

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 31[825 words]

Chapter 31

Jack turned, his demeanor instantly shifting as he sized up Alex.

Puffing out his chest like a blowfish, his fists clenched, and his eyes narrowed with hostility.

"So, you're the one extorting and harassing my sister, huh?" Jack sheered.

"Let me warn you: a pathetic man like you had better stay away from her. Keep pestering her, and you'll be digging your own grave."

Alex snorted, amused.

"Don't you have any manners, kid? If you did, you'd greet me properly as your brother-in-law."

Jack's face darkened instantly.

"Brother-in-law?" he growled.

"Who do you think you are, you ignorant fool? Do you even deserve it? My family should've hired you as a servant instead!"

Alex chuckled.

"You're as foolish as you look."

Jack's temper flared, his fists shaking with rage.

"Hand over the card, you thief! Or...!"

Alex folded his arms, his calm demeanor only fueling Jack's frustration.

"Or what?" he asked, amusement dancing in his eyes.

Jack's audacity was almost entertaining to him.

"Or I'll nail you to the wall myself," Jack threatened, fists clenched tightly.

Alex casually glanced him up and down, a sly smile tugging at his lips.

"Do you really think I'm scared of your petty threats?"

"You better be! Give me the card, or I'll break your legs right here, right now!"

Jack sneered, his arrogance dripping from every word.

Alex chuckled again, shaking his head in disbelief.

"You? Break my legs? Don't you think it'll be the other way around?"

"You must have a death wish," Jack growled, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

"I'm a big shot in Vancouver. I've got connections everywhere, especially in the underworld. Trevor, the boss of underworld is my big brother!"

"And?" Alex replied without care.

Jack's threats were starting to sound more like empty bluster.

"You better watch your mouth, you asshole! Once I make a call, they'll come and turn you into mincemeat, and you'll be begging for mercy!"

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"Stop with the nonsense!"

Just then, a voice cut through the tension.

"How dare you threaten a family member? Don't you know Alex is your sister's husband? Where are your manners?!"

It was Grandpa Abraham, who had just entered the room, clearly displeased by what he'd overheard.

"Grandpa! Why did you let this rat marry Sophia? Don't you know"

But before Jack could finish, Grandpa Abraham silenced him with a stern finger, his expression cold.

Jack clenched his jaw, fury boiling within him..

He was dying to teach Alex a lesson.

In his mind, the son of a bitch was taunting him openly.

But with Grandpa Abraham stepping in, Jack was forced to hold back his rage.

"Jack, enough of this nonsense!" Grandpa Abraham's eyes narrowed at his grandson.

"Mark my words, boy. If you don't listen to me again, you'll lose your share of the family business. Then you'll have to fend for yourself!"

"Now, apologize to Alex!" Grandpa Abraham demanded, his tone icy.

The thought of actually having to work for a living was more painful than death itself.

Jack shuddered inwardly.

He couldn't risk losing his inheritance.

Reluctantly, Jack bowed his head.

"I'm sorry," Jack mumbled, his voice barely audible.

"Good boy. Next time, try to do better," Alex smirked, clearly enjoying Jack's humiliation.

Jack's face burned with shame.

He wished he could have taken Alex down before his grandfather intervened.

His rage was palpable, like a volcano on the verge of eruption, but now he had no choice.

Jack's parents stood in the background, utterly disappointed.

Their plan to have Jack retrieve the card had backfired spectacularly.

Instead of standing tall against Alex, their son had bowed down to him, showing weakness.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster exchanged frustrated glances, silently fuming.

They had hoped Jack would be strong enough to deal with Alex and drive him away from the villa for good.

But now, their hopes were dashed.

Just then, Sophia entered the living room, announcing that the table was set, and lunch was ready in the dining

area

+25 BOHUS

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BOOM!!!

However, to everyone's shock, a group of thugs suddenly broke into the dining

area just as they were about to sit.

A deep, impatient voice boomed through the room.

"Where is Jack?"

"Who is that? Show yourself this minute!" Jack shouted furiously.

"Oh, have you forgotten me already?"

With a cruel smile on his face, the leader of the thugs stepped forward.

Jack froze instantly, his skin turning ghostly white.

His eyes widened in fear as the leader and his gang of rough-looking thugs entered, dragging two of their security guards behind them, both bruised and bleeding from their faces.

Jack trembled uncontrollably, like a leaf caught in a violent storm.

He knew that face all too well.

Goodness!

It was Trevor,

Trevor!

Jack's mind screamed in terror.

He was in deep trouble-big trouble.

Trevor was one of the most feared and notorious figures in the underworld.

Trevor ran the largest underground casino in Vancouver, and no one dared to cross him.

Jack knew that all too well. 1

Those who tried-or even thought about it-almost always ended up dead, either floating in a pool or buried in

some sewer.

Trevor had the power to wipe out entire families in the blink of an eye, and those

who owed him money were often crippled beyond recognition.

Trevor spared no one.

Jack's knees nearly buckled as he realized just how doomed he was.

A cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

He was dead.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 32[732 words]

"Jack, have you forgotten what you promised me? Or do you think I was joking?"

Trevor sneered, dragging a dining chair across the floor.

He sat down arrogantly, throwing his legs on the table without a care, the tableware clattering loudly.

Jack swallowed hard, fear mounting with every second.

Grandpa Abraham, though not one for socializing, had heard of Trevor's notorious reputation-the man who could commit murder without ever being jailed.

His face turned pale as he cleared his throat.

"Sir Trevor, please, had my grandson done anything that offended you?"

Trevor's sneer deepened, his expression darkening

"Jack owes me \$1 billion, and he still hasn't paid."

What?!

One billion dollars?!

"That's impossible!"

Grandpa Abraham's eyes widened from the sheer disbelief.

Even the entire Lancaster family wasn't worth that much.

The rest of the family exchanged terrified glances.

"Impossible? Haha! Don't you know what kind of rubbish your grandson is?"

Trevor Laup

laughed fiercely, as he found the whole situation amusing. 1

"Let me tell you then, old man. Your bastard grandson gambled recklessly at my casino, racked up debts, and even indulged in women on credit!"

"What? That... that can't be true!"

Grandpa Abraham gasped, clinging to the hope that there had been some mistake.

"There must be a misunderstanding! You must have mistaken him for someone else!"

"You're accusing me of being a liar?"-

Trevor thundered, slamming a knife onto the table, with a loud THUD!

"I am a killer, not a liar! Why don't you ask your grandson?"

Trevor chuckled sinisterly, his eyes gleaming with malice.

Grandpa Abraham's face darkened as he turned to Jack, his voice trembling with fury.

"Jack, is what Sir Trevor said true?"

Jack's lips quivered as he struggled to respond.

Sweat drenched his clothes, and his eyes dodging. Chapter 37

Even a child could see he was at fault.

He could lie, but what use was it with Trevor watching him like a cat preying on a mouse.

"Gran-Grandpa, I'm, I'm sorry. I- I didn't borrow that much," he stammered, his voice shrinking with each word. "I only borrowed... only 1... 1 million. It's not a big"

Before Jack could finish, Grandpa Abraham's hand flew across his face with a resounding slap.

Thwack!

The blow was so hard it nearly dislocated Jack's jaw.

He staggered backward, clutching his face as stars danced before his eyes.

Thwack!

Grandpa Abraham slapped him again, his fury uncontainable.

"You fool!"

Grandpa Abraham growled, his voice shaking with

"How dare you think this is no big deal?!"

rage.

"Enough of this nonsense. Now, repay the money-\$1 billion, not \$1 million," Trevor stated coldly.

His patience clearly wearing thin

"If he can't pay, no problem. I hear your family has assets. We'll use those as collateral."

"If that doesn't cover the debt, get ready to sell yourselves into slavery. I wouldn't

mind putting you all to work for me." 1

Trevor added, his eyes gleaming with a wicked grin.

"As for Jack, I wouldn't mind chopping him up for my dogs

Jack's face turned a sickly pale.

Everyone knew the Lancasters didn't have \$1 billion.

Even if they sold everything, it wouldn't cover the debt.

They would sleep under bridges or end up as slaves in Trevor's casino, all

because of Jack.

Sophia flinched, tears streaming down her face.

Her brother had dragged their family into complete ruin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster stood frozen, pale as ghosts, clinging to each other as

they stared at their son with a mixture of disbelief and horror.

One billion dollars?

They would lose everything!

The entire family would be dragged into an abyss of despair

Who knew what cruel fate Trevor had planned for them?

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"Lord Trevor, please forgive my grandson," Grandpa Abraham stepped forward, attempting to reason.

"I'm sure he didn't mean to-

But before he could finish, Jack interrupted.

"Hey, buddy, you can't do this! We agreed I'd pay you 100,000 in interest for the 1 million I borrowed. You can't suddenly demand this ridiculous amount!"

"Oh, come on. Don't 'buddy' me!"

Trevor snarled, his voice menacing.

"Do you think I'm running a charity? Pay up or pay with your life!"

Trevor's eyes burned with a fierce, bloodthirsty intensity.

Jack trembled, his mind going blank with panic.

Desperation gripped him, and he glanced at Grandpa Abraham, pleading for help.

"Grandpa, I-I don't have the money to pay. Can-can you just deduct it from my share of the profits? Gambling and womanizing....it's not a big deal. Every rich guy in the city does it. You won't let me die for that, right?"

Jack whined shamelessly.

Seeing his grandson's utter lack of remorse, Grandpa Abraham's eyes were instantly filled with disappointment. A sharp pain pierced his chest, as if his blood pressure were surging dangerously high

His face flushed red before turning a sickly blue, and he clutched his chest in agony.

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Chapter 33[799 words]

GET IT NOW

Chapter 33

"Grandpa, you shouldn't get so worked up over something small. It's bad for your health

"Small... small matter?"

Grandpa Abraham stammered, his voice subdued, as if he had swallowed the bitterest of pills.

"How can you-

Suddenly, he gasped, clutching his chest.

"Ahhh!"

His heart raced uncontrollably, his blood pressure spiking from sheer rage, and dizziness overwhelmed him

Grandpa Abraham lost his balance and collapsed.

"Grandpa!"

Sophia and the others cried in shock, their voices trembling

But before he hit the ground, Alex swiftly intervened, catching him just in time.

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Grandpa Abraham was an old man, unable to withstand the awful news of his grandson's betrayal, especially given Jack's blatant indifference.

Gently, Alex laid him down on the sofa.

"What are we going to do?"

Mrs. Lancaster cried, her voice cracking with desperation as panic swept through the room.

Even Jack, who had finally grasped the gravity of the situation, was starting to buckle under the pressure.

Grandpa Abraham had fainted, leaving no one to take control of the chaos.

Trevor, meanwhile, grinned wickedly after watching the dramatic turns and twists.

"Enough wasting time. Pay up now! I'll leave with my \$1 billion, or I'll take your head, Jack!"

The Lancasters stood frozen in fear.

Their entire wealth barely amounted to \$500 million, with less than \$30 million available in cas

How could they possibly produce \$1 billion?

Even if they could get a loan, handing over that much would ruin them all.

They would rather give Jack's head to Trevor!

Sensing their hesitation, Trevor's patience wore thin.

His temper flared as he barked, "Boys, grab and tie him up!

redas

Jack's legs gave way, and the facade of courage crumbled as he clung to his parents, begging.

"Mother, Father, please help me! I don't want to die!"

But Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster remained paralyzed by shock, unable to comprehend

how to save their son from the catastrophe he'd brought upon them.

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It all seemed hopeless.

Just then, Sophia cleared her throat, summoning the courage to speak.

No matter how angry she was at her brother, she couldn't let Trevor harm him.

"Lord Trevor," she began, her voice surprisingly steady despite the fear surging within her.

"I understand my brother has wronged you. But \$1 billion for a gambling debt is outrageous. We don't have that much money, even if we sell all our properties."

Trevor narrowed his eyes. "And what exactly are you getting at?"

"The real debt is \$1 million. Please allow us to pay double that amount to cover the interest, but not the entire \$1 billion."

"Do you think I am a fucking begger?!"

Trever sneered.

His eyes drifted to Sophia, slowly appraising her from head to toe, and a sinister grin spread across his face.

"Hmm, however

Trevor mused, stroking his chin.

"I've heard tales of your beauty, Ms. Sophia. And it is more than what I heard."

He licked his lips, his gaze filled with lecherous intent.

"I'll forgive the debt," he said with a sly chuckle, "only if you spend a week with me at my private casino suite."

Sophia's eyes widened in horror, her stomach churning with revulsion.

Trevor leaned in, his tone dripping with suggestiveness.

"Don't worry. It's underground-just the two of us," he added with a wink.

"But if you aren't satisfied with the arrangement, I can invite more to join us."

A lustful laugh escaped his mouth.

Sophia's skin crawled.

She wanted nothing more than to slap him across the face.

How dare he?

Meanwhile, Jack hung his head in shame.

His reckless gambling had now ensnared his sister, dragging her into this vile mess.

Overcome with guilt, he couldn't even look at her.

How could they ever forgive him?

Sophia glanced at Alex, hoping he might step in, do something-anything.

After all, he was still her husband.

But was that title only convenient when it suited him?

As Alex remained silent, her heart sank further.

Could her husband really be this useless?

Just as Sophia's heart sank to the bottom with despair, the man beside her spoke

up.

"You, whoever you are, take what you're owed and leave Immediately, or I'll make sure you regret it," Alex spoke, his voice lazy and uninterested.

The Lancasters stood stunned, too shocked to respond.

Was Alex out of his mind?

How could he say such reckless things to Trevor, one of the city's most dangerous men?

Sophia clenched her fists, barely holding back her fury.

Did Alex think Trevor was someone he could toy with, like Chris?

He had no grasp of the danger they were in.

Instead of pleading for mercy like a sensible person, Alex was provoking the man who could ruin them all.

And what happened next nearly made her burst into tears.

Alex turned to Jack.

"Why are you trembling? Why are any of you afraid?" he asked, his tone calm and playful.

"Isn't Jack the well-known second-generation kid with all those underworld connections? Didn't he claim he could turn anyone into fish food? So who is this guy compared to him? He'll end up as fish food himself if he doesn't know his place, right, Jack?"

The room went dead silent.

Jack's mouth fell open, his face turning ghostly white as dread washed over him.

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Chapter 34[805 words]

Chapter 34

What's wrong with you?"

Jack finally shouted, his voice breaking through the shock.

He couldn't comprehend how reckless-how utterly foolish-Alex was acting
acting

Sophia and her parents exchanged panicked looks, feeling lightheaded.

They were sure of it now-there was no way out of this situation.

Trevor would retaliate.

Trevor, who had been sitting moments ago, suddenly stood knocking the chair over with a loud crash.

He growled in rage and took a step toward Alex.

But as soon as his eyes met Alex's, his entire demeanor shifted.

His eyes widened, and his confidence crumbled.

No way!

Could this really be the same man his boss had warned them about?

Even though Trevor had never met Alex before, just a few days ago, his boss had shown them all a picture of him.

At that meeting, his boss had made it crystal clear: "Stay away from this man. Cross him, and God may forgive you, but I'll have each of your limbs fed to my piranhas while you're still breathing!"

And now, here he was, standing right in front of him.

Trevor's bravado evaporated instantly as he swallowed hard.

He gulped again.

He had really messed up.

What excuse could he offer his boss for offending the man they had been told to avoid?

But maybe he was wrong-maybe this wasn't the guy.

Still, he couldn't afford to take any chances.

"Jack, who is this man?" he called out, his voice shaky.

Jack quickly answered, his tone submissive, "Sir Trevor, this man has no

connections to Lancaster. He's just a guest who arrived in Vancouver a few days ago. He hasn't even heard of your esteemed name yet."

Trevor wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

His boss's warning echoed in his mind: "He just arrived in Vancouver a few days ago. Stay far away from him!"

Now, Trevor stole a glance at Alex, trembling,

The man looked exactly like the one in the photo-still young and striking.

He had offended him again and again.

All Trevor could do now was hope for forgiveness.

Oh, he was in deep trouble,

"What's going on here? Is this a party? Your gate was wide open, so we just walked in."

At that moment, a man strolled in through the door.

It was Chris, and beside him was Lyra.

Chris wore an immaculate suit that highlighted his tall frame.

His shoes gleamed, polished to perfection.

On his wrist was a luxury watch that easily looked like it could cost one million dollars.

One glance was all it took to know he was a man of wealth.

Even Lyra was dressed in an extravagant, designer gown.

They had come to pick up Sophia for a shopping trip.

Earlier that morning, they had planned to visit an upscale boutique so Sophia

could purchase a stunning gown for the banquet.

Conveniently, it was also a way for her to avoid having lunch with Alex.

Jack shifted his gaze toward the doorway and immediately recognized the confident figure standing there.

It was Chris, the young heir of the Roland family, who had been pursuing Sophia quite seriously.

He came from a powerful family with significant influence,

That meant he could help!

Tears welled up in Jack's eyes.

His savior had finally arrived.

Meanwhile, Trevor snapped back to reality.

He wanted to talk to Alex, but his boss's orders echoed in his head.

'Alex was incognito-if you saw him, you were to pretend he wasn't there.'

Trevor discreetly bowed to Alex without attracting attention, as everyone else was focused on Chris's arrival.

"Let's forget everything," Trevor said quickly.

"Since we have such an important guest, Jack's debt will be forgiven-after all, he's associated with our honorable guest."

With that, Trevor and his men bowed deeply and rushed out of the house, terrified of overstaying their welcome.

They could only pray Alex wouldn't decide to punish them.

The Lancasters were left frozen, unable to speak.

What the hell had just happened?!

They exchanged confused glances, struggling to make sense of what had just unfolded.

Why did Trevor and his men leave as if with their tails between their legs?

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And who exactly was this honorable guest that had such influence to scare Trevor away?

There were now only two sets of guests in the Lancaster house: Alex and Chris, who had just arrived with Lyra.

Sophia's eyes darted toward Alex.

Could it be him?

"Are you the important guest?" she teased.

Alex shrugged casually.

"I'm already part of the Lancaster family, so how could I be guest?"

"Maybe I scared him off with my intimidating aura," Alex added with a smirk.

Sophia rolled her eyes.

"It's Chris!"

Jack suddenly exclaimed.

All eyes turned to Jack

"They left as soon as Chris arrived. He's the important guest," Jack explained, sounding certain.

The explanation made sense-Chris was likely the only one with enough clout to scare someone like Trevor away.

"Thank you so much for saving me and my family," Jack said to Chris, his voice overflowing with gratitude.

"We would have been ruined without you."

Chris, having just walked in, had no idea what had transpired.

But instead of asking questions, he smiled and played along

He patted his chest and said, "No problem. Sophia's a friend, and I'll always help

when she needs me."

Today's Bonus Offer

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"Now that's a true gentleman!" Mrs. Lancaster exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm just doing what I can to help," Chris responded humbly, though inside, his pride swelled at the praise.

Meanwhile, Alex couldn't suppress a sneer.

He turned to Chris.

"Do you even know what's going on? Or are you once again claiming credit for something you had no hand in?"

Jack shot back at Alex.

"You almost got us into more trouble with your reckless miquth Chris was the one

who scared off Trevor, so what are you even talking about?"

Chris's eyes widened at the mention of Trevor,

Trevor?!

They were talking about *that* Trevor, the feared underworld boss?

No wonder the man had looked so menacing!

Relief washed over Chris-he was glad he had shown up late and hadn't made any bold moves.

Phew!

Still, he couldn't help but wonder when he'd gained such influence over someone like Trevor.

Maybe his father's influence was far greater than he had ever imagined.

He looked around, realizing no one held more power than him.

Who else could it have been?

The bumpkin?

Chris chuckled to himself, brushing off Alex without a second thought.

Yeah. It had to be his family's reputation that had worked the magic.

He smiled and said, "I'm sure Trevor wasn't scared of me directly. It's likely my family's connections at play. don't want to take undue credit."

"Oh, Chris, don't be so modest!" Lyra chimed in.

Chris nodded nonchalantly, soaking up the admiration.

"I mean it. My family has quite a presence at the casino. We've got connections everywhere-both on the legal and, well, not-so-legal side."

"We believe you can't thank you enough," Jack said sincerely, glaring at Alex with disdain.

"This braggart almost tried to claim credit for your actions.

"He should be ashamed," Lyra sneered, her eyes narrowing at Alex.

Sophia felt utterly humiliated being tied to Alex as his wife.

She wished he would just vanish and stop causing her embarrassment.

"You're all so ignorant and blind, yet so confident. It's exactly what I expected," Alex sneered.

"Alex, enough!"

Sophia snapped, unable to tolerate his attitude any longer.

"If it weren't for Chris, we'd all be ruined. Why are you still trying to steal his credit?"

Tears welled up in Sophia's eyes, her disappointment unmistakable.

"Chris has been nothing but helpful, and all you do is embarrass me."

"You've really let me down," she added, her voice trembling.

"That's right," Jack chimed in, siding with her.

"If you tried to do something useful for once, you wouldn't need to steal credit," Jack sneered at Alex.

"If you can't, just leave the family. No one wants you here."

Chris stepped in, though, grinning slightly.

"It's alright. I'm sure he was just trying to impress Sophia and got carried away.

Give him a break," he said with a smirk.

"The bumpkin still

"The bumpkin still has a lot to learn."

Inwardly, Chris was confident that Sophia would soon be eager to divorce someone like Alex.

And that was exactly what he was hoping for.

"Thank you, Chris," Sophia said, her gratitude sincere.

"We are truly grateful for your help today."

Alex shook his head quietly.

When would they finally see through Chris's act?

Even Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster were beaming at Chris with admiration.

"Unlike that bumpkin, he's so respectable," Mrs. Lancaster remarked, casting a disdainful look at Alex.

"He's a true gentleman," Mr. Lancaster added.

"And he would never extort our daughter like that thief."

Alex frowned at their comments, but he didn't bother to defend himself anymore.

It was pointless-no one would believe him.

Just then, Alex's phone rang

It was Albert on the line.

"Young Master, I've got news about the person you are searching," Alfred said urgently.

Alex's eyebrows lifted with interest.

That was good news.

"I've arranged for a driver to pick you up. He'll take you straight to the location," Alfred added, his tone respectful.

"Thanks, that's thoughtful of you," Alex replied before hanging up.

He noticed the servants carrying Grandpa Abraham to his room with caution.

Grandpa Abraham was still unconscious and would need medical attention, but Alex knew he'd be alright after

some rest.

He had already checked on Grandpa Abraham right after he fainted.

"I need to leave now," Alex announced as he made his way to the door.

But Sophia and the others assumed he was leaving out of shame.

In their minds, Alex was fleeing, too embarrassed to face the aftermath of his

actions.

"The shameless man is finally sneaking away. Good riddance!"!

Jack called after him.

"You should've left ages ago!" he added with mockery.

Alex sneered and shot Jack a cold side glance before stepping out of the gate.

He didn't respond a single word.

He had no desire to argue with a fool who gambled away his life.

"Watch your attitude, you ungrateful bum!" Jack yelled, "And don't bother coming back once you're gone!"

"Yeah, you're not welcome here," Mrs. Lancaster added, smiling in satisfaction. The unwanted was finally gone,

Sophia, embarrassed by the entire situation, refused to say goodbye to Alex.

She didn't utter a word and instead turned her attention to Chris and Lyra, warmly inviting them to the dining table.

Chris, now hailed as the hero of the day, basked in their praise.

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Chapter 36

Outside the Lancaster mansion, a modest car stood waiting with the driver by its side.

Alfred had chosen this low-profile setup, understanding it would help Alex stay unnoticed.

As soon as the driver saw Alex approach, he quickly moved toward him.

"Sir Alex, I'm Morris, the driver sent by Mr. Alfred," he said politely, bowing as he opened the car door for Alex to

enter.

Inside the car, Morris handed Alex an electronic pad.

"Sir, inside that pad is 576 pieces of data on people named to from all over Vancouver, along with their pictures."

He glanced in the rearview mirror and saw that Alex was already rapidly scanning through the files. "Please select the one we should begin with, and I'll guide you there," Morris added, buckling his seatbelt as the engine roared to life.

"This one," Alex said suddenly, handing back the pad without hesitation.

Morris was stunned by the speed. How could Alex sift through 576 profiles and choose someone so quickly?

His eyes glanced at the pad's screen, seeing an old photo from an orphanage. A tomboyish girl stood there, smiling with other children.

The name beneath the picture read 'Josephine'.

"We'll be there in 20 minutes," Morris responded after checked the address. 1

As the car pulled away from the grand mansion and hit the road, the scenery began to shift.

The luxury and pristine surroundings faded into rougher streets.

They entered a poorer neighborhood, where the streets were filled not just with trash and jobless people, but with broken dreams and silent battles of daily survival.

The car moved through the slums, passing garbage and the homeless.

Junkies wandered aimlessly, their hollow eyes lost to drugs some already eyeing the car with bad intent.

In places where hope is scarce, the people's eyes held stories darker than the shadows clinging to the crumbling

streets.

As they drove further, the surroundings deteriorated into a wasteland of ruins.

The car finally stopped, and Morris hurried to open the door for Alex.

A gust of hot, garbage-scented wind hit Alex as he stepped out.

All around him, burned-out structures and trash heaps littered the landscape.

This is the orphanage where Josephine stayed," Morris explained, gesturing to the wreckage.

"Five years ago, a massive fire tore through, burning down half the slum. A dangerous criminal on the run hid here," he said.

"Some say he was searching for something. The federal agents tried to capture him, but he set the place ablaze to escape. The destruction was so great it left this place the wasteland you see now."

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+26 BONUS

Morris continued explaining the tragic events, but Alex had already drifted into his thoughts, his feet carrying him slowly through the ruins.

Though the orphanage was reduced to rubble, a few concrete remnants remained the front gate where the rusty sign still hung, the outlines of rooms that once felt like a world of their own.

His heart recognized it before the mind could catch up

It all seemed so vast back then, but now, looking at it, it felt so small.

A memory tugged at him-more than a decade ago, someone had left him at the front of this orphanage.

He had no memories from before that time, but something deep inside told him he had a mother.

Little Josephine had found him there, filthy and sick.

He spent most of his time bedridden, plagued by headaches and pain that kept

him curled up on the small, rickety bunk bed.

Some people at the orphanage had been hostile, but not Jo,

She was his only friend-the one who was kind to him.

Maybe her little brother, who always clung to Jo's clothes and followed her around, too.

Back then, Alex thought Jo was a boy.

She was strong, even feared by the other boys.

He vividly remembered the day she protected him and punched a bully square in

the face, saying, "This is my bestie! Don't you dare mess with him!"

Though she lost her teeth that day after getting hit by the boy.

The memory made Alex smile.

He had no idea he was being protected by a girl.

He was so weak then, it felt like he needed her to shield him from everything.

In his mind, Jo was the toughest boy he'd ever met, though that illusion didn't last forever.

A gust of wind blew past, rustling the trash scattered around.

Alex spotted a dirty plastic bowl and picked it up, remembering how all the kids used to be served food in bowls just like this one.

Once, when he was too sick and frail, some boys tried to steal his meal, knocking it to the ground.

Jo had come over and, without hesitation, shared her food with him.

"You're so weak and sick. You eat mine," she had said with that toothless grin. 1.

He ate like he hadn't seen food in days, too hungry to realize he wasn't sharing.

That night, he heard her stomach growling, but she just smiled, "Don't worry, I'm not hungry. You eat up, I'll protect you."

bestie!

Alex pulled out his phone and dialed Alfred. "I've found a clue. I need you to track down someone named Josephine-at all costs."

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"Yes, Master. We'll make it a top priority," Alfred replied.

After ending the call, Alex looked around the ruins one last time.

In the shadows of his memories, he remembered those who had protected him

when he was unable to protect

himself.

And when the time came, he returned-not only to show her that he had finally found his strength, but also, most importantly, to repay her.

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 37[854 words]

Chapter 37

Alex walked to the car, noticing curious, predatory eyes already lingering on him.

People in this place were always on the lookout, ready to exploit any weakness for their gain.

"Morris, take me to the Golden Mansion in Beverly Hills," he said as he stepped into the car. "Yes, sir."

Inside the car, Alex made a call.

"Good day, Sir Alex. Julia, your personal concierge, speaking. What can I help you with today?" she greeted him. "Do you know where I am?"

"You're in the slum area of East Vancouver, right by the wasteland," Julia replied.

"Great. I want to clean this place up. Make it greener, safer for the people. Provide jobs and education for the unemployed. Let's say, a permanent social initiative. But I want it to be controlled for at least a year before we let it run on its own."

"Thank you for your good intentions," Julia said warmly.

"There have been ten proposals from local experts and social workers over the last decade to transform that area."

"One proposal, written by a Vancouver university professor seems feasible. It would cost about \$10 million to implement everything, including purchasing the entire wasteland and slum area. Do you want to go ahead with this plan?"

"Great, let's make it happen," Alex replied, ending the call

Suddenly, a stone smashed against the car, shattering the glass with a loud crack. The car jerked to a stop.

"No need to stop," Alex quickly instructed Morris.

"If you stop and get out, they'll hit you and steal the car. Better to just keep moving."

This place was far from safe.

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"Yes, sir," Morris replied, continuing to drive as more people began throwing rocks at the car.

Alex sighed, the noise of shattered glass may fill the air today, but tomorrow, it will be the sound of trees rustling in the wind, of children laughing in the streets.

After a few moments of tense silence, Morris suddenly spoke up.

"Sir, can I stop somewhere before taking you home? It'll be really quick." "Why?" Alex asked, curious.

"Our Kingston cars are equipped with trouble sensors. If a Kingston vehicle is in trouble, it automatically sends a signal to the nearest Kingston driver for help," Morris explained.

"There seems to be another Kingston car near the slum area asking for assistance. Maybe it's facing a mechanical issue or has a flat tire."

"Okay, you can go check," Alex agreed.

He wasn't in a hurry, and since Alfred Kingston had been good to him, it wouldn't hurt to let the driver investigate.

1/3

Chapter 37

The car made a U-turn and moved deeper into the slum.

After a few sharp turns, they saw about four SUVs surrounding a Kingston limousine.

"That's Jasmine's car," Morris said, panic creeping into his voice.

**

From the black SUV vans, men covered in tattoos and wearing sleeveless shirts emerged, gripping brutal weapons

-bats lined with nails, long hammer machetes.

They started attacking the tires, flattening them, while others relentlessly struck the bulletproof glass.

It was only a matter of minutes before t

It was only a matter of minutes before the car's defenses would finally give way.

Alex walked calmly through the scene, weaving through the scary thugs like he was merely passing on the street.

His composure caught their att

"If I were you, I'd stop attacking the narrowing in shock as they glanced at him.

Alex warned the man hammering at the glass.

The man stopped and stared at Alex. "What, you gonna play the hero? Save the damsel in distress?" he sneered.

Alex raised an eyebrow. "Maybe."

The man sneered, motioning toward the crowd of scavengers lurking in the shadows, eager to swoop in once the thugs finished their dirty work and claimed whatever remained.

"Go join them," he snarled, pointing at the vultures. "Wait your turn."

Without a word, the man lifted his hammer again, but just as he was about to

strike, Alex's hand shot out, grabbing the man's arm mid-swing.

The hammer stopped in the air, inches from its target. 1

The thug looked at Alex, stunned, as Alex shook his head, voice calm but firm. "Not on my watch."

"You piece of shit," the man spat, swinging the hammer with his free hand.

But with a swift twist, Alex bent the man's arm behind his back and forced his face

to the ground, a painful scream escaping his lips.

The other thugs quickly gathered around, pointing their weapons at Alex.

One of the leaders stepped forward, eyeing Alex's calm face "Friend, I see you've got a bit of strength," he said.

"But I suggest you stop playing hero here. Walk away, and I'll forgive this little interruption."

Alex smiled, unbothered. "Why not?"

"Because the man who sent us is bigger than anything your little brain could imagine," the leader sneered.

"If he finds out you're messing with us, he'll burn your house down, rape your wife, and kill your whole family. Do you really want to take that risk?"

Alex chuckled softly. "Do you know I have a big appetite? If the guy backing you isn't big enough, he might not even fill the gap in my teeth."

The leader's face twisted with anger.

"I showed you the path to heaven, but clearly, you want to dig your way to hell!"

He shouted, "Everyone, kill him!"

2/3

Chapter 37

Alex smiled, they threatened him with fire, but they didn't know he was born of flame.

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 38[754 words]

Chapter 38

Chapter 38

Jasmine was inside the limousine when the thugs stopped her car. A group of them rushed out, attacking the vehicle brutally

The driver locked the doors in fear, frantically calling for help.

She had already started to think she wouldn't survive this time.

But suddenly, the doctor who had treated her before appeared, coming to her rescue.

Looking at the twenty scary men surrounding the doctor, Jasmine couldn't believe he could save her.

He would only get himself killed.

Panic surged through her, and without thinking, she hastily opened the door, stepping out in front of Alex to protect him.

"Stop it! I know you're here to kidnap me and demand money from my father!" she yelled.

This wasn't the first time something like this had happened.

Being the daughter of Kingston came with dangerous risks.

"Just take me and let this doctor go," she pleaded. She couldn't bear the thought of this kind, brave doctor dying because of her.

The whole group of thugs, including their leader, stared at Jasmine in shock.

They couldn't believe someone so beautiful, almost otherworldly, would stand before them.

Alex looked at her, this fragile woman now standing between him and danger.

He didn't know what to feel. Not many people had the courage to step in front of him, to protect him.

A strange warmth filled his chest, even as he saw Jasmine's body trembling with fear.

She was fragile like glass, but inside her lived a fire that could burn down cities.

"My father is Alfred Kingston!" Jasmine yelled. "If my father finds out what happens to me, all of you will die. Every last one of you." 1

Some of the thugs hesitated, clearly not realizing they were dealing with the daughter of Kingston.

Fear flickered in their eyes.

They were used to doing dirty jobs for money, but crossing someone like Kingston? That was a death wish. The leader, however, barked out, "The man who ordered us to kidnap you is much bigger than Kingston!"

Some of the thugs relaxed, relieved to hear that.

"And you're mistaken about one thing," the leader sneered

"If we kill all of you right here, no one will ever know who took you. Not even your father. And once we have you in our hands, I'll let everyone here have their turn with you!"

A murmur of excitement spread through the group. The leader smirked, knowing exactly how to rile up his men.

"Just imagine," he continued, "how many times you could sleep with a high-class, beautiful woman like her.

1/3

Chapter 38

How often do you think you'd get a chance like that in your lives?"

Jasmine's breath caught in her throat as she saw the twenty men closing in, their eyes filled with lust, weapons gleaming in their hands.

They moved one step closer, ready to grab her.

Fear gripped her, she instinctively took a step back.

Her back hit Alex's chest, and the warmth of his hands on her trembling shoulders brought her a fleeting sense of comfort.

"Enough," Alex said calmly, his voice low but powerful.

In an instant, a soft, warm wave of energy exploded from Alex's body.

Every thug around them dropped to the ground, paralyzed with fear.

Some were so overwhelmed that they lost control, trembling as their mouths frothed, unable to withstand the terror coursing through them. 1

The leader, now the only one left standing, stared at Alex with pure fear in his eyes—like a rat facing a hungry lion.

Desperately clinging to consciousness, he fumbled for his handgun.

His trembling hands raised it, firing wildly at Alex until the gun clicked empty.

Jasmine closed her eyes tightly, bracing herself for the gunshots.

The deafening blasts rang out, but nothing happened. She was still enveloped in that same warm energy.

Then, she heard the soft sound of bullets hitting the ground, harmlessly falling around her.

The leader's eyes widened in terror as he looked at Alex.

"Enhanced..." he muttered, just before a bullet ricocheted and struck his forehead.

He fell with a loud thud, collapsing like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

His face twisted in regret.

He regretted every decision that led him here.

The thugs stared, their confidence shattered, horror spreading across their faces.

"He... he is the Enhanced One! The superhuman!"

Perhaps even beyond that—a Superior.

One by one, their courage evaporated.

With panicked screams, they turned and fled, running as fast as their legs would carry them, away from the man who had just defied death with nothing but a smile.

The panicked thugs scrambled to run.

Had they known this man was one of the Superhumans, they wouldn't have dared to stand against him.

Their kind were practically killing machines in human form.

What was someone like him doing here?

2/3

Chapter 38

They regretted every decision that led them to this mo

The Almighty Dominance

Chapter 39[775 words]

me

Chapter 39

As they fought to escape, desperate to save their own lives, Alex calmly waved his hand.

A sudden, crushing aura exploded from him, engulfing the leeing thugs.

It was as if gravity itself had multiplied.

Their legs gave out. Muscles refused to respond.

Some dropped to their knees instantly, gasping for breath, faces pale.

The weaker ones couldn't hold back, wetting themselves in terror.

Suddenly, from up ahead, the sharp crack of gunfire rang out.

Ten bullets were fired straight at Alex from a black SUV that had been lying in wait at very front.

Six armed men rushed to back up their fallen leader, and without hesitation, they opened fire, their mission clear -kill Alex.

The thugs on the ground thought for sure Alex would be taken down.

But just as the bullets closed in, they stopped, hanging in mid-air just centimeters from his body, frozen in place as though the laws of physics no longer applied.

The thugs gasped.

What the hell was this?

Before anyone could process what had happened, the bullets suddenly twisted in midair, reversing their direction

They rocketed back toward the six armed men with deadly speed, as if guided by an unseen force.

A split second later, the sound of bullets ripping through flesh filled the air, followed by cries of agony.

The men who had fired the shots were struck down by their own bullets.

The thud of bodies hitting the ground echoed in the stillness.

The entire scene went silent. No one dared to move. No one dared to speak.

Alex stood there, untouched, as if nothing had happened at all.

The thugs, now utterly broken, lay trembling at his feet, their spirits crushed, their bodies soaked in sweat and fear.

They had challenged a Superior.

They never stood a chance.

"Sleep!" Alex commanded.

And all the thugs suddenly fell to the ground, fainted.

When Jasmine finally opened her eyes, having kept them tightly shut during the gunfire, she looked around to find all the thugs unconscious, scattered across the ground.

Morris rushed over from the car, relief evident on his face as he saw everything was safe.

"The help is on the way, but they got ambushed at the entrance of the slum. They'll be a bit late."

1/3

Chapter 39

"For safety, we need to get out of here first," Alex said.

"But all these SUVs and people blocking the car... It'll take me to clear them out," Morris replied, looking at the mess surrounding them.

Alex let out a long whistle. "You slum scavengers, you can take all these SUVs, but you have to take the thugs with you!"

The slum dwellers, who had been watching from a distance perked up at his words.

Their faces lit up with excitement as they rushed forward while yelling to call their friends.

Old men, old women, young men, and even women with children-all with greedy eyes-hurried to grab the abandoned vehicles.

They dragged the unconscious thugs, tossing them into the SUVs.

A junkie yelled to his friend, "Only pick out the good-looking thugs and get them in the SUV. We're throwing a party tonight!"

"Sausage fest?" Morris cringed.

Some took the opportunity to steal from the thugs, grabbing wallets and stripping them of their clothes, but none dared approach the Limousine, Alex and Jasmine.

Within minutes, all the thugs and SUVs had vanished, swept away by the greedy scavengers.

The street was left spotless, not a single item left on the ground.

Morris's eyes widened in disbelief. "If only Kingston's workers were this fast and efficient, Master Alfred would be thrilled."

"Let's get out of here first," Alex suggested. "It's not safe."

Morris's face suddenly turned pale.

"They took our car too!" he exclaimed, realizing the scavengers had been a bit too efficient.

They even stole his modest car.

No one had predicted something like this would happen.

"Please join us in our car," Jasmine offered politely.

There wasn't any other solution.

Morris and the limousine driver activated the automatic flat tire repair, starting the long Limousine. 2)

Soon, they were back on the road, with Alex and Jasmine sitting together in the backseat.

After a long silence, Alex finally spoke. "Next time, don't put yourself in danger by coming out to shield me."

Jasmine bit her lip. "But you did the same for me."

"I'm stronger than you think," Alex replied.

"Alex, I really need to thank you for saving my life again. I don't know how I could ever repay you for that."

"It's just what a man's supposed to do-no need to repay me," Alex said, brushing off her gratitude.

"But why are you here? And where are your bodyguards?"

2/3

Chapter 39

Jasmine's face flushed pink, and she stuck out her tongue playfully, caught red- handed.

"I snuck out with just the driver to gather some video footage of this area, you know, for tonight's charity event."

"Why not just ask someone else to do it?" Alex questioned,

Not interesting at all

The Almighty Dominance - Chapter 40[765 words]

Chapter 40

"I wanted to do it alone." Jasmine replied

"Then why not tell your father? He would've allowed it-with a team of bodyguards."

Jasmine shook her head.

"He told me to rest because of my illness. I've told him a hundred times that I'm already cured, but he won't believe it."

Alex gazed at Jasmine, captivated by her flawless complexion and radiant beauty. Her long, flowing hair framed her face, giving her an ethereal, angelic presence. Yet, behind that beauty, he glimpsed a fierce, untamed spirit flickering in her eyes. She found the courage to rebel in the most unexpected place.

"Next time, if you're planning to go in a place like this, try wearing something modest-something that won't draw attention," Alex suggested.

"I've definitely learned a lot from this experience," Jasmine replied cheerfully.

"You'd better!"

"Alex, will you come to my banquet tonight?" she asked hopefully.

"Let's see," Alex responded, glancing outside with little interest.

Jasmine's eyes lingered on his side profile, her heart beating a little faster.

The face that had saved her from years of pain and illness was now so close, and she couldn't help but feel drawn to him.

She remembered the thug leader's last words, "Enhanced."

Alex had to be one of those people with superhuman abilities, the kind who trained in secret martial arts or techniques to surpass normal human limits.

"Alex, you must be really strong, right? How could I become strong like you...?"

"I'm not strong," Alex replied. "Someone like your father is strong-he has subordinates, a business empire."

"You don't have to be like me, working with hands. Just focus on growing your father's business, and everything will be fine. That's what people value these days."

Jasmine stared at him, his humble clothes, handsome face, gentleness, and calm demeanor-everything about him made her heart race.

She found herself admiring him more and more.

He was the man she could always lean on, without ever fearing she would fall.

Suddenly, a sharp pain hit her, and Jasmine's head fell against Alex's shoulder.

"Ahh..." she groaned softly.

"What's happening?" Alex asked.

"Sorry, please let me stay like this for a while," Jasmine murmured as she leaned against Alex.

1/3

Chapter 40

"My head hurts, and my body's still shaking from fear. Maybe Father was right... I'm not fully healed yet." "You need more rest," Alex replied, letting her rest on his shoulder.

He caught the scent of her expensive perfume mingling with the warmth of her skin.

Jasmine closed her eyes, "You know, Alex, it'd be wonderful if I could be your girlfriend or... your wife. I'm weak and always in danger," she said with a soft laugh.

"You could take care of me when I'm sick, protect me when I'm in danger. My life would be perfect, don't you think?"

"Well, maybe," Alex replied.

He understood that this woman had laid her dreams at his feet, and he must tread softly, for he was walking on -her dreams.

Alex continued, "Unfortunately, that's not going to happen".

Jasmine's body tensed against him.

"Why?"

"I'm already married."

Jasmine stayed quiet for a moment, still leaning on him, feeling the warmth of his body.

"Your wife must love you to death, right? She must be the happiest woman in the world," she said softly, her words trailing off.

Alex's mind wandered briefly to Sophia. If she loves me, then the sun must be setting in the west. 2

"You were the moon, and I was just a star. You would never notice me among the millions," Jasmine whispered softly.

"What?"

"Nothing, just talking to myself," She then opened her eyes and looked directly into Alex's.

Her gaze was intense but vulnerable. "Can we at least be friends?"

Alex looked into Jasmine's hopeful eyes.

"You know, I'm always sick, and I don't have many friends, Jasmine said, biting her lip nervously.

Her heart raced in her chest.

She had summoned every ounce of courage she had in her life to say those words.

"Why not," Alex replied.

"We're friends, then," Jasmine announced happily, a smile lighting up her face.

She leaned against Alex's shoulder again, closing her eyes. "Oh, I'm still dizzy." "No, you were perfectly fine just a moment ago."

"Don't you think friends can lean on each other?" Jasmine asked, refusing to pull away.

Alex was at a loss.

2/3

Chapter 40

He had plenty of martial arts brothers and sisters, a few male friends... but a female friend?

That was new to him.

And could female friends lean on their male friends like this?

He clearly didn't know the answer.

Jasmine, on the other hand, smiled sweetly, knowing she couldn't rush this.

She couldn't be greedy and take everything at once.

She had to move step by step, slowly but surely.

As tension lingered in the air between them, the car came to a sudden halt.

In an instant, the door swung open, revealing figures outside, armed and ready.