on in stunned silence, wondering how these half-witted goons managed to cook up such twisted nonsense.

"But hey," the biggest of the bunch announced, stomping his boots on the ground for emphasis, "I know how to fix that problem right quick."

He lumbered up to Megan, crouched just enough to leer into her face with mocking concern, and said in a syrupy tone, "Next time, sugar, don't go havin' a heart uglier than a rabid coyote. Be a good woman, y'hear?"

Then he slapped her.

Hard.

The sound cut through the rainy air like a gunshot, and he didn't stop there- another slap, then another, each one echoing in the hushed crowd.

Megan's eyes rolled back as she collapsed, unconscious.

"How the hell's that supposed to fix anything?" asked one of the onlookers, baffled.

The big lug shrugged, picking at his teeth.

"Beats me. My mom always said she was hittin' me to beat the bad outta my heart. Figured it might work on her, too."

Hank snorted and jabbed a thumb in Sophia's direction.

"Alright, enough of this. Stop your squirmin'. Tie her up. She's the one I'm takin' home tonight."

"What about that other one?" a random thug asked, gesturing at Megan, who was beginning to come to..

Fear flickered across her eyes.

Hank rolled his eyes, his impatience etched into every line of his face. "Anyone want her? She's free game," he said, his voice devoid of care, like he was tossing away trash

The group exchanged uneasy glances, silence hanging heavy in the air, until someone nudged a wiry, toothless man forward.

"Hey, Carl, you're still a virgin, right? She's all yours," the man teased, his laughter thin and mean.

Carl recoiled as though the suggestion itself was a personal insult. "Hell no! I'd rather die a virgin than lay a finger on that piece of ugly trash. I've got standards, man!" he spat, his expression twisted in disgust.

Hank sighed, already bored with the exchange.

"Enough. Just bring me the pretty one and leave the ugly one there," he said, waving dismissively.

1/3

Chapter 125

Megan lay motionless on the cold floor, her emotions a tangled mess of anger, humiliation, and despair.

Across the way, Marco-conscious again but feigning otherwise kept his eyes shut, mind spinning for a plan that wouldn't get him killed.

Just when Sophia's fate seemed sealed, a smooth, steady voice sliced through the chaos.

"Stop."

Heads turned as Alex stepped forward, cutting through the heavy silence with calm, deliberate strides.

While fear gripped everyone else, he showed none-his unwavering gaze and steady presence commanding the room's attention.

His gaze locked onto Hank.

Hank curled his lip. "Another hotshot? You too stupid to see how this ends?"

Alex offered a faint smile, but his eyes were sharp as knives

"Here's your shot at doin' things fair. You and me, one-on-one. Winner takes the woman."

"You want to fight me?" Hank asked, disbelief warring with amusement. "You must've taken a good whack to the head."

"Yup," Alex replied, letting his jacket slip off. "And to make it fair, I won't use a drop of my real power. Regular old fists, no tricks."

Hank threw back his head and laughed, voice booming. "By all means, hero. Step right up. We'll bury your body out back."

The onlookers muttered in anticipation, gathering around to watch like it was some boozy saloon brawl.

A few thugs stepped into a makeshift ring, while others snatched wine bottles from

the table, popping them open and laughing like they'd scored front-row seats to a carnival show.

Standing off to the side, Jasper watched with growing irritation.

He had two clear objectives. First, to humiliate the Kingston family, proving they couldn't protect their own.

That would sow doubt among the locals, making them question Kingston's power and driving them to align with the Drake family, backed by the Lord of Vermont.

Second, to claim Sophia Lancaster-Vancouver's most stunning woman-as his personal trophy.

Her presence here was mere coincidence, but he saw no reason not to seize the opportunity and take her home as well.

This idiot Alex was messin' with his schedule.

"You damn fool," Jasper called out, sneering in Alex's direction.

"Lay another finger on Hank, and I promise you, I'll see every last person in your family gutted like hogs."

Alex snorted, shaking his head like he'd heard the best joke in the world.

"Try it. They'd chew through your entire gang before breakfast. Every single one of 'em."

The thugs shot one another uneasy looks, unsure if Alex was bluffing or downright crazy.

2/3

Chapter 125

The truth was, Alex was taken in by a reclusive master, Joling a group of disciples who became his makeshift family.

Trained under the same master, each disciple was a legend in their own right, bound together by shared discipline and loyalty rather than blood.

They were monsters-powerful enough to crush the entire Drake's family as if it were nothing more than a morsel between their teeth.

"You cocky son of a-" Jasper growled.

"You think you're tough now, but once we get our hands on you, you'll be begging

for death. Every punch you throw will cost you a limb," the thug growled.

Alex responded with nothing but a smirk, calmly rolling up his sleeves and popping the top buttons of his shirt with practiced ease.

"Sounds fair to me," he said, spreading his arms wide in a mocking gesture of invitation.

"Go ahead-knock me down if you can. If I can't handle you, feel free to take any limb you like."

His mind drifted to the mountain where he'd trained from childhood, recalling his master's chilling words:

If you walk down this mountain and get yourself killed, blame no one but your own weakness.

Jasper gave a bitter, humorless laugh. "All right, big shot. Keep flappin' your gums. When this is over, you'll be screamin' just like the rest."

Still rolling out the tension in his neck, Alex calmly stated, "See, you scum love to

rule by fear. But fear's my pet, and I'm the captain of my own soul and body. I don't bow to the likes of you.

Without so much as a warning, Alex shot forward in a blur of movement-no fancy powers, just raw speed.

His fist slammed into Hank's jaw with a crack that made half the crowd flinch.

Hank's teeth hit the floor alongside the rest of him. Lights out.

Silence stole over the crowd as Alex dusted off his knuckles, then set his gaze on Jasper.

He lifted one finger and crooked it in silent challenge.

"Your move. Man to man," he said, voice low and steady. "Unless you're too yella to take me on."

Jasper's face twisted in rage, but there was no mistaking the quiver of doubt creeping into his eyes. And in that moment, the entire crowd knew the tables had turned by this fearless man.

3/3

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 126[1,294 words]

Chapter 126

Chapter 126

Jasper wasn't much of a fighter himself, but one look at Alex-collared like a panther about to strike told him the man was Hangerous.

tacking his lips, Jasper forced a shaky grin and took a step back.

"You know what?" he said. "This isn't the age of warriors anymore. We're past the days of letting our fists do the talking. Times have changed, and you should know that."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "Oh really? Enlighten me-what's change?"

Jasper didn't answer. Instead, he gestured to his men.

Around twenty of them pressed in, thugs of all shapes and sizes, each wearing a smug, predatory grin and weapons on their hands.

The iron baton in one man's hand whistled through the air, a warning of the violence to come.

A hush swept over the watching crowd.

Faces turned pale as the realization sank in-Alex was surrounded

Yet Alex didn't even blink. If anything, the corners of his mouth curved upward in a slow, almost taunting smile.

Raising a hand, he pointed at Jasper. Then he beckoned with a "come on" gesture.

"Give me your best shot," he said, voice echoing in the tense silence. "No-give me every last bit of it. Let's see who comes out on top."

Those words caused a ripple of unease.

Even Jasper's men, who were holding Sophia captive, looked taken aback.

Compared to the terrified Marco lying on the floor, Alex's show of confidence was downright shocking.

Jasper's face darkened with rage. "You little punk! Do you know who I am? You've got some nerve talking to me like that! Kill him!"

The order brought a tidal wave of bodies lunging for Alex.

They surged forward in a chaotic mass, trampling over Marco's unconscious form.

Marco awoke with a pained gasp, scrambled to his feet, and stumbled away, coughing up dust.

Three of the biggest men reached Alex first.

Each towered above six feet, muscle packed onto their frames like stacked bricks.

They moved in unison, arms outstretched to grab him in one vicious tackle.

To bystanders, it looked like the end was near.

But it wasn't.

Alex glided between them like a phantom, fists flying faster than anyone could track.

Aloud crack burst through the room, echoing off the walls as his punches connected squarely with each jaw.

Two men dropped instantly, collapsing like puppets with their strings cut. Gasps rippled through the crowd.

Jasper froze, mouth half-open, completely dumbstruck.

1/4

Chapter 126

One second his men were standing, the next they were sprawled on the floor, unconscious.

A split-second later, Alex stepped onto the back of a bulking thug sing the man's shoulder like a stepping stone.

In one smooth movement, he vaulted over the mass of bodies and landed gracefully on the other side.

He spun around in a blur, planting a punishing kick into the nearest opponent's ribcage.

"Get him!" Jasper's voice cracked in frustration.

His men, momentarily stunned, snapped back to attention.

Again, they swarmed, hoping that sheer numbers would do the job But Alex wouldn't wait for them to gain the upper hand.

He sprang into motion, fists and feet turning into a flurry of precise strikes.

Each blow landed with a thud that made the onlookers wince.

Bones cracked under the force of his attacks, and one by one, the things dropped to the ground like broken dolls.

They tried swinging at him, but their weapons cut through empty space.

Alex was too quick, his counterstrikes slamming into them with punishing accuracy.

They outnumbered him twenty to one, but it didn't matter. He tore through them like a storm flattening a field of straw.

Within moments, groans and thuds echoed all around, and the last thug fell in a tangled heap.

Silence crashed over the hall again, leaving only the thudding hearts of terrified witnesses.

Standing amid the unconscious men, Alex remained untouched.

His suit was as neat as when he'd first arrived, not a bead of sweat on his forehead.

"How...how is he this strong?" Marco rasped, eyes wide with disbelief.

Jasper had lost every bit of his swagger.

The terror on his face was stark, twisting his once-cocky features into something pale and broken.

He stumbled backward, nearly tripping over the scattered bodies of his own men. "Y-you! Who the hell are you?"

Alex stepped forward, each footfall ringing with cold intent.

His gaze locked on Jasper, like a wolf stalking wounded prey.

"Tonight, I'm Kingston's bodyguard, and you're making trouble in Kingston territory."

The words seemed to warp the air, sending uneasy glances through the Kingston guests.

Some had already chosen to align with the Drake family.

Three stout businessmen in tailored suits pushed through the crowd.

One of them, an older gentleman with a practiced, polished demeanor, lifted a finger at Alex.

"Young man," he began, tone dripping with condescension, "you might work for the Kingstons and handle the riffraff-but Mr. Jasper here is our guest. You can't touch him.

Alex shot him a glare. "Who the hell are you?"

Puffing out his chest, the older man replied, "I'm Jason Paige, owner of Paige Communica-

He never finished. Alex's fist blurred forward, connecting squarely with the man's jaw.

">

2/4

Teeth clattered to the floor as 'ason Patge reeled back, eyes wide with stunned agony.

I asked who the hell are you dare to stop me," Alex said icily.

Letting his gaze flick to the other two men, Alex's voice cut like steel

"If you plan to brag about your power or position, you'll get my fist instead. If you're not prepared for that, back off."

They didn't need a second warning. Both men retreated, their confidence gone.

Meanwhile, Jasper's eyes darted frantically around the room until they landed on Sophia.

He lunged toward her, thinking to grab a hostage-but Sophia had learned her lesson.

She ducked behind a wall of crowd, no intention of being used as a bargaining chip again.

With desperation hammering in his chest, Jasper snatched the next best thing-

Megan.

His hand clamped over her arm, jerking her in front of him, and he pressed a knife from the floor to her throat.

"Stay back!" he snarled. "One step closer, and I'll slit her throat!"

Tears streaked Megan's cheeks. She'd insulted Alex a thousand times before, but now she stared at him with absolute terror, pleading for her life.

Alex sighed, sounding almost weary. "If you want to leave, then leave. No need to drag someone else into this."

Jasper let out a harsh, humorless laugh. "You want to be a hero, huh? Fighting the Drakes and trying to protect women? You'll regret it." He pressed the blade closer, drawing a thin line of blood across Megan's neck.

"Please, help me!" Megan screamed.

Jasper's glare swiveled back to Alex. He gestured at a knife on the floor. "Pick it up. Now stab your own thigh-or she dies."

A slow frown creased Alex's face. "Why?"

"Do it!" Jasper barked, voice cracking.

Megan's sobs turned hysterical. "Please, Alex! He'll kill me! Just do it!"

Alex bent down, picking up the knife.

Jasper's face lit with twisted satisfaction, convinced he'd won. But as Alex raised the blade, he hesitated.

Shaking his head, he glared at Jasper with disdain.

"Are you an idiot?" Alex asked quietly. "Why should I stab myself for her?"

"What?!" Jasper spat, eyes wild. "Don't you care if she dies?"

Alex's stare grew colder. "You're the one holding the knife on her. If she dies, it's your doing, not mine."

"You're insane!" Megan choked out, voice cracking with fear. "You're going to let him kill me?"

"No," Alex replied evenly. "He's the one killing you, not me."

Jasper tightened his grip on Megan, anger warring with panic. "Don't come any closer!"

Suddenly, Marco, who had been reeling from, the brutal fight, staggered over to Alex.

Rage flared on his face. "How can you let her die? You monster!"

Jasper seized that moment of chaos. "All right, I'll let her go-but only if you stab this man's thigh," he growled, pointing at Marco.

3/4

Chapter 126

Megan burst into sobs. "Please, Alex! Just let Marco stab you. I'll pay your hospital bills!"

From across the room, Sophia added her pleas. "Alex, please... do for Megan's life."

Marco snatched the knife from Alex's hand.

"I'm sorry, man. But we have to save her. You can endure the pain

Before Alex could respond, Marco drove the knife into his thigh

Chapter 127

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 127[1,155 words]

Chapter 127

Marco lunged first, knife raised high, but Alex didn't even bother to look at him.

With a smooth, almost lazy motion, Alex's hand snapped out and connected with Marco's face.

A sickening crunch echoed through the room as Marco's nose broke, sending him staggering backward.

The knife clattered harmlessly to the floor.

"How dare you attack me!" Marco bellowed, blood streaming down his chin.

"Who told you to come at me?" Alex sneered.

His cold gaze shifted toward Jasper, who still held Megan hostage.

"Don't you take another step, or I'll slit her throat!" Jasper snarled, voice quivering in a way that betrayed more nerves than resolve.

Alex just shook his head, his expression carved from stone.

"There is nothing in this world, or above it, except Almighty God, that I will ever bow to. Neither fear nor death has any hold on me."

His voice rumbled with quiet power, the sort of tone that sends chills down a man's spine.

"When gods show up, I'll smash them to pieces, When demons crawl out, I'll cut them down," Alex said, stepping forward until he seemed larger than life, shadows dancing at his feet.

"And here you are, a mere human, threatening me?"

Jasper's face drained of color.

It was like the air itself grew heavy, pressing down with crushing force.

He could feel Alex's presence bearing down on him, and his hand around the blade shook so badly he looked ready to drop it at any moment.

Before he could even think to move, Alex's hand closed around his face, gri unyielding.

Jasper stood there frozen, terror turning his limbs to lead.

"Remember," Alex said, voice low and cutting, "man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed-but never defeated."

"I'm sorry!" Jasper's voice trembled, cracking with desperation as a dark stain spread down his pants.

Tears streamed down his face as he shoved Megan aside and collapsed to his knees. "Please... don't kill me."

Alex sighed, releasing him. "Go. Don't embarrass yourself any more than you already have."

Jasper scrambled backward, bowing in pathetic gratitude.

"Th-thank you... thank you!" he blubbered before bolting for the exit.

But at the threshold, he spun around, face twisted with a rage that looked absurd behind his tearstained cheeks.

"I'll remember this, All of You! You humiliated me! I, Jasper Drake will make you

and your families pay! I will report all of this to my father."

Alex merely shook his head, as though pitying a dog too dumb to realize it's barking up the wrong tree.

"Hopeless," he muttered under his breath.

In a single casual swipe of his foot, Alex kicked the fallen knife, sending it spinning

through the air.

Chapter 127

Jasper, startled, lurched out of the way in a pante-but his clumsy dodge landed the blade straight into his manhood with a hideous thud,

The entire room shuddered at the sight.

Some men instinctively crossed their legs, grimacing like they'd just been stabbed themselves.

"I was aiming for your thigh," Alex remarked with a hint of regret hat sounded more mocking than sincere.

"But you moved. That's on you."

Jasper's shriek tore through the hall.

He crumpled to the ground, clutching at himself while blood pooled beneath him.

Finally snapping out of his shock, Hanks dashed over to Jasper, face white as a sheet.

"Boss! Hang on!" Hanks yelled, voice teetering on hysteria. "Bring him to hospital! Now! If anything happens to the young master, we're all screwed!"

Chaos erupted as the other henchmen frantically tried to carry Jasper out without making his injury worse.

A few stragglers looked ready to vomit.

Meanwhile, Alex turned away, expression unreadable, as if the screams behind him were nothing more than background noise.

Marco, still pawing at his bloody nose, mustered enough nerve to shout, "You're dead, you hear me? You just signed all our death warrants!"

Alex stared at him, unimpressed. "Is that so?"

Before Alex could dish out any more trouble, Megan jumped in between them, arms flung wide to shield him.

"Stop! You have to take responsibility for what you've done to us. The Drakes' retaliation will be more than we can handle!"

Alex's gaze was cold and unyielding, a razor-sharp edge in his voice as he replied, "I don't care."

"Well, I do!" Sophia shot back, stepping forward with a fierce determination. Worry lined her face as her voice rose. "You have no idea what you've started, do you? If this spirals out of control, it won't just be you-every one of us will pay the price!" Alex's jaw clenched. He didn't like hearing that, but her words cut into his anger. "You have to go beg for forgiveness," Megan insisted, voice quivering with desperation. "Don't drag us into your mess!" "That's right," Marco chimed in, using Megan like a human shield "You think you're tough because you used to be military? Look around you-you're just a disposable hired hand causing trouble for all of us!"

He turned to the crowd, voice raised in a self-righteous whine.

"Listen up, everyone! This guy was hired by Kingston for one night's security. Is it fair we all get wrapped up in his nonsense?" A few people in the room nodded and muttered, their loyalty to Alex melting faster than a snowball in a bonfire.

Whispers turned into accusations, each person trying to side with whoever they believed held the real power.

"He should've stopped after breaking that guy's nose. Why throw a knife on top of it?" someone muttered, and another voice piped up, "Now we're all in the Drakes' crosshairs!"

Jason Paige-one of Jasper's smarmy friends-slipped in with a sneer.

'You might be handy in a fight," he said, contempt practically dripping from his lips, "but this world runs on money and power, you fool.

The Drakes will make sure you spend the rest of your life crawling on all fours."

2/3

Chapter 127

A murmur of agreement rippled through the crowd. "Why don't we just hand him over? No point letting him ruin our lives," someone else suggested.

"Yeah, Kingston's bodyguard isn't worth dragging the rest of us into this," added another, and people began edging closer, forming a tightening circle around Alex. Fear sparked in their eyes, and that fear soon morphed into anger then into blame.

Suddenly, Marco latched onto Sophia's wrist and tugged her toward the door. "See how everyone's reacting? This is all your fault-trouble, every bit of it!" he spat, casting a poisonous glare at Alex.

"Now come on, Sophia. We need to tell Jasper and his old man that we had nothing to do with this lunatic."

Sophia's gaze flitted to Alex, torn, but Marco jerked her forward. Let's go, Miss Sophia," he barked, almost dragging her across the threshold.

"Before Harlan Drake himself decides to come knocking."

And with that, they were gone, leaving Alex isolated as the crowd's hostility

churned louder.

A few guests hung back, torn between pity and self-preservation, but most edged

in, threatening to swallow Alex in their panic.

Despite it all, he stood tall, like a cornered wolf with dark eyes burning under flickering lights.

He said nothing, but anyone who bothered to look at him could read the betrayal and disgust etched across his face.

Then he smiled because the strong man is strongest when he stands alone. apter 128

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 128[946 words]

Chapter 128

Marco spat blood and curses In one go.

"You... you're dead neat! And now you've made the rest of us dead neat, too!"

He was all wild eyes and trembling rage, but Alex just cocked his head, looking about as threatened as a bored housecat.

"That so?" Alex replied, voice flat, like he'd rather turn on his heel than waste another word.

"Stop!" Megan jumped to stop him, arms stretched wide like a rickety fence.

"You bastard! You dare mess with Jasper Drake? Do you have any clue what you've done? We'll all pay for this!"

Alex glanced from Megan to Marco, his expression as cold as a January wind.

"I don't care."

"But we do!" Sophia cried, voice shaking as she stepped closer.

"You've ruined us! Jasper's father won't stop at you; he'll come after everyone tied to you!"

"You'd better turn yourself and beg forgiveness," Megan warned, her voice trembling. "Don't take us all down with you."

"That's right!" Marco sneered, still hugging his battered nose, using Megan as a shield. "You must be out of your mind to hurt Mr. Drake's son."

A few murmurs rippled through the crowd, anxious whispers chasing one another like gusts of a gathering storm.

"He should've quit while he was ahead," someone muttered.

"Why fling that knife and drag us into his mess?" another chimed in.

The knot in Alex's gut tightened. He'd stepped in to protect Sophia and now they were treating him like a rabid dog.

Jason Paige-one of Jasper's toadies-threw his sneer into the ring.

"So you can fight, big deal. Ever heard of power and status? The Drakes have both. They'll make you grovel for the rest of your days."

"He's just some poor guy who happens to be ex-military and now Kingston's hired muscle. Not worth risking our necks over," Marco shouted.

"Let's just hand him over. Why should we all suffer for his stupidity?"

Those words whipped around Alex like a cold wind, and people began circling in, fear morphing into anger, then into blame. Marco latched onto Sophia's wrist and pulled her toward the door.

"See how this is going, Sophia? He is trouble-nothing but it. Let's go explain ourselves to Jasper before that lunatic father of his shows up."

"But

Sophia wavered, glancing at Alex, clearly torn.

"Move it, Miss Sophia!" Megan barked, practically dragging her out. "Before Harlan Drake storms into our front door!"

With that, they slipped through the entrance, leaving Alex to face the growing hostility of the crowd alone.

Some guests hesitated, their expressions torn between fear and guilt, but others closed in on Alex, muttering about how it would be easier to appease the Drakes by offering him up.

"What's the matter? Scared?" Jason Paige taunted with a smug grin, his voice dripping with arrogance.

"Since you've got no guts, get on your knees and bow down to me! Maybe, just maybe, I'll help you beg for forgiveness from

1/3

Chapter 128

Harlan Drake-If you put me in a good mood."

**25 BONUS

Another voice chimed in, egging him on. "Yeah, stop standing the like a fool! Hurry up and grovel to Mr. Drake!"

Jason Jabbed a finger into Alex's chest, leaning closer with a snee

"Listen up, punk. Don't say I didn't give you a chance," Jason sneered, his voice laced with arrogance.

"Do you have any idea how close I am to Harlan Drake? If you get on your knees and beg, maybe just maybe I'll consider helping you. But if you don't, well... don't come crying when things get ugly."

Alex stayed silent, his expression unreadable.

'Arrogance, huh?" Jason spat on the floor, his disdain palpable. "What does it matter if you know how to fight? Without power or status, you're nothing-a nobody."

He leaned in, his voice dripping with mockery. "Just a foot soldier. To people like me, you're worth less than the dirt under my shoes."

"Are you aware that you're playing with fire?" Alex asked, his tone calm but carrying an edge sharp enough to cut.

Jason's smirk only widened. "Playing with fire? Not only do I want to play with fire-I want to play with your life! Believe it or not, my money could turn your friends and family into your enemies. I'll show you what real despair feels like. Living will seem worse than death!"

A dark shadow crossed Alex's face as Jason spoke.

His hand shot out, gripping Jason's middle finger.

"You asked for this," Alex said, his voice low and dangerous.

With a quick, sharp motion, Alex bent the finger backward, eliciting a scream of pure agony from Jason. The finger twisted unnaturally, pointing where it had no business going.

"You bastard!" Jason howled, clutching his hand.

"How dare you hit him again!" someone shouted, the accusations flying thick.

"You're a dead man!" another screamed.

"Stop it!" Jasmine Kingston's voice cut through the chaos like a whip.

She stepped forward, her expression cold and unyielding.

Jason, still reeling from the pain, glanced at Jasmine.

"Miss Kingston, I'd advise you to stay out of this. That man is already marked. Harlan Drake doesn't forgive. Touching his son is signing your own death warrant!"

Jasmine's lips curled into a frosty smile. "So you're afraid of Harlan Drake, but not of me?"

She took a step closer, her heels clicking sharply on the floor. "Let me show you why that's a mistake."

She turned to an older man standing nearby.

"Joe," she called calmly.

"Yes, Miss?" the man replied, stepping forward with a slight bow.

"How long would it take to ruin Jason Paige and his entire family?"

Joe adjusted his glasses, his expression unbothered.

"Ten minutes, Miss." He paused, then added, "Five minutes if I use all the resources at the Kingston family's disposal."

2/3

Chapter 128

Jasmine's gaze locked onto Jason, her voice dripping with icy anger. "Make it three."

"Consider it done. " Joe pulled out his phone and made a single call

"Jason Paige and Paige Telecommunications," he said, his tone brisk. "Bankrupt

in three minutes."

Today's Bonus Offer

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 129[1,044 words]

Chapter 129

Jason was too shocked to process what was happening. His mouth opened, but no words came out as he turned pale under the weight of the situation. Jasmine's sharp eyes scanned the room, her voice cutting through the tense air.

"Does anyone here still fear the Drakes more than the Kingstons? she asked, her words slow and deliberate, carrying a chilling undertone.

"Speak now. So I could teach you."

The crowd remained silent, stunned into submission.

Jasmine tilted her head, her cold smile sending a shiver through everyone. "Did you think the Kingston family has been kind for so long because we lack claws? Think again."

Jason's smartwatch buzzed loudly, snapping him out of his daze.

Fumbling, he turned it on, only to hear a panicked voice on the other end.

"Husband! What's happening to us?"

"What? What do you mean?" Jason stammered, confusion clouding his face.

"Our bank accounts are frozen! The stocks are plummeting! Lenders are demanding payments, and the police are at our doorstep-something about the boys being involved in criminal activity!"

"What?!" Jason's voice cracked, his mind spiraling into chaos. "That's impossible!" Reality crashed down on him like a tidal wave.

2

He had chosen to align with Jasper Drake, believing Jasmine Kingston incapable of leading with her late father Alfred's ruthlessness.

He thought siding with the Drakes would secure his place in the city's hierarchy.

But now, the truth was undeniable: Jasmine Kingston wasn't just capable-she was far more powerful and unforgiving than her father ever was.

Across the room, whispers spread like wildfire.

The people in attendance began to realize that Kingston, not Drake, was the true ruler of Vancouver.

Harlan Drake had only ever been a pretender, wielding intimidation, while Jasmine carried the iron will of a monarch

"Miss Kingston! Please, help me!" Jason dropped to his knees, his whole body trembling as he begged.

Jasmine's cold gaze didn't waver.

"Guards," she said calmly, "drag this man out."

As the guards moved toward Jason, she turned her attention back to the crowd.

Her voice softened, but the menace behind it was unmistakable. "And to anyone who has chosen to side with the Drakes, let me make myself clear-leave this hall, and I will personally ensure that your companies are bankrupt within five minutes."

The words hung in the air like a death sentence.

The hall grew eerily quiet. No one dared to move. Some who had already planned to leave froze, their steps faltering as they exchanged panicked glances.

They clearly didn't want to become the second Jason.

1/3.

Chapter 129

Jasmine's smile widened slightly, a predator savoring its prey.

Go ahead," she added sweetly. "Try me."

No one budged. The weight of her words crushed any remaining defiance.

Jason was dragged out of the hall, kicking and screaming for forgiveness.

His cries faded into the background as Jasmine dismissed him with the indifference of a queen swatting away an insect. She didn't even bother to glance in his direction.

The realization settled over the room like a heavy fog: between the Drakes and the Kingstons, there had never been a choice. The Kingstons were the real monsters, and Jasmine was the most dangerous of them all.

Midnight pressed down on Vancouver General like a lead blanket, the rain driving against the windows in a merciless, staccato beat.

Antiseptic stung every breath, mixing uneasily with the copper scent of blood. The hush that swallowed the halls felt alive, ready to lash out at any moment.

Jasper emerged from surgery on a gurney, his lower half obscured beneath thick, bloodied bandages.

Sweat glistened on his ashen face; each shallow breath rasped in his chest.

Around him surged a gathering of grim-faced men, led by Harlan Drake, a broad-shouldered giant with a jagged scar cutting across his cheek and a serpent coiling around his neck in ink. In Vancouver's dark underbelly, Harlan was king.

"Doctor," Harlan growled, voice grating like boots on gravel, "what's the verdict on my boy?"

The doctor's Adam's apple bobbed. "His life is... out of immediate danger, but the injury to his genitals-" He swallowed hard, eyes flicking to Jasper's pale form. "It was completely severed. Even if we attempt reattachment, full function is unlikely."

Silence fell like a hammer.

Rage twisted Harlan's features, his eyes feral. He took one menacing step toward the doctor.

"Severed?" The word spat from his mouth, echoing along the sterile corridor.

"We did what we could," the doctor managed, voice trembling at the edges. "The damage was catastrophic. Just keeping him alive was—"

"Preserving his life?" Harlan roared, seizing the doctor by the collar with a fist that trembled from the force of his fury.

"He's broken! My son—my heir—crippled on your watch. You fix this, or God help you, I'll—"

"Sir, there's nothing more—"

>>

Harlan flung the doctor aside in disgust, his breathing ragged.

The overhead lights hummed, and for an instant, everyone froze beneath the force of his wrath.

In that pause, only Jasper's labored breaths and the drumbeat of rain persisted.

Then Harlan spun on his bodyguards, his voice a low, venomous hiss. "How? Why?" He towered over them, each word faced with menace. "Who did this at the Kingston banquet?"

One of them, Hanks, dared to speak, though his voice trembled. "Sir, we—we don't know exactly who attacked him. It happened so fast—"

A thunderclap of a slap silenced Hanks.

Chapter 129

The crack reverberated off tile walls.

Harlan's gaze swept the group, and he struck each man who flinched before him. Shame and terror mingled in their lowered

eyes.

"You worthless cowards," Harlan snarled, the muscles in his neck corded tight. "I gave you a simple job: protect my son, the Kingstons, embarrass them. Now look what's happened! You've brought me disgrace."

rattle

His voice dipped, cold as a blade's edge. "Gather more men. Hunt down whoever laid hands on Jasper. Kingstons be damned—no one crosses me and walks away.

I want that filth at my feet, dead or alive. If the Kingstons try to shield him, we'll tear down every last one of them."

Fear slammed through the hallway like a shockwave. The

angsters stumbled

into motion, phones out, voices hushed, eyes wild.

They scattered into the storm-ravaged night, their footsteps echoing with
esperation.

Harlan stood alone, thunder rolling overhead like the earth itself was growling in sympathy.

Lightning flashed against the hospital doors, revealing the wild fury in his eyes. Vengeance
simmered within him, feeding on the storm's fury.

Tomorrow would come drenched in blood, and there was no going back now.

Yet, he'd forgotten an age-old warning: "Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two
graves."

2

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 130[1,164 words]

Chapter 130

Marco, Sophia, and Megan had decided to part ways and meet Jasper the next
day.

but as Marco steered his car toward his family's mansion, a dull sense of foreboding began to
gnaw at him.

The roads were nearly empty, streetlights flickering like dying torches, and an oppressive silence
settled over everything.

Suddenly, a screeching set of headlights tore through the gloom. vehicle slammed into his front
bumper, jolting him forward.

He barely had time to gasp before another car rammed his rear, sandwiching him in place.

Marco's heart hammered against his ribs. He fought the impulse to flee, but there was nowhere to go.

Then came a sickening crash- an iron baton smashed into the side window.

Glass shards flew like deadly confetti, and he ducked, arms raised defensively.

Too slow.

A rough hand snagged a fistful of his hair, yanking him from the driver's seat. Sharp pain exploded through his scalp, and his cry of protest was drowned by the roar of rain and adrenaline.

He hit the pavement hard, cold air punching at his lungs.

Three figures materialized from the shadows, all brandishing iron batons.

Their leader stepped forward, face contorted with a snarl-it was Hank. The rage in his eyes sent a chill through Marco's blood.

"I told you, Marco," Hank spat, his fingers knotting tighter in Marco's hair. "I know every filthy detail about your life. You damn gigolo."

Marco's breath came in panicked gulps. Fear snaked through him, coiling around his chest.

"Talk," Hank snarled, delivering a sudden backhand across Marco's face, the impact echoing through the deserted street. "Tell me everything about that man. I want it all, down to the name of his dog."

"I—I'll talk!" Marco gasped, his cheek stinging, voice trembling. "I swear, I'll tell you everything."

Hank sneered, releasing Marco with a sharp shove. In that moment, Marco knew he would betray any secret, spill every piece of gossip, just to survive the night.

Meanwhile, across town, the Kingston banquet wound down, the final guests drifting out under the glittering lights of the grand hall.

Jasmine Kingston had presided over the evening like a monarch, her every word measured, every look commanding.

By the end, the onlookers whispered in awe.

Many believed she would steer the Kingston empire to new heights, perhaps even surpassing what Alfred Kingston had achieved.

Others those secretly allied with Harlan Drake-departed with uneasy looks.

They'd underestimated Jasmine, and now, they felt wedged between two snapping jaws: a tiger on one side, a wolf on the other.

In a private suite overlooking Vancouver's skyline, Jasmine found Alex waiting.

The marble floors felt cold against her heels, but the instant she saw him, the ice in her demeanor thawed,

She moved into his arms, burying her face against his chest.

"Well?" she asked softly, exhaustion threading her voice. "Did I pull it off? Did I seize Vancouver tonight?"

1/3

Chapter 130.

Alex's gaze softened. "You did what needed to be done. You're to her than most people can handle,"

A tremor passed through Jasmine, "I never wanted to be cruel. But hey betrayed Kingston first... I-I couldn't afford to show mercy.

"Jasmine," Alex said gently, "sometimes survival means you don't have a choice. You're stronger than you know." She leaned into him, inhaling the faint scent of leather and comfort, the only refuge in her storm of deceit and danger. He understood the burdens she carried-understood the predators lurking in every corner, waiting for her to stumble. She lifted her eyes to his. "Alex... do you ever think we could leave all this behind? Just vanish to a quiet place where the world doesn't follow?"

He exhaled, a hint of sadness in his eyes. His own demons-his parents' unsolved murders-still held him captive. "Maybe someday," he said softly.

Jasmine bit her lip, as if wrestling with a heavy secret. Finally, it came free like a confession. "I know where Chris Roland and Bianca are hiding-and where they stashed the stolen money."

Alex straightened, surprise lighting his face. "That's good, isn't it?"

"No," she whispered, voice tight. "It's terrible."

His expression darkened. "Why?"

Jasmine's eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

"Because my brother Charles is hiding them. He has the money. He's betraying the Kingston family... betraying me."

A pained silence fell between them. Alex knew precisely what this meant: Jasmine would have to strike at her own blood or risk the Kingston legacy.

Elsewhere, six cars tore through Vancouver's streets like a pack of wolves on the hunt.

Pedestrians leapt aside, curses turning to screams when one of the cars nearly clipped a trio of teenagers.

The boys, anger flaring, hollered after them, only to go silent when the convoy screeched to a halt.

Doors flung open, and armed men spilled onto the road like a tide of violence.

Iron batons gleamed under flickering streetlights, and machetes winked with malicious intent.

The teenagers scattered, fear overriding their bravado.

From the lead car, Hank emerged again, every step radiating menace. "Apartment 406," he barked.

"We want Sophia Lancaster."

A chorus of affirmations rippled through the twenty thugs as they stormed the building.

The thunder of their boots echoed in every stairwell.

Neighbors, peeking through door cracks, blanched and hurried to lock themselves in.

A suffocating dread choked the halls.

Inside apartment 406, Sophia slept unaware, her family also lost in slumber.

The violent pounding on the front door tore them awake, followed by the splintering crash of it being kicked off its hinges.

Florence Lancaster, eyes wide, stumbled into the living room.

2/3

Chapter 130

Five men rushed in, crowding the space with an aura of raw aggression. One stepped forward, voice a hiss.

"Where's Sophia Lancaster?"

"Who are you?" Florence managed, voice trembling. One of the thugs shoved her,

sending her sprawling onto the carpet.

"Don't make us repeat ourselves," he sneered.

Justin, Sophia's father, emerged, panic blanching his face.

Fear rooted him to the spot. Another thug smashed an iron baton into the television, glass and electronics raining down.

Sparks flew in the flickering overhead light.

"Where is Sophia Lancaster-the wife of Alex?" the leader demanded.

Sophia appeared in the hallway, clad in a thin nightgown.

Though her heart thundered, she held her chin steady. "I'm Sophia."

The men parted, allowing Hank to stride forward. He sized her up with cold, triumphant eyes.

"Woman, we meet again. My boss wants a word with you. You're coming with us." "Let me at least change," Sophia pleaded, voice laced with both fear and dignity. Hank let out a bark of a laugh, then swung the baton down on Justin's arm.

A sickening crack split the air, and Justin's scream churned Sophia's stomach.

"There's no time for that. Move, or I'll spill blood right here."

Tears gathered in Sophia's eyes. She fought back a sob and nodded. "Okay... just don't hurt them."

He jerked his head toward the door. "Go."

Florence, voice quavering, cried after them, "Where are you taking my daughter? I'll call the police!"

Hank glared over his shoulder with a twisted grin. "Don't bother. They've already been paid off. Nobody's coming to save you." Sophia cast one last glance at her family, fear and guilt warring in her eyes, before the men dragged her into the corridor.

Doors slammed. Locks clicked. All around them, neighbors cowered behind thin walls, desperate to pretend nothing was happening.

The gang's footsteps pounded down the stairs, carrying Sophia into the unknown.

Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

Chapter 131

