

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 299[914 words]

Luther stormed toward the place he'd agreed to meet his father, but what he saw there stopped him cold. David stood hand-in-hand with Ophelia, the sight burning fury deep into Luther's soul. Rage surged through him; this woman had stolen his father's heart, casting aside his mother as if she were nothing. As a son, his duty was clear: protect his mother from David's catastrophic betrayal.

"Father!" Luther's voice trembled with disbelief and anguish, eyes brimming with tears of frustration. "Did you seriously have Mom arrested?"

David turned sharply, irritation flashing across his face. "What the hell are you doing here, Luther? Didn't I tell you we'd talk tonight? Go home-now!"

"No! Tell me!" Luther shouted, his voice cracking with raw emotion. "Why did you lock her up?"

David's eyes narrowed, his voice icy and harsh. "Because your sainted mother cheated on me. She gave me HIV, Luther!"

"You're lying!" Luther shook violently, refusing to accept the accusation. "Mom would never betray you. You're the cheater-standing here, holding hands with this woman!"

"This woman," David spat sharply, pulling Ophelia closer, "is my wife. My second wife, Luther. Go home, we'll sort this out later."

Luther staggered, the floor seeming to shift beneath him. "Father," his voice cracked, breaking with sobs and hurt. "Am I even your son anymore? If I am, please leave this witch right now and come home. Mom needs us!"

David shook his head, frustration and exhaustion mingling in his eyes. "I'll explain everything later, Luther. You're still my son, even if you aren't biologically—"

The words froze in his throat when he saw Luther pull a pistol and point it directly at his own temple.

"Luther!" David roared in shock. "What the hell are you doing?"

Luther's eyes blazed, red and wild with betrayal. "How dare you say I'm not your blood! I'm Luther Morgan-I'm the heir you promised your fortune to! Was everything you told me a damned lie?"

"Luther, calm down!" Panic flooded David's voice, desperation tightening his throat. "You're still my son-I swear it!"

"No, I'm not!" Luther screamed, voice thick with pain. "You've arrested Mom, replaced her with this snake, and now you claim I'm not even yours? You want to destroy us!"

David moved forward, pleading urgently, "Listen to me—I'll make everything clear, just calm down, Luther!"

"Enough lies," Luther whispered coldly, a frightening calm overtaking him. "I'll settle this right now."

Without another word, Luther turned the gun toward David and pulled the trigger three times. The brutal crack of each shot echoed through the air, each bullet plunging deep into David's chest.

David staggered back, his eyes wide with shock and agony. Never in his darkest nightmares had he imagined his beloved boy—the child he'd cradled, nurtured, raised—would become the man who ended him.

Ophelia screamed in terror and raced forward as David collapsed. Kneeling beside him, her face twisted in anguish, she sobbed uncontrollably. Gazing at her face, David finally saw clearly: Brian shared her features. How had he missed it? How had he ignored his real son, the loyal man who'd once shielded him with his own life, while the boy he'd loved like a prince betrayed him?

"You did this!" Luther shouted furiously at his father's bleeding form. "I'm only taking what's mine—the inheritance you swore would be mine!"

Luther bolted toward the waiting car, where Charles sat stunned. Luther climbed inside, trembling violently. "Drive!" he yelled frantically.

"Where to?" Charles asked urgently.

"Home," Luther gasped, his mind clouded by panic and desperation. "We need to save my mother."

David lay helplessly in the spreading pool of his own blood, each heartbeat pushing him closer to darkness. Ophelia cradled him tightly, her tears falling freely onto his pale, anguished face, mixing with his pain.

"I'm so sorry, Ophelia," David gasped weakly, each word trembling from a throat clogged with regret. "You gave our son your whole heart—and I gave him nothing but shadows. I never even acknowledged him, my own flesh and blood..."

His vision blurred with sorrow, the cold reality of his choices now suffocating him more than the blood

filling his chest. All his life's work

all

his dreams and wealth-he'd e foolishly handed them over to a child who wasn't even his, leaving Brian, his true son, lost in the margins. A life spent chasing illusions, ignoring the quiet strength and sacrifice of the son who'd

willingly taken bullets for him.

"I should've listened," David whispered, his voice cracking as the anguish deepened. "I should've raised Brian beside me...not Luther. I shouldn't have let Rose blind me from what was real."

His breath shuddered painfully, grief carving deeper lines of regret into his fading soul. "So many mistakes," he whispered, as the weight of every lost chance crushed him from within.

"David, please, stay awake!" Ophelia sobbed brokenly, clutching him tighter, her voice shaking with despair. "They're coming to help you—just hold on. We can't lose you, Brian needs you! I need you!"

But the world was slipping further away, and David felt only the crushing weight of remorse. Tears spilled down his cheeks as he

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struggled for a final breath. "Forgive me, Ophelia," he breathed softly, words barely audible as life slipped from his fingertips. "I wasted everything..."

"If only..." His voice dissolved, a gentle sigh of infinite sadness, carrying the unbearable weight of a thousand unspoken apologies. "If only..."

His body sank into lifelessness, the fire in his eyes extinguished, leaving only emptiness behind. Ophelia clung desperately to his still form, her heartbreaking cries echoing into the cruel silence of loss.

"Alex!" Lyra screamed in utter panic, desperation ripping through her voice like a blade. "Do something-save him, please!"

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Alex stood silent and still, watching Ophelia weep inconsolably over David's motionless body.

Suddenly, David's eyes fluttered open, startling everyone nearby. Gasps rippled through the stunned crowd, disbelief etched across every face.

"Impossible," a bewildered customer muttered. "I saw him take that bullet right in the chest!"

"David!" Ophelia's voice trembled with hope and disbelief.

"Are you alright? Is this real?"

David stared down, incredulous, pressing his hand against his chest.

Blood stained his shirt, the fabric torn and wet, but beneath his fingertips, there was just a small wound.

The bullet had pierced his clothes and skins but stopped short, leaving only a superficial injury.

"Am I...bulletproof?" David whispered, astonished.

Across the room, Alex leaned casually against the table, his lips twisted into a subtle, knowing smirk.

At the very instant Luther had fired his weapon, Alex had silently channeled his protective aura, wrapping David's body in an unseen shield.

Though the impact had been violent, the bullet had lost its deadly force, leaving only superficial damage.

The paramedics arrived swiftly, bewildered to find David conscious, suffering nothing worse than a shallow gash.

Still, they carefully placed him onto a stretcher, administering treatment.

Ophelia clung to his side, relief and lingering terror breaking fresh tears loose from her eyes.

"I thought I'd lost you forever," she whispered, her voice raw and shaking.

David reached up gently, tracing her tear-streaked cheek. The memories flooded back-her beauty, their shared pain, their years apart.

"Ophelia," he said firmly, his voice full of renewed resolve.

"I've been given another chance. This time, I'll make everything right."

They embraced fiercely, holding tight to each other, bound by relief and renewed determination.

Across town, Charles drove Luther swiftly toward the Morgan mansion.

Pulling into the grand entrance, Luther leaped from the vehicle and demanded of the butler, "Where's my mother?"

Before the butler could respond, Brian and several bodyguards charged forward, tackling Luther roughly to the floor.

"What the hell are you idiots doing?!" Luther roared, struggling against their grasp.

"My father already dead! I'm your boss now! Let me up!"

Brian leaned in coldly, pinning Luther with contemptuous eyes.

"Your father just called-he said you tried to murder him."

"My father...he's still alive?" Luther gasped, shock freezing him in place.

Brian nodded grimly. "Yeah. Very much alive."

Charles, recognizing the looming danger, didn't hesitate.

He vaulted back into the car, slamming the accelerator. Tires screeched as he bolted toward the gate.

"He's making a run for it!" Brian shouted. "Close the gate!"

But Charles smashed the car straight through the iron barrier, metal shrieking as he escaped into the night.

An hour later, Charles guided the battered vehicle toward a secluded estate, one Luther had revealed as the family's hidden refuge.

Remembering Luther's instructions, Charles swiftly entered the password to the mansion's safe, uncovering stacks of cash and a neat pile of gold bars. He shoved everything into a backpack, muttering to himself, "This will do."

With his newfound fortune secured, Charles sped away from the mansion, memories of his last conversation with his mother echoing sharply in his mind.

"Charles, your father won't help," she'd told him days earlier.

"He said you've angered someone powerful. Lay low, and money will find you eventually."

Charles had laughed bitterly. "Lay low? How long can anyone live without money?"

"Patience, Charles," she'd pleaded.

"Your father's public disownment is just theater. He hasn't cut you from the inheritance. Stay quiet and it'll all blow over."

Charles gritted his teeth, clarity cutting through his anger.

The problem wasn't his mother, nor anyone else it was his father.

Albert Kingston, weak and foolish, had favored his sister jasmine and even outsider Kelly instead of him.

A wicked smile curled across Charles's lips as a dark realization took root.

His true enemy had always been one man: his own father.

Eliminate Albert Kingston, and the governorship of Los Angeles-the vast fortune and power that came with it-would all belong to him.

Charles's laughter filled the car, chilling and sharp.

He knew every detail of his father's routine, every vulnerability, every habit.

Killing Albert Kingston would be simple.

Charles tightened his grip on the wheel, determination hardening his gaze.

Soon-sooner than anyone could imagine-his father would breathe his last breath. And not a soul would suspect the truth.

No one would ever guess that the killer was his own blood.

"But before that," Charles' eyes darkened, his voice low and venomous. "I need the final piece of the Emerald Elixir. And the only way Alex will ever let it go... is if someone dangerously close to him is on the line."

He leaned forward, his tone a threat wrapped in silk.

"Sophia."

Soon, the city plunged into darkness, neon lights painting the night club in vivid shades of sorrow and temptation.

Sophia hunched alone in the corner, drowning herself shot by shot, her eyes glazed with hopeless despair.

Beside her, Megan watched helplessly, anxiety carving lines across her youthful face. She'd never seen Sophia unravel this completely, stripped raw of her usual fearless authority.

Sophia had abandoned her fierce front, ignoring calls, emails, and responsibilities, letting herself spiral recklessly downward.

Word around town was that Alex was the cause, and Megan wondered bitterly if any man was truly worth this destruction.

"Please, Ms. Lancaster, you've had enough. Let's go home your mother's frantic."

Megan's voice shook with desperation, her hand lightly touching Sophia's trembling shoulder.

Sophia shrugged her off, laughing bitterly, harsh and brittle like broken glass. "Leave me alone, Megan. When I drink, everything fades away."

She threw back another glass, feeling the fiery burn dull the crushing pain in her chest.

Sophia was lost-caught in a storm of family demands and aching regret over Alex.

She knew she'd judged him wrongly, yet her pride refused to bow.

She couldn't bear to face him and risk seeing the coldness in his eyes, so instead she chose numbness, hiding behind the comfort of alcohol.

A titan in boardrooms, Sophia was reduced to nothing but a frightened woman,

too stubborn to make the first move, silently begging for Alex to bridge the painful distance she'd created herself.

"Sophia. Finally found you." Charles's voice cut smoothly through the haze of music and chatter as he strode confidently toward them.

Megan leaped to her feet, relief flashing across her face. "Thank goodness, Mr. Kingston! You have to stop her—she'll harm herself drinking this much!" Charles flashed Megan a reassuring smile. "Get her some water, Megan. I'll handle this."

Relieved, Megan quickly vanished into the crowd, unknowingly leaving Sophia completely vulnerable.

Charles leaned close, his voice low and deceptively gentle. "Sophia, talk to me. Why are you torturing yourself like this?"

Sophia shot him a glare dripping with disdain, her words slicing sharply through the noise. "Mind your own business, Charles. Get away from me."

His expression darkened instantly, his eyes blazing dangerously. Every humiliation, he'd endured, every slight he'd silently swallowed,

erupted within him. Fury surged

uncontrollably, and before he realized what he'd done, his clenched fist slammed brutally into Sophia's face.

Sophia's head snapped back, her consciousness slipping away instantly. She crumpled against the sofa, utterly helpless.

Charles towered over her, breathing

heavily, his voice trembling with barely contained rage. "Who the hell do you think you are, speaking to me

like I'm trash? I've lost everything, but will never lose my dignity-not

to you!"

He quickly straightened himself, forcing calm into his features just as Megan returned, her eyes widening in shock at Sophia's limp form.

"Mr. Kingston, what's wrong with Ms. Lancaster?" Megan's voice trembled, worry etched deeply into her expression.

Charles turned smoothly, the darkness in his eyes replaced by practiced warmth.

"She's just had too much to drink. Don't worry—I'll get her home safe. Her family's worried sick."

"Thank you, Mr. Kingston," Megan whispered, her voice shaking slightly as she helped Charles lift Sophia carefully from the sofa.

"Charles, maybe I should come with you. Sophia doesn't look good," Megan hesitated, genuine concern evident on her face.

After placing Sophia gently into his car, Charles turned to Megan, a sudden

hunger flickering in his eyes. Before she could say another word, he leaned in swiftly and kissed her deeply, catching her off guard.

Pulling back slightly, he murmured seductively, "Not tonight, darling. But tomorrow night-let's make it special. How does that sound?"

Megan blushed deeply, nodding shyly. "Alright."

As Charles drove away, a twisted smile curled his lips. Megan watched helplessly, unaware she'd just entrusted Sophia to the devil himself.