

The Almighty Dominance c 3

"Young Master, my only daughter was born sick, and now it's worse."

Alfred's eyes filled with sorrow, "She's in pain -nothing helps. She's only getting

Alex gazed at him calmly.

"I'll meet your daughter tomorrow."

Alfred was stunned.

very day. I've seen every doctor, spent a fortune, tried everything worse. Please, help her I'll do anything."

He hadn't expected His Highness would agree to lend a helping hand so easily.

He grabbed Alex's hand, bowed in gratitude.

"Thank you, my lord!"

He whispered, his words heavy with all he felt.

Previously, Alfred hadn't believed his luck when his leader mentioned Alex's visit to Vancouver.

Albert wasn't entirely sure who Alex was.

However, what he was certain was even his leader must kneel before Alex!

If Alex's was displeased, millions of lives could vanish.

But if he was satisfied, even the dying could live!

As the head of the Kingswell organization in Vancouver, Albert had heard the rumors.

About a high-ranking figure known as "God's Hand," the disciple of the Immortal Sage.

Even the dying could be healed by his touch.

So he had done everything to ensure Alex would be satisfied

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"Young Master," Alfred asked, "I heard you're on an important mission. Tell me how I can assist. In Vancouver, nothing is beyond your reach. If you command right, even the government won't go left."

"I do indeed need your help," Alex said.

He had three critical tasks ahead.

"Find someone for me."

"I don't have a name, just a nickname. They call him 'Jo.' No picture either."

When he was younger, he had ended up on the streets in Vancouver, only to flee from danger.

The one with the nickname "Jo" was the person who had helped him out.

He needed to find him, and to repay the kindness he had received.

"Your wish is my command," Alfred obediently bowed.

"Is that all?"

Alex nodded.

He had two other tasks here: one was to meet his fiancée, and the other was to uncover his origin.

However, for the former, there was no need for Albert's involvement.

Regarding the latter, it could only be addressed after finding Jo.

"Young Master," Albert began cautiously, "when a high-ranking Kingswell member visits, I'm supposed to organize a banquet, invite the city's elite, top businessmen top actresses, politicians, and I have prepared..."

He watched Alex's face as he explained."

But when he noticed a slight furrow in Alex's brow, he quickly adjusted.

"But since you're incognito, you'd prefer to skip the banquet, correct?"

Alex nodded with a smile.

"I'll cancel it immediately, then," Alfred responded immediately

"Always remember, no need for such a fuss," Alex command. Alfred bowed in acknowledgement.

He clearly understood why Alex needed to keep a low profile.

Alex was a man with the title of "God's Hand."

Of the thousand patients he had ever touched, none remained uncured.

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He was also the direct disciple of the Immortal Sage, who was said to be able to bring the dead back to life in the blink of an eye!

If Alex revealed his identity, people around the world would surround him and not give him any peace.

Parting with Alfred, Alex stepped out and called a taxi, giving him an address. 2

His had to meet with his fiancée.

His master said that woman was his fate, written in the Akashic Record, and she was also the key for Alex in finding his mother in the future.

'An hour later, Alex arrived on West 4th Avenue in West Vancouver, an affluent neighborhood with ocean views, mountain backdrops, and multi-million-dollar estates.

As he reached for the gate's bell, a luxury car pulled up.

The driver stepped out, and their eyes locked.

Both, surprised, spoke at once, "You!"

"What are you doing here?" they both exclaimed, overlapping.

Sophia's eyes narrowed.

"Don't tell me you're stalking me now."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "Stalking you? I have better things to do."

"Of course," Sophia shot back, arms crossed.

"I suppose you're here to beg for money. Should've known you'd stoop that low."

"Money? I don't need your charity," Alex retorted.

"I'm here for something more important."

Sophia didn't believe a single word of Alex's.

Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

"Another scheme? Trying to marry into wealth, maybe?"

"You think I'm after your money?" Alex replied coldly. "You're completely wrong, then. I want nothing from you."

"Good!" Sophia snapped, her anger rising.

"Because I have nothing to give, especially not to you."

Alex frowned.

If it wasn't because of his help, she would have been abused by who knew whom, or even worse, died beneath a random bastard's groin.

Sophia glared at him one last time before turning on her heel and driving through the automatic iron gate, leaving Alex alone on the pavement.

He checked the address in his hand.

This was indeed his fiancée's house, arranged by his master, the Immortal Sage.

He had no choice but to move forward and meet his fiancée.

Whether that woman was truly her or not remained unclear

The mansion loomed before him, grand and imposing.

His fiancée could be anyone-maybe even that woman's sister.

Thinking of how he had slept with his fiancée's sister, Alex mused with a bitter

smile, "Yeah, everything just keeps getting better." 1